

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN
WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

VOLUME III

JUSTIFICATIONS

DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS
DEFENSE OF HOMELAND
DEFENSE OF GROUND
DEFENSE OF THE EARTH
DEFENSE OF ANIMALS
DEFENSE OF GENDER
DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS
DEFENSE OF REVOLUTION

RISING UP
AND
RISING DOWN

VOLUME THREE

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN



940/1324

62

62

184

653



McSWEENEY'S BOOKS

826 VALENCIA STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

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

Copyright ©2003 William T. Vollmann

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

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

Printed in China.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

ISBN: 1-932416-02-1

VOLUME THREE
CONTENTS

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION ONE:
SELF-DEFENSE

13. DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS 5
Missing limbs, and the right of a commander to kill and maim his own men through battle-attrition; Antoine Saint-Exupéry romanticizes subordination to a common cause; Clausewitz; definitions of just wars; a Napoleonic commander murders a sleeping child-soldier; massacre at Srebrenica; how to dispose of POWs; Lt. Calley at My Lai 4; Julius Caesar as demagogue, rebel, murderer of barbarians—and merciful preserver of Roman lives, even those of his enemies.
14. DEFENSE OF HOMELAND 109
Homeland as the center of the world; Zulus vs. British; Hannibal; the Soviet-Afghan war; conquering other homelands as defense against one's own homeland's futurity; Hitler and Lebensraum; Stalingrad changes hands; Leonidas's inexpedient nobility at Thermopylae.
15. DEFENSE OF GROUND 169
Ethical perimeters; the trenches of WWI; Cortes's defense of ground seized from the Aztecs; the FBI's defense of ground at Waco; defense of gold.
16. DEFENSE OF THE EARTH 207
John Muir; ecoterrorism; the ethics of Korean bear gall medicine; defense against wilderness; the tragedy of the commons; experts; defense of aesthetic values.
17. DEFENSE OF ANIMALS 251
Whales; my kamiks; seal-killing; Inuit livelihood; diving dogs; Valerie and the Animal Liberation Front.
18. DEFENSE OF GENDER 307
The rape of the Amazons; the serial rapist-murderer Danny Rolling; witch-burning and Amazon-taming; the tale of Lady Hyegyong, wife and widow of a mass-murdering crown prince; spousal homicide as self-

defense; infanticide and gender; the pros and cons of gender-based infanticides; female circumcision in Somalia; the women's war in Nigeria; anlu in Camaroon; saving Thalia Massie.

19. DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS 355
Why the Viet Cong decapitated the fiancée of a U.S. soldier; desperation as justification; "horizontal collaborators"; Jewish law and the murder of Nazi collaborators; traitordom as relatedness.
20. DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION 377
Robespierre, and why this democrat-pacifist became a warmonger, regicide and juridicial mass murderer.

CHAPTER 13

DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS

In general, to govern the state and order the army, you must instruct them with the forms of propriety, stimulate them with righteousness, and cause them to have a sense of shame. For when men have a sense of shame, in the greatest degree it will be sufficient to wage war, while in the least degree it will suffice to preserve the state.

WU-TZU¹

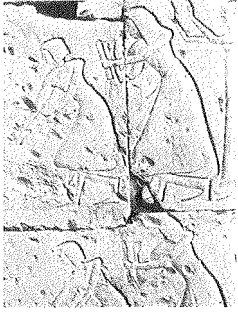
We have become wild beasts. We do not fight; we defend ourselves against annihilation. It is not against men that we fling our bombs.

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE²

THE BAILIFF'S TOLL

Because war kills and maims by the wagonload—debatably more so even than defense of authority (which possesses the keys to the arsenal) and of creed (whose keys can lock hearts eternally against pity)—a moral calculus for battle-murder might inspire and protect all parties. Not surprisingly, we can find many such codes—patriotic ones, religious ones like Joan of Arc's standard, honor-bound

ones—and, in military manuals, minor-key ones, whose ethics consist of survival, expediency and, above all, obedience far beyond the point of informed or voluntary supercession of the natural rights of the self. “The soldier’s body becomes a stock of accessories that are no longer his property,” notes Antoine de Saint-Exupéry with grim simplicity, and goes on to list the items that the metaphysical bailiff might at



*Engraving recording
Hittite casualties*

any time demand: one’s legs, face, life...³ In another chapter, we’ll consider compulsion as an extenuation of otherwise unjustifiable violence.⁴ For now, let compulsion, and the bailiff who embodies it, simply be Fate. In the picture-records of ancient Egypt, these taxes have been hieroglyphically reified: A robed scribe leans forward, holding a clay slab vertically in his outstretched hand as he pecks his stylus into that soft tabula rasa, counting for posterity and especially for his current bailiff the booty of severed hands of battle-slain Hittites, which a lesser profile is flinging two at a time onto a pile already waist high; beneath that duo of institutional

accomplices, another robed pair performs an equivalent tally. The bailiff is Ramses II.⁵ One hopes that the list will signify something (perhaps the rewards of disobedience?), or at least gratify the monarch. Meanwhile, whether we accept or deny, the scribes continue to incise their marks; people go on bleeding. In Saint-Exupéry’s era, the list will with varying degrees of quantitative accuracy appear in newspapers, recording the names of soldiers killed or missing, estimating the numbers of civilians captured, forcibly relocated or obliterated; and these black strokes of ink upon now yellowing paper, like the organized indentations upon Ramses’s tablets, certainly remain far from useless to truth-seekers. The inductions of this book began from the records of the bailiff’s office. But the hideous plenitude of those records renders them incomprehensible to head and heart. From them, accepters and deniers gain little more than numbers to feed into their opposing moral calculi. Sometimes, I grant, when we find local lists chiseled into the walls of churches, disinterring the meaning proves less herculean than expected—those lists being shorter. At Saint-Michel’s in Dijon, the names and death-dates of parishioners who fell in World War I remain legible, literally and even morally, thanks most conveniently to the aphorism attributed to one of the dead: “If I die, it will be as a Christian and as a Frenchman. Courage and confidence! We shall find each other again in the eternal bliss of heaven.”⁶ Supposing that this message isn’t apocryphal, it shows how one soldier—and later his priest and his family, who transmitted the words to the stone—tried to make sense out of doom. But I would want at least one statement for every other name on that wall, in order to begin to grasp at—never to grasp—the unique tragedies whose eponymous titles I read. Their theme, of course, can be imagined: obedience to the bailiff. But the theme is not the story. For which of these dead was obedience justified? For none? For all? How can we ever know? Under

what circumstances did each man pay? Only the colleague, eyewitness, trench-mate, friend, relative or lover, only the mind and the heart which established some relation (even if merely one of observation) to the individual whom the bailiff taxed can speak to our minds and hearts about his case—and the dead heart of another, as does the living, remains a mystery.⁷

From each participant, the bailiff takes, conditionally or unconditionally, depending on his own pleasure. When he has no end but that taking, we must call his war unjustified. When his taking accomplishes some means, then means and end can be scrutinized—a luxury rarely guaranteed to combatants who are too busy practicing the expedient arts of avoiding strength and attacking weakness to have time for ethics. Upon the ramparts stands one among many—a defender of the castle. He watches dust swelling on the plain: the enemy is coming. He did not cause their summoning, his family will be empaupered if he gets killed and should he try to run away, the bailiff will hang him as an example. Victory's his best defense. The bailiff entices crowds of zealous volunteers to the most exposed places. They shout out anthems of fierce dedication: They will stand their ground, "longing to begin the clamor of battle, which to them is dearer than any festival."⁸ Rousseau urges them on with insidious assertions of voluntarism: "Their lives ... which they have devoted to the State, are continually protected by it; and by exposing their lives for its defense, what do they do but restore what they have received by it?"⁹ A Japanese schoolgirl petitions her principal so that she and her classmates can help the war effort (making balloon bombs, as it turns out, which will kill American civilians. Later in life she will try halfheartedly to apologize to her victims). For now, pay the toll! Her classmate "rushed home to get a razor so we could cut our fingers to write in blood, 'Please let us go and serve the nation.'"¹⁰ The bailiff is gracious; he gives assent. As for those who are not so zealous, he menaces them, intimidates them forward.¹¹

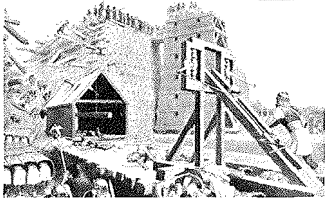
THE APPROACH OF THE ENEMY

Our defender gazes over the parapet. Perhaps, like the Massiliotes besieged by Julius Caesar, he prays.¹² The enemy is closer now. Yesterday his life belonged to him, at least to an extent; today the cause might well be alien to him—perhaps he doesn't know the enemy's name—but that cause must now be his, and his life lies in the bailiff's palms. We're thrown into the world, says the philosopher Heidegger; we shoot downward, twirling and spiraling on the bailiff's course, missiles from the cannon-mouth of his war aims. To surrender (were the bailiff to be so absurd as to permit it) would be to lose helmsmanship of his own destiny, while to fight is to risk everything. Where will our defender stand? What will the bailiff ask of him—mere sweat, or an eye? Maybe he'll be permitted to keep his legs, family, property, friends and gods all unsevered; maybe tomorrow his bones will feed dogs.

Here come the U.S. troops in three long blue columns. Flying an American flag,

they are so close-packed as to resemble millipedes, with rifles pointing ahead. From the Cheyenne village, defenders shoot back, scattered higgledy-piggledy, some already lying spread-eagled in death beside their weapons. The troops march on.¹³

Here come the Mongols, with their bows and mirror-bright metal-clad horses. They excel in promises of spurious leniency, so that the city gates will open. The old chronicles are always saying: "None escaped save but a remnant." For the year 1235



Siege engines

we read this entry in an Armenian chronicle: "The Tartars arrived by the order of Tchinguiz-Khan"—that is to say, Genghis Khan—"and under the direction of Prince Tcharmagh'an. They ravaged numerous districts in Armenia, in Georgia and Agh'ouanie, and carried all the populations into captivity."¹⁴

When the Persians conquered the Roman city of Amida, they slaughtered everyone they found.¹⁵ Will tomorrow be like that? It all depends on what rules will be followed. "It's senseless to make up rules in war," says a Soviet colonel in Afghanistan¹⁶—but of course there will always be rules: defense of honor and authority, for instance, which commands through a certain Emir that the corpse of the vanquished Husein, grandson of the Prophet, be trampled by horses,¹⁷ defense of race, which makes Confederates slaughter all black Union soldiers at Fort Pillow; defense of creed, which sometimes requires Catholics and Protestants to roast each other's infants.

Which rules will this war enforce? Our defender's meditation upon futurity assumes darker tinges by the instant—for the besiegers come closer. Now they've pitched their clump of tents, wheeled their cannons into a row, up-angled them, loaded them with immense stone balls destined to fly up toward him who waits, pitting and wrecking the walled hill-city which is consubstantial with his existence.¹⁸ Soon must clang the instant about which Saint-Exupéry writes that "war is not the acceptance of danger. It is not the acceptance of combat. For the combatant, it is at certain moments the pure and simple acceptance of death."¹⁹ ("Acceptance" is exactly the word of summation, the single appalling, amazing word which described defense of honor in the Charge of the Light Brigade.)²⁰

And if he refuses to accept it? The bailiff doesn't care. Lucan in his grisly epic on the Roman Civil War between Caesar and Pompey, having recounted (and probably embellished) multitudinous battle-deaths in their hideous individuality, remarks—far more realistically than Saint-Exupéry, I suspect: "Among a thousand ways of death the only one men fear is the way / they have begun to die."²¹ A homicide pathologist writes in his gruesomely elegant vade mecum that "civilized society has always reacted with a mixture of horror and macabre fascination to the unlawful taking of a human life while paradoxically accepting with comparative equanimity the wholesale slaughter of the battlefield."²² Is defense of ground and homeland an entirely separate category of violence, then, with its own rules? It

would seem so. The bullet of war is as sacred as the bullet of secret murder is profane. Napoleon cries, "Forward!" Hitler shouts, "Don't give up an inch of ground!" The bailiff says, "Go stand over there and fight until they kill you. If you refuse, I'll kill you." He closes the question of justification in advance: Obey me, and you are on the side of the angels. "Stainless soldier on the walls," pens Emerson, "Whoever fights, whoever falls, justice conquers evermore,"²³ and goes on to treat justice and stainlessness as if they were self-evident; because for him the bailiff is God, or at least God's proxy.²⁴

SHODDINESS

And aren't they? Well, neither more nor less than for any other end. Obviously, a war aim is any end whose defense, achievement or active prosecution is the justification invoked for a given war. General considerations of means and ends²⁵ are highly relevant here, and in particular: An unjust means or an unjust end equally invalidates all derivative moral enactments. A just end may be served by a just or by an unjust means. The effects of any war cannot be anything but temporary and local. Therefore, every war aim, every end relating to a war, remains (in its immediate expression) temporary and local. World War I was, among other things, "the war to end all wars." World War II teaches us that this war particular war aim was highly suspect. An inconstant war aim, like any inconstant end, is likewise suspect. Finally, it's worth repeating that the most illuminating way to perceive the shoddiness of your own ideals is to witness someone else practicing them. If our enemies express exactly the stated war aims that we do ("to save the world from tyranny," for instance), then we had better try to be more specific, to avoid raising questions of:

UNJUST ENACTIONS? USELESS SACRIFICES?

We have seen how Trotsky became the bailiff during the Russian Civil War when he shot every tenth man of his deserters.²⁶ The error which he subsequently shared in consisted of enforcing the severest rules of war after a state of war no longer existed except in the minds of the governing vanguardists. Saint-Exupéry and his unit were equally the slaves of their convictions. It was 1940, and France had lost her war with Hitler. Saint-Exupéry's commander had no illusions that in ordering air reconnaissance missions (from which two out of three planes never returned) he could in any practical way advance the national self-defense: capitulation showed in every hourglass, ministers were fleeing their posts, any intelligence gathered on the missions arrived at an impotent headquarters late or not at all. Perhaps that explains why the commander was not himself the bailiff. He might confront a deserter with threats of execution, but (at least as Saint-Exupéry tells it) in the end the pistol sank back into the holster, and by mere persuasion the doomed man

would rejoin the Light Brigade.²⁷

The commander's argument, we're told, was one of pride and decency. And why not? When the bailiff calls us, it's best to believe that it's for a just cause. Twenty-two years earlier, when Germany had herself been in similarly desperate straits at the hands of England, America and France, one of her political posters showed fire snaking from a soldier's dark tomb, accompanied by the slogan, "Glow, holy flame, glow!"—and then at the bottom, in gigantic letters, "OPFERTAG"—Day of Sacrifice.²⁸ What could be more prideful and decent than that? Honor, that strange child of hopeless causes, did indeed require defense through sacrifice. And so German soldiers continued to die in the trenches in World War I; while French airmen got shot down in World War II. (The Japanese airmen's case was eerily similar. "Everybody there had Yamato Spirit," recalls the journalist Hata Shoryu, "but with Yamato Spirit you couldn't create extra air speed." Crews did not return. "Yet they didn't look particularly sad. Maybe it was the education in those times.")²⁹ And the bailiff's scribes made new marks in the clay.

Concerning that holy flame, Saint-Exupéry several times invokes the metaphor of the hundred miners who risk their lives to save one miner trapped in a cave-in. The strictly utilitarian thing would be to leave him to die, but his fellows' duty—not to him, but to fraternity—demands this *Opfertag* to what Saint-Exupéry calls "Man," both verb and object deified by capital letters.³⁰ In a photograph, we see our author seated at the controls of his P-38. He is clothed in the heavy fabric of war with straps over his shoulders and a D-ring at his breast. Headphones embrace his temples; on his dark cap, a pale eagle soars above four bars. His ascetic, stubbled face gazes straight ahead as he grips what must be his reconnaissance camera. This is our mystic, appropriately serious, appropriately inward-looking. He gives the photographer, hence us, no mind. Nothing exists but the mission.³¹ This mission means sacrifice. No hypocrite, he paid the bailiff in full in 1944, disappearing in flight.

His calculus is beautiful and even admirable. Call him war's sportsman. About one incident of the Spanish Civil War he wrote: "I do not care a curse for the rules of war and the law of reprisal. As for the military advantage of such a bombardment, I simply cannot grasp it. I have seen housewives disemboweled, children mutilated."³² But I think he meant just the opposite of a rule-iconoclast: there *ought* to be a code of conduct for war; certainly any rules of engagement which *decree* the disemboweling of housewives deserve disrespect;³³ war deserves hatred; meanwhile, let's go of our own free will to fight all just wars, offering ourselves to be disemboweled. I like to hope that I could take a similar stand.

But the terms on which this dreamer consents to play the game, like John Brown's not dissimilar creed ("I may perhaps feel no more love for the business [of war] than they [my sons] do; still I think there may be possibly in their day that which is more to be dreaded"),³⁴ are deeply subversive to the bailiff.

Please recall to mind our example of the woman whose child was being tor-

tured.³⁵ We agreed that she had the right to defend him to the death, and also the right to defend her creed, Party or pacifism, by permitting him to perish screaming. Saint-Exupéry argues something similar, for he wants us to pay the bailiff voluntarily (as he did, for his privileged position as a celebrated author could have bought him exemption), lovingly dying for what we live for. No need to cynically dismiss voluntarism! Saint-Exupéry's commander has his counterpart in Colonel General Tra Van Tra, Viet Cong, who remembers:

We shared each spoonful of sugar or bit of salt, or offered each other the last quinine tablet to help each other get to the goal. Each human life was precious and the homeland needed each soldier... The love one had for one's comrades and fellow fighters, for the jungle and the streams was unlimited, immense. That was the love we learned from Uncle Ho, from his vast love for the nation and for the workers and fighters.³⁶

Did his love come more easily because he was the commander, the bailiff (or at least the sub-bailiff)? Never mind. Many of his recruits had it, too³⁷—as did Saint-Exupéry himself. The subversiveness of that poetic airman's message emerges in the corollary: for voluntarism to operate, we must allow people the right not to volunteer—which is to say, in Saint-Exupéry's own terms, the right to be wrong. What if the deserter remains unmoved both by the commander's arguments and by his gun? If voluntarism means anything, then he must be allowed to walk away, perhaps even to join the enemy. (John Brown during the War of 1812 became "disgusted ... with Military affairs... he would neither train nor drill; but paid fines; & got along like a Quaker."³⁸ Meanwhile he led his own private armies and murdered people as he saw fit.) This is why Trotsky, Sun-tzu, Napoleon³⁹ and, I suspect, any real-life commander (I don't vouch for Saint-Exupéry's idealized one) would have little use for a voluntaristic calculus. After all, the commander's job is to win battles if possible, and therefore, in the words of another Frenchman who served in Saint-Exupéry's war, to "be willing to accept for the men under him"—note the construction: to accept *for* those men, not *from* them—"no less than for himself, sacrifices which may be productive of good, rather than a shameful yielding which must remain for ever useless."⁴⁰ This is why he must become the bailiff, why obedience must be demanded.

OUR MORAL SAVIOR, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Hence, by desperate ruthless custom, expediency becomes obedience's spouse. "In such dangerous things as war," admonishes Clausewitz, "the errors which proceed from a spirit of benevolence are the worst... he who uses force unsparingly, without reference to the bloodshed involved, must obtain a superiority if his adversary uses less vigour."⁴¹ And this logic (which the moral calculus of *Rising Up and Rising Down*

cannot justify)⁴² applies as much to one's own conscripts as to the enemy—not to mention those civilians who bring the enemy comfort. The recipe calls for grilling over the holy flame. Men are very simply to be destroyed by force, if they are the enemy's, or to be consumed "until there remains nothing but cinders"⁴³ if they are one's own. The bailiff can be trusted to throw new fuel upon the coals. "Every combat," Clausewitz continues, "is therefore the bloody and destructive measuring of the strength of forces, physical and moral; whoever at the close has the greatest amount of both left is the conqueror."⁴⁴ It sounds like an athletic competition, and to an extent it is. A marathon race or a battle—the only difference is that in the former the bailiff rarely keeps what he requisitions. The tired runner might have lost, but he catches his breath; whereas the soldier tries to stuff his lacerated intestines back into his abdomen, groans and dies. And if our lines are the first rather than the last to be scorched down to nothingness, the bailiff, rather than feeling pity, will note "an evident proof of the moral superiority [morale] of the enemy ... which seldom fails to stir up in the soul of the Commander a certain bitterness of feeling, and a sort of contempt for his own troops."⁴⁵ One wonders whether this contempt was the main butterfly net which Saint-Exupéry's commander employed to regather and recrucify his apostates. As such, it may do more harm to the war aim than good. Do you remember the absurd tragedy of the Charge of the Light Brigade?⁴⁶ "I know he entertained the most exalted opinions respecting the capabilities of the English horse soldier... He thought they had not the opportunity of doing all that was in their power, and that they had missed even such chances as they had offered to them—that, in fact, they were in some measure disgraced." And so half a thousand British hussars died. Therefore, this "bitterness of feeling," which equates war aims with collective honor, is not necessarily expedient for the bailiff. But the certain result of it is to render useless any impulse toward Clausewitzian leniency from the enemy side! "Capitulation"—a word that no true national leader would ever have brought himself to utter," writes a patriot after his country capitulated.⁴⁷ And so atrocity requites atrocity; the bailiff gets double toll.



Carl von Clausewitz

Clausewitz personally owns too good a soul to feel or at least to express in his book any such contempt for troops as the hypothetical commander does; he feels; he suffers; his eyewitness description of defeat cuts into the reader's heart like barbed wire, such is its pity and horror. I find no bitterness in it.⁴⁸ But he does not let his soul get in the way of his thesis. We for our part must not let his thesis get in the way of our souls.

Now, there does remain a niche for ethics to cling to in the argument of Clausewitz, who very simply and elegantly (or is it tautologically?) defines the object of war as the attainment of one's war aims in a given instance, from which it follows sure as death that the more lenient and benign (which *may* be to say the

more limited, the more moral) those war aims, the easier the war will be.⁴⁹ This is common sense. After all, the less we demand of him, the more inclined our enemy must feel to make a proportionately tolerable peace. The Pompeian war aim of the Roman Civil War, “until Caesar’s head is delivered to us, there can be no peace,”⁵⁰ was hardly calculated to make the Caesarians shorten the war. (And was it *legitimate*? That depends on whether or not Caesar’s command authority was legitimate.)⁵¹ The seventeenth-century Powhatan Indians “seldome make warrs for landes or goodes, but for women and Children, and principally for revendge, so vindictiue and ielous they be, to be made a derision of, and to be insulted upon by an enemy.”⁵² Needless to say, such revenge will provoke its own retaliation, but that doesn’t necessarily invalidate this war aim. According to the fundamental rights of the self, a homeland or a command authority may violently defend itself, or not. The give and take of collective honor’s tribal violence might perhaps consensualize this general type of war, which sometimes continued essentially forever, to allow each succeeding generation of warriors to win prestige.

But even in this kind of war, as in all others, *limitation is essential*. Should my war aim be simply to compel a neighboring country, which has been mistreating my citizens, to behave in a less aggressive manner, then, while I may judge it politic to inflict a momentary lightning-shock of terror, I’d be ill advised to immortalize the conquered foe’s resentment, since my victory will then run a risk of undoing itself. Hence Julius Caesar’s steadfast clemency to his fellow Romans, a pacific quality which will loom strangely large in this chapter on violence. During the French Revolution, Robespierre likewise claims to hope for and to expect “a war terminated by the fraternal embrace of all the peoples of Europe”⁵³—a conception almost fantastical, like that of World War I, “the war to end all wars,” which begat another war; but his intention is certainly admirable (never mind for now that his means and ends turned out to be bloody)⁵⁴ and encourages the most lenient possible prosecution of war. On the other hand, should my object be to crush the enemy’s army into dust⁵⁵—which again might conceivably be justified (for instance, by the opponent’s fanatical refusal to surrender), then there will be smaller opportunity for leniency.

It is not at all morally impossible to apply Clausewitzian methods when prosecuting a mild war (which we’ll call for the moment a *just* war). But, as we know, Clausewitz does not rule out *any* war aim. Nor is it fair to demand that he should. He was a professional soldier, a technician of the intellect (and a brilliant one who is still worshipped),⁵⁶ a bailiff’s man, an instrument of the ruling class. He loved his vocation—an estimable thing in any worker, provided that the vocation is estimable—and had joined up at twelve. Even Erich Maria Remarque, author of that famous antiwar novel *All Quiet on the Western Front*, was too realistic not to admit that for some combatants, war is no worse than peace, and may even be better. A historian of the Thirty Years’ War writes that when prices went up, or when authority and creed were shaken, recruitment went up, too. And “although the sol-

diers' pay was low, it was often *safer* to be inside an army in wartime Germany!"⁵⁷ Probably the same applied to a few lucky civilians: profiteers, outfitters, camp followers, etcetera. Clausewitz was confessedly one of those whom war benefited. He adventured bravely across Europe, and fought Napoleon's tyranny at the Russians' side; he lived for battle; he longed for it.

The kind of war he loved, although it was ghastly, was nothing like Hitler's. Would he have known the difference?⁵⁸ Well, it is not a part of the training of any soldiers anywhere that I know of to analyze war aims and determine their justifiability. (It ought, of course, to be a required part of the training of *citizens*.) That surest self-defense against authority, obedience, excludes no means or end. Herewith, the calculus of the ancient Persian navy in an invasive war against the Greeks: "If they did not get command of the sea, they might fail to take Miletus and be punished by [King] Darius for their failure."⁵⁹ Fair enough, or at least excusable, as far as a powerless individual is concerned⁶⁰—but the movements of the aggressive mass of which the individual is a part cannot be so justified. This is the bailiff's greatest crime against us. He sends us where he will, sets us to killing, takes his toll, all for the sake of *his* war aim. All our bravery and decency, that's part of his toll, too. "Glow, holy flame, glow!"

DEFINITIONS OF JUST WARS 432 B.C.—1837 A.D.

NOTE: Each definition is followed by a bracketed letter or letters corresponding to each subcategory in the moral calculus (5.2.F.1, A-F), which might conceivably justify it if proper means and ends were followed. Where there is no letter, I can see no justification.

Pericles⁶¹ (432 B.C.)

"Go to war ... without caring whether the ostensible cause be great or small, resolved against making concessions or consenting to a precarious tenure of our possessions. For all claims from an equal, urged upon a neighbor as commands, before any attempt at arbitration, be they great or be they small, have only one meaning, and that is slavery." [D]

Wu-tzu⁶² (before 361 B.C.)

"Suppressing the violently perverse and rescuing the people from chaos." [E]

Mubarakshah⁶³ (before 1224)

Holy war, war against rebels, bandits, tax cheats. [ADEF]

Nasir al-Din al-Tusi⁶⁴ (before 1274)

Self-defense, or "good and religion." [AD]

Ibn Khaldun⁶⁵ (before 1406)

Holy war, dynastic war against seceders and rebels. [ADEF]

Joan of Arc⁶⁶ (1429)

Holy war, defense of homeland and of authority ("she is here come by God's will to reclaim the blood royal" from the English invaders). [ADEF]

Peter the Great⁶⁷ (before 1725)

"Approach as close to Constantinople and India as possible. He who rules there will be the real ruler of the world. Consequently, provoke constant wars."

Montesquieu⁶⁸ (1748)

"The life of governments is like that of a man. The latter has a right to kill in case of natural defence: the former have a right to wage war for their own preservation... But, above all, let them not plead such an idle pretext as the glory of the prince." [A]

Henri Jomini⁶⁹ (1837)

"The most just war is one which is founded on undoubted rights, and which, in addition, promises to the state advantages commensurate with the sacrifices required and the hazards incurred." [all categories]

"It may be doubtful whether a nation has the right to intervene in the internal affairs of another people, but it certainly has the right to oppose it when it propagates disorder which may reach the adjoining states." [AE]

"A war of invasion without good reason—like that of Ghenghis Khan—is a crime against humanity; but it may be excused, if not approved, when induced by great interests or when conducted with good motives."

When is violence in defense of war aims justified? *When the war aims themselves are legitimate, and their enacted violence is limited.*

What constitutes a legitimate war aim? By extension from the rights of the self,⁷⁰ *a homeland or command authority may violently defend itself, or not. It may violently defend an ally, or not. Theoretically, it may violently destroy itself or preserve itself.* (In prac-

tice, this last option is susceptible to abuse.) The rights of identity's self-expression, which we've already laid out in our chapter on race and culture,⁷¹ likewise find their analogue here. Thus Nasir al-Din al-Tusi's war aim quoted above, defense of "good and religion," might for all we know be the justified upholding of an imminently endangered right to practice certain nonviolent beliefs. (It might also be an unjustified conversion by the sword.) Finally, the rights of the collective may also be asserted in certain legitimate war aims: *A homeland or command authority may violently construct or maintain legitimate preexisting or revolutionary authority; it may also violently obey legitimate authority.*⁷² Insofar as they affect homeland itself, these choices will be considered in detail in the next chapter.⁷³ The following calculus remains:

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS IS JUSTIFIED:

When the war aims themselves are legitimate, and their enacted violence is limited.

- **FIRST LIMITATION:** The violence of war should be employed only by and toward combatants. [Respect the Discrimination Principle.]
 - **FIRST COROLLARY:** We further the justice of war to the extent that we can persuade our enemies not to be combatants.
 - **SECOND COROLLARY:** The violence must be employed only in war zones, and only during wartime.
 - **THIRD COROLLARY:** The unpersuaded are noncombatants.
 - **FOURTH COROLLARY:** The uncategorized are combatants, if they occupy an active war zone.
 - **FIFTH COROLLARY:** Prisoners-of-war who seek to fight on after capture are combatants.
- **SECOND LIMITATION:** The violence of war should be employed against no more people than is needed to accomplish a specific justified result, and the number of people harmed by the violence should be fewer than the number of people helped by it. [Respect the Proportionality Principle, 5.1.7.]
- **THIRD LIMITATION:** War-violence should be employed only by legitimate command.⁷⁴

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS IS UNJUSTIFIED:

When any of the principles of just defense are violated.

What the war aim might be, much less its fairness, is rarely of great interest to its fighters, who serve because the bailiff compels them to. Justice or injustice, what's that? The nineteenth and twentieth century western solution to the danger of unjust war has been to professionalize the military even further, passing out cards with rules on them as to which actions are forbidden (atrocities), while awarding all responsibility for the *casus belli* to the civilian bailiffs to whom the soldiers have

been subordinated.

Clausewitz's solution to the issue of an army's accountability for its own violence (although there is scant evidence that he considered it in ethical terms) was to grant the commander-in-chief (by whom he meant a super-general, not a civilian president) deep personal acquaintance with state policy: entrée to cabinet offices and the smoking-rooms of diplomats. We envision this eminence attending the stag-hunts of the Kaiser, whom he perhaps knows as a friend; maybe they've been intimate with the same actress; indeed, "the conduct of the War and the policy of the State here coincide, and the General becomes at the same time the Statesman"⁷⁵—which is more or less how Plato puts it in his eponymous dialogue: his Statesman must be a weaver of man-threads into a social carpet of his patterning, must know everything and be above everything. (An example of such a system might be ancient Sparta; among the Spartan kings' prerogatives, in addition to double servings at meals, was "the power of declaring war on whom they please."⁷⁶ Another example, alas, might be Orwell's omniscient and pitiless Big Brother.)

I would trust Clausewitz more, did he but say straight out that policy was not the commander-in-chief's *métier*. The famous essay *On War* nowhere defines what policy ought to be, merely remarking that the commander-in-chief must have "intimate knowledge" of policy in its "higher relations." But let us assume that this was no sly loophole to permit the army to meddle amorally in politics; let us take the man at face value, and believe only that the commander-in-chief ought to be thoroughly versed in war aims. Regardless, we still don't know his competence to evaluate the *rightness* of war aims—and certainly not of war means; all we have done is to pass the power of final judgment to the commander-in-chief, and the ministers with whom he consorts. This is the reason why while we should continually keep before us as a sort of baseline General von Clausewitz with his shy, almost effeminate face, his long, collared neck, his immense epaulets like bristle-brushes, his decorations, among them the crosses white and dark, and above all his gentle but steadfast eyes and his delicate little half-smile—here, one wrongly believes, is an open mind—still, we must go beyond him in our search for help. Call him the status quo—steadily softened since his time, we grant, by subsequent Hague, Geneva and United Nations Conventions. Here is a typical rule of engagement from the Vietnam War: "The use of incendiary munitions in inhabited or urban areas will be avoided unless friendly survival is at stake or it is necessary for the accomplishment of the commander's mission."⁷⁷ In other words, the commander's commander may order the use of incendiaries at will. Distilled *eau de Clausewitz* (which is to say, old soldier's piss): The mission comes first. The ends justify the means. As President Johnson explains to the press about certain explosions he's commanded in North and South Vietnam: "There will be civilian casualties in connection with the bombing of military targets... And I regret every single casualty in both areas."⁷⁸—Very generous of him, but his bombing goes on—no mistaken benevolence there. —"We all have

only one will," says a Nazi propaganda poster from 1942. Soldiers and tanks lunge forward into a smoky sky. Below them, a hard old folk comrade raises his hammer, and an Aryan blonde, clutching at her breast, gazes anxiously upward. "Front and home front," the poster says, "the entire folk know only one goal: *Victory at any price.*"⁷⁹ Since limitation has been explicitly ruled out, we don't have to wonder about the justifiability of that war aim! Napoleon utters the same slogan more silkily: "How many seeming impossibilities have been accomplished by men whose only resource was death!"⁸⁰ These are the bailiff's words. Most of those men would have preferred other "resources." The Charge of the Light Brigade proves that seeming impossibilities may in fact be—impossibilities. "Glow, holy flame, glow!" But the strategic calculus of self-interest, partially defanged or not, remains normative in war. And if Clausewitz's oft-quoted equation between war and politics holds true (unlike liberal post-nuclear blinkers, Mao thought it did, and so do I), why, then, what right do we have to disapprove Napoleon's calm, cruel analysis of one of the many partitions of unfortunate Poland?

Vienna feared the consequent aggrandisement of Russia [he writes], but felt great satisfaction, nonetheless, at acquiring several million souls and enriching its treasury by many millions. Austria would in the same manner feel averse, at the present day, to the partition of Turkey, but would nonetheless consent to it—it would increase her vast dominions by adding to them Serbia, Bosnia, and the ancient Illyrian provinces, of which Vienna was formerly the capital.⁸¹

No mention of the consequences to Poland itself, of the Poles who fought bravely for Napoleon in Russia, hoping and believing that he would liberate them, of that sister-soul to Saint-Exupéry, the beautiful Countess Walewska, who went against her dutiful if loveless marriage to become Napoleon's mistress in hopes of thereby doing something for her country ("Ah! come! come!" he'd begged her, "you shall have all you ask. Your country will be dearer to me, once you have had pity on my poor heart")⁸²—betrayed she was, politically if perhaps not personally—well, at the end betrayed personally, too. Of course, if Napoleon, who was also betrayed, reviled after his fall, ever in his own right pretended anything other than the betrayal of Poland, he himself never believed in those pretenses, being entirely satisfied to follow the calculus of his "star," his destiny, which was simply his own aggrandizement and exaltation. He was the commander-in-chief; he set the war aims. As we have seen in the section on honor, he followed the strategy of Saint-Exupéry's commander; he inspired. The gun could usually remain in the holster; invocation of honor did the job. But if during the French Revolution poor Saint-Exupéry's "Man" with a capital *M* had really for a year or two waveringly come into being, at the ultimate cost of many men with a small *m* who got drowned in batches, guillotined, shot; if Napoleon's troops believed at first that they were fighting for "Man," any such

smoke-signal had long since dissipated by the time that Napoleon got around to deciding Poland's future. He surely subscribed to Machiavelli's bald conflation of ends and means: "With us there is great justice, because that war is just which is necessary."⁸³ (Machiavelli would have a point, if we all agreed what "necessary" meant.) Clausewitz's equivalent would have been: "With us there is no question of justice or injustice, because we have a war aim decided by our superiors." Unlike Clausewitz, Napoleon had no superior. He was Caesar.⁸⁴ His war aim ran simply: "Follow my star."

THE FIRST LIMITATION OF WAR

Still, as I said, a sketchy moral calculus does exist for war, mainly because of expediency. Call it what we've already coined it: "Clausewitzian leniency."⁸⁵ Should we win, the less force we use, the friendlier will be the people we conquer, and the more functional their factories, which will now be producing for us. Should we lose, the less force we employed, the better hope we'll have of their employing the Golden Rule upon us.⁸⁶

Doubtless we can also credit, to some minor degree, *morality* for the creation of laws of war, although it must be fortunate for our self-conceit that we cannot ascertain the exact ratio between expediency and humanitarianism in this or any other political question.⁸⁷ Handbooks on defense of authority (how-to books on the application of violence by police and security personnel), as well as primers on defense of ground, do pay regular lip service to the notion that force beyond some arbitrary level is unjustified. In combat, naturally, self-preservation requires murder. "Just wars are limited wars," asserts the ethicist Michael Walzer,⁸⁸ to whom the Clausewitzians reply: "To introduce into the philosophy of War itself a principle of moderation would be an absurdity."⁸⁹

FIRST LIMITATION: MILITARY VIOLENCE SHOULD BE EMPLOYED ONLY BY AND AGAINST PARTICIPANTS

A typical twentieth century American soldiers' manual expresses that moderation, even if only by implication: "Any live soldier you see within range is a legitimate target for your rifle."⁹⁰ As long as the target is legitimate, it would seem, the occupation of slaughtering can go methodically on. Hence our First Limitation.

Not every warrior has thought so. In a Cheyenne ledger drawing from the 1870s we see a brave on a lithe yellow horse, holding his round vision shield from which, decorated with bars and ciliated half-sliced hemispheres, flows an unearthly widening wake of streaming colored feathers. The Cheyenne's war aims comprehend *revenge and prestige*.⁹¹ Now he's reached a Crow couple who try to flee on their own horse, which is transparently pale, the ledger-paper's color (the white man's writing

showing beneath). The Crow man, sitting backwards, clutched by his wife, who faces him, shoots harmless arrows at the Cheyenne, who now extends a long lance of the same brilliant yellow as his horse and strikes them both, counting coup on them to prove his bravery and skill.⁹² For him that may suffice, and he'll ride on, having proven his superiority, leaving the two enemies humiliated and possibly hurt, but no more.⁹³ —But in another drawing, we see a Cheyenne in what appears to be a captured U.S. military uniform, resolutely profiled on his rearing mount as he lances two Sioux women who vainly try to fend him off with upraised hatchets; we see the lance entering one woman just below the breast, blood already bursting out of her, and the second woman, still clutching her hatchet, falls bleeding and dying, struggling to rise while he counts coup on her...⁹⁴ About one of his Gallic campaigns Caesar writes complacently: "Thus without any danger our men slew as great a host of them as daytime allowed, and, ceasing at sunset, retired according to orders into camp."⁹⁵ For Caesar, as we shall see, the target might at times be any live human being, whereas the maxim in the American soldiers' manual implies that the target must be a live member of a certain *subset* of human beings—a soldier. The manual goes on: "Area fire with a hand or shoulder weapon is as inexcusable as it is ineffectual."⁹⁶ A few pages later, however, it shouts: "*THERE IS NO REASON FOR HAVING A SOLDIER BUT TO SHOOT AND KILL THE ENEMY.*"⁹⁷

Who is the enemy? Is he "any live soldier?" Do I decide who he is, or does my commander-in-chief? The "laws of war," based in modern times, as we've said, upon the Hague and Geneva Conventions,⁹⁸ offer an extremely specific way to pose the question, and thereby to delineate between justified and excessive force: *Is your stated enemy in fact a combatant?* This constitutes the same dividing line now found in authority's Bibles, including the American one just quoted: Is the rebel shooting back? Is our moral agent—that is to say, the licensed or commandeered agent of institutional praxis—at unacceptable personal risk should he fail to neutralize the enemy through the use of violent force? Such, for instance, was the tack taken by the rules of engagement for the U.S. invasion of Grenada in 1983: "When possible the enemy will be warned first and asked to surrender. Armed force is the last resort. Armed civilians will only be engaged [by our forces] in [our own] self-defense."⁹⁹ Or, as a seventeenth-century Hapsburg general more trenchantly put it, "Treat those who surrender well; treat those who resist harshly."¹⁰⁰ A corollary to the First Limitation: *Once disarmed and in our power, they are noncombatants.*

A colored woodcut from 1499 purveys a battle-view in keeping with the First Limitation's prescription: In a village of steep thatched roofs, men wearing the Cross of Saint George rush at men wearing the Cross of Saint Andrew, pursuing them wide-eyed, stabbing swords into their backs, breaking their heads with axes, holding them down almost tenderly the better to slam pikepoints between their shoulderblades; and in the midst of this official business we see a woman raising her hands in horror and helpless sadness, ignored, which is to say, unharmed.¹⁰¹ She's a

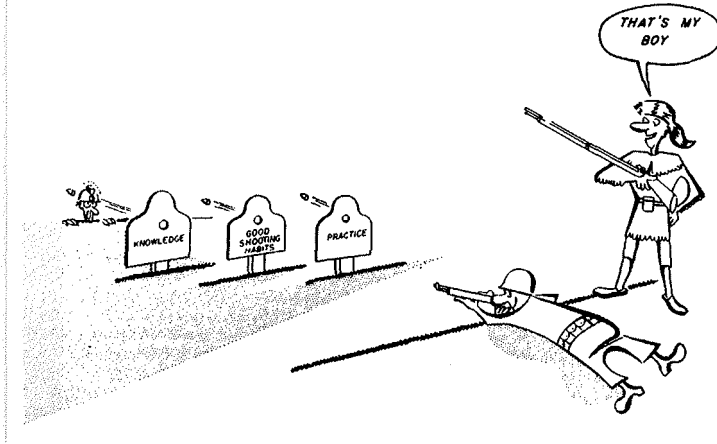
HITS ARE IMPORTANT

This text represents an effort to explain *why* certain things should be done to guarantee good shooting. We have tried to show the Instructor and coach how to recognize the symptoms of certain bad habits and how to cure them. We have stressed that good shooting is obtained by forming good shooting habits. The soldier must act instinctively and correctly in combat if he is to stay alive and help keep his buddies alive.

THERE IS NO REASON FOR HAVING A SOLDIER BUT TO SHOOT AND KILL THE ENEMY. There is, or should be, no more important weapon to the soldier than his rifle. It is his mainstay in combat. If the soldier firing a shoulder weapon gets *hits that count*, he is the master of every living thing he sees within 500 yards in any direction.

THE ROAD TO COMBAT EFFECTIVENESS

There is no easy road to combat effectiveness



U.S. army manual (1954)

noncombatant. Of course, the scene might have been atypical, idealized or even faked—or maybe they just hadn't gotten to her yet. *C'est la guerre*: in the days of Herodotus women were regarded as booty, as we read in this list of items captured from the enemy: "the Persians' women, pack-animals, gold, silver, and so on."¹⁰² (But then, so were men.)¹⁰³ Julian the Apostate's Roman legions invaded Persia, and "massacred, without remorse and without punishment, some defenceless women."¹⁰⁴ In 1499, as we saw, the sea-change had not yet come, and five centuries later there were rape camps in Bosnia and Burma; maybe it would never come. Urs Graf has drawn for us a portrait of a lady—perhaps a camp prostitute rather than a *Hausfrau*, but still not an "enemy"—who sports a wooden leg, a suppurating breast and hacked-off arms; the legend reads: "A Casualty of War."¹⁰⁵ During the Thirty Years' War there ran a proverb that "Every soldier needs three peasants: one to give up his lodgings, one to provide his wife, and one to take his place in Hell."¹⁰⁶ (The peasants, of course, retaliated when they could.) In a seventeenth-century painting we spy a drunken soldier holding his goblet, with a woman on his knee; while another trooper shoves his hand down a lady's dress. On the ground, a woman begs for mercy for her baby. A little girl bends over a corpse. A bugler happily blares; an old prisoner is tied to a horse's tail. A file of prisoners stand and gaze with vacant craziness. A man in a cocked hat aims his musket, and red fire shoots from it; far away, a build-

ing flowers with smoke and flames; a soldier sticks his sword into someone...¹⁰⁷

Shall we denounce such practices? Absolutely. They violate the Discrimination Principle, namely: *The greater the percentage of war victims who are combatants, political leaders or otherwise directly associated with the war's aggression, the more moral, or less immoral, the war.*¹⁰⁸ Shall we say that the Russian Civil War was fought in an unjustified manner, because between 1918 and 1920 it killed "only" eight hundred thousand combatants, in proportion to eight million civilians?¹⁰⁹ We shall—for all the good it will do. The bailiff has always sneered at rules of engagement. In Thucydides's time he extirpates entire populations of vanquished cities; in the twentieth-century world, amidst a welter of well-meaning United Nations resolutions, he launches missile attacks against cities vanquished and unvanquished, ejaculates long machine-gun bursts into prisoners' backs, plants bombs in discos to make a military point. At the close of the nineteenth century, ten to fifteen percent of all war casualties were inflicted on civilians. At the close of the twentieth, that figure had risen to seventy-five percent.¹¹⁰ Thus we repeat the acts emblazoned in Thucydides. But that

RESOLUTION 913 (1994)

Adopted by the Security Council at its 3367th meeting,
on 22 April 1994

The Security Council,

Recalling all its previous relevant resolutions on the conflict in the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and reaffirming in this context its resolution 908 (1994) of 31 March 1994,

Recalling also the statement by the President of the Security Council on 6 April 1994 (S/PRST/1994/14) relating to the situation in the safe area of Gorazde,

Reaffirming the sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the responsibility of the Security Council in this regard,

Deeply concerned by the ongoing hostilities in and around Gorazde, as well as by the consequences for the situation in other areas of the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina and on the negotiation process aimed at an overall political settlement,

Condemning in the strongest possible terms the Bosnian Serb forces for their continued offensive against the safe area of Gorazde, which has resulted in the death of numerous civilians and tremendous human suffering,

Condemning also all attacks against civilian populations and humanitarian relief workers and reiterating that any persons committing violations of international humanitarian law will be held individually responsible,

Condemning further the Bosnian Serb party for their failure to negotiate in good faith and to uphold their commitments made to the representatives of the United Nations and the Russian Federation in respect of cease-fire arrangements in and around Gorazde,

Resolution condemning the Serbian shelling of Gorazde safe area (1994)

colored woodcut from 1499, is, at least, the ideal, the horrid best we can hope for in military murder: to spare harmless categories from our attentions.

WAR DEATHS IN WORLD WAR II¹¹¹

Military: 22 million

Civilian: 28 million

(12 million in concentration camps)

Raising high his quill of adulation, the personal secretary to Mexico's conqueror explains that

Cortes endeavored to treat these barbarians with every civility, as is right and as is laid down in the instructions issued by the monarchs of Castile: that is, to offer them peace one, two, and many times before making war upon them or invading their lands and taking their towns.¹¹²

This is to say, Cortes invited himself where he wanted to go; if he was refused, he attacked. His terms of negotiation were, in effect: Submit to me or I'll kill you. Give up your creed and your gold. Become my vassal. Acknowledge my superiority, and I'll be your friend. —But, as the instructions from Castile show, Cortes was no Hitler. He followed the First Limitation's very ethical *and* Clausewitzian First Corollary: *We further the justice of war to the extent that we can persuade our enemies not to be combatants.* Once the various Mexican defenders of homeland had been cowed into suing for peace, hostilities stopped; and—with a few exceptions—he did not strike at people who were not striking at him. In the course of his war, he enslaved only the already conquered who'd rebelled. (Later he became worse.) Greedy to the point of cruelty, he cannot be called merciless.¹¹³

A JUST WAR MUST AIM TOWARD PEACE

Clausewitz, who defines the end of war (that is, the practical end, the achievement of the war aim) as a gradual wearing out of the resources and resolve of the enemy, agrees that this First Corollary can sometimes be achieved strictly through defensive action if, as in the case of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War, the aggressors' "actual expenditure of strength far exceeded what they had at first anticipated."¹¹⁴ The North Vietnamese defeated French and then American troops without establishing a single beachhead in either nation. It may in theory, if not in fact, even be possible to perform the requisite demonstrations in place of violence. (Cortes tried to do exactly this by subjecting the sullen and angry Indians to intimidating military reviews, in which the terrifying sight of the rearing horses, the flashing sword-blades and the shouting of a cannon or two might and did have a deterrent

effect.)¹¹⁵ Or else limited violence may be employed, as the case with the Hiroshima and Nagasaki blasts. After the two atomic bombs were dropped, the Japanese's physical capability to resist was only partially destroyed. Their will to resist, however, had been broken; they'd been driven to "the Clausewitz Point." No doubt their decision to surrender was expedited by the consideration that the Americans, as far as anyone knew, could repeat the grisly lesson any number of times.¹¹⁶ It seemed inconceivable to continue the war in the face of so powerful a weapon.¹¹⁷

Here one wants to bring back to mind that axiom "A just war is a limited war." Well, what about an unlimited war? A Jesuit priest in Japan during those A-bombings poses the question thus: "It seems logical that he who supports total wars in principle cannot complain of a war against civilians. The crux of the matter is whether total war in its present form is justifiable, even when it serves a just purpose."¹¹⁸

PROPORTIONALITY AND DISCRIMINATION

Two well-known sets of ethical calipers often invoked together in discussions of just and unjust wars are the discrimination principle, which we've already mentioned—namely, that the greater the percentage of war victims who are combatants or otherwise responsible for the war, the more moral, or less immoral, the war; and the proportionality principle, our Second Limitation on warfare, which supposes that the number of people who are helped by the war ought to be greater than the number who are hurt.¹¹⁹ Both of these axia acknowledge by implication the impossibility of subjecting ethics to exact quantification. Statistics on war casualties being so unreliable, and statistics on the objects of war-benevolence being still harder to find, one can't hope to draw up more than the crudest balance sheet. Moreover, since war-violence in and of itself does not comprise precisely directed lethality as much as adrenaline-fueled reactions to the imminent unknown, such principles could never be applied with the finesse of, say, a judicially instigated hanging. Any old soldier recognizes this. Hence—

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF HUONG VAN BA,
COLONEL, PEOPLE'S ARMY OF NORTH VIETNAM (1965-75)¹²⁰

END: Liberate the fifteen million South Vietnamese from capitalist imperialism.

MEANS: Armed struggle, with unavoidable casualties.

"To save fifteen million people was the highest moral obligation.
To kill a few dozen people in the fighting was nothing important.
Of course sometimes we were deeply touched by certain situations."

As stated, this seems not unjustified.

The discrimination principle in effect restates our First Limitation (that is, that war-violence should be limited to combatants) and need not detain us further. About the proportionality principle there remains a little more to say. Correlation of forces alone does not determine who is the aggressor. Franco began his revolt with a relatively small force; that doesn't justify him. And if ten thousand aggressors attack eight thousand defenders, whose fortuitous victory liquidates, say, nine thousand of the aggressors *in battle*, one can't feel as sorry as one might had the aggressors won. Or again, as Che Guevara pointed out in his manual on insurgent tactics, if ten guerrillas attack a hundred soldiers in a regular army and one man falls on each side, the respective casualty *percentages* are far from equal¹²¹—an expedient matter which becomes moral if the two sides are not morally equal. For this reason I reject a literalist interpretation of the proportionality principle, unless we saddle it with the following condition, which renders it almost toothless: *Both sides in the war must be equally justified to start with.* This is not to say that proportionality is not a useful guide. If ten defenders of homeland kill a hundred of Ghengis Khan's Mongols, the many, many innocent people who would benefit from the destruction of Ghengis Khan's aggressive force outnumber the entire force itself; hence this killing takes place *in the direction of proportionality.*

A twentieth-century military ethicist illustrates proportionality by arguing that

if army A thoroughly destroys army B in part because it has superior equipment, it is neither more nor less moral than B. To be sure, ... if A not only soundly defeats B but lays casualties upon its enemy by using its superior technology far beyond the point of defeating B, then A is acting immorally.¹²²

From our point of view it doesn't matter whether superior weapons, superior strategy or superior luck is responsible for B's defeat. What matters is when A stops inflicting casualties on B, which in turn depends, as Fotion has made clear, on when B surrenders. The case really has nothing to do with proportionality at all. If B decides, like many Japanese armies in the Pacific campaign, to fight to the last man, then A will be eminently justified in exterminating B.

SECOND COROLLARY: MILITARY VIOLENCE SHOULD BE EMPLOYED ONLY IN WAR ZONES, AND ONLY IN WARTIME

In ancient and early medieval Japan, the two sides set a date for the battle, exchanged envoys, then launched humming arrows to mark the beginning of the strife.¹²³ The Aztec "flower wars" followed analogous conventions.¹²⁴ In Norse times duelists and rival armies picked their battlefields in advance and set up hazel rods to mark the boundaries. Then they waited for all the combatants to arrive. "It was the custom in those days," explains Egil's Saga, "that once a field of battle had been

declared for a king, he could not honourably wage war until that battle had been fought."¹²⁵ Again, how limiting were such rules in practice? It depended. The battle starts, the Scots are routed and "Egil and his troops raced after them killing everyone within reach, so there wasn't much point in asking for mercy."¹²⁶ But in classical Greece, hoplite soldiers seldom hunted down their fleeing enemies.¹²⁷ As one classicist writes, the battle itself decided the war. "Permanent occupation of the defeated's prime lands, absolute destruction of his rural infrastructures, murder, rape, and the enslavement of his people—the whole repetitious nightmare of ... modern warfare—rarely followed"—at least not until the Peloponnesian War.¹²⁸ Outside the war zone, outside of wartime, everyone must be assumed to be a non-combatant.

Where does the war zone end? I can't tell you that; imminence will. If an occupied city submits peaceably to the invading force, it's no longer a war zone. Insurgency there creates danger for the occupiers, entitling them to violent self-defense.

The remaining three corollaries assume that this situational condition has been met, and that we are dealing with people and events within a defined setting of war.

THIRD COROLLARY: THE UNPERSUADED ARE NONCOMBATANTS

Clausewitz continues, in the spirit of Cortes's instructions from Castile, that should demonstrations violent or nonviolent fail, the defenders must then attack to effect physical destruction of the aggressors' war capability. In short, contradicting his other remarks that humane limitation in warfare constitutes a mistake, he allows for the possibility of phased escalation, corresponding to the twentieth century American notion of justifiable versus excessive force used in the defense of authority. The atrocities committed by Cortes's troops, and, on occasion, by him, stained his justifications through and through, but they were horrific and hypocritical exceptions to his professed rules, not routine actions. The conquistador Bernal Díaz, whose account strikes me as honest (making allowances for periodic jealous back-biting), insists that most brutalities originated not with the Spaniards, but with their allies from Calco and Tlascala.

Once our soldiers had broken the enemy's ranks and put them to flight they would not stab another Indian: it seemed to them mere cruelty. What chiefly concerned them was to look for a pretty woman [perhaps but not necessarily for rape]¹²⁹ or find some spoil.¹³⁰

Why not believe this? Díaz, remember, stands numbered among the victors. Unlike the captive Nazis at Nuremburg, he has no reason to plead that he wasn't cruel; his times do not arraign him. Had he considered the Mexicans to be deserv-

ing of cruel treatment, he could have said so in all smugness. Instead, he tells how his countrymen intervened to save Aztec lives. Nor ought we to forget Cortes's standing order to break open all the latticework cages to be found in the towns of Mexico, in which captives were being fattened for sacrifice.¹³¹ This is not a mere limitation on action, but active humanitarianism. Any calculus of judgment must remember to set such deeds of mercy against the killing that the Spaniards committed—and, of course, against the Aztecs' sacrifice of prisoners of war. In the chapter on defense of creed we did just this, and by our computation Cortes came out the moral loser.¹³² But after the final campaign against Mexico City he writes to the King of Spain—with what sincerity we don't know, yet still he writes:

Such were the shrieks and the weeping of the women and children that there was none whose heart did not break; and we had more trouble in preventing our allies from killing and inflicting tortures than we had in fighting with the Indians.¹³³

By the standards of most anti-imperialists, Cortes employed excessive force. But he did have a calculus; more often than not (although not often enough) he forgave and forgot when his crushed enemies requested to become his vassals. As for the dependents, neutrals, civilians, even hostile civilians, in the course of his defense of war aims, if not his defense of creed (when after the Conquest he burned the odd heretic alive), he did what little lay within his power to leave them alone. *The unpersuaded are noncombatants.*

FOURTH COROLLARY: THE UNCATEGORIZED ARE COMBATANTS

Any logical strategy of violence-limitation must begin with a precise computation of correlation of forces—the more precise the computation, the more (potentially) logical the strategy. If the outlaw's gun holds six bullets, I know I'd better have at least as many should I hope to neutralize him. I also know that shooting a thousand bullets at him at close range would probably be literal overkill, hence unjustified. But such pre-vision always remains dubious. A chart of the relative strengths of North and South Korean military power circa 1995 indicates numerical advantage to lie almost entirely on the North's side: eighty bombers to zero, for instance; eighty-four surface-to-surface missiles to twelve, 1,280,000 active men to 633,000, etcetera.¹³⁴ This might seem to give North cause to be humane. But the Clausewitzian arithmetician must also factor in morale, alliances, communication and other variables far less susceptible to enumeration.¹³⁵ In 1960, the nuclear strategist Herman Kahn sneered at such "preattack inventories," calling them World War I and II approaches. "The really essential numbers ... are estimates of the damage that the retaliatory forces can inflict after being hit."¹³⁶ And what about grouping,

timing, refueling and the state of the electromagnetic environment?¹³⁷ Our Clausewitzian's moral calculus suddenly requires second-order differential equations! Time to approximate and qualify. "On balance," he might conclude (and one equation-solver does), "if the North Koreans were to launch a conventional attack *without the threat of nuclear weapons and in a nonchemical environment*, South Korean and U.S. forces would be able to thwart a North Korean offensive, *but only after sustaining very high collateral damage.*"¹³⁸ By qualifying so stringently, the Clausewitzian may perhaps determine the minimum degree of violence which has to be allowed within any given "scenario"—and by imagining several of those, he will be ready to respond in more than one eventuality—but what's unquantifiable remains unquantifiable. In such cases, prudence advises against leniency. "When in doubt, go all out." The Clausewitzian calculus, like that of any moral actor, is grounded not only in science and experience, but also in more or less prescient intuition. When the border guard sees a figure approaching silently in the darkness, he knows not what uniform it wears, and that ignorance justifies him in shooting—assuming, that is, that the border and his presence were both justifiable in the first place. That is why the uncategorized may be considered combatants.

The Geneva Conventions define a civilian by exclusion, then go on to say: "In case of doubt whether a person is a civilian, that person shall be considered to be a civilian." Certainly the person should be given the chance to prove his civilian intentions. Should the soldiers who confront him have reason to fear violence, they may demand that he submit to search. Should he not freeze with his hands raised, but instead he comes toward them while reaching into his pocket, perhaps for an identification card, perhaps for a bomb, and if the soldiers then shoot him, that's war.

"Dense masses of the enemy were seen about a mile off," runs the official history of the Zulu War, "and against these masses shells and rockets were directed with good effect." Ten soldiers on the British side were killed, and about three hundred Zulus.¹³⁹ It is possible that some in that doomed cluster were noncombatants, but the artillerists, whose war might have been unjust, did not deepen the injustice simply because they refrained from asking the Zulus whether their approach might be belligerent: the answer was obvious. Had the enemy laid down their arms and approached the British with empty hands upraised, then that execution by means of shells and rockets would not have been war, but unjustifiable homicide. It is this rather obvious principle which commands us to condemn what John Brown did at "Bloody Pottawatomie" in 1856,¹⁴⁰ and what Lieutenant Calley did in My Lai in 1968.¹⁴¹

My conclusion: To avoid needless killing, categorize wherever possible. But all too often it is *not* possible. Among the Greek hoplite soldiers of Thucydides's day we find helpers who carried, foraged and doctored.¹⁴² Lightly armed with spear and dagger, they might assist in destroying the enemy's orchards, or stone his flank. But they were not armored; hence, as the early twentieth century military historian

Hans Delbrück expresses the matter in one of his typically slashing judgments, "they were as good as worthless for the battle itself."¹⁴³ Would an enemy hoplite whose head had been bashed in by one of their rocks think so?¹⁴⁴ So, too, with fifth columnists, guerrilla insurgents, munitions factory workers, etcetera. The self-defending soldier might treat them all as combatants.

"WASN'T I PERHAPS AN ASSASSIN?"

The great Romantic poet Alfred de Vigny was also a garrison officer, who, because he came of age after Napoleon's fall, never had Clausewitz's good or bad luck of serving in battle. In consequence, this restless, melancholy man found the leisure to write a book of parables, based in equal measure on the tales told him by the old veterans and on his own moral and narrative imagination. This work, *Servitude et grandeur militaires*, offers us an astonishingly alien ethos. Any wrestler against the justifications of honor and obedience ought to read it. The serenity of his grizzled old protagonists, who have offered themselves up to be commanded and destroyed, protects itself not only by courage, but also by a code of blissful moral uniformity. They may question, but good French answers always find them. In another chapter,¹⁴⁵ we will consider such codes' susceptibility to abuse in the name of a "unified command," but for now, let us simply readdress the question of who constitutes a combatant.

In a tale entitled "The Russian Guard-Post," one scarred captain, honorable far beyond Napoleon's expedient conceptions of honor,¹⁴⁶ tells how in the Empire's final days his colonel orders him to take an enemy-held barn in a silent night raid. Thus defense of authority, honor, homeland. Strangling or bayoneting the Russian sentries, in conformance with tactical requirements, they gain entrance to the place; and then the captain, in spite of feeling sullied by a sense of wrongness about falling upon sleeping men, gives the signal. "All their scarcely uttered cries of pain were stamped out under the boots of our soldiers, and no head was raised without receiving its death-stroke."¹⁴⁷ The captain himself stabs a shape who, dying, calls for his father in a child's voice—one of those boy officers who, Vigny explains, were very frequently to be found among the Russians in those times.

FROM VRANJEVICI TO SREBRINICA

The boy was a combatant, no question about it. Had he wanted to be there? Had he understood the risks he ran? From the standpoint of the French captain, who ran equal risks, such considerations find no relevance. Set aside Vigny's tales for the moment. A far more extreme case howls at our door.

Eighteen decades later, once the militant-politicians had begun to wrench apart the carcass of Yugoslavia into strange and desperate new countries each claiming

that people from the others were evil aliens, civil war exploded across the wide, almost definitionless plain between Zagreb and Beograd. As representatives of the rump state, Serbian troops continued to wear the national uniform which arguably emblemized them, while their Croatian foes, optimistic and ill-prepared, thought to gain independence almost peacefully; they'd worry about uniforms later. Reality proving unimaginably worse than their expectations, they found that their homes had become battlefields, and so they formed into desperately under-equipped units of national defense, possessing as yet no Croatian Army uniforms—often, no uniforms whatsoever. “So it was so confusing and so frightening,” a pro-Serb participant told me. He was a Russian Special Forces fighter who'd been at the battle of Vranjevici. Many of the things which he said and did on that long evening I spent with him will forever horrify me. And yet I cannot take exception with his position on this point. He went on: “Once our own side started shooting at me. I put my hands over my head. I practically pissed in my pants.”¹⁴⁸

Leaving aside the issue of whether or not the war aim of the Yugoslav unitarists was justified—how could any Serbian frontline fighter know or determine such a question any more than could Vigny's captain?—no armchair second-guesser should insist that at that phase of the war Serbs should have refrained from shooting the armed men in civilian clothes who faced them. What else could the Russian Special Forces man have done, once he was there? Too much to ask him to become a Tolstoyan...

When the Serbs overran Srebrenica in 1995, that logic did not hold.¹⁴⁹ The men in civilian clothes were not shooting back. Begging for mercy, those Muslims ended up in a mass grave.¹⁵⁰

“WASN'T I PERHAPS AN ASSASSIN?”

(CONTINUED)

Back to Vigny. When his colonel arrives at the barn to congratulate him, the French captain asks, “What difference is there between a murderer and me?” —The colonel's reply is reflexive and probably consoling: “God dammit, old man, what d'you expect? It's our profession.” (The Special Forces fighter who'd told me about the difficulty with uniforms had said much the same thing. Describing how he tricked some Croatians in a nearby trench into believing that he was on their side, he gazed into my eyes and said: “Then we were close enough to kill them. This is war. You have to do it like that if you want to live. And always there was such terror.”) —“That is so,” responds the French captain, “and I got up to resume my duties.”¹⁵¹ Vigny's admiration for this stance remains almost unalloyed.

In *Servitude et grandeur militaires*, whenever a protagonist finds himself compelled by duty to kill an innocent or quasi-innocent, he acts upon the soldier's version of the Golden Rule.¹⁵² Otherwise, the Golden Rule conveniently comes to life and acts

upon him. Hence the sea-captain back in Robespierre's time who in the "Story of the Red Seal" obediently shoots a young political prisoner, then devotes his life to his victim's deranged widow.¹⁵³ As for our boy-stabbing captain, he meets his symmetrical death at the hands of a street urchin bribed to shoot him. Before the sheet goes over his face, he manages to say: "We were at war. He's no more of a murderer than I was myself... Wasn't I perhaps an assassin? ... How many murders are there in a big battle? —This is one of those questions in which reason loses herself and has nothing to say."¹⁵⁴ —Leave aside the plausibility of this morality play—for many a death in it is synchronous, even grimly humorous (by the way, on the night before my friend Francis was killed by an accident of war in Mostar, he confided to me that he did not want to die lonely and alone). Consider instead the implied paradigm. In effect, Vigny is saying, it is justified for me to kill children in their sleep in wartime, because they will kill me without warning if they can. Hence self-defense.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR IMMUNITY

The following might be indications of noncombatant status: sex and age (as Cortes's letter to the king implies), weakness or ill health, absence of a uniform (Spartan soldiers wore red cloaks because that color "presents the greatest contrast with any female dress"),¹⁵⁵ presence of a white flag, absence of a red flag, tokens of an interpreter or herald,¹⁵⁶ surrender on expectation of being ransomed,¹⁵⁷ upraised hands, lowered weapons. These specific badges of immunity are almost as arbitrarily dependent on time and place as any reifications of honor.¹⁵⁸ —We've just heard from the Russian Special Forces man at Vranjević that fighting continues with or without uniforms—a fact undoubtedly shocking to those ethical theoreticians who believe in frictionless surfaces and ideal gases. As for age, Vigny's captain scotched that category. He was hardly the first. In one early sixteenth century campaign, the Aztecs liquidated everybody who was more than nine years old.¹⁵⁹ Two years previous, when they'd attacked another kingdom, the criterion for execution was an age of more than fifty, "because they were the ones responsible for this rebellion," as an anthropologist explains.¹⁶⁰ (To us they'd be civilians in their declining years; to their contemporaries they were respected elders, leaders.) In other wars, if the enemy submitted in good time, and had murdered no envoys, the Aztecs might spare everyone entirely.

As a rule, however, grants of immunity conform to that debased form of the Golden Rule, *Do unto others as they do unto you*. Thus we read that the Roman Emperor Constantine, after triumphing in battle over the Roman Emperor, Maxentius, "inflicted the same treatment to which a defeat would have exposed his own person and family, put to death the two sons of the tyrant and carefully extirpated his whole race."¹⁶¹ (In a brownish marble likeness, his face is wide and devout. In a contradiction of the usual practice of Roman sculptors, his eyes have pupils and irises; piety plays softly on his mouth, and he gazes up at the heaven of the just.)¹⁶²

The Soldier's Golden Rule explains why, as Walzer writes, it is less important for the justice of a war that any particular item be on the list than that there *be* a list.¹⁶³ (The shorter the list, the less discriminating the conflict, which increases the risk of injustice: justice, as Plato reminds us, is based on the ability to make distinctions.) Hence the variability of the chart at right.

The old question lives in another guise: If Constantine does unto Maxentius as Maxentius would have done unto Constantine, is Constantine thus justified? Or, to put it another way, is the defeated Maxentius, by virtue of being Maxentius, an implacable combatant?¹⁹⁶ The answer is probably yes. In Constantine's epoch, the office of Caesar was subject to violent transience, and a former Caesar would be a logical pretender, possessing an arguable degree of capability and a demonstrable measure of resentment. (Hence likewise Lenin's sanguinary policy against the tsar and his whole family. We read in Herodotus that King Cyrus of Persia, finding the Lydians rising against him, ruefully remarks on his own prior lenient folly: "I seem to have acted like a man who kills the father and spares the sons."¹⁹⁷ In 1826, King Shaka orders his army of Zulus to kill the entire Kumalo tribe. Women "can propagate and bring forth children, who may become my enemies."¹⁹⁸ When the nest expels a queen bee or queen ant, she dies, and the rule in Rome was the same, by virtue of self-defense of authority. Three centuries before, Julius Caesar had proudly disdained to take this course—and died at the hands of the men he spared. Constantine, who later liquidated one of his own sons, preferred to do otherwise. — And Maxentius's offspring? No matter what might have been normative, I, at least, cannot justify so vile a policy as Constantine's by the rights of imminent self-defense. Were the Romanov children combatants? The Nihilists, the Decembrists, the Terrorists, the Bolsheviks would say yes—and so the children were shot in 1918. I would have liked to ask Vigny's captain his personal opinion on this. "How many murders are there in a big battle? —This is one of those questions in which reason loses herself and has nothing to say."

Reason does in fact have two thoughts on this subject: First of all, a person incapable of taking up arms (such as Anastasia Romanov) might be capable of use as a placeholder for the legitimacy of the opposing side's authority. In other words, she wasn't a combatant, but a weapon. Secondly, the prudent violent moral actor always considers the dangers of futurity: "Children, who may become my enemies."

It is at least arguable that in epochs when authority customarily gets transmitted dynastically, and when there are no prisons in which to keep ex-combatants safely harmless, killing certain people in our power is at least slightly more justified by the prospect of imminence than it would be now (or than it would have been even for the Romanov dynasty). But even if this were true, discrimination would still apply: Kill the ones which the accepted calculus of your time proves that you must, but spare the others.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOU VANQUISHED ONES?
CATEGORIES OF WAR IMMUNITY FROM LYCURGUS TO CHE GUEVARA

MORAL ACTOR	SPARED	DESTROYED
The Spartans in the time of the half-mythic Lycurgus ¹⁶⁴	All who stop fighting	Stubborn combatants
King Darius of Persia, against the Babylonians <i>ca</i> 500 B.C. ¹⁶⁵	All others. The Babylonians strangled most of their women to save food during the siege. Darius levies nearby women to come marry the survivors and perpetuate the "race."	3,000 leading citizens (impaled)
Troops of the city of Croton against Sybaris, 511 B.C. ¹⁶⁶	Almost none	"All those who fell from power"
Darius, King of Prussia, putting down Ionian Greek revolt, 494 B.C. ¹⁶⁷	Women and children (sold into slavery)	Men
Aristeides the Athenian against the besieged Persian garrison, 479 B.C. ¹⁶⁸	Concubines (no other non-combatants mentioned)	All combatants, no surrender allowed (in practice, this meant death to 7,000 of 10,000 men)
Gelon, attacking Hamilcar's Carthaginians, 480 B.C. ¹⁶⁹	None (but only soldiers present)	None
The Athenians against the Spartan hoplites and their allies at Sphacteria, Peloponnesian War, 425 B.C. ¹⁷⁰	No non-combatants present. All 292 survivors taken to Athens as hostages. Released to Spartans 3 years later during truce. Spartans deprive them temporarily of civil rights for fear of rebellion.	None
The Athenians, against the Melians, who, having previously refused to become a tributary ally, are forced to surrender at discretion, Peloponnesian War, 415 B.C. ¹⁷¹	Women and children (sold into slavery)	Men
Marcus Licinius Crassus, Caesar's future partner, against Spartacus's slave rebels, 71 B.C. ¹⁷²	None	No surrender permitted; fugitives (not already killed in battle) hunted down; 6,000 captured and crucified

Al-Tabari (9th cent.) ¹⁷³	Women, children, old men	"People who shave the crown of their heads, leaving a band of hair around it"
Kai Ka'us ibn Iskander (11th cent.) ¹⁶²	Muslims except...	...Brigands, thieves, graverobbers
Yorimoto, Japanese commander-in-chief, and Genji warrior, against the defeated rival Heike clan (1185-98) ¹⁷⁶	Heike women and girls, some Heike retainers, some males with Heike blood (but some females probably executed)	All pureblooded male Heike: infants drowned or buried alive; older boys strangled or stabbed; men beheaded
Tamerlane (1398) ¹⁷⁶	Muslims	"Infidels"
Genghis Khan (13th cent.) ¹⁷⁷	Useful slaves	All others
Nasir al-Din al-Tusi (13th cent.) ¹⁷⁸	All	None
Saladin (13th cent.) ¹⁷⁹	Countess of Tripoli, with her followers	Captured Templars, Hospitallers ("the fiercest of all Frankish warriors")
Aztecs (late 14th-early 16th cent.) ¹⁸⁰	Most non-combatants, if they surrendered in time (if not, all might have been slaughtered)	Captured combatants (enslaved and sacrificed)
Cortes (16th cent.)	Women, children, friends, vassals (sometimes enslaved)	"Traitors" and "rebels" who submitted previously, then resumed fighting (or whose leaders did), cannibals, apostate idolators
Cortes' deputy, Alvarado in the great market of Tenochtitlan (1519) ¹⁸¹	A few escaped	All possible, without provocation
Al-Muttaq al-Hindi (16th cent.) ¹⁸²	Women, children	Old polytheists, tith collectors
Shaka, King of the Zulus (1819-1827) ¹⁸³	Warriors (joined the army), sometimes young girls (for his harem)	Mature women, old people, infants
Shaka, King of the Zulus (1827-28) ¹⁸⁴	None	All
Pancho Villa (20th cent.) ¹⁸⁵	??	<i>Federale</i> officers, followers of Gen. Orozco, Chinese, Americans (armed or not)

Pablo Gonzáles, against residents of Tlaltizapán in the insurgent state of Morelos (1916) ¹⁸⁶	??	132 men, 112 women, 42 children executed
Col. Jesús Guajardo, against residents of Tlaltizapán in the insurgent state of Morelos (1916) ¹⁸⁷	??	180 men, 112 women, 42 children executed
German armed forces in Poland (Sept. 1-25, 1939) ¹⁸⁸	Total population of 35 million (280,000 in Polish army)	16,376 Poles executed (531 villages burned). Many civilians included. Total for this period: 0.47% of population. [Total Polish casualties from the German and soviet occupations were 6 million = 17% of population] ¹⁸⁹
German armed forces against Soviet prisoners ¹⁹⁰	17% survived	83% of all Red Army men died from starvation, neglect, or execution. 5 million captured. (Waffen-SS took no prisoners.)
German armed forces, treatment of Anglo-American POW's, World War II ¹⁹¹	96% survived	4% died
Japanese armed forces, treatment of Anglo-American POWs, World War II ¹⁹¹	73% survived	27% died
Japanese armed forces, treatment of Australian, British, Dutch POWs working on Burma-Thailand Railway (1942-45) ¹⁹³	49,000 survived = 80% [180,000 native workers survived = 67%]	Out of 61,000 POWs, 12,000 died from starvation, neglect, overwork. [Out of 270,000 native workers, 90,000 died]
U.S.A. and her allies against indicted Japan and Korean POWs (1946-51) ¹⁹⁴	Class A war criminals: 1 exempted due to insanity, 2 died in prison during trial	Class A war criminals: Out of 28 indicted, 7 hanged, 18 imprisoned
	Class B/C war criminals: About 1,780 acquitted, etc.	Class B/C war criminals: Out of 5,700 indicted, 920 executed, about 3,000 imprisoned
Che Guevara (1961), stated policy in Cuban revolutionary war ¹⁹⁵	All prisoners (spared and released)	Attacking enemy soldiers, informers, assassins, "recalcitrant" enemy soldiers within the revolution's zone of control

STRANGE NECESSITIES, MURDEROUS FRAUDS

In fact, any member of our protected-species list could fatally mislead the would-be mogul of decency. At the beginning of 1997, there were two hundred thousand child-soldiers on this earth,¹⁹⁹ and the women of at least twenty nations served in their respective militaries.²⁰⁰ In guerrilla movements, where female irregulars (most of whom never come to the attention of statisticians) accomplish varying lethal and sublethal objectives, they may well pretend to be *Hausfrauen* or harmless peasant lasses. "The unveiled Algerian woman moves like a fish in the Western waters," writes Frantz Fanon with righteous glee: for him, colonialism in Algeria is precisely rape, the occupiers having already violated any conceivable ethics of restraint. "The soldiers, the French patrols, smile to her as she passes, compliments on her looks are heard here and there, but no one suspects that her suitcases contain the automatic pistols which will presently mow down four or five members of one of the patrols."²⁰¹ Across the road, a veiled *Algerienne*, lumpy, shapeless, trudges dully along, the French likewise not guessing that those lumps are bombs.²⁰²

To a revolutionary vanguard, violent rising up may appear entirely justified as an act of self-defense against a real or supposed oppressor who controls the ground which the revolutionaries now claim as theirs. Some revolutionaries, such as Che Guevara, are kind enough to exempt regimes with "at least the appearance of constitutional legality" from their bombs, because "the possibilities of peaceful struggle have not yet been exhausted."²⁰³ (In short, they follow the First Corollary to the First Limitation.) Others are less scrupulous. The children with whom you trade cartridges for opium might suddenly shoot you with your own machine gun.²⁰⁴ As for those weak old wounded men over there, well, you never know; they might be fifth columnists, *francs-tireurs*, staff officers ordering the destruction of target objectives or decoys for their ambuscading comrades. Hence our First Limitation becomes problematic when it reads that *military violence should be imposed only by participants*. Who decides what makes for a participant? Remember the answer given to Vigny's boy-killing captain: "God dammit, old man, what d'you expect? It's our profession." Fortunately, that's not the last word. If I may treat you as a combatant only when you say that you are, and if you claim not to be, but then attack me, military ethics, coming to my self-defense, quite fairly serves on you the harshest penalties. A belligerent in civilian uniform stands an excellent chance of receiving his ration of lead if captured. Thus our:

FIFTH COROLLARY: PRISONERS-OF-WAR WHO SEEK TO FIGHT AGAIN ARE COMBATANTS

This explains and justifies the harsh measures so often applied by military occupiers—Aurelian, Montezuma, Sherman, Hitler, General Westmoreland—to insur-

gents and rebels.²⁰⁵ During the conquest of Gaul, and perhaps during the Roman Civil War, Julius Caesar's moral calculus contained the following axiom, to be enforced at discretion: *Kill all prisoners captured twice, unless they can convince you of prior compulsion.*²⁰⁶ An American military manual from the Vietnam War explains:

As long as the national uniform is worn, soldiers are considered to be under orders to avoid capture, and not to surrender voluntarily.²⁰⁷ The corollary to this is that soldiers in uniform may be killed even if they are not at that moment shooting back.²⁰⁸ This entitles you to commit acts of violence against legitimate military targets without the risk of prosecution after capture for violation of the local criminal law. For example, it would be permissible to kill, in the line of duty, any of the enemy who may impede your effort to evade capture. Such entitlement does not extend to you as an escapee. Such a killing by you as an escapee would be considered murder and you would be liable for trial and punishment.²⁰⁹

The reason for this prohibition against violent flight is that a uniformed soldier acting under lawful command²¹⁰ becomes a noncombatant immediately upon his surrender to the enemy. A prisoner of war (at least, a docile one) is by institutional design helpless either to defend or aggress. His captors (by virtue of the Geneva Conventions, or for that matter any number of other codes)²¹¹ therefore find it needless, hence unjustified, to apply harmful force to him.²¹² Or, as Clausewitz restates the case in his own typical fashion, the only reason civilized nations do not murder prisoners of war is that they have discovered "more effectual means of applying force."²¹³

Twenty-two centuries before Clausewitz, during the Peloponnesian War, the combatant city-states had not yet made such discoveries, or else their war aims disproved them. "To grant us our lives," plead the Plataeans to their five inflexible Spartan judges, "would be, therefore, a righteous judgment; if you consider also that we are prisoners who surrendered of our own accord, stretching out our hands for quarter, whose slaughter Hellenic law forbids..."²¹⁴ They were all slaughtered, though, just like sheep, and their wives and children sold as slaves.²¹⁵ And one reason for their merciless sentence is that at an earlier moment in the war, after surrendering to a treacherous attack of the Spartans' allies, the Thebans, the Plataeans had become apprised that the Theban force was weaker than they had supposed, and so rose up against it—in short, murdered and slaughtered it. They were truce-breakers. They'd violated the Fifth Corollary. Another reason for their liquidation, of course, is that the judges were following this murderers' maxim: *If you were once an enemy, then you will always be an enemy.*²¹⁶

We thus return to our First Limitation: *Violent defense of war aims must be directed only by and toward combatants.* Since the POW is not a combatant, even though he may have the right to escape, he no longer has the right to use *violence* to escape—

unless (many a patrol leader bringing his men into hostile territory would winkingly explain) he gets away with it.

“WE GOT ANOTHER JOB TO DO, MEADLO” (MY LAI 4)

More often, if any violence is gotten away with in this all too natural struggle, it lies on the jailers' side.²¹⁷ For beside the jangling keys hangs a sword, while the captive owns no weapon but bound hands. In the tenth century, that most Christian king of Norway, Olaf Trygvesson, invites his enemies the warlocks to a feast, bolts the door and burns them alive. What could be more just? It's war, not to mention defense of authority, defense of creed! (Olaf was, in a sense, kinsman to Trotsky, who always insisted that serious revolutionary action could occur only through necessary disillusionment and disappointment; in the end there'd be no other way left, violence being the last and only practical resort. Like Cortes and Caesar, Olaf was well known for trying persuasion first.)²¹⁸ In the thirteenth century, with defense of creed again the watchword, Saladin's troops capture Prince Arnat of Karak, "Islam's most hated enemy." He orders this person brought to his tent, reviles him, "enumerating his sins," and cuts off his head, remarking: "Twice I have sworn to kill that man when I had him in my power."²¹⁹ Religious injunctions and revolutionary slogans work in parallel here, continuing war against the ostensibly disarmed because the latter can't actually surrender the dangerous weapons of their alien ideologies. It's all self-defense! So too is circumstantial necessity (if we fed them, *we* would have starved!) and imminent self-defense, which, when carefully considered, closely resembles retribution:

JUSTIFICATIONS FOR PRISONER OF WAR DEATHS

1. Creed

"Next day I gave orders that the Musulman prisoners should be separated and saved, but that the infidels should all be sent to hell with the proselytizing sword." —Tamerlane

2. Retribution

"I noticed particularly one pregnant woman, who had been forced down on a saw-bayonet." In consequence, when we captured the Turks who had done this, "we ordered 'no prisoners.'" —Lawrence of Arabia²²⁰

3. Expediency, circumstantial necessity

"Thirty-one hundred prisoners had died; nobody could deny

that. Yet could they prove that the process which led to that fact was a willful one, or done maliciously, with purposeful cruelty? The judge at the trial was a British lieutenant colonel. He didn't seem to comprehend the severity of wartime conditions." —Abe Hiroshi, convicted World War II war criminal²²¹

4. Imminent self-defense

"It got to the point where we took no prisoners. It wasn't a written order, but a way to survive. No one should take a chance to take a guy prisoner who might try to kill him."

—Louis Maravelas, squad leader, 1st Marine Division (South Pacific, World War II)²²²

Every continuum possesses extremes. All but the first of those four excuses for homicide might with sufficient context be extenuated or even justified. And so, by the principle of extension from already fishy justifications, we arrive at My Lai 4.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM VIETNAM

The war photographer Don McCullin, who fortunately beats no drum except his own ego's, depicts both good and evil on the American side. We see a G.I. with a cross on his cap rescuing a tiny old Vietnamese woman from the rubble of shattered wood and long beams, the housetop behind them undressed to the frame so that it resembles a waffle-iron; and the lady, her eyes closed, dangles rigidly in the soldier's grasp, her hands out in front of her in a dog-paddler's clasp, her long face immobile, the soldier's expression merely one of effort.²²³ He is doing what he can for her, and it need not taint our approbation that his colleagues might have been the ones who destroyed her house. Then there are the other images, the two GIs hunched over the dead NVA soldier, whose gap-toothed mouth is mustachioed with blood; they gather from him their new treasures of long, golden bullets from a drawstring bag, not to mention that pretty North Vietnamese girl's photo which lies in the grass below his mottled, half-clenched hands; the two GIs gaze up at us with hostile eyes, like vultures disturbed from their kill.²²⁴ We see a blindfolded little human being in a black gown whose hem touches the dirt and is lightened already by it; his hands are tied behind his back, and his mouth (which is all that we can discern of his features) gapes in smiling terror. Three GIs, literally twice as tall as he is, stand behind him. One, whose M-16 points up into the air, is kicking him in the back. Another, whose face expresses quiet concentration, yanks at the taut wrist-rope. The third, between and behind the others, appears almost dreamy. The butt of his weapon hovers over the civilian's head.²²⁵ All this is war. It is horrible. It is not necessarily atrocity—although it certainly seems to be.

If any significant part of the testimony delivered to Bertrand Russell's undeniably biased International War Crimes Tribunal is true (it downplayed North Vietnamese atrocities and even denied the existence of the Ho Chi Minh trail), Lieutenant Calley's main sin at My Lai was being unlucky enough to get caught.



U.S. troops burn My Lai

Americans and American-led teams were butchering Vietnamese and Khmer civilians everywhere. (And the Viet Cong were busy counter-butchered.)

"We were dropped by helicopters, we fired at everything and killed everyone," reports a Cambodian mercenary.²²⁶ Here is one of the American rules of engagement for surface weapons in Vietnam in the case where suspected VC/NVA targets existed but hostile fire was not received: "Civilians will be given prior warning by leaflets, loudspeakers, or other appropriate means and given sufficient time to evacuate the area."²²⁷ —Defense of war aims evidently decreed the impracticality of such instructions. Or perhaps the civilians got warned but had nowhere to go; suddenly, by the Fourth Corollary, they'd become combatants, by occupying what was now an active war zone.²²⁸

HOOTCH-BURNING THROUGH THE AGES

Not far past the midpoint of Stalin's century, Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr., platoon leader of C Company, Task Force Barker, finds himself obliged as a result of unfortunate publicity to justify himself in court. (Many Americans will be disgusted that he was tried.)²²⁹ He employs the Nazi defense—yes, imaginative Lieutenant Calley, I see, has alleged in extenuation of his actions on March 16, 1968, that he was *ordered* to kill every human being or animal encountered at the village called My Lai 4. (Well, it's possible—who are we to say what his orders really said?)²³⁰ His commanding officer, of course, denies having expressed any such aim, insisting that he merely called for what would still have gotten Calley hanged had the latter been a Nazi in the dock at Nuremberg²³¹ (he actually got twenty years at hard labor)—and, I should add, what had gotten George Washington praised for doing to the Iroquois, who learned to nickname him "Town-Destroyer": namely, to destroy My Lai by "burning the hootches, to kill the livestock, to close the wells and to destroy the food crops."²³²

In 1968 such a procedure might be construed by prosecutorial civilian minds as “deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part,” which is one of the United Nation’s several definitions of genocide.²³³ —But the U.N.’s finger-wagging comes late in the military game:

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE’S CALCULUS OF CONQUEST:
GOD’S INSTRUCTIONS (CA. 1300 B.C.)

Is the city you besiege far away from here or does it lie in the territory that God has given you for your inheritance?

1. If the city is far from you, offer peace.
 - (a) Should peace be accepted, enter their gates and enslave them all.
 - (b) Should peace not be accepted, conquer the city, kill every male, and take the women, children, cattle and other goods as spoils for yourselves.

2. If the city lies within Palestine, “you shall save alive nothing that breathes” to avoid being polluted by their idolatry.

“When the Lord your God brings you into the land which you are entering to take possession of it, and clears away many nations before you ... and you defeat them; then you must utterly destroy them; you shall make no covenant with them and show no mercy to them.”

SOURCE: DEUTERONOMY 20:18-19, 7:1-2.

After the invasion of Canaan (which, as we know from our Bibles, reaped only local and temporary success),²³⁴ after the burning and wasting described by Thucydides and so many others, history crackles on, disdaining to make any hair-splitting distinctions between:

(I) The desperately legitimate scorched earth policy of self-defense, as exemplified by the Russians defending their homeland against Napoleon in 1812.²³⁵ Of course, as the old saw goes, it may be always “necessary to destroy the town in order to save it,” whether by employing personalized mayhem, as on the seething, crawling battle-plains of Renaissance war, whose bird’s-eye paintings show us minute crowds prickling, like a porcupine’s skin, with spears and pikes in various transactions of mutual wounding;²³⁶ or by the replacing of church steeples with the unearthly barrenness of bomb craters in the modern era.

(II) Ruthless coercion applied by occupying forces to combatant and noncombatant locals together. We read in Polybius, for instance, that as Hannibal marched

toward Rome, "he burned and wasted the country with a view of rousing the wrath of the enemy and tempting him to come out."²³⁷

(III) Amoral, purely expedient acts, as when the warrior-chiefs in the Japanese *Tale of the Heike* set fire to peasant huts in order to provide illumination for night battles.²³⁸

(IV) Politic reprisals taken in civil war against the other side's village-burners.²³⁹

Hootch-burnings of the second category are, alas, the most common. In 491 B.C., the Persian army burns the crops around the Greek town of Carystus until the people surrender.²⁴⁰ On their next attempt to conquer all Greece ten years later, they'll do the same to Phocis and Athens.²⁴¹ The ancient Indian sage Kautilya advises his princely reader to refrain from laying waste to captured territory—"unless the conqueror means to quit it."²⁴² Thus that politic First Corollary again: *A just war must aim toward a just peace.* We learn from Maurice de Saxe's *Reveries Upon the Art of War* (1757) that when occupying enemy country the best course is to send out "circular letters" to all villages within reach, demanding payment of a "moderate tax." One's own soldiers must be forbidden to pillage, the penalty being hanging. Should the villages not pay within the stipulated time, then, of course, they'll be put to the torch.²⁴³ Other burners eschew such niceties. Sallust relates how the Roman general Metellus, putting down a "revolt" in Africa, not only wasted enemy lands but also murdered the adults of every town he captured.²⁴⁴ Flavius Vegetius advises that "to distress the enemy more by famine than the sword is a mark of consummate skill;"²⁴⁵ and a good century after Washington's acclaimed hootch-torchings,²⁴⁶ which in due time will lead Indian activists to urinate on his likeness,²⁴⁷ one Colonel Callwell, the author of a popular and candid British treatise entitled *Small Wars: Their Principle and Practice*, set forth his advice upon the subject.

Callwell, we ought to emphasize, was a well-traveled and respected military man destined for knighthood. He expressed few regrets on the subject of village-burning—indeed, fewer than Cortes, who laid claim to aesthetic sorrow when he laid waste the fairytale Aztec capital. The 1906 edition of *Small Wars* reasons thusly:

But when there is no king to conquer, no capital to seize, no organized army to overthrow, and when there are no celebrated strongholds to capture, and no great centres of population to occupy, the objective is not so easy to select. It is then that the regular troops are forced to resort to cattle lifting and village burning and that the war assumes an aspect which may shock the humanitarian... If the enemy cannot be touched in his patriotism or his honour, he can be touched through his pocket... Still there is a limit to the amount of licence in destruction *which is expedient.*²⁴⁸

Small Wars explicitly rules out the limitation against non-combatants, so it would seem, when after describing the best way to destroy Pathan villages (when they are covered with earth, make sure you punch holes in the roofs or they will not burn),²⁴⁹ Colonel Callwell continues: "In the Pathan country the presence of women

and children in a village may be taken as a sure sign that the men belonging to it do not mean to fight. This fact need not of course influence the decision to destroy it."²⁵⁰ Unless I knew much, much more, I'd call this unjustified by the First Limitation. Still, however much those noncombatants may suffer as a result of destroying their village, however cruel or even lethal the act of razing may be, what *Small Wars* endorses (even if we can hear in our mind's ear women screaming as their "hootches" burn, even if we can see their children die of hunger in the charred fields) lies at a considerable moral remove from what Lieutenant Calley did.

One year after the publication of *Small Wars*, the Fourth Hague Convention will forbid attacks upon such undefended towns,²⁵¹ and the U.N.'s strictures will grow more pointed after Vietnam: "Starvation of civilians as an act of warfare is prohibited," the one-world ethicists decide; and:

It is prohibited to attack, destroy, remove or render useless objects indispensable to the survival of the civilian population, such as foodstuffs, agricultural areas ..., crops, livestock, drinking water installations ...²⁵²

Clausewitz would disdain to elevate such a restrictive doctrine into the category of universal truth. Lieutenant Calley feels the same.

SELF-DEFENSE IN PINKVILLE

Calley's colleagues remind us that My Lai lies in a zone called (by them) Pinkville, "a Viet Cong stronghold." (The Iroquois villages burned during the American Revolution occupied an equivalently ominous role.)²⁵³ By the Fourth Corollary, the uncategorized are combatants, if they occupy an active war zone. Perfect! All's now justified. The Clausewitzian goal is to put pressure on a hostile area until it cracks. If we want to crack Pinkville, why shouldn't My Lai feel the squeeze?

Calley's army does not, however, proclaim its rights with as much boldness as Colonel Callwell's did. Rather than labeling noncombatants as legitimate targets, as do the Viet Cong,²⁵⁴ it makes convenient mistakes. "Intelligence reports indicated that the unit would be opposed by a veteran enemy battalion, and that all civilians would be absent from the area." Does this mean that the Fourth Corollary won't even be applied? The chorus continues, in a strain so dully obvious that its words comprise a shell for lethal ambiguities: "The objective was to destroy the enemy."²⁵⁵ Unfortunately for intelligence and morality, but very fortunately for expediency (one of the reasons why certain rapists prefer children), most of that epoch's indications of noncombativeness—absence of a uniform, absence of a weapon and the rest—will all be present, with the sole exception of white flags, none of which were uplifted by the victims at My Lai as far as I know. Any such indications, we've agreed, may be misleading, but they do give cause to believe in—at least to posit—civilianhood.

THE BAD CLAUSEWITZIAN

No, they weren't civilians, that mis-called "intelligence" decided: not the women, nor the old monk whom Calley hit in the face before he shot him, nor the babies—the objective was to destroy the enemy—nor the children. Even had he stretched the Fourth Corollary to the shattering-point, Calley couldn't have made it warrant their destruction. "Of course, children should not be massacred on the highways," Saint-Exupéry had said almost thirty years earlier. "Yet every soldier who pulled a trigger found a child in his line of fire."²⁵⁶ This is not at all the situation in which Lieutenant Calley found himself—or, I should say, partly created (the people who guaranteed him a veteran enemy battalion on the premises did the rest).²⁵⁷

Were they "pinks"? —Not improbably. —What should Calley have "done with them," then? —Nothing. His assigned war aims were absurd, because so were the "larger" war aims of the joint chiefs of staff, who could not give the secretary of defense any indication of when the war might end or even what the plan for victory was²⁵⁸—thus Calley's ends were nebulous; his means was intolerable, except to Hobbes.²⁵⁹ We cannot hold him accountable for the failure of American grand strategy, but he was nonetheless a war criminal. Clausewitz would have understood him. "He who uses force unsparingly, without reference to the bloodshed involved, must obtain a superiority." That may even be true—against combatants. Against non-combatants it only puts the attackers in the wrong and strengthens the hatred against them. In short, it's not only evil, but inexpedient! "At My Lai, those men who refused to fire never suffered for their refusal ... and that suggests that we must blame the others for their obedience."²⁶⁰

"WHAT ABOUT URASOV?"

Yield once more to the defense. Bring back to mind Frantz Fanon's description of the Algerian women terrorists gliding unveiled into the "progressive" French-controlled cities, with pistols in their suitcases, or donning veils for their missions on country roads, with bombs lashed secretly to their now faceless forms. What does self-defense propose in that case? Why, shoot every woman we meet! (Thus, I suppose, the moral calculus of Lieutenant Calley.)

What's an "atrociousness"? If we mean an aggressive attack or counter-attack in which we give no quarter, it's no atrociousness if we lack any means of getting quarter ourselves. Australian testimony from World War II:

We found our blokes who had been captured early tied to trees where they had been used for bayonet practice. I personally saw a dead native girl who had been mutilated and obviously raped. Going through a group of dead Japanese required caution, because one might be feigning death and try to kill you. We were quick to make

sure they stayed dead. From that moment we had a hatred of Japs. For many of us that went through those major battles, that hatred persists.²⁶¹

This is revenge; this is retaliation; it is also, alas, imminently justified prudence. —And the hatred? —What can one say about that? It's wrong; it's sad and vile, and as long as it's not acted on in peacetime, I would have to say that it's excusable. (We see a photograph of American civilians who had been imprisoned by the Japanese. It is 1945. They sit skinny-legged upon a low concrete wall. We can count their every rib; we can see their collarbones, straining beneath the skin. It is hard not to hate whoever did this to the two men.)²⁶² What people "learn" in extremely violent situations maims them; they become less responsible moral agents, closer to armed children and madmen.

Two decades after Calley's Vietnamese faux pas, one Major Urasov, chief of headquarters of the Soviet Second Airborne Battalion, surrounds an Afghan village and calls upon the Mujahideen to surrender. The enemy retreats, employing civilians as human shields. Are these civilians thereby "militarized?" We know the United Nations's answer. Urasov, trying to follow our First Limitation of warfare, likewise tries to separate combatants from noncombatants, but a machine-gun burst gives him the reward of all too many umpires.²⁶³ Our source, a Soviet journalist, continues, "Karim's men [the insurgents] and the villagers behind whom they hid no longer were treated with kid gloves; all of them were shot point-blank."²⁶⁴ On the scene now arrives one Colonel Antonenko, who at a briefing before the "operation" had been asked: "Comrade Colonel, what should we do about all the peaceful civilians?" —His answer goes far beyond killing combatants who play dead: "Kill them all." Antonenko's the one who on that snowy day, putting his principles into practice, braces his Kalashnikov at his hip and murders dozens of women, children and old men on the road, who I take it were coming to surrender. His remark: "What about Urasov? Did they spare Urasov? Why should I spare them now?"²⁶⁵

"CALLEY IS NO CRIMINAL!"

The parallel with Calley now becomes explicit; for Antonenko brings it up himself. Sitting himself comfortably down on the cot of a subordinate who'd tried to report him for atrocities, the mass murderer cuts up a smoked bream and presents his justification:

You see, certain crazies, like this battalion commander, are trying to make me into a scapegoat—a kind of Soviet Lieutenant Calley. Calley is no criminal! In wartime you either kill or get killed. Those are the only alternatives... What was I supposed to do when all these kishlak [village] women started coming down toward our sentry post? How was I supposed to know who was hiding underneath the yashmaks?

It might easily have been the dukhi [literally “ghosts”—the insurgents] in women’s clothes. They could have come right up to the post and shot all of us... Incidentally, my orders were to open fire.²⁶⁶ So I was following orders.²⁶⁷

Furthermore, says Antonenko, he’d fired one warning round over the civilians’ heads, “but they kept coming down.”

SELF-DEFENSE IN PINKVILLE (CONTINUED)

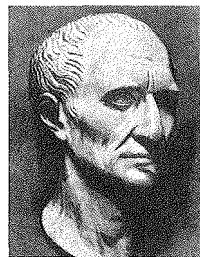
Calley’s victims will number half a thousand.

We see a dirt road walled on either side by olive-colored rice stalks—I think that this reproduction makes the rice appear darker than it actually was. The dirt is tracked and scored by the convulsions of the dying, fingernails digging into the dirt, bare heels kicking and jerking. We see bloody yellow arms and legs. Hands on bellies, hands on breasts, hands outflung behind heads, hands drawn tight around dead faces who did not want to see, naked toes, the tan dirt and the colors of clothes—this is what we see before we see the faces. Do we have the will to look? A small child, naked from the waist down, lies on its belly, facedown, drinking death from the hard breast of mother earth. Somebody whose bloody face is cushioned by rice plants lies sideways, lower lip gaping down, with a dead baby froglegged on top. A grimacing face is striped crimson and yellow. Between the spread, naked and bloody legs of someone with updrawn knees who has given birth to death lies a child’s plump little corpse. A stick-face has fallen away from the dead, and leans against rice-stalks. Somebody’s red bag, filled and tied with things pertaining only to life, squats behind the heap, keeping company with what appears to be a dead pig. Everything is dead except the rice.²⁶⁸

In the first collection point stood one group of thirty or forty people, none of them males of military age, some holding babies in their arms. I’m sure they were a veteran enemy battalion. Calley and Private First Class Paul D. Meadlo “opened fire on the group, until all but a few children fell. Calley then personally shot those children. He expended 4 or 5 magazines from his M-16 rifle in the incident.”²⁶⁹ Another group of seventy-five to a hundred people waited, already conveniently “collected” alongside an irrigation ditch. Into the ditch. “We got another job to do, Meadlo.”²⁷⁰

CAESAR'S MERCY

Such was the mercy of Lieutenant Calley. On the other hand, hail Caesar—the first one, “the deified Julius”—whose clemency during the Civil War of 49-45 B.C. opportune Cicero (who’d soon rejoice at his assassination) was quick to apostrophize: “You are the only victor we have known whose triumphs did not cost a single non-combatant life.”²⁷¹ That assessment is exaggerated but not unfounded. Caesar certainly could have exercised Lieutenant Calley’s choice had he wanted to—and during his prior nine years of hootch-burning in barbarian Gaul, he often had.²⁷² Plutarch admiringly tallies up the results: eight hundred towns and three hundred states conquered; and three million enemies engaged against Caesar, of whom a million were captured and a million killed.²⁷³ —More exaggeration, perhaps (old historians loved to pad out the bailiff’s toll), but it well expresses the crimson ambiance of that long middle act of Caesar’s tragedy, when violence seemed to further itself. Among the many chickens it used to be my job to slaughter I remember one which, spouting blood from its opened neck, ran by some fluke right into the sack. Putting down the attempted rising-up of the Belgae (that is, their vain defense of homeland), Caesar likewise found himself at no inconvenience, such being the slaughter-power of his cohorts that “the marshes and deep rivers were made passable to the Roman foot by the vast quantity of dead bodies.”²⁷⁴ Thus Plutarch again; steady Caesar contents himself with saying that they drove the enemy “into the river, breathless as they were with running and weakened with wounds . . . they slew a great part of them while in difficulties.”²⁷⁵ I imagine the Belgae as sprinting pell-mell, panicked and shrilling, to the furtherance of their doom.



Julius Caesar

A WINTER SCENE

When he besieged the rebel Prince Vercingetorix, pickets reported that all non-combatants in their thousands had been expelled from the city—more chickens scurrying hopeless and aimless. What to do with them? Lieutenant Calley knew all too well that some skinny little Vietnamese girl might be a walking bomb—better to shoot her on suspicion, for deterrence and revenge!—while Caesar for his part was learning, much against his professed better nature, that mercy against barbarians paid but provisionally, because vassal-friends remained friends only when Roman troops stayed in sight. If he let these sad birds through, they might become a nuisance, or even aid his eagle-enemies, their kinsmen. Moreover (and probably more to the point), he preferred that Vercingetorix’s army sustain the burden of maintaining them. —Although the season was cold, he sent them back even after, in his

own words, “they begged with tears and abject prayers to be received as slaves and helped with food.”²⁷⁶ “His decision was harsh,” writes a twentieth-century biographer, Meier, “but we know too little to judge whether it was contemptible.”²⁷⁷ Indeed, we at our immense remove know not if Caesar ever judged himself at all. He might have touted his own leniency in not sword-spitting these pleading creatures. Nor should we forget to style Vercingetorix Caesar’s co-executioner—eventually to be executed by Caesar, to be sure, but never mind. He bears more responsibility in this matter than Caesar; for he refused to permit the noncombatants to return into the shelter of Alesia’s walls; he failed to succor his own. No doubt Vercingetorix could argue the case for his own clemency—for their combatant fathers, brothers and sons were entirely prepared to eat them should other forms of subsistence fail; they’d been cast out only in preference to being immediately devoured.²⁷⁸ There they stayed, waiting in no man’s land, until most of them perished. Plutarch paints us a picture of Caesar’s victory at Alesia: men’s shouts, women’s weeping, bucklers gold and silver, breastplates tintured with blood.²⁷⁹ (Vercingetorix will be kept alive until the official triumph in Rome.) In the background, shall we not paint in a heap or two of children’s corpses? At least hunger did it, not Calley and Meadlo.

THE TWO SURRENDERS OF MASSILIA

But when Caesar fought against his fellow Romans—and even against mere Roman subjects—he folded, where possible, his killing hands.

His forbearance shines all the more when we see it directed toward truce-breakers such as the Massiliotes, allies of Rome, hence clients of his antagonist, Pompey the Great. Caesar’s troops therefore find themselves compelled to besiege the eponymous city²⁸⁰ during the Civil War. They are steady engineers of destruction. Indeed, Caesar writes like a civil engineer, calmly recounting why “the work” proceeds so slowly.²⁸¹ Give the man monuments and temples to build, and he’ll go at it in the same spirit. And so, week by week, protected by the cunning bastion they’ve built, his army loosens stones in Massilia’s wall. Once their future can no longer be denied, the weeping inhabitants don the white headbands of suppliance, outstretching their hands and begging for mercy, at least until Caesar himself should arrive and dictate terms (for he’s off putting down a mutiny—one of every Roman general’s frequent chores). The besiegers grant them the favor they request—encouraged in this decision, as we are explicitly told, by their commander’s well-known policy of clemency. But the Massiliotes take sudden advantage of the truce to burn the siege-works and begin hurling missiles—isn’t all fair in defense of homeland? In effect, they’ve violated the spirit of the Fifth Corollary: *Prisoners-of-war who seek to fight on after capture are combatants*. The Caesarians, now motivated not only by military discipline and plunder-lust, but also by rage, which approximates defense of honor (“they were

stung by the thought that their courage would be held up to ridicule as a result of this criminal breach of truce”),²⁸² build a new wall of bricks and wickerwork. As the poet Lucan (who wasn't there) so vividly describes it: “The ramp is erected / with criss-cross planks and on it placed twin towers, level with / the city-walls, which spiked the earth with no timber beam / but crept on their long path with unseen cause”²⁸³—a metonym, perhaps, for Caesar's career. Massilia yields for the second time. When Caesar arrives, he continues to be politic, “sparing them rather because of the age and fame of the city than because of any services to himself.”²⁸⁴

In Gaul, when the Aduatuci behaved likewise, he'd pillaged the town and sold them as slaves.²⁸⁵

“THERE IS NOTHING FURTHER FROM MY NATURE THAN CRUELTY”

Set aside the Aduatuci for the moment, and call him merciful. Grant him the majesty of war-goodness. Let his moral calculus be his epitaph:

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOU VANQUISHED ONES?

The moral calculus of Julius Caesar in the Civil War²⁸⁶

“You are right to infer of me (for I am well known to you) that there is nothing further from my nature than cruelty... I am not moved because it is said that those, whom I let go, have departed to wage war on me again, for there is nothing I like better than that I should be true to myself and they to themselves.”

Thus Massilia. Why not admire him?

Well, did this sometimes Clausewitzian, sometimes even anti-expedient leniency suffice to *justify* Caesar's war? What was the war aim? In his case, we can actually discover a geographical boundary between right and wrong, the Rubicon River, which he and his legions forded in order to commence the war against their own homeland. Lucan, enthusiastically hostile to his memory, puts in his mouth: “Here I abandon peace and desecrated law ... now war must be our referee.”²⁸⁷ Plutarch has him dreaming of committing incest on that night.²⁸⁸ He himself, needless to say, never claims for his own any of these provocations.

AS AMBIGUOUS AS MONA LISA'S SMILE

Who is he really? (We could ask that about every great man—about Everyman.) Is he the sunny, charming monster we meet in the pages of Plutarch (whose life, like Lucan's, missed his by a century)? As a youth, captured by pirates, Caesar joins them in their games for a month while awaiting the arrival of his ransom. He composes

poems, and when they fail to appreciate his verses, laughingly threatens to crucify them. The pirates laugh, too, amused by these freaks of boyish impudence. Ransomed, he immediately gets ships, possesses himself of the pirates, takes their loot and crucifies them.²⁸⁹ (Suetonius cites mercy's proof: Caesar had their throats cut first, to make death speedy.)²⁹⁰ He returns to Rome—*antique* Rome, neither ruined and time-bleached, nor yet glorious with all the Empire's intimidating monuments: that immense golden-tan exoskeleton of bread and circuses, the Colosseum, that sea-urchin's carapace of authority, rears not yet; but in Caesar's day the wide Forum already allows the masses to assemble for their better hoodwinking; the temples of Vesta, Saturnus, Concord and Castor infuse everyone with sacred monumentality, like Rome itself, center of the world, hence of Caesar's own political self, Rome where he entertains, bribes, subsidizes with money not all his—that's but politics. How to overtop his predecessors? For his father's funeral games he pays for 320 gladiatorial single combats to beguile the blood-lust of the masses; every man will wear silver armor: Caesar craves his name on everyone's lips!

His enemies, fearing that so many combatants might comprise a private army, enact a limit for the Republic's self-defense; Caesar will have to content himself with fewer fighters.²⁹¹ Does this prove that already they foresee and fear him, or are they merely wallowing in the stupidly personalized faction of rival patricians, whose accidents scar the classical period as random mass violence scars my own? "When I see his hair so carefully arranged, and observe him adjusting it with one finger," sneers Cicero, "I cannot believe it should enter into such a man's thoughts to subvert the Roman state."²⁹² But Marcus Cato, the famous Stoic, talks the Senate into doling out corn to the poor, specifically in order to efface the memories of Caesar's silver-armored duelists.²⁹³ *He* foresees; *he* fears. He's the principled fellow who will literally tear his own guts out rather than surrender to Caesar's clemency. Embracing prickly rectitude in life as in death, he nonetheless rises not above his colleagues' means. Hence his corn law: how better to negate a bribe than by a counter-bribe?—And "the people," what do they prefer, the taste of corn or the sheen of blood-speckled silver? Caesar longs to give them both.

"SULLA COULD DO IT, AND SHALL NOT I?"

Such tactics, and more importantly their motives, bring us to another point. Caesar's mild, we said. His Civil War will do comparatively little harm to Roman persons and property. The assault, then, rends the homeland as a formal or legal entity. What kind of homeland is it? Cato embodies it. By the laws of the Twelve Tables, which were graven four centuries before Caesar became dictator, patricians such as Cato are explicitly barred from intermarriage with the plebeians who eat state corn, which he scatters for the same reason that Neville Chamberlain will throw Czechoslovakia to Hitler—to keep his own peace. The historian Michael Grant once

wrote that "the trouble about withholding all sympathy from Caesar is that his 'Republican' opponents were for the most part so very unpleasant."²⁹⁴ I admire Cato's stubborn courage in exactly the same proportion as I despise his unquestioningly self-centered class politics.

A further indictment of the homeland which both Caesar and his enemies will invoke: Precisely because the Republic enjoys no real separation between legislative and executive powers, dictatorship lies in every schemer's reach.²⁹⁵ One man, Sulla, did it not long since. (Before Sulla came Sinna and Carbo.) Julius Caesar grew up with the shrieks of Sulla's victims ringing in his ears—perhaps literally; for that dictator once convoked the Senate while in the nearby Circus six thousand people were being liquidated, and the terrified Senators were directed to "listen to what he had to say; and not busy themselves with what was doing out of doors."²⁹⁶ Like the young Napoleon, Caesar was himself for a time among the hunted. He'd refused to divorce his much-loved Cornelia to marry the one whom Sulla in defense of personal authority had decreed for him—an anecdote most typical of Caesar, who among many other good points emblemizes loyalty to friends, family, clients. Only the importunities of well-connected relatives had saved the youth from death for that disobedience, and he'd been compelled into a half-outlaw's life of transience, anxiety, shallow slumbers. He lost his property, even Cornelia's dowry being seized. (It may be from this epoch of his life that he'll derive the sad, raw maxim that "it is usually the case that friends become enemies in adversity.")²⁹⁷

But once Sulla had finished killing all impure citizens, adding lists to lists as he remembered more offenders, he stepped down from the dictatorship and offered himself in full accountability to a stunned Senate. It is, of course, as impossible to reconstruct the effect of this man upon Caesar as it would be to piece back to wholeness the shards of the Twelve Tables; but Sulla's steadfast insistence that all these executions had been for the good of Rome must have made the survivors' politics more cynical. And yet Sulla's renunciation of power suggests that he himself believed it, and he lived out an imperturbable old age, unmolested by the relatives of any of his victims. How could Caesar not remember him forever? Hence, indeed, why shouldn't he seize the position more sunnily?

But who is to know when he first decided on that course? —Well, someone does know, or claims to know: Suetonius, most maliciously insinuating and titillating of historians, who hastens to tell us, in another twist on Plutarch's story, that at the very outset of his career Caesar dreams of raping his mother! A fortune-teller assures him that this signifies he'll rule the world.²⁹⁸

All this proves only the ease with which history misconstrues Caesar. It will be not from Caesar's lips, but his arch-foe Pompey's, that these words hiss out during the Civil War: "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?"²⁹⁹

CAESAR, NAPOLEON, HITLER

Another pause, another placement of our man on the grid of moral actors: Julius Caesar resembles Hitler most of all in the fact that both of them can be profitably compared to Napoleon.³⁰⁰ In all three we discern personal bravery,³⁰¹ a love of public show, masterful gamesmanship played with the tokens of loyalty and honor, an escalating impatience (in direct proportion to success) with legality—the consequence of an addiction to personal power, and perhaps also of fear of that mortality which threatens their projects; they'd better hasten—and, finally, a self-assured and ultimately self-destructive appetite for conquest. All three men, having set their thrones on the steepest peaks of pseudo-homegrown autocracy (I say pseudo-homegrown because all were outsiders: Hitler the Austrian, Napoleon the Corsican, Caesar the scion of a family purged by Sulla),³⁰² set out to win the world or die trying. For Napoleon, Russia was the vital wound and Spain the famous “running ulcer.” For Hitler it was Russia again, aided, like the Russia that stopped Napoleon, by an international coalition. Caesar's final plans focused on kindred territory: he was murdered just before setting out to reduce the Parthian expanses and then Dacia; but his mortal wound lay at home, in the constitution he'd lacerated.

Of these three egotistical destroyers, all worthy of Alfred de Vigny's axiom, “Beware of your enthusiasm for men who rise quickly,”³⁰³ Caesar comes off best. “The combination of brilliance—personal, not institutional brilliance—and power that we find in Caesar is probably almost unique in the whole of history.”³⁰⁴ In power he acted on what Michael Grant has called “a keen desire for social justice.”³⁰⁵ He mitigated the cruelest debt-laws, granted land not only to veterans, as had long been the expedient custom, but also to civilian paupers and bestowed citizenship upon a large number of non-Roman loyalists.³⁰⁶ But what is most relevant here is his famous clemency. As we shall see, his very assassins were almost to a man the prior beneficiaries of it. Why then should he even figure in *Rising Up and Rising Down* at all? Consider the case of Cato, who never submits to him. Hitler or Napoleon would have silenced such a steadfast voice by means of a firing squad. It is greatly to Caesar's credit that he weeps upon learning of Cato's suicide, which was a direct response to his final victory in the Civil War. Gentle, self-denying dictator!

THE BAILIFF'S SELF-JUSTIFICATION

As the deified Julius himself will eventually explain,³⁰⁷ it is Pompey's rigid defense of honor (he “was reluctant to let anyone stand on the same pinnacle of prestige as himself”), as well as the suasion of anti-Caesarians, which originally impelled the demand for Caesar's unilateral disarmament. This is true. By then, Caesar, self-styled descendant of the goddess Venus, has committed many illegal and dangerous acts. To surrender would mean exposing himself to the risk of prosecution.³⁰⁸ (Cicero

wonders sarcastically how it can be honorable for Caesar to launch a civil war in defense of his honor.)³⁰⁹ But even if we exclude narcissistic expediency, Caesar's civil war will be an intensely personal one.³¹⁰ To an extent, any war is. The testimony of Viet Minh and Viet Cong fighters may partake of the Party line, employing the grandiosely self-denying rhetoric of mass politics, but quite often such life stories begin with a murdered father or a raped sister.³¹¹ I have found the same personal motivations among violent politicians in Burma,³¹² Malaysia,³¹³ Bosnia.³¹⁴ One must try to visualize Caesar and Pompey with their immense private armies—client-soldiers—to begin to understand that epoch's factions, which crystallize not so much around causes as around men. When war aims are but proper names, who's to justify one over the next? The very structures of Roman politics are personal, the same men being magistrates, lawyers, generals, governors, senators. One must also remember the length, depth and complexity of Caesar and Pompey's association. In the Civil War, Pompeians such as Cicero will arm themselves with bitter imprecations against Caesar's treachery, venting "the old grievance, how Caesar was Pompey's man: Pompey raised him to place and military power."³¹⁵ But Caesar cannot be styled a mere parasite: he returns favors. It was he who'd moved that Pompey be granted absolute power in his campaign against the sea-pirates, he who'd given him his own daughter in marriage. How could their alliance not be personalized? How could their later fratricide not come likewise from the heart?

THE THREE-HEADED MONSTER (60 B.C.)

When we first look in on Caesar's politics, we find him in the name of concord reconciling the two most powerful men in Rome: Pompey and Crassus. The tyranny of personalization now requires us to sketch the characters of those two, who were consuls together once, but hardly accomplished anything, such was their mutual spite, an emotion based (it is said) on competition as to which of them deserved the glory for having crushed the gladiator Spartacus's slave uprising.³¹⁶ Under Stalin, who is paradoxically remembered for "the cult of personality," such accidental matters would have been irrelevant in comparison to one's origins and relationships, but in the Roman Republic, they're everything. Accordingly, Crassus (whom Cicero styles "Bald-Pate"),³¹⁷ who wants the loudest clapping and shouting to be for him, gives it out that Pompey's a nascent despot—as if we couldn't already infer that from his remark "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?"³¹⁸ This suspicion, or accusation, which must come naturally to every soul after the Sullan years, may be nonetheless unfounded in Pompey's case. Not long since, he marched upon anxious Rome at the head of his triumphant armies—which, invoking the Constitution outside the city gates, he then dismissed—then learned, politics being what it is, that thanks to this act of generous renunciation he went overnight from being feared to being *mocked*. "For men that rise by arms are easily despised when they come to live like private

citizens."³¹⁹ Plutarch tells us that the solution which Pompey adopted—that of the potentate, seclusion within an immense entourage—defended his suppurating self-confidence; but was defense as good as offense? They'd solemnly named him Magnus ("the Great"), and yet he dwelled always in the shadow of their caprices. I see him as a man easily wounded in his vanities and assertions, a man of the times. What could secure his honor, but authority? "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?" A diabolical war aim! And so he turned and turned about, honest but shrinking, vacillating in his anxieties, if not yet in his loyalty to the Republic.

And Bald-Pate? "The richest man, the eloquentest and greatest person of all them that at that time dealt in matters of state, and made more estimation of himself than of Pompey and all the rest."³²⁰ (So writes Plutarch.) In short, he suffers from the same disease of inflamed honor as Pompey. When he's not decimating legionnaires or crucifying rebellious slaves, Crassus stands familiar friend to many: lender (even to Caesar himself), businessman who buys burning houses cheap, fixes them cheap and rents them out at market price; yes, he's an advocate for all; he owns his ways of getting ahead; he coins the epigram that every man is rich who can buy his own army! Doesn't *Crassus* self-signify *crass*? No wonder that this fire-befriended landlord endears himself less (for the moment) to the unstable masses than does Pompey's war-charisma. He does, however, enjoy great power in the Senate (thanks in part to his loans).³²¹

The laws of antithetical forces here operating as blatantly as in some laboratory experiment, this foreshadowing of Caesar's story may now be told without perplexity. Speak of fortune-telling, of bad dreams of incest—Crassus now joins with Pompey's old arch-enemy Lucullus, and with Cato, too, in an alliance of mutually emboldened ferocity of the underhanded, political kind: Strike at honor's groin! Wound Pompey through his dependents! (Thus, too, power struggles under Stalin.) And so they indict Pompey's clients—for cause or not. Should Pompey stay enraptured in his new aloofness,³²² the clients will suffer, and "the world" will sneer: "Pompey does nothing for his own!" Should he stand on the defensive, reacting instead of acting, he'll likewise appear half-impotent, ridiculous. —Crassus, Cato and the Lucullans press the attack, now through senatorial decree denying to foreign kings the enactments and privileges which Pompey bestowed upon them during the Mithridatic War³²³—outrageous insult to those kings, to be sure; but they don't count, not being Romans; our object is to humiliate Pompey. (During the Civil War one of Caesar's strategic aims will be likewise "to diminish the high degree of prestige which Pompey appeared to have among foreign peoples,"³²⁴ because prestige translates into command-power.) Pompey replies with his own resources, but the blood in his heart runs deep-dyed with bitterness and futility. He struggles on, his greatness drowning.

But a tool of reconciliation lies at hand—a sunny tool of mildness. Indeed, throughout his life he'll evince more of a desire to seduce than to rape Mother

Rome. Will he be a good lover? Does he resemble the part? "He is said to have been tall of stature, with a fair complexion, shapely limbs, a somewhat full face, and keen black eyes; sound of health, except that towards the end he was subject to sudden fainting fits and to nightmares as well."³²⁵ His name: Gaius Julius Caesar. Pompey trusts him to vote his way.³²⁶ Crassus owes him the affection of a patron: he's pledged bond for Caesar's debts.³²⁷ Blessed are the peacemakers, for they save authority, honor, propriety, homeland. Who could object to this furthering of tranquillity? — Well, Cato, for one; likewise Plutarch, on the grounds that their former rivalry constituted separation of powers, hence safety for the republic. Revolutionaries—Trotsky, Stalin, Lenin, Robespierre—would argue just the opposite: factionalism must be liquidated, because it interferes with our program.³²⁸ But a Roman politician has no program except firstly his own good and secondarily the status quo which keeps his good predictable. Hence Plutarch's simile: Rivals in government are as passengers on opposite sides of the storm-tossed ship of state; if both come to the same side, the unbalanced boat must pitch. In other words, Caesar's friendly-seeming device is actually pestilent and subtle.³²⁹

Does Caesar mean so? The author Varro, certain that he does, writes a book about Caesar, Crassus and Pompey. The title: *Tricararanus*, which signifies "the three-headed monster."³³⁰

Naturally, Caesar comprises the most inconspicuous of the heads, small in years and experience, muffled up in loyal moderation; but here is Appian's characterization of him even in youth: "powerful in speech and action, audacious in every way, sanguine in everything, and profuse beyond his means in the pursuit of honours."³³¹ What harmonious heads we see!—for doesn't that description also fit Pompey and Crassus?

CATILINE (63 B.C.)

Another anecdote illuminates yet a little more of the stony darkness inside Caesar's statues. Clemency, not yet haughtily exalted into majesty, might here be said to make its first foray into the man's politics—unless one cares to take it as he doubtless would want it to be taken, as evidence of Caesar's natural kindness. Not long before the three-headed monster gave birth to itself, one Lucius Catiline, former friend, kinsman and client of Sulla, gifted, passionate and now desperate, sought fame and concomitant fortune on the same gameboard as Caesar, Cato, Lucullus, Crassus, Pompey, Cicero, Curio, Clodius and the rest. Why not? "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?" Until Caesar wins the Civil War in 46 B.C., there *is* no first, hence no obstacle to trying to be first. Even the three-headed monster will fail to put a stop to such strivings.³³² This is the epoch when it has grown almost customary for the indicted men and their prosecutors, should both be sufficiently distinguished, to face off in the law-courts, each with his own band of armed followers, veterans,

thugs, slaves, gladiators to strut the choreography of their hate.³³³ The scent of violence rises ever from the crowded, fetid streets—and from the two-wide public space of the Forum, oceanic womb of riots, which directly abuts the Senate! (But then, doesn't the odor of violence meet us always?)

Catiline, then, campaigns to be tribune for the year 63. What does he want—to be acclaimed by “the people,” to disburse favors to his grateful inferiors, or simply to become marvelously “better” than he is? He loses to Cicero. Rumor holds him a passion-pricked man, venomous to possess, dominate, avenge. They say he murdered his own son, solely to enjoy Aurelia Orestilla, “who was not willing to marry a man who had a son.”³³⁴ They say he did away with his brother and deflowered his daughter.³³⁵ Lies? Rumors never lie. How then could Catiline be expected to tolerate this public defeat? Would Bald-Pate? Would Pompey? And can the gods truly have meant Catiline to head no processions? Invoking defense of honor and bloodline against mediocre-ancestored Cicero, invoking above all himself, he prepares to rise up, communicating secretly with—of course!—*Sulla's* veterans, some of whom will surely be ready for a new adventure. Gambler, trusting to his own ability to cage the bird called Love, he also intrigues with disaffected rich wives who would enjoy seeing their husbands dead. One of these women is Fulvia, the promiscuous spouse of Cicero's future enemy, Clodius.³³⁶ Appian coyly calls her “a woman of quality.”³³⁷ Her role in the tale varies with the teller. Misogyny, or perhaps truth, asserts that it is she who will later bring the severed head of Cicero into her boudoir and prick its dead tongue full of hairpins, to gratify her bitterest hatred. But that is two decades hence, after Caesar's assassination. At the moment she still respects and admires Cicero—or, which is the same thing in politics, believes him to be a fitting tool for her designs. From time to time she's shared her favors with a certain Quintus Curius, whose ill reputation lost him his place in the Senate; he whispers in her ear that he'll soon be powerful again. Fulvia, one must assume, makes certain calculations. Whether the constant in her equations is wise self-interest, principle or sadistic malice only a Suetonius would venture to declare: at any rate, Quintus Curius comes out zero as Fulvia slips on her clothes and makes haste to Cicero, who, as she surely knows, can be inflamed and alarmed as easily as a child. She inflames him: The Catalinarians plan to stab him in his own house, set fire to Rome in twelve places, murder the leading citizens and seize personal sovereignty!³³⁸ Now for the Senate debate, in which Cicero can take pleasure in declaiming, denouncing, brandishing the conspirators' private papers and, above all, in being the man of the hour. He arrests some barbarians who testify on the Senate floor that Catiline recruited them for his bloody work. Proven! He arrests the conspirators—except for Catiline himself, who was already expelled from the Senate and now lurks outside the city at the head of his army of rebellion.

Cicero, emboldened by an up-flickering of the sacred flame³³⁹ (“Glow, holy flame, glow!”), makes the Senate entertain a proposal to put the four chief conspir-

ators (in whose company we don't find Fulvia's lover) immediately to death as public enemies. The laws of the Twelve Tables prohibit the capital penalty for Roman citizens, but, as Cicero will argue with expedient Stalin-logic, these men through their treason have forfeited their right to be called citizens.³⁴⁰ This opinion, propounded not only by Cicero but also by Syllanus and other senators, easily meets its expedient accolades—expediency in this case being *desperate quickness*, for just outside, in that wide Forum crowded now with idlers, plebeians, fools and tools, a mysterious murmuring can be heard, ugly breeze of rumor and riot, whose noise instills the panicked senators with faith in rapid righteous cruelty.

But a certain tall young man with black eyes, now praetor-elect, stands up from his marble bench, modestly proposing moderation's part: Keep them alive in separate prisons until Catiline is captured. Do nothing that cannot be undone. Try them in a court of law.³⁴¹

This man continually disarms me! He's decent, dutiful to the laws, maybe even noble. He really means everybody's good! Unlike Trotsky, he's the empathetic bridge *par excellence*. His politics is all about moderating and improving Rome—duties which require his continual presence, to be sure, but why not? Who wouldn't prefer his morality to Cicero's?

In our chapter on Lincoln and Trotsky we made this definition:

"LEGITIMATE PREEXISTING AUTHORITY" means that it has been delegated by the highest political power available and that "most people" legitimize that power and that authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Legitimate authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Legitimate authority is constrained by, but not solely defined by, law.³⁴²

The authority with which our young man would associate himself is of precisely this kind. And yet who stands with Caesar there on the magistrates' dais? Almost the entire Senate, so mild, so persuasive ring his words. Who stands against? Cicero—who fears being murdered in the night—and Cato.

Meier in his elegantly denunciatory biography is sure that Caesar "must have enjoyed recommending to the Senate, in such statesmanly fashion, a course of action that ... ran counter to its interests"³⁴³ in speaking for clemency. Meier's Caesar is as Machiavellian as Plutarch's, and wants to keep the conspirators alive in order to manipulate the continuing threat that they would thereby represent. Cato's Caesar is worse. "Gaius Caesar was not free from the suspicion of complicity with" the Catalinarians," says Appian, "but Cicero did not venture to bring into the controversy one so popular with the masses..." whereas "Cato openly manifested his suspicion of Caesar."³⁴⁴

What if Caesar had been genuinely driving for mercy and harmony, as I can well imagine? His later career as lawgiver will show his taste for just enactments. How

bitter he must have been, when everyone persisted in suspecting him of Stalinist unitarianism! (Cato's men even assault him there on the Senate floor, but his smooth luck helps him slither out of any repercussions.) As for the Catalinarians, the Senate agrees on execution, and Cicero obtains the pleasure of commanding and witnessing the strangulation of his would-be murderers.

THE LAND DECREE (59 B.C.)

In his Tusculum statue (the one most likely to offer a veritable likeness) Caesar cranes his balding head, long-necked, hollow-cheeked and intense.³⁴⁵ But that's not yet; he's still only a stripling. Dispensing popularity, money and promises, he becomes praetor for Spain, conquers the Spanish tribes and receives a triumph from the Senate—or would have, had not Cato with typically mean-spirited inflexibility prevented it: Caesar must choose either the triumph or the possibility of consulship. He selects the latter, forms the three-headed monster, gets Pompey and Crassus's votes and in 59 B.C. becomes consul. (In return, says Suetonius, and I don't believe him, he seduces both their wives.³⁴⁶ Caesar wouldn't do that; he's much too loyal.) With his new colleague, Bibulus, he pours purest wine upon mooing cattle and sacrifices them to Jupiter. Thus Rome renews her sacred compact with—herself.

Now he brings before the Senate's consideration, employing the most friendly language of deference and consultation, a measure which would grant land to Pompey's veteran legionnaires. Defense of honor and justice—give the surviving sentinels of our greatness their reward! How many perils haven't they conquered for us? In short, Caesar's proposal isn't merely decent, it's Clausewitzian. One scholar has drily observed that "it was a standard Pompeian practice to express his own ambitions in terms of the needs and desires of his soldiers,"³⁴⁷ but they certainly deserve their reward; they'll be grateful if they get it—grateful enough, perhaps, to follow Pompey's lead in other matters—unless other masters render them more grateful. Even after Pompey's defeat twelve years later, his name will continue to "carry a great deal of weight" among his Spanish legions, who've inscribed it on their shields.³⁴⁸ Should Caesar's bill pass, then, Pompey will be strengthened in his power and prestige—and, of course, indebted to Caesar.³⁴⁹ As always, the Senate sees reason to fear their mutual aggrandizement. We can well imagine the invective of Cato, the panic-mongering tirades of Cicero. Smooth-talking Caesar (his oratory shrill-cadenced but graceful, they say,³⁵⁰ like that of his fellow vanguardist Robespierre) accordingly casts the bill not as an entitlement specifically for Pompey's men, but as a benignly vague poor law, which will benefit a variety of distressed citizens of Rome. In short, it resembles his position on the Catalinarians, his marriage-brokering of Pompey with Crassus: How could anyone be against mercy, concord and generosity? Even Plutarch remarks that, in and of itself, his wording is not only unobjectionable, but admirable. (Can't we continue to believe that he

means well? Let us remember of him that during this consulship he enacted the *Lex Julia de repetundis*, which curbed and penalized the venal abuses of contractors, recruiters, provincial governors and magistrates. One scholar concludes that "Caesar's law provided precision and detail that eclipsed its predecessors, and it endured."³⁵¹ Despite himself, Cicero begins to spy out another advantage—namely, if the measure "were thoroughly carried out, the city might be emptied of the dregs of the populace, and the deserted parts of Italy peopled."³⁵² Moreover, he fears the anger of the landless, should the bill be voted down. But he still smells tyranny—not in Caesar, who scarcely engages his nearsighted contempt, but in Pompey.³⁵³ So, like that entire pedigreed Senate,³⁵⁴ he vacillates.

Cato denounces the bill. Caesar, who seems equally at home within the Senate-house or in that wide Forum of tumultuous crowds just outside it, confines himself to patient ingratiating. But Cato speaks on. Are the other senators with him? No doubt they've made their secret divisions and bargains, as politicians always do. They'll put a rope in Caesar's nose *and* his, if they can. From their marble benches, they watch Caesar's countenance still trying to keep smooth. But Cato will not step down. What says the other consul, Bibulus? Nothing, I suspect; he and Caesar got elected to be checks on each other—no love lost. On his face I think I see a cool smile—the rope has pierced our young Julius's nostrils! And do the other bargainers now commence grinning? In Caesar's anxious heart, desirous no less (I'm sure) of tranquillity than of achievement, the dark blood rushes faster. He flicks a glance, perhaps, to Bibulus, and sees dislike unmixed with strength. He can dare to lay hands on Cato's purpose. Courteously he interrupts his enemy, inviting him to yield the podium. But that heroic and insufferably rigid traditionalist, his evident purpose being what we would now call a filibuster, drones on—how sick of his voice even his partisans must be!—whereupon Caesar of the wise and supple means commands that he be arrested.³⁵⁵

It has been suggested that the resulting rupture between Caesar and the Senate (for many moral actors rise up in indignation to accompany Cato on his walk into prison) might not have been entirely unsought by our future dictator. Legal passage of the bill would have advanced his career, to be sure—but arbitrary measures offer more spectacular rewards, not least through luring Pompey, in whose name the measures have been launched, into his junior partner's extremism.³⁵⁶ I am not so sure; reading Caesar's commentaries, I feel that the man always tries to gain his ends by smooth ways when he can (First Corollary: *We further the justice of war to the extent that we can persuade our enemies not to be combatants*)—he releases Cato immediately—but behold: Pompey is most easily lured.³⁵⁷ —"If any man will by force let the passing of this law by voices of the people, wilt thou not then come to help them?" shrills Caesar, whom we still can't call *evil*: he's asking mere self-defense of law. "Yes, that I will indeed," replies Pompey. "Against them that threaten with the sword, I will bring both sword and target." (A target is a shield.) Plutarch, from whose

account we take this ominous exchange, underscores it with the words: "Pompey in all his life never did nor spake thing that men more misliked."³⁵⁸ His military thugs lay violent hands on Caesar's opponents, preventing them from voting. (More than likely, they meet spontaneous assistance from the city's plebeians.) The law passes. Cato's son-in-law Bibulus, the other consul, shouts against it but wins only bruises, humiliation and horse manure on his head. He stays home for the remainder of his term of office. (Later he'll fight against Caesar in the Civil War.) Caesar denounces him to the people, perhaps hoping that they'll burn down his house, but no such luck.³⁵⁹

"LEGITIMATE REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY" may be created when the preexisting authority arguably fails to meet the criteria for legitimacy... Given the initial dominance of preexisting authority, it is almost inevitable that at some stage, "most people" will *not* legitimize revolutionary authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Revolutionary authority cannot be constrained by law. Defense of its revolution may require it to engage in violence ordinarily forbidden to preexisting authority. Therefore, revolutionary authority must strive to bring out its own replacement within the shortest possible time by an established authority whose power will be normalized according to the same limits as any legitimate preexisting authority. Revolutionary authority is impermanent, as limited and legal as its emergency permits. Its violence obeys the principles of proportionality and discrimination... Above all, revolutionary authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.³⁶⁰

This is the authority which Caesar will now be engaged in building for the rest of his career. Insofar as they affect the public welfare, his goals truly are at least as justified as any other politician's. The urgency with which revolutionary authority seeks to transform itself into incumbency has to do with self-preservation: if it doesn't gain power soon, it will be unseated. Increasingly, this urgency will now dictate Caesar's actions.

Three senators (among them Cato, naturally) refuse to swear to uphold the law, but financial penalties, coupled with their all too public solitude, finally intimidate them into a species of compliance. Well done, Caesar! Twenty thousand poor men will benefit.³⁶¹ Cato's opposition to such a worthy measure disgusts me; I am glad that Caesar won his point. Campania lands and Stellas lands become farms for the veterans; Pompey and Crassus embrace; Caesar's daughter weds Pompey. Such will become Caesar's accustomed method: first entreaty and persuasion. Then clemency (remember, Cato got immediately released from prison). Finally, if impatient expediency dictates, violence. Many in the Senate will never forgive the way

he's treated them.³⁶²

Caesar enters the theater, and the people do not applaud him. Pompey is hissed. Curio, who follows Caesar, "was applauded as Pompey used to be when the constitution was still sound. Caesar was much annoyed," gloats Cicero.³⁶³

One more anecdote, of which not too much ought to be made (can't we allow the most reliable statesman his moments of bad temper?): Shortly before his allies appoint him to conquer Gaul, under no mandate but his own (but couldn't the same be said of any other Roman politician?), the aged senator Considius explains that the Senate fears him and his soldiers, which is why so many of Considius's colleagues are now absent. Caesar sneeringly replies: "Then why don't you stay home, too?"³⁶⁴

WHY GAUL?

Why Gaul indeed? Because, answers the ever malicious Suetonius, its as yet unjugated people were

the most likely to enrich him and furnish suitable material for triumphs. At first ... he received only Cisalpine Gaul with the addition of Illyricum; but presently he was assigned Gallie Comata as well by the Senate, whose members feared that even if they should refuse it, the people would give him this also.³⁶⁵

Defense of honor demands Gaul, then; defense of authority positively *craves* Gaul. Defense (or rather glorification) of homeland will lend the pretext. Thus his war aims.

Are they legitimate? The aim of any Roman conqueror would be one which our moral calculus ostensibly justifies as *to violently construct or maintain legitimate preexisting or revolutionary authority*.³⁶⁶ We might ourselves define the same action as the unjustified enlargement of Roman imperialism. No matter, at least not to a Roman: for him, of *course* his city's authority not only *deserves* to extend over the world, but (and here we recapitulate Cortes and Trotsky) will actually do the world a favor. Choose what version you like once you have read the tale.

Again, why Gaul? Because his consulship has expired, and with it his immunity. Over the next decade, Considius's colleagues will intermittently strive to impeach him,³⁶⁷ but he'll keep excusing himself on account of urgently bloody duties of state in Gaul—which is to say, duties to himself. Should the governorship pass tranquilly, with only the usual extortions and enrichments peculiar to that sinecure, he can only hope to become another Crassus—whose power ought by no means to be despised; but recall to mind his confession in his commentaries: "Prestige has always been of prime importance to me, even outweighing life itself."³⁶⁸ In short, he'll emulate his good father-patron and son-in-law,³⁶⁹ Pompey the Great, who'd received three military triumphs before age forty.

On the summit of the Mons Capitolinus, he dedicates the finest animal victims to Jupiter. Then he sets out at the head of his legions.

CAESAR'S "NEW MEN"

In his fortified camp at night, with hostile Gauls all around him in the darkness, he surely picks over Pompey's deeds, rewards, failures and obstacles. His spies and couriers keep him in touch with Rome. Doubtless his new wife Calpurnia proves loyal, writing him of the latest schemes and plots against him. What conclusions does he draw? Perhaps that an intimidated Senate is of more utility than a grateful one—or, rather, that gratitude will accomplish wonders; but the faintest possibility of violence will serve to keep gratitude in memory. Perhaps that if he *ever* dismisses his armies, he'll be prosecuted. Cato can be neither suppressed nor appeased. To his credit, there's no evidence that he considers murdering Cato. His program, therefore, will be to gain new land and wealth for Rome while simultaneously keeping his armies beholden to him. Hence he takes a leaf out of Crassus's book and brings into his service "new men" (Catiline's sneering term for Cicero) from all over Italy, widening his power base.³⁷⁰ (Trotsky sought to do likewise.) Suetonius writes that he advises desperate Romans everywhere that what they need is *civil war*.³⁷¹ I don't believe it. That wouldn't be in keeping with his smoothness—nor, most likely, with his objectives at the time. But to comprehend how his Senate rivals feel about "new men," we can do no better than to listen in at a debate of the similarly patrician British commons in the eighteenth century, when his name stands readily by as a metaphor for anything evil. Sir Robert Walpole has the floor. He refers to the commanders of Caesar's army as "mean families." He says:

An army, Sir, of foreign mercenary troops, or an army composed of the scum of the people, and commanded by men of no families or fortunes in the country, may contribute towards enabling a government to oppress the people ... It was not, Sir, by an army entirely composed of Roman citizens that Julius Caesar overturned the liberties of Rome.³⁷²

I have two reactions to this: Firstly, I understand the fear of the patricians. Secondly, I root for Caesar—at least to an extent.

GALLIC EXPEDIENCIES

In his commentaries, he cheerfully confesses to allowing the legionnaires to loot and pillage. He also doubles their pay.³⁷³ "The receipts from Gaul made it possible," says Gruen.³⁷⁴ He battens down his cheekpieces, runs ahead of all into hard work and danger, gets the business done. In his nine years of governorship, he'll conquer a zone of

perimeter more than three thousand miles (if we leave out Britain), and reduce it to paying an annual tribute of forty million sesterces.³⁷⁵ Suetonius: In Gaul he “oftener sacked towns for the sake of plunder than for any fault.”³⁷⁶ Given his exigencies, this seems entirely plausible. (Even in Sicily during the Civil War, our commander-in-chief admits that “he confiscated and sold for the State the property of a few individuals.”)³⁷⁷ Although he sends bushels of loot back home, buying all the friends he can,³⁷⁸ his enemies in the Senate continue bringing suit against his consular illegalities.³⁷⁹ He attacks Britain “by the hope of getting pearls,”³⁸⁰ but finds none.

What would he say about our First Limitation of warfare, that it ought to be limited to participants? I’m sure he’d agree, smiling, flashing his rich black eyes. — And plunder? In his book that didn’t really constitute war-cruelty; it was a necessary stimulus to the troops; it was survival; it was how a commander made ends meet even back in Rome.

HOOTCH-BURNING (CONTINUED)

In Gaul he is all policy. Herewith, a typical passage out of Plutarch, describing one of his wars of self- and imperial aggrandizement: “When he had burnt all the enemy’s country, and encouraged those who embraced the Roman interest, he went back into Gaul.”³⁸¹ To his troops, as ever, he apostrophizes his own blamelessness.³⁸² His reputation continues to be his war aim. Here he is toward the end of that decade of conquest, longing to crush one more enemy whose flight baffles him:

He himself moved off to devastate and plunder the country of Ambiorix; and, in despair of being able to bring the frightened fugitive into his power, he deemed it the best thing, *out of regard for his own prestige*, so completely strip his territory of citizens, buildings, and cattle as to make Ambiorix hated by any of his subjects who might chance to survive... [He] wrought general devastation by slaughter, fire, and pillage, killed or captured a large number of persons.³⁸³

Thus writes Caesar’s admiring lieutenant Aulus Hirtius, who will perish in the Civil War. Suetonius, master of unfriendly generalizations, writes bluntly that “he did not let slip any pretext for war, however unjust and dangerous it might be,”³⁸⁴ and it’s true that his war aims hardly seem very decent. His enemies in the Senate thus collect new illegalities to reproach him for. Cato goes so far as to propose that he be delivered over to the barbarians for punishment. By attacking him, of course, Cato has attacked Pompey, whom self-defense of honor requires to counter-attack. Hence the result for Caesar: Days of thanksgiving, honors, official triumphs. Emblematizing his own grandeur at last, he enters Rome through the sacred Porta Triumphalis. Trumpets, banners and soldiers accompany him. His scarlet cloak befits him, memorializing the blood he’s spilled. Above his head, a laurel wreath.

There will be a triumphal arch chiseled GAVL. Behind him, Vercingetorix and other GAVLish notables lurch in chains, vanquished by his brilliance. They know what will happen. The plebeians shout ecstasies. Caesar's legionnaires for their part yell out coarse jests against their commander, appeasing the Republic and themselves. Caesar smiles, darting his deep black eyes; everyone says he's more tanned and hale than ever. His enemies lie low for the day—he's too popular. Wending his way through those admiring crowds, he arrives at last at the ascent of the Mons Capitolinus, where he sacrifices more perfect animals to Jupiter, god of justice, wine and oaths. Now for Vercingetorix: the hands of Romans strangle and break him. Thus the glory of Julius Caesar, holder of Capitoline triumphs! —But all parties, even the German barbarians he fights, know that a faction in Rome would see him dead. Shrugging off the taunt, "Caesar spoke at length for the purpose of showing why he could not give up the task in hand."³⁸⁵ Hard, realistic, he knows exactly what he is about. His own words damn him most when, explaining why he cannot trust the subjugated Gauls not to rise up against him, he coolly grants "that all men are naturally bent on liberty, and hate the state of slavery," which he now imposes. "And therefore he deemed it proper to divide his army and disperse it at wider intervals before more states could join the conspiracy."³⁸⁶

"THE CLEMENCY OF CAESAR OPENED THE WAY FOR A
RETURN TO HIS FRIENDSHIP..."³⁸⁷

When he finds it politic, he exercises his clemency upon the Gauls. From the Carnutes and the Senones, for instance, he contents himself with taking hostages; "for he held that summer was the time for the coming war" against more powerful tribes, "not for judicial inquiry."³⁸⁸ These hostages will become his clients, ultra-new "new men" to help him in the Spanish campaign of his Civil War.³⁸⁹

JUDGMENTS OF GAUL

Does it matter that in Caesar's time there was little conception of international law, of the indivisible rights of sovereign nations?³⁹⁰ —"Naturally one must beware of viewing Caesar's desire for conquest with modern eyes," writes Meier. "Thoroughly Roman and unused to being challenged, he was not plagued by doubts or the need to justify Roman expansion."³⁹¹ Does it matter that most other autocrats of that time do the same as he? Consider Pharnaces II, King of Bosphorus, who during the Civil War will conquer the city of Amisus castrate all the boys, and sell the populace as slaves.³⁹² (Caesar defeats him "four hours after getting sight of him.")³⁹³

For the moment, refrain from judging Caesar in relative terms. In absolute terms we may categorize his actions in battle according to the following hierarchy of violence:

THE SEVERITY SCALE
for violence inflicted upon the vanquished

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

CAVEATS:

1. This scale represents only acts of physical violence. It cannot represent acts of territorial or political violence, such as Caesar's installation of Cleopatra on the Egyptian throne.
2. Atrocities committed in combat, even on probable non-combatants, are not represented.
3. Proportionality forces us to give to the massacre of thirty out of thirty prisoners a higher severity score than the massacre of five hundred out of one thousand

With this yardstick, let's glance over his record in Gaul. [*See next page.*]

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOU VANQUISHED ONES?
(THE DEEDS OF JULIUS CAESAR, 58-49 B.C.)

CAVEAT: *By focusing on Caesar's deeds alone (since the Romans never surrendered to the Gauls, Germans or Britons), we paint a one-sided picture. Although Caesar was always the aggressor, it is worth remembering that the native tribes also committed atrocities in this war.*

MORAL ACTOR	SPARED	DESTROYED
Caesar in Gaul, against Helveti, 58 B.C. ³⁹⁴	All who surrendered and awaited his judgment (hostages taken)	6,000 terrified troops who ran away after the surrender. [Conclusion: They did not surrender.] Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the German army of King Ariovistus, 58 B.C. ³⁹⁵	A few successful escapees; one of Ariovistus' daughters kept as a prisoner	"...all the rest our cavalry caught and slew," including one of Ariovistus's daughters and both of his wives. Ariovistus had refused to make peace. In other words, these enemies also did not surrender. Hence: Severity: n.a.
Caesar in Gaul, against the Suessiones and Ambiani (tribes of the Belgae), 57 B.C. ³⁹⁶	All (600 hostages taken from the latter; "the leading men" from the former)	None. These tribes surrendered themselves to Caesar's discretion upon demand. Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Aduatuci (a tribe of the Belgae), 57 B.C. ³⁹⁷	All, if they gave up their arms [assume hostages would have been taken; negotiations not completed; see next item.]	None Severity: 1
The same, after the enemy broke the peace ³⁹⁸	{??} Town pillaged; 350,000 Aduatuci (probably all the survivors) sold as slaves	{??} The Aduatuci, having accepted Caesar's terms, then broke the peace by launching a night attack. Many were killed. Severity: 3
Caesar in Gaul against the Veneti rebels, 56 B.C. ³⁹⁹	All men not Senators (sold as slaves)	All members of the Senate for failing to respect the diplomatic immunity of Caesar's deputies Severity: 4
Caesar in Gaul against the German truce-breakers, 55 B.C. ⁴⁰⁰	Tribal deputies (who'd been held hostage by Caesar)	Two tribes (including women and children), killed while fleeing the battle; no surrender mentioned Severity: n.a.

Caesar in Britain, against "the natives," 55 B.C. ⁴⁰¹	All (hostages taken)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Britain, against the same, who had promptly broken truce, 55 B.C. ⁴⁰²	All (double number of hostages taken)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Morini who rose up against him, 55 B.C. ⁴⁰³	All? (hostage-taking assumed)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Menapii who rose up against him, 55 B.C. ⁴⁰⁴	[Caesar was evidently unable to capture the leaders.] Menapii fields and homes laid to waste in punitive expedition	No surrender reported Hence: Severity: n.a.
Caesar in Briton, against the Trinobantes, Cenimagni, Segontiaci, Ancalites, Bibroci and Cassi, 54 B.C. ⁴⁰⁵	All (hostages taken)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul against the Senones and Carnutes who rose up against him, 53 B.C. ⁴⁰⁶	?? [Assume hostages taken]	Their leader, Acco, the "arch-conspirator," flogged to death; escapees from Caesar's judgment outlawed. Severity: 2
Caesar in Gaul, against the Senonish town of Vellaunodunum, which surrendered, 52 B.C. ⁴⁰⁷	All (but 600 hostages taken, in addition to all arms, as usual)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Carnutish town of Cenebum, taken by storm, 52 B.C. ⁴⁰⁸	"He plundered and burnt the town, bestowed the booty on the troops..."	Unknown Severity: 3
Caesar against the town of Avaricum, 52 B.C. ⁴⁰⁹	800 fugitives	39,000. "The troops, maddened by the massacre [of Romans and Gauls] at Cenebaum and the toil of the siege work, spared not the aged men, nor women, nor children." Severity: 5
Caesar in Gaul, against the Bituriges, who surrendered, then resumed arms, 52 B.C. ⁴¹⁰	Most non-combatants {?} (but hostages delivered)	Ringleaders of the uprising [execution assumed; Caesar does not say what he did to them] Severity: 2
Caesar in Gaul, against the Aedui, who had risen up and killed Roman citizens, 52 B.C. ⁴¹¹	All "by his own favor" (perhaps no hostages taken, the Aedui being supposed allies)	None, even ringleaders Severity: 0

Caesar in Gaul, against Alesia, 52 B.C. ⁴¹²	All [?] captives, who were presumably all combatants since women and children had been expelled; all enslaved and delivered to the Roman troops as booty Severity: 3	Leaders [?]. Vercingetorix, their commander in chief, imprisoned and later executed. Severity: 2 Caesar refused to take in starving non-combatants who tried to surrender during the campaign. As a result, many died. Because the Gauls bore at least equal responsibility, I propose for Caesar: Severity: 2
Caesar in Gaul, against the Bellovaci, 51 B.C. ⁴¹³	All who surrendered (hostages taken), since most combatants already slain in battle	Combatants Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Pictones, 51 B.C. ⁴¹⁴		On the battlefield, all combatants and fugitives: "more than twelve thousand, armed men or men who had flung away their arms in panic..." Severity: n.a. (they were still combatants)
Caesar in Gaul, against the Carnutes, who had risen up and slain Roman citizens, 51 B.C. ⁴¹⁵	(Hostages taken)	Ringleader, Guntruatus, "scourged to death and then decapitated," supposedly against Caesar's desire, in order to appease the Roman troops Severity: 2
Caesar in Gaul, against the Cardurci in Uxellodunum, 51 B.C. ⁴¹⁶	All combatants (but their hands cut off); non-combatants unmolested	None Severity: 3

Between 51 and 49, when the Civil War began, Caesar, knowing that his governorship might come to an end at any time, acted with clement prudence. "By addressing the states in terms of honor, by bestowing ample presents upon the chiefs, by imposing no new burdens, he easily kept Gaul at peace after the exhaustion of so many defeats, under improved conditions of obedience."⁴¹⁷

"ALL THINGS WERE NOW POSSIBLE FOR CAESAR"

Pompey is middle-aged now. Recipient (as we know) of three processional triumphs, conqueror of Armenia and Albania, Iberia and Arabia, Paphlagonia, Judea and ever so many other kingdoms, he knows not how to rest on his laurels—or does he perhaps rest too slumberously? Or does he know not the meaning and use of laurels? Far more "popular" than Stalin, because far less tyrannical in the despotic sense, like him he dares not let his authority go. Stalin craves *power*; Pompey and Caesar, *pres-*

tige. Well, prestige is power. In his life of Pompey, Plutarch shows us a man tarnished by short-sighted nepotism, seduced by acclamation, strewn flowers, grand-daughterly brides whose relations he'll protect in the law-courts: "For that great authority which he had gained in the city by his merits he made use of only by patronizing the iniquities of others," such as Caesar himself, "so that by advancing their fortunes he detracted from his own glory, till at last he was overthrown even by the force and greatness of his own power."⁴¹⁸ His prior merits are debatable: Rome's politicians remember that he used to be called "the young butcher"; Cicero, who loves him, never leaves off suspecting him of tyrannical designs. And yet Pompey does not patronize his *own* iniquities. (Remember that old tale, as profound a parable as it is historically true, of the man who disbanded his immense army-power at the gates of Rome, and went from being feared to being despised? All the more credit to him: in the year 51, at the request of the Senate he'll become sole consul, calm the city with his troops, prosecute the men of violence—and once again duly step down. Pompey was not such a bad man.) What he really wants is to *ostensibly* steer and govern, wallowing in theatrical and uxorious preeminence. He's tired, maybe. He adores this young Julia of his so much that he follows her everywhere—her father, Julius Caesar, was a good pimp. "They themselves which blamed him (Pompey) most for his good will he bare unto Caesar, could not reprove the love he bore unto his wife."⁴¹⁹ He dedicates his new theater, slaughters elephants and lions for the happy stupefaction of the masses. But how can he enjoy his glory, when Cato and the Lucullans keep prosecuting his clients? He still can't go it alone. Hence the continuation of the compact with Crassus, who himself, creator and support of new men, needs to be richer in order to widen his circle of dependents. The patricians denounce Crassus for entrepreneurial vulgarity, but fear his power. His politics, as abrasive as Pompey's and Caesar's, seems to consist of increasing that power and ignoring other considerations. He has enemies, too; he needs Pompey. Both of them find useful that sunny, black-eyed colleague of theirs who, swellingly athletic and self-confident after years of successful campaigns (no matter that he'll soon be as bald as Bald-Pate), keeps ready to hand the enthusiastic tools of violence, whose experience and hardihood, like their master's, continue to increase. Thus, in 56 B.C., the three monster-heads rendezvous in Lucca to divide up influence and territories. Pompey and Crassus will be consuls again. Helpful Caesar, halting his wars, sends his own troops to vote for those two. (Cato will denounce their candidacy, and get a beating at the hands of Crassus's thugs. Oh, but we can't call Caesar evil yet.) Three years later, when Caesar needs more soldiers, Pompey, as the former writes, "made the concession to public service and private friendship."⁴²⁰ Attending Caesar we see "more than two hundred senators," says Appian,

some returning thanks for what they had already received, others asking for money

or seeking some other advantage... All things were now possible to Caesar by reason of his large army, his great riches, and his readiness to oblige everybody.⁴²¹

Most likely, Caesar has paid off his debts to Crassus, then. He doesn't need Bald-Pate as much as before. As for Pompey, could it be that Caesar, conqueror of Gauls and founder of cities now entertains the supposition that "the Great" is falling to seed? No matter. The historical sources offer no evidence that he was the first to stop burning incense on the altars of friendship.

DEATH OF THE THREE-HEADED MONSTER

But Julia, who seems to have loved Pompey as much as he did her, now dies in childbirth. (About her we know almost nothing.) The infant also dies. No blood-tie now between the two most important monster-heads! Caesar, who suddenly seems strangely remote from our understanding, almost to the point of feebleness—this is the one moment in his career when he appears to be merely reactive—vows to sponsor funeral games, complete with gladiators and a feast for the plebeians.⁴²² After all, who can do more against death than react to it—excepting the acts of murder and suicide?

Meanwhile, his spies having informed him of Pompey's theater, he commissions Cicero to watch over the building of a new Forum Caesaris in Rome: long, double-storeyed, colonnaded, arched, pedestaled and thoroughly monumented—all paid for with Gallic loot. Being necessarily absent from the center of the world, he must encase his prestige in monuments there, to store up in marble a thousand accolades until his return. Is this emulation of Pompey or rivalry against him? Neither, would be my guess. Julia's gone, Pompey is ageing and Julius Caesar would now build as many memorials to himself as he can. For the convenience and pleasure of promenaders, he adds shops; for the magistrates, even a new Senate—all, of course, in the shadow of the temple of his divine ancestress, Venus Genetrix.

Such bribes and self-advertisements, however necessary, may nonetheless fail to suffice. The cry goes out (anxious or gleeful) that Caesar and Pompey's alliance is ended. What can renew it? The man who once refused to divorce his wife upon Sulla's orders now proposes to divorce his wife and marry Pompey's daughter. No, it's not he who casts the first stone! But the latter declines, perhaps out of kindness—Caesar loves Calpurnia—perhaps out of cooling friendship. (Maybe Cato's attacks on Gaul's conqueror have finally begun to achieve their object.) And so Caesar dangles before Pompey another succulent young plum: his sister's granddaughter Octavia, whose present marriage would be no obstacle to politics; but her hand also Pompey declines.⁴²³ This is beginning to look serious. —Whom does he marry instead? —Crassus's widow, a beautiful harp-player young enough to be his daughter-in-law—for now we'd better relate that the third head of our monster, bored and almost senile, had finally set out to do something with his money. He'd

emulate Caesar—nay, overshadow him—by conquering Parthia. But the Parthians rose up (pouring molten gold down Crassus's throat, as some say, in order to give his greed its due). *Tricararanus* is dead, and its two surviving heads no longer share the same political or matrimonial flesh.

THE INSCRUTABILITY OF POMPEY

Now what? Our anti-Pompeian sources inform us that the newlywed husband, perhaps fearing the hostility of Caesar whom he's now injured, claws for greater power in Rome, and fails to get it, which is why he countenances disorder. But this tells us nothing. Why would he have spurned Caesar's two marriage-offers in the first place, unless that Gaul-conqueror's honor had been so blackened in people's minds as to make of him a millstone in any alliance? In 51 B.C., we find Pompey still loyally supporting a law which exempts Caesar from having to stand for the consulship in person. That way, Caesar can remain in Gaul, out of reach of prosecution, until he steps into office, where he'll become immune from prosecution. Pompey's motives in marrying Cornelia, in short, remain opaque to our analysis—if we exclude youth, beauty, the usual well-connectedness. Be that as it may, the portentous vapors of chaos hang over Rome. The people's demagogue, Clodius, dies at a rival's hand; plebeians burn the Senate, march to Pompey's residence and shout entreatingly: "Consul! Dictator!" What must Pompey be thinking? Do the masses part before him when he approaches the Forum? "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?" And for the sake of order, with even Cato accepting the necessity, the Senate makes Pompey sole consul. And what must Caesar be thinking?

"CAESAR WILL REFUSE TO DISBAND HIS ARMY"

Now the crisis. Caesar's enemies bring before the Senate, "in violation of a law of Pompeius and Crassus, a motion touching the provinces of Caesar." So writes a Caesarian.⁴²⁴ In plain terms, fearing his army loyalists and his wealth, they want to relieve him of his command.

They ask Pompey to whom he is really loyal—Caesar, or the Republic. Not knowing what else to do, Pompey proposes postponement.

Expecting firmer support, more luminous tokens of prestige, Caesar grows suspicious and anxious. He continues, however, to warmly defend Pompey to those who slander the man.⁴²⁵

Pompey pretends to continue friendly to Caesar, but requires him to return two borrowed legions, supposedly for use against the Parthians. Caesar does not fail to note that those legions remain in Rome with Pompey.⁴²⁶

In self-defense of honor, riches, power and life, Caesar cannot now dismiss his remaining legions. He wants one more year in Gaul, to make sure that the locals

he's crushed can't rise up, and to further establish his machinery of client support. Seeking greater glory, he founds the town of Novum Comum, allowing the chief magistrates to become Roman citizens. What a cunning idea! A metropolis peopled entirely with one's own clients! Comprehending his intentions all too well, Marcus Claudius Marcellus, defender of authority, and now consul after Pompey, seizes one of these "new men" and orders him beaten with rods. "He told the man to carry his scars," "the brand of the alien," "and show them to Caesar." Continuing the attack, Marcellus announces his determination to take over Caesar's provinces.⁴²⁷ (Yielding to self-indulgence, let's peer into the future. After the Civil War, at the unanimous request of the Senate, Caesar will exercise the mercy to which we are now accustomed, and recall this enemy from exile.⁴²⁸ The ironic result: anti-Caesarians murder Marcellus.) Meanwhile, Cato keeps shouting for Caesar's impeachment.⁴²⁹

He sues to continue in his governorship of Gaul—which is to say, to postpone that impeachment. After all, many unknown kingdoms remain to be conquered! ("He was often heard to remark," says Suetonius, "that now he was the leading man of the state, it was harder to push him down from the first place to the second than it would be from the second to the lowest.")⁴³⁰

But the Senate, controlled for an instant by Cato, Marcellus, Lucullus, refuses—moreover demanding that his troops must *immediately* dissolve, thereby liquidating his dangerous and illegitimate authority.

But where does authority originate? Plutarch tells an anecdote which for obvious reasons does not appear in Caesar's memoir: One of the defiant governor's centurions, standing in the very Senate chamber, claps his sword-pommel, remarking, "Well, this shall give it to him."⁴³¹

As for Caesar's loyalist, the doomed Hirtius who concludes the *Gallic War*, he insists that "Caesar determined to submit to anything so long as some hope was left to him of a constitutional settlement rather than an appeal to arms."⁴³² And indeed this rings true. The Caesar of moderation and persuasion, who brought Crassus and Pompey together, who sought to save Catiline (thereby making of him a client), who's willing to divorce his own wife for the sake of concord, who reasons before he threatens, would do no less.

"Everything hangs on what happens on the first of March," Cicero writes in a private letter, for he is not at all sure whether Caesar will give up his province.⁴³³ Ten months later he is confiding that "news was simply awful about Caesar... it was certainly terrifying... Caesar will refuse to disband his army."⁴³⁴

"IT IS TOO LATE TO RESIST HIM"

With his typical mercuriality, Cicero counsels acceptance of Caesar's demands, since "it is too late to resist him, when for ten years we have nurtured this viper in our bosom," and since from civil war will spring tyranny no matter which side wins.⁴³⁵

And yet less than two weeks later he asks his friend Atticus to “imagine him in office again after your experience of his former tenure. You will reflect that, weak as he was, he was too strong for the constitution. What about him now?”⁴³⁶

In the Senate, the tribune Curio, perhaps seeking to split Pompey and Caesar for his own ends,⁴³⁷ or perhaps simply bought by Caesar,⁴³⁸ proposes that *both* Pompey and Caesar lay down their armies. Caesar’s term is almost up; Pompey still has five years to go. Thus the proposal is intimidating, unfair, absurd.

Caesar’s friend Hirtius arrives in Rome, straight from the Gallic front, and pays no call on Pompey. Like Stalin not inviting the Yugoslavs to dinner, this signifies estrangement. Pompey takes note.⁴³⁹

THE DEIFIED POMPEY

And now another unfounded rumor comes: Red-cloaked Caesar has crossed the Alps, like the resurrection of dreaded Hannibal! Claudius moves that he be declared a public enemy, and ritualistically places a sword in Pompey’s hands, commanding him to defend law, authority, homeland.⁴⁴⁰

By law, Pompey as proconsul with *imperium* cannot be present in Rome, but he waits outside the city walls, directing his menacing mouthpieces and summoning the senators to him at the close of business. He explains to them that Caesar, having made more splendid vows to Rome than he can fulfill, prefers to distract the people with unrest.⁴⁴¹ But our black-eyed young whelp can be easily put down by Pompey the Great!⁴⁴² What strikes hindsight as a bellicose drunkard’s faith in his own honor and invincibility (Cicero will blame the first violence of the Civil War not on Caesar, but on Pompey)⁴⁴³ can be, in part, explained by failed espionage. The commanders in charge of transferring Caesar’s two borrowed legions home insist that the soldiers in Gaul are weak, disgruntled, homesick, perhaps even mutinous.⁴⁴⁴ In their false reports I see the hand of Caesar himself, who so loves to be underestimated. In Gaul he was always keeping his legionnaires in camp, pretending to be afraid, until the enemy, coming closer and closer, allowed its judgment to be over-ridden by contempt, and doomed itself.⁴⁴⁵ In the Civil War, defeated at Dyrrhachium, he’ll employ that defeat to entice Pompey into battle at Pharsalos: this time Pompey loses utterly. Once again I recall his boyhood’s sunny smiles, his gamboling with the pirates he was planning to execute, his many speeches of moderation in the Roman Senate—is it unfair to say these were all of a piece?

“DEFEND MY REPUTATION”

And so the Senate, which Caesar asserts to be but Pompey’s puppet (a claim surely astonishing to Pompey), passes the “ultimate decree” of martial law. Caesar’s tribunes flee to their master, who sits at Ravenna, “awaiting a reply to his very

moderate demands,” as he puts it.⁴⁴⁶ Convoicing his legionnaires, he insists that his honor, like Pompey’s, possesses the right of self-protection: “I ask you to defend my reputation and standing against the assaults of my enemies.”⁴⁴⁷ The men of the Thirteenth Legion cry that they will rise up for his sake. For Caesar, like Napoleon, never stints in spending himself, never spares praise for his own troops.⁴⁴⁸ Such is his generosity that he freely admires enemy valor, too. In Gaul, when he’d practically exterminated the Nervii, “the enemy,” he said, “even when their hope of safety was at an end, displayed a prodigious courage.”⁴⁴⁹ I cannot help but bring back to mind the anecdote of Napoleon chastising the cavalryman whose horse trod upon a wounded Russian.⁴⁵⁰ These are not small graces. No doubt the centurions of the Thirteenth have seen them displayed many times; they know his character; they’re indifferent to his politics—or think to gain by them. Caesar’s been their generous patron for nine years now. Should he fall, how can they be sure of getting more gold? All Rome will be their next Gaul, a fatter, richer target. Incredibly, they vow to serve him with neither pay nor rations, “the richer assuming the care of the poorer.”⁴⁵¹ This goes beyond mere calculation, and enters the zone called faith. In Greece, temporarily bested by Pompey, his legions will eat bread made out of roots. Shown this sign of their determination, Pompey shudderingly calls them wild beasts.⁴⁵² Caesar’s ambition has brought them to this. “Yet even so,” writes Appian, “nobody deserted him, but all, by a kind of divine fury, longed to come to close quarters with the enemy.”⁴⁵³ That fury, what is it really? Loyalty, defense of honor, bloodlust, love? No matter. The bailiff can count on it. —“Glow, holy flame, glow!”

Emboldened, he moves to Ariminium, sending tidings to propose mutual withdrawal and disbandment to Pompey, who agrees only to go to Spain (where most of his real powers, his legions, have already dug in), but, defending his own honor, not to disband.⁴⁵⁴ Both sides now begin levies. Caesar establishes armed cohorts in Pisaurum, Fanum, Ancona. When Pompey’s man, the praetor Thermus, does the same in Iguvium, Caesar sends Curio, whose many debts the master has paid, to march upon that town with three cohorts, or eighteen hundred men, and conquer it by force or threat. Thermus flees, and, writes Caesar blandly, “Curio took over Iguvium amid general good will.”⁴⁵⁵ This act of aggression commences the Civil War.

THE SECOND LIMITATION OF WAR

Was it a just war? That certainly depends on whom you ask.

Recall our Second Limitation, which runs: The violence of war should be employed against no more people than is needed to accomplish a specific justified result, and the number of people harmed by the violence should be fewer than the number of people helped by it. [In other words, respect the proportionality principle, 5.1.7.]

As for the first half of this rule, we merely need to remember Caesar’s aphorism,

which he truly followed, I am never happier than when pardoning suppliants, to grant him full justifiability. Unlike Hitler and Napoleon, he was almost perfect in this regard. What about the second half? The number of people harmed by the violence should be fewer than the number of people helped by it. Well? The only way to determine this is to judge Caesar's postwar administration. For now, we'll set the Second Limitation aside.

THE THIRD LIMITATION OF WAR

Caesar's biography lacks certain details which would aid our visualization: What was the predominant color of any Roman town? Were the legionnaires ragged and wretched? Which expressions passed across Pompey's face on being told of the seizure of Iguvium and the crossing of the Rubicon? But what it misses in pictorialism, it makes up for in a plenitude of justifications sufficiently well-founded for Pompey himself, after losing everything at Pharsalos, to advise the Mitylenians to "obey the conqueror and not to fear anything, for Caesar was a just man, and of a courteous nature."⁴⁵⁶ But before we turn to the Civil War, briefly consider the—

THIRD LIMITATION ON WAR (NON-BINDING):

IT SHOULD BE FOUGHT ONLY BY LEGITIMATE COMMAND

Aquinas says in the *Summa Theologica* that for a war to be just, the fighting must be under the authority of the sovereign, since "it is not the business of a private person to declare war, because he can seek for redress of his rights from the tribunal of his superior."⁴⁵⁷ (Here our churchman stands near to Clausewitz, who argued that the war aim is to be laid down by the supreme commander.)

CAESAR ARRAIGNED

I propose that we accept Aquinas's condition⁴⁵⁸ on the understanding that the legitimate sovereign may be anyone from a monarch to a cabinet to a cabal of Sungungu vigilantes in Tanzania.⁴⁵⁹

According to our definition of preexisting authority, Caesar's command was illegitimate in that it had not been delegated by the highest political power in Rome, the Senate; that "most people" did not accept his power (although what the plebeians thought of him we'll never know); that it did not proceed at a moderate tempo; and that it was quite definitely at variance with law. As such, his war was illegitimate. "Where was a braver army than that under Julius Caesar?" cried an eighteenth-century British M.P. "Where was ever an army that had served country

more faithfully? ... Yet that army enslaved their country."⁴⁶⁰

As revolutionary authority, it seems not particularly illegitimate.

And what was the war aim? The same as Napoleon's: *Follow my star*; further myself. Caesar's self, at least, was not ungenerous.

POMPEY ARRAIGNED

Pompey, plump-faced and bland,⁴⁶¹ might not have been in any modern sense the duly elected representative of the state (to which the mere notion of due representation would have been treason), but if we can put aside the question, so sterile in this context,⁴⁶² of whether Roman law and authority, which endured in some sense for centuries, was justified even though the masses had little say in their own governance, then we can grant that the Senate did grant him the "ultimate decree" of martial law with which to resist Caesar—no matter that it tried to backwater promptly thereafter. His triumphs and floral tributes give cause—certainly gave *him* cause—to suppose he enjoyed some popular consensus—but then, Caesar possessed the same.

WAR AIMS COMPARED

Pompey says to his legions: "Surely we may trust in the gods and in the righteousness of the war, which has for its noble and just object the defence of our country's constitution."⁴⁶³

Caesar says: "Unless we conquer nothing is our own ... It will be glorious for us to carry off the first honours of the coming conflict."⁴⁶⁴

Pompey's purpose has a nobler ring, to be sure. But Cicero, who cannot forget the Three-Headed Monster, renders bilious judgment: "It is for their own power men are fighting now to the danger of the country. For if the constitution is being defended, why was it not defended when Caesar himself was consul?"⁴⁶⁵ —And, indeed, with Caesar and Crassus, Pompey had repeatedly violated the state, conscience, law. The opinion of my *Oxford Classical Dictionary*, that Pompey "was content if its rules were bent almost but not quite to breaking point to accommodate his extraordinary eminence,"⁴⁶⁶ seems too kind. Even Caesar's posthumous enemy, Tacitus, admits that "the Great's" "cures were worse than the abuses, and he broke his own laws. Force was the means of his control."⁴⁶⁷

Still, at the moment that the Civil War actually broke out, Caesar's authority beyond the Rubicon remained quite simply less justified than Pompey's. His mind and will might have been more brilliant, but he and Pompey also stood respectively for turbulence and some measure of stability. Caesar certainly had no superior *right* on his side, and he was willing to overthrow the entire Roman system solely for himself. His authority could not justify its breaches of law and consensuality.

Hence, by our Third Limitation, neither could his war.

CAESAR EXTENUATED

Having ruled against Caesar, we ought now to mention his actual methods of war-making, which so magnificently transcended our First Limitation as to partially extenuate his wicked, selfish war aims. When the tale of Caesar was all done, and the crowd demanded that his assassination be avenged, Marc Antony, who hoped to wear the dead man's dignity, gave what is by modern standards a very strange and curious answer:

I myself would join you and would be the first to call for vengeance if I were not the consul, *who must care for what is said to be for the common good rather than for what is just*. So these people who are inside tell us. So Caesar himself perhaps thought, when *for the good of the country*, he spared those citizens whom he captured in war, and was slain by them.⁴⁶⁸

It is as if, in a far remove from Plato, goodness is one thing, and justice another. In our chapter on punishment,⁴⁶⁹ we'll have opportunity to examine the classical view of justice as divine retribution, cruel and inescapable—to which Antony evidently subscribed. It is not so far from Hitler's definition of a just war: the slaughter of the unclean, inferior and unrighteous. History can be grateful that Caesar did not see war in that light.

CAESAR'S MERCY (CONTINUED)

Caesar's prose steals no time from its march to relate the anecdote, made famous by Plutarch, of the crossing of the Rubicon: how Caesar stood up in the middle of a convivial dinner party, told the company to await his quick return, slipped away with a few discreet followers until the darkness opened up before him upon the river's dull glimmer; how he then struggled between honor and loyalty, pride and law, anger and conscience, glory-lust and fear, self-preservation and submission; until action won out, and he forded the Rubicon. Borrowing the old cliché of mother-rape, Lucan has him defying a vision of sighing, white-haired, about-to-be-ravished Rome, insisting to the old matron:

"The man who makes me your enemy, it is he will be the guilty one."

Then he broke the barriers of war and through the swollen river quickly took his standards.⁴⁷⁰

The tale seems, in fact, uncharacteristic of Caesar, who recounts his achievements of steady engineering—blockades, bridges and siege-towers—with a fluidly remorseless lack of introspection. It is hard to imagine him vacillating. After all, he's been a general for nine years, and won victories at the very edges of the world: to him this work is not new. He explains all his procedures: "On every fourth raft he built a tower two storeys high, to help in defence against attacks by sea and against firebrands."⁴⁷¹ Methodically his legionnaires wrap long cloth bands around their legs, don their metal-banded leather tunics, helmet up, raise shield, raise javelin, raise sword, march. As the gods' statues sweat, and blood rains portentously from the sky, the Senate "in its panic repented that it had not accepted Caesar's proposals, which it at last considered fair, after fear had turned it from the rage of party to the counsels of prudence."⁴⁷²

Dividing his army into five parts, he follows the laws of war, and even adds new ones, constantly seeking to negotiate with Pompey until the final brush-off at Brundisium (Pompey blames the senator Lentulus—himself ambitious of tyranny⁴⁷³—for not patching up their personal quarrel),⁴⁷⁴ sparing captives whenever he can, trying to gain his victories through demonstration rather than force.

"I SHALL GOVERN BY MYSELF"

The first great test of his war means: Before proceeding to Hither Spain—an urgent matter, because Pompey owns many clients there—he pays his first untrammelled visit to Rome, where he finds himself greeted with supplications, as if he were back in conquered Gaul. (Pompey has fled to regroup his half-cocked legions.)⁴⁷⁵ I imagine the great Forum as being empty, Rome's great crowds gone slinkingly to earth, half expecting their own massacre. Everyone must remember his Gallish triumphs: the trumpets, the soldiers just as now, Vercingetorix and the other prisoners led through the streets to Jupiter's temple to be put to death. . . . And Caesar? In his own words, "he summoned the Senate," as if it were a dog, "and detailed the wrongs done him by his enemies."⁴⁷⁶ Does he take slaves, slaughter the Senate, lop off left hands? Never. Indeed, Appian says that "he cheered them with the prospect and promise of clemency."⁴⁷⁷ Or, if you'd rather, he brandishes his mercy before their noses. "I think I showed extreme forbearance," he cries in his shrill voice, "in actually suggesting myself that the armies be disbanded, although this would have meant a loss of position and power for me."⁴⁷⁸ They look up at him fearfully from their marble benches. This image of him is hardly attractive. Can he who publicly marvels at his own goodness be so very good? And yet Rome remembers Sulla, first to bring civil war to the capitol's streets.⁴⁷⁹ Rome remembers Sulla's lists of proscribed⁴⁸⁰ men—to be murdered and robbed where found, their putrefying heads then exposed to infect the others with viciousness and terror. Rome ought to be grateful that such memories will not take on new life. Still, the first speech of our anti-Sulla sets a less than pleas-

ant tone: "I earnestly ask you to join with me now in taking over the government of Rome; if timidity makes you shrink from the task, I shall not trouble you—I shall govern by myself."⁴⁸¹

More memories: images of Pompey. We don't have the space here to draw him as anything more than foil and context to Caesar; but among the many vicissitudes of his career, of his many cruelties, triumphs, splendors, vanities and benefactions, envision one more time "the Great" returning to Rome at the head of his troops. Again and again it comes to mind: He dismissed the legionnaires before entering the city gates.

Now Caesar. He's no Sulla, it's true—and no Pompey.

About his homecoming the following year, he writes, as ever, in the third person, and with his accustomed lack of self-irony: "Caesar as dictator⁴⁸² held the elections, and the consuls elected were Publius Servilius"—what a perfect name!—"and Julius Caesar, this being the year in which Caesar could legally become consul."⁴⁸³ (To the Mons Capitolinus. Sacrifice more cattle to Jupiter in the name of civic concord.) As if legality meant any more to him, at this stage, than a tender skin easily flayed from the carcass of justice!

"HE ARRIVED THERE UNEXPECTEDLY"

He strikes rapidly and resolutely. Here he is in Italy; there in Spain. A historian eulogizes his faithfulness to "the basic principle that the first and most important task was to seek out and destroy the enemy army, wherever it was."⁴⁸⁴ In his *Gallic War* we find a sentence which sums up not only his *modus operandi*, but his entire life and death: "He arrived there unexpectedly, and with more speed than anyone had looked for"⁴⁸⁵—anyone, that is, except for Tacitus and Plutarch with their eagle-eyed hindsight. Certainly the Pompeians don't anticipate him even now—fate-blinded men—they sleep on watch; and suddenly here come the legions, headed by Caesar in his scarlet cloak, "which it was his habit to wear in action as a distinguishing mark."⁴⁸⁶ The Spanish troops, best hope, surrender to Caesar after a mere forty days. The sun goes down on them.

Caesar makes gains, busily restores every loss. He breaches the enemy not merely through force and deliberation, but also by employing, no, *expressing* his eternal daring, as when he leads his men across the Sicoris River, whose current rises to their chests—a feat immediately followed by a forced night march to catch and outflank the retreating Pompeians.⁴⁸⁷ Defense of ground now spins many a trick. The enemies seek to entice each other from their ditch-perimetered camps, or to seize the highest spot, or to outflank and blockade. What strategy begins, clemency completes. Having cut off his enemies from the Ebro, Caesar edifies us by displaying more pity than his own soldiers! His words to the sullen, angry crew: "I am stirred with pity for the citizens whom I see must be killed; I would rather gain my ends without any

harm befalling them.”⁴⁸⁸ Surrounding the Pompeians, he encourages fraternization—simultaneously cutting them off from water. Not quite Gandhi’s tactics,⁴⁸⁹ we grant, but who wouldn’t prefer embargo to massacre? The enemy, clinging to their now superseded war aims, briefly compel him to fight, but he merely tightens siege, and thirst does its work. Thus the sowing; now for the harvest: Lucius Afrianus, the Pompeian general, capitulates “in the most humble and abject manner possible,” recalls the victor, who lectures him on the subject of combat morality—and insistently shares the lecture with us: “It was you who did not observe the conventions of a truce and a conference; you who brutally put to death guileless men, who had been deceived by the offer of a chance to talk”⁴⁹⁰—that is, during the fraternization which Caesar had instigated. But he refrains (as we almost knew he would) from taking Afrianus’s life or liberty, commanding only “the disbanding of those armies which you have maintained against me these many years. I say ‘against me,’” he continues,⁴⁹¹ giving a long list of his own grievances, to remind us—if we needed to be reminded—how personalized this war really is, how strange by the standards of the mass society in which I live and write that two antagonists can fight each other with only the most half-hearted attempts to cloak the fight in universalist terms.

He storms on. With steady entrenchments, conduits and fortifications, he achieves his glory piecemeal, in increments calibrated to his footsloggers. It has been said that he innovates nowhere, but coordinates “in the most perfected form”⁴⁹²—great praise for any aspiring dictator.

Somewhere in Emerson I remember reading that every human being who has ever lived stands in some potential or spiritual sense heir to humankind’s highest capabilities, as exemplified by Plato’s brain and Caesar’s hands. This compliment to Caesar is well deserved.⁴⁹³ His conquests in the Civil War, as in Gaul, remain astounding two millennia later. *Uncanny* this man, with his Clausewitzian leniency and almost unbounded war aims! Napoleon in his maxims twice advises the warrior to “peruse again and again” the campaigns of the “Great Captains” among whom Caesar occupies an exalted place. Their principles: union of forces, protection of weak spots and rapid seizures of strategic points.⁴⁹⁴ (Napoleon himself, of course, nowhere in the maxims advises clemency.)

“ARMS AND LAWS HAVE EACH THEIR OWN TIME”

It is not my place to summarize his battles, truces, ultimatums. (He sums up his triumph over King Pharnaces: “I came, I saw, I conquered.”)⁴⁹⁵ He followed every limitation and corollary in our calculus of war, excepting that Third Limitation. As I’ve said, for a cinematic picture, read Lucan, who agrees with Tacitus that during the war “morality and law were non-existent”⁴⁹⁶—an assertion which his treatment of Lucius Afrianus, the Massiliotes and ever so many others proves to be entirely untrue. I do admit that, during that visit to Rome when he announced that he could

easily govern by himself, he'd found himself, as ever, to be short of cash with which to rent loyalty (did he lament his former partner Crassus?), and so by armed force he helped himself to the treasury, overcoming objections with the maxim: *Arms and laws have each their own time.*⁴⁹⁷ Then he pressed on, more often than not disobeying that cruel doctrine, bestowing clemency and good luck instead. Slamming down the curvy cheekpieces or *bucculae* of their helmets, his troops rush behind him. The besieged Pompeians dwell in the smell of their dead,⁴⁹⁸ but is it his fault? Following the axioms and corollaries of war, he treats as stubborn combatants only those who refuse to surrender and those who, having surrendered, return to the fray. When Pompey appears to be winning, the town of Gomphi, which had previously opened the gates, now turns with misplaced prudence against Caesar, who therefore "gave it to the troops to plunder."⁴⁹⁹ We can imagine what this means. In Africa, one of Caesar's captains invests Cirta, famed for its wealth. The inhabitants having refused terms, they "were subsequently all captured and killed."⁵⁰⁰ Were he here to speak before us, he'd doubtless cry out in his high and eloquent voice that such exceptions merely prove his generosity's rule; for at Gomphi and Cirta, arms and laws shared each other's justice—hadn't the besieged been offered terms?

As it happens, we possess a sample of the terms he made to none other than Cicero, who'd declined his gracious invitation to meet and collaborate with him in Rome, but who found that his trickiest devices could scarcely unfetter Caesar's friendship from around his neck. Most deliciously courteous runs the dictator's salutation:

Caesar Imperator to Cicero Imperator, Greeting:

... you will have done a serious injury to our friendship and consulted your own interest very little, if you show that you are not following fortune (for everything that has happened seems most favourable to me and most unfavourable to Pompey), nor yet following the right cause (for the cause was the same then, when you thought fit to hold aloof from it), but that you have condemned some act of mine, the greatest harm you could do me. Do not take such a step, I pray you by the right of our friendship.⁵⁰¹

This is nothing if not a threat. No wonder that Cicero always pinches himself when he begins to dream of Caesar's clemency. "I fear all his kindness is only a preparation for cruelty like Cinna's."⁵⁰² He fears wrongly, but doesn't that letter exude a silken evil? Caesar in his glittering armor will sway with affection and gold—failing which, Caesar will intimidate. After his Gallic decade, he knows how to take hostages, breathing his insidious friendship into the ears of once-sovereign tribesmen—doesn't the very word "clemency" become menacing when applied between supposed equals? And so he marches into Rome, then *summons* Cicero, who tremblingly overcomes his native cowardice. "We were mistaken in thinking he would be easy to manage," he later writes to Atticus. "I have never seen anyone less

easy." In a convulsion of bravery, he refuses to approve Caesar's uprising against the Republic. The tyrant replies: "That is not what I want," and urges him to reconsider, dismissing him with this warning: "If I may not use your advice, I shall use the advice I can and go to any length."⁵⁰³

WHAT DOES THE CITIZEN OWE HIS HOMELAND?

The moral calculus of Cicero (49 B.C.)⁵⁰⁴

"However, not to succumb entirely to low spirits, I have taken for myself certain theses... Here are some:

[He switches into Greek.]

"Whether one should remain in one's country, even under a tyranny. Whether any means are lawful to abolish a tyranny, even if they endanger the existence of the State... Whether one ought to invade the country and besiege one's native town, when it is under a tyranny ...

[He returns to Latin.]

"By employing myself with such questions and discussing the pros and cons in Greek and Latin, I divert my thoughts a little from my troubles ..."

In other words, even now Cicero can offer no firm maxim. He will never defy Caesar.

"BEING MYSELF THE WITNESS OF MY LIBERALITY"

But remember—I insist on it—that Caesar remains ever loyal and generous to his friends, even at the cost of his own comfort,⁵⁰⁵ ever merciful to his enemies. Proof: Cicero will outlive him.

Pompey says that all who do not fight on his side will be considered enemies. Caesar promises his friendship to neutrals.⁵⁰⁶ He even, in the words of an admitted opponent, "freely allowed all those whom he had made centurions on Pompey's recommendation to go over to his rival."⁵⁰⁷

As a commander he is said to have been mild by the standards of the time. He chuckles that his soldiers fight well even when they stink of perfume.⁵⁰⁸ Only one infraction does he punish with any rigor: mutiny. At Placentia, one of his armies, crazed to fury by the endless warring, finally rises up against him. Calling them before him, Caesar announces: "Being myself the witness of my liberality to you heretofore I shall now execute the law of our country by decimating the Ninth

Legion"—which is to say, killing one out of ten of those 4,800 men—the same procedure that Crassus had followed with his fearful troops against Spartacus; Trotsky would adopt it two millennia later.⁵⁰⁹ The legion screams; officers throw themselves at his feet; he then “so far remitted the punishment as to designate 120 only (who seemed to have been leaders of the revolt), and chose twelve of these by lot to be put to death.”⁵¹⁰ After the defeat at Dyrrhachium, the Civil War momentarily almost lost to Pompey, he pardons his troops, and his mildness works upon them until they themselves beg to be decimated! He refuses. They beg that he at least execute a few standard-bearers who’d run away, luring the rest after them. In his possibly mendacious words, “he reluctantly punished a few.”⁵¹¹ Later on, when the Tenth Legion demands discharge and donative, he grants their request and adds: “And I shall give you all that I have promised when I triumph with other soldiers.” Then, shamed and greedy of booty, they plead to be taken back into his service, which he finally grants.⁵¹²

As for the enemy, throughout the entire Civil War he proscribes for liquidation only the three hundred who comprise Pompey’s “council of war,” his “Senate.”⁵¹³ (Suetonius denies even this.)⁵¹⁴ Mostly, he absorbs prisoners high and low into his machine, using hand-clasps and smiling pardons. More lenient even than the calculus of Gomphi would imply, he twice takes Lucius Vibullius Rufus prisoner in battle, and twice releases him.⁵¹⁵ In his red cloak of command he enters town after town, making mild speeches, harming no one, receiving applause.⁵¹⁶ “Upon my word,” cries Cicero, “if he refrain from murder and rapine, he will be the darling of those who dreaded him most.”⁵¹⁷ As Caesar himself will explain to the envoys of Pharnaces (who simply hadn’t submitted quickly enough), “I myself am never happier than when pardoning suppliants.”⁵¹⁸ And perhaps the conspirators who will eventually murder Caesar are compelled to the deed by their vision of a long future of having to be pardoned again and again and again.

POSTERITY’S SLIGHTS

Indeed, no commentator in after-times seems able to take his mercy at face value. Meier writes that his clemency was an expression of patronizing superiority; he wanted everyone to owe him everything.⁵¹⁹ Four centuries previous, Simon Goulart of Senlis had dilated on “the strange hatred that Caesar hid in his heart, against all those that hindered his doings, without regard of any man. And where he pardoned some before and after victory, it was but for his advancement, not for any good will he bare them.”⁵²⁰ —Simon’s claim remains no better than speculation—who knows what anyone has in his heart, especially a dead man?—but if we turn once more to the Gallic War we can easily discern the politic nature of Caesar’s mercy which so enraged his enemies (Cicero, for instance, who could not abide that Pompey betrayed his friends while Caesar in his “cunning kindness”⁵²¹ granted mercy to his enemies):⁵²²

At the very beginning of the Gaulish conquests, he learns from informers that Dumnorix of the Aedui seeks "revolution"—that is, an anti-Roman alliance with the Helvetii. This transgression's cause burns bright even in Caesar's sight: Dumnorix very reasonably "did not doubt that, if the Romans overcame the Helvetii, they meant to deprive the Aedui of liberty, in common with the rest of Gaul."⁵²³ —What to do? We know what most subduers would answer. But Dumnorix's brother Diviciacus, already a good Roman puppet, most tearfully begs Caesar not to take that solution. The conqueror then, in a gesture worthy of Cortes,⁵²⁴ "took him by the hand and consoled him, bidding him end his entreaty, and showing that his influence with Caesar was so great that he excused the injury to Rome and the vexation felt by himself, in consideration for the goodwill and the entreaties of Diviciacus."⁵²⁵ By pardoning Dumnorix, he eases himself into the role of benevolent overlord—which is to say the role of overlord. (How can such absolution produce happy results? Four years later, Dumnorix will still be bent on revolution. Caesar gives orders that he be brought into custody, but the miscreant resists arrest! "The pursuers, as they were ordered, surrounded the man and despatched him.")⁵²⁶

And yet, no matter what impulses actuated Caesar, no matter how self-serving and hypocritical his soul, decriers of his mercifulness ought to take care, lest the *results* of it come to be despised. Lucan goes so far as to be insulted by his clemency. When the conqueror spares Corfinium's general, the poet cries with typical bad faith: "What dishonour! How much more could Fortune / have spared his Roman sense of shame, by even carrying out the murder! / The citizen's worst punishment for joining the army / of his fatherland ... is— / to be forgiven."⁵²⁷ When he cannot deny, he defiles the motive, as when he remarks à propos of the battle of Pharsalos that Caesar "granted life to worthless souls, to columns / whose death would have had no point."⁵²⁸ Against such absurdly rage-poisoned assessments, one merely has to reply by pointing to the deeds of Lieutenant William Calley.

HIS WAR RECORD

But if we can point to deeds, why not tabulate his? In this slender, balding commander's Civil War, as in his conquest of Gaul, one finds a steadily increasing level of violence after the arch-foe is broken (in the Civil War, Pompey; in the Gallic Wars, Vercingetorix) and he learns that resistance to his sweetness continues. (Intensifying bloodshed and cruelty may, of course, be the pattern in most fratricidal wars.) Suetonius with his usual malice insists that "he met the heavy expenses of the civil wars and of his triumphs and entertainments by the most bare-faced pillage and sacrilege,"⁵²⁹ which might have been true, at times; it certainly was at Gomphi. Meanwhile, the Civil War becomes the Alexandrian War, then the African War, then the Spanish War. With rare exceptions, his legionnaires don't fail him, although their hobnailed shoes wear down; their winter cloaks have holes. Years

after Caesar's assassination, a few Pompeians will continue a feeble, futile insurgency. Meanwhile, his successors, fallen out amongst themselves, form and unform new lethal combinations. All told, the Civil War will last for another decade and a half—longer than all Caesar's campaigns in Gaul. Shall we blame him for that? Certainly he holds a great share of the responsibility. But while we may fairly speak of him as a causative force, it seems inhumanly strict to hold somebody morally accountable for what occurs after his death. Let's stick to the Civil War he actually fought.

Were we to tell this story in Caesar's own style, we'd be terse, confident, definitive. The ambiguity of real life obscuring our straight path, we can't proceed in such a way, even if we'd like to. (Both of Caesar's memoirs are to me monotonous: the action consists of the memoirist solving crisis after crisis, most of which are of his own making.) Tabular terseness, however, may suffice. Herewith, the Civil War:

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOU VANQUISHED ONES?
(THE DEEDS OF JULIUS CAESAR, 49-44 B.C.)

CAVEAT: *Again, many of these details come solely from Caesarian sources.*

MORAL ACTOR	SPARED	DESTROYED
Caesar, at Cornifum, 49 B.C. ⁵³⁰	All (townsfolk open gates in spite of their own Pompeian garrison); Caesar releases the commander with all his property	None Severity: 0
Caesar, at Brundisum, 49 B.C. ⁵³¹	All (townsfolk help him pursue Pompeians)	None Severity: 0
Caesar, at Rome, 49 B.C. ⁵³²	All (even plotters against him in the Senate)	None Severity: 0
Caesarians, at Massilia, 49 B.C. ⁵³³	Truce granted upon request	None Severity: 0
Caesar, against Massiliote truce-breakers, 49 B.C. ⁵³⁴	All (treasury taken; garrison of two legions imposed)	None Severity: 1 [<i>Compare with the treatment of Gomphi, below.</i>]
Caesar, against Pompeian troops in Ilerda, Hither Spain, 49 B.C. ⁵³⁵	All (refuses to attack them even though his own men get angry)	None Severity: n.a., since the Pompeians have not yet surrendered
The same, when the enemy surrender. ⁵³⁶	All (takes commander's son hostage, disbands Pompeian army, feeding them first, and pays for all property taken by his own troops)	None Severity: 1

Caesar, against Pompeian legions under Marcus Varro in Corduba, Further Spain, 49 B.C. ⁵³⁷	All (releases Varro, takes his legion into his service, restores confiscated property to Caesarians, thanks the Spanish townspeople for their help)	None Severity: 0
Caesar's lieutenant, Curio, against Varus in Africa Utica (Numidia), 49 B.C. ⁵³⁸	??	Attacks civilians, "set cavalry on them, to despoil them and treat them as booty" Severity: n.a., since they had not surrendered
Caesar at Oricium, NW Greece, 48 B.C. ⁵³⁹	All (Pompeian garrison commander released)	None. Severity: 1
Caesar at Apollonia, Byllis, Amantia, 48 B.C. ⁵⁴⁰	Same as Oricium	Severity: 0 (x 3)
Caesar against the shipwrecked crews of 16 Rhodian ships, 48 B.C. ⁵⁴¹	All spared, sent home	None Severity: 0 {Compare this with actions of Bibulus against Caesar's ships, below.}
Caesar's lieutenant, Domitius Calvinus, against 2 captured Pompeian squadrons, 48 B.C. ⁵⁴²	??	[??] "All the rest of those squadrons they either killed or brought as prisoners to Domitius." Severity: n.a.
Caesar against the Thessalian town of Gomphi, which had previously surrendered, but now closes her gates, 48 B.C. ⁵⁴³	??	Town given over to pillage Severity: 3 [Caesar's troops were very hungry at the time.]
Caesar, in the Civil War, at the climactic battle of Pharsalos, 48 B.C. ⁵⁴⁴	All ordinary combatants (24,000 surrendered). Allowed to keep property.	Combatants who had previously surrendered, been pardoned, and then returned to arms; each could be spared by one of C.'s soldiers. Severity (according to C.): 0 [Suetonius claims a massacre of Pompey's foreign allied troops; severity would be 4 if we knew that they surrendered, but we do not.]

THE ALEXANDRIAN WAR 48-47 B.C.)

Caesar in Alexandria, 48 B.C. ⁵⁴⁵	Almost all; Caesar installs Cleopatra ("who had remained loyal") and her younger brother on the throne, banishes their sister, leaves a garrison.	Before final victory, C. allows plunder. Severity: 3. At outset, he kills the king's tutor, who attempted an anti-Roman uprising. Severity: 2
--	---	---

Quintus Cornificius, C.'s quaestor in Illyricum, 48-47 B.C., against Pompeian garrisons ⁵⁴⁶	??	?? Garrisons stormed and plundered Severity: 3
Aulus Gabinus, C's officer in Illyricum, 48-47 B.C. ⁵⁴⁷	??	?? Towns stormed and plundered for supplies Severity: 3
Quintus Cassius Longinus, C.'s propaetor in Further Spain, 48-47 B.C. ⁵⁴⁸	??	[Implied] Storms and pillages Spanish towns Severity: 3
Caesar to King Deiotarus, tetrarch of Gallograecia, 47 B.C. ⁵⁴⁹	D. spared, pardoned, released	Severity: 0
Caesar to King Pharnaces of Bosphorus, 47 B.C. ⁵⁵⁰	P. pardoned on condition of making restitution for Roman property seized; must also give C. a golden victor's crown. [He did not keep the agreement and was soon defeated in battle.]	Severity: 1

THE AFRICAN WAR (46 B.C.)

C.'s mercenary captain, P. Sittius, against Cirta, King Juba's richest town, 46 B.C. ⁵⁵¹	None	All; defenders had refused to evacuate the town Severity: 5
Caesar, against two Pompeian prisoners-of-war, 46 B.C. ⁵⁵²	Publius Vestrus, "because his brother had paid over money on request to Caesar at Rome" and because he had been captured by the Pompeians and served them under compulsion	Publius Ligarius, whom C. had captured and pardoned once before already Severity: 2
Caesar's troops (in spite of C.) against the pleading Pompeians at Thapsus, 46 B.C. ⁵⁵³		All, even "several refined and distinguished Romans on their own side," whom they called "agitators." Severity: 5
Caesar, to the town of Utica, which capitulated after Cato's suicide, 46 B.C. ⁵⁵⁴	Lucius Caesar, the Pompeian quaestor, who groveled at C.'s feet; along with several other named notables; Roman businessmen and officials fined 200 million sesterces	None Severity: 1
Caesar, to the town of Zama, 46 B.C. ⁵⁵⁵	All [implied]; some property of Roman Pompeians sold.	Severity: 1

Caesarian troops, to some surrendered Pompeian generals and notables, 46 B.C. ⁵⁵⁶	Most	2 killed as a result of "some disturbance in the army" Severity: n.a., since circumstances unknown
--	------	---

Caesar, on the towns of Thapsus, Hadrumentum, Leptis, Thysdra and Caralis, 46 B.C. ⁵⁵⁷	All? Fines imposed	
---	--------------------	--

THE SPANISH WAR (45 B.C.)

Caesarian troops, to five Pompeian prisoners ⁵⁵⁸	Two messengers released after hands cut off	2 native slave-soldiers, "given no chance of securing pardon"; 1 scout also put to death
---	---	---

Caesarians, to captured Corduban townsmen who'd sallied against them	None	Severity: 3
--	------	-------------

Caesar, to "some" of Pompeius' messengers ⁵⁵⁹	Spared only if they could burn down an enemy-held tower (one man died trying)	All killed after one night Severity: 5 [Context here suggests that these men, having actively launched hostilities against their besiegers, were not eligible for surrender.]
--	---	--

Caesar, to the town of Corduba, which surrendered unconditionally ⁵⁶⁰	All [implied]	Severity: 0
--	---------------	-------------

Caesar, to 4 captured scouts ⁵⁶¹	None	3 slaves crucified, 1 native legionnaire beheaded Severity: 5
---	------	--

As for Caesar's enemies, they were capable of infernal cruelty (the African king Juba being a horrific example). Herewith, their record, to the meager extent that we know it:

THE DEEDS OF JULIUS CAESAR'S ENEMIES DURING THE CIVIL WAR

CAVEAT: *Many of these details come solely from Caesarian sources.*

MORAL ACTOR

SPARED

DESTROYED

THE CIVIL WAR (UP TO POMPEY'S DEATH)

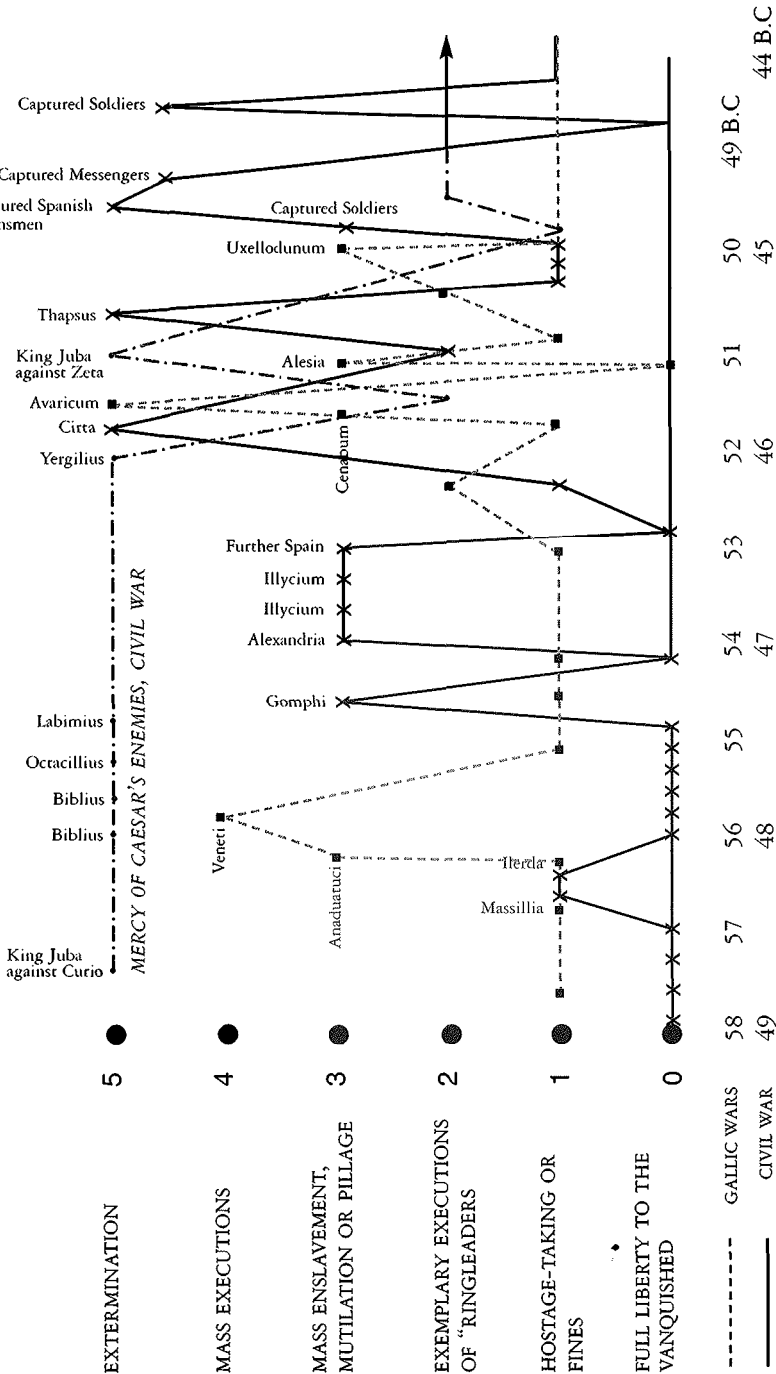
King Juba in Numidia, to the captured Caesarian legionnaires of Curio, 49 B.C. ⁵⁶²	"Only a few whom he sent back to his kingdom"	"The majority" Severity: 5
Bibulus (Caesar's former co-consul) to 30 Caesarian sailors captured at Brundisium, 48 B.C. ⁵⁶³	None	All on board burned alive Severity: 5
The same, at Oricum, to other captured sailors, 48 B.C. ⁵⁶⁴	None	All Severity: 5
Otacilus Crassus, to sailors who surrendered by negotiation at Lissus, 48 B.C.	None	All (220 men) Severity: 5
Labienus, a deserter from Caesar's side, to captured Caesarian after the battle of Dyrachium, 48 B.C. ⁵⁶⁵	None	All, put to death with taunts, in order to strengthen the Pompeians' trust in Labienus Severity: 5

THE AFRICAN WAR (46 B.C.)

Gaius Vergilius, against 2 of C.'s Spanish tribunes of the 5th legion ⁵⁶⁶	None	Both put to death after negotiated surrender Severity: 5
Scipio, against captured Caesarian centurions and recruits	Recruits (distributed among the Pompeian legions)	Centurians, one of whom had refused to fight for the Pompeians; all tortured to death Severity: 2
King Juba, against the town of Zeta, which had gone over to C.'s side ⁵⁶⁷	None	All, and town pillaged Severity: 5
Sextus Pompeius, toward towns taken by force in Further Spain ⁵⁶⁸	??	Property of rich townsmen confiscated Severity: 1
Pompeian troops at or near Corduba, to "hostages" ⁵⁶⁹	??	"Some" hostages' throats cut Severity: 2

CAESAR'S MERCY TO THE VANQUISHED, 58-44 B.C.

"I MYSELF AM NEVER HAPPIER THAN WHEN PARDONING SUPPLIANTS."



TIMELINE: GALLIC WARS AND CIVIL WAR

(THE CIVIL WAR CONTINUED FOR 13 YEARS AFTER CAESAR'S ASSASSINATION)

SEVERITY TO VANQUISHED

And so, combining our severity scale, Caesar's record in Gaul, his record in the Civil War and his enemies' deeds, let's draw a data-picture comparing Caesar's mercy with that of his opponents. [*See opposite page.*]

Given the source, it is no accident that Caesar comes off better—but that's probably equally true given the long lost *facts*. —O charitable conqueror!

PHARSALOS

And now, Pharsalos. I'm sure that Caesar hopes it will be the last battle. Pompey's advisers, punch-drunk after their victory at Dyrrhachium, *know* that it will be. They actually divide up Caesar's honors among themselves and lay out a victory supper on silver plates before setting out to self-destruction. Their confidence, we might mention, was not entirely baseless. Let us suppose that people are not animals, that (even though both Caesar and Clausewitz implied that it was none of their business) people have some conception of their commander's war aims—and maybe even an opinion on the justice (or not) of those ends. After all the Gallic campaigns, and now the new battles against Pompey (especially the one at Dyrrhachium), how do the troops judge their master, the man who "was born to do great things"?⁵⁷⁰ Plutarch describes their condition on the eve of Pharsalos:⁵⁷¹

For the best part of his men, though they had great experience, and showed an irresistible courage in all engagements, yet by their frequent marches changing their camps, attacking fortifications, and keeping long night-watches, were getting worn out and broken, they now being old, their bodies less fit for labor, and their courage also beginning to give way with the failure of their strength.⁵⁷²

Like the veterans of Napoleon's *Grand Armée*, perhaps they begin to wonder what it will take to satisfy victorious Caesar, and whether their labors will ever end. Their iron helmets are dented and tarnished; the cheekpieces squeak when raised or lowered. Their segmented cuirasses no longer gleam. They have holes in their shoes. Even the commander-in-chief himself admits that "the forces embarked" for the big battle in Greece "were themselves rather depleted; many had been lost during all the campaigns in Gaul; the long march in Spain had removed a great many."⁵⁷³

Pompey's troops, on the other hand, are still fresh. Indeed, Caesar will instruct his veterans to strike directly at Pompey's horsemen, who remain youthful enough to fear for their unscarred faces.

About the battle itself we'll say little. Cicero, for once, offers the least myopic estimation: "Pompey has always won in a bad cause, but fails in the best of causes."⁵⁷⁴ Were we more concerned with war-tactics, we might raid the sentences of old historians who describe far better than I ever could how Pompey, overconfident as usual, trusts too much in a certain stream to protect his right flank. Caesar's well-trained cohorts⁵⁷⁵ and

echelons⁵⁷⁶ push him back. Then, "like someone whom some God had deprived of his senses,"⁵⁷⁷ the Great abandons the battle and his army. Or, in Delbrück's colder words, "the interests of the army and of its leaders no longer coincided."⁵⁷⁸

Back to the *means and ends* of Pharsalos. On the battlefield that morning, Pompey one last time invokes defense of law, honor and homeland;⁵⁷⁹ while Caesar, referring to defense of counter-honor, chiefly dwells upon the exigencies of the gamble: "This day will decide everything. Remember what you promised me at Dyrrhachium," where Pompey had won. "Remember how you swore to each other in my presence that you would never leave the field except as conquerors."⁵⁸⁰

Then he turns to the subject which concerns us: clemency. Pompey has gathered to him his barbarian auxiliaries: Syrians, Phrygians, Lydians. Of these, red-cloaked Caesar says, as did Sulla almost half a century earlier:⁵⁸¹ "When you have put the enemy to flight let us spare the Italians as being our own kindred, but slaughter the allies in order to strike terror into the others."⁵⁸² And this is what they do. Foreigners meaning nothing, the Romans don't even bother to count how many they kill. (Here, of course, we must indict not Caesar alone but Roman custom. We find Suetonius citing this episode as evidence of his "admirable self-restraint and mercy.")⁵⁸³

Thus victory. Entering Pompey's camp, Caesar finds letters, many of which must be incriminating—that is, expressive of anti-Caesarian sentiments from persons now in Caesar's power. He burns them unread. Seneca in his moral essays of the following century remarks in this context, most prettily, that the conqueror "thought that the most gracious form of pardon was not to know what the offence of each person had been."⁵⁸⁴

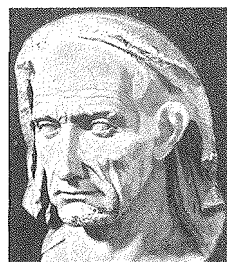
Pompey runs to Egypt, where he meets with expedient murder. Caesar weeps at the sight of his severed head.⁵⁸⁵

TRIUMPH

Personalized and politicized war pursues the fleeing Pompeians to Egypt. The boy-king Ptolemy, pawn of both sides, loses his life while his sister Cleopatra gains Caesar's bed. (Long years hence, her son by him, Caesarion, will be put to death by the new Caesar, Octavian, following a whispered word to the wise: Too many Caesars are a menace.) With his epilepsy, his soft pale skin and his slenderness, the soon-to-be-deified Julius makes an appealing figure of heroic self-overcoming, riding on, keeping neither ease nor booty for himself. Toward the end of the Civil War, besieged in Alexandria, he offers us the spectacle of himself swimming in full armor at age fifty-two, harried by Egyptian arrows but holding his manuscripts over his head to keep them dry.⁵⁸⁶ "Courage has not value if justice is not in evidence too," the Spartan king Agesilaus had said long before, "but if everyone were to be just, then no one would need courage."⁵⁸⁷

Alexandria's great library with all its book-treasures burns—an accident.⁵⁸⁸ He

conquers the Egyptians, installs Cleopatra, assigns a priesthood here and Lesser Armenia there to his new-made client-kings,⁵⁸⁹ extends mercy to suppliant King Deiotarus, who'd taken up arms on Pompey's side, descends on Rome to give cash to soldiers and plebeians,⁵⁹⁰ then stages parades to show off his silver talents and golden crowns, offers combat spectacles, dedicates his Gaul-financed Forum at last, erects a temple to his ancestress Venus—which is to say, to his own prestige. Back to war. Pharsalos won, as we saw, Alexandria, Bosphorus, Illyricum and any number of other battles with or without Caesar now read anticlimactically. Caesar's men find themselves fighting sometimes against Caesar's former lieutenant from the Gallic Wars, and always against other Romans, on other far-flung fronts. They'll win the battle of Thapsus, too—the last engagement of classical times to employ elephants.⁵⁹¹ After slaughtering the beasts, then the beseeching enemy, the Caesarians attack their own officers—perhaps, as one biographer supposes, because they dare not fall upon Caesar himself.⁵⁹² Delbrück with his usual glittering cold logic reminds us that the legionnaires were, after all, mercenaries, with all which that implies.⁵⁹³ Caesar has left us no account (the assassins cut him down before he finished writing *The Civil War*), but one of his generals fills out the tale, telling how the Pompeians, having vainly tried to escape the battlefield, lowered arms, but “our veterans were in such a blaze of indignation that not only could they not be induced to spare their enemies, *but they even wounded or killed several refined and distinguished Romans on their own side, calling them agitators...* though all these soldiers of Scipio begged Caesar for protection, they were killed to a man, under Caesar's very eyes and despite his entreaties to the troops to spare them.”⁵⁹⁴ This sounds like mutiny, and the difficulties of even this most charismatic commander are attested by the fact that Caesar seems not to have punished them for it.



Caesar

He fights Pompey's sons at Munda, where he gains the day against his troops' war-weariness only by running against the enemy alone, stopping missiles with a borrowed shield until the shamed legionnaires follow him to victory.⁵⁹⁵ And, as far as Caesar is concerned, there the Civil War ends.

Leaving a few Pompeians to the enjoyment of guerrilla warfare, which will soon burst into fierce flames again, he returns to Rome, reluctantly (he's spent far too much time in Cleopatra's arms to suit his supporters), celebrates another triumph, discharges his infantry with a farm and 264 gold coins apiece. Up parade visors—off parade helmets! Off with the fresh-polished *lorica segmentata*, whose silver plates and golden vertical belts gleam for the last time!⁵⁹⁶ The world is safe for Caesar—time for all to go to seed... And Caesar? Back to the Mons Capitolinus, where he solemnly anoints the braying victims with wine and salted flour and presides over their sacrifice. A seer pulls out the slaughtered hearts and livers: good omens for Rome, for Caesar, for Jupiter. Now his war aims are fulfilled at last.

THE DEIFIED JULIUS

Helping the poor as always, he remits their rents for a year.⁵⁹⁷ Appian says that he now stands "honoured and feared as no one had ever been before."⁵⁹⁸ Of the temples they erect to him as a god, one most appropriately honors him jointly with the goddess of mercy. "Thus whilst they feared his power they besought his clemency."⁵⁹⁹

We ought not to make too much of his deification: Cicero seeks the same for a loved dead daughter.⁶⁰⁰ But Caesar is quick to tell us with bland self-importance that before the victory at Pharsalos, one of his statues, already consecrated by his acolytes in some temple of Victory—perhaps for a price—witnessed a miracle: a palm tree grew up between the paving stones.⁶⁰¹

And so I can't be too stupefied that they name the month of July after him.⁶⁰² His official correspondence now begins: "*Letter of the deified Caesar. Imperator Gaius Julius Caesar, dictator for the third time, dictator-designate for the fourth time.*"⁶⁰³ "It was decreed that he should transact business on a throne of ivory and gold." We have reason to believe that in his mouth it is all ashes. He surely realizes what his former peers and colleagues really think of him.⁶⁰⁴ On the day of his assassination, hardly any senators will come to his aid.

CAESAR THE LAWGIVER

He rationalizes the calendar and conducts a census. He confers citizenship on all foreign doctors and teachers of liberal arts who reside in Rome. He increases the punishments for certain crimes, in order to make it more difficult for evil rich men to buy their way out with a luxurious exile. "He administered justice with the utmost conscientiousness and strictness," as hostile Suetonius freely admits. It's as if Lincoln had lost the American Civil War, and Jefferson Davis, striding into his place, had unexpectedly turned out to be not only rebel and destroyer, but also statesman.

He plans to create a public library.⁶⁰⁵ On the eve of his death we find him codifying the grain distribution laws, a fact which, now that he need favor no authority save his own, suggests to me that his sponsorship of the poor relief bill to Pompey's veterans so many years ago, however illegal and menacing his means, might have been heartfelt—for, like many a Roman governor, he could easily have left things to work in their old corrupt way. (Is *he* corrupt? One history of the world decides: "Caesar's record of vulgar scheming for the tawdriest mockeries of personal worship is a silly and shameful record.")⁶⁰⁶ He arranges to make property owners responsible for street repairs in their sections, regulates traffic, requires military service as a qualification of magistracy. Centuries later, these regulations will be found engraven on a bronze tablet in Heraclea.⁶⁰⁷

Modern historians often go out of their way to emphasize Caesar's traditionalism: upon the stump of the Republic whose destruction he accomplished in order

to destroy Pompey, he engrafted rational statutes in organic harmony with precedent.⁶⁰⁸ His charter for the municipality of Urso, in the words of a modern editor, "seems to be closely patterned after that of early republican Rome."⁶⁰⁹

He cares about his laws, I believe, not merely as manifestations of his omnipotence, but as vehicles of efficient good. As late as June of 45 B.C., he declares he'll stay, in order to keep them from being ignored.⁶¹⁰ Since he then resolves to depart, it would seem that he no longer cares for their enforcement, that he is to some extent anguished or weary or broken.

CAESAR THE KING

Appian tells it thus: His vulgar toady, Marc Antony, twice places the diadem of kingship on Caesar's head, but he, marking the displeasure of the crowd, two times throws it off.⁶¹¹ The tale is certainly emblematic, and so is this: At the Ludi Circenses, Caesar's statue is carried beside the image of the goddess Victory. The people do not applaud.⁶¹²

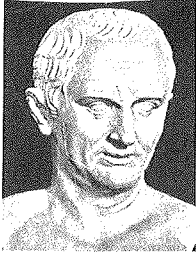
And so, despairing of acceptance, "or being tired out, and wishing by this time to avoid this plot and odium, or deliberately giving up the city to certain of his enemies,"⁶¹³ he reflexively forms new war aims and engineering plans, determining to conquer the world from Parthia all the way to Germany, to drain the Pontine marshes (a feat finally to be achieved only in Mussolini's day), to tunnel the isthmus of Corinth, etcetera.⁶¹⁴ Closing his eyes, can he see the splendid golden city that Imperial Rome will become, with winged and pedestaled Victories triumphing higher than ever? Does he not want the kingship? Did he never want it? Does he think to gain it by repeating in Parthia what he'd done in Gaul? "Prestige has always been of prime importance to me, even outweighing life itself." Now he owns prestige. Pompey's gone, and Caesar's a god. What next? Is he simply at a loss?

DINNER WITH THE KING

He asks Cicero for advice. Cicero writes bitterly to Atticus: "What view ought I to have taken of the Parthian war except what I thought he wanted? Indeed what other purpose had my letter save to kowtow to him?"⁶¹⁵

Indeed, Cicero's intimate correspondence now begins to take on a tone familiar to any student of the Stalinist period. Once so filled with himself, so publicly combative, delightfully sarcastic, so political, above all so *civic*, Cicero now withdraws into himself, discoursing on the safer subjects of his family, land, private affairs, books. Between Caesar and Stalin the choice is easy. Under the latter, a joke between friends or a remark in a personal letter was grounds for condemnation.⁶¹⁶ Cicero continues to jab at Caesar,⁶¹⁷ not overworried that his letters might be opened and used against him. ("Is that so? Does Brutus really say Caesar is going over to the right

party? That is good news. But where will he find them, unless, perhaps, he hangs himself?"⁶¹⁸ His nephew denounces him to Caesar, but Cicero continues to dwell in the warm palms of Caesar's clement hands. Is he grateful? Wearily raising his stylus, the old man writes to Atticus: "Nothing he says is so likely to be believed as that we are utterly irreconcilable to Caesar; that we are not to be trusted, and that I ought to be held in suspicion, which would have been terrifying, if were I not aware that the king knows I have no spirit left."⁶¹⁹



Cicero

The "king" dines at Cicero's shortly before his assassination, arriving with a retinue of two thousand soldiers, in whose articulated cuirasses and upon whose sparkling silver helmets I have no doubt more than two thousand reflected suns can be seen—remember how Cicero used to characterize Caesar, when they were both young? "When I see his hair so carefully arranged, and observe him adjusting it with one finger, I cannot believe it should enter into such a man's thoughts to subvert the Roman state." Remember his gladiators in silver armor, his new Forum? Caesar surely keeps company with only the newest and the best. So here they come, their thick wavy cheekpieces down, their eyes steady behind the slits of their parade masks as they march on, their metal belts jingling, their weapons more than mere emblems. The host, trembling, pitches a camp for them, borrows guards for his villa and bids the dictator welcome. My mind goes inevitably to Milovan Djilas's late-night banquetings with Stalin and Molotov in 1944-48, Djilas struggling to deny his oncreeping apprehension and loathing as everyone laughs at Stalin's jokes. Stalin throws him an unsought bone: "We have no special interest in Albania. We agree to Yugoslavia swallowing Albania."⁶²⁰ Djilas says he doesn't want to swallow Albania; Molotov cynically urges him to it. Now for shots of vodka. Stalin lures, solicits, recruits, intimidates, dominates. Cicero, of course, never suffered from the hero-worship from which Djilas slowly awakened; moreover, Caesar is refined, not vulgar, kind, not threatening. "He was anointed and sat down to dinner," the half-tamed orator says, and compliments himself on his own munificence. They discuss literature, Caesar continuing courteous and pleasant. "Still," the host writes Atticus, "he was not the sort of guest to whom one would say: 'Be sure to look me up on the way back.'"⁶²¹

POMPEY'S STATUE

In modern times, Caesar would have been a popular leader, a mass politician. But in ancient Rome no one could be such a thing without also being a wrecker. Popular force (as embodied in the army) allowed him to become dictator, but this in no sense implies that he was a man of the people; rather, he was a patron of the people. Indeed, as we have said, his clemency ought to be seen in that context: it was a way of asserting his own superiority, of putting others under obligation to him. More

than three hundred years later, Julian the Apostate will declare that Caesar might have mastered his fellow citizens, but could not extort their love, "though you played the philanthropic rôle as though you were acting in a stage-play, and flattered them all shamefully."⁶²² —Never forget that; but never forget that he *was* forgiving and kind. Suetonius writes in amazement that "he actually set up the statues of Lucius Sulla and Pompey, which had been broken to pieces by the populace." "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?" But he didn't, at least not in Sulla's way. Never will he draw up proscription lists of citizens to be liquidated. He disdains to punish plots against himself, merely posting public warnings when his spies uncover their conspiracies.⁶²³ "No man ever made a more generous use of victory, from which he claimed nothing for himself except the right to give away."⁶²⁴ Thus Seneca—who admires Cato more.

THE ONE-HEADED MONSTER

Why should Cato come off best? Because in his dealings with the Senate, Caesar continues to adhere to the standard of his first consulship. He neither consults the Senators, nor does he restore the antebellum magistrates—more likely a sign of prudence than of bitterness, since he has learned so well to forgive his enemies.⁶²⁵ Brutus, most famous of his assassins (and possibly his illegitimate son by Cato's sister), will later claim that the oaths sworn to Caesar did not signify (as Caesar surely thought they did) fidelity and allegiance, but rather granted amnesty *to Caesar himself* for his illegal civil war. Strange Brutus! Strange not only in logic, but also in motives—for Pompey had murdered his legal father! But he came from a line of patricians famed for their services to "liberty." Reminded of his "heritage," his *dignitas*, he had to live up to his reputation and kill Caesar. Let's quote again the words of his victim: "Prestige has always been of prime importance to me, even outweighing life itself." Thus too with Brutus.

A PAEAN TO MERCY

"By the law of conquest, we on the losing side could well have perished," rhapsodizes Cicero from his marble bench in the Senate. "But by your mercy you have deliberately saved us. You are therefore invincible in the most accurate sense of the word, since you have conquered the savage law of Victory itself."⁶²⁶ Then he urges the dictator to restore the Republic's constitution.⁶²⁷

THE NEW HYDRA

Very good. Caesar's a tyrant, usurper and all the rest. Brutus will save the Republic. Oaths to Caesar signify only compulsion. And, continues his murderer,

“if he had required us to swear not only to condone the past, but to be willing slaves for the future, what would our present enemies have done?”⁶²⁸ The logic is specious and self-serving; the throbbing outrage, however, remains comprehensible down the centuries. If I come into your house and rob you, then later pardon



Marcus Brutus

you for having tried to defend your goods from me, how grateful will you be?

Why, Brutus must have thought, do we need “the king’s” permission to live and flourish? Pompey, spurning the envoys of peace, had shouted: “What do I want with life or citizenship which I shall appear to possess by Caesar’s good grace?”⁶²⁹ Pompey was dead. Cato was dead by his own hand. Now Caesar must die. Inevitable then his fall in a circle of darting daggers...

A BRIEF COMMENTARY ON APPIAN

In one pathetic sentence of Appian’s we find the man who’d made, fought and won his personal war, who’d run ahead of his own army time after time, or, seizing wavering standard-bearers by the throat or shoulder,⁶³⁰ pulled them with him into danger, now *alone* at last, without help or hope of the mercy he’d so often given. Who are his assassins? The new monster owns many heads: Marcus Brutus, as we



Death of Caesar

know—during the Civil War Caesar had given particular instructions to spare him on the battlefield—then Cassius, Longinus, Caecilius, Bucolianus, Ligarius, Spurius, Servilius Galba, Sextius Naso, Pontius Aquila, Casca, Trebonius, Tillius Cimber, Minucius Basilus...⁶³¹ Fully sixty senators are said to have turned against our dictator. In the Senate he'd built and dedicated, the marble benches leer about him like teeth as he dies bleeding. We read that all of the actual stabbers save one were Pompeian prisoners of war to whom he'd granted clemency and honor. As for the exception, Decimus Brutus, Caesar had named *him* in his will for adoption in the second degree.⁶³²

Herewith, Appian's sentence: "With rage and outcries Caesar turned now upon one and now upon another like a wild animal, but, after receiving the wound from Brutus he at last despaired and, veiling himself with his robe, composed himself for death and fell at the foot of Pompey's statue."⁶³³

The worm will turn. Augustus will command that Marcus Brutus's head be thrown down at the foot of Julius Caesar's statue.

THE JUDGMENT OF ROME

"Superb and magnificent deed," is Cicero's characterization.⁶³⁴ No surprise—even during the Civil War he'd said: "We can never enjoy a Republic while these two men live, or this one alone."⁶³⁵ I understand the man's exigencies, but his rhetorical nimbleness still disgusts me. The mob applauds the assassin Cassius.⁶³⁶

A century later, Tacitus will look longingly back upon the day when "the nation's enslavement was still rudimentary," and without much outrage, to say the least, on "the ill-starred attempt to recover Republican freedom by murdering the dictator Caesar—a fearful crime? or a conspicuously glorious achievement?"⁶³⁷ His answer to that bifurcated query is obvious.

But the usurper's generosity to the masses, living on in his will, stirs them up against his assassins. Marc Antony's funeral oration literally fans the flames: they cremate Caesar with immense lamentations, then burn the Senate chamber where he died. (Atticus had foreseen that once any funeral was allowed, "our cause" would be lost. "And slaves and paupers were incited to attack our houses with torches. And the end of it all is that they dare to say: "Are you going to oppose Caesar's will?"⁶³⁸



Marc Antony addressing the people

I know not quite how to judge him. The Second Limitation of War, as you

recall, ends as follows: *The number of people harmed by the violence should be fewer than the number of people helped by it.* Caesar did so many good things! To speak of "enslavement" as Tacitus did seems peculiar to our minds, because the masses lived unfree before Caesar as they did after him. The ones who trembled, the Ciceros, were the ruling elite. Arguably the majority were better off for Caesar's intelligent ordinances and laws; the question of whether or not he truly wanted to be king, and how much that might have offended them, is as much of a sham one as an opinion poll in my own time and place about whether I "support" the military action which my government will take against Iraq with or without my support. In short, I cannot say that the number of people he harmed was greater than those he helped, or than the number whom Pompey would have harmed if his less clement side had won. Perhaps the most telling thing is that we can't in fact judge this. What, in short, was Caesar's war aim? *Follow my star.*

The moral calculus of *Rising Up and Rising Down* states that an inconstant end is a warning of deceitful or outright evil expediency. Caesar's end was inconstant, and therefore dubious. But it is not necessarily condemnable.

"He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age," writes Suetonius, "and was numbered among the gods, not only by a formal decree, but also in the conviction of the common people."⁶³⁹

HYDRA UPON HYDRA

Indeed, whom should we call worse—Caesar or his successors? A new Three-Headed Monster now forms. Concluding that Caesar's clemency had caused his downfall,⁶⁴⁰ the triumvirs draw up lists of slaughter: three hundred senators, two thousand rich men and Cicero himself, who'd spoken out against Marc Antony, desperately pleading with him to restore the Republic: "If the end that befell Gaius Caesar does not persuade you that it is better to inspire affection than terror, no words that anyone could utter will have the slightest effect or success."⁶⁴¹ Cicero dies bravely, after which his head and hands are displayed in the Senate. I repeat: Caesar never would have murdered him.

After Trebonius, first of Caesar's assassins to be captured, has met summary judgment, soldiers kick his severed head down the street "like a ball till it was completely crushed."⁶⁴² The Civil War roars on. Another captive pleads to be buried after his execution. The new Caesar, Octavian, replies: "The birds will soon settle that question."⁶⁴³

HOW WELL-REQUITED IS MERCY?

The "moral" calculus of Marc Antony,
Octavian and Lepidus (43 B.C.)⁶⁴⁴

"If wicked men had not received mercy, when dishonestly seeking it, then neither would they have slain Gaius Caesar, who, after having captured them in war, preserved them by his clemency ... Gaius—who was both dictator and pontifex maximus and who both reduced and acquired for our dominion nations most formidable to the Romans and who was the first of men to make trial of the un navigated sea beyond the Pillars of Hercules and who discovered a land unknown to the Romans, in the midst of the Senate, which is called sacred, under the gods' eyes—they killed, insulting him with twenty-three wounds."⁶⁴⁵

Octavian, who gains control of the dictatorship and changes his name to Augustus, spies the Roman knight Pinarus taking notes at one of his speeches and commands that he be run through then and there. A praetor keeps some tablets under his toga; Augustus, imagining swords, has him "hustled from the tribunal by some centurions and soldiers, tortured him as if he were a slave, and though he made no confession, ordered his execution, first tearing out the man's eyes with his own hand."⁶⁴⁶ (Meanwhile, here's banished Ovid's obsequious praise: In spite of all his conquests, "there is no work among all Caesar's achievements greater than this, that he became the father of this our Emperor."⁶⁴⁷ Ovid was not recalled from exile.)

They say that Augustus's cruelty derived only from an insecurity in his position. Once his most dangerous enemies were dead, he becomes, like Julius Caesar, a clement builder and administrator. His minions complete the grand new Senate-house of marbled subservience, dreamed up by Caesar. He renovates the temple of Jupiter on the Mons Capitolinus. He doubles the Roman dominions. Whereas Caesar was merely god and perpetual dictator, Augustus will become Rome's first *emperor*. The eagle-adorned Fascists of Rome will celebrate his two thousandth birthday in 1938, and a statue of Mussolini himself will stretch a reaching hand from a high pedestal, barefoot, in a girded-up toga—the reincarnation of Augustus!⁶⁴⁸ Mussolini as Augustus, yes—not Mussolini as Caesar. This choice speaks in Caesar's favor. Augustus, of course, beloved by most commentators for his "flexibility" and administrative creativity, ought in no way to be compared to Nero, Caligula, Vespasian and that wicked crew of tyrants. (H. G. Wells: "He was perhaps the best thing that could have happened to Rome at that time.")⁶⁴⁹ His long reign stretches on in monotonous and self-serving benevolence. We're told that Augustus two times considered restoring the Republic, but decided in the negative on each occasion, out of fear for his own safety.⁶⁵⁰ This is contemptible.

On history's sunny days, what bliss to rest in the cooling shadow of an emperor! But first, Caesar's war crackles meaninglessly on, until Marc Antony's dead, Cleopatra's dead, Lepidus is crushed and banished, Pompey's last son's broken, the Republic's dead in word and deed...

9.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE
OF WAR AIMS

A. Buddha

"Nor do ye think that ye can destroy wrong by retaliating evil for evil and thus increasing wrong. Leave the wicked to their fate and their evil deeds will sooner or later in one way or another bring on their own punishment."⁶⁵¹

B. Julius Caesar, to Oppius and Cornelius (49 B.C.)

"Let us see if by moderation we can win all hearts and secure a lasting victory, since by cruelty others have been unable to escape from hatred and to maintain their victory for any length of time except L. Sulla, whose example I do not intend to follow."⁶⁵²

C. Che Guevara

"The norm to be followed should be an absolute inflexibility [toward the enemy] at the time of attack, an absolute inflexibility toward all the despicable elements that resort to informing and assassination, and clemency as absolute as possible toward the enemy soldiers who go into the fight performing or believing that they perform a military duty."⁶⁵³ (But within a zone of control, "recalcitrant" enemy soldiers can be liquidated if they are "dangerous"⁶⁵⁴—a term Guevara nowhere defines.)

D. Eric Bergerud, military historian

"When violence was separated from military purpose it became either murder or suicide."⁶⁵⁵

E. Rousseau (1755)

"The aim of war being the destruction of a hostile State, we have a right to slay its defenders as long as they have arms in their hands; but as soon as they lay them down and surrender, ceasing to be enemies or instruments of the enemy, they become again simply men, and no one has any further right over their lives."⁶⁵⁶

E. Polybius

"For good men do not make war on wrongdoers to destroy and exterminate them, but to correct and reform those who err."⁶⁵⁷

G. *The Methods of the Ssu-Ma* (Chinese, fourth century B.C.)

"If one must stop war with war, although it is war it is permissible."⁶⁵⁸

H. Montesquieu (1748)

"There is no such thing as a right of reducing people to slavery, save when it becomes necessary for the preservation of the conquest."⁶⁵⁹

I. Major Dennis J. Popp

"Stab and slash only when close—within arm's reach. Do not hesitate (do something, even if it's wrong); try to close with and kill your enemy immediately, especially if he is larger or better armed. Aggression and speed are essential."⁶⁶⁰

J. General Count Philip de Segur

"They defended themselves as victors always do, by attacking."⁶⁶¹

K. Clausewitz

"Let us not hear of Generals who conquer without bloodshed. If a bloody slaughter is a horrible sight, then that is a ground for paying more respect for War, but not for making the sword we wear blunter and blunter by degrees from feelings of humanity, until some one steps in with one that is sharp and lops off the arm from our body."⁶⁶²

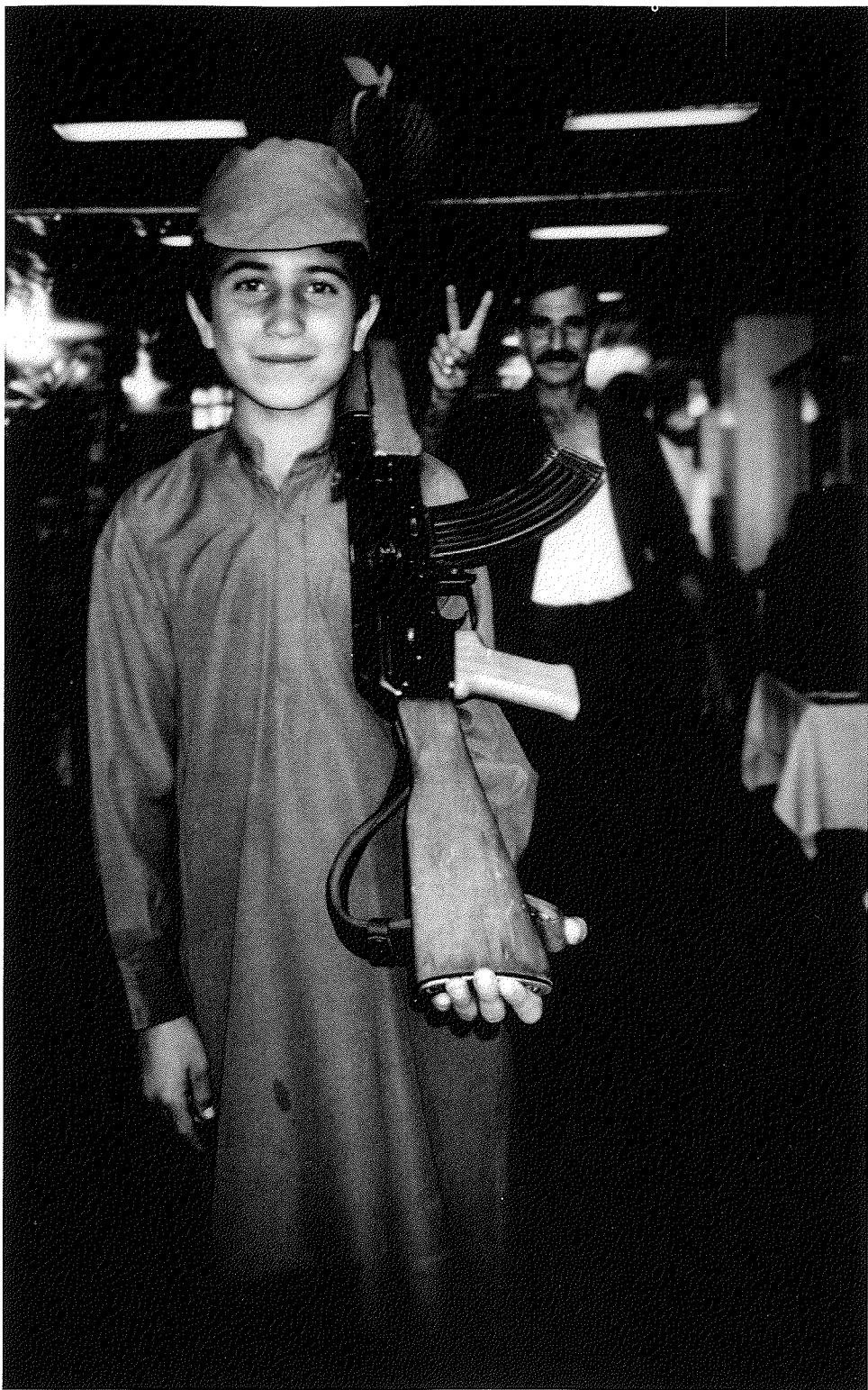
THE BAILIFF'S TOLL

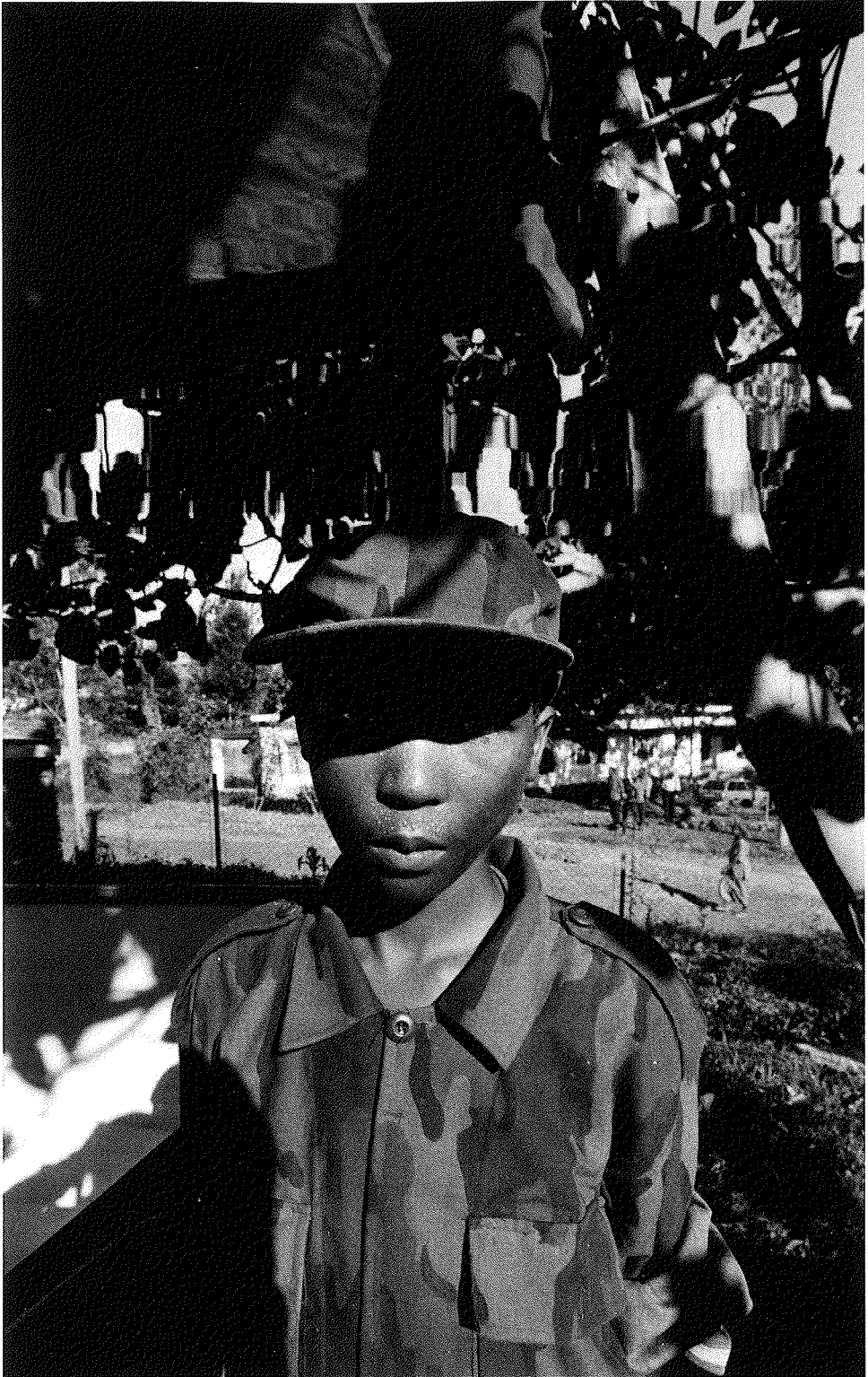
CHILD-SOLDIERS 1994-2001

"The soldier's body becomes a stock of accessories that are no longer his property," writes Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. War is the bailiff. What will be demanded in toll today? The portfolio of land mine victims fronting the moral calculus would serve perfectly well to make this very simple point. But I happen to be haunted by the child-soldiers I've seen around the world. (See also the young Afghan Mujahideen in the "Weapons on Parade" portfolio.) Youth is another accessory which the bailiff can confiscate. This portfolio is in remembrance of them.

106. Karenni insurgent, Karenni State, Burma, 1994. He didn't know how old he was but guessed at ten or eleven.
107. Iraqi soldier, Baghdad, 1998.
108. Congolese insurgent (*Rassemblement Congolais pour la Démocratie* faction), Goma, Democratic Republic of Congo, 2001.







CHAPTER 14

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

The supreme law of the State is self-preservation at any cost.

BAKUNIN¹

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction. You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People. Look upon your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations! You and I were long Friends: You are now my Enemy, and I am, Yours,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO WILLIAM STRAHAN²

Serve the nation with one death.

JAPANESE WORLD WAR II SLOGAN³

“AND THE LANDSCAPE RADIATED FROM ME”

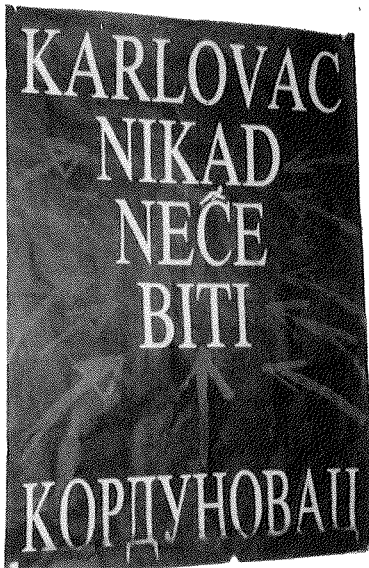
A homeland is a language: the way that the streets curve and the color of the sky in winter, the fashion in which coffee is served,⁴ the tempo of traffic, the cadence of emotion and what is displayed in storefront windows;⁵ homeland determines whether or not lovers hold hands in public, whether women veil their faces and how the news gets censored (it *will* get censored somehow); homeland defines

which races, creeds and nationalities claim citizenship or friendship with us, who goes to sleep hungry in our streets, which is to say how we define class; the names of the gods we pray to—to say nothing of the caliber of the national artillery. Antalcidas, a Spartan who lived four centuries before Christ, is supposed to have said that “Sparta’s young men were her walls, and the points of their spears her frontiers.”⁶ A mullah I once met in Pakistan conveniently defined *his* homeland in terms of mosques and Qur’-Ans. Homeland is the taste of the fruit crop and what aliens think of us. Above all, homeland is an ethos,⁷ whose actions justified and unjustified are *our* actions, making them (our patriots insist) impervious to the sacrilegious swipes of foreign evaluation.

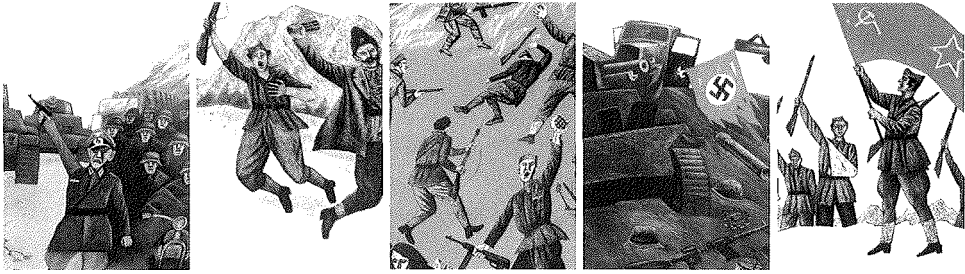
PATRIOTISM EXCLUDED

And what is patriotism? Gibbon puts the case in narrowly benevolent political terms: “That public virtue which among the ancients was denominated patriotism, is derived from a strong sense of our own interest in the preservation and prosperity of the free government of which we are members.”⁸ “True patriotism,” writes Bakunin, “is of course a very venerable but also a narrow, exclusive, anti-human, and at times a pure and simple bestial feeling.”⁹ At times, yes—think of Hitler. At other

times, it may comprise a noble and loving protest (misguided or not), as it did for Gandhi against the British Empire; as it did for Mishima, who disemboweled himself in a vain effort to inspire the defense of Japan against demilitarization and de-imperialization. In his gruesome short story “Patriotism,” which foreshadows that event, his protagonist on the eve of suicide feels himself “safe once more behind steel walls which none could destroy, encased in an impenetrable armor of Beauty and Truth.”¹⁰ Outside those walls, surrounding and embracing him, lies the homeland “for which he grieved... But would that great country, with which he was prepared to remonstrate to the extent of destroying himself, take the slightest heed of his death?”¹¹ —Not really. When Mishima addressed the army moments before his *seppuku*, they laughed and jeered him. —But although homeland may not always listen, when *she* speaks to us, she demands our atten-



Wartime poster in a police station in the Croatian border town of Karlovac (1992): Karlovac will never be Kordunovatz. (See the case study “Where Are All the Pretty Girls?”) Photo taken by Francis Tomasic.



From a Yugoslavian children's book (1980)

tive acquiescence. She has bailiffs to collect the toll.¹² Easy, then, to fashion of patriotic soul-ore some meretricious trinket of obedience or manipulated enthusiasm.¹³ Admit to evidence Alexander Berkman's jailhouse statement that "the average prisoner corresponds to the average citizen—their patriotism is very passive, except when stimulated by personal interest, or artificially excited."¹⁴ This rings true for all the so-called civic virtues. It is also true for the personal self-defense upon which so many of these categories are founded: We take our freedom and security for granted until imminence comes. Authority, or as it may be some lobby or cabal, artificially excites us against enemies whose names we can hardly pronounce; or it warns us of the approach of war aims which sincerely mean us harm; or sometimes, as in the Spanish Civil War, of our own accord we rise up against an imminent threat, seizing the armory, taking weapons from police; otherwise we are quiet—as we ought to be, since patriotism's exercise without a legitimate object becomes at best merely "aesthetic," at worst sadistic and cruel. And so I ask Gibbon (or the Romans to whom he was referring): Should the government not be free, or should it not allow us to partake of its propertied prosperity, how could patriotism remain a virtue? Is it truly *government* as such that the patriot invokes? Never—regardless of his acknowledged self-interest, it is *homeland*. Even Stalin, mobilizing the masses against Hitler's tanks and bombers, finally relieved ideology from its sentry-duty and called for defense of Mother Russia.

WHO IS BRAVEST?

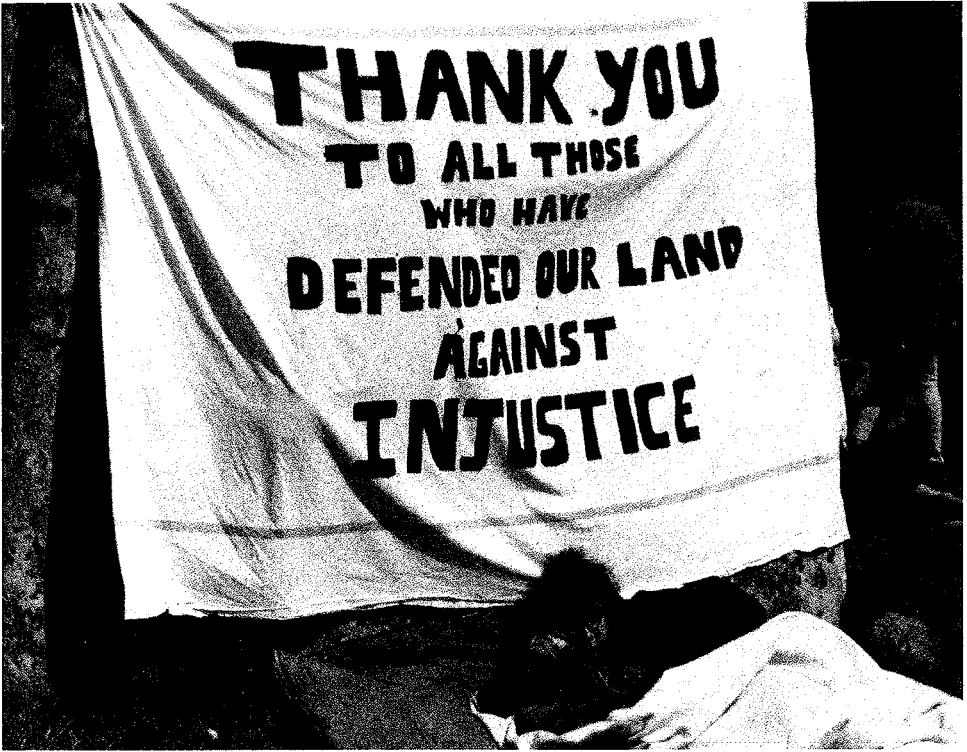
The patriotic calculus of Sir Walter Raleigh (1614)

"If therefore it be demanded, whether the Macedonian, or the Roman, were the best Warrior? I will answer, the Englishman."

SOURCE: RALEIGH, P. 209 (HISTORY OF THE WORLD).

CIRCLES OF EMERALD LIGHT

Homeland is sacred. Regarding the island-shrine of Delos, whose laws prohibited women from giving birth there, or corpses from being buried there, a Spartan said



Banner raised up by militants who seized Stonebenge on VE Day (1995)

in disgust: "How could this be your fatherland, in which not one of you has either been born or will remain?"¹⁵ But to the Delians the isle remained their homeland just the same. Our sacred ground may be constrained or even defined by the process of reaction to what *they* think of us—if they threaten, we must bristle; if they refrain from threatening, we fill the vacuum—but we'll always pretend that our national disposition, like our latest bushel of apples, is unique, deriving from our ancestry, atmosphere, native genius. "Thus," writes Hitler, "a performance of *Parsifal* in Bayreuth will always have a different effect than anywhere else in the world."¹⁶ He was correct. Hence the votive character of this epitaph for the Corinthians who died in battle against the Persian invaders at Salamis: *Here we captured Phoenician ships and Persian, and we saved holy Greece from the Medes.*¹⁷ A Vietnamese propaganda-fighter remembers the ambiance of 1945: "There was this great rush of patriotic feeling. To struggle for independence, to be proud of the nation—that was what everybody wanted. We had been slaves of the Chinese for a thousand years, slaves of the French for a hundred. Now we were going to be *free*."¹⁸

A homeland may thus be defined as the intersection of geography, comradeship, privilege, power and habit; and we can readily see defense of homeland shading, like defense of self, defense of authority, defense of the revolution and indeed any other kind of self-defense, into defense of creed.¹⁹ Saint-Exupéry insists: "My country and

I are one."²⁰ He readily paid the bailiff's toll.²¹ A World War II song: "As one man, the whole Soviet people will rise to defend their land."²² This is why defense of homeland comprehends not merely Bakunin's vegetable patriotism,²³ not simply the preservation of one's status upon whatever patch of dirt one happens to find oneself—or, if that's all it actually does comprise, patriots will never admit the fact. Defense of homeland borders on defense of race and culture, as one senses in this song addressed to the Aztec war-god: "Extended lies the city, lies Mexico, spreading circles of emerald light, radiating splendor like a quetzal plume."²⁴ In the Middle Ages, when Saladin takes Jerusalem from the Crusaders, the Armenian Patriarch Gregory Dgh'a remembers that city, homeland of his faith, in his elegy: "Metropolis of Palestine, center of the universe, principal point of the world."²⁵ The homeland must always define the center, the innermost of the circle of ripples, because that is where the self is. "Wherever I sat," says Thoreau, "there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly."²⁶

As fundamental as any lonely atom's self-defense, self-defense of home ground has almost never been abrogated by any patch of dirt, the only exception I know of being the Japanese constitution of 1947, when the crushed and defeated nation, partially coerced, partially repelled by atrocities committed by and against itself, explicitly abdicated the right to international military solutions.

YOUR LAND IS MINE

"The landscape radiated from me." This conception all too easily accommodates annexation.²⁷ Our will plunges into the ocean of politics, and vibrations spread devouringly. How far do Sparta's boundaries stretch? someone asks the king. Shaking his spear, he replies: "As far as this can reach."²⁸

DEFENSE AGAINST THE ZULUS

Over and over, the stale tragicomedy plays itself out. Hitler's Maxim: *Your homeland ought to belong to me, which is why I have the right to defend it against you.*²⁹ Prudence ought not to rest until it has built a bastion.³⁰ So the patriot believes, and I am inclined to agree—thus far. The official British history of the Zulu War of 1879 begins by expressing the surprisingly democratic view that one local chieftain's defense of ground against the (then Boer) Transvaal Republic was justified, since his territory was not included in it by any official act. "In April, 1877," the writer goes on blandly, "the annexation of the Transvaal took place, and Sekukuni's country appears to have been included without question in the territory which was thus added to the British possessions."³¹ Did Sekukuni question it? How could he not have? Yet his defense of homeland remains justified no longer; he's a vassal of the British Empire! He disagrees, fails to ground arms? Very well. Let's fight him!

That's defense of homeland, the Transvaal being *ours* now.

"By this time," the official history continues, "the aggressive bearing of the Zulus," who were Sekuni's overlords, "and the known power of their army, had produced a condition of affairs which their European neighbors found to be intolerable, and it was finally decided that certain demands should be made"³²—demands, we might add, which the British knew would be unacceptable to the Zulu king.³³ One such requirement was the disbandment of the Zulu army. The Zulu representatives "considered that their nation had as much right to maintain an army as the English... They were informed, however, that no change could be made in the terms."³⁴

Those ripples of homeland, those spreading circles of emerald light, shimmer outward with a vengeance. Observing that the wooded and mountainous terrain between the Buffalo and Tugela rivers would facilitate what we would now call guerrilla activity, "it was accordingly recognised that, in the event of war, the British troops would have to take the offensive promptly, and invade Zululand as the surest mode of guarding Natal."³⁵ The publicly stated British conception of the Zulus thus evolved as follows, *without the Zulus themselves ever changing in any fundamental respect*:

1. Allies against the Boers.
2. Aggressive neighbors.
3. Refusers of terms.
4. A hostile force.

The private conception, no doubt, was unvarying: *The British Empire shall extend as far as this spear can reach*. Therefore, one of these days we must subjugate the Zulus.

(The Zulu conception was similar—and in execution far worse. The arch-despot of the Zulu kings, Shaka, conquered three hundred chiefdoms by 1820,³⁶ sometimes by exterminating every man, woman and child who fell into his grasp. A nineteenth-century British observer coined what we'll name Shaka's Maxim: "If a foe were worth conquering at all, he was worth crushing out of existence once and for all.")³⁷

And the Zulus were subjugated. Here are the terms to which they had to put their marks:

I recognise the victory of British arms over the Zulu nation, and the full right and title of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, to deal as she may think fit with the Zulu chiefs and people, and with the Zulu country.³⁸

This is the very worst fate of war, short of the actual genocide which the Zulus had inflicted on others—the loss of homeland. The circles of emerald light dim down and dull. An ancient Chinese poet records in his weeping song of carnage

what war-stained homeland becomes: empty cities, weedy roads, smokeless hearths, thorn-choked city walls.³⁹ (The Zulus, as it happened, were allowed to have a puppet king, their conquerors considering it not politic to be too cruel, and, it would seem, not being exceptionally cruel by nature.)

“THE WEAK SUFFER WHAT THEY MUST”

And now the worst of the worst. We see a gaunt woman, shocked and grim, curling back her lips in the embrace of an older lady, perhaps her mother. They gaze at a man who has just taken a fistful of earth from his young wife, whose weeping distorts her face almost into a scream. She rubs her eyes with one hand, while with the other she grips her husband's wrist, trying to stop him from doing what he is about to do. It is August of 1991. Civil war has broken out in what used to be Yugoslavia. These people are refugees, just arrived in Sisak. The photographer's caption tells us that the wife had carried away this handful of soil from their home in Struga. Her husband clenches the dirt in his fingers, himself almost weeping. He says to her: “Throw it away. You'll never see it again!”⁴⁰

Life—and death—without homeland! The worst of the worst! “Look, Bill,” a Croat told me. “In this country, when you build a house you build for life. After you, your sons and daughters will live on in that house.”⁴¹ And then he showed me houses burned down by enemies. *Center of the universe, principal point of the world*—“Therefore I will make Samaria a heap in the open country, a place for planting vineyards; and I will pour down her stones into the valley, and uncover her foundations. All her images shall be beaten to pieces.”⁴² Thus the Book of Micah.

Consider Thucydides's grim tale of the Melians, all alone on their little isle in the Cretan Sea, who in the sixteenth year of the Peloponnesian War tell the envoys of the invading Athenians: “All we can reasonably expect from this negotiation is war, if we prove to have right on our side and refuse to submit, or in the contrary case, slavery.” The envoys jocularly argue that “right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power, while the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must.”⁴³ The Melians agree that they are the weak—for facing their city-state is a force of thirty-eight ships, 3,100 hoplite soldiers and 320 archers. They choose the entirely justified course of defending their homeland, and survive the siege until the winter, when “some treachery taking place inside [the walls], the Melians surrendered at discretion to the Athenians, who put to death all the grown men whom they took, and sold the women and children for slaves, and subsequently sent out five hundred colonists and settled the place themselves.”⁴⁴

THE EXHORTATION OF AEMILIUS

Thus when Hannibal, victorious in other battles, threatens to inflict a still more crushing chastisement upon the Romans at Cannae, the Consul Paullus Lucius Aemilius, himself fresh from the urgent admonitions of the Senate, gathers the legions before him to invoke the cause: defense of homeland. They know that Hannibal has become literally a sworn enemy of Rome. Carthage, that humming



Patriotic French poster (1916)

African hive of alienness, gave birth to him—kill Hannibal, and the Carthaginian threat remains. First things first. Kill Hannibal! But how can they hope to do that? He's crossed the Alps with almost supernatural speed, bringing ferocious elephants and Gauls, emblems of his ominous strangeness. Wherever he appears, he wins, and now our towns have begun rising up against sacred Rome! More than two centuries later, the Romans will remember him as having gazed upon a trench overflowing with human blood—from his lips came: "O beauteous sight!"⁴⁵ (No matter that the Romans were just as cruel.) And so Aemilius, seeking to preserve the homeland by arousing angry resolve equal to the exigencies of the case, addresses his troops as follows on that mucky, ominous spring day in 216 B.C.:

To men serving others for pay, or to those who fight as allies on behalf of others, who have no greater danger to expect than meets them on a field, and for whom the issues at stake are of little importance—such men may need words of exhortation. But men who, like you, are fighting not for others, but themselves—for country, wives, and children; and for whom the issue is of far more momentous consequence than the mere danger of the hour, need only be reminded: require no exhortation. For who is there among you who would not wish to be victorious; and next, if that may not be possible, to die with arms in his hands, rather than to live and see the outrage and death of those dear objects which I have named?⁴⁶

(Likewise runs the last letter of the mortally wounded soldier Olef Nechitovsky to his sweetheart, 1944: "I do not want to die, but my country's call is a law; it was my duty, and so I had to give my life."⁴⁷ As Ho Chi Minh said, "Nothing is more precious than independence and liberty."⁴⁸ In the sixteenth century, Martin Luther informs us that when the realm is in peril, and a lord is fighting to protect his dependents, "in such a war it is a Christian act and an act of love confidently to kill, rob, and pillage the enemy, and to do everything that can injure him until one has

conquered him according to the methods of war"—anything, that is, except to rape his women, for that would be a sin.)⁴⁹

Hannibal's wings, comprised of skilled and murderous Africans, will surround the Romans and attack them from the rear. Aemilius's side⁵⁰ (and Aemilius himself) will be smashed, their cause nearly liquidated. The bloody trench brims. Fifty thousand Romans will die at Cannae. But in the end, Rome triumphs, and Hannibal, forced back all the way to Carthage, saves his freedom only by a draught of poison. Seventy years after Cannae, the next war having gone against her, too, Hannibal's homeland will be utterly razed in defense of homeland, her citizens slaughtered, her fields sown with salt, so that nothing will ever grow there again...

ANJILLAH'S STORY

“**W**hen they first came,” Anjillah said to me, “the night they came the air was full of noises. Airplanes. We wondered what’s going on and of course the night before was like that, too. The fighting started at nine o’clock. They attacked the palace and the fighting lasted three or four hours. I guess they took over the palace and killed almost everybody there. The next morning we woke up and the tanks were on our streets. But of course the Russians had this other Babrak [Babrak Karmal, the first Soviet puppet of the occupation]. He made a broadcast from Tashkent saying that he was in control.

“I came out of the house and I saw the tanks. They were cautious. They had dug their tanks in the ground. Their machine guns were pointed at the houses, so I stayed home. I got almost sick from what was happening. I didn’t know what to do. For two days I stayed home, and I noticed that nothing was happening. Then I went back to my normal business. Of course the whole thing is that the Russians were carefully planning the invasion.”

At this moment, Anjillah stopped. The next thing was the next thing, so it had to come now, but she did not want it to come.

“When I was in high school, they said: ‘Don’t go to school tomorrow,’ but I went. ‘Don’t go out of classes at twelve o’clock,’ they said. The big open door was waiting for me. Then the Afghan Army came in with clubs and guns.”

Anjillah swallowed, and then the words came out of her, easy and flat and dead. She was not crying. People rarely cry when they have lived something over and over.

“They shot with guns into the air. Then they shot two boys. They brought helicopters over the school. A girl took her lipstick and put it on one soldier. She put her *chador*⁵¹ around him. Another did the same thing. But they still shot two boys. The helicopters shot one of the girls too. Everyone was crying and screaming. I remembered that my father had told me in such situations to stay where I was. We hid under our desks. Then I took a bus; I hid myself in my *chador*.

“One of my friends was lost. The guns were shooting everywhere. There were jeeps everywhere.”

EMPIRICAL VALIDATION, IMMINENT SELF-DEFENSE

I believe Anjillah. I believe that because when I went to her homeland during the war, I met ever so many civilians now elevated to lamenters for destroyed houses and murdered loved ones—people scarred and maimed, most of whom blamed Soviet occupation troops. A minority (which after the Soviet pullout would unfortunately become a majority) had suffered at the hands of other Afghan factions³² but even those people (during the war, at least) presented the evils inflicted by Afghans upon Afghans as trivial compared to those inflicted by Soviets and pro-Soviets upon Afghans. Shall we agree that victims, if not terrorized or bribed, generally tend to name their oppressors accurately when they know them? (Forgive me if I state the obvious; when I first went to Afghanistan, such matters were not obvious to me at all.) Sometimes they don't know them. Anjillah's sister had been threatened with abduction, no one knew if by Soviets or by Mujahideen. All Anjillah could tell me years later was that her sister had been “on a list,” and her family had to pay ten thousand afghanis for her not to be taken away.

Enough: the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, committed atrocities, waged an unjust war, which may be schematized as follows:

THE EXPEDIENT CALCULUS OF THE SOVIET UNION: INVADING AFGHANISTAN (1979-1989)

I. Soviet ends (*probable and possible*):

A. Defensive

i. Protection against encirclement. [*Probable.*]³³

China had been hostile since the split with Mao; Islamic Iran and Pakistan bristled with anti-atheism. Between Iran and Pakistan lay Afghanistan. Should the pro-Soviet regime there fall, a bloc of three anti-Soviet countries could form on the Soviet border, possibly reinforced by a U.S. military presence. “The invasion of Afghanistan, like the invasion of Czechoslovakia, was designed to regain control of what was slipping away.”³⁴ This general anxiety guided the USSR from the very beginning. Lenin, we are told, “never tired of repeating:... ‘Make ready to defend your country. Remember that we are surrounded by hostile states.’”³⁵

ii. Protection against Muslim separatism within the USSR. [*Possible.*]

By kindred logic to (i), the Soviets might have wanted to establish a cordon sanitaire between their own country and militant Islamic revolutions.⁵⁶

iii. Protection against an image of weakness. [*Probable.*]

Should Afghanistan fall, other client regimes, as in eastern Europe, might get delusions of grandeur.

iv. Protection against a recalcitrant puppet. [*Probable.*]⁵⁷

Hafizullah Amin, that puppet, assassinated the Soviets' choice for president, Nur Mohammed Taraki, instead of being purged himself. A Soviet journalist reports that the Soviet leadership was said to have been "infuriated," and that Amin's subsequent repressions and international vacillations frightened the KGB.

B. Offensive

i. A "stepping stone toward world domination," as feared by the American "domino theory" which had led successive U.S. administrations to fight the USSR in proxy wars in Korea, Vietnam and Grenada. [*Possible, but not necessarily of great weight in the 1980s Soviet strategic calculus.*]⁵⁸

ii. Expansion of Soviet influence. [*Likely, as it would be for any nation.*]⁵⁹

iii. "Assisting movements of national liberation."
[*Possible.*]⁶⁰

Soviet foreign policy toward other Communist states and parties indicates that (iii) may well be the same as (ii), cast in moral or pseudo-moral terms.

iv. A step toward the future annexation of strategic objectives, specifically the oil fields of Iran, threatened (from a Soviet point of view) since Khomeini's revolution; and the Strait of Hormuz, the warm water port that the USSR never had. Other hypothetical objectives: Pakistan,⁶¹ China.⁶² [*Possible.*]⁶³

v. A useful training exercise for Soviet troops. [*Possible, if we assume vast Soviet overconfidence; the exercise did not end well.*]⁶⁴

II. Soviet means (verified by witnesses):

Any and all necessary, including liquidation of the head of state, mass murder of civilians (sometimes by such methods as burning alive), destruction of crops, maiming of children by mines disguised as toys, etc.

Actually, the Soviet ends were muddy. The Politburo and the Supreme Soviet might not even have voted on the matter.⁶⁵ But however we might interpret or reconstruct them, they cannot be justified. At their absolute best, they paid no regard to the sovereignty of Afghan people such as Anjillah. As for the means, they were quite simply hideous. The Soviets killed over a million Afghans between 1980 and 1989.⁶⁶

“THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD”

As for the Afghans, they killed Soviet soldiers, advisers and their families in 1979-89⁶⁷—at least fifteen thousand of them.⁶⁸ This was because the Soviets had occupied their country, and they were doing whatever they could do to drive the Soviets out. It was very common for me to hear an Afghan say (with a quiet little smile): “We will fight to the last drop of blood.”⁶⁹ Or he would tell me (just as people later would in Sarajevo, with a substitution only of enemies): “We don’t need food. We don’t need medicine. We need only guns—to fight with the Russians, you know.” Was this justified? Absolutely—for the most nakedly perfect species of justification in war is self-defense of territory against invasion.⁷⁰ These brave, tough people will always remain my heroes.

“THEY GIVE YOU SHOTS TO MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND”

“After they shot those other students, I myself stayed home until on the TV *our friendly friend* Russia said that it was safe to go to school,” Anjillah continued. “All night the night before, my father had said: ‘Don’t talk to strangers. Don’t even talk to your best friend. They come and get you from classes,’ my father said. ‘They put you in their Party.’”

“Did you know any Party members at that time?” I asked her.

“My best friend had become a communist. They said to her: ‘We’re glad you found the right way. We’ve heard such good things about you!’ When you became

really interested in communism, they made you change. They made you step on your Qur'-An and then they gave you shots to make you change your mind."

"THEY WERE TRYING TO ELIMINATE
THE FAMILY OVER THERE" *or*
"AT LEAST THEY'RE LEARNING TO READ"

The "shots" may have been a myth, but Anjillah believed in them. They are a very concrete symbol of her terror. Had the Soviets not been roasting people alive, drowning them in cesspools, etcetera, I might have found her notion laughable. She'd probably been told some garbled tale of sodium pentathol or other drugs being used in prison interrogations, and drawn the conclusion—so welcome to occupiers, had it been true—that an injection or two could alter a person's creed forever, and thereby remake the homeland. Here we get to the heart of the Soviet-Afghan War as so many Afghans saw it: It was a jihad, a Muslim religious war. We've already said that homeland is language, coffee, creed and all the rest. (For the young wife from Sisak, it's a handful of ex-Yugoslav dirt.) This evident fluidity of categories complicates the application of any moral calculus to real life. What if we hate the aggression, but also dislike some aspects of the victims' code?⁷¹ Consider the testimony of Anjillah's father, a cautious, watchful man who wore his spectacles on a string around his neck, and who sat on a stool fixing typewriters in Berkeley. He was afraid, because he had relatives in Afghanistan. Had he given me his last name and had spies of the Afghan puppet government read it in my book,⁷² they would have harmed his kin. His first name, the Islamic version of Everyman, was Muhammed. He said to me: "I was thinking that the Russians were going to stay here for a long time and they would eliminate everyone who would not agree with them. They were trying to eliminate the family over there. They were telling the children you did not have to obey your father. They ordered the various cities and counties to paint their windows red. Their literacy course was actually to teach women they would no longer have to obey their husbands, be married by force or wear the veil. They wanted them to stand against the government to make the government invite the Russians inside. This was my impression," he said. Anjillah's father's conviction, then, was that women ought to wear the veil, obey their fathers and husbands and be married by force if necessary. Associated with this attitude we find the sad, sordid phenomenon of "honor killings"—murders of women who might have been unfaithful, or blamed for a nonexistent infidelity; or unlucky enough to shame the family by getting raped.⁷³ Whether or not Anjillah's father condoned such extremes of patriarchal power, violence against gender, some of it unjustified, seemed unlikely to change unless Afghan society changed.

Did that give anybody (into which convenient placeholder, insert the name "the Soviets") the right to change Afghanistan? In other words: *Is the custom of female servi-*

tude as odious as the servitude which the Soviets sought to impose? Thus the question might often be put. To this I would have to return a strong negative. Female servitude was partially and locally legitimized by the quasi-consensuality of tradition and creed. In other words, the preexisting authority of men over women, with all its abuses (and with its permissiveness, too; people who tend to think of Afghanistan as a country in which women have always been shrouded beasts of burden might be surprised to know that shortly before the invasion of Afghanistan it was commonplace for the coeds at Kabul University to wear miniskirts) had long since been an almost value-neutral feature of homeland itself.⁷⁴ There is no comparison between the occasional honor killing and the rape, torture and murder of multitudes.⁷⁵ —“At least they’re learning to read,” more than one feminist told me over the years. A parallel might be made with the African custom of female circumcision, which is imposed locally, within the family, and which many activists in my own country seek to ban—there being no Soviet occupiers to stop it. How nice for such well-meaning souls if a foreign army marched in to do the dirty work! But I would argue, as before,⁷⁶ that the noblest ends (or the basest) ought never to be sullied by base means. Anjillah’s father’s position stands as rational, traditional, arguable. In every homeland, we’ll find points of view far worse than his. Hence this corollary to the moral calculus: A local injustice *of which the locals do not complain* (and in my personal experience they didn’t) never invalidates defense of homeland.⁷⁷ To assert otherwise is to play God.

DEFENSE OF THE OBVIOUS

Anjillah’s story teaches simply this: Defense of homeland is justified against anybody who does what they did to Anjillah. (Years later, she was bitter, terrified, impoverished, a menial in her land of exile.) And Anjillah’s father teaches: Defense of homeland is justified even for a homeland which third parties might not want to live in. —Too obvious? —I wish! —Unfortunately, the Golden Rule’s necessary truism that other people’s codes, until they tell us otherwise, must be presumed to be good enough for them, can never be too warmly or too frequently asserted.

In my mind’s eye I see again the stern, old, white-bearded, turbaned malik whose broad belt of cartridges emerges from his collar and marches down his chest, signs and footprints of his glorious purpose: defense of homeland. From that narrow face, fearless eyes stare out at me. This face is proud and violent. This is a leader, a Muslim, an Afghan, a man, a grizzled defender of obvious causes. When I met him, I felt that he could do the impossible, and he did. The war was going on; in his village everyone lived mostly on tea, rice and onions, ready to fight to the last drop of blood.

I see a small boy, with brownish-green eyes, prayer cap askew on his head, holding aloft the toy rifle that his father (smiling in the background) lovingly carved for him out of wood, complete with checkering. The child holds the rifle firmly and properly against his shoulder, aiming; he’ll be a warrior someday. He’ll defend the obvious.

I see men cleaning their machine guns before going off to jihad. They are proudly exultant; they are utterly justified by imminence and ethos. They are laughing. They joke with me. I admire them more than I can tell you.

“A BITTER IRONY”

Once the invaders left, of course, the obvious changed. As a passionately partisan acquaintance who had been involved with Afghanistan for years wrote me in late 1996:

Afghanistan won the long jihad but has lost the peace (that is, the peace has been lost—it was never really found) and what had once been a holy and honorable struggle against an awesome foe has degenerated into bloody bickering. It is a bitter irony that Afghanistan’s struggle freed eastern Europe and the former USSR from communism and the world from fear of a nuclear holocaust yet Afghanistan’s holocaust (2 million dead,⁷⁸ 2 million disabled, still 2 million refugees and entire districts ... laid waste) continues toward its 19th anniversary (4-27-97) with no end in sight.⁷⁹

Sad though this is, it diminishes not by a whit the sublime justice of the Afghan defense of homeland in 1979-89.

DEFENSE AGAINST FUTURITY

No exhortation needed, cries Aemilius the exhorter; likewise, Thucydides refers to “the universal law which sanctions resistance to an invader,”⁸⁰ but there is another law more potent, if to our complacency less terrible: inevitable obliteration. Because nothing lasts, each and all of these circles of emerald light, these myriad sinews of placehood, must dissolve in any event, to be replaced by the tissues of some other territorial organism.

In 1642-49, the Iroquois Confederacy reduced its Huron rivals to a few starving and terrified refugees. French priests in their fortified mission a league away could see from the color of the smoke that the Iroquois were roasting human beings: “We all looked on ourselves as so many victims consecrated to Our Lord and as such obligated to await the hour of our immolation for His glory.”⁸¹ After a winter of horror and death, they managed to escape with three hundred Huron across what had once been the homeland of ten thousand. The party was compelled to be “always on our guard, as one traveling in an enemy country.”⁸² With an exaggeration which must have then seemed close to the truth, one of them wrote in his *Relation* that the Huron had become “a people blotted out from the face of the earth.”⁸³ Their fate, far worse than that of the Zulus, or even of the couple from Struga (who half a decade later, with Greater Serbia’s unjustified defense of homeland defeated, actually stood

a chance of returning to their homes), nonetheless had this in common with them: All had lost their respective battles. At least for the moment (that's the context of any evaluation), their homeland was at their disposal no longer. It was up for auction at the bailiff's. Huron ground became de facto Iroquois territory, then in due time Anglophone churches, parks, motorways and subdivisions.

Had the Iroquois not defeated the Huron, Francophones or Anglophones would have taken their homeland just the same. And someday, my homeland, and yours, will belong to someone else. No matter what, the Huron of 1948 would have been very different from the Huron of 1648—less adept at traveling vast distances in the wilderness, probably; more adept with firearms; more Christianized; more pan-Canadian—which is to say, Huron in a newly defined way. Thus tragedy, but the drama of history never ends in any fifth act. The inevitability of the process for all of us fails to decrease the painfulness of being digested.

There will always exist a majority or subculture of patriots prepared to defend homeland as it is against homeland as it might be or will be. The more rapid or radical the change, the deeper the anguish, and the more militant our homeland's defenders. The Huron, for instance, divided themselves into "pagan" traditionalists and Christian converts. To the extent that such issues shade themselves off into defense of creed and authority, we've already considered them. To the extent that they concern themselves with defense of homeland against foreigners, we'd better continue with this exercise of stating the obvious: *Defense against palpable aggression is more justifiable than defense against futurity.*

COLONEL MAUDE'S EPIGRAM

Clausewitz insists "that a defensive without any positive principles is a contradiction in strategy as well as in tactics"; thus "every defensive, according to its strength, will seek to change to the attack as soon as it has exhausted the advantages of the defensive."⁸⁴ True self-defense of a nation, we've agreed, is justified morally, hence the strategy necessary for that self-defense must also be justified; but Clausewitz's remark shows how slippery-fudged it all is.

Consider the mass armies of the French Revolution, levied under desperate circumstances to fight the invasion of a counterrevolutionary coalition (no matter that their revolution provoked it). At long last, shortly before Robespierre "looks through the little window" of the guillotine, comes the turning point. The invaders get driven out. The French troops, thus having "exhausted the advantages of the defensive," switch to the offensive, for not to punish the aggressors on their own territory might mean their eventual return. Hence Napoleon in Italy, then Napoleon in Austria, and finally Napoleon in Russia, ceaselessly insisting, as Hitler will do at Stalingrad, that an offensive "must be sustained to the last extremity," in order to prevent the initiative from passing to the enemy.⁸⁵ On account of this sort of logic,

Anatol Rapaport has called Clausewitz both noble and sinister.⁸⁶ For when does defense of homeland's legitimacy end?

Shortly before the First World War, Clausewitz's editor, Colonel F. N. Maude, toed the line in a crisp epigram: "The ultimate consequences of defeat no man can foretell. The only way to avert them is to ensure victory."⁸⁷ Thus the rationale, not illegitimate in a limited just war, for proactive self-defense, for the preemptory first strike, which is so insanely dangerous a concept in this nuclear age.

The Powhatan Indians once exterminated the Chesapeake in a preventive war; a prophecy had arisen that a nation from the Chesapeake Bay would destroy the Powhatan confederacy. That destruction was, indeed, imminent; unfortunately the nation from the bay was England.⁸⁸

SELF-DEFENSE'S SEA OF FLAMES

In the 1990s we find the weakening North Korean regime invoking the necessity occasioned by that weakness to launch occasional fanatical pinprick-attacks (sometimes involving only one assassin-commando, sometimes a couple of dozen) against South Korea.⁸⁹ "We shall reply to war with war," cries a North Korean homeland-defender at a bilateral conference. "We shall turn Seoul into a sea of flames." The South Korean delegate responds by asking wearily whether that statement is itself a declaration of war, and, if so, why the bilateral conference is being held at all.⁹⁰ Obviously, neither man agrees as to just what defines aggression and defense. Wouldn't a mutually agreed-on calculus comfort them both, by defining and thereby partially controlling futurity? In its absence, here's the only solution—for both sides: alertness, readiness to further enflame self-defense against one another.

My own calculus would be this:

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HOMELAND IS JUSTIFIED:⁹¹

1. When the aliens are the imminent violent aggressors.
2. When the aliens seriously threaten homeland's fundamental rights⁹² to express its own ethos and follow its own lifeway, and when all nonviolent means for neutralizing the threat have failed.⁹³

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

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HOMELAND IS UNJUSTIFIED:⁹⁴

1. When it is mere prosecution of homeland's interest.
2. When it is mere defense against futurity.
3. In any civil war, unless this defense can be shown to uphold legitimate authority. Otherwise, both sides can claim to represent the homeland.⁹⁵

HITLER

Eight decades before that dismal stand-off between the two Koreas, we see the Austrian-born Hitler, rootless and literally homeless, struggling first for status, then merely for sustenance; and learning in the trenches of the First World War how to struggle with gun in hand. We have already learned how crudely and dangerously he justifies authority.⁹⁶ Stricken by English “yellow-cross gas,” he becomes temporarily blinded; at that very moment of anxious darkness the war ends—so to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the Kaiser’s Reich. Hitler weeps from his blistered eyes. Now he understands. His vision comes back. He blames it on the Jews, who’d artfully corrupted defense of homeland so that “in August, 1914, it was not a people resolved to attack which rushed to the battlefield; no, it was only the last flicker of the national instinct of self-preservation in the face of the progressing pacifist-Marxist paralysis of our national body.”⁹⁷ How’s that? German blood had been bas-

tardized! “With satanic joy in his face, the black-haired Jewish youth lurks in wait for the unsuspecting girl whom he defiles with his blood, thus stealing her from her people.”⁹⁸ For Hitler, then, defense of homeland *must* involve defense against futurity through eugenic separation and extermination. Then, too, there’s the matter of *Lebensraum*. Germany needs living-space. Unless she gets it, her growing population will be dependent on aliens for food, or else starve. Better to extend the perimeters of homeland! Hitler said that in 1924. A decade and a half later, on the eve of World War II, the same necessity still haunts his mind, which is why we hear him explaining to his officers: “It is a question of expanding our living-space in the east, of securing our food-supplies, and of settling the Baltic problem.”⁹⁹ And in case of victory, defense of futurity will come into play once again, and require that the aliens who previously dwelled on that soil be removed.



Hitler and his predecessor, the revered Hindenburg, whose appearance in this campaign poster gives the Führer an air of legitimacy (1933)

Hitler had drawn his own conclusions from Hannibal’s lost war. Although Carthage did surrender to the Romans after the first war, Rome became thereby neither complacent (how could they forget Cannae?), nor appeased by submission.¹⁰⁰ Futurity gave them nightmares. Thus the next war, and its outcome: extermination, salt-sowing. In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler wrought these events into an explicit paradigm: Germany could expect no better, did she not rise up against “the shame of



Hitler receives Reichstag ovation after announcing Anschluss of Austria (March 1938)

Versailles.” His subsequent brutalities as conqueror force the conclusion that by the anti-Carthaginian logic of the *implicit* paradigm, the various surrenders of the Eastern European peoples he vanquished wouldn’t stop him from cutting them down, then sowing salt in their blasted homelands:

HOW FAR CAN THE VICTOR GO?

The expedient calculus of Adolf Hitler (*ca.* 1918¹⁰¹-1945)

“A shrewd victor will, if possible, always present his demands to the vanquished in installments. And then, with a nation that has lost its character—and this is the case of every one which voluntarily submits—he can be sure that it will not regard one more of those individual oppressions as an adequate reason for taking up arms again... The fall of Carthage is the most horrible picture of such a slow execution of a people through its own deserts.”

SOURCE: HITLER, p. 668.

Through its own deserts! What a convenient rationale for sowing salt! Poland overrun at his command, Hitler will invoke his expedient calculus to prohibit the

rebuilding of Warsaw—"in order," says an intimate, "to deprive the Polish people of their political and cultural center."¹⁰²—"Now we can strike at the heart of Poland," says Hitler in the summer of 1940. "I have ordered to the East my Death's Head units with the order to kill without pity or mercy all men, women, and children of Polish race or language."¹⁰³ In Poland and Russia, his *Einsatzgruppen* will quickly disprove Gandhi's hopeful maxim that "an army that dares pass over the corpses of innocent men and women would not be able to repeat that experience."¹⁰⁴ Salt and more salt! More firing-squads, more trenches. "O beauteous sight!"

We see him with his squarish black blot of a moustache, glaring, chopping the air with his wrists, saluting the futurity he'll create by trying to avoid through violence, his right arm straight out in front of him, inclining upward only ever so slightly, in understated acknowledgement and causation of the saluting arms of his crowds, whose stiff wrists and knife-edged hands rise at forty-five-degree angles, like the muzzles of artillery pieces adjusted for maximum range. At conferences or in snapshots with Eva Braun he strikes third parties as strangely awkward, almost withdrawn; it's only out front, alone at the head of his movement, that he comes into his own. He believes he hears "the elemental cry of the German-Austrian people for union with the German mother country ... a longing to return to the never-forgotten ancestral home,"¹⁰⁵ and temporarily succeeds in bringing about just that, although the Austrian chancellor, Schussnigg, struggles to prevent him. His territorial ideal vaguely resembles that of the anti-secessionist Abraham Lincoln,¹⁰⁶ or that of the Serbian Ministry of Information pamphlet which mildly explains: "The Serbs are proud of their history and tradition and for this reason, just like the Poles once, they cannot accept imposed contemporary divisions which cut up the Serbian ethnic, geographic and historical entity."¹⁰⁷—Yes—other homelands have their ideals, too! After Schussnigg's forced resignation, the Austrian President tries to tell Hitler, equally vainly, that "Austria alone determines who is to be the head of government."¹⁰⁸ Hitler does not care what Austria presumes to determine. The homeland for which he fought during World War I comprises in equal measure expedient future and mythic past. Almost three decades after it's over, Albert Speer, who'd been mesmerized by him almost until the end of the Third Reich, will conclude from his prison cell that Hitler's "illusions and wish-dreams were a direct outgrowth of his unrealistic mode of working and thinking... he wanted to have the war at this supposedly most favorable moment, while at the same time he failed to adequately prepare for it."¹⁰⁹ Defending his dream-Germany precisely equaled bringing it into being—which could be done only by strangling the neighbors.¹¹⁰

With his spittle-spraying stridency he screams that defense against futurity must take place in the present. "*As long as the eternal conflict between Germany and France is carried on only in the form of a German defense against French aggression, it will never be decided, but from year to year, from century to century, Germany will lose one position after another.*"¹¹¹ The solution, a thoroughly Clausewitzian one: attack France.

Over and over, defense against futurity. In 1939, Germany holds a four-to-one advantage in materiel. "In order to maintain it we would have to go on producing four times as much. We are in no position to do so."¹¹² The solution: attack Poland while we can.

Poland falls. So does France. England seems checkmated. Russia continues to faithfully fulfill her part of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, but Hitler, homeland's resolute protector, now explains at a secret conference: "There is no time to lose. War must come in my lifetime. My pact was meant only to stall for time, and, gentlemen, to Russia will happen just what I have practised with Poland—we will crush the Soviet Union."¹¹³

HITLER'S FOREBEARS

If age sanctifies principle, then Hitler's ought to be gilded, for we can hear it issuing from the mouths of aggressors down the ages; here it is on the lips of the Persian king, Xerxes, preparing to invade and burn Athens: "I know too well that if we make no move, the Athenians will—they will be sure to invade our country... Retreat is no longer possible for either of us: if we do not inflict the wound, we shall assuredly receive it."¹¹⁴ A half-century after the Greeks have beaten Xerxes, they fall out amongst themselves, and Corinthian envoys harangue Sparta into declaring war on Athens, gibing: "You, Spartans, of all the Hellenes are alone inactive, and defend yourselves not by doing anything but by looking as if you would do something; you alone wait until the power of an enemy is becoming twice its original size, instead of crushing it in its infancy."¹¹⁵ This was precisely Hitler's argument for proactive self-defense against Poland. His enemies' strength is growing, he reminds his staff over and over; he is aging. Right now he has a favorable correlation of forces, which may prevail through 1944, but if Germany fails to begin the war by then, or by 1945 at the absolute latest, the opportunity to secure living-space will have been lost.



"Victory at any price"
(1942)

WHEN SHALL I WAGE WAR?

The expedient calculus of the the Brahman Kautilya (4th century B.C.)

"Whoever is inferior to another shall make peace with him; whoever is superior in power shall wage war; whoever thinks, 'No enemy can hurt me, nor am I strong enough to destroy my enemy,' shall observe neutrality."

SOURCE: KAUTILYA, ARTHASHASTRA, EXCERPTED IN CHALIAND, P. 288.

At the end of that hot, tense summer of 1939, when war waits upon his command to crush Poland, and the last futile heralds of diplomacy rush back and forth, he refers once more to self-defense: "Close your hearts to pity. Act brutally. Eighty million people must obtain what is their right. Their existence must be made secure." Then he continues, à la Thucydides: "The strongest man is right."¹¹⁶ For Hitler, ambitions are homeland. The Sudetenland, Austria, Czechoslovakia are bloodless acquisitions all, so he hasn't yet spent any of his strength; why not try to acquire more? One engaging and thorough work of diplomatic scholarship concludes that nothing could have prevented Hitler's war except his death.¹¹⁷ The same might have been said about Xerxes, or the Corinthians who sneer:

And yet, Spartans, you still delay, and fail to see that peace stays longest with those who are not more careful to use their power justly than to show their determination not to submit to injustice. On the contrary, your idea of fair dealing is based on the principle that if you do not injure others, you need not risk your own fortunes in preventing others from injuring you.¹¹⁸

They have a point—Poland's point of view: her frantic non-aggression failed to save her from Hitler. But of course that point is being addressed not to any peaceful Poland, but to one of the two great rival city-states of the Peloponnese, as an incitement to *break* the peace.

THE CROCODILE'S MAXIM

The general rule of national self-interpretation is this: *If we lost the last war, it's a grievance. If we won the last war, it's the status quo.* Call this the Crocodile's Maxim.¹¹⁹ We call upon the enemy to regurgitate his spoils, but it would be a crime against nature if we had to do the same. Territorialism rarely follows the Golden Rule. We will examine proactive self-defense as a category in another chapter.¹²⁰ For now, we need merely note its slaughterhouse cynicisms, as in this Imperial Rescript through which Japan announced her surrender in 1945: "We declared war on America and Britain out of Our sincere desire to assure Japan's self-preservation and the stabilization of East Asia, it being far from Our thought ... to infringe upon the sovereignty of other nations."¹²¹ This is a lie; Japan began the war with America by bombing Pearl Harbor without a declaration of hostilities; that action in turn had been necessitated by Japan's refusal to disgorge conquered, bleeding China. Thus we see a double infringement of sovereignty. But *if* we grant a devoured China as a status quo; if like Xerxes we cannot consider ourselves worthy should we abandon our new territories, and if America then embargoes our oil, well, then by divine right of the Crocodile's Maxim we shall have to defend ourselves, that's all. The widow of a kamikaze recalls being ordered to thrust at the throats of imaginary American giants

with a bamboo spear. "I enjoyed it. It was for Japan ... We were sending our loved ones off to die to protect the country. It was the least we could do on the home front."¹²²

World War II begins.

CANCELLATION

We see a Soviet soldier lying in a bathtub in Stalingrad, with his machine gun resting on the bathtub's lip. We see snow on his boots and uniform, snow in the bathtub, snow in the wreckage about him. Black war-smoke occludes his aiming point. He lurks and sights, dug in, fighting for a piece of homeland now fit only for corpse-rats.¹²³ Stalin commemorates the October Revolution as the Germans approach Moscow. Lean, alert, fatherly, he stands upon the rostrum, a star upon his cap.¹²⁴ In his speech, defense of class gives way to defense of homeland. Food rationing comes back. And the soldier fights on.

Three years later, we see *Hitlerjugend* boys— young, very young—trudging off in their doomed attempt to save the shrunken homeland from the Soviet invaders. Blankets embrace their backpacks. They carry canteens, guns and bombs. As they pass down the cobblestoned street, an old soldier beams upon them.¹²⁵ How many will live?



"Death to the Fascist snake!"
(Soviet Estonia, 1941)

WHY DID I CONTINUE FIGHTING FOR HITLER?

The moral calculus of Heinz Guderian, Chief of the Army General Staff (as remembered by him after 1945)

"I should have regarded myself as a shabby coward if I had refused to attempt to save the eastern armies and my homeland, eastern Germany. That my attempt to do so was ultimately a failure will remain, until the day I die, the distress and grief of my life. There can be scarcely anyone who feels more painfully than I do for the fate of our eastern territories and for their innocent, valiant, true and brave inhabitants. After all, I myself am Prussian."

SOURCE: GUDERIAN, p. 271.

Give Hitler this much credit: He freely acknowledges in *Mein Kampf* that were he a Frenchman, he would try to crush Germany for the sake of France. He admits,

in short, that *opposing defenses of homeland cancel each other out*.¹²⁶ And when war becomes desperate for both sides, then defense of homeland, however vital an end to any one fighter, can be canceled out by the third party, the historian or Red Cross observer, who wants to determine only whether the war as a whole is just for a given side.¹²⁷



*"One people, one Reich,
one leader!"*

Cancellation can be a useful procedural exercise. Consider one biographer's doctrinaire statement that "history confirmed" Trotsky's judgment "that a war of the Soviet Union against an imperialist aggressor would be a just war."¹²⁸ Why doctrinaire? Because "Soviet Union" and "imperialist" are excess baggage. A war against an aggressor is a just war. The statement is thus a postulate so commonly accepted as to be near tautology, masked as sciento-messianic proof of the Soviet Union's specialness.

Weren't they all correct, those enlisted men who didn't make decisions? Certainly that is what their leaders would tell us, could we conjure them all up from Hades. And quite a lot of homeland-sacrificed shades there would be, too. Hence Clarence Darrow's dictum that "the history of the world is little else than the story of the carnage and destruction wrought on battlefields."¹²⁹ Certainly, for the *policies* of Stalin and Hitler, who were their legitimate commanders,¹³⁰ the *soldiers* of Stalin and Hitler bear no responsibility, unless *without dire compulsion*¹³¹ they begin to kill noncombatants. As always, the justness of violence committed must be considered from the point of view of the individual actors involved. The justice of my shooting at you in no way countermands the justice of your simultaneously shooting at me.¹³² This is why Eisenhower at his most extreme never called for the punishment of all German enlisted men. (Stalin, of course, proposed liquidating a million or so.)

"WAR IS HARD—WE ARE HARDER!"

Put the case still more firmly (Clausewitz would): *Whatever its cause, war instantly becomes self-defense for all participants*. Defense of homeland invokes self-defense; and by virtue of there being a war, there is imminence; there is, in fact, self-defense. This is why one Nazi war poster shows a soldier gripping his rifle as if it were the pole of a regimental standard. Behind and around stand crowds of his folk comrades. The old farmer at his side squints and holds a great sharp scythe. A brawny man raises a hammer. Men and women with grim faces fill the picture. They know the stakes, and so does their bailiff, the "little corporal" who did more than anyone to start the war, on the grounds that "only an adequately large space on this earth assures a

nation of freedom of existence,"¹³³ and who is beginning to see that expansion of homeland may soon require defense of home ground—an exact inversion of the principle which he repeatedly proclaimed.

Fortunately, he has Bismarck to draw upon for his notions of self-enlarging German greatness. He can dip his snake-oil from the well of the Holy Roman Empire if he wishes. That was the first Reich; Bismarck's was the second; his is the third. He captures the zone in which the most industrialized forty percent of the prewar Soviet population had dwelled, destroys a third of Russia's wealth (which their toil will restore a mere six years after World War II),¹³⁴ burns, conquers, exterminates. But after Stalingrad, defeat in Africa, Normandy, loss of Italy, it's time to invoke Frederick the Great, whose achievement was to be tough, and to hang on despite his enemies. Bismarck-Hitler and Frederick-Hitler have one thing in common: stubbornness. Like those Afghans I saw aiming single-shot rifles against Soviet tanks, they defy reality itself. That way, sometimes they can forge their own.



"War is hard. We are harder!" (1943)

Warned that the Russians are now turning against him up to seven hundred tanks per month, Hitler violently objects: "The Russians are dead."¹³⁵ —But he cannot wish the wager away, and he knows it. "The idea of treating wars as anything other than the harshest means of settling questions of very existence is ridiculous," he says.¹³⁶ He has treated war as that by virtue of violating all of war's just limits.¹³⁷ Hence that poster of men and women with hard faces. The bailiff comes to demand an eye. The hard people see him walking up the street; in a moment he will ring the bell (or, I should say, the air raid siren), and demand a leg, a child, a conscience. Hitler is rereading Clausewitz in the bunker, and Clausewitz wrote: "The decision by arms is, for all operations in War, great and small, what cash payment is in bill transactions."¹³⁸ The bailiff's bill is due. And Hitler, like Montezuma four centuries before him, thinks: Only magic can save me now. —He dreams of secret V-weapons, but they come too late to do anything more than kill a few English civilians. His ground shrinks. Homeland shrinks.

Spartacus, we read, tied his soldiers' corpses to stakes, in order to trick the Roman besiegers into thinking he had sentries posted; meanwhile he slipped away.¹³⁹ Hitler cannot pretend; he has nowhere to slip to. Stand fast, he orders the Wehrmacht; guard my frontiers, and magically repel the Russian horde. The sentries become corpses, but the Russians are not tricked. What now? Already they're in Hungary! Spartacus escaped from a sheer slope of Vesuvius by sliding down a rope made of osiers, but soon the Russians will be in Austria. Yes, even Bailiff Hitler must pay. Will it be to Bailiff Stalin or to Bailiffs Churchill and Roosevelt? (None

of these; he'll shoot himself in the mouth.)

The patriots in the poster, who are as much one with their country as Saint-Exupéry with his, must now be prepared for the worst. "War is hard," the poster warns. "We are harder!"¹⁴⁰ That is 1943. In 1944, times are worse, and the poster simply admonishes in graffiti-like chalk-strokes across a dark background: "Hard times, hard work, hard hearts!"¹⁴¹ Then finally, in 1945, desperately: "Victory or Bolshevik chaos!"¹⁴² Homeland or the abyss! Homeland is lost: occupation, Nuremberg trials, hangings, de-Nazification, partition, the Berlin blockade, the Berlin wall...

LEONIDAS

Would it be too much, then, to call defense against futurity one of the favorite devices of tyrants? One night as they were lying in bed, Atossa, who belonged to the King of Persia's inherited stable of wives,¹⁴³ is supposed to have advised her husband to begin an aggressive war against Greece, because thereby "not only will the Persians know their leader to be a man"—here lies authority's defense of honor, which we have seen before in our glances at Sun-tzu, Olaf Trygvesson, Tito and Dwight Abbot¹⁴⁴—"but," she went on, "if you make war, you will waste their strength and leave them no leisure to plot against you"¹⁴⁵—a very common expedient reason for waging wars. Authority protects itself by channeling hatred elsewhere. Hitler proved it: As a sole basis for violent defense of homeland, *defense against futurity is never justified.*

A HERO'S EPITAPH

About Leonidas, king of Sparta, the homeland-defender against whose energies Atossa's probably apocryphal advice will take lethal effect, surprisingly little appears in the classical sources. We read that his father-king, Anaxandrides, kept a childless wife, in defiance of the threats of the magistrates, but found himself so far compelled as to take a second spouse as well—"an unheard of thing in Sparta," says Herodotus.¹⁴⁶ From the womb of Anaxandrides's supposedly barren first wife, his sister's daughter, now came three children, the middle one of these being Leonidas. One naturally wonders whether the appearance of the second wife (who, like her rival, is never named) had produced redoubled efforts, in order to avoid the "unpleasant measures" of which the magistrates had warned. At any rate, the second wife had already produced unstable Cleomenes, who, being the firstborn son, accordingly became king after Anaxandrides. Cleomenes soon dying, perhaps by suicide, and likewise his elder brother Dorieus (killed in battle in Sicily), Leonidas succeeds to kingship—a position he'd never expected.

From our sketch of Spartan customs in another chapter,¹⁴⁷ we can well imagine

the youth of Leonidas, who by all accounts never expected to be king: learning to compete, forage and obey in the shadow of Sparta's mountains, devoting himself to the soldierly virtues. Was he really like that? All we have of him is the image of an antique hero preserved by those who wanted to glorify their own traditions, or tradition in general. With far less hope than in Julius Caesar's case¹⁴⁸ of imagining the "real man," let's make do with the marble statue that we have, and call him perfect, at least from the standpoint which concerns us: defense of homeland. He marries Cleomenes's daughter, Gorgo, whose sayings are often quoted by the ancients for their ferociously exemplary rectitude. See him paying his devotions to the goddess at Orthia; see him at the communal table, abstemiously drinking watered wine, trading sharp epigrams with his companion athlete-politicians; see him at home with Gorgo, the two of them taciturn and (we hope) affectionate—but he's rarely at home; he has to harden himself. The mysticism of his archaic epoch, symbolized by sacrificed virgins and votive reliefs of young men offering pomegranates to snakes, obscures Leonidas from us even further. What he felt and believed can hardly be reconstructed, but the squat stone birth-goddesses that we've found in Spartan ruins, the Gorgon reliefs on house-gables, suggest to me as much as do Gorgo's proverbs that a necessary quality of is *vigilance against accident, malice, ritual pollution and sacred doom*. Surely the royal persona now donned by Leonidas would take on this coloring. Ruled by ominous forces which now, because we dismiss them as "natural," have no terrors for us, he learns to be brave, to face the worst. To pain and death he steels himself by a rigor for which my own homeland with its "smart bombs" now finds little use. Do helots toil and spin for his household? If not, does Leonidas carry the heavy water-jar for Gorgo,¹⁴⁹ or is she strong like him? (Seeing a foreigner's slaves helping him dress, she remarks: "Look—this man has no hands!") Gorgo and her husband would seem to be compatible spouses! No matter what labor they might justly or unjustly call upon, we may be sure of finding in this married pair the following virtues: piety, abstinence, stern uprightness, reverence to the gods, unbending watchfulness toward strangers—thus the Spartan way. (Consider the following anecdote out of Plutarch. When somebody asked how many Spartans there were, he was told, "Enough, Sir, to keep out wicked men.")¹⁵⁰



Spartan 'Leonidas'
statuette

Descended, like so many other heroes, from Herakles,¹⁵¹ Leonidas trains and drills nearly every day—of that we can be sure—carrying spear and shield. He leads or oversees military parades. "Faith," writes Carlyle, "is loyalty to some inspired Teacher, some spiritual Hero. And what therefore is loyalty proper, the life-breath of all society, but an effluence of Hero-worship, submissive admiration for the truly great?"¹⁵² I cannot imagine that Leonidas by his training constitutes a Teacher as much as a martial Hero. Obviously, definitions of manliness, "civicness" and good

citizenship vary over time. Plutarch again: "It was not said amiss by Antisthenes, when people told him that one Ismenias was an excellent piper. 'It may be so,' said he, 'but he is but a wretched human being, otherwise he would not have been an excellent piper.'" ¹⁵³ How then to be a fine human being? Fight, kill and strip. In the moral calculus which this chapter proposes, I said that violent defense of homeland is justified *when aliens seriously threaten homeland's fundamental rights to express its own ethos and follow its own lifeway, and when all nonviolent means for neutralizing the threat have failed*. If I were an American-born woman I would not want to live in Afghanistan, and as a bookish, sometimes incautiously friendly man with bad eyesight, I would not want to live in Sparta—I'd fail; I'd disgrace myself—but homeland is, if a Spartan says so, military exercises, suspiciousness, and all the rest of it.

How tolerant, how morally relativist can we be? Odysseus casually relates how, when the wind happened to bring him to Ismarus, "There I sacked the city and slaughtered the men; we collected the women and booty from the city and distributed them." ¹⁵⁴ Doubtless they all had or were their own Atossas. I don't care for such practices; I don't call them justified. But in the absence of the idealized conditions which make following the Golden Rule an easily practical endeavor, let's follow the least debased version we can—in this case, the Soldier's Golden Rule, which runs, as you may remember: *Do unto others as you are done by*. ¹⁵⁵ If that was the operating principle in those days (as it is now in all too many respects), then it extenuates, although it does not excuse, some features of the Spartan ethos. Again, remember our corollary: *A local injustice of which the locals do not complain never invalidates local defense of homeland*. The local injustices which offend our sensitivities were the way of the ancient world. Homeland's defenders and homeland's invaders shared them. They cancel one another out.

The Athenian *ephebes* swore upon taking office to leave their descendants an aggrandized homeland if possible. ¹⁵⁶ Spartans merely out-militarized the Athenians a trifle.

Thus the days of Leonidas. Spartans revere their kings. He surely finds it incumbent on himself to do justice to their reverence. "I say, Find me the true *Könning*, King, or Able-man, and he *has* a divine right over me." ¹⁵⁷ Soon enough, Leonidas will show his right, by dying for Sparta. More drill—more marches—and always, I would hope, a sense of fittingness, and probably the camaraderie of military men enduring privation together. He presides over the contests of naked athletes male and female. Perhaps he himself crowns the victors with palm leaves. Perhaps he wins a race or wrestling-match, and others crown him—for a Spartan king must be fit, to march at the head of his army: by custom he takes the field first, and leaves it last. He entertains foreigners, when he has to, at banquets—I imagine that they find the food poor, conversation awkward and short, that they and he leave one another with relief. Afterward, he'll tell Gorgo what impressed him about them and what

didn't, and she'll regale him with some epigram. Do they come to his house to importune him? Then Gorgo will certainly be there, as she was when a foreigner tried to bribe her father. (She, who was then only eight or nine years old, advised Cleomenes to send the man away at once, before he became corrupted; he followed that advice.)

Again Leonidas drills with shield and spear. At this moment in his career, he defends homeland's sacredness by means of vigilance, preparation, coordination and, of course, religion. His royalty lays upon him a prominent role in divine festivals. Does he himself sacrifice the oxen? We know from Thermopylae that another man, a professional seer, will examine the slaughtered entrails for omens. Does Leonidas lead the people in prayer, or preside over sacred games? We don't know. Maybe his duty consists of mere presence. At any rate, one such festival will prevent him from leading the Spartan hoplites to the battle of Marathon in timely fashion. His rivals and occasional allies the Athenians defend Greece against the Persians without him.

PERSIA'S HUNGER

Atossa's advice, whether or not it was actually given (and unless Herodotus, who tells the tale, had put on the Gygean ring of invisibility, and crawled beneath their bed before he was even born, how would he know?), hardly constituted the sole cause of the Greco-Persian Wars.¹⁵⁸ Anyhow, why would Atossa, who'd never been there, even care about Greece? Our historian, with his usual love of the sordid, explains her warmongering as a quid pro quo to the scheming Greek physician who'd cured an abscess on her breast.¹⁵⁹ Nowadays most historians have become deists, for whom it's preferable to invoke impersonal international forces, "the normal dynamic of expansion."¹⁶⁰ Should we do the same, the demon we'll conjure up, in Persia's case, is defense against futurity, in the banal guise of hungry expediency.

Long before Atossa's whispers, we find another voracious sovereign on Persia's throne: namely Atossa's father, Cyrus the Great. This man, slated for liquidation but reared as a shepherd's changeling, constituted one benchmark of imperialist greatness. About his mother it had been dreamed that a vine grew from her womb "and spread over Asia."¹⁶¹ (Thus Herodotus, who else? In his pages dreams must always be fulfilled with the same consistency as for the Stalinist novelist Ostrovsky characters from the wrong social class must turn out evil.)¹⁶² Among his other territorial repasts, Cyrus devours Lydia, whose dependency, the Greek state of Ionia, he naturally absorbs likewise. Phrygia falls easily into his mouth—more Greeks there. And so begins the stale old history of aggression most politic, natural and unjustified, of gnawing, nibbling pressure on the Greeks.

Ionia being the outermost ripple of homeland, her loss occasions only vague anxiety to Athens and Sparta. After all, the Ionians "of all the Greek races had least power and influence."¹⁶³ But even though in their typically parochial fashion they

turn the Ionian suppliants away, the Spartans nonetheless, and this is equally typical, dispatch a man to warn Cyrus against attacking the Greeks. One can imagine this fellow at a Persian banquet, sitting by himself, gloomy and unimpressed with everything, ready to die at a moment's notice—for the concept of diplomatic immunity had not yet caught on. Probably more amused than annoyed, Cyrus asks somebody to tell him who these Spartans are. Then he advises the envoy to go home and tell his people to mind their own business.¹⁶⁴

After Cyrus, who dies in the act of conquest, comes his son Cambyses,¹⁶⁵ brother-murderer, sister-murderer, tomb-desecrator, blasphemer against sacred cows, madman.¹⁶⁶ Thus Herodotus again. Or, as my *Oxford Classical Dictionary* puts it, “he completed his father's grand plan by conquering Egypt, where he was successful in promoting a policy of collaboration with the local élites.”¹⁶⁷ Having gained for Persia the Phoenician fleet, which will be of considerable utility to any invasion design, he dies of an abscessed thigh. So Persian homeland has continued to grow a trifle, just as the Athenian variety has pledged itself to do; no harm done—except of course to irrelevant Egypt (an important granary for the Greeks, but never mind that, either). The Golden Rule of Greek City-States: *Let others do unto others whatever doesn't affect me.*¹⁶⁸

Darius, the subsequent Persian king, is the one to whom Atossa says: “Never mind about the Scythians for the moment. They are yours for the asking... Look—what I want you to do is invade Greece... I should like to have Spartan girls, and girls from Argos and Attica and Corinth, to wait upon me.”¹⁶⁹

As Herodotus tells it, Darius replies with respectful acquiescence—perhaps because the idea fits in with his other schemes. Under him, the puppet satrap of Lydia invites Samos's tyrant to come and get liquidated; thus Samos becomes another Persian possession. All is going well. Byzantium falls and Chalcedon falls... The Greeks fold arms or backbite one another while Cyrus takes control of their other grain-supplier, southern Russia.

The historian Peter Green, on whose account (as well as Herodotus's) I am relying here,¹⁷⁰ continually draws parallels between Persian puppet-governments such as Samos's, and Vichy France; and, by implication, between Persian and Nazi aggression. The remorseless expansion of the Persian empire at this period can indeed be compared to Hitler's extortions and invasions during 1935-39; and Green compels us to see in the behavior of the threatened Greek city-states the same sorry, sordid disunity that prevailed in Europe right up until, and indeed after, that bloody day when Hitler made World War II inevitable by attacking Poland. For the Greek heartland, that day arrives after they halfheartedly participate in an Ionian uprising against Darius,¹⁷¹ who puts it down with ease, killing, castrating, razing and enslaving.¹⁷² He now takes Chios, Lesbos, Tenedos and the Thracian Chersonese. (Do you remember what Hitler said? *A shrewd victor will, if possible, always present his demands to the vanquished in installments.*)

In 491 B.C., plenipotentiaries arrive in the Greek heartland, demanding the most literal tokens of vassalage: earth and water from each homeland. We can imagine what this would mean to that Yugoslav woman from Struga, the one who weepingly clutches home dirt in her hand; it means the same both to the Greeks and to Darius.

Some city-states, expediently anxious to give up their dust and lick his, do as commanded, but not all. When the Persian envoys arrive in Athens and Sparta, earth and water is precisely what they get—the Athenians throw them into a pit; the Spartans drown them in a well.

Darius lays waste Carystus until she too surrenders, then conquers Eretria, burning all her temples. He gives the next command for augmentation of homeland. The Persians sail toward Athens. Hence Marathon.

FIGHT, KILL, STRIP

Until then, unity had never been the Greeks' aim. To them it was natural to go farther than that: Fight any polis with whom we're not explicitly allied; kill as many of their warriors as possible, and strip them of their armor.¹⁷³ (How could Darius and Atossa disagree?) Extermination in the sense of mass murder, genocide, rarely furthered expediency, as it might for Clausewitzians or Hitlerians.¹⁷⁴ Later, when the Peloponesian War seared its fratricidal cruelty throughout the homeland, war aims hardened, at times approaching Hitler's, but for now, driving the enemy from the battlefield would do, after which honor could be reified by erecting a trophy comprised of captured shields and arms. The next step was to collect the enemy dead so that the survivors would sue to regain possession of them—after all, as Plutarch logically puts it, "Those who have to make such a request show that they are not victors, since they cannot take what they want."¹⁷⁵ The principle was not so far removed from the Cheyenne one of counting coup.¹⁷⁶

With such war aims, it is no surprise that the Greek hoplites, whom we usually find represented in profile, bronze-greaved, shielded, helmeted and cuirassed, but still showing more flesh, more individuality than we are used to seeing on our own soldiers, approached Saint-Exupéry's ideal of voluntarism¹⁷⁷—another way of saying that they could be undisciplined. They might mutiny for lack of provisions, desert or sulk in their tents, like Achilles during the Trojan War; certainly they interlocked into no grand mechanism of Panhellenic self-defense. Among them there remained, in short, considerable scope for the sort of ethical freedom that we have been considering in this book. That is why two of the doomed Spartan defenders at Thermopylae, when ordered by Leonidas to deliver a message to Sparta, will disobey, replying that their duty lies with him. He suffers them to stay and die.

MARATHON

Leonidas and his hoplites, as we said, find their war-freedom fettered by the dictates of a sacred festival when the Athenians call for help against Darius. And so for days the Athenians, in desperate fear for their homeland, wait alone by a marsh at the edge of Marathon plain. When the Persians make the mistake of dividing their forces, leaving some troops to hem the Athenians in, sending the rest by water to take half-deserted Athens, the Athenians then sally out, envelop the Persian wings and slaughter 6,400 (their casualties being a mere 192.)¹⁷⁸ By a long hard march they beat the remaining Persians to their city.

The Spartans arrive on the day after victory. How must Leonidas feel, to have no share in the honor of common defense? Were they pleased to have spared their forces? For they could be as calculatingly expedient as anyone. Or did they feel wounded in their outer or inner honor?

“GOD’S GUIDANCE”

Now Darius suffers the fate of all flesh, and is succeeded by his son Xerxes, who in Persepolis’s Treasury Frieze appears appropriately stately and stony (we see him from the side, grave and long-bearded, with the disproportionately huge eye which is one of the trademarks of ancient Middle Eastern representation). A moustache curls down his cheek like a misplaced pipe. A bun of curly hair supports a vast crown. He’s officially inhuman in his magnificence.¹⁷⁹

Like Hitler and Caesar Augustus,¹⁸⁰ he’s heir to a homeland tradition of aggressive expansion. How can he be worthy to “sit beside” Cambyses and Darius unless he too conquers great territories for the Persian empire? Where but Greece? After all, lost Marathon was an insult! This is defense of honor, but not just that. The conceptual homeland of a Xerxes, Cortes, Montezuma is a vigorous, ever growing thing, akin to the conceptual economic homeland of twentieth-century America (gross domestic product must always increase; otherwise the economy cannot be “healthy”). The sinews of homeland are pride and mastery. Defend this invincible conception, or it will become vincible.¹⁸¹ The cause of Hitler’s aggression, says a biographer, “was at bottom nothing more or less than the desire to exercise sovereignty.”¹⁸² And Xerxes says: “Ever since . . . we took over from the Medes the sovereign power we now possess, we have never yet remained inactive. This is God’s guidance.”¹⁸³

“LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING IN IMMENSE GLOOM”

In 484, his minions dig a great canal at Athos, the better to bring their ships to bear. In 481, the invasion begins, with perhaps 210,000 men and 650 ships.¹⁸⁴ Army and navy will work in tandem, unstoppable. (I would be opposed to war, were it not for

the rapidity and ease with which it kills patriots.) Once again, ambassadors march ahead, demanding earth and water from all Greece—but, like Hitler, who refuses to accept even the unconditional surrender of Yugoslavia, they disdain to approach Athens and Sparta (and, given the treatment of their predecessors, one can hardly blame them for the omission). In 480, they finish their immense bridge of boats across the Dardanelles—that is, as Herodotus dramatically puts it, “from Asia to Europe.”¹⁸⁵ Then they march through Thrace and into Thessaly. Not without piquancy, that classicist and revolutionary torchbearer Robespierre will imagine the scene so many centuries later. “Sparta blazes like a flash of lightning in immense gloom.”¹⁸⁶

SALVATION THROUGH TERROR

The Athenians, whose hearts must now be as heavy as the bronze shields of hoplites, swear the following oath in defense of homeland: “I shall fight as long as I live, and I shall not consider it more important to be alive than to be free.”¹⁸⁷ In these words we hear the same pathos as in the exhortation of Aemilius and the letter of Olef Nechitovsky.

Now at last for an assembly of Greek city-states. As Plato wrote much later: “Had they not been terrified at the time we are speaking of, they could never have rallied for the repulse of the invader and the defense of temples, tombs, country, and all that is nearest and dearest.”¹⁸⁸ (Thus Greek defense of homeland. Soviet defense of homeland will be defense of factories.) At this convocation, the Thessalians announce: “Fellow countrymen, in order to save Thessaly and the whole of Greece, it is necessary to defend the passage past Mount Olympus. We are ready to assist you in the defence of this vital pass, and you, for your part, must send a strong force. If you fail to do so, we give you fair warning that we shall come to terms with Persia.”¹⁸⁹

Their allies march to Tempe, but, learning that Xerxes could take any number of other ways into Thessaly, they withdraw. The Thessalians then collaborate with the Persians.

And so the Greeks, falling back toward the heart of homeland, decide to defend Thermopylae, “on the grounds that it was narrower than the pass into Thessaly and at the same time nearer home.”¹⁹⁰

LEONIDAS

“We already know from the battle of Thermopylae how unpromising and how dangerous it is to try to block mountain passes.”¹⁹¹ Thus our old friend, the military historian Delbrück, to whom this battle will appear an exercise in tactical futility. The defenders knew that before the fact. Leonidas, when asked by one of his magistrates

whether he has any plan other than to hold the passes, replies: "In theory, no, but in fact I plan to die for the Greeks."¹⁹²

In cool, clear-sighted self-sacrifice, these words are worthy to stand beside Joan of Arc's impassioned eloquence of self-immolation.

I suppose him willing to die for "the Greeks" because in no other way could he defend his own homeland, Sparta. Twenty-two centuries later we hear Robespierre, that exponent of self-defensive Terror, explaining that republican virtue, "which performed such miracles in Greece and Rome," "is nothing other than the love of one's country and its laws."¹⁹³

In the famous "Leonidas" statue (carved, ironically, out of foreign marble), we see a nude man, wry, angular, determined beneath his swooping-crested helmet. Perhaps he is squinting into the sun. He looks old. The shadows are dark in his eye-sockets. He thrusts his chin forward, waiting. His shoulders tensely strain, but he stays still; he is stone.¹⁹⁴

This time he abandons the sacred rites then in progress. Military defense of homeland must take precedence over defense through piety. With care he personally chooses the best three hundred hoplites in Sparta—"all fathers of living sons"¹⁹⁵—in other words, men fit to die, their lineages having been perpetuated. With predictable class chauvinism, Herodotus ignores the nine hundred helots with them who most likely died without volition, and very probably Leonidas did not spare much thought on them, either. But can we condemn a man for having failed to live up to every one of our ideals? The enemy would crush his homeland into an all too easy slavery, and Leonidas is braver than most of us.

Looking upon him for the last time, we find Gorgo herself—wisest of all Spartan women, who discovered the warning of the Persian invasion, written secretly on waxed tablets!¹⁹⁶ She asks whether Leonidas perchance has any command for her. "To marry good men and bear good children," he replies.¹⁹⁷

What does she reply? Is her quick tongue, for once, silent? We can be sure that she rules herself well; she doesn't weep.

They set out for Thermopylae. Leonidas levies troops from allies as he goes, until he leads four thousand.¹⁹⁸ Perhaps he can delay the Persian advance until his allies sail into marble-pillared Artemisium. The enemy attacks by land and by sea: the Greeks must defend the same. Themistocles, the Athenian leader, must bring his defenders by the watery way. That is not Leonidas's affair.

"It was at once a magnificent and a terrible sight to see them march on to the tune of their flutes, without any disorder in their ranks ..., calmly and cheerfully moving with the music to the deadly fight."¹⁹⁹ Thus Plutarch. Why the flutes? A Spartan king explains: "So that, as they proceed in step to the music, both the cowards and the brave may be clearly distinguished."²⁰⁰

They bear their trademark: short swords. It is written that once a Spartan boy complained to his mother about the brevity of his blade. She replied: "Add one step

forward to it.”

Somebody mutters that it seems very risky for so few to be deployed against so many. Napoleon would have lied, to keep up the fellow’s courage. Trotsky would have waved a revolver in his face. Hitler would have assured him that one German could out-fight ten of the enemy. Julius Caesar would have smilingly or reproachfully charged ahead to teach him that fearlessness wins the day. As for Leonidas, he merely replies: “I’m certainly bringing plenty of men to meet their deaths.”²⁰¹ They bivouac in the narrows of Thermopylae.

AUGUST 18-20, 480 B.C.

Xerxes gives them four days to flee, but they do not. He wants to outflank them by sea, but inclement winds blow back his designs. He sends word: “Deliver up your arms.” Leonidas replies: “Come and take them.”²⁰² (The Persians are far greater in number than he’d anticipated. He calls for reinforcements—which never arrive.)²⁰³

Somebody says that the Persians have so many arrows that the sun will disappear. “How pleasant, then, if we’re going to” says Leonidas. “We’ll fight them in the shade.”²⁰⁴

Red-cloaked, bronze-shielded,²⁰⁵ they comb their hair (for it was said of them that “a large head of hair added beauty to a good face, and terror to an ugly one”).²⁰⁶ They polish their weapons, then sacrifice a she-goat and command their pipers to play.²⁰⁷

On the first day, Xerxes wants his Medes and Cissians to take them alive. He seats himself to watch. The assault begins. Those terracotta Greek vases crowded with war-scenes will help us visualize this first battle: hoplites raise hatchets above their crested heads, or lean in to skewer enemies with their long spears; horses paw, and the dark background is all broken up with red rays and lines—spears, swords, arrows, all vicious confusion.²⁰⁸ The Medean wave fails; likewise the Cissian. Xerxes sends in Sacae tribesmen, and then the Ten Thousand Immortals division. They scream, pierced by Spartan spears. Xerxes three times leaps to his feet, “in terror for his army.”²⁰⁹ The pass is only fifty feet wide.²¹⁰ The Persians cannot get through—murder and slaughter until darkness...

I suppose that the homeland-defenders erect a trophy on the battlefield that night: captured javelins and bloody helmets, smashed corselets and the like, all hung upon a tree. Then what? Quote a Spartan poet:

Now sleep the mountain peaks and the ravines, ridges and torrent streams, all creeping things that black night nourishes, wild upland beasts and the race of bees



Spartan bronze of a hoplite

and monsters in the gulfs of the dark-gleaming sea; now sleep the tribes of long-winged birds.²¹¹

That poet, Alcman, was not writing about Thermopylae. What of it? He speaks the accents of homeland. Creeping things do not yet creep. Leonidas and his hoplites have bought a little more life.

The next day, Xerxes sends in a brigade of men renowned for their courage. The men of Thermopylae repulse them, too.

The third day will be the last day. A "traitor" shows the Persians a secret path from the Asopian stream up to Black-Buttocks' Stone. (His name is Ephialtes. The Spartans will reward his murder.) They come marching up through the oaks before dawn, brushing aside a feeble contingent of Phocians. Now they'll be able to attack Leonidas's defenders both from the front and from the rear. (Hence the famous "dilemma of Thermopylae," which would become a figure of speech in after-days; we find Thucydides using it in his opus to describe an entrapment of Spartans by Messenians fifty-five years after the event.)²¹² Doom announces itself in the entrails of sacrificial victims. Leonidas dismisses all who wish to go—or, more likely, given Greek discipline, the contingents who wish for life simply depart.²¹³ He remains; an oracle told him that either Sparta must perish, or a Spartan king be killed.²¹⁴ "Honour forbade that he himself should go," says Herodotus.²¹⁵ There now remain only Thespians, Thebans and Spartans.

First come the Persians from the front, whipping their men on (one thinks of the Soviets in World War II, with their machine guns in the rear).²¹⁶ The defenders fight with spears until their spears have broken. Then they fight with swords. Leonidas dies, and also many Persians, including two of Darius's sons. Then comes the rear assault. The defenders form up in the narrows now. "Here they resisted to the last, with their swords, if they had them, and if not, with their hands and teeth."²¹⁷

They perish. Two Spartans survive by chance. One hangs himself; the other returns home to find that no one will speak to him or give him fire for his hearth until he makes atonement with his courage at the battle of Plataea.²¹⁸

Some Thebans, it's said, surrender. Xerxes brands them "with the royal mark."²¹⁹ Xerxes has Leonidas's head cut off and impaled on a pole.

A HERO'S EPITAPH

"But when news came from Thermopylae to Artemisium, informing them that King Leonidas was slain, and that Xerxes had made himself master of all the passages by land, they returned back to the interior of Greece."²²⁰

"Not all the glory of Leonidas's last stand could obliterate the fact that the Greek cause had suffered a major setback," writes Peter Green,²²¹ but Delbrück vaunts its "morale significance," concluding: "The defeat of the Spartiates represents

not just a sacrificial death and not simply a covering action, but both at the same time."²²² An anthropologist writes: "It was Thermopylae that finally imposed the hoplite image on Sparta... what had been the propaganda of a party became the ideology of the state, rigidly enforced and eventually universally believed."²²³ And when, not many decades later, some captured Spartans surrender to the Athenians during the Peloponnesian War, other Greeks can hardly believe *that*. Thucydides, who was alive during that event, insists that "it was the general opinion that no force or famine could make the Spartans give up their arms, but that they would fight on as they could, and die with them in their hands."²²⁴

Meanwhile, the Greeks will defeat the Persians at Salamis. Homeland will be saved.

We see on a shard of stone the profile-relief of a woman, her complexion now pockmarked by time, who with downcast eyes lifts in an indescribably graceful gesture her translucent veil, raising it as high as her forehead, while with her right hand she pours from a tiny jar a libation into a sacred bowl across which a hand gestures at her. The hand's wrist ends with the broken stone. This is, so we read, part of a "hero relief."²²⁵ We can imagine that in such a way, for the sake of their homeland now long since shattered and gone, the grateful Spartans paid tribute to Leonidas.



*Girl pouring libation,
part of a "hero relief"*

THERMOPLYLAE: A BALANCE SHEET

"Four thousand from Pelop's land against three million²²⁶ once did stand."

MEMORIAL INSCRIPTION, ACCORDING TO HERODOTUS

DEFENDERS

INVADERS

1. PRINCIPALS

PELOPONNESIANS

300 Spartan hoplites
 500 Tegean hoplites
 500 Mantinean hoplites
 1,120 Arcadian²²⁷ hoplites
 [including 120 Orchomeneums]
 400 Corinthian hoplites
 200 Philiusian hoplites
 80 Mycenean hoplites

BOETIANS

700 Thespian hoplites
 1,000 Locrian hoplites²²⁸
 1000 Phocian hoplites

SUBTOTAL: Greeks = 5,800

PERSIANS

170,000 Persian infantry
 8,000 Persian cavalry

SUBTOTAL: Persians = 178,000

2. SUBJECTS, VASSALS, RELUCTANT ALLIES

PELOPONNESIANS

900 Spartan helot slaves

BOETIANS

400 Theban hoplites
 ("Strongly suspected of Persian
sympathies"—Herodotus)

SUBTOTAL: Greeks = 1,300

PERSIANS

2,000 Arabian and Libyan chariots and camels
 400 Theban hoplites
 30,000 Greek infantry
 [from Thrace and the conquered islands]

SUBTOTAL: Persians = 32,000

TOTAL: Greeks = 7,100²²⁹

TOTAL: Persians = 210,000²³⁰

[If we combine all the Peloponnesians, including the helots, we arrive at the figure of 4,000 Greeks in Herodotus' inscription.]

[Here I have followed Green and his fellow scholars, who plausibly argue that Herodotus misplaced a decimal point to gain his figure of 2,614,610, which, I presume, was rounded up to obtain the 3 million of the inscription.]

FIRST ASSAULT (18 AUGUST, 480 B.C.)

DEFENDERS

As above

CASUALTIES: Greeks = Few

INVADERS

In turn:

Medean division

Cissians

Saciae tribesmen

Ten Thousand Immortal Guards division

CASUALTIES : Persians = Many

SECOND ASSAULT (18 AUGUST)

DEFENDERS

As above

CASUALTIES: Greeks = Few

INVADERS

Brigade of especially brave men

CASUALTIES: Persians = Many

THIRD ASSAULT (20 AUGUST)

After a local "traitor" shows the Persians how to strike the defenders from the rear, which was guarded only by the Phocian contingent, Thermopylae becomes evidently indefensible. The Spartans accordingly dismiss, or are abandoned by, the Regenans, Locrians, Mantineans, Corinthians, Orchomenusians, and some or all of the Myceneans.

DEFENDERS

300 Spartans
900 helots
700 Thespians
400 Thebans

2,300 men [less deserters and prior casualties at 300?]

TOTAL: Greeks = 2,000 men

CASUALTIES: Greeks = 1650+ [Herodotus implies that most of the Thebans surrender.²³² But Green warns against his "anti-Theban bias."²³⁴]

INVADERS

Ten Thousand Immortals division [from the rear]
Unnamed troops [from the front]

TOTAL: Persians = Unknown

CASUALTIES: Persians = Thousands ["No one could count the number of the dead."²³³]

10.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE
OF HOMELAND

WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE AGAINST
FOREIGN AGGRESSION JUSTIFIED?

A. Bakunin

"Every State, whether it is of a federative or a non-federative character, must seek, under the penalty of utter ruin, to become the most powerful of States. It has to devour others in order not to be devoured in turn... *The State then is the most flagrant negation, the most cynical and complete negation of humanity.*"²³⁵

B. Tolstoy

"But the various governments cannot leave the nations in peace, because the chief, if not the sole, justification for the existence of governments is the pacification of nations, and the settlement of their hostile relationships."²³⁶

C. Clarence Darrow

"The nation that would to-day disarm its soldiers and turn its people to the paths of peace ... would exhibit to the world such an example of moral grandeur and true vitality and worth that no nation, however powerful, would dare to invite the odium and hostility of the world by sending arms and men to conquer a peaceful, productive, non-resistant land."²³⁷

D. Constitution of Japan, Article 9 (1947)

"Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as a means of settling international disputes."²³⁸

E. Gandhi

"A non-violent man or society does not anticipate or provide for attacks from without. On the contrary, such a person or society firmly believes that nobody is going to disturb them. If the worst happens, there are two ways open to non-violence. To yield possession but non-co-operate with the aggressor..."

“The second way would be non-violent resistance... The unexpected spectacle of endless rows upon of men and women simply dying rather than surrender to the will of an aggressor must ultimately melt him and his soldiery.”²³⁹

F. Dr. Jose Rizal

“We want the happiness of Filipinas [the Philippines] but we want to obtain it through noble and just means; supposing that reason helps us, we should then not do anything evil. If, to make my country happy, I had to work vilely, I would refuse to do it because I am sure that what is built on sand will crumble sooner or later.”²⁴⁰

G. Molotov

Q. Any form of nationalism is dangerous, isn't it?

A. “No, not any. If it is against imperialism and colonialism, then we support it. But sometimes when nationalists seize power, it acquires other forms.”²⁴¹

H. Milovan Djilas

“Nationalism does not and cannot exist in itself as ideology, but ... every political movement, every social group, draws upon national sources. Nationalism as an ideology can exist only in times of emergency.”²⁴²

I. Churchill

“The Sermon on the Mount is the last word in Christian ethics. Everyone respects the Quakers. Still, it is not on these terms that Ministers assume their responsibilities of guiding states. Their duty is first to deal with other nations as to avoid strife and war and to eschew aggression in all its forms... But the safety of the State, the lives and freedom of their own fellow countrymen to whom they owe their position, make it right and imperative in the last resort ... that the use of force should not be excluded... And if this be so, it should be used under the conditions which are most favourable.”²⁴³

J. The Qur'-An

“Permission [to fight] is given to those on whom war is made, because they are oppressed.”²⁴⁴

K. Draft manifesto of the Northern Frontier District [of Kenya] Liberation Army (NFDLA) (December 12, 1992)

"The oppressed people of N.F.P. strives to have its own distinct homeland... The design and objectives are to spearhead a concerted struggle for the right of self determination of our deprived and subhumanised peoples peacefully if we can and forcefully if we must."²⁴⁵

L. Marx

"It is a purely Hohenzollern idea that a nation commits a crime when it continues to defend itself after its standing army has been defeated."²⁴⁶

M. "Deputy Prime Minister," Republic of Serbia, letter to a human rights organization (1992)

"There are no grounds for your allegations, because the military operations in Croatia were conducted by members of the regular Yugoslav People's Army and by the local Serbian population, who were compelled by the actions of Croatia's secessionist government to take up arms in self-defense."²⁴⁷

N. Moltke

"As long as different nations lead separate existences, there will be disputes that can be settled only by force of arms. I consider war the last, but entirely justifiable, means to uphold the existence, the independence, and the honor of a state."²⁴⁸

O. Mesopotamian proverb

"When [even] ants are smitten, they do not accept it [passively], but they bite the hand of the man who smites them. How could I hesitate this day when two of my towns are taken?"²⁴⁹

P. President Lyndon Baines Johnson

"We are there [in Vietnam] because the Congress has pledged by solemn vote to take all necessary measures to prevent further aggression."²⁵⁰

Q. Interim constitution of Shan State (1993)

Art. 48: "In order to dispel external aggression, the Shan State Restoration Council shall establish and organize the Shan

National Armed Forces to be strong and invincible.”

Art. 86: “Every person has the duty to defend the nation.”

Art. 87: “Every person has the duty to serve in the National Armed Forces as required by law.”²⁵¹

R. Viet Minh slogan (1945)

“For freedom you have to spend your blood!”²⁵²

S. Prince Tolga (Daur tribe), to his Russian conquerors (1652)

“We will all die now, we will die together for our land when you capture us.”²⁵³

T. Slogan on the headbands of Japanese suicide torpedo pilots, World War II

“Given Seven Lives, I’ll Serve the Nation with Each of Them.”²⁵⁴

U. The Tlascalans, regarding Cortes’s Spaniards (1519)

“What foolish and contemptible men are these, who threaten us without knowing us, who dare to enter our country without our permission and against our will? ... Let us send them food, for they are famished, lest they say we were able to take them only because they were hungry and tired.”²⁵⁵

V. Mao Zedong

“If anyone attacks us and the conditions are favourable for battle, we will certainly act in self-defence to wipe him out resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely (we do not strike rashly, but when we do strike, we must win). We must never be cowed by the bluster of reactionaries.”²⁵⁶

W. J. F. A. Le Mière de Corvey (1823)

“But if you really want to defend your country in the event of an invasion, then you must be decided to wage a war of extermination, and a dose of fanaticism is required, for the enemy armies use reprisals, and are all the more harsh in their judgments because they do not see a regular army facing them.”²⁵⁷

X. Huron orator, requesting emergency military aid (seventeenth century)

“Courage, then, O Hariouagougui [the French bishop]; give life to thy poor children, who are at bay! On our life depends

that of countless peoples; but our life depends on the death of the Iroquois.”²⁵⁸

Y. Pharaoh Ramses III

“Those who reached my frontier, their seed is not, their heart and their soul are finished forever and ever.”²⁵⁹

HOW PROACTIVE SHOULD NATIONAL SELF-DEFENSE BE?

A. Gandhi

“He or she who supports a State organized in the military way—whether directly or indirectly—participates in the sin.”²⁶⁰

B. Aristotle

“Hence the Spartans prospered while at war but began to decline once they reached a position of supremacy; they did not understand what being at peace meant and never attached any importance to any other kind of training than training for war.”²⁶¹

C. Plato

“Members must train themselves for warfare, if not in actual time of war, but during the life of peace. The wise state will be under arms not less than one day in each month, and as many more as the magistrates may think good, without regard to stress of weather ... and the citizens should compose panegyrics and censures upon one another according to a man’s performance in these contests.”²⁶²

D. “Tania,” Marxist guerrilla

“We are ready to protect peace and defend our GDR [East Germany], located on the western frontier of the socialist world, against any aggression. That is why we have rifles in our hands.”²⁶³

E. Robespierre

“To be armed for self-defense is the right of all men without distinction; to be armed for the defense of the fatherland is the right of every citizen.”²⁶⁴

F. Machiavelli

"The chief foundations of all states, new as well as old or composite, are good laws and good arms; and as there cannot be good laws where the state is not well armed, it follows that where they are well armed they have good laws."²⁶⁵

G. Grant

"To maintain peace in the future it is necessary to be prepared for war."²⁶⁶

H. Swiss constitution (1874)

"Every Swiss is liable for military service."²⁶⁷

I. Mao Zedong

"Without a people's army the people have nothing."²⁶⁸

J. Khun Sa, the Opium King

"To have a nation, you must have an armed force first."²⁶⁹

K. The Pan-Germanists of World War I

"Unless some outlet can be found for the surplus population, and a new and extensive market discovered for this enormous surplus production, prosperity will be inevitably succeeded by bankruptcy... To ask a German, therefore, whether the expansion of Germany is desirable, is merely to ask him whether he believes it desirable from any point of view for the German nation to survive."²⁷⁰

L. Clausewitz

"A Nation can hope to have a strong position in the political world only if its character and practice in actual War mutually support each other in constant reciprocal action."²⁷¹

M. Constitution of the Iroquois

"When the Confederate Council of the Five Nations has for its object the establishment of the Great Peace among the people of an outside nation and that nation refuses to accept the Great Peace, then by such refusal they bring a declaration of war upon themselves from the Five Nations."²⁷²

"Whenever a foreign nation is conquered or has by their own will accepted the Great Peace their own system of internal

government may continue, but they must cease all warfare against other nations."²⁷³

N. Van der Goltz

"The Statesman who, knowing his instrument to be ready, and seeing War inevitable, hesitates to strike first is guilty of a crime against his country."²⁷⁴

O. Mao Zedong

"Revolutionary war is an antitoxin which not only eliminates the enemy's poison but also purges us of our own filth."²⁷⁵

P. Bismarck

"What is England to me? The importance of a state is measured by the number of soldiers it can put into the field of battle... *It is the destiny of the weak to be devoured by the strong.*"²⁷⁶

Q. Mussolini

"War is to man what maternity is to a woman. From a philosophical and doctrinal viewpoint, I do not believe in perpetual peace."²⁷⁷

R. Hitler

"Foreign policy is only a means to an end, and that end is solely the promotion of our own nationality... Partisan, religious, humanitarian, and all other criteria in general, are completely irrelevant."²⁷⁸

S. The "Banda-drapa," on Earl Eric Hakonsson (995 A.D.)

"Ever in strife he doth rejoice.

The gulls that love blood-welling gash

Tore at the slaughtered Vikings' flesh

After the bitter battle's end.

Earl of the land the gods defend."²⁷⁹

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

AFGHAN MUJAHIDEEN AND TALIBAN

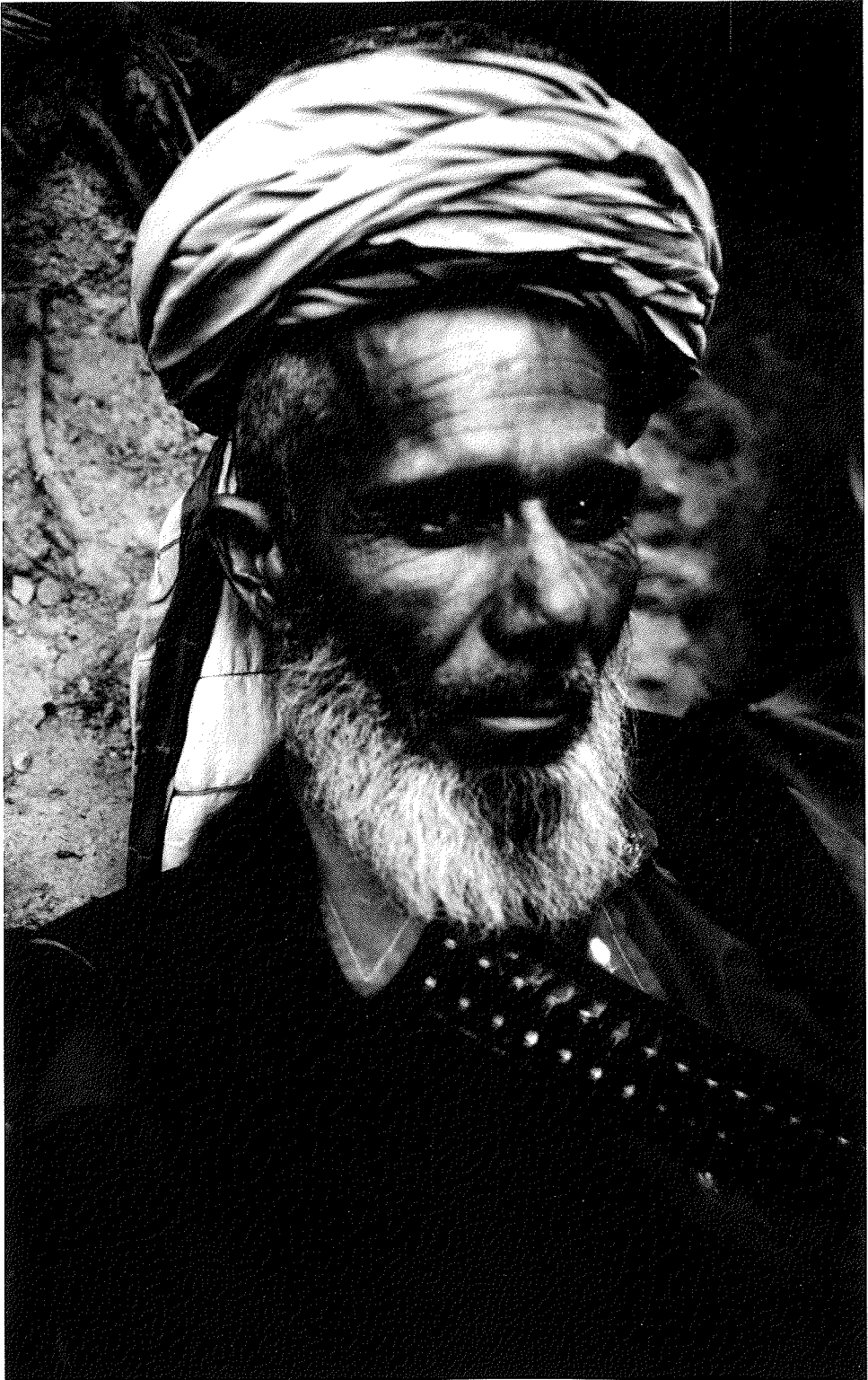
1982-2000

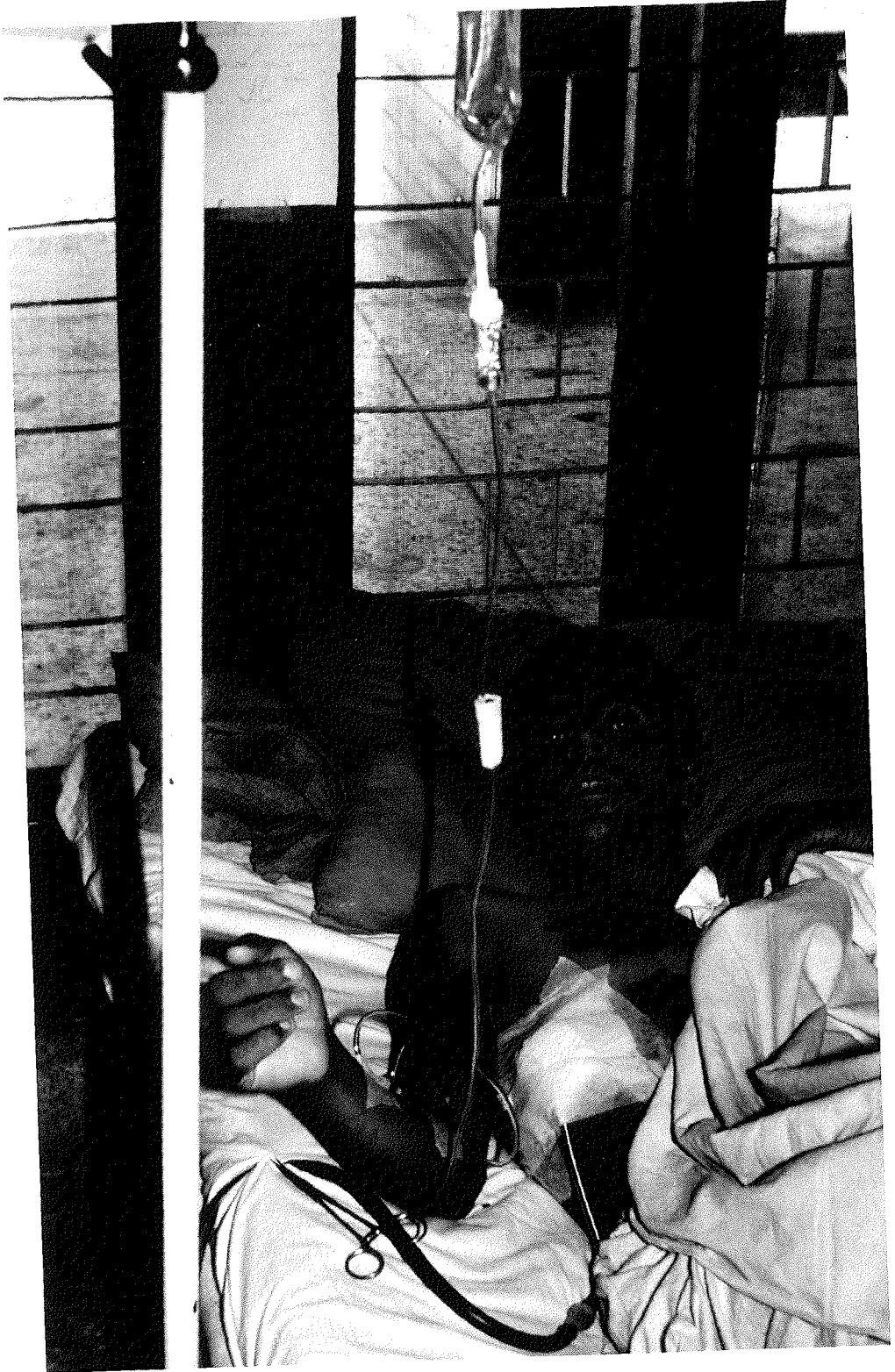
This portfolio is seemingly self-explanatory—but where does defense of homeland end? The Mujahideen on pp. 157-167 are from 1982, when the jihad against the Soviet invasion was in full force; the remainder are from 2000, when Afghanistan was still at war—but now with itself. The faces and weapons are the same.

157. Local *malik* (tribal elder) with gunbelt, near Jalalabad. A very noble, dignified old man. He had come to brief “my” Mujahideen band on current Soviet operations in an airfield near this valley.
- 158-59a. The cost of jihad. Both of these wounded Mujahideen had walked over a hundred miles, without anesthetic, across the mountains into Pakistan; they were being treated at the International Committee of the Red Cross Hospital in Peshawar. The first man was a napalm victim. The second bore a gunshot wound in the jaw.
- 159b-60a. Mujahideen waiting for nightfall near Jalalabad. The man in the foreground on page 159 was praying.
- 160b. Mujahideen watching Soviet tanks. In the mountains between Jalalabad and Parachinar.
- 161a-62a. Group portraits the Mujahideen asked me to take before setting out on raids.
- 162b. Commander and second-in-command at Mujahideen base.
- 163a. Pizzarda, the Secretary-General of the “liberal” organization Islamic Unity of Afghan Mujahideen, contentedly holding up a Soviet helmet with a bullethole in it.

Peshawar, 1982. For context (and a drawing made from this photograph), see my memoir *An Afghanistan Picture Show*.

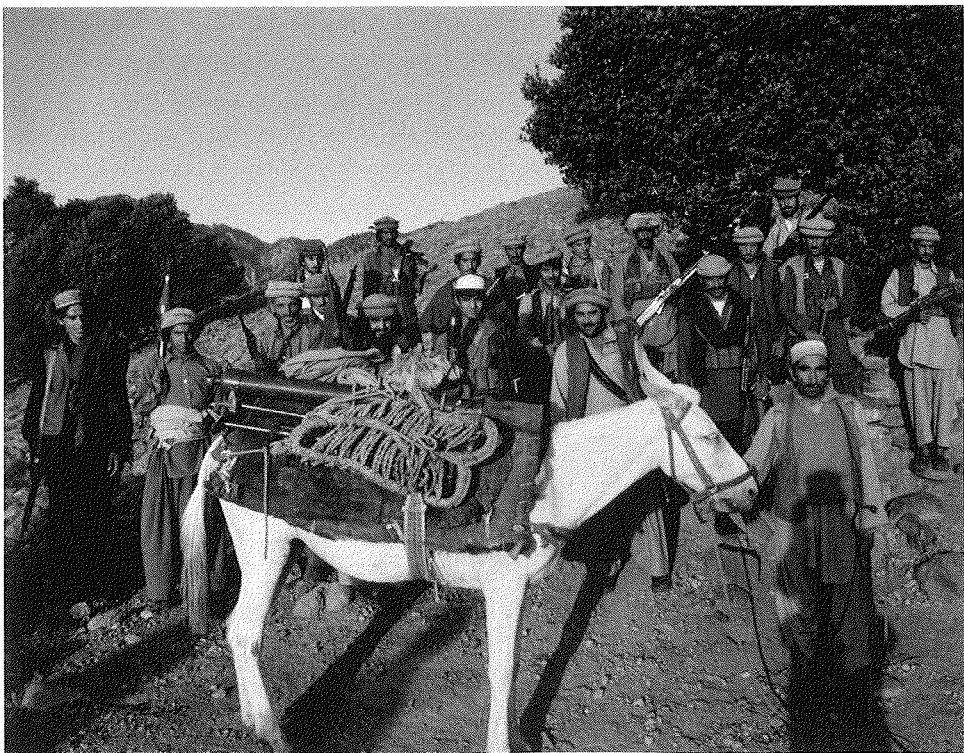
- 163b. The ruins of Kabul in 2000. Much of the destruction was caused by the Soviets; the rest was caused by Afghan factional fighting after the foreigners withdrew.
164. Kabul. A shell lodged in a pole, with ruins in the background.
165. A Talib at an isolated mountain checkpoint on the road between Kabul and Jalalbad. In spite of his professed ideology, he was happy to pose for me, and reminded me a great deal of the Mujahideen in the same place twenty years earlier.
166. Talib sentry.
167. Talibs in Jalalabad. This picture was a more furtive exchange between the subjects and the photographer, which goes far to explain their clouded expressions. All parties concerned could have gotten into trouble had somebody reported this illicit act. These men were far stricter, less nominal in their creed than the fellows on pages 157 and 167. They looked the other way when I was stopped and questioned for having too short a beard. For the various complexities of their defense of homeland, you are referred to the case study "With Their Hands On Their Hearts."

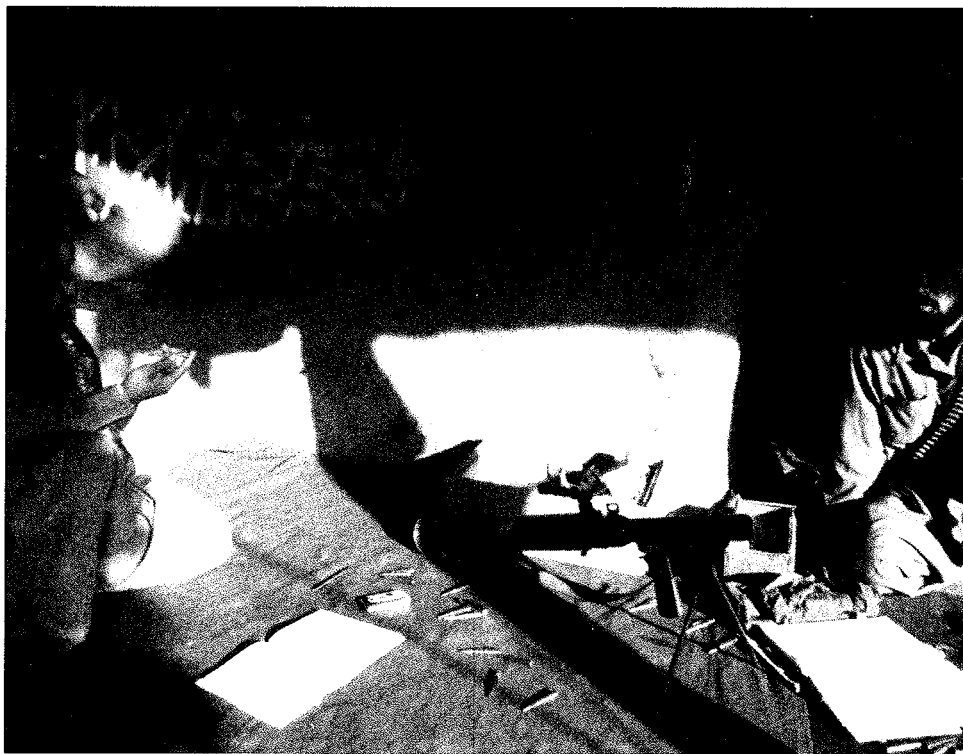




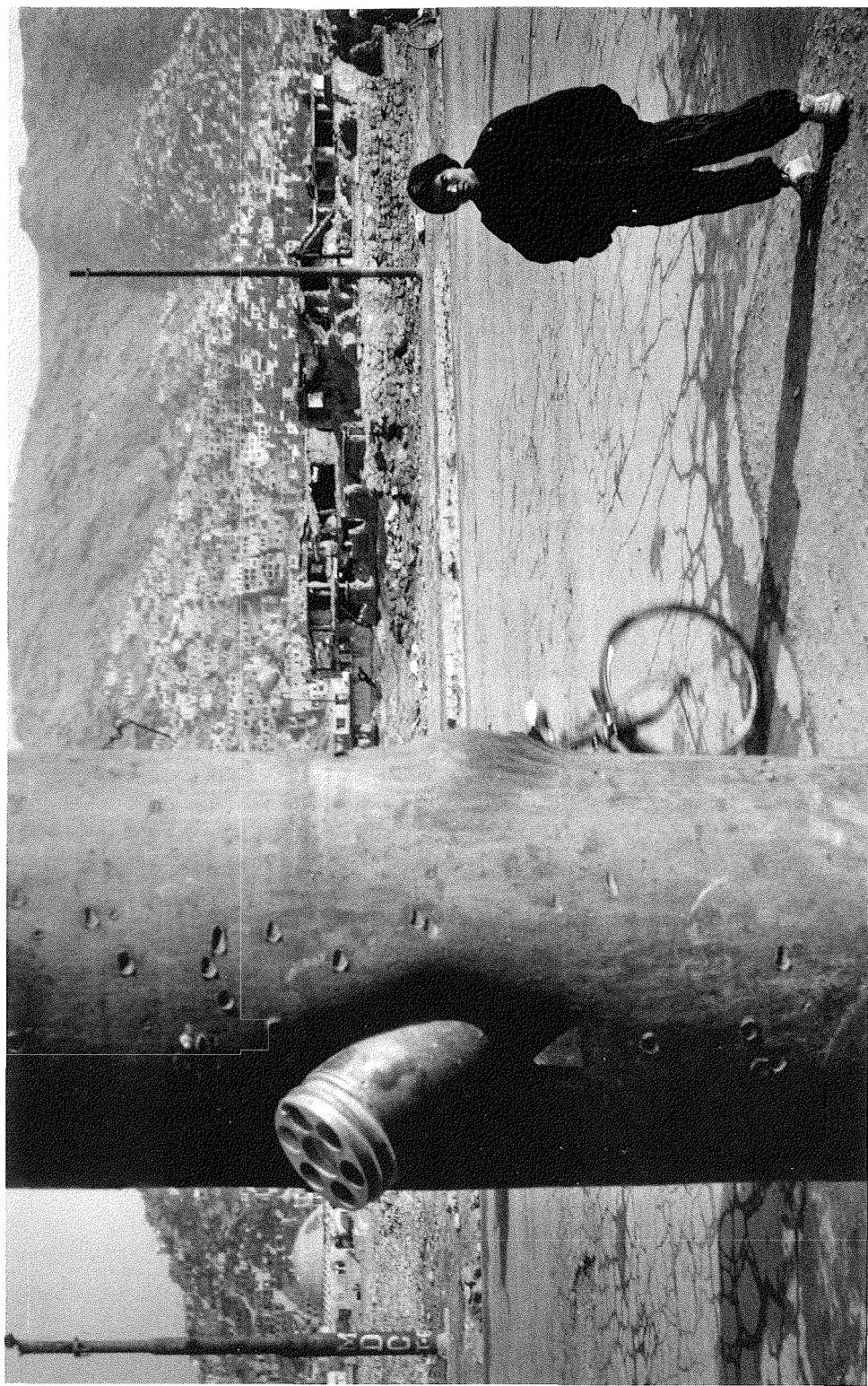


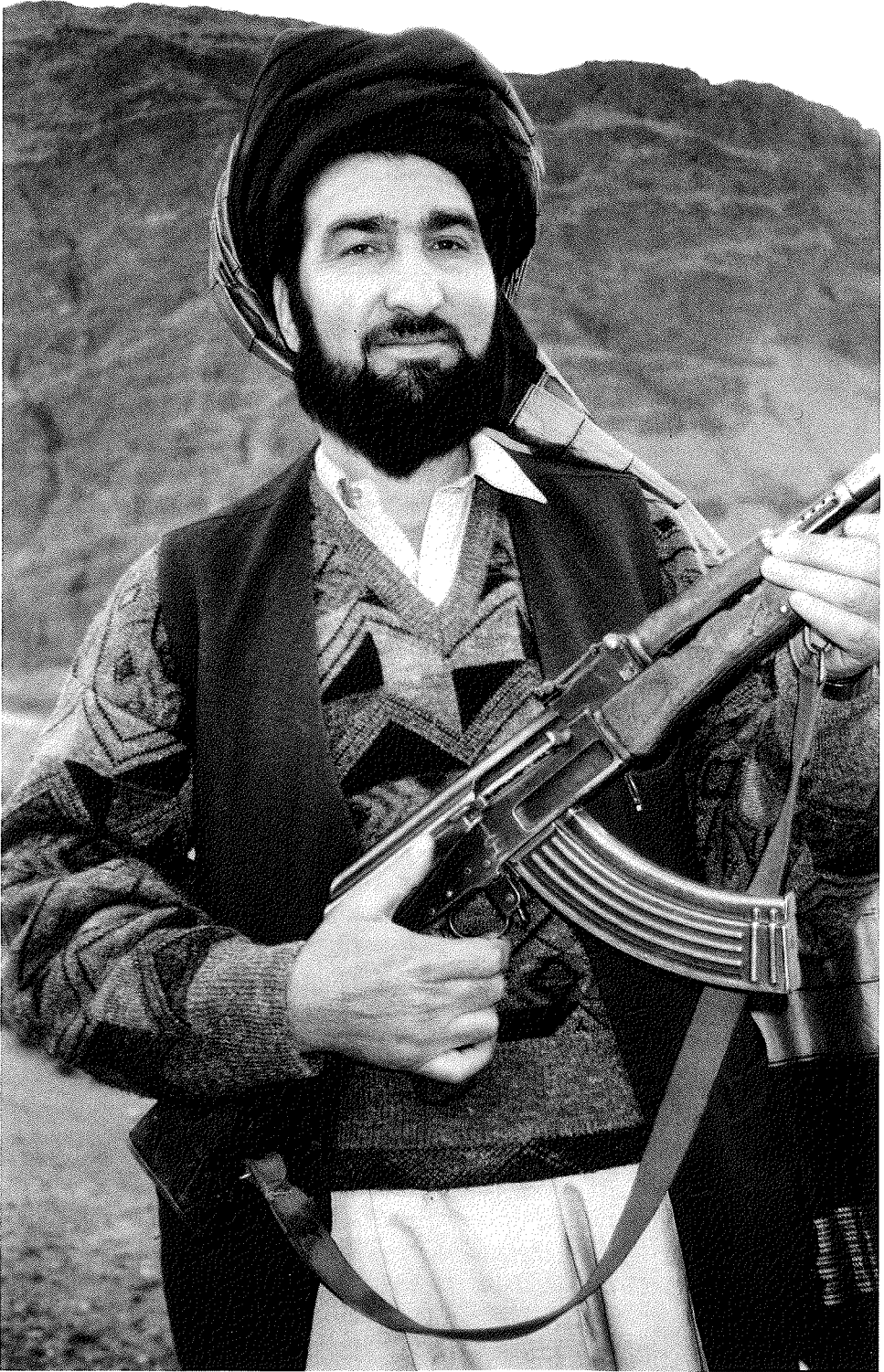


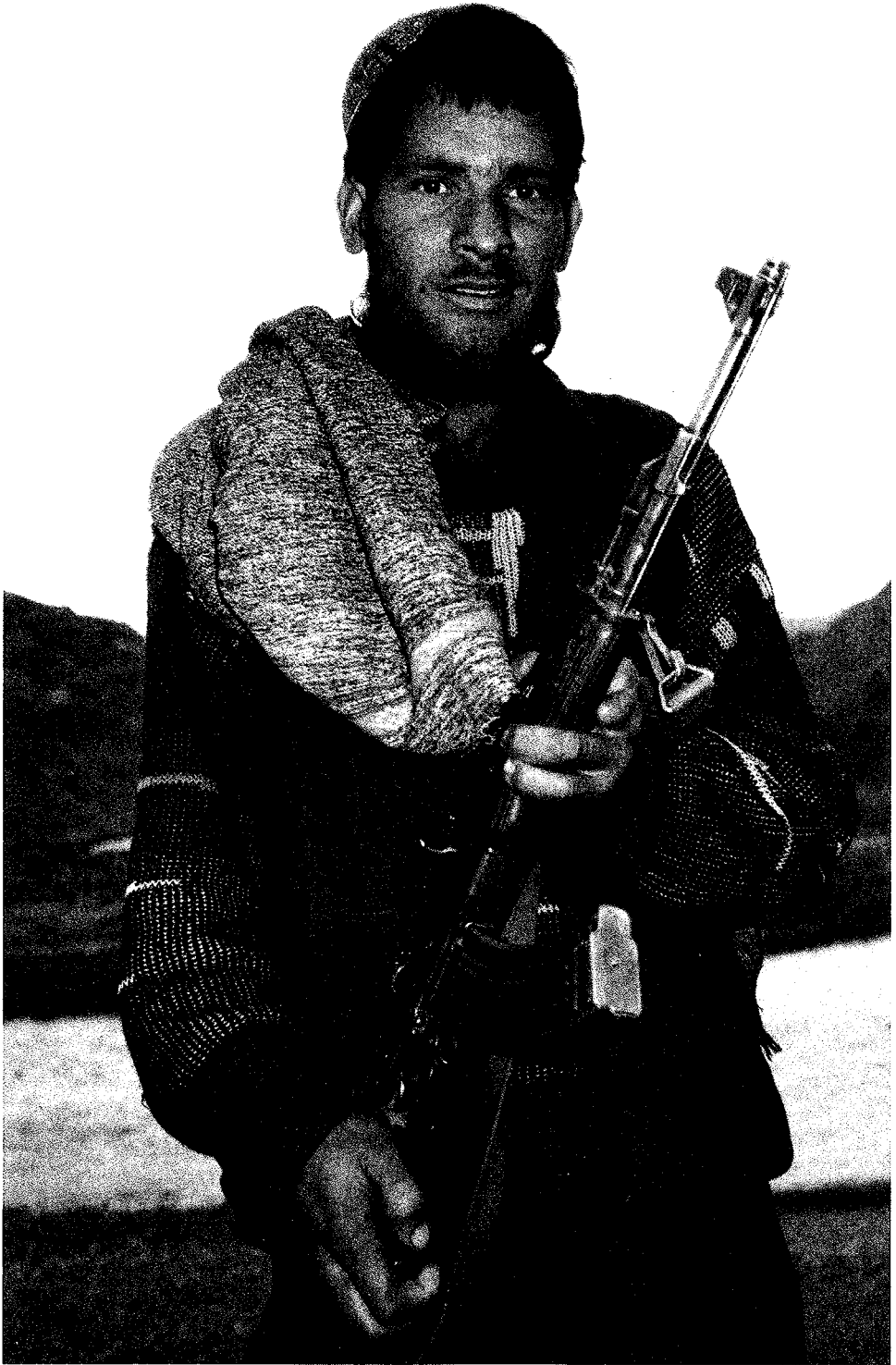


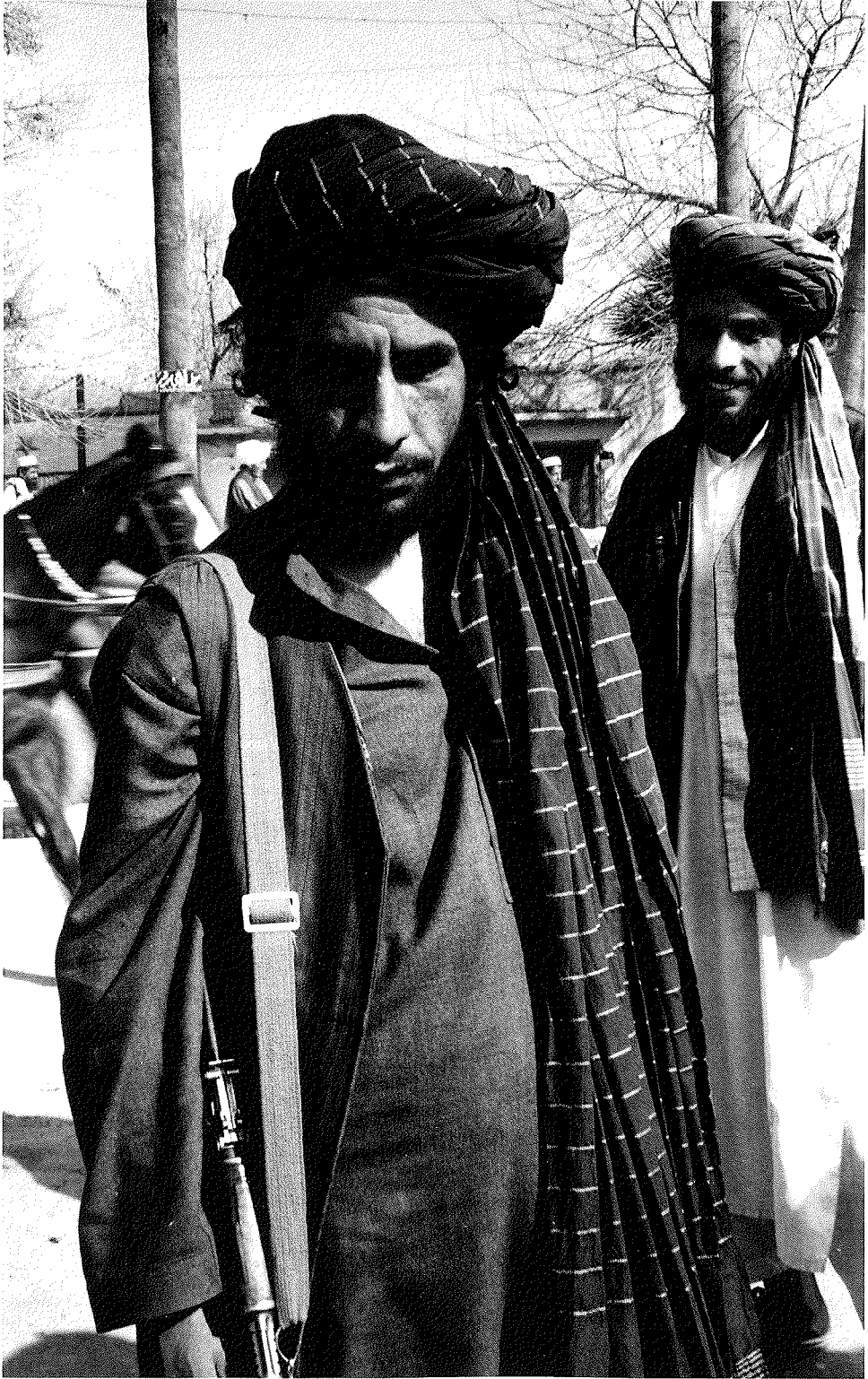














CHAPTER 15

DEFENSE OF GROUND

So let each stand his ground firmly with his feet well set apart and bite his lip.

TYRTAEUS, FRAGMENT 10¹

But what's needed to fight our foes is a man who stands his ground, not one who runs away.

THE SPARTAN ANDROCLEIDAS, WHO ENLISTED
EVEN THOUGH HE WAS CRIPPLED²

Could it ever have been intended that our Government could tell a semi-dependent and semi-barbarous power that it might defend boundaries which we had fixed without by implication conveying to it that we would assist in the defence of those boundaries?

LORD ETTRICK, UK SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS,
SPEAKING ON THE AFGHAN QUESTION (1874)³

ETHICAL PERIMETERS

Defense of authority typically takes place in sealed areas: the high-walled prison yard where the gallows gapes its trap, the closed borders of the Ukraine where authority introduces mass starvation in pursuit of perfect classlessness, the police barricades behind which the anti-terrorist team raises its sniperscopes, the dry riverbeds outside of town where the Genji execute their Heike prisoners. “The

Protective Strip is marked off from the Restricted Area by a metal trellis fence only half the normal height but with electric contacts on top. If they are touched an optical signal is immediately flashed to the nearest command post of the guard company on duty. A siren may also be sounded. This enables the alarm groups to take action from two sides to stop the person trying to escape."⁴ Help somebody cross the Restricted Area and surmount the wall, and you'll be convicted of Section 105 of the East German Penal Code, "anti-State trading in humans."⁵ Authority may well, for the sake of intimidating, appeasing or proclaiming, offer its violence as a spectacle, like the French Revolution's *journées*, the condemned in their tumbrils riding past silent or jeering crowds to the guillotine. But at the spot where the deed is done, whether or not there are any inanimate walls, authority will have posted its minions. When Louis XVI, standing already at Sanson's elbow (within weeks, Sanson would also behead his wife), sought to address the people, authority walled him off with deafening drum-beats, and his counterrevolutionary pleas were sliced away.

WALLS OF AN ATOM

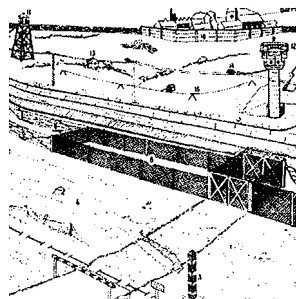
War, on the other hand, is not merely public, but almost wall-less—or, to be more accurate, its walls are unpredictable improvisations, which constitutes one measure of its fright. Where will the sniper's bullet come from? Who will die in this campaign, my brother, or myself, or no one whom I know? Are we safe here, or is this orchard an ambush? (Louis XVI knew very well where the guillotine was, and who would die that day.) "Grape rattles on the roofs of the houses and in the fields," writes Clausewitz;

cannon balls howl over us, and plough the air in all directions.... The young soldier cannot reach any of these different strata of danger without feeling that the light of reason does not move here in the same medium, that it is not refracted in the same manner as in speculative contemplation.⁶

For confirmation, gaze into the far-seeing, helmet-shaded eyes of a shell-shocked soldier in Vietnam.⁷

These zones of concentration, which vary with time and place, and which are called battles, have their own concentric walls multiplied by the number of human beings. The threatened self lives within its fortress of flesh, which may be walled again with armor. In the medieval *Song of Roland* we are continually reading how that reified vector of force, the warrior's lance, passes first through the foeman's shield, next through the hauberk, that body-suit of chain mail, and then through the final redoubt, the breast-bone. "Through the man's back drives out the backbone bended / And soul and all forth on the spear-point fetches."⁸ In Lidiya Ginzburg's "blockade diary" of the Nazi siege of Leningrad, "a hostile world was on

the offensive and pushing its outposts forward. The closest of these outposts had suddenly turned out to be one's own body ... with all its new ribs and angles,"⁹ for everyone was starving to death. (Three hundred thousand Leningraders died.)¹⁰ Beyond the body, and the bulletproof vest of the fortunate, loom brick walls and perimeters, within which it is the business of authority's self-defense to *confine and direct* violence, whereas it is the contrary business of military bellicosity to *smash* those walls. Should the army succeed, back to ribcages again for our protection—sometimes even the ribcages of our fellow creatures. During the final Spanish campaign of Julius Caesar's civil war, the Caesarians set up enemy "bodies in place of a turf rampart. On top were set severed heads on sword-points... they ... thus encircled the town with a wall of corpses."¹¹



East German border (1977)

We are told that in 1941-45 "the ground war in the South Pacific was a war of perimeters instead of lines,"¹² but this has always been true for the individual. His body is his perimeter. In fear he huddles into himself, waiting for violence to strike his side or his back, his belly or his arm. He prepares, arms himself, strikes back, or not. He is a French sentry at Verdun, a man who wears a poncho, standing in a hole walled to his chin with snowy sandbags, and crazy circles of barbed wire above him.¹³ Maybe a shell will come straight for him from Enemyville, or maybe it will overshoot him and earth will fall upon his back, crushing him. His flesh, his bones and bowels await.¹⁴ He is a member of a British company encircled by Zulus. (Che Guevara has a name for the expression of a frightened person: "encirclement face.")¹⁵ The living wall of the Native Contingent having collapsed, the Zulus in their red tunics come rushing in. The surrounded Englishmen "held their ground in compact bodies, till, their ammunition being expended, they were overpowered, and died where they stood."¹⁶ One of the sixteenth-century Spanish *conquistadors*, receiving a charge of Indians, noted how "the stones sped like hail from their slings, and their barbed and fire-hardened darts fell like corn on the threshing-floor, each one capable of piercing any armour or penetrating the unprotected vitals."¹⁷ A terrifying German poster from a year or so after Leningrad shows a large-skulled skeleton riding through stormy darkness upon a fighter plane; he bares his teeth in glee, and in his skinny arm raises high above his pale round head a dark round bomb, ready to hurl it down upon a single half-lit building in a blacked-out German city. "The enemy sees your light!" screams the poster (and to English speakers, the German word for enemy, *Feind*, transforms a mere opponent into a fiend, a ghou, a monster). "*Verdunkeln!*" Turn that light out! For the careless householder in the poster, of course, it is already too late.¹⁸ The scene is one of fear and helplessness. The good Germans below are not aggressors, or even violent defenders, only human beings to be pitied. Their only hope in the face of the fiend's oncoming is to hide in that ominous dark-



The perimeter of Dachau (1981)

ness. The remark of a French commentator that soldiers at Verdun were “orphans who fought in isolation”¹⁹ is true of any human being alone or in company against whom violence is directed, for when we fear, we are always alone; this becomes incalculably more true when the enemy and his munitions are magnified from a group of subway muggers with sharpened screwdrivers²⁰ to an army with a thousand 155-millimeter cannons.²¹ A hundred fifty-five millimeters? Old stuff! We see a soldier posing beside an unexploded 305-millimeter shell which comes almost up to his shoulders. I know the difference between a .22 caliber pistol cartridge and a 9 millimeter, between a 9 millimeter and a .45, between a .45 and a .50, which is almost the highest-caliber handgun I can legally own and shoot; from the barrel of my .50 comes a long fireball; the noise and the shock are unpleasant. I cannot imagine the sound of a 305 millimeter shell detonating. (What were they shooting at Sarajevo? It was loud; they never told me.) But here’s a photograph to show me the 305: one struck a French battery—“literally crushed and buried,” just as the caption says.²² Here comes another, and another. “Soon it’s not possible to count the shots,” says a foot-soldier, “we’re in the center of an uninterrupted roaring...”²³ No matter what, at some point the spear-point will ferret out that wretch’s soul, and Lidiya Ginzburg’s neighbors will begin to surrender as their fat and flesh get slowly breached by hunger, leagued with cold.²⁴ (For contrast, consider the leitmotif in so many of the old Norse sagas: enemies surrounding one’s house and burning to death everyone inside.) “A fortified place can only protect the garrison and arrest the enemy for a certain time,” admits even optimistic Napoleon.²⁵



*The enemy sees your light!
Black it out! (1942)*

WALLS OF A COHORT

War destroys; war takes. Saint-Exupéry’s bailiff must be paid. Will he demand our old clothes today, for use in the war effort, or will he burn us alive? In the officially inspired Assyrian reliefs we discover the usual bearded, huge-eyed profiles of Assyrian victors leading a procession of prisoners of war. Captive women sit above a high cartwheel, their hands upraised in wisely submissive gestures.²⁶ War has won, the city wall overrun. Sennacherib’s infantry files after siege engines up steep inclines, smashing the walls of Lachish; archers launch death from behind immensely wide shields (their own portable walls); two soldiers have impaled three naked men whose shoulders swell grotesquely like those of hunchbacks as they hang rabbit-limp—war takes; war does as it pleases; and as usual everyone is in profile, marching as seriously and as unaware of any observing eye as ants on their mission.²⁷



The perimeter of Auschwitz (2001)

Homeland contracts, like Trotsky's USSR during the Russian Civil War of 1918-21: "Our fronts had a tendency to close into a ring of more than eight thousand kilometers in circumference." Trotsky can thus deploy his Red Army along entirely internal lines. "But this advantage was available to us on the sole condition of complete centralization in management and command."²⁸ His equation, we know, runs thus: Defense of homeland being *a priori* justified, repression being a logical necessity, then repression must be justified, too.

The selfsame Sennacherib, King of the World, King of Assyria, who seven hundred years before Christ uses "mines, breeches as well as sapper-work" to attack Hezekiah the Jew in forty-six of his strong cities, fortresses and the like, gleefully provides his scribes with still another reason why he ought to be deserving of our immortal reverence: "Himself I made a prisoner in Jerusalem, his royal residence, like a bird in a cage. I surrounded him with earthwork in order to molest those who were leaving his city's gate."²⁹ The walls need not even necessarily be breached, you see; war can make a defensive wall, designed to keep me out, into an offensive one, by means of which I'll keep you in.³⁰ Hezekiah is finally forced to surrender and remit great tribute, including his own daughters as concubines. He is luckier than Lidiya Ginzburg's fellow Leningraders. Sennacherib, unlike Hitler, does not demand to fetch out his soul on the sword-point. Lines of cavalry with drawn bows and extended lances ride toward the enemy in still another of the frozen reliefs³¹ which a scholar has called "this series of pictorial war-records without equivalent in any country, ... this almost monotonous display of horrors."³² Of course it was not only the Assyrians who thus pictorially recorded their sickening triumphs.

WALLS VERSUS VECTORS

Defense of authority is most often paradoxically directed against the unarmed, or the relatively weak, authority by definition being incumbency, which is strength, armed strength, the strength of the clan, of the state, of the organization; and rebellion, beginning from subjection, must start as feebleness. (This applies equally to acts other than rebellion which authority chooses to repress: robbery, murder, rape, arson, idolatry, expression of unpopular opinions, racial self-defense, etcetera. The state is the strongest; otherwise it could not be the state.) When insurgency grows sufficiently, it becomes civil war (unless it can follow that secret ladder to power called *coup d'état*—a case we won't consider here). At this point, authority's walls cannot contain what authority's survival demands must be contained. Capital punishment's bull-rings and ghettos may and probably will continue to be walled, but the frontier, the city wall and above all the wall of troops now take on the decisive role of determining whether the other walls can exist. Authority cowers, or sallies, from behind its walls, knowing that to keep what it has, it must break the enemy's mobile bulwarks. "If the enemy opens the door," says the great strategist Sun-tzu,

“you must race in.”³³ That is the way Ramses II will get his pile of severed hands. From time to time, as we’ve seen, authority’s customary rings of repression are duplicated in war: from a pure standpoint, the siege of Leningrad, or the “kettle” encirclement of German troops at Stalingrad, or the two-pronged Persian attack upon the narrow pass of Thermopylae, were but counterparts of Louis XVI’s besiegement on the scaffold by the soldiers of the Revolution, or Che Guevara’s strategic policy of making the enemy feel at “every moment ... he is surrounded by a complete circle” of guerrillas.³⁴ Diagrammatically, we might represent some of these situations (simplified) as follows:

TOPOGRAPHIC VECTORS OF FORCE

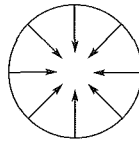


FIGURE 1: Defense of authority. The vectors of force are all focused inward, in a tightly controlled zone. Someone is being executed, or a rebellion is being put down. The circle represents either a permanent wall of some kind (say, the perimeter of the gymnasium at Nuremburg where the Nazi war criminals were hanged) or the easily replicable, and indefinitely holdable, perimeter of the zone of control (for instance, the series of roadblocks and other barriers established by the FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms around David Koresh’s “compound” in Waco, Texas). Of course, this diagram could also indicate a lone victim being surrounded by attacking thugs.

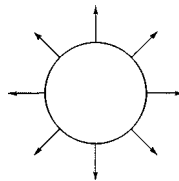


FIGURE 2: Defense of authority / potential defense of a nation. The vectors of force are all focused outward. The borders are sealed; perhaps mobilization has begun. Enemies are expected. Because the zone which these vectors are required to cover is infinite, this configuration is practical only if the zone within the arrows is relative-

ly small, as would be the case if, for instance, merely a prime minister were in it, being protected by his bodyguards; or if the zone were a medieval city. Even in the latter case, the position is not tenable for long. In the case of a large nation approaching war, a more realistic diagram would be Figure 3. This diagram could also represent terrorists guarding a hostage (although if we wished to indicate their intimidation of the hostage we would have to include some inward-pointing arrows, too), or sentries monitoring a secret post in enemy territory.

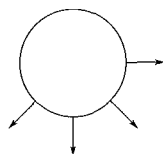


FIGURE 3: Defense of authority / potential defense of a nation. The vectors of force are all focused outward, but in one sector. The nation is defending itself, or attacking, along a limited front. Where there are no arrows, there is (hopefully) no threat.

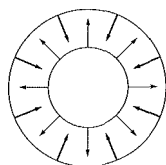


FIGURE 4: Defense of a nation. A city is under siege; or a nation has been drawn into a two-front war. (Bold arrows originating in the outer ring indicate the violence of the aggressors.) The defenders are fighting back. Of course, this diagram could also describe a rebellion, in which case the bold arrows would be the lineaments of authority in the zone of repression; the other arrows would express the force of the trapped rebels trying to hold the gendarmes at bay.

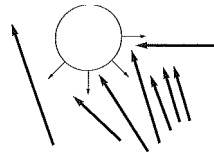


FIGURE 5: Defense of an individual in combat (Note the similarity to Figure 3.) The bold arrows pointing upwards represent the attacks of the enemy. There are (let's hope) also bold downward-pointing vectors originating from his own side, but this beleaguered soldier (or woman fighting a gang-rape, or rebel desperately seeking to avoid capture) cannot see them. Perhaps the approaching arrows have no personal intent, but the lonely self stands in their way.

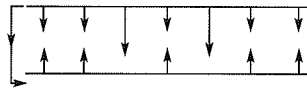


FIGURE 6: A pitched battle. This might represent one of the clashes of Greek hoplites described in Thucydides. The two lines of troops are facing each other, more or less evenly matched—but the uppermost army has slightly more force in the center, although it does not seem likely to break through, and it has initiated a well advanced flanking maneuver around the enemy's left. On a much larger scale, this could be a modern battle, too, in which case the facing lines might be fronts instead of troop lines.

Given the agreed-on right of the self to defense and preservation, it would seem clear that the legitimacy both actual and perceived of violent defense in the above situations would vary in proportion to the number and intensity of force-vectors in one's path. Regarding Figure 1, we could not blame the Nazi war criminals from exercising this right and using lethal force to escape, if they could; of course, it was the responsibility of the prison to make sure that they could not. They'd been outlawed and remanded to the executioner, like Robespierre; we had decided that they were not entitled to live, but the struggles of the body to live must be taken for granted just as much as the need to defecate; that is why there are soldiers, walls and manacles at executions.

Regarding Figure 2, an invading soldier, seeing that the city was on the offensive, would probably destroy its troops as much as he could; having breached the circle, however, he would be unjustified in slaughtering defenseless civilians. In 1582, Russian troops set out to conquer Siberia and encountered an "immense gath-

ering of the heathen." With no irony whatsoever, the Russians' leader, Ermak, addressed the men as follows: "Oh, friends and brothers! Let us pray to God and to His Virgin Mother, and to all the heavenly powers, and to His saints, that they will protect us against invasion by the vile and cursed enemy!"³⁵

Figure 3 shows that the need for an attacker to shoot first and ask questions later would be higher in the southeast quadrant than in the north and northwest. Figure 4 portrays a life and death struggle, which looks absurdly tidy in this stylized diagram, but to somebody actually involved would resemble the writhing muddles of a Renaissance battlefield, with lances literally at cross-purposes, stabbing at shoulders and bellies; a man down grimaces; competing banners fly colorfully, high above it all.³⁶ The painting by the Korean Pyon Pak (1760) depicting the "Heroic Defense of Tongnae City" against the Japanese in 1592 is laid out in just this way, with defenders massed upon the high dark curves of the city wall, steep fairytale mountains in the background and the Japanese all around in a girding threatening rush.³⁷ In the zone of battle between the two rings, almost any violent means would be justified.

The same license must be granted to the individual in Figure 5, who might be one of the grandly honorable and egotistical warriors whom we read about so often in the *Tale of the Heike*, a proud, self-doomed fighter who throws himself where the enemy is thickest, and hacks until he's cut down. Or he might be somebody who wants to keep his life. In either case, he is one against many, and deserves to even the odds in any way that he can.

In Figure 6, the same goes for any of the fighters in the opposing lines; as for the flankers and the flanked, both of them are now at extreme personal risk, and can be legitimately expected to lash out all the more desperately: A grim Mesopotamian proverb runs: "You go and take the field of the enemy; the enemy comes and takes your field."³⁸

Simply put, *defense of ground is justified by imminent self-defense, even during unjust aggression*. A shivering French soldier in his snowy bivouac outside of Moscow shoots down the Russian homeland-defenders who try to kill him by night. His army, Napoleon's army, is wrong. But he has every right to defend himself. So does Napoleon—correct?

"DID I WANT TO DESTROY THEM OR PROTECT MY OWN LIFE?"

When we meditate more seriously on the ethics of defense of ground, over us, like the fog from a chlorine gas shell, begins to steal a sense first of bemusement, then bewilderment, then uneasiness. Napoleon is a man like me. Napoleon has the right to defend himself. Yet Napoleon is also—Napoleon. A soldier loyal to his standards, I follow him to Russia and back, loyal but lost in a maze of walls of

which I'm a single brick. I have no time to think. I march, I shoot or I run. Present arms! Forward march! About face! War breaches walls, yes; and to accomplish that, it builds temporary walls of its own—moving walls. “Do not attack well-regulated formations,” warns Sun-tzu;³⁹ they cannot be breached without paying too highly in blood. Sometimes the walls contain and protect the blood: these are the supply arteries—increasingly weakly walled in proportion to their length, which is one reason to build garrisons. My mind wanders to movement and tactics, away from ethics. I think of fluid dynamics, not of ends, means and morally colored expediences. An analyst of Alexander the Great's campaigns reminds us: “It must be stressed again that a military route is not a mere line drawn on a map but a narrow corridor with sufficient agricultural and water resources in the immediate vicinity with which large numbers of men and animals can be supported.”⁴⁰ The corridor is life: the corridor is homeland. (All armies need to be mobile, or else require firm lines and bases of supply, in order to avoid exhausting the resources of a fixed area, be those of food or of ammunition.) In a wooden model we see Egyptian soldiers in a column four abreast, marching, barred and leopard-dotted shields at their left sides, lances vertical, the points above their heads, like cattails on the stalk, or that old simile applied to Charlemagne's invading army of iron cornfields; they are a narrow wall of death on the move; and by constituting themselves as such, they protect themselves and each other.⁴¹ Thucydides compares the terrified, disheartened Athenians in retreat from the battle of Syracuse (A.D. 413) as “a starved-out city, and that no small one;”⁴² and Nicias, their doomed general, seeks to encourage them by saying: “You are yourselves at once a city wherever you sit down, and . . . there is no other in Sicily that could easily resist your attack.”⁴³ They wall themselves with weakly wobbling spears and heavy bronze shields now almost unbearable to raise; only fear gives them strength; for a little longer, they constitute their own homeland, until their final scattering and defeat, dying in agony on Syracusans' javelin-tips, drinking desperately from river-water bloodied by their own dead.⁴⁴ Until then they are a wall. So are the Germans in France in May, 1940: a hollow square of tanks, with infantry inside. And in Russia in December, 1941, Hitler will command them to wall themselves against all odds—don't give up an inch! The Germans' Sixth Army, suddenly in the same situation as Nicias's hoplites, will now be supplied by building an “ice railway bridge” across the frozen Dneiper. No need for bronze shields—in the one month of its operation, the ice bridge delivers over 4,500 wagonloads of supplies: food so that the body can hold on, munitions to wall away the enemy with all-round threats of lead and explosive shells. Although frozen rivers elsewhere imperil the Germans, because the Russians can come at them over the ice, Sixth Army maintains its line—at least until that final day of javelins.⁴⁵ General Tippelskirch recalls:

The Russians always failed to break our front, and though they pushed far round our flanks, they had not yet the skill nor sufficient supplies to drive home their advantage. We concentrated on holding the towns that were rail and road centres, rolling up round them like 'hedgehogs'—that was Hitler's idea—and succeeded in holding them firmly. The situation was saved.⁴⁶

(The same general, however, admits that supplying those "hedgehogs" by air in the terrible winter weather was a major cause of the downfall of the Luftwaffe.⁴⁷ And Hitler's doctrine of holding fast, continued in the winter of 1942 with weakened, diminished troops, allowed those troops to be captured.)

This is war: Wall off oneself from the enemy, and surmount *their* walls. If they cannot be breached, perhaps they can be avoided.

When one reads the American Revolutionary Army's drill manual, written by Baron von Steuben in 1794, one gets an eerie sense of how the army liquefies as needed, creates its own temporary arteries of travel and flows around walls. Indeed, Steuben's contemporary Napoleon defines its strength as mass times rapidity.⁴⁸ "Break off!" the commanding officer cries, and then the files of troops swing right and left (or inward if the obstructions are on the army's wings), then flow through the gaps they've found, as Blitzkriegers will do a century and a half later, considerably more rapidly and aggressively; then the organism reconstitutes itself: "In proportion as the ground permits, the files will march up to their places in front, dress, and take step with the colours."⁴⁹ Much of military strategy consists in executing flanking movements, getting around and behind the enemy, as in Figure 6, in order to surround them as in Figure 4. *Take the offensive before you are surrounded*, Napoleon insists.⁵⁰ (This would seem justified by defense of ground—but what else justifies it?) Quick—preserve our access, and cut *them* off! Hence one's own walls and arteries lengthen sideways—the story told by the bewildering, sickening ugliness of World War I trench maps,⁵¹ which begin by dividing up each landscape as usual into grid-squares already transected by winding village roads; upon these, murderous and accidentally suicidal engineers have overlaid their communication ditches, their trenches which curl across the land like strands of spaghetti: "3' 6" d[eeep] mud & water," warns the legend for one; another: "wet ditch," another: "passable—water,"—another: "passable for infantry" (poor bastards); then come the telegraph wires, the long, twisting streams of barbed wire, *cheveaux de frises* ("many iron posts," the map warns, "iron spikes," "probably abatis"), and then they've raised brickworks and breastworks and embrasures for machine guns; and the artillery cartographers have superimposed their target circles, whose results we see in later maps as shell craters, some of whom even have names: "New Year Crater 2-1-16." Lines of craters overlap like a necklace of half-melted, fused beads. "Breastwork 4' to 5" high at Point 59; it is said to be 15' thick." Trenches intersect, spew off pseudopods, as likewise occurred with Alexander the Great's lines of supply, which Alexander extend-

ed as he went by receiving (such was his capacity to intimidate, or to invoke the chimera of "liberation") the surrender, often with hostages, of local authority *in advance of his arrival!* After reaching Babylon, Alexander was, of course, in Persia proper, and the people became more hostile to him.⁵² No matter; what the Macedonians could not gain by threats, persuasion or market-dealing they received by force, dividing his army in proportion to the resources they could take from a given area, so that the expedient corridors multiplied. Thus the reduction of the Uxians in 330 B.C. Alexander himself labored alongside his men to smash a way through the ice of the Deh Bid Pass. And he went on and on, until the disasters in Afghanistan and southern Iran, where in 327 B.C. the failure of his supply fleet to appear resulted in the death of seventy-five percent of his army. And these trenches of World War I, they go on and on, also, but they get nowhere. Trenches parallel each other, for the enemy is close enough to hear. Can we flank him? No, we've already gone from Switzerland right across Europe to the sea! Napoleon proposes the following universal principles of victory: "to keep ... forces united; to leave no weak part unguarded; to seize with rapidity upon important points."⁵³ His commentator suggests that the first of these may be obsolete, that mobility may be more wise than concentration.⁵⁴ World War I is why he thinks so. Tanks and *Blitzkrieg* have not yet been born; they will save us from the trenches, so that we can commit new atrocities; meanwhile, trenches lengthen with the years, curving out new arms, connecting segments. They resemble nothing so much as crazy dark cracks in the landscape. "Hedge 4 1/2' high, not strong but wired." And then on some maps, after all this, we repeatedly find the letter A, meaning: "Defensive works being carried out." At the third battle for Ypres there will be one gun for every six yards of front! The maps say: "Lateral. Defensive traverse. Tunnel. Dugout. Shaft to machine gun emplacement. Mine. Incline blown in. Blown in water. Brickfield, sunken. Holed through at 3 feet. Blocked. Blocked. Blocked." Dead men everywhere, in the mud and in the snow, curled or spread-eagled,⁵⁵ headless or crushed, the only features of featureless craters, pounded into the dirt and dusted with dirt, dust to dust.⁵⁶ A headless corpse hangs skewered in a scorched tree⁵⁷—sometimes the bailiff enjoys collecting his debt most freakishly. Here again comes death, in the form of chlorine. But self-defense is ready, and we find men lurking like crater-eyed ghosts in their pale gas masks.⁵⁸ Or is it self-defense? Why must this trench be my homeland? (In Roman times, we heard Aemilius Paullus tell his legionnaires before battle that their entrenched camp is "a resting-place for the victor, a refuge for the beset. This military residence is our second fatherland.")⁵⁹ In the 1980s, a Soviet journalist taking part in an ambush of Afghan guerrillas wonders afterward: "Was I shooting at the *dukhi* with an assault rifle to attack or to defend? Did I want to destroy them or protect my own life?"⁶⁰ More trenches now. Their names speak of fantasy, despair, homesickness, and bureaucratic dullness: Madagascar Trench, Inverness Trench, Old Boots Trench, Harry's Cut, Lover's Lane, Tower Reserve Trench, French Central

Trench, Incision Trench, Inch Trench, Incline Drive, Inadequate Trench, Created Trench, Ceylon Trench, Cesspool Trench, Covering Trench, Trenches Night, Novel and Necklace, Trench 38, Trench 39... See the files of helmeted ant-men toiling forward in their chin-high zig-zag grooves of earth.⁶¹ See the miners and sappers in their long dark tunnels. The battlefield drawing of Urs Graf (Basle, 1521) is no less gruesomely bustling than any of these scenes, but in Graf's time the soldiers are, with exceptions, fighting upright, in massed ranks,⁶² four centuries later, in the days of Cesspool Trench, the attacks will occur in "waves" of desperate scuttlers. Armies keep adding insets to their maps to keep up with new trenches, supports, dumps, redoubts and fosses. Dig in—armor yourself! Burrow into the ground and defend it! (Against what? Against the machine guns. The British, for instance, began the war with only two per battalion. By the end, they had one machine gun for every two platoons—to say nothing of the new Machine Gun Corps, and the cavalry, who now rode mechanical horses, armed with sixty-four machine guns per battalion.⁶³ Their allies and enemies did much the same. Machine guns caused almost eight out of every ten casualties in World War I.)⁶⁴ We see the dugouts, sometimes mere log-walled caves whose domed dirt roofs dimple the trampled forests, sometimes, as is the case with this Germanic marvel, real subterranean forts "*en maçonnerie*," of masonry, complete with steps of brick or stone on which we see the German officers standing for a pose; beneath the smooth overhand of the earth-packed roof are shuttered windows similar to those one meets in bungalows, or (more to the point) shooting-blinds. War's jocularly, which attempts to laugh off horror, calls them "dugouts of the Crown Prince."⁶⁵ By August 1917, when the German tunnel under Dead Man is captured, we can find a machine room twenty-seven meters deep, with dully shining engine-wheels, a tiled ceiling with electric lights, a wall-panel studded with controls; the entire tunnel has electric power! That must be why it, too, is called "Crown Prince." Spoils to the victor; the German mechanics will be replaced by French ones, and the war continues.⁶⁶ "This warfare was often treated as siege warfare," writes a military historian. "But in fact it differed from a normal siege because new 'walls' could be created more easily and quickly than old 'walls' could be knocked down."⁶⁷ —What are they like, these easy solutions? Read the poems of Wilfred Owen, the paeans to boys being delivered to annihilation, storming fixed positions which become more rather than less impregnable during the attack, because so many attackers are killed by the machine-guns that their bodies form new obstacles. "The character of violence, of brutality and of rapidity must be maintained," ran the French instructions for the attack on Champagne;⁶⁸ but the refrain in Owen's poem "Exposure" is: "Nothing happens." Caterpillar files of troops scuttle in and out of shellholes. The repulsed attack of "Spring Offensive," and the stench of dugouts where men have lived "for years" ("The Sentry") are brought to us by a poet in hell.⁶⁹ Photographers tell us the same story as poets. Here is one image of sugarloaf-hatted Russian troops standing ankle-deep in water, in what appears to

be a grave in the snow, a narrow, snaky grave with slanted sides; they stand there in their boots, and one soldier grips a corrugated hose which crawls out of that trench like a fat earthworm and meets a handpump at graveside where two other soldiers hold the long handle; this is a posed photograph, and so halfway down the side of the trench stands an officer (for whose benefit the image was probably taken), one hand on his hip, the other on a delicate little cane as he stares bluffly ahead, doing nothing; nobody else is really doing anything, either; after the photograph was taken they probably got to work in earnest, pumping out that sodden hole in which they would have to sleep, unless the officer commanded them to dig another one.⁷⁰ Gas, and machine guns, and barbed wire; mass murders beyond measure. "At that time," writes the German eyewitness Remarque, "even one's parents were ready with the word 'coward': no one had the vaguest idea what we were in for."⁷¹ Those who still read Clausewitz could take spurious comfort, for that worthy explained through his "annihilation principle" that the object of a great battle was to destroy the enemy's forces.⁷² The only problem was that in trench warfare vast numbers of one's own troops seemed to get destroyed as well. No matter—pay the bailiff; fight on! Kill or be killed. Hence the strange equivalence of war-posters: A World War I German, supported by his comrades, or fighting a heroic battle alone, is pushing Russian enemies off a cliff; failing to get their foothold in his country, they fall, dying and hating. A World War II Russian is pushing Germans off a cliff. It doesn't matter. The enemy's face is distorted, fiendlike; often we see him accompanied by monsters: hydras, snakes, octopi. From the standpoint of the powerless individual summoned by the bailiff, *the enemy is always the aggressor*. Attack in order to survive; survive in order to attack again—that's defense, as the generals and politicians define it, as homeland defines it; invoke, if you like, Jerzy Kosinski's dictum that "a community, threatened with destruction or with a break-up of its cultural forms, clings with renewed ferocity to the mythic; the stresses of war produce this group reaction, bringing added tension into both the communal and the individual consciousnesses"⁷³—but when we inspect a photograph of "a gallery of Vaux Fortress at the heart of the battle" we see rubble and darkness beneath a heavy arch; a man lies sleeping, wounded or dead on the sharp stones, with his boot-toes turned up; a bearded man with a hospital armband sits with his helmet askew, gazing down into nothingness⁷⁴—this is homeland? Incline Trench is homeland? Gaze into his eyes. He is tired. Perhaps for him—certainly for more and more men like him—there is no homeland, ground or war aim worthy of this agony anymore.⁷⁵

What ground is sacred? Ask its ultimate defender, invincible in creed and greed—the cruel rager, the sprightly gambler-conqueror, Cortes.

GAMING FOR GOLD-PIECES

I can never read without pity and horror the account of the captive Montezuma, erstwhile king of the Aztec Empire, now shadow-king, puppet-king, soon to die, and his civilization with him—commencing a round of *totoloque*, “a game played with small, very smooth gold pellets specially made for it.”⁷⁶ Opposite sits Don Hernando Cortes, citizen of Medellin, who has married well and intrigued in high places. With all the politeness of a cat undesirous of killing the mouse straight-away—in part because he knows that his military strength, in relation to that of his prisoner’s as yet unsubdued warriors, stands not as cat to mouse, but rather the reverse—Cortes visits every day, after Mass. (What obscene blessings he receives from God I can only imagine.) It often happens that he stays for a round of *totoloque*—for he has a lot of time on his hands, being yet uncertain what to do next (more specifically, how to convert a perilously illegitimate defense of ground into an unvanquishable authority). They throw the pellets of gold, he and Montezuma, and on the fifth toss there is a winner and a loser. The stakes are gold and jewels. When Montezuma wins, he gives his prizes to Cortes’s soldiers of the guard. When Cortes wins, he with symmetric graciousness distributes his stakes to Montezuma’s attendants. Cortes, I am afraid, possesses neither gold nor jewels of his own; whatever he puts up must therefore be either his plunder from Montezuma’s outer dominions, or else the treasure Montezuma has already given him. The games go on



Cortes meets Montezuma

as do the days; Montezuma and Cortes assure one another of their mutually imperishable regard. (They’re brother tacticians. They’re both city-burners and book-burners.)⁷⁷ Montezuma wishes to go hunting on his private island. The courteous destroyer assures him that he is “very welcome to go, but that he must remember what had been said to him before, when he went to visit his idols, that if he raised any occurrence it would cost him his life.”⁷⁸ On the occasion to which Cortes refers, the Emperor had indeed been allowed to climb the sacred pyramid—but surrounded by Cortes’s men who stand prepared to stab him should he cry out. By now Montezuma knows the rules. So his jailers take him hunting, and he returns “very contented.” “Finding him so frank and pleasant, we treated him with the respect habitually paid to kings in those parts, and he treated us in the same way.”⁷⁹ And why not? For the Spaniards are now kings also. They play *totoloque* again, king to king. Montezuma winning, he presents a golden gift to the captain of Cortes’s guard, one Juan Velazquez de Leon, “who in every way showed himself Montezuma’s true friend and servant.”⁸⁰ —No doubt, for this is the same Juan Velazquez de Leon who when they first seized the remonstrating Montezuma, cried out “in his usual

high and terrifying voice": "What is the use of all these words? Either we take him or we knife him. If we do not look after ourselves now we shall be dead men."⁸¹

"THIS IS NOT AN ASSAULT"

There lies the crux of all the *conquistadors'* expedient syllogisms: We have the right to defend our ground. Our several diagrams have shown to what extent defense *and* ground are both accidental, circumstantial. Defense of ground constitutes the defense of a revolutionary peasant's nascent right to own that ground and the livestock on it⁸²—and defense of his landlord's established property rights to the same. Were I kidnapped, drugged, flown halfway around the world and deposited on one side or the other of some alien battlefield, I'd have every right to fight whatever enemy came charging toward me, whether I understood the cause or not. Thus the argument of Juan Velazquez de Leon. He is thousands of miles from home, his commander outnumbered; Montezuma will certainly kill them all if it can be done. — The rub, of course, is that the Spaniards brought their sacred ground with them as they pressed forward of their own will, that (I'm almost ashamed to mention it) they invaded. Or, as the Conquest's lapidary nineteenth-century historian, Prescott, puts the question: "The difficulty that meets us in the outset is, to find a justification of the right of conquest, at all."⁸³

One of justification's props is defense of creed. In Cortes's time and place,⁸⁴ deviation from orthodox Catholicism constituted a sin punishable by death. And Montezuma, unfortunately for him, did not happen to be Catholic. Prescott reminds us: "This doctrine, monstrous as it is, was the creed of the Romish, in other words, of the Christian Church—the basis of the Inquisition."⁸⁵ From divine justification followed divine right: right of kings, right of the lieutenants of kings to impose correction in their name, right to proprietorship over heathen territory. In other words, defense of creed, finding itself successful, grew bold and simultaneously became defense of authority and defense of ground. Thus the tired old story: the tale of the French in Canada, which magically became New France; of the English in New England, and, yes, of the Spaniards in Mexico, which became New Spain. But, no matter how weary (and wearisome) the theme, it will not die, so let's call it innately human; one finds it, for instance, murkily coloring the actions of my government at Waco, Texas, in 1993, when, having refused the possibly disingenuous offer of that gun-loving cult Messiah David Koresh to openly inspect his so-called compound for violations of firearms laws, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms sent agents disguised as students to move in across the street. The home of Koresh and his Branch Davidians to them constituted alien territory, an insult to their sovereignty which had to be redressed in the most brutal fashion: Koresh went jogging regularly, and his murderers could have arrested him without any fuss, *but they feared that he might be released too quickly*. Better, then, by the logic of authority's too proud

self-defense, to violently retake this ground. To be sure, Koresh, following the “survivalist” fashion of that epoch, appears to have been equally too prepared to defend himself.⁸⁶ His imminent self-defense, like a foreign nation’s nuclear missiles, did indeed constitute a threat. So when I used the word “murderers,” it shouldn’t be understood in as unequivocal a fashion as for Stalin’s cadres or the worst of Cortes’s *conquistadors*—let’s call them “manslaughterers.” Their actions showed arrogance, clumsiness, deceitfulness, stupidity and, I think, malice—but the murder was not in the first degree. Their commandos came in military vehicles; nobody knows anymore who fired the first shot; people were killed on both sides. Then it was time for the FBI.

But all this is mere context, whose diffuse light bathes equally anxious fools, ignored negotiators, fanatics on both sides and evilly arrogant men. Begin the real tale on the fifty-first day of siege, when authority, no longer able to bear being balked, obtains the go-ahead from the U.S. Attorney General and prepares the Cortesian stroke. Juan Velazquez de Leon had indeed cried out, “What is the use of all these words?” but words always remain important. Before launching his final battle against the Mexican capital, Cortes will offer his honeyed ultimatums; and on this last morning that most of the Branch Davidians will ever see, history repeats itself when the FBI’s chief negotiator, Byron Sage, master of converting black into white, telephones the besieged and politely announces that “we’re in the process of putting tear gas into the building. This is not an assault. We will not enter the building.” The time is one minute before six in the morning; for many of the past fifty nights the FBI’s tactical team has been broadcasting the squeals of rabbits being slaughtered; nor is the logic of Mr. Sage any less dreamlike than Caesar’s at besieged Massilia (summoning the Massiliote Grand Committee of Fifteen, the aggressor “urged them not to let the Massiliotes be guilty of starting hostilities; they ought rather to follow the lead of the whole of Italy than bow to the will of one man,” that is, Caesar’s enemy.)⁸⁷ Understandably, then, Sage’s groggy, doomed interlocutor repeats in astonishment, “You are going to spray tear gas into the building?”—Sage, as smooth as Cortes or Caesar ever were, answers: “In the building ... no, we are not entering the building.” (Self-interest and self-preservation adore such inversions. When Bernal Díaz describes the siege of Tenochtitlan, he gives the impression that it is the *Spaniards* who are besieged; for the Aztecs rush their beach-heads by day and by night. Under such circumstances, who wouldn’t approve of Spanish self-defense?) Having thus (as he hopes) paralyzed and stupefied the Branch Davidians, our efficient Mr. Sage hangs up the telephone, switches on the loudspeakers and deafeningly broadcasts this incredible justification of the forthcoming defense of ground, whose logic is that since the government despite all appearances is not attacking, the Davidians had better not commit the aggressive sin of defending themselves:

“THIS IS NOT AN ASSAULT”

The FBI’s ultimatum of 5:59 a.m., April 19, 1993⁸⁸

“We are in the process of placing tear gas into the building. This is not an assault. We are not entering the building. This is not an assault. Do not fire your weapons. If you fire, fire will be returned. Do not shoot. This is not an assault. The gas you smell is a nonlethal tear gas. This gas will temporarily render the building uninhabitable. Exit the residence now and follow instructions. You are not to have anyone in the tower. The tower is off limits. No one is to be in the tower. Anyone observed to be in the tower will be considered to be [sic] an act of aggression and will be dealt with accordingly. If you come out now, you will not be harmed. Follow all instructions. Come out with your hands up. Carry nothing. Come out of the building and walk up the driveway toward the Double-E Ranch Road. Walk toward the large Red Cross flag. Follow all instructions of the FBI agents in the Bradleys. Follow all instructions. You are under arrest. This standoff is over. We do not want to hurt anyone. Follow all instructions. This is not an assault. Do not fire any weapons. We do not want anyone hurt. Gas will continue to be delivered until everyone is out of the building.”

Gas will indeed be delivered, by means of booms smashed assaultlessly through walls and windows, until suddenly, mysteriously—was it the gas or did Koresh do it on purpose?—the Branch Davidians’ home bursts into flames and almost everyone dies, including seventeen children. In a report issued years later by a House of Representatives subcommittee, authority will decide that it was essentially David Koresh’s fault.⁸⁹

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Is defense of forward-moving ground hypocritical, then, or merely blindly self-serving? Caesar moves deeper into Gaul. The Germans ask him to halt until they can return with envoys in three days. But Caesar, like the FBI, fears that the delay will allow them to reinforce themselves with cavalry. He commands his legions on. “When Caesar was no more than twelve miles away from the enemy, the deputies returned to him as agreed: they met him on the march, and besought him earnestly not to advance further... their request was not granted,” writes the conqueror.⁹⁰ In the end, however, he agrees to advance only four miles, to camp near water. This is not an assault. The Germans fall suddenly on his vanguard. Caesar counterattacks, driving men, women and children into the river, “there to perish,” as he says, “over-

come by terror, by exhaustion, by the force of the stream." Exultantly he continues: "The Romans, with not a man lost and but few wounded, freed from the fear of a stupendous war—with an enemy whose numbers had been 430,000 souls—returned to camp."⁹¹

For a balder explication of the urge, turn to the Nazis—or the ancient Greeks. Nearly two thousand years before Cortes, the Athenians, weakly trying to evade or delay the Peloponnesian War, explain to the Spartans that "the nature of the case first compelled us to advance our empire to its present height; *fear being our principal motive*, though honor and interest afterwards came in."⁹² Balder still: Xenophon in his *Memorabilia* makes Socrates toss off this chillingly casual aphorism: "Men fight in order to live as happy a life as possible ..."⁹³—that is, to gain security, prestige and treasure. My own country's Declaration of Independence assures me that I have the preconditional right to the pursuit of happiness. If, as in ancient Greece, warfare is a routine way to obtain that happiness, then, as for the FBI, who said they were doing it for the laws they broke and the children they killed, aggression becomes self-defense, an easy doctrine which allows monsters to flourish like mushrooms after a rain.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF GROUND IS JUSTIFIED:⁹⁴

By imminent self-defense, even during unjust aggression—but only by imminent self-defense.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF GROUND IS UNJUSTIFIED:⁹⁵

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

"WE HAD BEGGED THEM TO KEEP THE PEACE"

Back to Cortes. Invoking the rights of the self, Bernal Díaz, the conquistador whose chronicle I quote, repeatedly explains in his memoirs that they've only come to Mexico "to take a look at the great Montezuma—in fact to earn our livelihood and make our fortunes"⁹⁶—that is, at Montezuma's expense. And that, indeed, is exactly what Cortes wrote to the Emperor. "As if they were monkeys they seized upon the gold," says the native account. "They starved for it; they lusted for it like pigs."⁹⁷ "Send me some of it," runs Cortes's first message to Montezuma from afar, "because I and my companions suffer from a disease of the heart which can be cured only with gold."⁹⁸ That disease is called greed. It differs but little from the malady which drove Caesar to conquer Gaul in the name of a less than enthusiastic Rome.⁹⁹ Time to earn their livelihood, by all means.

Setting out on this most innocuous of errands, they encounter the Tlascalans, to whom (after a skirmish) they make noises of peace, for their country merely lies along

the way; it can be subjugated later. But next morning a thousand Tlascalans appear, launching darts.

Like Byron Sage, Cortes will have only just war.¹⁰⁰ Invoking all the proper rules of engagement, "Cortes made signs of peace and spoke to them through his interpreters, begging them to desist and warning them formally before a notary and witnesses (as if they could profit by it or understand what it was all about)"¹⁰¹ but with wise mistrust, the Tlascalans refuse to be friends, invoking defense of homeland as they gather their forces in hopes of eating the invaders' flesh and sacrificing their hearts. The Spaniards continue marching and riding toward Montezuma, beating off the attack. Soon the Tlascalan armies return, led by nobles in flame-like headdresses, robed and sandalled, waving long wooden swords striped or herringboned, studded with flint or obsidian teeth. In the old painting, the effect is not only menacing but also alien, birdlike.¹⁰² Cortes, who while not given to lyricism can express his purposes with considerable grace, commands the royal notary

to watch what happened so that he could bear witness if it should be necessary, in order that we should not be made responsible at some future time for the deaths and destruction that might occur, for we had begged them to keep the peace.¹⁰³

The Tlascalans charge. Invoking, as always at this stage, self-defense of creed¹⁰⁴ and self-preservation (New Spain not having been sufficiently conquered for self-defense of authority to apply), the Spaniards break the enemy line again and again. From the now brittle pages of Prescott's opus, as in the victors' memoirs, there arises a strange fragrance of glamour: However evil the means and ends, the actual *achievement* of Cortes and his troops compels my unwilling admiration. I know now that he'll press on, and on, and on, praying to his loving God, leading his men against vast hosts. "The steadfastness of our artillery, musketeers, and bowmen did much to save us," writes Díaz (which I can well believe), "and we inflicted great casualties on them."¹⁰⁵ Another Spaniard compares the victory to that of Joshua in the Promised Land.¹⁰⁶

And so the Tlascalans perforce offer their friendship. —On to the city of Cholula, whose citizens, like so many others, are angry and fearful at the foreigners' coming. Dwelling in proximity to the Aztecs, they're already vassals: Montezuma and his predecessors fought many a flower war against them, intimidating them, killing off their noblest warriors in stylized combat: better, then, to be dependent Aztec allies—before the terms get harsher.¹⁰⁷ Now they must compute rapid sums according to the following expedient calculus:

(A) Break with Montezuma, and we'll be at the mercy of these unknown bearded men, who have just sworn friendship with their enemies the Tlascalans;

or

(B) Defy Cortes, and lose the war as the Tlascalans did.

Far better to invite them in to gain time (and, possibly, Aztec reinforcements). Meanwhile, one must presume, a messenger runs secretly to Tenochtitlan and back. What does Lord Montezuma command? —Murder by treachery, so that the Mexican homeland will be defended before they get any nearer. —But Cortes likewise has his observant satellites, not least his native mistress, Doña Marina, now perhaps already pregnant. (Years hence he'll marry her off to one of his drunken lieutenants.)¹⁰⁸ Learning of the plot from a Cholulan woman who'd made the mistake of trusting to racial commonality, she rushes to whisper in her master-lover's ear. And he? Self-defense advises exemplary slaughter, for were no punishment meted out, other tribes and cities might resist yet more ferociously.¹⁰⁹ Moreover, by his lights their device constitutes unscrupulous warfare. Therefore he may employ violence. (The Nazis will reason similarly about Partisans in eastern Europe.)¹¹⁰



Cortes and Marina

At his smiling invitation the Indians assemble; one must suppose that ignorance truly constitutes bliss. Away with ignorance now! They're surrounded! Cortes, righteousness's schoolmaster, now accuses, pronounces sentence, fires off the musket-signal, and justice begins. How can we begin to imagine the shouts and the screams, the desperate escape-seekers and crazy-eyed defiers all enclosed and doomed? "If we had not inflicted that punishment," pens the chronicler, defending Cortes's memory against allegations of gratuitous cruelty, "our lives would have been in great danger."¹¹¹ By the rights of the self, indeed, Cortes is justified in defending the ground he stands on; otherwise indeed his heart would have been upon the Cholulans' bloody altar. At fault is only his first premise, that he can move his ground where he lists.

His very restraint up until now, says Prescott (who, like so many, halfway admires him),¹¹² leads us to believe that the treason of the Cholulans partook of actuality,

yet who can doubt that the punishment thus inflicted was excessive,—that the same end might have been attained by directing the blow [merely] against the guilty chiefs...? But when was it ever seen that fear, armed with power, was scrupulous in the exercise of it?¹¹³

The Aztec version of the story, needless to say, awards Cortes still less credit, being a tale of Spanish atrocity pure and simple, carried out upon all the Cholulan leaders, who assembled in good faith, never expecting to be harmed; there was no murder plot, no order from Montezuma.

We at our disadvantage of almost half a millennium's dust can never hope to

know the facts. But I accept Prescott's logic: Cortes is unlikely in his first season of weakness-inspired amity to have slaughtered the Cholulans without cause; either they were truly preparing his sacrifice, with or without Montezuma's dominating complicity, or else the Tlascalans, who hated the Cholulans—or Marina, prudently or desperately seeking to become indispensable—cleverly convinced him that they were. As it happened, the deed was politic. "When Moctezuma heard what had happened, and about the troops who were marching against him, he began to shake like a leaf," says the Aztec account.¹¹⁴ Cortes leads his army on.

Montezuma (counseled, as I would suppose, by his most important adviser, Cihuacoatl or "Snake Woman.")¹¹⁵ hastens to send word to the enemy that he had nothing to do with any conspiracy. This denial makes me suspect him, and perhaps it had the same effect upon Cortes. Prescott, confessing that all portraits of Montezuma are biased, goes on to say, that "one cannot contemplate this pusillanimous conduct of Montezuma without mingled feelings of pity and contempt."¹¹⁶ He offers any tribute the Spanish Emperor would like, provided only that he is left alone. Cortes thanks him courteously and continues on.¹¹⁷

Moctezuma then blocks the roads, preferring not to resort to open violence yet, since all others who tried it against Cortes were beaten.¹¹⁸ In Mesoamerican terms, this is, however, a declaration of hostility,¹¹⁹ and Cortes's Tlascalan allies surely tell him so. (Bernal Díaz claims that Montezuma installed an ambush along an unblocked road; the Aztec account does not mention this.) Cortes's army marches around the barricades.

"I GO FORTH ABOUT TO DESTROY"

In simple, Montezuma versus Cortes equals defense of homeland versus defense of ground.

In a native codex we see Montezuma, as it happens the second ruler of that name (which signifies *He-frowned-like-a-lord*), standing on a mat with his legs braced apart, leaning on an ornate spear as tall as he is, with a wide, bordered, carpet-like cloak sweeping across his body, and feathers the size of palm-fronds blossoming from his left shoulder. A beard sharpens his spade-shaped face, whose outline is almost symmetrically doubled by his headgear. Left hand on his abdomen, he stares straight into space from under heavy eyelids.¹²⁰ His conqueror's private secretary portrays him as "a man of middling size, thin, and, like all Indians, of a very dark complexion. He wore his hair long and had no more than six bristles on his chin ... He was of an amiable though severe disposition, affable, well-spoken, and gracious, which made him respected and feared."¹²¹

When Cortes arrived, he'd held the throne for seventeen years. He'd reorganized and conquered. He'd upheld the sovereign reputation of Tenochtitlan. In his manuscript of 1585, Fray Sahagún castigates the fashion in which "the lords of Mexico, Texcoco, and Tlacopan, united with all their troops, should go conquer some

province, even though its rulers had never given any offense to these three lords or their domains. This indicates clearly that they were tyrants."¹²²

Our indictment of Cortes (crueler than Caesar, kinder than Hitler) hardly exculpates Montezuma.¹²³ Whence came his empire? What justification had Montezuma for expanding it? One anthropologist concludes that "war was the empire. Halting war for too long diminished perceived Aztec power."¹²⁴ As in the ancient Greek city-states, war not only defined economy and authority, but also manhood. When an Aztec boy was born, his mother cut the umbilical cord, intoning: "You are a server and a warrior, you are the bird called *quechol*, you are the bird called *zacuan*, you are the bird and warrior of the One Who Dwells in All Places."¹²⁵ Later the boy received a bow and arrow from his parents, "because warfare was so frequent among them."¹²⁶ There was an excellent chance that he would use them—in wars of conquest.



Montezuma

Relying, therefore, on the deterrent power of his reputation, Montezuma probably never expected Cortes to march in to Tenochtitlan—his native enemies would hardly have dared.

An Aztec war-hymn runs in part: "I go forth, I go forth about to destroy, I, Yoatzin; my soul is in the cerulean water."¹²⁷

Meanwhile Cortes addresses his men at the very beginning of the expedition to New Spain: "We are engaging in a just and good war which will bring us fame."¹²⁸ Doubtless he prays for his good success every day when he goes to Mass. "He was devout and given to praying," recalls his secretary; "he knew many prayers and psalms by heart."¹²⁹

TRIBUTES, RUSES INCANTATIONS

Montezuma's first campaign in the war of defense had been a magical one. (We might compare him with Leonidas the Spartan. Both kings probably sought to propitiate, to avoid, preempt or cleanse any religious pollution and to invoke divine aid in defense of homeland.) But the incantations failed. He was compelled to contend not only with the material reality of the Spaniards as greedy and dangerous usurpers, but also with a religious prophecy which equated Cortes with one aspect of the old Toltec deity Topiltzin Quetzalcoatl.¹³⁰ (A certain chronicle based on Aztec sources insists that Montezuma, at the behest of his religious advisers, sent messengers to give tribute to Cortes upon his first arrival at the coast, and that Cortes dressed up in his finery and received them upon a makeshift throne.¹³¹ Supposedly the Spaniards told these envoys that Montezuma's gifts were insufficient, "and that when they went to Mexico, they would rob them of all they had and take it for

themselves."¹³² This does not square with the polite Cortes of Díaz's chronicle, but offers what might be called truth-in-hindsight.) Montezuma, like Cortes, is a man of ruses. He'd sent a noble to impersonate him, but the Spaniards, having been told of the trick by their native allies, merely took the puppet's proffered gifts and reviled him.¹³³ His envoys had cut the throats of slaves to honor the Spaniards, who of course were merely disgusted by this literal sacrifice without transubstantiation.¹³⁴ They had a countervailing advantage: Nothing in *their* religious tradition disposed them toward making any particular accommodation with Montezuma.

His sorcerers tried new spells, only to be threatened by their god Tezcatlipoca. At that, Montezuma had said, "I pity the old men and women and the boys and girls who do not have feet or hands to defend themselves. As for the rest of us, we are now resolved to die in the defense of our homeland."¹³⁵

Cortes's men tramp on. Further complicating the matter was the fact that, being ignorant of the Mesoamerican laws of battle, the Spaniards entered the city during harvest season, without declaring war. The Aztecs knew neither whether to strike nor how to strike. When Montezuma was crowned, the enemy sovereigns in Tlascalala and Cholula were invited, and secretly attended the ceremony.¹³⁶ Could Cortes's purpose be similarly diplomatic? Better to await developments—especially since one could not prevent them.

And so at last they arrive in lake-girded Tenochtitlan, where Montezuma loads them with gold and fine cloaks—in hopes of buying them off, as they cynically suppose, which might mean the same thing as making them allies. The Aztecs in their conquests have always been satisfied merely to exact tribute.¹³⁷ They find neither desire nor need to remake other city-states in their own image. We can be sure that to them Cortes's war aims remain incomprehensible.

FURTHER NECESSITIES

When the *conquistadors* first saw the Aztec capital, they were stunned. The place resembled "an enchanted vision," writes Díaz. "Indeed, some of our soldiers asked whether it was not all a dream."¹³⁸ "But today all that I then saw is overthrown and destroyed; nothing is left standing."¹³⁹ A song to the war-god runs: "O author of life, your house is here! ... Behold Mexico, palace of the white willows, palace of the white sedges!"¹⁴⁰ (This evocation of homeland perhaps achieved the same effect as the patriotic French posters at the beginning of World War I.) Awed and dazed at first by the magnificence of the place, the Spaniards visit the market, then compel Montezuma to take them to the main temple, where, ascending a steep pyramid stained with blood, they revile the Aztec gods, thereby forcing upon their shocked host an expiatory prayer.

It seems that Cortes, like his colleagues, rivals and successors,¹⁴¹ cannot keep his troops in good order, and they immediately begin to loot Montezuma's palace,

where they are being put up.¹⁴² Most of the foot soldiers will, as usual in war, end up with a minuscule share of the plunder.

Says the native account: "The king, Moctezuma, came out to welcome them as strangers because he was not able to offer resistance at that time; nevertheless, the Mexicans always considered this arrival as an act of violence and tyranny."¹⁴³ So did the Cholulans; so did the Tlascalans. And the unwelcome guests know it. That is why they kidnap Montezuma.¹⁴⁴ Another historian writes simply: "This act of treachery seemed the safest thing to be done, and therefore, with Cortes, it was the best."¹⁴⁵ No doubt the logic is correct. Don't get the kidnapers wrong—it's nothing personal. Our chronicler calls him "a great and valiant prince," deserving of all respect.¹⁴⁶ They merely need to make a living, you see. Does this make the deed better or worse? Montezuma asks them to take his children hostage instead, so that he will not be disgraced. But Cortes makes his usual reply, the reply of Trotsky: There is no alternative.¹⁴⁷

CORTES'S MAXIM

In order to secure and defend my ground, I have every right to conquer you.

THE HONORS DUE A SOVEREIGN

Thus Montezuma in captivity, throwing down the golden *totoloque* pellets. One of his guards calls him a dog in his hearing. Another audibly relieves himself. Montezuma, presenting him with a "gold jewel" to smooth the way, asks him to kindly refrain from showing such disrespect in the future. The next night, the guard relieves himself again, hoping for another gold jewel.¹⁴⁸ The recipient of this treatment wears the honor-pride of any powerful political leader¹⁴⁹—he rules millions, and has presided over the sacrifice of thousands (when his "captains on the coast" arrived to tell him of the approach of the Spanish fleet, they'd thrown themselves on the ground and said, "Our lord, we merit death for having come without your permission")¹⁵⁰—and the degradation is in proportion—in proportion also (as I assume) to his dwindling utility to the Spaniards. Well, they're all friends just the same. Cortes twice assures him that he is free to return to his palace. "The prince replied most courteously that he was grateful for this kindness. But he well knew that Cortes's speech was mere words, and that for the present it would be better for him to remain a prisoner."¹⁵¹ How could he not know? The hypocrite has just thrown him in chains and publicly burned alive seventeen of his captains for trying to reconquer territory lost to the Spaniards. (Their defense: The uprisings were by Montezuma's orders.) When Cortes's ruffians had first laid hands on him, it's said, he couldn't quite believe it. How now, when they manhandle him and clap him in irons, and he hears his captains' screams? As irrelevant, in a certain sense, as their

executions might seem to one in whose halcyon days twenty thousand victims a year were sacrificed,¹⁵² especially to a man who with his kindred ate roasted prisoner-flesh, and marked calendar-cycles by lighting fires in the chest cavities of the heart-ripped,¹⁵³ the shrieks must have nonetheless touched him in his fear and his dignity. What was being burned was his sovereignty, his authority, his godlike self.

In the Codex Mendoza, drawn by Aztec hands, we see a warrior, tall, disdainful and serene, holding his shield with one hand, while with the other he grips the top-knot of a captured warrior who louts before him, small proportioned in everything, even in shield and weapons; he barely comes up to the Aztec's armpit.¹⁵⁴ Such is his honor; such is his status. We see the conquest of Azcapotzalco. Dead bodies—commoners, from the look of them—lie on the ground, almost naked. Aztec jaguar soldiers clash with the Tepanec defenders, while others are already marching up the temple steps. They have won. It is 1428. Azcapotzalco will be razed.¹⁵⁵ If such be the status of warriors, imagine the status due to kings. Can we see now why for a few moments enchained Montezuma might have gone mad? We read that he roared like an animal—with terror, desperation and rage.

All things pass, of course. "After the burning, Cortes went to Montezuma's apartment with five of his captains, and himself removed the chains; and so affectionately did he speak to the prince that his anger quickly passed away."¹⁵⁶

More captive days and nights. More rounds of *totoloque*. Montezuma offers Cortes one of his two legitimate daughters in marriage, as a token of his love.¹⁵⁷ No doubt he craves alliance on almost any terms by now.¹⁵⁸ (How can ever forget the burning and those chains?) Cortes takes off his helmet in respectful gratitude, but refuses, being already married. To Montezuma (who himself once had many wives, perhaps a thousand),¹⁵⁹ this reply must be still another insult. Some thirty years later a Spanish judge will be apprised that "a daughter of Moctezuma [sic], having contracted an illness of which she later died, was thrown out to lie on a mat on the ground. She was so poor that she would have had nothing to eat if the Franciscans had not sent her some food."¹⁶⁰ Why should we expect otherwise? The Aztecs' fortunes have fallen. Within a few weeks of being tendered the daughter's hand, Cortes, adopting his soldiers' usage, will refuse to visit Montezuma even when entreated. He keeps his helmet on now. (How many gold pellets does Montezuma have left?) He mutters: "Why should I be civil to a dog who was holding secret negotiations with Narvaez, and now, as you can see, does not even give us any food?"¹⁶¹ —Indeed, Tenochtitlan's market is closed, because it recently happened that at a festival of their god Huitzilopochtli, Cortes's deputy, unprovoked, massacred great numbers of nobles, soldiers and commoners.¹⁶² The Aztecs hate them now. Well, may they all be enchained! —True also that Montezuma did intrigue with Narvaez, Cortes's enemy; for factional strife among the Spaniards comprises the Aztecs' last hope for defense of homeland. But Narvaez loses to Cortes; Montezuma makes politic haste to congratulate the victor, who refuses to listen to him.

“LIKE WATER IN A HEAVY RAIN”

That slaughter in the market marks a watershed—or bloodshed, I should say—in Spanish-Aztec relations. Up until then, mental and moral paralysis encouraged the hope (or pretense) that the Spaniards were guests, among whom Montezuma claimed to dwell among them by choice. Cortes had sworn that he meant no harm. But now it's undeniable: the white men mean to tread them down into the mud. (Here is Pierre de Gand on the Mexican character nine years after the Conquest: “They do nothing they are not forced to do; you can obtain nothing from them by mildness or by persuasion.”¹⁶³ That was in the sixteenth century. In a seventeenth-century engraving, we see a naked woman hanging in a doorway, her child likewise strangled by means of a cord tied round her waist. A broad, hearty Spaniard with a ruffled collar is dangling two naked little corpses before the jaws of interested dogs. Another dog is gnawing on the ankles of the hanged woman's baby. In the background, naked Indians are being hunted with dogs.)¹⁶⁴

Why did they kill those people in the market? Evidently they'd seen human sacrifices there:—thus at least runs one justification for the atrocity. Or perhaps, like Stalin, they merely wished to make a cleaner sweep. “The greatest evil that one can do another is to take his life when [the victim] is in mortal sin,” pens the chronicler Sahagún, who has access to Aztec sources but remains a Spaniard and a Catholic. Honest and true, he will not hide the fact that his countrymen, in defiance of their own professed moral calculus, “killed them, the greater part of whom were unarmed, without their knowing why.”¹⁶⁵ “Some had their heads cut off, others were cut in half, and others had their bellies slit open, immediately to fall dead.”¹⁶⁶ Blood ran “like water in a heavy rain.”¹⁶⁷ Can this possibly be defense of ground?

Cortes, who was not present at the time, will later claim in his duly notarized declaration of war against the Aztecs that the plan at this festival was to murder Spaniards, as in the case of the Cholucolans.¹⁶⁸ It is written that when he returned to Tenochtitlan and learned what had happened, his aspect was “*mohino*, an adjective which is applied to one who plays in a game against many others.”¹⁶⁹ By then he is not playing the game of *totolouque* with Montezuma anymore.

“THIS WHORE OF THE SPANIARDS”

After that day of bloody rain begins the Aztecs' violent self-defense of homeland.

Montezuma entreats them not to take up arms, because the occupiers are invincible. —“What is he saying, this whore of the Spaniards?” The stones begin to fly.¹⁷⁰

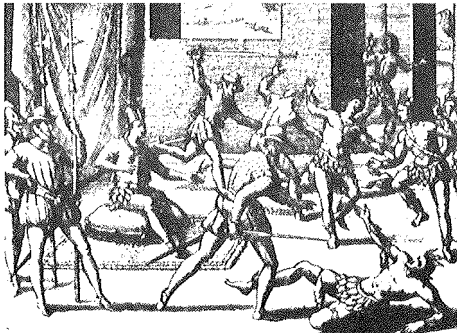
The Spaniards say that he was killed by his own people, that a stone knocked his soul away. The Aztec source implies that the Spaniards garroted him.¹⁷¹

DEFENSE OF GROUND

The Aztecs rise up. No doubt they've gashed their tongues and ears in the temples, offering their own blood to the gods in hope of victory.¹⁷² They surround and besiege the usurpers.

Cortes cries: "The Mexicans and all their allies are now determined to kill us all. Let us then, with all our Indian allies, defend ourselves. Indeed we can do no less in our defense than kill them, take from them their kingdom, and make them our slaves."¹⁷³ Then, the Aztec relation claims, they strangle all the Aztec nobles they hold as prisoners, and throw them from the palace roofs.¹⁷⁴

In a copy of a Tlascalcan painting, we see jaguar soldiers with their shields crowd-



Massacre of Montezuma's retainers

ground and biting lips: "This is the good soldier; at once he turns to flight the rough ranks of the foe, and eagerly he stems the wave of battle."¹⁷⁵ (How strange, that Cortes, not Montezuma, should play Leonidas's role!) But the wave cannot be stemmed. Grizzled soldiers remark that they've never encountered "men so courageous as those Indians at charging with closed ranks."¹⁷⁶ The wave rises, and that smooth, oval stone, stone of destiny, comes hurtling over the wall toward Montezuma's head.¹⁷⁷ The Spaniards' frail pretext of legitimacy thus perishes.

THE FIRST ENSLAVEMENTS

By night they flee the Aztec dominions, getting engaged in battle and picked off along the way. Three hundred Spaniards drown in Tolteca Acaloco canal, along with two thousand of their native allies.¹⁷⁸

Cortes is desperate. Where can he defend his ground now? At the very beginning of the Mexican campaign, like the Roman general Asclepiodotus who invaded rebellious Britain, he'd burned his ships so that the men would have nowhere to go but forward. This deed is frequently styled heroic. But Cortes had lied to his men then, saying that the ships were worm-eaten.¹⁷⁹ Expediency dictated that he do this; otherwise the men would have risen up. Now he's irrevocably chosen his ground, and theirs. Why not? For Cortes, the die had been cast long before. As the historian Arthur Helps remarked, if he didn't capture Montezuma and return home, "he

would but have returned to a prison or a grave; for the ambassadorial capacity which he assumed was a mere pretext."¹⁸⁰ He must assert himself. Stumbling back and back through New Spain, he discovers that some of the conquered tribes have risen up against him. The penalty will be as expedient as it is (by his lights) just: Summoning his notary, he prepares a decree of enslavement, and begins to brand his captives. From this date, perhaps, begins his greed for serfs as well as for gold.

"CORTES OFFERED THEM PEACE"

He regroupes. Unlike Caesar, who drove himself by will-force (which was in his case comprised of greed-force and honor-force) in order to attain his conquests, Cortes possesses the advantages of an athletic body. His personal secretary describes him as tall, great-shouldered, strong, although like Caesar he was pale.¹⁸¹ He never loses heart. He gathers together his pet Tlascalans, who scarcely consider rising up against him. Why? Because fifteen years earlier the Aztecs had increased the pressure on them, adding force to their "flower war" of intimidation so that it began to resemble an all-out war. The Tlascalans had won one flower war and lost the next. They were getting worried.¹⁸² Now Cortes, as they believe, will save them—if they help him. In their company he now approaches the capital. As always, he presents himself as the innocent self-defender. At Cuernavarca, "Cortes offered them peace; they answered with war."¹⁸³ A Tlascalan having shown his men the secret path, he fires the town...

His ultimatum to the defenders of Tenochtitlan: "Therefore we come to make war on you as bestial, unreasonable people, from which we will not cease until we avenge our grievances and overthrow the enemies of God... This will be carried out without fail."¹⁸⁴

THE CONQUEST OF TENOCHTITLAN

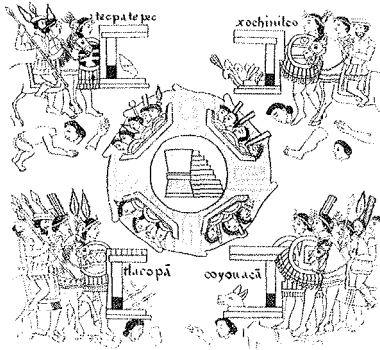
"So they came on as bravely as tigers and fought us hand to hand,"¹⁸⁵ says that spirited trooper Bernal Díaz; and another Spaniard of equal gallantry wrote that "it is one of the most beautiful sights in the world to see them in their battle array because they keep formation wonderfully and are very handsome."¹⁸⁶

"We killed more than a hundred splendid chiefs," Cortes gloats,¹⁸⁷ and the enemy counter-gloats.

In an old drawing, we see Spaniards, grimly unbending, riding forth with lowered lances, trampling the dismembered bodies of the dead. The Tlascalans accompany them, raising narrow clubs and skull-adorned shields.¹⁸⁸

The chroniclers are pleased to inform us that when the troops encounter "women, children, old men, and other miserable creatures, overcome with hunger and sickness," Cortes usually "ordered his men not to harm the poor wretches."¹⁸⁹

From time to time, however, he “slaughtered many of them, mostly women and children and unarmed men.”¹⁹⁰ Part of it is that he cannot always restrain his soldiers. (One thinks again of Caesar at Thapsis, powerlessly witnessing his soldiers



Investiture of Mexico City

murder all the enemy prisoners—and then their own officers.)¹⁹¹ The other part—as we now know all too well—is that he will not stop at cruelty, when other expedients fail to stick. In his second assault on the great city, “seeing that they were so rebellious and showed such determination to defend themselves to the death, I inferred two things”—first, and perhaps most important to his heart, that it would be very difficult to get the treasure back again, and second, that “they gave occasion, and forced us to totally destroy them. This last reason caused me the greater grief, for it weighed on my soul and made me reflect on what means I might employ to frighten them...”¹⁹² He burns the royal houses and aviaries. “Although it grieved me much, I determined, as it grieved them even more, to burn those edifices.”¹⁹³

We see the Tlascalans crouching predatorially, gripping their shields like drums, some of them wearing jaguar-skins, as they approach the suppliant and pointing defenders, in whose keeping rests a skull rack from which glares a fresh Aztec head.¹⁹⁴

Against these atrocities must be set Aztec counter-atrocities, such as the sacrifice of prisoners of war, which the Spaniards had to watch helplessly. It was this sight which almost destroyed the self-assured battle-courage of Bernal Díaz, who’d scarcely suffered fear until then. Out with the heart; smear its blood on the mouth of the god. Roll the opened man “down the steps, of which there were about fifty or sixty, his arms and legs breaking and his skull cracking, until he arrived at the bottom still twitching ... another high priest cut off his head and thrust through the temple a long stake, which was like a hook.”¹⁹⁵ At first, fifteen or eighteen, and later fifty or fifty-three Spanish captives will be thus sacrificed.

The Aztec capital fights on, surrounded by battle but still surviving it. “Every day the Spaniards were cornering the Mexicans more,” writes Fray Sahagún, but “the Mexicans returned at night to open the canals and ditches which the Spaniards had filled by day.”¹⁹⁶ For their part, the Spaniards huddle in their armed camps, each of which resembles the hollow square in which blitzkrieg counters the web defense. At night, they must beat off rushes by the warriors with their device-adorned shields and their feather headdresses as lush as the tops of tropical trees.¹⁹⁷ And yet *defense of ground has no justice when that ground may be shifted at will for the sake of expedient or aggressive advantage.* In an Aztec codex, we see a line of *conquistadors* waving

and then their own officers.)¹⁹¹ The other part—as we now know all too well—is that he will not stop at cruelty, when other expedients fail to stick. In his second assault on the great city, “seeing that they were so rebellious and showed such determination to defend themselves to the death, I inferred two things”—first, and perhaps most important to his heart, that it would be very difficult to get the treasure back again, and second, that “they gave occasion, and forced us to totally destroy them. This last reason

long, stinger-like swords aloft, while shield-flaunting Aztecs (from their simplicity of costume, evidently commoners) hurl spherical stones at them. From behind approach the noble warriors in their striped costumes, leveling swords and long thrusting-spears at the Spaniards' backs.¹⁹⁸ Another *conquistador* wrote: "In warfare they are the most cruel people to be found, for they spare neither brothers, relatives, friends, nor women even if they are beautiful; they kill them all and eat them."¹⁹⁹ For both sides, the order of the day is defense of ground.

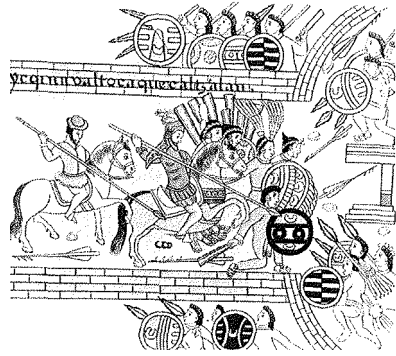
The siege deafens, mutilates, desolates all—Díaz writes that it lasts for ninety-three days.²⁰⁰ Undeterred, however, by enemy ululations, or the thuddings of drums, the screams of trumpets, the whizzing of stones from maguey-fiber slings, Cortes continues self-defense. Specifically, he will starve the Aztecs out.

In the last campaign, he moves against Iztapalan. "More than six thousand souls, men, women, and children of the inhabitants, perished, for our Indian allies, seeing the victory which God gave us, had the sole idea to kill right and left."²⁰¹

At the end, the defenders try magic one more time, but their sacred serpent and owl will not come alive to help them.²⁰²

Mexico falls. Falls a silence. When the fighting finally stops, many soldiers experience a ringing in the ears which drowns out all other sounds. Cortes gives thanks to God.

He finds corpses everywhere—by his estimate fifty thousand dead. As for the living, their condition excites pity. "Their excretions were the sort of filth that thin swine pass that have been fed on nothing but grass."²⁰³ He tries to stop his allies from killing them, but, in his usual phrase, "it was not possible to prevent it that day, so more than fifteen thousand persons were massacred."²⁰⁴



Assault on Mexico City

DEFENSE OF GOLD

"The city was put to the sack," runs Gómara's account, "the Spaniards seizing the gold, silver, and featherwork; the Indians, the clothing and other spoils."²⁰⁵ Cortes is said by one chronicler to have sought to disallow his troops from branding and enslaving the surrendered Aztecs,²⁰⁶ and by another to have "branded with the King's iron many men and women as slaves."²⁰⁷ Maybe he did both. Well, he's successfully defended his ground—or, as we should say, he's made the ground his. Defense of ground will hardly justify his violence anymore. Defense of authority must now be invoked; after centuries and traditions have bloomed, then defense of

homeland will do. But first, we'll worship expediency.

"Ah, captain," says Montezuma's unhappy successor, Cuauémoc (or Guatemoc, or Guatemucin), "I have done everything within my power to defend my kingdom and deliver it from your hands. But as fortune has not favored me, take my life; it will be most fitting; and in so doing you will bring an end to the Mexican kingdom, for already you have ruined and destroyed my city and my people."²⁰⁸



Guatemoc

This is the man whose person the wily conqueror promises to honor and respect once he surrenders—comforting him after his usual honeyed fashion, insisting (as he did with Montezuma) that the sovereign will remain raised up—Guatemoc will rule Mexico just as before! Thus lulled and softened, and conveyed to a captured housetop from which he can be well heard, Guatemoc calls on the remaining seventy thousand defenders of homeland to lay down their arms.²⁰⁹ He'll be a good puppet, it appears. He'll help Cortes lead the Aztecs to walk in the ways of God. The war is over.

But, half drowned by the clamor of peacetime, Cortes now finds himself accused of hiding Guatemoc's treasures for himself. He denies it, so the other Spaniards, in the spirit of scientific inquiry, torture Guatemoc by burning his feet with boiling oil²¹⁰ while "one of his gentlemen" gets roasted to death, his eyes on Guatemoc.²¹¹ Perhaps Cortes deserves no blame for this, being less an absolute leader than a swimmer fitfully treading water in a sea of factions; his captains continually mutiny, run riot and attack each other²¹²—but he ought not to have made absolute promises—not that Guatemoc believed them in any event; he never chose to surrender, but was captured.²¹³ As I meditate on this grisly scene, into my mind comes its double image, of Montezuma enchained while his seventeen loyalists die in the fire. A coincidence?²¹⁴ Montezuma's ordeal was undoubtedly choreographed by Cortes—why not Guatemoc's? And, in the end, he himself had the authority to halt the torture of Guatemoc "either because he thought it degrading and cruel," or because Guatemoc told him that he had thrown everything into the water where it could never be recovered.²¹⁵

Guatemoc will live five years more, despised and feared, compelled to be always carried with the conqueror. In 1524, that glorious year when the tithes of Vera Cruz and Medellin reach a thousand gold pesos,²¹⁶ he'll conspire with other royal hostages in hopes of rising up. Cortes pronounces his guilt—and to justice devotes still another troublemaker, one Tetepangueçal. "These two, therefore, were hanged, and I set the others free because it appeared they were to blame for nothing more than having listened to it, although this alone was sufficient for them to deserve death."²¹⁷ Thus Cortesian generosity.

As always, the punishment has a salutary effect: the lord Apoxpaléon, whom

our hero is at that moment busily intimidating, forthwith burns “an infinite number of idols.”²¹⁸

A BRIEF HISTORY OF NEW SPAIN

Just as Aztecs once divided up the body of a war-prisoner, the captor getting the carcass and the right thigh, his helper the left thigh,²¹⁹ so the Spaniards now divide up the place they call New Spain.

Cortes gives land and Indian slaves to his soldiers; organized serfdom begins. “It is a question, however,” says his admiring editor, “whether this treatment was worse than they had suffered from their Mexican owners.”²²⁰ —No question—it was worse. The Spanish judge Zorita, who spent ten years in Mexico in an official capacity, concluded “with certainty” that “one Indian pays more tribute today than did six Indians of that time.”²²¹ After all, that was the *raison d'être*—and, speaking of games and gamepieces, we might mention that while some human beings suffered in order that Montezuma could have his *totoloque* pellets, gold mining became far more terrible under the Spaniards.

What did the Conquest bring to the Aztec homeland? We've tabulated its casualties in “Defense of Creed.”²²² Less quantifiable in any table: Confusion, litigation over land,²²³ social unrest,²²⁴ forced labor on Spanish estates or in gold or silver mines, followed by fines for not working on the fields which they were simultaneously obliged to reap²²⁵—always fines and taxes.²²⁶ Often the Indians found themselves required to pay in cash rather than in kind, which meant that *rurales* had to come to the cities to work for almost nothing, solely in order to fulfill this burden.

Return for a moment to the relation of the judge Zorita. As he tried (as benignly and altruistically as he could) to fulfill his function within the colonial machine, traveling to and fro on the roads, he often found Indians straggling down the roads, pushed and pulled by conflicting *corvee* obligations, tired and hungry. Sometimes he'd see them dead, men, women and “even their little ones, for they used them to carry food—something these people had never before done.”²²⁷ The conquerors seized them as porters, just as the Burmese government would do with insurgent hill tribes four centuries later.²²⁸ When they collapsed, rather than unchain them the Spaniards might simply cut off their heads.

The population plummeting, the ingenious Spaniards added to the taxes of the living the taxes of the dead.

In 1521, eleven million Indians lived in the heart of Mexico. Twenty years later, less than six and a half million were left.²²⁹

A reddish-orange man I met in a Chinese-Mexican restaurant in Mexicali who told me that he was a hundred percent Aztec (actually, he was Tlascalan on his mother's side) said to me: “They brought horses. They brought many fine things. But they hurt our pride.”²³⁰

HIS GOLDEN GAME-PIECES LOST

At the century's end, Spaniards will still be torturing Indians to death to try to get their gold.²³¹ But we can't blame Cortes for that, because he's not getting rich! Wondering just why it was that he defended this ground in the first place, he complains to the King of Spain that he has spent more than three hundred thousand gold pesos of his own money on the Conquest.²³² He asks for ten million, or for the interest on that amount.²³³ The king is silent.

He proposes new projects—for instance, the conquest of the Chichimecas in the north. "By making slaves of these barbarians, who are almost savages, Your Majesty will be served, and the Spaniards greatly benefited, as they will dig for gold, and perhaps through contact with us, some of them may save their souls."²³⁴

Now his true war aims shine through—or is it simply that bitterness and unsatisfied greed etch away the last of his kindness? We read that he

took Toluca for himself and asked the people for a tribute in maize ... The next year he ordered them to cultivate a field for him, and this they did for many years. In addition, he sent them to work in the houses that he built in Mexico. Still later, he demanded slaves for the mines of Tletiztlac; the lords and principales gave him all the slaves, men and women, that they themselves had. On two occasions he took all those slaves away and branded them on the face, and ordered that they carry maize from his tribute field to the mines.' When new mines were discovered, he required sixty slaves every year for fifteen years.²³⁵

Losing supreme authority over Mexico to a latecomer, he struggles to bribe the King of Spain with Mexican gold and a cannon made of melted down Mexican silver. Accused of intrigue, concealment of the spoils, poisoning, arrogance, he mildly bows to the new Lord Governor.

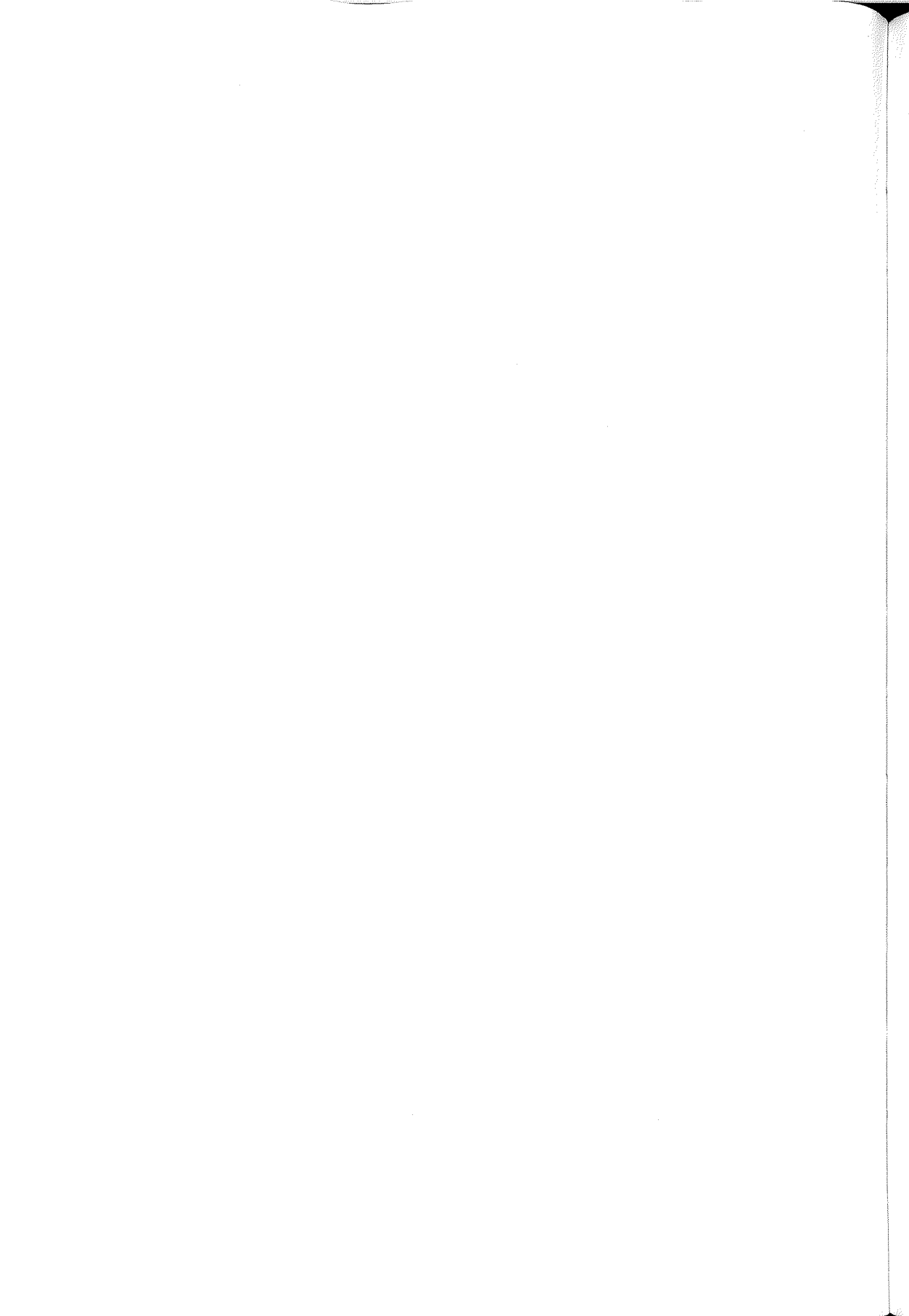
He gets exiled from Mexico, but replies to all: *Thou shalt give thy life for thy loyalty and thy King.*²³⁶

He was a very stubborn man, as a result of which he had more lawsuits than was proper to his station. He spent liberally on war, women, friends, and fancies... In his dress he was elegant rather than sumptuous, and was extremely neat. He took delight in a large household and family, in silver service and dignity.²³⁷

After having undertaken an expedition to the Spice Islands in the King's service, he sails for Spain to obtain his rights, bringing with him, among other companions, one of Montezuma's sons, and "eight tumblers, several very white Indian men and women, and dwarfs and monsters. In short, he traveled as a great lord."²³⁸ He brings more Mexican loot to be employed "for gifts." This tactic succeeds. The

King—now the Emperor—ennobles him, converting him into Captain General of New Spain, with a right of keeping one-twelfth of everything for himself. And so for Cortes all the battles begin to approach a happy ending. He marries well, returns to the New World, survives other intrigue-driven reversals of fortune, explores the Sea of Cortez, quarrels and litigates, loses his favorite Aztec jewels in a shipwreck and expires of dysentery, aged sixty-three—like Napoleon and Stalin, one of the few moral actors in this book who dies not by another's hand.

In his will, he asks people to look into whether he did anything wrong in enslaving the Indians, and to make whatever restitution is required.²³⁹ But “over his doors and on his coat of arms he caused to be inscribed ... *The judgment of the Lord overtook them; His might strengthened my arm.*”²⁴⁰



CHAPTER 16

DEFENSE OF THE EARTH

Man, n.... His chief occupation is extermination of other animals and his own species, which, however, multiplies with such insistent rapidity as to infest the whole habitable earth and Canada.

AMBROSE BIERCE (1911)¹

We are often told that the world is going from bad to worse, sacrificing everything to mammon. But this righteous uprising in defense of God's trees ... is telling a different story, and every Sequoia, I fancy, has heard the good news and is waving its branches for joy.

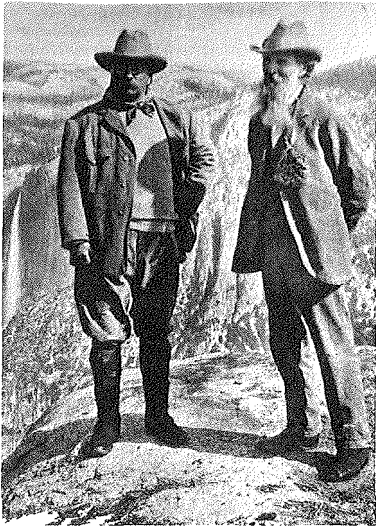
JOHN MUIR (1920)²

As good patriots, lovers of our wild land, it is our duty to resist invasion and defend our planet.

DAVE FOREMAN AND BILL HAYWOOD (1987)³

Leonidas defended his homeland, Lincoln his authority, Napoleon his honor, Cortes his ground and creed, and on a dim forest evening in Oregon, limber tree-spikers with their caps pulled low tapped long nails into trees, then snipped off the nailheads with their eighteen-inch bolt cutters which hung eternally at the ready from homemade slings. In defense of the planet itself (which is to say, of homeland,

authority, honor, ground and creed), they were fortifying a place they loved, a secret place not far from goldenclad hills blooming with thistles, almost in sight of the coast's many swellings bordered by birdprinted sand and domed grassy rocks which stretched out to sea. One more blow with the lanyarded singlejack, and the decapitated spike was gone in the tree-flesh it hoped to save from clearcutting—for could enough trees only be spiked, then sawmill blades would break into shrapnel and sparks.



John Muir and President Roosevelt

“No doubt these trees would make good lumber passing through a sawmill, as George Washington passing through the hands of a French cook would have made good food.”⁴ Thus John Muir, sixty years earlier. That tireless walker, that slender, white-bearded old nature sage had fought his tree-battles with the nonviolent artillery of letters, interviews, telegrams; he lobbied, testified, took President Roosevelt hiking. In a turn-of-the-century essay called “The American Forests” he’d written: “Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away... God has cared for these trees ... but he cannot save them from fools—only Uncle Sam”—that is, President Roosevelt—“can do that.” In photographs we often see him in a top hat, surrounded by his fine friends the ferns. He helped save Yosemite and

Sequoia from fools. In his lifetime they named Muir Woods after him, preserving a smattering of virgin redwoods there. He’d done well, that frugal, self-reliant Scotsman—why not be satisfied with little? But John Muir, they say, died of a broken heart when the Hetch Hetchy was dammed by fools. Did the coroner write down as the agent of his demise, “natural causes”?

We need not believe in the lethality of Muir’s sadness and bitterness (after all, he was old) to remark on its staying power. We find it in his political descendants, now called “environmentalists.” Some still believe in Uncle Sam, and quietly treat with him to save more scraps. Sometimes sick places even begin to recover—the Great Lakes, for instance. As I write this, the air in Los Angeles is better than it used to be. Many of Earth’s defenders, and I thank them, have accomplished true good in partnership with Uncle Sam. In others, bitterness has swollen into militancy. Uncle Sam will never answer their prayers, they reason, so why pray? As for his minions, *federales*, ecoteurs contemptuously call them “freddies,” mere agents of commercial interests. Sometimes they call them “jellyfish,” “bandits,” “quislings.”⁶ You see, the trees continue to disappear!

Three-quarters of the way through the twentieth century, on “one of those days when the sky was a sulphurous yellow and the roads cluttered with the wrecks of

cars," a philosopher gets into his vehicle. "As I drove south past the refineries of New Jersey that so expressed what industrial civilization was all about, I could see why some kind of violent apocalypse would come."⁷

An anarchist advises us to turn petty nationalism into eco-nationalism, defense of our local river or green belt.⁸ Other moral activists—hunters, animal rights activists, eco-feminists, conservation clubs, civic leaders—propose other agendas. "A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise." Thus one of the founders of the Wilderness Society.⁹ (By that criterion, the extermination of those biocidal gangsters known as "the human race" would be right.)

Having marched from grievance through polarization to determination, some militants declare it high time to rise up—time, in other words, "for women and men, individually and in small groups, to act heroically and admittedly illegally in defense of the wild, to put a monkeywrench into the gears of the machine destroying natural diversity."¹⁰

UNCLE SAM AS OUTLAW

In 1980, five men sitting around a campfire launched the militant group Earth First!, whose slogan ran: *No compromise in defense of Mother Earth*. What would John Muir have thought of them? Beginning, like most fledgling organizations, with symbolic action, they ornamented a hated dam or two with ominous lines which resembled cracks—can you guess what they wished for? Next came confrontations overt and covert: blockades, tree-spiking, tree-sitting, bulldozer-smashing. Why waste any more telegrams or invite President Reagan hiking? *That* oaf had actually proclaimed the major cause of air pollution to be trees! Would he protect the foliage-crowned citizens of this great republic? "Only Uncle Sam can do that," Muir had written, and maybe the Sierra Club still believed it, but an Earth First! woman bluntly pronounced: "The Forest Service is an outlaw agency. If we don't stop them in the Kalmiopsis [wilderness], there won't be any old growth forest left on the Pacific Coast outside of currently designated wilderness and parks."¹¹

In the foreword to their ecotage manual, an emeritus well-wisher advised us all to be good Americans and "spike a few trees now and then whenever you enter an area condemned to chainsaw massacre by Louisiana Pacific and its affiliated subsidiary the U.S. Forest Service."¹²

At the beginning of 2001, a Frank Ambrose, who from what the FBI tells us seems to have been a member of the Environmental Liberation Front, was arrested for spiking a hundred and fifty trees in Indiana.¹³ He is the first person I know of who was caught committing this act. Tree-spiking had been carried out by Earth First! since 1984.

THE LONG VIEW

In Oregon I once saw a bumper sticker: EARTH FIRST! WE'LL LOG THE OTHER PLANETS LATER! And we *could*—for, speaking broadly, nature isn't finite at all. We dwell in an interstellar ecosystem, our tides and fish-kills subject in some proportion to the radiations of Mars and Venus. Nonetheless, selfishness will kill Earth's fishes faster than could any Martian wave. Well, after Earth is done, why not strip-mine

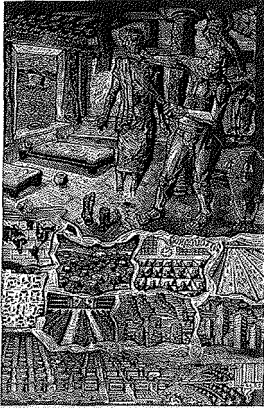
Venus? In the mid-1970s, a scientific enthusiast of space colonies reminds us that "the resources of space are so great that even nations which achieve only after a long delay the ability to use them will still find an abundance remaining."¹⁴ "May they be driven out of the ruins they inhabit," run the Psalms, "may the creditor seize all that he has."¹⁵ In a few million years, the sun will scorch away Earth, Mars and Venus anyhow.

Much consolation can be harvested from this fatalistic approach. I once knew a man who loved plants. Convinced that our species was doomed (his father for his part proclaimed: "The thought of suicide has *gladdened* many a cold winter's night!"), my friend suffered over that conclusion for years: We were destroying

Earth First!
June-July, 1996
Litha

\$4.00 Canada
\$3.50 US

Lockdown in
Tinseltown
Sea Shepherd
Scuttles Whaler
Couple Topples
Navy Antennas
Report
from Chiapas
Mt. Graham
Injunction Lifted
Indian Farmers
Attack KFC
Enola Hill
Inspires Mass CD
Freeport McMoran
Exposed
Summer Actions
At Your Local
Salvage Sale



NO COMPROMISE IN DEFENSE OF MOTHER EARTH

Newsletter (1996)

the world! But finally he understood that it was all right, because it wasn't the world we were destroying, merely *our* world.¹⁶ Something would probably survive—the insects, say. And if they didn't, that was all right, too. He and I used to discuss John Brunner's horrifying science fiction novel *The Sheep Look Up*, which terrified me with plausible eco-catastrophes. (At its end, an Irishwoman wants to call the fire brigade—somebody's house must be burning. Never mind, they say; that's just the wind blowing from America.) —I believed and I worried. My friend tried to comfort me. Imagining the *whole world* as a burning toxic marsh, he suggested that even then algae and bacteria might continue in their simple delights. And if they didn't, if life perished down to the last half-living virus, that would be all right because *matter* at least remained conserved! And if it didn't, thanks to misuse of that infamous formula by Dr. Einstein (who'd once said that in the U.S.A. governing power should never be awarded the corporations, for they grip power without responsibility), well, that would be acceptable, too, because we wouldn't be there to know about it.

As for me, I would rather suffocate with the poisoned world than murder the poisoners. Needless to say, not everyone shares that point of view. What then? Rise up!

SALVATION OF TREES

"If you don't get out of the way, I'm going to kill you!" yells a bulldozer operator. But the five Earth First! blockaders stand fast. It is the Kalmiopsis wilderness campaign of 1983. They're here to defend trees. The dozer self-defendingly charges them, rolling forward and clawing like some predatory dinosaur. It buries them in earth. Dave Foreman, founder of Earth First!, soon to be investigated by private security firms, then wiretapped and arrested by the FBI,¹⁷ impedes a construction worker's truck, so the driver steps on the gas, knocking him down and dragging him a good three hundred feet. The truck stops. Hardhatted laborers leap out and revile the fallen man: he's "a dirty Communist bastard." Then the sheriff's deputy, who'd been lazily watching the scene, handcuffs him and pulls him off to jail. In the end, Earth First! wins a legal victory for the trees, as it did the year before against Getty Oil's drilling at Gros Ventre, Wyoming.¹⁸

THE PLEASURES OF BOOKKEEPING

So they spiked trees and more trees. At the edge of the meadow was a wall of hemlocks. The lookout stood peering (a little anxiously, I thought) into the grey-green darkness of that forest dusk spuriously illuminated by the pallor of wide-lobed leaves. Were there guards in there, preparing to arrest them all? It was her job to find out. Tying rags around her boots to further soften her footsteps, she crept in and out of the darkness which faced her, vanishing for a quarter-hour at a time. Since this grove had been earmarked for sale (and immediately closed to the public by illegal fiat), the freddies might do well to keep an eye on it. No joke—they employed armed commandos and motion detectors now, funding their defense of logging interests through that convenient "war on drugs."¹⁹ The lookout, who'd almost been caught last month, told me of searchlights, loudspeakers and men in camouflage here in what was supposed to be wilderness. She believed in the freddies' violence. Again and again she invoked the name of her sister activist Judi Bari, who'd been martyred and half-killed by a car bomb not many miles away. No one ever fingered the culprit, but the lookout was sure that the freddies had done it. Her voice was a bitter, angry whisper. Like so many others, she feared and hated her own government, which for its part had accused Judi Bari of transporting that bomb with intent to plant it.²⁰ *No compromise in defense of Mother Earth.* (Does no compromise mean violence without limit? I myself don't like such slogans.) The freddies had compromised and worse, but her comrades wouldn't; they had already pulled up every survey stake they could find. They hammered spikes into the hard wood with

faint, musical blows. Under the rising moon I heard a curse as a man hit his finger, then a song, a murmured laugh. The lookout told them to shut up. Finished, they strewed pine needles over their footprints and jogged happily away. The stand of trees looked exactly the same as when they'd come. Now to the barroom, for a pitcher of beer and prudently gnomonic toasts of mutual congratulation. One of them would send the warning note on Monday. When the lumber companies comprehended the cost which this night's work had inflicted (anywhere from fifteen hundred up to twenty thousand dollars for a head-rig repair),²¹ then they just might leave these trees alone. As for the freddies, how they'd rage!

My heart was with the tree-spikers.²² My head respected them, too, their plan constituting not after-the-fact vandalism, but deterrence and retribution.²³ In 1990, a monkeywrencher exultantly calculated the average cost of an episode of ecotage in the United States, figuring in investigative and insurance costs, to be more than a hundred thousand dollars.²⁴ Between 1991 and 2001, the still more radical Earth Liberation Front took credit for "dozens of actions resulting in over \$30 million in damages"²⁵ in the United States. The FBI plausibly lumps together the Earth and Animal Liberation Fronts to arrive at a joint total of more than \$43 million since 1996.²⁶

NONVIOLENCE'S VICTIMS

It was all nonviolent, of course. In 1984, Piromasco Indians shot poisoned arrows at an oil crew in the Amazon.²⁷ The American tree-spikers didn't go in for that. ("I could've killed every one of them if I wanted to," says the hero of an eco-novel. "But—pass me that joint again—you know, bad PR.")²⁸ The Earth Liberation Front explicitly enjoins its members "to take all necessary precautions against harming any animal, human and non-human."²⁹ And yet I remember reading in the newspaper in 1988 that a certain Louisiana Pacific sawyer needed hospitalization after his blade struck a spike. Did somebody actually set out to hurt him? We'll never know. In large mills (such as those run by Louisiana Pacific, I presume), sawyers are supposed to be in control booths, and the blades ought to be shielded—so the tree-spikers' manual assures me.³⁰ Perhaps Louisiana Pacific did not feel bound to follow every procedure so freely described there. (As George Eliot once remarked, "ignorance gives one a large range of probabilities.") And thus it happened. Some Earth First!ers went so far as to insist, disingenuously, I believe, that there was "no evidence monkeywrenchers were involved."³¹ Maybe no monkeywrenchers *they* knew...! They'd been trapped on the same sticky moral flypaper to which Martin Luther King had found himself stuck decades before, back in Albany, Georgia, when the white police began to arrest his demonstrators, infuriating other blacks who began throwing stones; the police chief gleefully denounced those "nonviolent rocks."³² King had been compelled to apologize and desist for a day. We saw that

Gandhi suffered analogous embarrassments in anti-British riots. But those nocturnal vanguardists the tree-spikers, those *covert* moral actors, did not prove great-souled enough to take the responsibility upon themselves. No matter that they themselves hadn't caused the hurt. They disseminated the technique. They should at least have expressed regret and complicity for what certainly *would* have been an accident, had the spiker been obeying

EARTH FIRST!'S MORAL CALCULUS

(ca. 1980-present)

END: Wilderness preservation. "We are uncompromising advocates for the process of evolution and the non-human world ... We are biocentrists, not humanists."

MEANS: "Monkeywrenching is non-violent resistance to the destruction of natural diversity and wilderness. It is not directed toward harming human beings or other forms of life. It is aimed at inanimate machines and tools. Care is always taken to minimize any possible threat to other people (and to the monkeywrenchers themselves)."

RESULTS:

1. "If the sole purpose of ecotage is to make an adverse financial impact on government agencies and their resource industry clientele, it must be judged a success."
2. "In at least two cases the Forest Service has quietly withdrawn timber sales after learning they were spiked."
3. "The radical environmental message, whether concerning old-growth [forest] or dolphins, would not be receiving the widespread coverage it is today were it not for the publicity value of monkeywrenching."

SOURCES: FOREMAN AND HAYWOOD, p. 14; DAVIS, pp. 260-61, 264-65.

Hence sugar in the bulldozer's gas tank, erasure of eco-rapists' computer data, arson, stink bombs in offices (a "nonviolent" device also employed against abortion clinics), carefully hidden snipping of electrical wires in half-finished condominiums—a different order of business from the antinuclear nonviolence I remember from my affinity group,³³ which limited itself to blockading roads and cutting fences in order to gain access to the plant site.

Hence by the same logic we may someday witness the detonation of a tank car filled with any shock-sensitive industrial material: sodium chlorite, for instance, which is a pulp bleaching agent³⁴ and therefore an accomplice to the murder of trees in paper mills—what could be more appropriate than using the stuff against itself?

No eco-saboteur's manual I've read has ever suggested so grandiose a fireball, but why draw the line before this? Climb up on top of that long, wheeled cylinder by night. Make sure that the tank is full. Employ a charge equivalent to at least one pound of TNT in this case, and center it. "It is not advisable to attempt detonation with improvised or low explosives," says my reference, which is not pro- or anti-environmental in any way and which simply offers its advice "for information only." In the diagram, we see a helpful arrow: "Blasting cap is pointed straight at tank."³⁵ Properly positioned, this tank car now turned into a bomb just might destroy the entire paper mill... —If no one dies, would this still constitute nonviolence?

In 1982, ecodefenders blew a \$4.5 million hydropower substation on Vancouver Island to pieces.³⁶ Twenty years later they burned down a Forest Service research station in Pennsylvania; their communique boasts of "causing over \$700,000 damage, and destroying part of 70 years of research. This lesson in 'prescribed fire' was a natural, necessary response to the threats posed to life in the Allegheny Forest by proposed timber sales, oil drilling, and greed driven manipulation of Nature."³⁷ And in between those two acts, how many more?

"We're nonviolent," said that Earth First!er of melancholy fame, Judi Bari, "but we're not going to go away and let the trees come down."³⁸ What does this mean? She spells it out: "I considered nonviolence to be the only appropriate tactic in our country at this time, but ... I considered it only a tactic."³⁹ (How many times have we met this same self-serving logic in *Rising Up and Rising Down*? A civil rights spokesman in 1966: "We say that we can march down the street if nobody hits us, okay, you've got nonviolence. But if somebody hits us, well then you better have an ambulance on the side to pick up whoever hits somebody.")⁴⁰ In 1990, a logging truck ran her car off the road, injuring her and her children; not long after, that car bomb crippled her. "If you gave me the same bomb," she said, "I don't have it in me to do it back to him."⁴¹ What she proposed, then, was not a ban on violence, but a restriction of it to a certain level. The executive vice president of the Southern Oregon Timber Industries Association said: "I tell you, someone's going to die. That's what I fear most."⁴² He was behind the times.

We see a team of French government frogmen swimming by stealth to a Greenpeace ship, in order to defend authority. They know their job. The vessel will explode, killing one eco-defender—a photographer.⁴³ An eco-anarchist warns that pacifism "may become only an ideal, and not a realistic option, in an ecological 'war.' This 'war' has already begun, and both sides are preparing for a battle between life and death on planet Earth."⁴⁴

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF BILL MEYERS,
FORMER EARTH FIRST! ACTIVIST (1998)

Is nonviolent defense of Earth sufficient?

END: The same as Earth First!'s.

MEANS: "The slogan was 'No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth,' not 'No Violence in Defense of Mother Earth.' After moving to Northern California I've limited my activity with Earth First! here because of ... this cult [of nonviolence].

"Nonviolence is violence, because it enables the forces of greed and destruction to continue working with only minor annoyances. It is also hypocritical, because what it really relies on is State-sponsored violence."

SOURCE: EARTH FIRST!, FEBRUARY-MARCH (BRIGID) 1998, p. 10; LETTER TO EDITOR.

INNOCENCE AND CALTROPS

From the eco-defenders' point of view, to the extent that violence comprises retribution, it would be nice to make of it a *contrapasso* or appropriate punishment. —Consider, for instance, the case of caltrops. These road-spikes have been used for thousands of years. They pierced the horse-hooves of invading armies in Persia. "Caltrops cast in lead and good halberds are also effective weapons on shipboard," said the thirteenth-century *Speculum Regale*.⁴⁵ More than seven hundred years later, that tree-spiker's Bible called *Ecodefense!* recommended them as a means of protecting the wilderness by rendering it inaccessible to vehicles. —We have all seen the tracks left by four-wheeled destroyers, generally marked for us by beer cans. How neat and elegant it seemed to me when a smiling gentle man constructed a caltrop for me by flattening a beer can and then piercing it with a nail, point upward! One could just walk along, turning littered beer cans into caltrops which would prevent littered beer cans.⁴⁶ —But the inventor was against his invention. He told me about one of his friends who drove around in his pickup truck at high speeds, often drunk. This fellow threw beer cans out the window as he drove. He had a baby girl whom he often placed in the front seat beside him, without any sort of seat belt. He had hurt her before with his carelessness. Were he to drive over a caltrop at high speed, puncturing a tire, his daughter might well be killed. Would this be right, if it saved trees? I don't think so, but some people do. (Perhaps Judi Bari and Bill Meyers did.) On Saturday November 28, 1987, persons unknown attempted to cause injury or death to some of the twelve hundred bikers racing through the desert from Barstow to Las Vegas. The saboteurs must have been stirred to hatred by the maiming of the landscape, and in particular by the destruction of fragile cacti, that these races

always cause. Just the previous month, bikers had bulldozed into smoothness certain inconvenient undulations in the East Mojave National Scenic Area (without a permit, of course); they were fined the absurdly small sum of \$1,800.⁴⁷ Our cacti-defenders therefore deployed a lump of railroad ties and beams in a dark tunnel through which the bikers had to pass. Their moral calculus might have run thus: A tunnel-block would punish no one but the guilty, who'd meet with harm in direct proportion to their speed. (As it happened, their trap delayed the race by only thirteen minutes. It was winched out. No one got hurt.)

What do Earth-defenders really want? Imagine a fence around a city block, and a sign reading NO HUMANS ALLOWED.⁴⁸ Then would Paradise reassert itself? Rats, mold and ants, then weeds, then saplings and birds' nests, and after them what?⁴⁹ The decay would be unpleasant only at first. —No doubt some envision such a heaven. And others? "Imagine for a moment," writes an anarchist, "a rejuvenated metropolis, consisting of independent but federated suburban communities separated from one another by small groves of trees."⁵⁰ But for so many of the rest, heaven lies all around us—wherever the human enemy hasn't yet struck. In Thailand, for instance, I remember how the river was a long straight channel whose opposite bank was a wall of partially sunken palm trees curving up thick and dark green behind a glimpse of pale blue Cambodian mountains. I did not want the jungle around me ever to end. The next time I came back, it was already half gone.

THE HERDSMAN'S CALCULUS

As I grew out of my boyhood into what nineteenth-century memoirists liked to call "the age of reason," I began, however dimly, to sense that all around me, above and beneath me and in my home there ran bitter, ancient war between the law of natural finitude, and the assertion, usually brutal but sometimes almost magnificent, of untrammelled human selfishness.⁵¹ Both sides claimed self-defense. A few years ago I saw an elderly Korean-American lady remove from her freezer the gall bladder of a brown bear—a panacea, because (thus Korean folk medicine) it was *rare*. An animal's two lungs and four legs mean nothing, but that greenish vortex of magical bitterness has no counterpart, so it must be especially powerful. —"With bear gall you can do anything!" a Korean greybeard recently enthused to me over dinner.⁵² He told me how in medieval times a Chinese doctor would treat the Empress with the stuff. No one was allowed to see the Empress unclothed or touch her in any way, so from behind a curtain the Chinese doctor pulled on strings connected to the Empress's finger in order to diagnose the problem: She needed bear gall! —Other people need it, too. Bear-poachers charge accordingly—in this case, a thousand dollars (cash only, of course). The old lady's relatives in Alaska had lovingly posted to her this medicinal treasure, for the sake of her feeble mother's health.

I watched as she dropped it into a bottle of sake. Instantly, the gall rained out, staining the liquor green, then dark greenish-brown, until the bladder itself vanished in that opacity. Maybe *Halmony*³³ would recover from her stroke if she drank some of it. The old lady would do almost anything to make that happen. Love, Confucianist precepts³⁴ and the engrafted principles of the Bible founded her moral calculus. Had this medicine—love's weapon against sickness and death—required the death of the very last bear in Alaska—to say nothing of the violation of other federal laws—she would have unhesitatingly acted the same. Perhaps her mother would be able to walk downstairs again now, if she used her cane. The old lady prayed for Jesus to come into this medicine and help her mother...

If we could ask the bear—now dead and maybe wastefully rotting—how *his* calculus computed the matter, the answer wouldn't be hard to guess.

ON THE AESTHETICS OF WEAPONS⁵⁵

Exclude from the equation all aesthetic considerations. We see a German crossbow from 1460, a tool to kill stags, wolves, foxes and bears—the tool appropriately composed of dead animal parts laminated together, whalebone alternating with horn. T-shaped, with its steel grasshopper-leg jutting out, it delights the eye with long pale knife-shaped plates decorated with mottoes, scrolls and the owner's coat of arms—the plates are ivory, of course. (Whale or walrus? I can't tell.) How many bears did it kill?³⁶ Two and a half centuries later, a German nobleman's luxury hunting rifle offers us an ivory inlay of the goddess Fortuna herself ("good luck being an essential part of hunting," as the museum cataloguer notes), mostly naked, cheerily raising white arms, with the catch button hidden in her navel. Around her runs the dark wooden stock (walnut, I'd guess from the photograph), and then the elegantly ominous serpent of the hammer. It's a beautiful weapon: killed wood and killed ivory look good together.³⁷ (Earth First!ers disapprove of both.) How many wild bears did it shoot down? How many wild bears remain in Germany?

DEFENSE AGAINST BEARS

Exclude from the equation also the fact that bears themselves kill people, in pure aggression and in self-defense. The mayor of Coral Harbour, a small Inuit hamlet on Southampton Island, told me a tale from his boyhood. His father was trying to kill a polar bear with a bow and arrow. The bear bit him in the thigh. The mayor said he'd never forget the sight of the bear bending over his father. He shot the bear, and saved his father.

DEFENSE OF WILDNESS

The author of a gruesome study, seventeen years in the making, on the subject of bear attacks upon human beings, concludes: "We keep bears not because they are an essential part of nature, but because of what they do for the human mind, body, and soul."⁵⁸ In short, they contribute to the *ethos or identity of place*. Earth First!ers would restate his words: "We keep bears because humans have no more right to live than bears." In 1996 we see our planet's defenders on Vancouver Island, organized into Bear Watch squads which follow outfitters and their hunter-clients, honking air horns whenever the "bear-murderers" try for a shot. "We have followed them and frightened them... Our nonviolent activities have hurt them," sighs an activist, more in sorrow than in anger, "but not nearly as badly as they've hurt British Columbian bears and the ecosystems that require them."⁵⁹

The bear attack study runs: "If we killed [all] bears there would be no ecosystem collapse."⁶⁰

Remember what Marx said about this situation? "*Between equal rights, force decides.*"⁶¹

"THE TRAGEDY OF THE COMMONS"

But in our allegory of the first government,⁶² people laid aside their equal rights of committing violence, in order to protect themselves from violence. And here we mean only *human violence*, or *violence over one another*. Around the time of the first Earth Day, we find a microbiologist, geneticist and ecologist named Garrett Hardin working out the gloomily elegant algebra which governs those of us who refuse to renounce our rights over nonhumans. Hardin admits to feelings of uneasiness, perhaps almost terror, at the seeming cruelty of his conclusions. He calls his position "lifeboat ethics." What's the carrying capacity of a lifeboat? Too many passengers and it sinks, at which point we all drown. Isn't it wiser, then, to save some and abandon the rest? Or, to put it another way, can we afford the delusive enticements of pure self-aggrandizement? Herewith, Hardin's algebra:

THE HERDSMAN'S EXPEDIENT CALCULUS

What is my utility in adding one more animal to my herd on a common pasture?

SITUATION: The pasture is already at or above ecological carrying capacity. Overgrazing will degrade its usefulness to all.

VARIABLES: Let the total number of herdsman on the pasture = H. Let my own utility (private good) = U. Let the short-term good to me of each of my animals (in milk, meat, hides, sales, etc.) = S.

END: Maximizing my personal utility U .

MEANS:

(a) Increase my immediate revenues by adding another animal.

or

(b) Sustain the pasture by refraining from adding another animal.

RESULTS of MEANS (a): $U = S - S/H$.

That is, I gain unilaterally from possessing my new animal, but lose only proportionately by the damage my animal causes to the common field. Since S must be greater than the negative value S/H , I gain.

RESULTS of MEANS (b): $U = S/H - S$.

According to the most rosy possible estimate I gain only the small proportionate value of the amount of prevented damage divided by the total number of herdsmen, and I lose the substantial integer S . In fact, arguably I don't gain by the quantity S/H at all. I merely prevent myself from suffering the disutility of $-S/H$.

Either way, by not pasturing another animal, I lose.

CONCLUSION: Buy another animal, let it overgraze, and be damned to everybody else.

SOURCE: HARDIN, PP. 254-55; AFTER WILLIAM FORSTER LLOYD, 1833.

Along with this expedient calculus, to be sure, there runs in tandem a moral one. If I forego my right to pasture another animal, I will be doing a good thing for my neighbors. But if one of my neighbors doesn't forego his similar right, then not only have I accomplished no good, but I've just been proportionately impaired by his selfishness. Hardin's conclusion, cynical or realistic: *Only mutually agreed compulsion will save the commons.*⁶³ "Freedom in a commons brings ruin to all."⁶⁴

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

We need not imagine our herdsman to be (as Marx would have him) a robber baron, intent on luxurious self-aggrandizement or outright domination at the expense of all competitors.⁶⁵ Indeed, were he a successful monopolist who thought to make good income off his ecological capital, he might treat the former commons, now his estate, quite tenderly. A demographer concludes: "Land viewed as the shared property of a family that endures across generations will be conserved better than land viewed as a parcel to be bought and sold like a sack of potatoes."⁶⁶ The poet, essayist and farmer Wendell Berry laid down as the "moral law of the frontier" the maxim that "humans are destructive in proportion to their supposition of abundance,"⁶⁷

which undeniably sums up, say, the history of the whaling industry in that largely unpoliced commons, the sea. But did one man own the sea—and love his grandchildren—*maybe* the whales would be better off. (Maybe not.) Certainly Berry's axiom fails to depict the deforestation of Nepal, whose herders are poor men, struggling, hoping and dying, like the poor women gathering firewood so that they can cook for their families. Half of all trees cut down in the world will be burned for fuel.⁶⁸ Save a tree, and my husband goes hungry (or eats parasites in his uncooked food) while another family burns that tree. "And therefore," writes old Hobbes, "if any two men desire the same thing, which nevertheless they cannot both enjoy, they become enemies."⁶⁹

Anarchist theory, which so often proclaims the commons to be the highest good, denounces "moneyed elites and transnational corporations" for having seized better land;⁷⁰ that's surely a part of the truth, but not the entirety of it. Berry's maxim remains quite limited in its application: we need not suppose abundance at all. The herdsman finds himself born into a commons whose grass is already half-withered. Desperation speeds and simplifies his calculus.

"THE PARTY'S OVER"

The vilest presupposition of the herdsman's calculus is the Crocodile's Maxim, which we saw applied in over-aggressive "defense" of homeland:⁷¹ *If we lost the last war, it's a grievance. If we won the last war, it's the status quo.* The patriots who deploy unnecessary missiles may well be less of a menace than the patriots who deploy automobiles and hamburgers. Once the greediest herdsman accomplishes his end, and proximately degrades the commons, that degradation gets divided up equally, as if it were a natural limitation on all, like gravity, not a debt which the degrader ought to pay—and then the next round begins.

In the Canadian Arctic, outside a very small Inuit town, a beautiful town where long water-fingers made their prints across the stony green plain, and the summer ice crawled back in from the yellow and bluish-grey world of seals, I was visited in my tent one afternoon by an accountant out for a stroll. Her occupation, in other words, was to detail the condition of the money-commons, so that the next round could be played by well informed interests. This lady was Anglo, of course, born down south, I think in one of those swarming cities along the border belt. Not at all supercilious, she lived with her boyfriend (also an accountant) in Rankin Inlet, where the weather had been grey and blotchy that summer, with just a little ice along the shore. She told me that the per capita Canadian deficit now stood four times higher than my own country's.⁷² Cutbacks in social services were inevitable. Out came the Crocodile's Maxim: "The party's over," she said.

We looked out at the ocean. I said as mildly as I could that her news made me worried about the people up here. More than a generation ago they'd been brought into towns, and now how could they go back?

"Oh, yes," the woman calmly agreed. "They'll be paying in social problems. When they can't build new houses, there'll be fifteen to a house, with all that entails: disease, alcoholism, incest, suicide... But the money just isn't there. Everything's expensive up here, as you know. I myself pay fifteen hundred a month in utility bills in Rankin. How can we keep on subsidizing that?"

And she swept her parka'd arm around us at the tall-roofed and wide-roofed houses low in the fog, the muddy rocks, kelp, pools, mussels ...

"Do you see any solution?" I asked her.

"I think they'll have to develop the natural resources—coal and oil and gas. They don't want to do that now, because of the environment. But they'll just have to choose. I mean, if a uranium mine outside of Baker Lake can employ twenty people, then that's twenty jobs."

Ernest Callenbach in his famous novel-manifesto *Ecotopia* proposes this maxim: "We ... must acknowledge all costs. Otherwise we could not hope to achieve the stable-life systems which are our fundamental ecological and political goal."⁷³ Unassailably right! But the herdsman fears being worse off in a stable-life system; he'd rather have a larger herd than anyone else, no matter that the grass is thinning and dying, and eventually *all* the cattle will die—he'll sell them first! So he follows the Crocodile's Maxim.⁷⁴

I did not say this. I merely said: "Those radioactive mine tailings probably won't be so good for the wildlife these people depend on."

The accountant was indifferent. "Well, as I said, they'll have to choose. They can live on prepackaged food as I do. What will it be—fifteen to a house, or a uranium mine?"

She was so cold and realistic that I believed every horrid word. The way she reasoned, the herdsman's calculus shone with malignant inevitability.⁷⁵

THE HERDSMAN'S CALCULUS REVISITED

Change scene; follow the saguaro like a pointing hand. We see the casino, the Calvary church off to the right, a small peridot mine, more shrubs, row houses not unlike the "matchboxes" of the Arctic. This is the San Carlos Apache reservation in Arizona. My friend, the man who loved plants, had let me sit in on a meeting "brokered" by the Bureau of Land Management and its public relations firm—strange, wasn't it? The government needed a P.R. firm! What was this wisely sovereign adjudicator of herdsman's disputes up to, that it needed to justify its actions? "God has cared for this desert, but he cannot save it from fools,—only Uncle Sam can do that." Maybe Uncle Sam didn't want to. The meeting had to do with a proposed land exchange between the B.L.M. and a mining company. From a legalistic point of view it hardly concerned the Apaches, but since they were neighbors, the government's P.R. firm had evidently thought it politic to "keep them informed"—that

is, to announce, not to negotiate. Unfortunately for the poor P.R. firm, the Apaches were not acquiescent. First of all, according to tribal memory (and, said my friend, according to an old Executive Order) the land in question actually belonged to the reservation, which had been surveyed in 1871. Therefore, the B.L.M. could not dispose of the land. With cold anger, several Apaches pointed out that the map, whose area included reservation territory, nowhere indicated that fact. The spokeswoman for the P.R. company regretted this "oversight," which was exactly what it probably was, given the usual incompetence of such endeavors. I heard two of the mining company's representatives talking, and one said: "I'm glad this meeting took place. This issue is serious." —They seemed like honest decent men. But for some strange reason the Apache elders did not like mines! What I most remember is the tribal lawyer, shouting angry words over and over.

In analogy with the equally insoluble difficulties of categorizing racial identity⁷⁶ and homeland's ethos,⁷⁷ I propose the following definition of relevance to defense of Earth:

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

High above the low, cheap houses, I saw a creep of violet-bottomed cloud shot through with golden-white, flowing over a ridge darker than emerald and darkening more moment by moment, chill dusk thickening upon its scrub oaks and manzanita trees, the sound of a creek behind the little rise I was following, black bird-breasts twinkling among wiry branches on the sandy and bouldery and quartz-speckled hillsides. It was beautiful. It was the commons. Somebody would surely ruin it. But the Apaches had not. It was their refuge, a place they'd been removed to by the whites because it had the least valuable land. Now the whites had figured out that it was valuable, too. They wanted to nibble it up. Maybe they would. But the Apaches had not. Garrett Hardin would probably ascribe that pleasant fact to low population density—Wendell Berry, to poverty. These may have something to do with it. But the Apaches—the older ones, at least—knew the plants by name, literally revered them. I can't believe that their knowledge and love had nothing to do with their lack of greed.

The biologist and Nobel laureate George Wald rejected space colonies on the grounds that "one cannot live a full human life without living among animals and plants."⁷⁸ —Can't this opinion teach us something? And doesn't the P.R. firm's map teach us something, too—something we'd rather not learn?

And if the mining company rapes that land, to what extent am I in my ignorance of where my mineral-based staples and luxuries come from *morally accountable*? And when will I educate myself, and how, and what should my calculus be then?

"AS YE SOW, THUS SHALL YE REAP"

In 1982, 2,500 people died hideously in Union Carbide's toxic gas spill in Bhopal, India. *A hundred thousand more* were classified as "permanently injured."⁷⁹ Of course the corporate herdsmen had been warned of danger long before, but they bore out all of Hardin's dicta.⁸⁰ When I heard about Bhopal on the radio, I felt what I still feel in the Canadian Arctic—heartbreaking impotence in the face of irrevocable evil (all the worse that its actions are mostly undertaken by perfectly nice people),⁸¹ evil which has gone on, is going on and will go on until the end when it is too late. How many Bhopals will it take before fury leavens a rising-up far more volcanic than John Muir's appeal to Uncle Sam or Dave Foreman's murder-avoiding ecotage? When will people hang the selfish herdsman from the nearest dying oak? Unless his calculus is canceled—and soon—retribution *must* come.⁸²

EXPERTS

But how imminent looms the eco-ruin of the world? I'm less sure now than I was a decade and a half ago. Yes, it's probably happening, but to which aspect of the problem shall I give my minuscule energies? Or, as a friend of mine wrote me in 1981: "All of this loose talk is probably ancillary to the question of just how alive a threat the activities of our patriots pose to us. This is a question which tends to stump me or at least that I am unwilling to make my central concern. For the moment, I will continue to avoid it." (Anyhow, I feel tired.)

Granted, our caveat that non-imminent *military* defense of futurity is insufficient justification⁸³ ought to be reassessed here, because ecological damage may be slow, subtle, cumulative and difficult to reverse. "Dying seals in the North Sea, acid rain damage to European forests and lakes, and the algae blooms which kill fish in the sea are evidence of our interconnected health, since human activity is causing these disasters."⁸⁴ The more pointed eco-anarchist view prefers to blame the "state-capitalist order," for which chemical defoliation in Vietnam and day-and-night logging in Burma and Laos are two sides of the same Judas-coin.⁸⁵ But if a massive plague breaks out tomorrow, such rents in the commons will mend themselves. (Again, the most

effective way to defend the Earth would be to reduce the human population.)

Because the herdsman's calculus is guided far less by morality than by expediency, we ought not be surprised to see that the herdsmen lie to each other and us whenever possible. At La Tacqueria in La Jolla, California, they were sitting outside on the patio with electric heaters over each table to warm them on overcast days; and when they went away the heaters kept blasting for other herdsmen, while fiesta songs blared through the loudspeakers; and in New York the big air-conditioned department stores left their doors open to welcome the world. Forests died, perhaps, to pay for this. (Actually, I'd have to ask an expert.) And we didn't have enough energy; we were running out of oil; it was the Arabs' fault. The smog was getting worse, year by year. Did all this comprise mere waste, or imminent danger? —“You can help maintain the finish on your car by parking and driving wisely ... Try to park upwind from industrial areas.”⁸⁶ —They all lied and hid their own faults.

When I began this book twenty years ago, no American in authority admitted the possibility of the Greenhouse Effect, now more popularly known as global warming. (It wasn't until the end of almost another decade, when the television began to show syringes washing up on East Coast beaches, rain forests got trendy, the Earth First! ecoteurs—to say nothing of the Unabomber—made the Sierra Club look mainstream and corporations found it good business to say that they were “green,” that environmental conservation began to appeal to some herdsmen.) I still have a Department of the Interior pamphlet which says:

I frankly doubt that man's effect on the atmosphere is significant enough to change or speed up the massive natural trends.⁸⁷

and that Department of the Interior pamphlet goes on to say:

about 95 percent of the estimated 9 billion tons of chemical compounds annually entering the Earth's atmosphere is derived from natural sources.⁸⁸

and meanwhile in the newspapers I read about Times Beach and Love Canal and Three Mile Island—which had nothing to do with the Greenhouse Effect, to be sure, but such tales did make one wonder how well the commons was being managed. (Deploy more stink bombs in the corporate offices of the perpetrators, advises Earth First! On the home of a toxic waste dumper, spraypaint “I POISON YOUR CHILDREN.”)⁸⁹ In 1986, the Environmental Protection Agency, having recorded more than thirty thousand “uncontrolled toxic waste sites,” could not decide whether it had identified ninety percent of the total, or only ten percent.⁹⁰ To me, all this remained *unjudgable*, inaccessible not just morally but intellectually. I couldn't even take judgment's first step of identifying imminence.⁹¹

Then it came, or at least, something called “it” came, something which *must*

eventually (how eventually?) constitute an emergency: "Airborne scientists probing the stratosphere high above the North Pole have detected alarming increases in manmade chemicals that threaten the Earth's protective layer of ozone, they reported yesterday."⁹² The Environmental Protection Agency announced that over the next eight decades, ozone loss might cause *eighty million* new cases of skin cancer.⁹³ —And what would John Muir have said? Somebody ought to save the ozone layer. "Only Uncle Sam can do that." But he wasn't doing it, and if he did, other countries could still overgraze that atmospheric commons whenever they wanted.

PROPORTIONALITY AND IMMINENCE

One reason why I remain sympathetic to the subway gunman Bernhard Goetz⁹⁴ is that we have the right to violently defend ourselves based on *perceived* imminent harm, no matter that we can't know apodictically whether that perception is true. California's lawmakers wisely banned the sale of assault-weapon-look alike squirt guns because children were pointing them at police and getting shot, the shooters being correctly exonerated in such instances, for they had the right to assume a lethal threat to themselves.

"ORDINARY" IMMINENCE will often be asserted by someone who wants to justify violence. It applies to a threat of violence so immediate and so dangerous that a reasonable person would agree that violent defense, resistance or even proactive action would be justified. Imminence extenuates many errors of perception and judgment. [Example: A police officer is justified in shooting a teenager who brandishes a realistic toy gun, because if the officer waits to verify the weapon's actual capability, he may well be dead.] Imminence is the rule on the battlefield, and excuses conscripts from killing enemy combatants even if the war aim for which they fight is evil. Imminence is often confused with, or pretended to be, other quantities which may be debatable or outright wrong, for instance, the consolidation of legitimate or illegitimate revolutionary authority, the despairing zeal of John Brown, the urgent expedient need for Cortes to complete his wicked conquest.

By this logic, and by the proportionality principle,⁹⁵ an eco-defender should be held harmless did he slaughter thousands of human beings in order to save everyone else from an otherwise inevitable catastrophe—and would still be guiltless had he misplaced a decimal point, *provided that any other person in that situation could easily have made the same mistake*. Is a loaded gun aimed at me an imminent threat? The experts say it is. How about a loaded paper mill?

OF THE INFALLIBILITY OF ORACLES: INTEREST

Ask the experts, I said. *They* won't avoid hard questions!

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

In Ernest Callenbach's *Ecotopia*, whose articulate radicals in patched clothes have cut away San Francisco's pavements in order to let underground creeks breathe again, "study groups from consumer co-ops" issue Bad Practice lists which encourage their members to boycott anti-environmental products. The visiting reporter from the United States expresses horror at this lack of government oversight. Amused, the Assistant Minister of Food assures him that "the study committees do operate with scientific advice, of the most sophisticated or independent type imaginable."⁹⁶ By law, that advice cannot be remunerated.

In real life, of course, such judges would find it difficult not to fall into the same vanguardist trap as, say, the Communist Party under Lenin and Stalin.⁹⁷ In defense of equality, one establishes inequality. If the inventors of toxic products couldn't remunerate the experts openly, they'd do it covertly.

Earth-defenders claim to stand not only for biospheric prudence and nature-aesthetics, but also for self-reliance of sorts. They propose this dichotomy: Individual freedom versus the technical determinism which compels us to leave our lives in the hands of experts.⁹⁸

A social change manual I bought back in 1974, when I still thought I could somehow improve the world, warned that "the most threatening characteristic of the ecology field is the rapid rate at which it is being organized, specialized, institutionalized, and bureaucratized within establishment structures."⁹⁹ That organization is now more or less complete. A more recent community organizers' manual, published by the National Toxics Campaign, advises its heroes and heroines to inspect the factories of the polluters. A neighborhood inspection—how democratic! But will my neighbor and I be able to recognize whether that grey sludge which issues from the electroplater's pipes should be put on a Bad Practice list? How sci-

entifically imminent is it? Having admitted that “as a society, we probably depend too much on the experts for advice and especially decision making,” the manual goes on to give good practical advice: *Hire an industrial hygienist*—the opposite of the procedure followed in *Ecotopia*. “Remember that your experts are not your leaders. They are part of your strategy to win demands decided on by the collective organization”¹⁰⁰—a rather sickening little maxim which suggests that the collective organization has already established its general and immediate ends no matter what the experts say. Hopefully in so doing it consulted other experts. As for the electroplater, he can hire his experts, too.

OF THE INFALLIBILITY OF ORACLES: SCIENCE

Even if we could somehow screen out conflicts of interest—that is, change human nature—good faith would fertilize rather than inhibit the reaping of contradictory conclusions, from the earth’s flatness or roundness to its carrying capacity.¹⁰¹ Back to proportionality and imminence: Just what degree of urgency justifies me? One tract warns me that I’d better face the end; another tells me to recycle my bottles. Both use the same rhetoric of self-defense: “The ‘battle for the planet’ is one which we can all fight,” our home ecologist advises. (She herself is under legal attack for saying bad things about the McDonald’s Corporation.)¹⁰² “Every small contribution was welcome during the Second World War.”¹⁰³ —Very well, I’m all ears. Let’s hear her suggestions: “The use of washing up detergent has very serious environmental consequences.”¹⁰⁴ “Switch from aerosols to pump-tops, as they are less hazardous and polluting.”¹⁰⁵ “Dog faeces is not just unpleasant (and it is *exceptionally* unpleasant), but very dangerous, too ... up to 100 children in Britain suffer eye damage every year as a result of *Toxocara canis*, a roundworm which is transmitted in dog faeces.”¹⁰⁶ Are such measures good enough? How scientific looms our imminence?

In 2001 I spent two thousand dollars to sample California’s New River, which has been repeatedly called the most polluted waterway in the United States.¹⁰⁷ On the day that I measured it, at least, it seemed hardly polluted at all. What if I’d run off half-cocked and started sabotaging the New River’s presumed polluters?

THE EXPERTS OF THE COMMONS

Once again, the answer to this crucial question—which will allow or disallow the immediate ends which if blocked might justify violence—depends on which expert one employs. Observation of the herdsman’s calculus demands the following maxim of eco-self-preservationists: *Human settlements should not be permitted to grow beyond the carrying capacity of the environment*. So far, so good. Well, how will I know when carrying capacity has been reached? “The ecology of this planet ... cannot survive an India full of refrigerators,” asserts a belligerently pro-Green tome, threatening that

should such a thing happen, "life on this planet will soon become intolerable."¹⁰⁸ If these words read literally true, but my fellow herdsmen refuse to stop manufacturing refrigerators, then it becomes my right—no, my bounden duty—to bomb every refrigerator factory in India, no matter what the loss of life. Since humans can't regulate themselves (i.e. their population and behavior), then I will do it for them. It follows that I am not a human. (Am I doing this for humans, for "the environment" or both? No matter¹⁰⁹—which is to say, my presuppositions probably differ from your presuppositions. This is the bind, the same bind as being on the subway witnessing other selves get terrorized: Either you're an accomplice in someone else's evil, or you're a villain for resisting it. I think it more noble to be a villain.

Meanwhile, who possesses the *mind* capacity to determine carrying capacity? Who proved for all time that the one hundred thousandth refrigerator in India would murder us all? An expert must have. Between 1679 and 1994, various reasoned estimates of global carrying capacity ranged from under a billion to more than a thousand billion human beings, with the discrepancies *widening* with the centuries.¹¹⁰ Why? Because carrying capacity changes as the species being "carried" adapts. The author of a long book on this subject, after considering such phenomena as bacteria's ability to mutate within an antibiotic environment, thereby drastically increasing their little vial's carrying capacity, finally answers the question "how many people can the world support?" with the observation that this variable does have a *current* value for a given set of other variables, but not a *final* one.¹¹¹ "The central issue is surely this: At what size should we seek to stabilize U.S. population?" Thus the organization Negative Population Growth, which defines my country's eco-economic carrying capacity "in the range of 125 to 150 million" people, "or about its size in the 1940s." Hence we must shrink the number of immigrants to 100,000 or fewer per year, and we must reduce fertility from 2.1 to 1.5 children per woman "and maintain it for several decades. We believe that non-coercive financial incentives will be necessary to reach that goal."¹¹² How did they arrive at their computation? At this moment, I don't even care; it must require so many assumptions and presuppositions that I'd be bound to disagree with some of them. Maybe I'd vote for two hundred million, or one hundred million.

Hence our next failed definition:

An ECOLOGICAL THREAT can only be defined according to the presuppositions of the definer. For this reason, it is vital that each moral actor who cares to address this daunting issue articulate these presuppositions and attempt to give them some legitimate authority¹¹³ by consensualizing them. Otherwise, one runs the risk of following our Maxims for Murderers,¹¹⁴ which selfishly reserve to the moral actor all evaluation of ends and/or means. At this point in time (2003), ecotage has little mainstream support and therefore resembles revolutionary authority¹¹⁵ in its extreme character and the resulting very high burden of moral proof required.

Moral actors who crave a stage, finding such a wobbly formulation scant encouragement to their experiments, would rather define carrying capacity as a line on an eco-ethical graph, a sharp black frontier *definite* like the line which divides France from Spain. Forthwith rush these eminences to seize their glittering new tools: Caesar's charismatic mercy, or Trotsky's razor of terror; Lincoln's authority-praxis, Cortes's defense of ground. Their motivations are simply *momentous*. Carrying capacity has been breached! (Why not say so? Experts agree with me!) Break out Trotsky's razor! From my bookshelf of homicidal wisdom I pluck *The Poor Man's James Bond*, a Senate-denounced instruction manual for booby-trapping, bombing, shooting, poisoning, electronic arson-ing and generally taking the lives of one's fellow herds-men. Volume one commences by reprinting Hardin's essay on "Carrying Capacity as an Ethical Concept," the compiler's headnote to which runs:

THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK

Over 50% of the adult population in the U.S. cannot follow the simplest instructions in this book. Eighty per cent cannot grasp the concepts in the following article by Professor Garrett Hardin. Our species has outbred the carrying capacity of our planet's easily accessible arable land plus that of their respective socioeconomic systems. With overbreeding has come downbreeding. Our planet has become swamped with morons and psychotics which guarantees the collapse of civilizations worldwide. This book is for that intelligent and stable 20%.¹¹⁶

Following this convenient vulgarization (most likely unknown to Hardin), Hardin's essay is permitted to recapitulate the herdsman's calculus, and then come a few polemic stanzas on the necessity of accepting the universe. This gentle welcome gives way to *The Poor Man's James Bond* proper. Its compiler, who blew off the fingers of his left hand in a little accident with potassium chlorate powder, offers us this quasi-Hardinesque introduction to the activities of "Militants":

On September 23, 1970, the State Street Bank and Trust Company in the Chicago suburb of Oak Park was robbed of \$25,585 by five ecology minded Militants who shot and killed Patrolman Wallace (Population Bomb) Schiller, the father of nine children, with a burst of gunfire from a semiautomatic .45-caliber Thompson sub-machine gun. Unjustly charged with murder were William Dilday, 41, Stanley Bend, 25, Robert Valerd, 21, Susan Saxby and Katherine Bower, both 20. It is rumored that the group's anti-brood-sow committee is out to get Schiller's female.¹¹⁷

On to procedures. Mix hydrochloric acid with aluminum foil. "On damp nights, a bottle of the acid alone, broken in the midst of a crowd, will form noxious crowds of chlorine gas. Scream 'Poison gas!' and you will have a panic that will give you laughs for years."¹¹⁸ Afterward: dynamite, match head bombs, soft drink can bombs,

firebombs, firearm silencers made from juice cans, pipe guns, knockout drops, nicotine sulfate... What if these means were wrongly employed? Don't worry! Our compiler, having given his nod to the ecoterrorism of the day, doesn't care a fig about means and ends as far as I can tell.

Do *you* care? No time for that! An expert assures us that "the ecocatastrophe of biological meltdown is an undeniable scientific fact."¹¹⁹

What is a fact? After the Chernobyl disaster in the Soviet Union, nuclear power continues to be used in that plant. Wouldn't it be nice to end that threat? A preemptive explosion must surely be superior to a meltdown in ten years. But after we've done the deed, killing any given number of people in the process, if no other plant of similar design melts down in twenty years, what do we do then? Kill our wrongheaded experts? Hang ourselves?

I myself believe the Greenhouse Effect, at least, to be "an undeniable scientific fact." I believe it because an increasing number of experts assert that claim and because the industries and governments (such as my own) which deny it or ignore it have by the herdsman's calculus a vested interest in lying about it. But I have not done the experiments or cross-checked the mathematics. I believe in global warming, but I may be wrong. No expert can help me. How then can my violent defense of earth be justified?

HOW TO JUDGE THE MORALITY OF SODIUM CHLORITE

Only two solutions come to mind. The first is Hardin's: Adopt the maxim "guilty until proven innocent" for every new chemical or remedy introduced into the ecosystem.¹²⁰ This would end the industrial world as we know it—which may well be doomed anyhow.

The second: Become our own experts. This would require that we (or people we trust) study engineering, manufacturing, organic and inorganic chemistry, transportation, ecology and climatology. *Violent defense of the earth is unjustified if unproven by the latest scientific conclusions regarding imminent catastrophe.* Go to school. Study it out. Then act as study justifies.

The probable result: polarization and war, followed by the victory of the strong.

I have one more thing to say about this. In "Defense of War Aims" we made acquaintance with the axiom of the ethicist Michael Walzer that it is less important for the justice of a war that any particular item be on the list of limitations than that there *be* a list.¹²¹ By analogy, I think it very reasonable to say, not quite that it is less important for there to be a *particular* estimate of carrying capacity than that there be an estimate (this formulation would lead us into utter vigilantism without accountability), but that *a society which ignores or refuses to admit the obvious truism that our environment does have a carrying capacity has no business asserting that ecotage is unjustified.*¹²² It may be and it may not be, but at least the ecoteurs are trying, in good or

bad faith, to establish a calculus which can be debated.¹²³

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF EARTH IS JUSTIFIED:¹²⁴

1. When needed to avert a scientifically imminent ecological threat. Proportionality especially applies. Be your own scientific expert, but be right—or follow one you can trust.
2. As an agent of mutually agreed upon compulsion [in other words, legitimate authority] to interrupt the self-destructive loop of the Herdsman's Calculus. For example, a government uses force to neutralize a polluter.
3. As a last-ditch defense of a place's justified identity.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF EARTH IS UNJUSTIFIED:¹²⁵

1. When scientific imminence remains unestablished: (a) because the pre-suppositions of imminent danger on which it is based remain open to good-faith scientific disagreement; and/or (b) because the defender is neither a scientific expert on the issue in question, nor capable of showing why the experts on his side are more correct than those of the opposition.
2. In the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to: weigh benefits to an ecosystem against benefit to the human economy which harms it; define an ordinary imminent or a scientifically imminent threat to a place in terms of which losses are acceptable; publicly judge and be judged on the criterion of results.

SAME DAY LIBERATIONS

Now for a thought-experiment: Let us create (if only in our minds) a private army, which we'll call here Same Day Liberations. The purpose of this fantasy is to discover where you and other people might differ about implementing the calculus for defense of Earth.

It would be a volunteer army, organized, like Earth First!, the Animal Liberation Front, the Viet Cong and the Ku Klux Klan, into relatively impermeable cells, some of which may be colorfully uniformed with a variety of merit badges. The idea is to make these latter detachments into local people's friends and places' friends by keeping the detachments themselves local (although they would be nationally trained and have access to more than local resources). In urban areas, of course, this wouldn't matter as much, since city people don't get to know each other much anyhow. Although environmental problems grow more severe month by month, I find myself increasingly less interested in violence. But probably I'm just getting lazy.

So permit me, please, to spin the tale out “for information only,” and create my private army in full:

DETACHMENT ONE: THE DETECTION SQUAD

I propose that we monitor the level of industrial abuse in various areas and establish benchmarks for action. Here are some cut-off points:

1. When water is unsafe to drink unboiled due to untreated sewage, etc. (Tribal society on up—or should I say down? This is “natural,” so leave it alone.)
2. When water is unsafe to drink at all due to inorganic contaminants. (Heavy metal society. What does “unsafe” mean? Our Detection Squad would have to come up with a definition.)
3. When the air is unsafe to breathe. (Smokestack society.)
4. When cancer rates begin to rise, even after our statisticians have corrected for increased longevity. (Heavy metal or smokestack society.)
5. When extinction rates rise above zero.¹²⁶ (Tribal society on up.)

Which of these would constitute an ecological threat? What is imminence here? Have any of these points been reached? I don't know; neither do you or the President. Hence our Detection Squad. These people would be equipped with rugged, reliable and consistent portable instruments for monitoring pollution to standards of scientific imminence. They would be trained and credentialed, so they could present their findings in a verifiable and somewhat unassailable form. (Ignore the protestations of professional counter-experts.) Everywhere they worked, the Detection Squad would establish four sets of benchmarks for each pollutant tracked. The first would be the *ideal or natural* level of that pollutant. The second would be the *acceptable* level¹²⁷—scientifically defined, of course, by our incorruptible experts; and I would hope more or less consensualized by the eco-attackers' experts, although of course they wouldn't be. The third benchmark would be the *actual known* level of the pollutant at a given point in time (the longer ago the better, but at worst the Detection Squad could enter this benchmark as the actual level at first measurement. Hopefully it would have access to prior scientific data.). The fourth would be the *danger* level, the point of scientific imminence—defined, once again, by our experts, who'd almost certainly disagree with the polluters' experts; but the resulting public arguments could only benefit everyone.

Measurements would be made, say, every month. The Detection Squad would thus be in a position to warn local people when specific pollutants reached the danger level.¹²⁸ (Ignore also the fact that few people care to be warned; it's not my concern what other herdsmen do to the commons, because my own corner gives me enough to worry about. Ignore the fact, which we must repeat and repeat, since it

scarcely applies to any other issue in this book, that were the Detection Squad at all useful—that is, did it actually uncover some danger—then the local businesses, whose advertisements help support newspapers, would quickly issue their overt and covert rebuttals.) It would be essential to make all data publicly available on a periodic and continuing basis, and to encourage scientists, corporations and authorities to cross-check results. Ignore the fact that very little would come of that—no, let's not ignore it.

Reading over this proposal, which I made in about 1980, I am astonished at its foolishness. *Of course* the Detection Squad will never be credited with accuracy, intelligence, fairness! *Of course* no one will give them access to anything! They would be trying to do what our Environmental Protection Agency is supposed to be accomplishing; since the EPA can't, neither could they. What will bring them credibility? *Scientific proof of imminence*. How will they get that? Ask them; ask the experts. (If they employ laboratory creatures in their tests of poisonousness, they'll soon run up against defense of animals.)¹²⁹

In addition to local contaminants, the Detection Squad might keep track of the following, among others:

1. Acid rain (pH of rain, tap water and groundwater could be periodically measured).
2. Cadmium.
3. Chlorine.
4. Chlorinated fluorocarbons.
5. DDT.
6. Detergents in groundwater.
7. Dioxin.
8. Disease-causing organisms (e.g., the hepatitis viruses in airborne fecal particles in Mexico City).
9. Effluents from strip mines, landfills, tailings, etc.
10. Gasoline.
11. Heavy metals.
12. Lead.
13. Mercury.
14. Nuclear emissions (general).
15. Oil, crude and refined.
16. Ozone.
17. Pesticides.
18. Phosphates.
19. Photographic wastes.
20. Polychlorinated biphenyls.
21. Polyvinyl chloride.
22. Solvent

23. Soot.
24. Strontium-90.
25. Sulphur dioxide and sulphur; smog.

Each of these is a *moral* issue.

We might see them conducting random checks in supermarkets, in groundwater around city dumps, in tomato patches and weather stations, on highways, in culverts and sewers, in drinking faucets, on lawns, etcetera—always with permission, or better yet by legal public right.

In addition to pollutants, the Detection Squad should keep statistics (following the same four-benchmark pattern) on health and resource problems which might be pollution-related. These might include:

1. Behavior problems in children.
2. Cancer rates.
3. Death rates.
4. Farming yields.
5. Hunting and fishing yields.
6. Miscarriages and cancers.
7. Rodent and pest-insect populations.
8. Soil fertility.
9. Statistically unexpected chronic illnesses.
10. Still births.
11. Topsoil depths.
12. Weather and climactic patterns.¹³⁰

Ignore the fact that we still cannot definitively link cancer rates to cadmium levels. (Otherwise we'd be compelled to remove cadmium from our list.) Ignore the fact, which I repeat *again* (for my unrealistic moral calculus requires widespread consensuality), that if in some rare instance the Detection Squad gathers and presents compellingly alarming data proving that carrying capacity has been exceeded for this category, the polluters' response will be, at best: "Somebody ought to fund a study of this." In the case of the Seabrook nuclear plant, for instance, local residents voted against construction in two referenda, but utility patriots (backed up, no doubt, by experts) explained that since electricity demand was rising in that area, the plant would be needed in future. Defense of a certain kind of human freedom took precedence over defense of Earth. Construction proceeded.

Now, even given the utility's rate base structure, which in effect rewards capital investment, the corporate officers might actually have kept the townspeople's interests at heart. —Indeed, I would never presume to say that any polluter-patriot, anywhere, had selfish motives—Stalin did a number of things for his country, and his

national security system helped him do it. —But motives are not the issue. Ought we to let the plant be built? To decide that, our Detection Squad needs to determine its real costs:

- A. A substantial increase in rates now, to pay for construction;
- B. Danger of meltdown or contamination during the operating period;
- C. An abrupt end to any economic benefits (jobs) provided by the plant at the end of approximately thirty years (unless another is built before the end of its life);
- D. More danger and expense in mothballing the carcass of the plant, which will be radioactive for decades;
- E. Still further danger and expense in storing the wastes from the plant, which will be radioactive for inconceivable periods of time.

The reward for these costs boils down to an expansion of the numerical capacity of wall sockets and electric furnaces, which, when one considers New England winters, is by no means negligible. After all, forests are being depleted everywhere, their destination not only paper mills but wood stoves. Something does need to be done. The fact that the settlers at Plymouth Rock survived (some of them) without a single steam heater or plug-in blanket does not mean that anyone need do so again. Trusting the experts' *ex cathedra* projections of demand, then, until they've been shown wrong,¹³¹ we might say that our uncertainty about which course of action is right is high enough for us to shrug and let the plant continue its operations.

DETACHMENT TWO: THE EDUCATION SQUAD

This group would make use of information furnished by the Detection Squad and disseminate it in a common-sense, non-adversarial manner. Their activities would include:

1. Informing polluters of any danger they might be causing, and helping them come up with decent alternative materials and procedures. Corporations should be rewarded with endorsements and thanks for any efforts made to improve. The onus must be on the Education Squad to prove its case. The Education Squad must always be ready to work with anyone, without any eco-bigotry or other preconceptions.
2. Calling town meetings to warn local people of any environmental danger. City councils and local branches of regulatory agencies would be briefed, too. At these meetings, the Education Squad must have a correct, detailed and easily understood list of causes for the problem, and explanation of the problem's effects, and a list of suggestions and remedies, if any. (Again, ignore the fact that the more readily explicable a cause, the more superficial and inaccurate the explication—especially in sci-

entific cases.) If the meetings were not effective, the Education Squad would have to stage "media events."

3. Teaching local people how to monitor their own back yards for pollutants; arranging for the Detection Squad to assist in this upon request. (Ignore the fact that few would bother.)

4. Learning from the neighbors of any new potential environmental problems, this news to be passed on to the Detection Squad.

5. Fundraising.

6. Working with local people to establish "quality benchmarks," particular values in the area that ought to be preserved or enhanced (say, a stream where children play, or a rare butterfly, or an air visibility standard). (Ignore the fact that, democratic pretenses to the contrary, local people have little say over this.)

7. Working with local legislators.

8. Correcting polluter disinformation.

"It is sometimes said that insurgents start with nothing but a cause and grow to strength, while the counter-insurgents start with everything but a cause and gradually decline in strength."¹³² How might the polluters avoid that withering-away? Firstly, by recognizing the world as it is. Smoke from a smokestack goes somewhere, even if you don't see it. Secondly, by giving up lying, cheating and bullying. Their actions vis-a-vis acid rain, nuclear emissions, offshore drilling, automobile fumes and ever so many other little matters speak for themselves. (How bad is it, really and scientifically? Ask the experts. Ask the Detection Squad.) There is no reason why we cannot all work as friends, despite our other disagreements. If the patriots only recognize their own true interests, then the private army can remain, as it should, a figment.

Still and all, remember that a majority of the townspeople of Seabrook did not want the nuclear plant they got. (Is that true? Ask the experts. Here we'll assume that it's true; I read it somewhere.) Now, how important is that? Undoubtedly, it depends on whom one asks. With typically militant urgency, the direct action handbook of the people who tried to nonviolently blockade and occupy the Seabrook plant in 1980¹³³ insists that the utility involved and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission "have effectively stolen a bit of New Hampshire and conspired to erect a machine that will likely kill those who live closest to it, indeed those upon whose land it now is."¹³⁴ Thus their Education Squad. The word "likely" betrays their

unscientific notion of imminence, since the last time I drove through Seabrook, a number of human beings seemed to be dwelling there. Our own Education Squad might reason similarly, or, following the hypothetical calculus of the Detection Squad summarized above, arrive at a different conclusion. What if there were no scientific imminence? Ignore that inconvenient reminder of our subjectivity.

DETACHMENT THREE: THE SYMBOLIC ACTION SQUAD

This group would make use of information and moral evaluations furnished by the Detection and Education Squads. I can see in my mind's eye a group such as the San Francisco Mime Troupe, whose public performances continue to express up-to-date counter-ideology year after year. I'm also thinking of the non-violent theatrical "occupations" of the antinuclear movement. (Ignore the fact that such Symbolic Action Squads preach largely to the converted.) When an urgent problem was documented by the other two squads (say, the clearcutting of the last stand of virgin redwoods—or wouldn't that be imminent on your list?) and—as must usually be the case—the Education Squad was unable to accomplish what needed to be done, the Symbolic Action Squad would perform its song and dance. (Ignore the fact that they might not accomplish much, either. See below.) The main goals would be:

1. Attracting media attention to an urgent problem for a space of time sufficient to give the Education Squad or someone else another chance.
2. Creating a "happening" which would galvanize (and probably polarize) local opinion. A Los Angeles or Mexico City example might be getting actors to clutch chests on hazardous-air days.
3. Nonviolently obstructing polluter activities.
4. Creating counterpropaganda to neutralize polluter propaganda (as on billboards, radio commercials, etc.). Since mere logic is a feeble weapon against lies, the Symbolic Action Squad might invert the Golden Rule, and lie as the polluters lie. (If the water department played dirty, for instance, one might retaliate by trick-wiring utility officials' home sprinklers to come on on water rationing days, then reporting them.)

How effective might we expect this detachment to be? Consider as an analogue:

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF THE COALITION FOR
DIRECT ACTION AT SEABROOK (1980)¹⁵⁵

"After the [nuclear] accident at Three Mile Island, a direct action task force was formed within the Clamshell Alliance... Our name states our purpose."

FIRST PRIMARY END: "Acting ourselves to stop construction of the Seabrook plant."

MEANS:

- (a) Petition and prayer—HAS FAILED. "We will not appeal to or recognize the legitimacy of state and corporate authority—currently a wealthy white male elite."
- (b) Violence—"Dangerous and futile."
- (c) Nonviolent direct action—"Empowers those participating while accomplishing a specific goal."

SECOND PRIMARY END: "Through the process of shutting down Seabrook we can learn about finding our collective strength and taking back control of many other aspects of our lives."

MEANS: The same.

THIRD PRIMARY END: Shut down all nuclear plants in the U.S.

MEANS: The same.

JUSTIFICATION: It is important to remember that we have made a positive choice to act in the way that we see as best, and to maintain faith in ourselves, each other and our non-violent actions."

SEABROOK OCCUPATION ATTEMPT OF MAY 24, 1980

IMMEDIATE END: Same as first primary end, above.

MEANS:

- (a) "Large approach groups composed of regional groups containing numerous affinity groups" will approach the plant from all three land directions, beginning from staging areas established by CDAS's Logistical Task Force.
- (b) "Mass fence takedown along whole sections of the perimeter."
- (c) Consolidate occupation-blockade by "barricading gates and roads and building shelters."
 - (i) Priority 1: Core construction area.
 - (ii) Priority 2: Other areas on site.
 - (iii) Priority 3: "Off-site access blockade."

RESULTS:

1. Isolated violence on both sides. Most violence from police's side.
2. No occupation; blockade broken up by MACE, beatings, firehoses, arrests.

CONSEQUENCES:

1. Immediate end is not achieved.
2. Second primary end achieved to an extent—to what extent is unknown, since this criterion cannot be measured.

ASSESSMENT OF VARIOUS SEABROOK "ACTIONS" 1977-81

"When police swept down on clusters, often pouring out of holes cut in the fence by protesters, affinity groups who tried to stay their ground nonviolently didn't fare too well. Everything ... told the police that we were victims, not actors like themselves. The brightest spot in it all was the incredible bravery of the AGs who stayed their ground—and their occasional ability to shame police and disperse their violence." —Livermore Action Group (1982)

SOURCES: COALITION FOR DIRECT ACTION AT SEABROOK, PP. 4-7, 15-20; LIVERMORE ACTION GROUP, P. 42.

DETACHMENT FOUR: THE SAME DAY LIBERATION SQUAD

This squad, armed, with self-defense's violent tools—guns and explosives—would creep into action

1. Only as rarely as possible, to safeguard the leniency of the patriots toward the eco-defenders,
2. When "all the facts are in" on a given case, and
3. In conjunction with a much wider range of social persuasion, from which its murderous activities are seemingly dissociated.

It would be particularly proficient at nonlethal demolitions work (such as deploying thermite grenades to melt metal structures). Its objectives would be the removal of a "clear and present danger" by any means short of murder. Killing would, however, be permitted in self-defense. (What is self-defense? That depends on scientific experts, so ask the experts. Ask Uncle Sam—or the Unabomber.)¹³⁶

The Same Day Liberation Squad would operate entirely secretly, since, as Brigadier Kitson notes in his handbook for patriots, "If the government builds up

a really effective intelligence organization quickly, insurgents operating without the insulation provided by a closely linked system of secure cells will be eliminated before they can become dangerous."¹³⁷ The secret directive of the Same Day Liberation Squad might read:

We shall behave as good criminals do, performing the tasks we have set ourselves but strenuously avoiding recognition for our achievements. If a power plant or a Secretary of Defense is menacing our health, then by all means away with the danger,¹³⁸ but, please, no manifestos.¹³⁹ The ideal should be the same as that of a regime concerned for its "image": all results are evidently sad accidents, with which the perpetrators have nothing to do. In fact, Same Day Liberations will go a step farther and try not to have an "image" at all (which should in turn help us to resist assuming a patriot's colors). If the accidents appear unrelated, so much the better.

But whom should our target be? From a secretarial perspective,¹⁴⁰ secretaries are innocent. That didn't stop the Unabomber from sending exploding parcels to secretaries. The secretary types up new documents whose instructions and deals, when executed, will wound our Earth. The documents do not blatantly advance the cause of evil; excluding issues of eco-imminence, no land-rape approaches the degree of injustice of the deportation of families in cattle-cars destined for gas chambers.—How about the logger who chops down the last stand of virgin redwoods? They may know more about the forest than many who strive to "save" it. In a war one must sometimes kill foot-soldiers, but this is not quite war.—Well, what about the corporation's president?—But he doesn't make decisions in a vacuum, either. Terrorists must consider every one of these matters, and more: Are they all equally guilty?

Assume that imminence has been *scientifically proved*. An example of such a threat might be a fleet of bulldozers busy destroying the Amazon rain forest, and thereby threatening plants and animals, not to mention our supply of oxygen. Pretend that the effects of this fleet have been measured; opposing scientists can't disprove them; the corporations involved have been warned—for all the good that that will do. I quote from a book entitled *Fighting Toxics*: Even under imminent conditions, "where a toxic source is presenting an immediate danger to people's health, for example—you might attempt to obtain an emergency court order ... however, it's tough to persuade a court that an issue is so significant that court action is necessary prior to litigation that will take months or years to complete."¹⁴¹ And so, to arms! And while we're at it, a journalist finds that "everyone in Ecuador recognizes the red and white star of Texaco... Mention the current state of Ecuador's jungle and the response is always, 'Texaco's fault.'"¹⁴² Shall we assume that the discrimination principle¹⁴³ allows their liquidation? New settlers (do the twin war limitations of proportionality¹⁴⁴ and discrimination permit *their* murder? Thanks to them, the rain forest continues to shrink. Or does the poverty which impels them there qual-

ify as imminence? Ask Trotsky. Then ask Texaco!) watch toxic crude bubble up from ill concealed pits into their farms, and there is nothing they can do when the oil kills their goats and fruit trees.¹⁴⁵ However, "the days of Texaco's bulldozing approach are over and the multinationals are negotiating their way into the jungle through subtler means."¹⁴⁶ No doubt it will all be worth it. According to the *Index on Censorship*, "twenty years of oil extraction in the Ecuadorian Amazon will keep the USA supplied at its present rate of consumption for 12.7 days."¹⁴⁷ Same Day Liberation's solution (which might not be mine): Violent terror, directed against Texaco officials.

Principles to follow would be:

1. Solve the particular problem.
2. Increase popular understanding of the need to solve that problem.
3. Punish only to accomplish (1) and/or (2), and then make the punishment fit the crime. EXAMPLES:
 - (a) Nuclear
 - (i) Blow up/contaminate: a plant/the offices of the utility/the bank financing the plant.
 - (ii) Steal enough plutonium to make a bomb, and deploy it.
 - (iii) Threaten to do either of the above.
 - (b) Coal
 - (i) Fill corporate offices/homes with processing debris.
 - (ii) Throw corporate personnel down their own smokestacks.
 - (c) Strip mines/chemical dumps
 - (i) Little practical that can be done. Force corporate personnel to eat whatever comes to the surface of the ground. Strip mine their back yards.
 - (d) Parasitic aqueducts
 - (i) Blow them up (only a financial punishment, but it solves the problem until they're rebuilt).
 - (ii) Drown utility officials in them.
 - (e) Land "development"
 - (i) Bulldoze "developers'" homes.
 - (f) Unnecessary autos
 - (i) Bend tailpipe into cabin so that occupants must breathe their own exhaust fumes.
 - (g) Unethical whaling/fishing
 - (i) Harpoon those responsible.
 - (h) Noise
 - (i) Deafen those responsible.
 - (i) In general
 - (i) Make the poisoners ingest what they produce.

The secret directive of the Same Day Liberation Squad might continue:

Fortunately, we are still in the age of episodes (and perhaps of omens). Therefore, action now may forestall the age of crises. But maybe we want to cause crises, to blame on the polluting patriots. (As a friend of mine used to say, "I throw this out to be debated, not necessarily to be agreed to.") If the weatherman lied, and kept saying that the heat was breaking records, maybe we'd stop using chlorofluorocarbons sooner—as usual, it would be too little, too late; but since the weatherman had lied it wouldn't actually be too late. If we sabotaged a carefully selected nuclear plant, so that it had a meltdown and killed a few thousand people, maybe nuclear plants would be banned before they killed a hundred thousand people. In effect, being unable to show the public the truth, we'll give them a prophetic metaphor. Such catastrophes should create a maximum of panic with a minimum of damage.

MY RESIGNATION LETTER (1998)

I myself wouldn't want to be in any Same Day Liberation Squad.¹⁴⁸ (Am I wiser than I was, or merely older?) I *still* don't know what's imminent. Until the experts convince me otherwise, I hereby resign Same Day Liberations.

The *Wall Street Journal* (April 16, 1982) had the following item in the "World-Wide" column on its front page:

A Michigan chemical spill in 1973 had contaminated about 97% of state residents by 1978, according to a report in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Polybrominated biphenyl, a flame retardant linked to cancer, was mixed with livestock feed. It will pose serious health concerns for years to come, the study said.

We might, in our frame of reference as eco-defenders, say that this is equivalent to the "acceptable damage" received in a limited nuclear engagement—that is to say, completely unacceptable. Could we have prevented this incident by killing several hundred people in the firm responsible (including, if necessary, innocent people),¹⁴⁹ it might have been worth it from a utilitarian point of view. But preventive murder never smells good except to moral actors such as Trotsky. People can always understand retaliation for damage done, but cold-bloodedness repulses (another good reason for our cause to be anonymous—there is no sense in prejudicing it). Considering the likelihood of birth defects and cancers for several generations as a result of the spill, and the dangers the rest of the country undergoes on consumption of the Michigan dairy products, meat and produce, the death of hundreds of people would have been a reasonable price to pay if we could have averted what happened.¹⁵⁰

Or was it? Let's ask the experts:

1. How badly were those Michigan residents contaminated?
2. Were all contaminated equally? Were the "health concerns" equal?
3. Of what exactly consist those health concerns—a higher mortality rate, or a greater likelihood of birth defects or something less measurable?
4. Is decontamination possible?
5. Did the livestock feed manufacturers know of the danger in 1973?
6. If not, would warning them have altered their practices?
7. If so, would exposing the threat have altered their practices?
8. Did the residents know of the danger they had sustained by 1978?
9. If not, would warning them have altered their eating practices?

Our Detection and Education Squads should have answered these questions before. And probably they did. But what if their experts didn't know quite enough to establish scientific imminence? What if they made murderous assumptions, as Lenin and Stalin did about the reactionary character of the Soviet peasantry?¹⁵¹ People who act (as opposed to people like me, who merely theorize) so often do.

I'd rather act locally, revocably, nonviolently and alone, making intimately limited moral choices. I'd rather watch the world go to hell than trust somebody else's techno-moral calculus to sentence anybody to death and damnation.

A READER LIKEWISE DECLINES TO JOIN (1982)

"I am sorry to think that your argument may be a cogent one—certainly it is bleak. The one aspect of your anti-patriot campaign that you don't really address, however, and that needs to be inspected very carefully, is what happens to the good covert souls who take on the project. While you make a moral/political argument for vanguardism, you do not consider the psychological implications of that approach for the individual, and it seems to me that these implications are very significant morally and practically. In other words, it seems to me that a strict utilitarian analysis of this type of action may overlook important problems—problems that might compromise one's long-term effectiveness as an anti-patriot vanguardist and make the project so personally unsavory as to be infeasible.

"Let's look at literature. In many ways, *Crime and Punishment* is a story about the inadequacy of utilitarianism as a means of addressing issues of life and death. Raskolnikov's utilitarian argument for murdering the old woman is never contradicted on utilitarian grounds, and even after his breakdown and certainly after his tidy conversion it remains a strong argument. But it's an argument that doesn't work, and not only because Raskolnikov harbors a set of moral compunctions that he is not initially aware of. It fails to see him through, because the act of taking another person's life seems automatically to become the principal aspect of his identity. He is a killer before he is an extraordinary man, and consequently the murder

loses its safe and acceptable status as an instrumental act. He is paralyzed because he is suddenly just a murderer. The activities that the murder was to facilitate no longer are coherent or meaningful; they pale in comparison to the ostensibly neutral act of killing the old woman.

“Now clearly there are differences between this case and the course of action you propose. As you present the argument, violence is intended to facilitate life in the quite limited sense of breathing pure air and drinking unpoisoned water. The aim of this violence is to curtail prior and more grievous life-threatening activities, not to actualize one’s extraordinary self. Nonetheless, it remains important to ask what happens to someone who kills other people. Inevitably, I think, it would be the most significant thing that one does, the baseline of one’s identity. Increasingly one would be alienated from all other activities; it would be all-absorbing. Two questions arise relative to this effect. First, given the finite number of choices available to one in a lifetime, is this what one most wants to do, or to put it differently, is it absolutely necessary; and second, how would one conceive of oneself in pursuing this course of action, what would one become?

“To start with the second question: There is a large element of martyrdom in this project. One is assuming an extreme degree of suffering as well as all the obvious risks and hazards in the interest of other people. At the same time (and this is typical of the martyr’s project), one assumes an extraordinary degree of power. As a sufferer one is radically impotent and as an agent of good and practitioner of violence one is radically effective. What to make of this conjunction? I’m not sure. It seems at once alluring and perverse, sensible and so thoroughly contradictory in so many ways as to imply madness. Finally, however, martyrdom makes sense either through its association with the divine or through its association with the imminent equivalent of the divine—a set of circumstances so extreme that one is forced to sacrifice everything in an effort to transform them. In other words, it makes sense in terms of thoroughly insensible and extraordinary constructs, and the martyr, in endorsing those constructs, effectively shuts himself off from the everyday world and all its everyday mundanity and goodness. As you recognize . . . , this approach does not change anything in a ‘general, ideological or Platonic sense.’ Indeed, I’d go a bit further and say that for its adherents it excludes the possibility of such change and even of conceiving things in those terms.¹⁵² It is based on the assumption that at the moment ideology is insufficient, that talk and all the typical moves of reformist change are inadequate and, in their ineffectiveness, unmeaningful. You look at the unideological character of this approach in terms of the question of whether one is obligated to have an ideological end or alternative in employing violent measures and conclude that the aim of preserving life precedes all ideological concern.¹⁵³ I am inclined to wonder whether in preserving life in the way you describe, you eliminate the possibility of doing anything with it except preserving it—just as Christ’s concern for men finally can express itself only as concern for their dead souls.”

A HISTORICAL NOTE (2002)

For me, Same Day Liberations remained a thought-experiment. But a few years after my resignation from that figment, the Animal Liberation Front and the Earth Liberation Front came into being. (As I make my final revisions to this book in the year 2003, I think of al-Qaeda, too, of course.) Both the ALF and ELF operate according to the principle of hermetic cells. Thus an ALF "party" announces itself through a communique, and often through associated documentary evidence of a laboratory's cruelty, stolen from that facility; the communique, sent by unknown hands, arrives at the office of a sympathetic nonviolent group such as the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, and is promptly publicized; let's call them the Education Squad.

My plea to all violent defenders of Earth and animals is: Make your Detection Squads accurate, thorough, intelligent, rigorous, credentialed if possible. *Quantify everything*. "The central issue is surely this: At what size should we seek to stabilize U.S. population?" What number does the Detection Squad come up with? What is the opposers' number? (What does it mean if they refuse to come up with a number?) It is on the validity of the Detection Squad's findings that the rest depends.

EPILOGUE:

DEFENSE OF AESTHETIC VALUES

The long war against the herdsman's calculus has been fought under two banners: (i) defense of the biosphere against poisoned futurity; and (ii) defense of nature itself (biocentrism). The first of these, like defense of homeland, invokes imminent self-preservation; for when the planet dies, so must we. The second is both moral and aesthetic. Another cornfield becomes a housing subdivision. "Now my book is done," wrote the painter Eric Sloane in his last book, "and as I glance back through the manuscript, I realize its argument is not with America but with the whole world... I suppose that by having written and illustrated this book, I risk becoming unpopular. But it is really not bitterness I feel: it is anger and sadness."¹⁵⁴ He remembers an antique world whose skies were unsullied by jet trails. (When I read a newspaper headline in 1992 saying that strip mining would be allowed in our national parks, I was furious, but I didn't want to kill. Maybe you would want to.) An eco-theorist chimes in more urgently, shifting the ground from aesthetics to imminent utilitarianism: "From an ecological perspective—which in the long run is the only one that matters—industrial societies must be considered a fleeting, unpleasant mirage on the landscape rather than a vision of the future to be emulated."¹⁵⁵

Either way, spike, smash, vandalize and burn! "Remember, though, to choose your targets well." They'd better be "egregious environmental rapists. There is no place for aimless vandalism in the monkeywrencher's arsenal."¹⁵⁶ In 2002, the Earth Liberation Front begins burning luxury homes in Long Island, to help defend the "picturesque landscape."¹⁵⁷

Well, who's egregious? Who's nature's moral equivalent of Hitler? Edward Abbey, ecodefense's most famous curmudgeonly and literary-populist spiritual father, didn't mind naming names on page after page of his eco-agitprop novel *The Monkeywrench Gang*. Not far from the Grand Canyon, about which John Muir wrote in 1902, "As we go on and on, studying this old, old life in the light of the life beating warmly about us, we enrich and lengthen our own,"¹⁵⁸ a new landscape explodes onto the scene:

These machine-made wastes grew up in tumbleweed and real-estate development, a squalid plague of future slums constructed of green two-by-fours, dry-wall fiberboard and prefab roofs that blew off in the first good wind. This in the home of free creatures: horned toads, desert rats, Gila monsters and coyotes. Even the sky, that dome of delirious blue which he had once thought was out of reach, was becoming a dump for the gaseous garbage of the copper smelters, the filth that Kennecott, Anaconda, Phelps-Dodge and American Smelting and Refining Co. were pumping through stacks into the public sky. A smudge of poisoned air overlay his homeland.¹⁵⁹

The solution: monkeywrench Kennecott. Torch the ugly billboards. Blow up the Colorado River's evil dam.

TOKYO (1995)

But gaze at Tokyo's pale blue skyscrapers and birds. What would Abbey and Sloane have said about them? From even from the tallest building, the skyline just jig-jags on and on, buildings dwindling into buildings, with long clean trains crawling between them. It is not ugly. Enter a coffee shop; embrace your choice of German Dog, I Kogen Lettuce Dog, Spicy Dog, or another such snack, the workers in pristine shorts and black ties—so many uniforms in Japan! Sometimes on the subway I'd see a mother and daughter in matching coats, only the size different. You can easily visit friends, drinking green tea as pale emerald as kiwi fruit and watching on the television a suspenseful show about people sitting on a hardwood floor, trying to stack coins on edge. Nature goes on above a love hotel's ceiling—listen to the running rats! But everything's clean and convenient here—look! A vending machine for snacks, another vending machine for sadomasochistic sex videos, another for condoms and tampons, another for lingerie; a mirror over the double bed; a toilet, clean razor, soap and toothbrush provided. The commons has been organized

in this love hotel. Sexual intercourse with or without procreation awaits the moral actors. Isn't this population control? Between fifteen and forty thousand species a year are vanishing from this Earth;¹⁶⁰ trees are long gone; fish and rice must come from afar—but the commons isn't dead! For proof, I refer you to those lights, those rushing people, that traffic scuttling down and across the narrow alley between woodslat houses (an ugly apartment groping its antenna upwards behind). Doesn't all this yet comprise a hive of humans, hence nature? "If our selves belong to a larger self that encompasses the whole biological community in which we dwell, then an attack on the trees, the wolves, the rivers, is an attack upon all of us."¹⁶¹ But what about the urban self, the self of greater night-Tokyo with its glowing subways and red paper lanterns? Doesn't that deserve its own life? *Violent defense of Earth is unjustified in the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to weigh benefits to the ecosystem against benefit to the human culture which harms it.*¹⁶² Now it is dawn. A light comes gently on behind frosted glass, from which faded prints of pairs of snow-white dogs and snow-white seals look out. A crow caws, and a train utters its pseudo-hoofbeats. A tree which I cannot identify, possibly some kind of gingko, grows close enough to my window to touch. Incandescent tubes glow in their niches in the concrete reef of another apartment. Peopled bicycles wait in single file along the edge of a secondary recess where an immaculate auto lives. Traffic sounds increase like a rising ocean. Is all this another "squalid plague of slums?" Night and day, Tokyo defies the calculus of tree-spikers, rushing and gushing with organized life.

11.
 CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE
 OF THE EARTH

WHEN IS VIOLENT¹⁶³ BIOCENTRISM JUSTIFIED?

A. Genesis 1.26

"And God said, "Let us make man in our image ... and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth."

B. Harry Merlo, president of Louisiana-Pacific Corp. (1989)

"It always annoys me to leave anything on the ground when we log our own land. We don't log to a twelve-inch top ... We log to infinity, because it's out there and it's ours and we want all of it now."¹⁶⁴

C. John Muir (1876)

"Nevertheless Nature in her grandly deliberate way keeps up a rotation of forest crops. Species develop and die like individuals, animals as well as plants. Man himself will as surely become extinct as sequoia or mastodon, and be at length known only as a fossil."¹⁶⁵

D. National Toxics Campaign (1990)

"Don't be afraid of conflict. It is an integral part of our open and democratic society... Since your campaign is ultimately concerned with rights and humanity, even in the heat of conflict you should never use tactics that deny your adversary's humanity. This means that you should never use violence."¹⁶⁶

E. Captain Paul Watson, ecoteur for the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society (1986)

"The killing of whales in 1986 is a crime. It is a violation of international law; but more importantly it is a crime against nature and against future generations of humanity. So, I don't want any crappy letters about tradition, livelihood or Icelandic rights."¹⁶⁷

F. Earth Liberation Front communique (2001)

"We will no longer hesitate to pick up the gun to implement justice, and provide the needed protection for our planet that decades of legal battles, pleading, protest and economic sabotage have failed so drastically to achieve."¹⁶⁸

G. The Unabomber (1995)

"First, we must work to heighten the social stresses within the system so as to increase the likelihood that it will break down or be weakened sufficiently so that a revolution against it becomes possible. Second, it is necessary to develop and propagate an ideology that opposes technology and the industrial society if and when the system becomes sufficiently weakened. And such an ideology will help to assure that, if and when industrial society breaks down, its remnants will be smashed beyond repair, so that the system cannot be reconstituted. The factories should be destroyed, technical books burned, etc."¹⁶⁹

HOW IMMINENT IS ECOLOGICAL SELF-DEFENSE?

A. California biologist (1998)

"We've certainly affected the planet. But we haven't done anything as drastic as your Earth Firster friends say. Even the Greenhouse Effect isn't yet an open and shut case. The world will go on. If we keep doing stupid things, the worst sufferers may be ourselves."¹⁷⁰

B. John Muir (1876)

"Strip off the woods with their underbrush from the mountain flanks, and the whole State [of California], the lowlands as well as the highlands, would gradually change into a desert."¹⁷¹

C. Kinza Clodumar, president of the Republic of Nauru, at the Kyoto conference on climate change (1997)

"The emission of greenhouse gases in distant lands is warming the Earth and causing the sea level to rise. The coastal fringe where my people live is but two meters above the sea surface. We are trapped... No nation has the right to place its own, misconstrued national interest before the physical and cultural survival of whole countries. The crime is cultural genocide

... no less when it is perpetuated [sic] slow by emission of invisible gases."¹⁷²

D. Abalone Alliance, "Declaration of Nuclear Resistance" (1978)

"No material gain, real or imagined, is worth the assault on life itself that nuclear energy represents."¹⁷³

E. Livermore Action Group (1982)

"Are those who care about the future and the future of others really naive and simplistic by just wanting to live?"¹⁷⁴

F. Earth Liberation Front member (1999)

"If we don't do this, a hundred years from now every higher primate will be dead."¹⁷⁵

CHAPTER 17

DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

Any fool can look at what's past and say it's wrong! Visionaries have to look at what we'll outlaw in the future.

INGRID NEWKIRK (2000)¹

SAVING WHALES (1986)

“I suppose we need not go mourning the buffaloes,” wrote John Muir (mournfully). “In the nature of things they had to give place to better cattle, though the change might have been made without barbarous wickedness. Likewise many of nature’s five hundred kinds of wild trees had to make way for orchards and cornfields. In the settlement and civilization of the country, bread more than timber or beauty was wanted...”²

He might have said the same about whales, but other earth-defenders were less passively “philosophical.” The whale-fishery’s results demonstrate to the narrowest intellect the lamentable results of abusing the commons; indeed, Hardin makes of them a textbook example in his book, presenting the following figures (which he’s undoubtedly obtained from experts):

WORLD CATCHES OF BLUE WHALES

1930s ³	7,000/year
1950-51	7,000
1951-52	5,000
1955-56	<2,000
1958-59 ⁴	1,200

Opening my *Britannica*, I find a similar table beginning in the year Hardin leaves off, that is, 1957-58. Now the whalers are constrained, or more likely obfuscatingly constrain themselves, to list the catches not of blue whales, but "blue whale units." One BWU equals one blue whale, two fin whales, two and a half humpback whales, or six sei whales. Let's interpolate from the table above and suppose that in 1957-58 there were 1,500 blue whales caught. If we divide 1,500 into 14,851, which is the number of blue whale units caught during that same period (see the first line of the table immediately below), then it would seem that one blue whale actually equaled not one blue whale unit, but about ten! Very possibly, one or both of these tables relies on "garbage numbers." In any event, here come a few representative lines of *Britannica* data:

WORLD CATCHES OF BLUE WHALE UNITS

1957-58	14,851
1960-61	16,433
1961-62	11,306
1963-64	8,429
1964-65	6,986
1969-70 ⁵	2,477

If the one-to-ten ratio did in fact mean anything, and if the same ratio held in 1969-70 (thanks to the whalers' algebra, of course, we have no way of knowing whether it does—what clever experts!), only about 240 blue whales were caught at that latter time. We might wonder, as the blue whales sink down into extinction, what figures the whalers will employ next? "Whale units" to disguise blue whales' disappearance, perhaps, then "marine mammal units" when they can find no more whales at all—then, I suppose, "biotic units" once they've stripped the seas down to plankton and brine shrimp... Better to rise up before then! In 1986, two "whale warriors," Rod Coronado and David Howitt, having agreed to follow the militant Sea Shepherd Society's rules for "direct action in the field," set out to cripple Iceland's whaling industry if they can. The five rules: no explosives, no weapons, no injury to any living creature, no violent resistance of arrest, acceptance of full responsibility. Coronado and Howitt infiltrate Reykjavik, working as fish processors for two months. Now the season draws down into winter, and the ice takes on a

bluish cast as clouds turn grey. On a blustery night in November, they burglarize the whale processing factory and smash the refrigeration units, six diesel engines, all the pumps, computers, the whale flensing knives, etcetera. They work all night. The founding Sea Shepherd who'd deputized them proudly reports: "After eight hours, the plant looked as if it suffered a bomb blast. Damage was later estimated at 1.8 million U.S. dollars."⁶ Tell me that this is not violence. Perhaps upon their exultant exit, they spy a boomerang of yellow light to the east—that cold northern dawn. Now for the three whaling ships in harbor. As they draw level with these bobbing targets, the ice around them perhaps becomes a beautiful reddish violet. (I remember such colors from my own visits to Iceland; why not gild or stain this story with romanticism?) Leaving alone the vessel containing a sleeping watchman, they scuttle the other two, costing the whaling firm an additional \$2.8 million.⁷ The founder's account gleefully continues: "Iceland has entered warrants for their arrest through Interpol but extradition is not possible due to the illegality of Iceland's whaling operation. I am being investigated by Canadian authorities for possible conspiracy charges, but I'm not losing any sleep ..."⁸ Four years later, he himself will go on to ram two Japanese drift-net fishing boats—or, as he calls it, to "Pearl Harbor" them. He tells the Japanese: "I did not come to Japan to save fishermen; I am here to save dolphins."⁹ Against Coronado and Howitt, Iceland will never press charges: the whaling had occurred without an international permit anyway.

In 1996, Coronado, serving a fifty-seven-month sentence for abetting the Animal Liberation Front in laboratory arson, will write that "we need a healthy wild population of wolves before it's too late and the whole thing collapses ... We need camouflaged wolves, women wolves, dread-locked wolves, and maybe most importantly, red, brown, yellow, black and white wolves."¹⁰

And so the Sea Shepherd Society defies Tokyo's neon calculus of whale-meat-eaters. Defenders of animals rush and gush with their own *mobilized* life.

WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS JUSTIFIED?

The moral calculus of Kate Danaher, animal rights activist (1998)

"You can't justify violence, period. But if you're defending an animal that's hurt in the way that society is used to hurting them, I would just do it verbally, and if not I would kill the animal to put it out of its misery. If they were about to eat the brains of a monkey alive in Singapore and I had to be there, I would kill the monkey. But you can't cut a person's brain out. You just can't do it. The other part is to just pray really really hard."

SOURCE: TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH AUTHOR, CONFIRMED BY K.D. (1998).

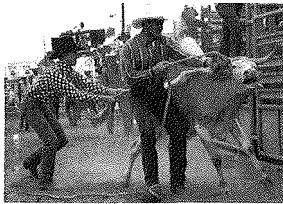
LIZZY GRAY

This is the place to introduce you to my friend Lizzy, who wears no leather, eats no meat, drinks no milk because the cows in commercial dairy farms live an unfree life; feels guilty when she eats honey, because it's been stolen from bees; won't touch egg noodles, because their manufacture exploits chickens; refrains from butter—and sometimes still longs for the taste of steak. She's a vegan. I think that she would

more or less agree with this credo: "Veganism is life-affirming. To be vegan is to live, to the best of one's abilities, free from exploitation of animals for any purpose. A leap beyond vegetarianism, it resists the cruelty and environmental footprint of dairy and egg production."¹¹

When I first met Lizzy, my feelings about her diet varied between resignation and irritation. Raising her beliefs high for all to see, she sometimes embarrassed people, or even antagonized them. And then one day the thought struck me: *What if she's right? What if she's noble?* Surely the nineteenth-century Abolitionists must have struck their slave-owning neighbors as meddlers, dissensionists, even seditionists. Should the animal rights movement gain power and organization equivalent to that of Abolitionism, life may well become unpleasant for me with my leather pistol case, my experiments with egg tempera and albumen-coated photographic paper, my various animal tissues, skulls and bones... I remember on one cold winter's day in Manhattan walking beside someone for whom I'd bought some

GAY RODEO



Cruelty FOR A Buck

The gay rodeo, like all rodeos, promotes animal cruelty as a form of entertainment. Many gays and lesbians, including those who have been targets of cruelty themselves, condemn rodeo as an exercise in the persecution of others.

Horses, steers, and calves are naturally peaceful animals with intelligence and emotions; they feel pain and experience fear just as dogs and cats do.

Animal rights pamphlet (1990s)

beaver-skin earmuffs from a Canadian trapper (that deft and grouchy old Indian also sold me a wolverine pelt, which is highly prized for use in Arctic winter gear because it alone of all furs never freezes, no matter how much one's nose runs or how one breathes through it); my companion was wearing the earmuffs on that day when a tall, angry man bolted up to us, shouted, and tried to wrench them off her head. He said that we were murderers. I was angry, offended, and intimidated; he was taller than I was, and he had just laid hands on this woman who I cared for and who was petite and couldn't fight. I told him to leave us alone, which he fortunately did. Then we went on, the woman beside me adjusting her earmuffs and shooting over her shoulder looks of anxious incomprehension. I hated that nasty, threatening man. I still hate him. And I wondered whether I had seen the future.

And what if Lizzy were the future instead? That future would still inevitably

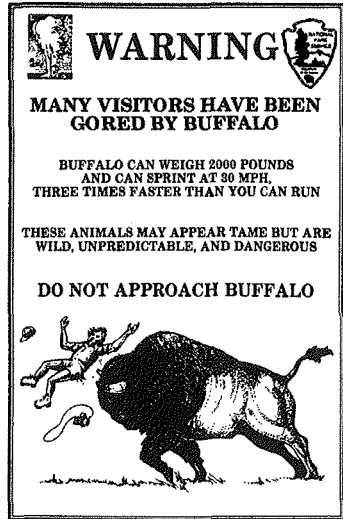
make use of people like him, hard, self-righteous moral actors ready to force changes right through—people whom Lizzy herself doesn't care for. But if her future came, and we all wore plastic boots and drank soy milk, would the world be a better place? Would the cessation of cruelty to animals justify the Spartan-like narrow conformity we'd face? (Even in a health food store, Lizzy's prior moral decision leaves her unable to eat most of what's offered.) Or would our choices actually grow broader than I imagine; would techno-ingenuity, that bane of eco-defenders and animal rights defenders, transform soys and seaweeds into succulent luxuries, invent recyclable synthetic clothing, discover how to de-infest tenements of rats and cockroaches by some not yet known means of relocation rather than by poisoning, reduce human population so that the sleek, inbred dairy cows released into "the wild" would have something to graze on before the wolves ate them? Would moral ingenuity allow for violent self-defense against the resurgent grizzly bears?

In effect, animal rights calls for an addition to the social contract. The prohibition on free violence will be extended beyond the human context. Hence in the moral calculus I have now inserted this tentative principle: *Violence is justified in legitimate defense of nonhuman beings against imminent physical harm.*

- **LEGITIMATE DEFENSE:** Remains undefined in this context.
- **IMMINENT PHYSICAL HARM:** In this context, there exist various disputed and undefined exceptions. For example, I myself believe (which Lizzy certainly would not):
 1. Experimentation which inflicts violence upon animals is not justified if it can be shown not to possess the possibility of benefitting humans significantly and directly, or if its goal need not be achieved by the particular violent method in question. [Most of the people I know would refuse to agree with Lizzy even that far.] Otherwise, animal experimentation can in many cases be justified by human imminence, no matter what the animal suffers.

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

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



Leaflet from Yellowstone National Park (1990s)

The longer I stare at this, the less I like it. Finally, reluctantly, I add two words to the initial premise, and this renders the principle as vague, useless and laughable as the Supreme Court's decision that racial integration must proceed "with all deliberate speed": *Violence is justified in legitimate defense of nonhuman beings against imminent and unjustified physical harm.*

Doesn't imminence or the approach of imminence legitimize a huge proportion of the excuses for violence in this book? Aren't I therefore now introducing a serious inconsistency into a project which needs coherence to be at all useful to you? How can imminent aggression ever *not* be justified?

All I can now do is examine my own position for fairness and consistency, then do the same with several animal rights positions.

A member of the Animal Liberation Front code-named "Virginia" read some of this chapter and pronounced me "somewhat unfeeling." She is correct in that it does not lie in my personal inclination to place an animal's needs and suffering on par with a human's. I will discuss the reasons for this below. Truth to tell, I would have avoided thinking about this issue if I could, and I could have had I never met Lizzy. She, I suspect, will not like this chapter. That is as it has to be. All the same, when I think of animal rights, I think not of animals but of *her*.

I admire Lizzy passionately. From the highest motives of compassion, she's renounced pleasure, convenience, custom with its associated courtesies, solidarity. She exemplifies good, alone.

KILLING SEALS (1991)

In the photographs, button-eyed seals as pure white as snowclouds await your judgment, their noses and whiskers forming delicate black suns against the whiteness: how can judgment bear to countenance death?¹² Opening an issue of *The Animals' Voice Magazine* (a gift subscription from my animal rights friend Kate), I learn the following straight from the experts:

While the harp seal population originally numbered nine million, intense hunting has reduced the current population to three million.

Another expert assures me that harp seal populations are on the increase. Never mind—he works for the Canadian Department of Fisheries and Oceans.¹³ How could animal rights activists ever trust *him*? But I interrupted *The Animals' Voice*:

The Canadian government has prohibited large-vessel seal hunting and the killing of white-coated baby seals, but commercial hunting by 'landsmen' of molted pups (over 25 days old) continues... In the United States, the Aleut residents of the Alaskan Pribilof Islands kill approximately 1700 North Pacific fur seals annually in

'subsistence' hunts. The Aleuts herd the seals into groups, beat them with clubs—which frequently only stuns them—and then slit the stunned seals' stomachs to prepare them for the team that will remove their skins.¹⁴

Were I a lawyer at this court, I would want to cross-examine the author of the article as follows:

1. How was the "original" harp seal population measured? Is this an estimate for pre-European contact times? If so, we'd expect there to be much less habitat for the seals now anyway, thanks to cities and fisheries. It might well be that nine million harp seals would starve in today's world. (Is the accuser then an Earth First!er? Does he require the abandonment of certain human habitats?) The data we've been given are so insufficient as to make the allegation meaningless.

2. "Commercial hunting of molted pups continues." Is this due to an oversight on the part of the Canadian government, or is the Canadian government quite satisfied? How well informed is the Canadian government? How much do the Canadian government's opinions matter? How well informed is the author of this article?

3. So Aleuts kill seventeen hundred fur seals a year. That doesn't sound like many to me. What do fur seals have to do with harp seals? Have their populations also declined by two-thirds? The quote marks around "subsistence" seem to me a dirty trick. Is the author implying that the Aleuts are hypocritical and only kill seals for the fun of it? I wouldn't be surprised if the author knows nothing about Aleuts and their subsistence needs.

4. The Aleuts beat the seals with clubs. Why is this a bad way to kill them? If they are stunned then they probably don't suffer much when they're killed.¹⁵ Perhaps the author of the article would prefer to have them shot. The problem with shooting seals (as I've seen in the Canadian Arctic) is that wounded animals may get away and die later, which means that they've died for nothing.¹⁶ Or they may be shot from a distance while swimming, and sink. Clubbing them must eliminate almost all such needless kills. It seems to me extremely humane and responsible. Would any way of killing them please the author of this article?¹⁷

MEAT AND WARMTH (RESOLUTE BAY)¹⁸

Whenever I stay at Minnie's house I like to eat meat—nice raw frozen caribou that I can whack with a hatchet and chew—scarlet animal ice cream. Raw ptarmigan tastes like yellowtail sashimi. Raw whaleskin is like peanut butter. It's taken me a

long time to like raw seal, but I'm getting there.

Outside, violet cloud-mountains stain the sky's yellow backdrop, the wind shouting between drift-alleys and houses, everything on the grey plain being carried into blue. It's a cold day to go seal hunting. Billie doesn't catch anything in four hours, and turns back early. When I come into Minnie's house, I begin to realize how chilled I was, because my knees, thighs and rectum will not get warm and all I want to do is sleep. (Each house is a warm place into whose TV you can dive as into sleep, smoking cigarettes, laughing and visiting while the dreary purple sea-plain turns greyish-black beneath the last pink streak of a 3:30 twilight. I want to bring you inside, because while the material aspects of using seals are important to appreciate, it's even more important to understand that using seals is a happy steady part of other things.)

I fry up some caribou in butter with lots of salt and black pepper. The meat smells like wild mushrooms. I put it on toast; I bite into it; I pour some ketchup on top after the first two helpings; I enjoy the heat of the animal flesh, shearing its tenderness with my ravenous teeth, feeling warm and happy. Minnie laughs and eats a piece of seal...

MY KAMIKS

In the mudroom, sliding my legs into the orange duffel-socks of my kamiks, then fitting the orange duffel-slippers over them, then sinking knee-deep into the lovely sealskin shells striped dark and light from different seals for the sake of prettiness, then tying the braided yarn-strings snug and folding the duffel down over the sealskin to show the black and green crisscrossings of top-threads, I feel as if I've enveloped my feet in warmth and care. My twin foot-caves, shaven clean of fur, are each topped with a U-shaped band of red and green zigzags to cheer me just a little warmer.¹⁹ Double-soled with leather, the kamiks still remain very light. A rule which I've read and believe is that every pound of foot-weight tires one out as much as five pounds of back-weight. That must be why I enjoy walking in my kamiks so much, dancing on the snow as if in stocking feet. Kamiks cannot support ankles or guard toes the way that rigid "white man's boots" can; I can feel the rocks I walk on, and the furry upper cylinders tend to slip down my legs; but every kind of footwear has its unique disadvantages. That is why I bring at least two pairs of boots when I travel in the Arctic in the cold season.

I remember walking in standard Vibram-soled leather one September on Ellesmere Island. Heavy boots those were, made for digging into scree. The uppers embraced my ankles almost tightly enough to chafe, because you do not want to turn an ankle if your foot slips between boulders. In colder weather, of course, the leather would contract into a more fervent grip. So I stood laced into my foot-armor, to the west a few snow-pillows, each a mile wide, to the east the cliffs like coral reefs, steep

and wide; below them, on a flat ridge, a resting cloud—all very clear and beautiful, to be sure, but my toes were numb in their cramped and frozen boots, which had been an idiotic choice for snowdrifts. Foot-heat thawed the leather wet, so that snow stuck and froze.²⁰ At night I brought them into my sleeping bag, and still they were ice-hardened by morning. After breakfast it took twenty minutes or longer before my stockinged feet had thawed them sufficiently to squeeze all the way in. By then my toes were numb again. On the other hand, negotiating bare stone and mud they never slipped; fording unfrozen rivers they gripped slimy rocks more safely than anything else could. I never fell, even in waist-deep currents. Kamiks would have been useless then, bare ground proving too frequent; so for backup I brought sneakers.



Children in kamiks playing with seal bones

It might have been good season for my Sorels—tooth-soled rubber below, with a soft leather leg-guard—except that like the kamiks they couldn't have given me the ankle support required in carrying a hundred-pound backpack. But come October or November, there might have been enough snow for the kamiks to be the primary choice, with the Sorels my spares. I could drag that hundred pounds behind me on a sled then. Come July, and the "white man's boots" would be definitively best...

My friend David, who married an Inuk and lives in Resolute, says that his shoe size has grown as a result of wearing kamiks for many winters. In his view, this proves that conventional footgear actually constrains and compresses the feet. He is probably right. For me, kamiks feel like freedom. I remember when I first put the kamiks on, and I was so elated that I was grinning because I felt that I was becoming what I had always wanted to be, and my kamiks were so warm and beautiful, and everyone smiled back to see me so happy.

I close my parka snugly around my throat, pull my sealskin mitts on, and go out into the darkness whose snow blows white vapor-stripes across the road. The airport beam sends black spider-shadows on the snow-skin round and round, and something hums with increasing volume from one of the sheds and a horizontal streamer of diesel smoke stretches like taffy across the sky. I am walking with the wind. The freezing zipper hurts my throat. Only my nose is cold so far, where the metal bridge of my glasses conducts all the heat away. When I turn, the wind strikes me full on, and my face goes instantly numb; globs of ice make my eyelashes into chandeliers. My feet stay warm. The soles of the kamiks do not grip the snow-crust well, but it is such a pleasure to *feel* the snow compacting under me, instead of just hearing its squeak. I stay still for a quarter-hour, and my face is long gone but my feet never get cold. Two or three hours of stillness on a windy *komatik*²¹ or on the ice and



Barbecue advertisement (Montana, 2000)

my toes would have become a little numb, but why should life be a perpetual orgasm? Anyhow, for those times Minnie has made me a pair of *mungwaks* (overboots), which go over the kamiks like giant slippers.

I love my kamiks. Minnie has made a second pair which she offers to sell me, the duffels elegant white and green and blue, but mine are best with their warm orange. And I wonder what my lost pair looked like? Minnie sewed them to my measure with her usual pride and care, and David mailed them to me in the United States. My government, wanting to do the seals a favor, intercepted the kamiks, confiscated them and burned them. When I told my Inuit friends what had happened, they were sickened by the lack of respect for the animals.

MY BREAKFAST

I come out of the bedroom a little before 9:00 a.m., the wind shaking the house, and Minnie and Joanasie are praying long and earnestly, Minnie on the sofa bent over the syllabic Bible, the boy kneeling on the floor; over and over they say Amen. Then Joanasie turns the TV back up and stands before it, blocking it out with his back, drinking it as a cold person drinks a fire's warmth, while Minnie bends brown and patient over her Bible, her glasses high on her nose. Power wires bounce up and down, caressing the satellite dish. Minnie makes telephone calls and Joanasie wanders about in his parka and kamiks. The sun is an hourglass shape over the church. I get a piece of raw meat out of the freezer and start chopping it with the hatchet, eating the reddish-purple splinters.

MY MITTS

A visit to the Magnetic Pole cost me permanent frostbite damage in my fingers and toes. I had two sets of mitts and two sets of boots. If I'd had my kamiks along I might have still damaged my toes because, in spite of what David says, they are no warmer than my Sorels (whose liners did freeze after awhile). But my mitts could well have saved my fingers. Electric-soft and spangled black and white with fishy-smelling little hairs, these are no warmer than my leather mitts, either, but they're much lighter. The leather mitts froze. My second pair, some overpriced nylon-shell Chouinards, were much too thin. The sealskin mitts would have been good spares. (The more mitts, the better.) "If they freeze, just let 'em freeze real hard and then beat the snot out of 'em!" said David. "Sealskin's pretty tough. Not as tough as walrus, but on the other hand you're going to have to pay some old Inuk lady an awful lot of money to chew walrus hide soft enough to make clothing..."

Having tried them, I'm not sold on sealskin mitts for me personally. I have nothing against them. But the leather mitts work as well—no better, no worse—and where I live, sealskin mitts are illegal.²² On the other hand, I think that sealskin mitts are the right choice for the people in Resolute Bay. There are no cows there. There do happen to be plenty of seals.

LIZZY'S COMMENTS

"I just wonder how that seal felt when he was killed so some guy could take his skin and go up to the Magnetic Pole to think."

CARIBOU FAT, SEAL MEAT, CARIBOU MEAT, SEALSKIN KAMIKS

Sunday afternoon is dreamy purple because the sun will go down for the last time of the year next week, so by three o'clock the village is gorgeously alight, a tiny brightness at the edge of the sea's swellings and cracks; and around this light darkness is puddled and jumbled below the long stacked red, magenta, purple and violet streaks of sunset. Down that lonely road of lavender snow and violet sky, North Camp crouches against the night, hiding in its long low tunnels, lurking behind its satellite dishes, turning away from the sea-ridge and the solid purples and lovely jelly-reds between cloud-bars. By four it's entirely dark, almost moonless, almost starless; at five it gets windy; at six people are watching TV as always; leaning back against the neckrest, Minnie stares at the TV, expressionless at the shootouts, gleeful at the commercials that show children. Her black eye-dots hardly blink. She watches without her glasses, putting them on only to sew. She gets me some caribou fat from the freezer, white and waxy, not really cold to the touch, but a knife

can only shave off parings of that candle-flavored chewing gum. The power wires outside juggle in the wind, trying to find an equilibrium that doesn't exist, just as they did at nine in the morning when it was just getting light and Minnie had lain on her elbows on the sofa, reading her Bible while Joanasie touched his mouth, watching Sesame Street, and clusters of silver-blue frost-flowers clung to the window, the same color as the sky. Now the sky is black; and Joanasie watches TV while Minnie and Elizabeth kneel over the cardboard on the floor, slicing raw frozen seal meat with their moon-shaped *ulu* knives and eating it; now Minnie and her other daughter are playing Chinese checkers on the sofa, the younger lady's plump thighs soft and warm in the sweatpants, her kamiks the color of fresh snow, lovely flowers embroidered around the duffels of them. Hands tap the round gameboard in turn, moving marbles from one hole to the next, stretching their fingers out faster and faster, the daughter leaning her head back on the sofa, the mother smiling alertly behind glasses. The TV expostulates on, the cardboard stained now where Minnie and Elizabeth chopped, one lump of meat still beside the hatchet, black and pink and glistening. Salted caribou chunks boil on the stove, a nice scum of marrow on the broth, and when I put some on my plate, the soft meat comes off the bones. Paul Amagoalik comes in with a blackish-red can lid he found when he was hunting on one of the islands: Edwards' Preserved Potato, by Royal Letters Patent, a lion and a unicorn rearing against the English motto, the metal thick and heavy, corroded hoarfrost-white in places, and I wonder which of the nineteenth-century Franklin rescue expeditions this is from; it must be that old. Paul says he found it in the ice beside a lump of nails, which he shows me. The nails have been rust-fused into a reddish-brown crystal. Here's a hammer whose tang looks forged by some blacksmith, rusted firm to the splintered shaft... I play ten or twenty games of tic-tac-toe with Joanasie; I play Chinese checkers with the kids; and then it's time for church. The wind is gusting with nasty and irregular ferocity as people crowd into the little white church in the snowdrift-island at the center of town, thirty or forty of them, no room for more. Babies scream throughout the service. Joanasie is the collection boy. They sing the hymns in Inuktitut very earnestly; they kneel in the pews for the Lord's Prayer; they pray for the Queen. Afterwards the priest shakes everyone's hand. They go out. Some are wearing white men's boots, and some wear sealskin kamiks.

THE RIGHT ANIMAL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

I am part Norwegian, and my ancestors lived in sod houses in Nebraska. But the pictures I've seen of those show a rectangularity of construction. The sod house in Pond Inlet is a low blister of black earth riddled with whiteness, part of the landscape due to its roundness. A little more snow, and it would not be distinguishably artificial. It squats on the hill behind the mayor's office, looking across the sound's blue-grey mottling and dark leads. Above, a kayak built by one of the Elders lies on

a frame. Below, a frozen seal stretches rigidly on its side in the snow like a boulder. Were I to go further down toward the sea, dogs would leap from the snow, shake themselves, stretch their tethers to the limit, and whine for meat. But instead, I duck into the sod house's low doorway, sweep my snowprints out with a seagull's wing, and seat myself on the sleeping platform, which is covered with wet and fishy-smelling caribou skins.

Outside it's windy and cold. Inside it's above freezing. One of the Elders pumps a caribou stove. Two other Colemans are already hissing. An old woman tends the *kudluqs*, or traditional blubber lamps. Each kudluq is a low broad vessel open along one end, where flames are gathered in a quiet and smokeless row, kept in order by the old lady's hooklike tool which smooths out the cottongrass lumps that form the wick. It is very interesting to see the kudluqs and the Colemans together. The kudluqs require only local fuels and do not hiss, but the truth is that the Colemans are much warmer. Likewise, no one insists that seals are the answer. Seals are a part of the answer. Sometimes caribou is better. Sometimes a white man's way is better. I pass my hand over a kudluq's flames. The top of my hand stays cool. Two inches from the fire, the seal-blubber is white and lumpy like old gravy. The old lady neatens the jars of coffee and salt and plays string games.

Now the other Elders come in, shuffling and stamping and hawking and spitting; they are very old. I am honored to be here.

"What would you wear to keep your face from freezing at forty below?" I ask.

"A good hood, lined with dogskin," says the old lady.²³

"What kind of parka is best?"

"Caribou skin is warmest. But in the summer you have to keep it in the freezer. Sealskin doesn't go bad. And it doesn't shed much hair. Sealskin is good for a spring parka."

"Which kamiks are best?"

"Sealskin is more waterproof. Caribou skin is warmer."

"What about white man's boots?"

"Ask our children. We see those white man's boots around, but we don't use them so much."

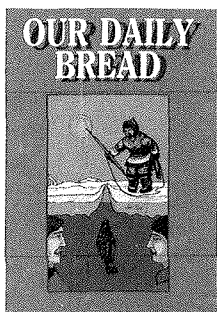
DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

The reason why the word *Greenpeace* has become a curse up north is simple. In the old days, Inuit lived almost entirely on animals. Plants were useful as medicines and dietary supplements, but most of the diet was derived from hunting. When white people came, luxuries such as bullets, thimbles and cooking pots became necessities. The Inuit had only one thing to trade in exchange for those items: animal skins. The fur trade certainly had its booms and busts, but my friends insisted that the animal rights movement finished it off.²⁴ It's hard to make a living on the land these days

when your children are used to heated houses. So you live in towns, and now you have no way to pay for gasoline for your skidoo anymore; your furs are worth nothing. Several people I met blamed the ban on sealskin items for the suicides of people they know. The animal rights people are in the position of nineteenth-century missionaries who forced native people to change their behavior to accord to a new and alien standard. Haven't they been forced to change enough?

My recommendation: Leave the Inuit alone. Monitor seal populations if you want; talk to the Inuit if you see a problem; otherwise stay out of it. (As for the killing of seals by other groups, I can't speak for or against it, since I haven't seen it.) Reopen and widen the U.S. market to Inuit-made sealskin products.

MINNIE'S BREAKFAST



*Pamphlet in support
of Inuit hunting
(ca. 1990)*

8:00 a.m. on a Saturday, still dark (pale blue strips of twilight between the blinds), and the sleeping Joanase breathes steadily on the couch; I sit listening to the refrigerator's humming heartbeat and the blinking of the clock. The furnace does not come on; my feet feel cold. Sky-strips begin to glow like neon. Minnie comes out and raises the blinds, looking out the frosted windows at the sunrise to the south. She spits into the wastebasket, turns on the TV, fills the kettle, puts it on the burner, trudges into the bathroom hawking again. Then she comes back and watches TV. Leaning her neck on her hand, she gazes at children's cartoons and yawns, then giggles. Below the angled roofs of other houses, peering through the fan of wires, a lovely bar of pinkish-orange slits the clouds. Minnie takes family photos out of her Bible, croons over them with me, and then begins to sing an Inuktitut hymn. After awhile, chewing on a piece of seal meat, she begins to sew another pair of kamiks.

SEAL HUNTING

The low ice-plain is textured with granules and shadow-splashes and occasional boulders of plastic-blue second-year ice, but the sky, which makes up almost everything, is a soft featureless lavender that seems to have snow-light behind it, muting it into something that not even the most fiercely clawing eye can wrench into definition; it is beautiful nothingness.

Billie stands at the seal hole, bent into a right angle, listening, ready to shoot. Not many steps away, the ice ends in grey water. The town is miles behind, miles expended at rash speed bumping over rock-points that protrude from the snow like nailheads; he has already rolled the skidoo once, which fortunately hurt no one; I in the komatik tied on behind didn't even know what happened, lying down low like

a dog with my head between my sealskin paws, cheating the wind when I could, so I couldn't see much except open ocean a few feet away, thickening grey fog, ice-roughnesses blinking between the slats, and even these only occasionally, because I hid from the wind behind my wool and fur and other veils, knowing nothing about our progress except that the skidoo fumes continued to make me queasy and that whenever the skidoo slowed down there'd usually be a series of nasty bumps just after, so it was only after the skidoo had stopped that I saw that it was on its side on the hill, still whining; the next time we stopped was on a promontory of ice where there were many skidoos and Inuit were butchering three seals, the slippery ice-edge striped with blood and sealskins stretched wet and bloody away from dark seal insides, immense and complex vulvas of death;²⁵ and the next stop is the seal hole where Billie waits, but no seal comes there. Hunting isn't always the easy murder you read about in the animal rights magazines. It's hard cold work. When you do manage to kill an animal, it's all the more precious.

KILLING SEALS FURTHER CONSIDERED

“**I**n America, and in general, we dislike hunters. We dislike them because they use tools of destruction. And we dislike them because they kill beings who more easily win our affections—mammals rather than fish.”²⁶

DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

When then is defense of animals justified? Lizzy is right. Minnie and Billie are right. Would either side be right to force the other? Only if the issue was one on which most sets of moral actors had previously contracted to agree. I submit that the ethics of animal rights, like that of international law, has just begun to evolve. Just as we now no longer accept the right of a victorious army to rape and pillage,²⁷ or Aristotle's concept of the natural slave, we may someday deny our sisters and brothers the right to kill fellow creatures. Needless to say, that will be the end of traditional Inuit culture, which exemplifies near-freedom, self-sufficiency, prowess, near-wasteless use of local materials, knowledge of animals and admiration for animals. In other words, “we dislike them because they use tools of destruction.” Fortunately for animal rights activists, traditional Inuit culture is already half gone.²⁸

Could I even insist that violent defense of animals would be appropriate to save a species from extinction?²⁹ An affirmative would require us to return, as we have already provisionally done in this chapter, to our formulation of the rights of the self³⁰ and introduce other members of the animal kingdom as the equivalent of social

contract signatories in good standing. In point of fact, of course, since we couldn't communicate that social contract to them, animals would then have rights but not obligations. Or should we subject them to those obligations, too? Can we halt by violence the attack of a rabid dog upon a child?³¹ What about the smallpox virus?³² Should we cause that to go extinct?

You may recall that our new insertion into the moral calculus originally ran: *Violence is justified in legitimate defense of nonhuman beings against imminent physical harm.* But how can I accept the untrammelled ramifications of this statement? Once when we were arguing Lizzy said to me, "Just admit that you eat animals for your own convenience and you have no justification. Then I'll drop it." I refused to admit it, in part on account of the Inuit case. (She used to hate it, that I brought up the Inuit so much.) A seal eats a fish, an Inuk eats a seal, and both acts set fine with me. But there is more to it than that. When I was describing my kamiks to you, I was trying to convey their beauty of form and use, their Platonic virtue, if you will, which could not exist without the killing of a seal. To Lizzy they could never be justified; to me they are worthwhile. It may be worth quoting the definition of ethos from the chapter on defense of homeland:³³

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

[Examples of ethos-driven institutions: Pederasty among the ancient Greeks, hunting among Inuit, patriarchalism in the Muslim world, female circumcision in parts of Africa.]

What the Spartans did with their young boys would now be prosecuted in most of the world as child molestation. We need not approve of the Spartan sexual code, or apply it in any way to our own norms, to grant that it was a fundamental aspect of their ethos and could not have been altered without significantly altering their culture itself. All other things being equal (in other words, all of its subcategories being justified), ethos is a good, a collective expression entitled to its own existence and defense. All other things are rarely equal. Here as always, conflicting rights must be weighed: the rights of Germans to express the values of National Socialism were superseded by the more fundamental rights of the millions whom they murdered. Pederasty is probably not a good; female circumcision may well not be, either.³⁴ In the case of the Inuit, my heart inclines me to admire their ethos to such

an extent that I may be guilty of idealizing it. Why? I cannot add anything to what I have already told you: "Using seals is a happy steady part of other things." That happiness, that steadiness, validates the Canadian Arctic ethos for me. I feel accordingly reluctant to accept any prohibitions which might further damage the people whose way of life is already under assault; I respect them all the more for the liberty and responsibility which in the face of invasive bureaucracies and alien codes of behavior they still manage to retain. They live more or less beautifully in a landscape which makes me happy.³⁵ That is why my first impulse is to narrowly limit our new addition to the moral calculus thus (even an Inuk hunter would agree with this): *Violent defense of animals is justified when demanded by scientific imminent defense of earth.* The hunter's version of scientific imminence would differ from mine, but it would surely be more practical: If narwhals are scarce in the season when narwhals usually come, then it is best not to hunt narwhals.

Should that be as far as I can go, then violent defense of animals against miscellaneous exploitation, extermination and cruelty—the boiling alive of lobsters, the hooking of fishes, the harpooning of seals and whales, the force-feeding of veal calves, the poisoning of carpenter ants, the mass decapitation of diseased chickens—remains unjustified, or inactively justified by most human norms I know (and by the violence of animals against each other).



Rhinoceros killed by poachers

But I said that a certain kind of landscape, an Arctic landscape, makes me happy. So I'd better stand by it. It was by analogy with ethos that I proposed the following definition for defense of earth:

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

But if the identity of a place is a justified category at all, then it would seem only right to create a similar category for animals—and isn't one of the things I love

so much about the Arctic its wildlife? Don't I remember even in my dreams the herds of wild musk-oxen I've seen, the sounds whales make, the sinister grace of polar bears (they're what I most fear when I camp alone)? Animal identity must, since the rights of animals and the rights of Inuit so obviously differ, somehow distinguish itself from ethos, indeed from human interests generally:

IDENTITY OF AN ANIMAL: Unknowable to human beings except by analogy with ourselves. Wherever the rights of the human self permit, people have the right to determine what does and does not define, injure and preserve the well-being of their identity. By extension, animals are entitled to our respect and consideration in whatever physical, behavioral, cognitive, psychological or other aspect of them in our good-faith judgment defines and preserves the well-being of their identity. Identity carries with it the inherent right of any organism, barring necessity, for it to express its organism-ness. This right must at a minimum include the same basic rights of self-defense and defense of others which we allow ourselves; it should also take into account the differing identities of species and individuals: the right of an otter to express otter-ness.

A seal expresses seal-ness; an Inuk expresses Inuit-ness by killing the seal. Do you remember what Marx said? "Between equal rights, force decides."³⁶ Surely that's not the last word.

LOBSTERS AND MISSIONARIES

The boiling alive of lobsters? I wouldn't stop somebody else from doing it. But since I have to keep being as honest here as I can,³⁷ it's incumbent on me to tell you that one of my childhood memories is of a sack of blackish lobsters each of which wore rubber bands on its claws, so that it couldn't hurt us (that is, futilely attempt to defend itself); and my uncle refereed a lobster race right there on the kitchen floor; the other children and I thought that was very fun. By now the big pot was boiling. My uncle, or perhaps it was my father, who was there, too (strange how I recollect the lobsters more vividly than anyone else!), held the lid in one hand like a shield, took up a lobster in the other, brought it over the pot, and as it encountered the steam it began to struggle; he let go of it and slammed down the lid, one edge of which levitated almost an inch, due to the lobster's convulsions of agony, desperation, death-reflex or all three; what I remember most of all is that high-pitched noise which piped out as soon as the lobster entered the water, then ceased as abruptly; to me it sounded exactly like a scream. My uncle explained that it was merely the sound of air escaping from the creature's shell. Since then I have never ordered lobster at any restaurant; I've never bought a lobster. Once a friend of mine

had bought live lobsters for a party and wanted to kill them, but didn't know how, so I told him what to do. Several times I've dined with people who'll say that I simply must try at least a taste of their lobster because it's so *good*; if I can't avoid compliance without hurting their feelings I'll put a morsel in my mouth, because why not? In the Arctic I'll eat seals! The funny thing is that I actually like the taste, but I can't help but feel a little sick.

"He says he's *sorry* for 'em," my grandfather used to explain to company, shaking his head in pitying contempt while all of them ate their lobster.

When I was seven or eight, my father took me fishing at the town bridge. Strange to say, I actually caught something—a middling-sized trout. I felt very proud and happy. We took it home and my father had it swim around inside the kitchen sink, to keep it fresh. We were going to eat it. Then I started feeling very sad and guilty and anxious. I wanted more than anything to let that fish go. The thought that it would soon be dead made me sick. My dear father, perceiving my misery, was good enough to take the fish back to the river. I asked him whether he thought it would survive, and he said, "I don't know," in a dubious way; the sink water had been chlorinated; we threw the fish back over the bridge, and I think I saw it swim away.

I have been with Inuit families who net-fish at a river's mouth; they'll catch half a hundred Arctic char at a go. As soon as they get hold of them, they start cutting open those living creatures; it is amazing how long a fish can keep writhing after all its guts are out. And then everyone starts eating raw and twitching flesh. I have eaten it, too, and it is very fresh and good. Do I feel sorry for the Arctic char? Slightly, but not nearly as much as consistency would require. In the case of the Inuit, I always felt that this is how they live; there are not enough plants up there to nourish them all year; vitamin C would be a particular problem if they didn't partake of raw flesh and blood. I don't find fishing "fun," and neither do they; the idea of standing on a bridge, casting with a float and a lure, and catching one trout at a time sounds absurd to them. I guess it does to me, too. I've never in my life said to anyone, "Let's go fishing!"

If an Inuk were to eat that trout which I didn't want to eat, that would be acceptable to me.

In her book *Animals and Why They Matter*, Mary Midgley talks about the ethical viewpoints of relative versus absolute dismissal.³⁸ Absolute dismissal means that animals have no rights at all. Relative dismissal means that they have some, but not as many as we do. Midgley believes that very few of us hold the day-to-day position of absolute dismissal, for if we did we wouldn't be bothered by gratuitous cruelty to animals. Nonetheless, we tend to feel that relative dismissal is an indulgence we grant, not a right, and should we be challenged or shown that there might be something contradictory or even unethical in the way that we regard our fellow organisms, then we'll quickly fall back upon absolute dismissal.

She is correct in my case. When Lizzy and I would argue about animal rights, I would avoid and evade as much as I could, not out of cowardice, I hope and believe; I simply felt that we were so far apart on an ethical issue of immense importance to her that I dreaded making that difference any more explicit than it had to be. But I do remember that once after she shouted at me, I shouted back that *animals had no rights*.³⁹ Did I even believe this? I was so upset that I didn't know what I believed; but it was easy enough to perceive even at that moment that if I granted animals any rights I might be compelled by logic to grant them *more* rights than would be convenient for me. (That was the common phrasing of Lizzy's accusation, that I ate and wore animals unjustifiably, for my own selfish *convenience*. Nowadays I might reply, for my convenience, yes, and also for my ethos, but I know precisely how far that would go with her.)

Relative dismissal of lobsters: Eating them makes me uncomfortable because boiling something alive feels cruel, unnecessary, evil; yet I wouldn't stop other people from doing it or even voice my objections unless they asked me, because killing lobsters doesn't seem to me on the same par as killing human beings, and because I doubt that I could change other people's behavior in this matter anyhow. (Would I eat human flesh? I certainly would, but only to survive in an emergency, and I'd never kill a person to do it.)⁴⁰

A committed exponent of animal rights would, I assume, rate this paragraph as evidence of laziness or worse; perhaps he'd respect me a little more than the majority of my fellow citizens who've never thrown a fish back out of pity; perhaps, as would a missionary, he'd respect me less, since I have actually thought about and felt about this matter some, so I've lost the excuse of ignorance. He'd condemn me for knowing that absolute dismissal was wrong, knowing so because I felt so, and for acting deficiently.

But once a vegan and I were invited for dinner in the house of my friends. The wife prepared what she thought was a vegan meal; she tried very hard, and she got close, but because she'd never done it before, she didn't think to double-check every ingredient on every label, and one of the condiments she'd used was Worcestershire sauce, which contains anchovies, so that meant that the vegan and I didn't eat what she had made, and she was hurt and offended. The vegan didn't do anything wrong; neither did the housewife; ethos proved ignorant of all that respect for animal identity may conceivably require; I couldn't blame her for feeling hurt.

A vegan and I passed a man fishing in a lake, and the vegan shouted: "Asshole!"

Billie goes out to try and get food, and Mr. Ted Kerasote informs us: "In America, and in general, we dislike hunters." Doesn't this also constitute absolute dismissal?

When animal defenders ignore ethos, they become guilty of, at the very least, relative dismissal:

“NO REASON TO HUNT”

The moral calculus of “Virginia,” Animal Liberation Front member (2003)

- Q. Is an Inuk who hunts for food and clothing in any different moral category from (a) a traditional French-Canadian trapper who lives the life his ancestors did but sells to tourists; (b) a sport hunter?
- A. Yes. Killing for survival is different from killing for entertainment.
- Q. What would your response be to the wearer(s) if you saw fur being worn by: (a) a Hollywood actress (let’s say she has a mink coat); (b) all members of a traditional Inuit family?
- A. Very few people wear fur if they know about the lives of the mink. My response would be to try to educate both parties.
- Q. If you could supply traditional hunters such as the Inuit with all the synthetic clothing and vegan food they’d ever need, would you compel them, by force if necessary, to stop hunting?
- A. Hypothetically, no force would be necessary, since they would have no reason to hunt.

SOURCE: ELECTRONIC INTERVIEW BY AUTHOR.

Here I would like to quote from Trigger’s account of how ethos was attacked among Huron Indians in the mid-seventeenth century: “In order to protect converts from traditional influences, the Jesuits encouraged them to avoid contact with non-Christians as much as possible... Huron Christians broke many of their links with the rest of Huron society.”⁴¹ A traditional Huron invites a Christian Huron of lower status to enter into a ritual friendship with her. The other woman gladly accepts, but then it comes out that the reason for her new friend’s advances was the commandment of a spirit in a dream. And so the presents get returned, the friendship repudiated. By 1642 the Christians are arranging separate cemeteries for themselves and opting out of the traditional Feast of the Dead.

By refusing to participate in what was the most sacred of Huron rituals and the supreme expression of community solidarity, these Christians were striking at the heart of Huron unity. They were also severing ties with their families and with other Huron on which their own sense of identity depended... The Christians also began to organize public processions... They did this especially when they believed it was likely to annoy non-Christians... The unity of Huron society had never before been threatened in this matter and the traditionalists were faced for the first time with an organized threat to the Huron way of life.⁴²

If the animal rights movement succeeds in its objectives, which it might someday do, the results will prove as painful and inescapable as this. The discomfort on

all sides when a vegetarian comes home for Thanksgiving has to do not only with polarized views about whether or not it is acceptable to kill a turkey, but also with the fact that this family, which, whatever its other stresses and failures might have been, once enjoyed the simple primordial unity of partaking together of the same feast, has now been *broken*.

"Drink with me," we say to one another. When my parents come to my house, I'll drink a toast of wine with them, although I don't like wine and it gives me a headache; my parents know this and I know that they know it, but at least once per visit I feel that I must raise more than my water-glass or even my whiskey-glass; we must partake together. One of the most favored ways that people in any society can socialize is to please each other with "good cheer." Good cheer, what is that? Thomas Wolfe writes about the "circus men," whose "life was filled with the strong joy of food, with the love of travelling, and with danger and hard labor." What do they eat? Oh, he'll tell you for pages and pages: Their ethos "belonged to the stained world of mellow sun-warmed canvas, the clean and healthful odors of the animals, and the mild sweet lyric nature of the land in which they lived as wanderers, and it was there for the asking with a fabulous and stupefying plenty, golden and embrowned." Well, all right, but what did they eat? I don't have enough space for all of their breakfast, but here goes: "They ate stacks of buckwheat cakes, smoking hot, soaked in hunks of yellow butter which they carved at will with a wide free gesture from the piled prints on the table"—the eggs in the pancakes and the butter on top of them make them off limits to vegans, of course. "They ate big steaks for breakfast, hot from the pan and lashed with onions, they ate whole melons, crammed with the ripeness of the deep pink meat, rashers of bacon, and great platters of fried eggs, or eggs scrambled with calves' brains..."⁴³

And when my Inuit friend gather around the fish-net, they are laughing and singing. Food can be mild, sweet and lyric; plenty can be stupefying; that is good cheer for you.

"When a product—whether clothes, eggs, meat, medicine, or the CIA—is produced by iniquitous means, the people who consume that product are among the first who do have the right to complain about it," says Midgley. "They are being made jointly responsible. It is their business to demand that the producer should find less objectionable ways of producing it."⁴⁴

To demand! But what if the other people who consume the product don't complain about it and even like it? Never mind about them; they're assholes. Where did those big steaks come from? "Meat is murder." Moreover, "in America, and in general, we dislike hunters."

What am I saying here? I haven't stated any logical argument against the notion of animal rights; in fact, I'm not sure that I *am* against animal rights. "Violent defense of animals against miscellaneous exploitation, extermination and cruelty... remains (as yet) less than actively justified." I wrote this just a few paragraphs ago, but do I

really believe it? If meat isn't murder, why isn't it? Earlier in this book we defined the Empath's Golden Rule: *Do unto others, not only as you would be done by, but also as they would be done by. In the case of any variance, do the more generous thing.*⁴⁵ Surely no creature wants to be killed and eaten by me if possible. (But predators eat other animals, I keep arguing. What about them? The Animal Liberation Front has a breathtakingly broad and simple answer: Genetically modify all predators into herbivores.)⁴⁶

Here it is the Empath's Golden Rule, on the lips of the activist Henry Spira: "We must treat other feeling creatures the way we'd want to be treated were we in their place."⁴⁷

The Animal Liberation Front begins there. If it then moves forward, justifying its acts according to the moral calculus in this book, it might well invoke *imminence*. I have already said that I don't know what imminence is when applied to animals. The only reason I don't know is because I've shielded myself with the hypocritical *convenience* of relative dismissal. But the animal rights movement does know. It knows very well. "Given the immediacy of the situation," writes one thinker in still another parable about human slavery, "you have no effective legal recourse ... you have no time"⁴⁸ to save this particular slave, this laboratory animal. Time to draw your gun:

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF MARK ROWLANDS (2002)

When is violent defense of animals justified?

END: Liberate animals from human oppression.

MEANS:

(a) Individual rescues. "Suppose the slave owner resists your intervention, perhaps attacking you. Then ... you would have every right to meet his violence with violence ... to: first, defend yourself against attack, and, second, to get the job you are trying to do done."

(b) Attempts to change society. "In taking on this sort of situation, you are implicitly consigning yourself to 'the long haul.' This sort of situation does not have the same immediacy or urgency as an act of rescue... [So] you have, I think, abrogated any recourse to violence.

SOURCE: ROWLANDS, PP. 186-87.

So if you are caught removing monkeys from Dr. Smith's primate research center and Dr. Smith tries to stop you, you have the right to assault him and, if that's not sufficient, to shoot him "to get the job you are trying to do done." John Brown wouldn't argue with that;⁴⁹ Cortes would concur on the basis of defense of ground;⁵⁰ Trotsky would be astounded that you didn't just shoot Dr. Smith in cold blood.⁵¹ How far would *you* go? If Rowlands is justified, and you won't go farther than that, still, doesn't his position imply that you can and should bring your gun into a

Chinese restaurant and shoot the cook's helper as she carries the lobster toward the pot? If Rowlands's imminence doesn't require this, why doesn't it?⁵²

What is legitimate defense of nonhuman beings?

"A SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP"

In "an amazing true story of the Animal Liberation Front," a policewoman named Valerie comes to realize that animals "weren't 'cute.' They were thinking, independent beings whose very existence was threatened by human domination and human encroachment." And she is ashamed of the way she used to treat her family dog: "Had Holly ever been 'allowed' to be herself or had it always been 'here, Holly,' 'down, Holly,' 'come, Holly,' 'Holly, sit?'"⁵³ As I read this, I wonder what would constitute allowing Holly's being "allowed" to be herself. (In Valerie's biography,⁵⁴ which was written by the cofounder of the highly visible, militant-but-legal organization People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, the word "allowed" always gets placed in quotation marks when applied to an animal.) Should Holly have been spared the brainwashing of getting *housebroken*? (Doubtless that last term resonates ominously in an animal rights activist's ears.) Should she have been permitted to jump on a little child or upset the food on the dinner table? To me Valerie's shame seems absurd, because I don't see that she was ever unkind to Holly, and, more broadly, it seems helpful rather than hurtful to a pet to socialize it, as one would a child, into some recognition of the needs and expectations of the rest of the world. Valerie's shame is not *reasonable*. On the other hand, Mary Midgley points out the obvious fact that "morality does actually need remote and general standards, and must sometimes demand actions which no reasonable person at the time would consider."⁵⁵ Morality alters. So be it. Perhaps there should be no pets.

I remain uncomfortably aware that this chapter of my book, no matter how much I labor on it, will soon seem, if it isn't already, ridiculous, superficial, *dated*. Defense of animals, like defense of earth, remains undefined now but must become increasingly important in the next hundred years (absent the distraction of a human catastrophe), because as human population pressure continues to increase, the planetary system of which we now make up such a distortingly dominant part will become increasingly imperiled, and the hypothetical possibility that every person in it could ever eat meat every day and wear animal-skin clothing will become remoter, with obvious effects on our ethos. When there's not enough protein to go around, and given that cattle-farming wastes protein, as it so obviously does, eating beef will be anti-consensualized into bad behavior. When the Arctic is more thoroughly polluted, and the Inuit stay ever more frequently at home, seal-hunting will likewise become, I suppose, first an oddity, then an aberration, and finally, should seals start really dying off from oil spills or whatever, an obscenity. Frankly it is hard for me

to see how something like this *won't* happen.

Meanwhile I will do my best to write about this issue as it honestly strikes me here and now.

I still think that Valerie's shame about telling Holly to sit is absurd. I find her impractical, sentimental, disingenuous. And as I read onward in her biography, I find myself expecting to grind my teeth. What is legitimate defense of Holly? If she does what she pleases and bites someone for a reason not necessarily understood by humans, and if this someone defends himself against her violently, would Valerie violently attack him?

I am prejudiced; I am unfair to Valerie; no doubt she would find me, as she does a certain bird-hunter, disgusting; but if I am asked to alter my behavior, I prefer to do so according to an unwhimsical calculus.

On the other hand, the following polemic rings equally false to me: "Animals and people always have had a special relationship... We have needed and used [animals] for food, clothing, and transportation. Through long and close association, people developed a high level of respect for animal life and a concern for animal welfare."⁵⁶ The connection between using animals for food and highly respecting their lives is, to say the least, not self-evident.⁵⁷ Ethos ought to be honest about what it is (we'll ignore the likelihood that every ethos lies for its convenience).

"FINDINGS IN DOGS CANNOT BE EXTRAPOLATED TO HUMANS"

Valerie meets the executive director of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, who "had worked for a summer in a chicken slaughterhouse. He said that listening to the screams of the birds as they headed to the knife had saddened and revolted him."⁵⁸ I myself used to slaughter chickens. They never screamed, at least not in my opinion. They did cluck more loudly and rapidly than usual when I picked them up one by one and carried them out of the shed to cut their heads off. The noise they made—let's call it "excited"—sounded the same *to me* as the noise they made whenever I poured out the cans of mash for them to eat. So this clucking, was it in fact the same as their food-is-here sound or was it a scream? Possibly the executive director was more sensitive than I. Possibly he was right and I was wrong. But it is not a self-evident thing that chickens scream.

"Scream" is a word also applied also to dogs in Newkirk's book. Dogs definitely don't scream. They howl and they yelp. Must we characterize rescued animals to the point of personifying them? Empathy is a good thing because it leads us toward truth, so I appreciate the motives of animal liberationists in humanizing the experiences of that animals. How can I deny that dogs suffer when they are injured? They're certainly capable of uttering the equivalent of a scream. But do chickens

scream? Do they suffer as I would suffer when their heads are chopped off? Do they suffer at all? "It's just reflex," they told me at the ranch when I saw my first chicken run around with its head cut off. Was it? How could they or I know? What was it feeling? Did it suffer more or less than I because it could run around after decapitation, whereas I couldn't?

But when I was a child I was certain that that lobster screamed. Were my perceptions more ignorant then, or, as Lizzy insisted, more true?

Probably the chicken suffers; certainly it's feeling nothing good. But I don't believe that it "screams." Nor do I think of any of the chickens I've met as "thinking, independent beings," a phrase which Valerie has applied not merely to dogs but to all animals, including, I presume, polychaete flatworms. (Of course chickens have been bred, domesticated and confined for so many generations; wild chickens must be smarter and more independent than the kind I used to kill; they would have to be, to survive.) But I frankly think that the ability of an animal to think, or lack of it, should be immaterial to that animal's right to defense. And this is a point which Valerie's Animal Liberation Front instructors also raise. Her biographer invites us to remember "how dependent" the animals "are on us to help stop their misery and pain. How they can never fight for their own freedom."⁵⁹ Monkeys whose testicles get clamped to pulp, rats infected with cancer, surgically crippled cats, chloroformed minks, baited badgers, hogs placed near explosive blasts for the sake of government research, fish-farmed rainbow trout, and hunted seals, of course—it is to them and other animal victims that Valerie will now dedicate her life. "Was it fair to compare the battle for liberty she was about to engage in with the battle against Nazi oppression? In some ways, she thought, it was."⁶⁰

In which ways is it and in which ways isn't it? Chickens don't scream; they really don't. They are not people. They are not Jews. The people who kill chickens are not Nazis. (Himmler, it is true, started out as a chicken farmer.) But if the ALF wants to assert that chickens are to chicken farmers as Jews are to Nazis, then all four terms in their equation had better be quantified.

First (since we have already begun considering this), where does the analogy between chickens and people hold, and where does it break down? I find myself commending Valerie for illegally liberating a fellow creature from the Navy Diving Dog Experiments, in which canines are subjected to artificial compression and decompression experiments. A disclaimer in the military documents runs: "Be advised, findings in dogs cannot be extrapolated to humans."⁶¹ If that's the case, then it would seem that the suffering inflicted on the dogs is *pointless*, hence evil pure and simple. But what if they *could* be extrapolated? Would the experiments be justified then?

Chickens don't scream. Saying that they do misconstrues their animal identity, in my opinion. If they did scream, if animals were more like people, then what? If dogs were more like people, then findings in dogs could be extrapolated to humans.

The ALF wants to have it both ways. Animals are enough like us to suffer like us, but they are not enough like us for experiments on them to tell us anything useful about ourselves.

But, no; I'm guilty of false logic; we can imagine a Nazi doctor saying: "Jews are not enough like us to suffer like us" (let's read, as an animal rights activist would, "for their suffering to matter to us")—"but they are enough like us for experiments on them to be useful."

All right; the ALF isn't trying to have it both ways. Can findings in dogs be extrapolated to humans?

A journalist asks Valerie's biographer, Ingrid Newkirk, whether she would reject a surgical procedure based on animal research, if it could be proven that that procedure was "indispensable ... to save your life." Newkirk replies: "You have no right. The thing is that the question is not real.

The situation does not exist. We shouldn't have the choice."

"In other words, the answer is no," says the interviewer.

"If you want a yes-no interview, you'll have to go somewhere else, won't you?"⁶²

Newkirk is the cofounder of the immensely powerful People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. This makes her answer particularly disturbing. *Defense of animals, even from imminent harm, cannot be justified in the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to weigh benefits to animals against benefit to humans.*⁶³ Without such a calculus, it remains impossible for us to evaluate the defender's means and ends.

Let me be more specific. It is acceptable to argue that findings in dogs can never be extrapolated to humans, in which case the animal-defender can in good conscience remove all experimental animals from laboratories—at least until others can marshal facts against that argument. It is also acceptable to argue that even if findings in dogs could be extrapolated to humans, it is still unjustified to experiment on dogs. To draw a parallel which would be dear to Valerie's heart, some of the Nazis' freezing experiments conducted on Russian prisoners of war resulted in the design of a fighter pilot's helmet which comes farther down the neck, so that should he have to bail out into cold water, he may survive longer. It is possible—I never researched this—that some fighter pilots of the past six decades owe their lives to this discovery. If so, would it have been worth it? I would say not, and so would most people. But what if the Russians had been or were now replaced by rabbits? "We shouldn't have the choice," Newkirk says, so it seems as if that is in fact what she is arguing. However, her previous assertion was: "The situation does not exist," which I take to mean "findings in dogs can never be extrapolated to humans." So I think her inconsistent and dishonest, with herself if not with us. She offers no



Anti-fur PETA demonstration (2000)

scheme to determine when human benefits may be sacrificed for animal benefits and vice versa. As such, she can invoke defense of animals whenever she likes, without limitation or accountability. An equivalent situation would be a householder claiming justified homicide because he's just shot a stranger in his house. Under what circumstances? Was the stranger an armed robber, a cat burglar, a lost child, a door-to-door salesman? The householder disdains to answer.

Can findings in dogs be extrapolated to humans?

Animal rights advocates, I implore you to answer this question honestly. Otherwise, animal experimenters have every right to lay the following charges against you: You're "single-issue activists," dupes who "have become involved in a particular issue because of propaganda which has influenced them negatively in an area in which they were sensitive and uninformed." As an instance, pet owners are led to oppose animal experimentation by being taught to imagine their own pets being vivisected. "The argument that the research is also unnecessary is then easier to accept."⁶⁴

Can findings in dogs be extrapolated to humans?

THE INDUCTIONS OF JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU (1755)

What distinguishes us from animals?

"I see nothing in any animal but an ingenious machine, to which nature hath given senses to wind up, and guard itself, to a certain degree... I perceive exactly the same things in the human machine, with this difference, that in the operations of the brute, nature is the sole agent, whereas man has some share in his own operations... The brute cannot deviate from the rule prescribed to it, even when it would be advantageous for it to do so; and, on the contrary, man frequently deviates from such rules to his own prejudice..."

"There is another specific quality which distinguishes [us from the animals,] the faculty of self-improvement..."

SOURCE: ROUSSEAU,⁶⁵ PP. 337-38.

"Be advised, findings in dogs cannot be extrapolated to humans." But what does this signify? In a *Scientific American* article entitled "Animal Research Is Vital to Medicine," two researchers assert: "Animal models of disease are unjustly criticized by assertions that they are not identical to the conditions studied in humans. But *they are not designed to be so*; instead such models provide a means to study a particular procedure."⁶⁶ What does this signify? I assume that from the models one can in fact extrapolate to humans. In any event, if animal models are only "a means," couldn't they perhaps be replaced by some other means?

How important to you is saving the life of a fighter pilot? If you are a pacifist,

it may be less important to you than to my retired Air Force neighbor, and less important to him than to the experimenter whose funding advances a career and pays a mortgage.

Midgley very plausibly points out that it is in the self-interest of scientists to overstate the importance of their own research and that "to cut any ice, the pleas" to vivisect "need to be supported by good explanations of how this crucial topic has to be explored *by these particular methods*. This involves showing a field of inquiry so structured as to have reached a bottle-neck."⁶⁷ I agree, but only to an extent. The word *bottle-neck* implies an emergency or near emergency. And what is an emergency?

A military scientist operates within the following logic: There have always been wars, there always will be wars, and so sooner or later we will fight another war. When it happens, we will employ fighter pilots. If this war takes place against, say, Russia, these pilots will be flying over the Arctic Ocean. Probably some of them will be shot down. Currently our average estimated rescue time to a downed pilot in Sector X of the Arctic ocean is y minutes. The current average survival time of a pilot in water of that approximate temperature at this approximate date is z minutes, which is less than y . So we need increase the variable z . We can't really test the survival time of our own pilots in ice-water, which would obviously yield the most accurate result, so what other organisms can we find?

Is the plausible conviction of an inevitable future cause of death equivalent to an emergency? Is it a "crucial topic" which "has to be explored *by these particular methods*?" What precisely are these methods?

The test persons were immersed in water in full flying uniform ... with hood... The experiments were conducted at water temperatures between 36.5 and 53.5 degrees Fahrenheit... Fatalities occurred only when the medulla and the cerebrum were chilled... Autopsy findings plainly prove the importance of a heated head and neck protector for the foam suit now in the process of development.⁶⁸

Thus the Nazi doctors' procedure. Four hundred freezing protocols took place on three hundred prisoners, of whom eighty or ninety died during the experiments themselves; almost all of the survivors were executed afterward.⁶⁹

Or they could have used dogs or apes or rabbits. Or they could have foregone the experiment. How "crucial" was it?

As with defense of earth, we find ourselves lost in a wilderness of expert claims. I think of the man from the National Institutes of Health who told me about a procedure of his which involved cutting the throats of large numbers of rabbits. I felt a little sickened and asked him why the rabbits had to be killed, and in this cruel way. His answer was technical, but in essence, it was that he needed to make a certain serum, that for the sake of scientific certainty the serum could not be tainted in any way (I'd suggested that at least the rabbits could be anesthetized), and that

his results had direct and important bearing on the amelioration of a certain kind of pediatric cancer. It is possible that there was a better, or at least no less effective, way to arrive at this result than by bleeding these rabbits to death, and that this scientist and I didn't know about it. Perhaps what he should have done was to spend a certain number of years trying to determine whether it was really true that there was a "bottle-neck" and that "this crucial topic has to be explored *by these particular methods.*" On the other hand, assuming, which for the sake of this thought-experiment you and I ought to do, that this experiment really was relevant to its expressed goal, then during that time of delay a certain number of children might have unnecessarily died. I would choose the children over the rabbits. And if you wouldn't, are you prepared to put your money where your mouth is and avoid benefiting from the rabbits' deaths if your child gets cancer?⁷⁰ Please don't tell me, as Ingrid Newkirk will, that "the thing is that your question is not real."

One of Valerie's ALF colleagues is bitter because her cancer-ridden mother died without being admitted to a certain experimental protocol administered by the National Institutes of Health. "Kay knew that NIH had spent millions giving rats cancer, and she had wanted some of that money for her mother."⁷¹ Kay, it seems, would in fact be willing to let her mother accept the benefit of a cancer drug which had proven itself in fatal experiments conducted on rats. Here is the ALF position on this matter, and it may well be Ingrid Newkirk's since she is writing the book: "Penny, you shouldn't guilt-trip over things you can't control... In Virginia, the roads were built by slaves and we can't undo that. If we lived back then, we'd have been working to abolish human slavery, but we would have had to use those roads to get places."⁷² That's convenient, but what about the roads unbuilt? What about the cancer experiments which haven't yet been carried out? What about what we still don't know about fighter-pilot helmet design?

Catgut sutures, which saved many, many human lives, the rabies vaccine, the discovery of the cause of diabetes, basic knowledge about adrenaline and the immune system, the practice of open-heart surgery, these could not have come about without experimentation on living organisms.⁷³ A slave or a freeborn laborer could have dug a roadbed in Virginia, but it is hard to imagine how else these medical advances could have been made, other than by vivisectioning humans as the Nazis did. A truly consistent ethical system might be willing to value a human as equal to a rabbit in this regard. Would you?

Experiments on cats have benefited dogs.⁷⁴ More than seventy percent of all Nobel Prizes in medicine or physiology have been for animal research.⁷⁵ A meningitis B vaccine tested on rabbits in 1993 reduced the incidence of the disease in humans in Britain and the U.S. by seventy percent.⁷⁶ Could any of these accomplishments have occurred without animal testing? I don't know, and, very likely, neither do you. "This crucial topic has to be explored *by these particular methods.*" Here, as in defense of earth, we need scientific standards of proof.⁷⁷ It is incumbent

on someone who does harm to another organism to explain why he feels it necessary to do so. It is also incumbent on the animal's defender to defeat that argument if he can. ("The situation does not exist. We shouldn't have the choice.")

It cannot be the place of this already long book to come to scientific conclusions about anything. However, I would be willing to assert the following for our moral calculus: *Experimentation which inflicts violence upon animals is not justified if it can be shown not to possess the possibility of benefiting humans significantly and directly, or if its goal need not be achieved by the particular violent method in question.*⁷⁸

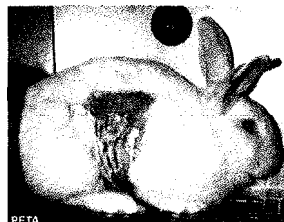
As you see, I cannot swallow Midgley's formulation without dilution. Here is one reason why, courtesy of Jack H. Bottling and Adrian R. Morrison: Sulfonamide drugs proved their antibiotic properties in infected mice but did nothing in the course of in vitro bacterial tests because the compound which actually killed bacteria only got synthesized from substances within the mice's bodies. In other words, without animal testing, the extremely useful properties of a seemingly unremarkable substance might never have been discovered. Indeed, because penicillin was not originally tested on mice, no one understood what it could do for eleven years.⁷⁹ Doubtless during that period many people died of infections as a direct result.

Of course the other side disagrees. In an *Animals' Agenda* article, Peggy Carlson tells her own story about penicillin. Not mentioning mice at all, she informs us that it "kills guinea pigs and hamsters, but is very beneficial for humans," so animal testing (at least on guinea pigs and hamsters) would never have told us anything—the exact same argument which Bottling and Morrison just made about in vitro bacterial tests.

Carlson credits hygiene and diet changes rather than animal research for the increasing longevity in developed countries. Cancer experiments in animals have produced almost nothing which helps humans. (This I don't possess the scientific knowledge to evaluate.) Instead of experiments, she says, we should be funding *prevention*—prevention of obesity, of high cholesterol, of AIDS.⁸⁰ Here she has a point. All the same, why didn't she mention the mice, and why doesn't she care about open heart surgery, AIDS drugs, and other medical measures undertaken when prevention is inadequate? Relative dismissal has proved its convenience yet again: About such measures *she doesn't care*.

A PETA spokesman helpfully explains that "no AIDS breakthroughs have come out of animal research" and that "people bring disease on themselves."⁸¹ I'm sure that children who get AIDS from blood transfusions would be immensely comforted to know that.

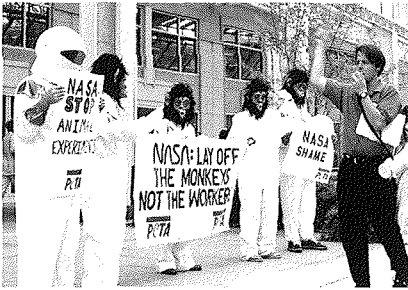
"This crucial topic has to be explored *by these particular methods*." I respect Midgley for at least admitting the possibility that acts of violence upon animals



Subject of animal testing

might be justified. Don't count on that from Valerie.

What is a crucial topic? The Silver Spring, Maryland case involved monkeys whose nerves were severed to see whether they might regenerate—something which would obviously be very useful to learn for the sake of human beings. The monkeys were filthy and miserable, and many of them gnawed off their deafferented fingers. The researcher was convicted of one count of cruelty, but the conviction got overturned on a technicality. The researcher has been described as “a respected physiologist, whose work was scientifically valid according to all the standard criteria.”⁸² It was his work which made an activist out of Valerie. “If you ask me,” says her friend Mikaya, “it's voodoo medicine, not science.” If it were science, would Mikaya be satisfied? Valerie herself concludes: “Those monkeys had harmed no one; they had once had a life, and now they were reduced to confused, debilitated wrecks.”⁸³



PETA protest against NASA monkey experimentation (1996)

I've just said that experimentation which inflicts violence upon animals is not justified if it can be shown not to possess the possibility of benefiting humans significantly and directly, or if its goal need not be achieved by the particular violent method in question. Mikaya and Valerie, since they become implicated in ending the research, bear responsibility for showing one or both of those things, just as Dr. Taub bears responsibility for showing that the experimentation on

monkeys is in fact useful and necessary. I'm willing to suppose that his studies are in fact “scientifically valid,” simply because nobody has ever told me that Mikaya did the homework of considering the condition of deafferentation in humans and its possible cures.

Nonetheless, “the monkeys sat amidst this rotting stench in metal boxes just over seventeen inches wide.” Why did they have to be confined so tightly? That had nothing to do with the stated goal of the experiment. The whistle-blower's logbook continues: “They had no food dishes. They picked at the pieces of broken biscuits that had fallen through the jagged cage wire into the soggy accumulations in the waste trays below.” What was Dr. Taub doing with his grant money? How much would it have cost him to ameliorate the situation of his animals? “No one ever changed the monkeys' bandages, no matter how dirty and rotten they became before they finally fell off.”⁸⁴

“Be advised, findings in dogs cannot be extrapolated to humans.” Whether or not they can, I'm willing to believe that some experiments on animals are useful and others aren't, and that some experiments are no crueller than they need to be while others do in fact call into memory the Nazi doctors' callous disinterest in the very existence of their subjects.

Ed Koch, then a congressman and later the mayor of New York, toured a cat experimentation facility at the American Museum of Natural History and said: "While I am not prepared at this moment to label this kind of experimentation as Nazi-like, it does recall the barbarities of the Nazis."⁸⁵ Conditions at the lab had been uncovered by animal rights activists. After eighteen months of public protests, the cat protocols stopped, about which I'm not sorry. The means of the activists had proved highly effective: shame and exposure.

It seems reasonable to believe that human beings often get away with whatever they can in the absence of oversight. An activist informs me about General Motors's alleged⁸⁶ use of animals in vehicle crash tests (other automobile manufacturers now use dummies with sensors). The story goes that General Motors will end the animal protocols eventually, thanks to pressure from the animal liberationists, whom I applaud in this instance. Why were animals sacrificed so long? Inertia is what I'd postulate in this case and so many others.

Consider the Draize Test, which mandates dropping cosmetics into rabbits' eyes, then assessing the damage. In 1980, four years after the formation of the Animal Liberation Front, the Coalition to Abolish the Draize Test successfully intimidates Revlon into funding research which might make the Draize Test obsolete. Among the various objections to the status quo: "A rabbit's eye has a thinner cornea and is more sensitive than a human eye. Consequently, results ... cannot be legitimately extrapolated to humans."⁸⁷ In other words, "findings in dogs cannot be extrapolated to humans." I am unconvinced that they can't; I see here the same old stubborn denial of the real dilemma, the tradeoff between human and animal needs, but no matter; there seem to be "many accurate alternatives,"⁸⁸ such as *in vitro* tests. Why not use them? Very soon the number of animals sacrificed for eye testing drops drastically.⁸⁹ I applaud that, too.

Inertia is foe enough. How much truly *cynical* "research" must there be whose real experimental goal is to determine how long the udders of scientific study grants can be milked? And how many creatures suffer filthy conditions simply because some experimenter was miserly, ignorant or lazy?

Between 1956 and 1979, the number of animals experimented on in Japan increases from 1.6 million to 13.2 million. In a slightly shorter period of time, the U.S. figures go up from 18 million to 51 million.⁹⁰ In how many of these experiments will the findings prove entirely unsusceptible to human extrapolation? How many are cruel without cause? Ask the experts. Alas, experts tend to protect their colleagues.⁹¹

And so it's come time for the Animal Liberation Front, with their mining helmets and hands-free walkie-talkies, their reversible clothing painted black on one side for night "parties" of vandalism, documentation and animal rescue. "There is no structure to ALF," that activist code-named "Virginia" explains to me.⁹² "Membership is by adhering to the credo... It's actions, not words, that determine membership in the ALF." Her own heroes and heroines are "anyone who has ever

applied pure logic to a situation without the baggage of society's influences."⁹³ Pure logic will comprise her authority, and that of others. So they rise up. They rescue creatures whenever they can and send them down the "underground railway" to live out better lives under the guardianship of anonymous supporters and fellow travelers. They confiscate documents and videotapes to build legal cases against the labs whenever they can. And, following still another of the ALF guidelines, they destroy expensive hardware, such as computers, to drive the cost of animal experimentation right up to impracticability. That is not all. "One of the objectives of these actions is to intimidate researchers and research institutions." (It is a researcher who writes those words.) "The break-ins are correctly termed terrorism, and those who commit the break-ins are terrorists."⁹⁴ As for Valerie, here is how she sees the situation: "If she heard on the news that nuclear war had been declared, she might have actually cheered for the end of a world that puts no brakes on cruelty."⁹⁵

RESULTS AND EMPATHY

Were I more thorough, I'd describe the violence of fox-hunting and goose-liver pâté. As you might expect, Valerie has rather definite opinions about both of those. I'd definitely talk about the factory farm industry, which several vegans of my acquaintance have compared to Auschwitz.⁹⁶ (I find that offensive. Why do I? Anthropocentrism, I suppose. However much animals may suffer, I personally put the suffering of my own species first. An animal rights activist might well reply that I show the same parochialism as a white plantation owner who doesn't want his relatives compared to black slaves.)

I've already expressed a few thoughts about fur; by now the ALF is vandalizing furriers' stores. Between 1996 and 2002, the FBI logs \$43 million in property damage caused by the Animal Liberation Front and the Earth Liberation Front, whose aims are plausibly said to be overlapping.⁹⁷ This statistic comes to you courtesy of Americans for Medical Progress, which has disrupted PETA events and is funded by U.S. Staple, a well-heeled consumer of laboratory dogs.⁹⁸

Valerie's "parties" are often *effective*. Consider the case of University of Pennsylvania's baboon facility, whose research involved whacking and smashing the heads of those primates. "Sonia was systematically destroying everything in sight that contributed to the monkeys' torture, from test tubes to video equipment."⁹⁹ I am on Sonia's side here. I admire her compassion, her bravery, her freedom of conscience. As for Valerie, she steals the videotapes. "On the screen, two vivisectors were performing electro-cautery, an extremely painful procedure for an unanesthetized animal. The baboon kept lifting his head, yet the men continued to cut."¹⁰⁰ The tapes are so horrific and disgusting that when PETA makes them public, the NIH stops funding the baboon experiments.

ALF documentation and vandalism shuts down various experiments at the University of Arizona at Tucson. It is thanks to an ALF "party" that the City of Hope National Medical Center gets fined for violations of the Animal Welfare Act ("dog # 56 suffocated in his own fecal matter...").¹⁰¹ The ALF did a good thing; how can I not justify making National Medical accountable for its unjustified, *useless* violence?

In 1992 the Earth Liberation Front is founded in England. According to its website, the organization has been "modeled after the Animal Liberation Front."¹⁰²

"One must scrupulously avoid the temptation of a desire for results," we've heard Gandhi say,¹⁰³ but Valerie and her comrades legal and illegal have achieved results which even I must say are sometimes justified.

What is Valerie? How should we judge her? When I first began reading her story, I felt haunted by remembrance of that Stalinist novel we've already discussed in the chapter on defense of class¹⁰⁴—namely, Ostrovsky's *How the Steel Was Tempered*. Each protagonist's earnest, puritanical, humorless obsession with the struggle strikes me as tiresome and also as sinister. People who devote themselves to a grand cause claim to respect the other, especially the oppressed other. But if they are singleminded enough, or, in Ostrovsky's favorite word, sufficiently "merciless," then their respect, if they ever had any, for the otherness of their *antagonists* withers away. My main complaint against Trotsky, as you may remember, is that he denounced "empathetic bridges."¹⁰⁵ And the more I think about violence, the more essential I think it that the violent moral actor is as empathetic as possible *to everyone*, including his enemies and victims. Hence I am reassured by this plank in the Animal Liberation Front's platform: "It is a nonviolent campaign, activists taking all precautions not to harm any animal (human or otherwise)."¹⁰⁶

Indeed, the character of Valerie proves to be more nuanced, complex and sympathetic than that Ostrovsky's hero. My favorite words in her character sketch: "She had no problems with breaking locks, smashing equipment used to pummel baboons' heads, trashing labs where animals had suffered and had been killed. All she knew was that she could not, would not, be part of a bombing."¹⁰⁷

Midgley reminds us that "the spectrum of animal use stretches right from the Eskimo defending himself," against polar bears, for instance, and possibly, although she'd never say this, against hunger by hunting seals, "through pest control," which she's not entirely against, then "medical research, roast lamb, fox-hunting, pâté de fois gras, the use of sperm whale oil when satisfactory substitutes are already available ... to further reaches too offensive to mention."¹⁰⁸ And the miserable complexity of the problem, *the necessity to subcategorize to an immense degree*,¹⁰⁹ is one reason why this chapter of *Rising Up and Rising Down* is perhaps the most inadequate of them all. You've probably understood long ago that I find Valerie's calculus inadequate, too. For her, the only kind of story fur can tell is this: *Factory farmed foxes in close confinement get anally electrocuted so that rich ladies can wear their skins*. You know what Inuit seal-hunters would think about this characterization of what they do. About

hunting Valerie has her predictable views; she considers only the standpoint of game animals, for instance birds, for whom hunting causes "not only pain and death for those blown out of the sky by hunters, but also grief and loneliness for their partners who survive."¹¹⁰ Once again, she fails to present an explicit calculus which allows the defender to weigh benefits to animals against benefit to humans. If she did, it might look something like this. (*See below.*)

The animal rights theorist Peter Singer has proposed that we determine our obligations to respect the welfare of animals based on their capacity to suffer—in other words, based on the complexity of their nervous systems. Thus certain activities which might be considered cruel if carried out on a primate—close confinement, for example—might not be if practiced on an insect. If they suffer as much as we do, then the Golden Rule would require that we treat them as we treat ourselves. I find this approach both logical and pragmatic. And so I propose this addition to the moral calculus, not just for animals and their identity, but human beings as well, each of whom deserves to be treated by us according to the Golden Rule whenever his rights don't conflict with the rights of others: *We bear an obligation to study and intuit the identity of the other, his rights and needs, his appropriate mode of self-expression, his ethos.* Otherwise, we can't know how he wishes us to treat him. To me this is the most important lesson of animal rights.

Well, then, how much does a Canada goose suffer when its mate is shot? Is it capable of grief, loneliness and fear? How would we measure its capacity for these emotions? In other words, what defines its animal identity? (And how would we determine this without inflicting what animals rights advocates would call torture?) Assuming that we could answer such questions in an intuitive but mutually agreed on way¹¹¹ similar to our ability to assess the gratitude and happiness of an old Inuk woman who now has something to eat because a hunter gave her an extra goose, totaling up the twin columns of bird-hunting might become a more practical exercise.

When I asked the ALF activist "Virginia" whether she would feel equally called upon to defend each and every species, she replied:

"No. The criteria [sic] is the ability to feel pain, mental or physical. We rely on

BIRD-HUNTING: A UTILITARIAN BALANCE SHEET

BIRDS (SUFFERING)

1. Pain and death
2. Grief for survivors [postulated]
3. Loneliness for survivors [postulated]
4. Fear for survivors [postulated]

HUNTERS (BENEFITS)

1. Nutrition for hunters and families
2. Good cheer and fellowship when feasting
3. Nutrition for old people, bad hunters, poor, etc., served by surplus meat

science to provide data for this. To start with, sentient beings with a sentient nervous system are deemed more worthy (unless they are in a coma)."

From this premise, "Virginia's" moral calculus follows extremely logically:

WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS JUSTIFIED?

The moral calculus of "Virginia,"
Animal Liberation Front member (2003)

Q. What rights do the following have: (a) a bacterium; (b) a virus (for instance, the smallpox virus); (c) a plant?

A. None.

Q. I knew one vegan who thought that abortion doctors should be killed because abortion is equivalent to the killing of any other animal. Would you agree?

A. I agree that it is equivalent on several levels. But it would be against our credo to physically hurt anyone in either case.

In the remaining cases, let's assume for the sake of simplicity that one has only two choices: lethal force, or inaction, which will result in lethal force being applied to the specified third party.

Q. Would you kill a person to stop him from killing an ant? Or, if one ant is morally equivalent to one human being, would you kill him to stop him from killing two ants?

A. No.

Q. Would you kill a person to stop him from killing an endangered gorilla?

A. No.

Q. Would you kill a person to stop him from killing a child?

A. No.¹¹²

["Virginia" goes on to comment:]

"1. The credo is clear on this. It prohibits hurting other sentient beings. There are no exceptions.

2. 'Endangered' has nothing to do with ability to feel pain. ALF does [not] give the slightest preference to 'endangered species.' I'd protect two common rabbits over one California condor."¹¹³

SOURCE: ELECTRONIC INTERVIEW BY AUTHOR.

Perhaps you would collapse or expand some of the categories in my balance-sheet (for instance, numbers one and three on the hunters' side are more convincingly separated out in hunter-gatherer societies than in Valerie's). But it seems to me that some such exercise in double-entry bookkeeping ought to be made, and its

summations weighed, by everyone involved on one side or the other of the animal rights cause. Unlike 'Virginia,' Valerie has not really begun to do this. But at least she modulates, limits and considers her actions. She will defend animals, but her only violence will be against property. How bad is that? Someone ought to interview those who take part in "the largest area of all animal abuse—the meat industry." Animal rights militants are now smashing the windows of butcher shops, year after year, and meaning to do so forever. (What does Gandhi say about damaging property? "It is pure violence.")¹¹⁴ Somebody ought to talk to the butcher's family. Tell me that at some point these broken windows, with the resulting economic loss, the feeling of being hounded and spied on, do not begin to constitute violence.

Of course if I were a vegan I'd merely point out that in my country alone, in the random year 2000, 36,416,000 cows, 1,172,000 calves, and 98,106,000 hogs were slaughtered.¹¹⁵ Tell me this is not violence. As the ALF website puts it, "animal liberation is the ultimate freedom movement."

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF AN UNNAMED ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVIST (1998)

When should I submit my ends and means to experts?

"Animal liberationists do not need scientists, linguists, sociologists or any other academic [sic] to validate or convince us that animal lives are worth defending. We've seen the expressions in the animals close to us."

SOURCE: EARTH FIRST!, FEBRUARY-MARCH (BRIGID) 1998, P. 18; "THE ECOLOGY OF ANIMAL LIBERATION."

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

In 1984, an ALF crusader in England¹¹⁶ threatens to plant rat poison in Mars chocolate bars unless Mars desists from tooth decay studies on monkeys. This intimidation (or "hoax," or Valerie's biographer more tactfully calls it) achieves its stated result. What a low-cost instance of deterrence! I don't respect Mars for those monkey experiments. Obviously candy bars cause tooth decay. People who eat them should take responsibility for themselves. What do monkeys have to do with any of it? As for the violent moral actors who seem willing to poison people many or most of whom would have been children, I not only don't respect them, I hate them.

Mark Rowlands, the animal rights thinker whose moral calculus I've already quoted in this chapter¹¹⁷ (an attempt to change society "does not have the same

immediacy or urgency as an act of rescue," so "you have ... abrogated any recourse to violence") doesn't see things in quite the same way. "Let's be honest," he chuckles. The poison threat "can hardly be considered to have evoked any genuine feelings of terror in anyone. It is not as if we all wandered around in terror at the prospect of not being able to eat Mars bars for awhile." No, Mr. Rowlands, but perhaps some people worried that their children might die a hideous death. Now for the justification which presumably makes it all worthwhile: "Mars lost an estimated ten million dollars through this hoax."¹¹⁸

I am happy to say that Valerie shares my views. She sees herself as being entirely against violence (again, property damage doesn't count to her, and maybe it shouldn't, I don't know.) The Animal Liberation Front is nonviolent! Comparing itself with the church-run sanctuary movement of the 1980s, whose members spirited the United States's illegal central American refugees away from deportation, thereby saving them from death squads in their homelands, the ALF proclaims the opposite of sanctuary in its spray painted messages on laboratory walls: "Nowhere Is Safe—ALF." But intimidation isn't violence, is it?

The saboteurs or "sabs" who tried to foil fox-hunting in England were pacifists at first, but "sabs were brutally attacked by blood-junkies with monotonous regularity." We know how a Gandhian would have responded to that: He'd have sent out more nonviolent sabs. As for Martin Luther King, he would have called in the television cameras. What about our defenders of animals? "Nowadays sabs readily defend themselves."¹¹⁹ In 1984, the Hunt Retribution Squad begins to "inflict physical harm on blood-junkies to prevent them from murdering wild animals." In 1985, the Animal Rights Militia sends "anti-personnel devices to prominent vivisectors," evidently without much result, or we would have read about it in the newspapers, but the intention comes through loud and clear.¹²⁰

In 1987, a man named Tom Daley, "associated with the ALF," offers this prescription for the way to treat animal experimenters: "In a war you have to take up arms and people will be killed. I will totally defend petrol bombings and shootings." As for a certain scientist, "as soon as he is killed, the better."¹²¹

("Some people are frightened by the ALF," I e-mailed "Virginia." "In your opinion, is this a good thing or a bad thing?" She replied, "Since the only folks who have to fear ALF are those who abuse animals, it's a good thing.")

In 1988, Fran Stephanie Trutt, accompanied and perhaps incited by an agent in her enemy's employ, plants a bomb near the parking space of Leon Hirsch, U.S. Staple's chairman of the board. This company tests and demonstrates its surgical staples on doomed dogs, and has already been the target of many protests. Trutt pleads bargains, so the case never goes to trial.¹²² It is very likely that this foolish and hate-filled woman was used by U.S. Staple to tarnish the image of the animal rights movement. So what? She had a choice; she chose to threaten the life of Leon Hirsch with her bomb. She obtained the bomb.

In 1989 a sleep studies researcher named John Orem gets death threats after the ALF holds a "party" at his lab.¹²³ Well, death threats are just threats, right?

In 1990 two animal researchers get car-bombed in England. A thirteen-month-old child is harmed.¹²⁴ I hope that was justified by benefit to a laboratory creature somewhere.

None of those incidents except for the Mars bar "hoax" are mentioned in Valerie's official biography.

In 1992 the FBI places the ALF on its list of the ten most threatening terrorist organizations in America.

On a February evening in 2001, three masked defenders of animals, "one of whom is believed to be a woman," are waiting outside the home of Mr. Brian Cass, managing director of Huntingdon Life Sciences. "The company's researchers kill nearly every animal they test, in order to study the animals' organs."¹²⁵ Our brave defenders of animals beat Mr. Cass, either with baseball bats or pickaxe handles, depending on which account one reads. (Valerie wouldn't have done that; neither would "Virginia." What *is* the Animal Liberation Front, exactly?) Two bystanders try to come to the assaulted man's defense (they must be Nazis) and get sprayed with tear gas for their pains. Mr. Cass goes to the hospital with cracked ribs and a head wound. Detective Inspector Robbie Robertson states for the record: "Last night's attack was callous and cowardly and we are in no doubt it was connected to Mr. Cass's work at Huntingdon Life Sciences." Meanwhile, Robin Webb of the Animal Liberation Front explains: "Although we do not condone that kind of action, we understand the kind of anger and frustration that moves lots of people to more radical paths when other avenues have failed."¹²⁶ In other words, Robin Webb condones that kind of action. —Oh, Robin Webb's a fine one! Robin Webb's moral summation deserves to be set beside Martin Luther King's: "I'm frank enough to admit that if our nonviolent campaign doesn't generate some progress, people are just going to engage in more violent activity, and the discussion of guerrilla warfare will be more extensive. In any event, we will not have been the ones who will have failed."¹²⁷ In a public-access document which tells the history of the Animal Liberation Front, Robin Webb proclaims that "it's a war... Let's continue the fight for animal liberation, by whatever means necessary."¹²⁸ In our chapter on defense of war aims we saw that a war fought by whatever means necessary, a war without limitations, is not a just war.¹²⁹ Well, I'm sure he's just being rhetorical.

A year after the beating of Cass, high-level employees of Huntingdon's insurer, Marsh and McLennan, begin to receive excrement and blood in the mail. Others get threatening phone calls, and megaphoned denunciations from outside their homes. Their names and addresses have been listed in the *Animal Abuser Index*, with the helpful hint: "You now know who they are and where they are, so NOW GO GET 'EM."¹³⁰ Of course we don't condone that kind of action, do we?

By now Barclays Bank has ended its financial dealings with Huntingdon

because there's no other way to "guarantee the safety of our people."¹³¹ WestLB Panmure, Huntingdon's stockbroker, issues the following explanation for ending that piece of business: "It got to the stage where the safety of our employees was at stake."¹³² Eleven cars firebombed (one of them belonging not to the finance director but to the finance director's wife), something caustic thrown in a lab technician's eyes—well, I can see the stockbroker's cowardly point. What would Mr. Rowlands say about these excitements? It is not as if we all wandered around in terror at the prospect of something-or-other, but maybe the people to whom those cars belonged felt a trifle anxious. What would "Virginia" say? I hope she wouldn't refer to them as "education." Defenders of animals stand outside Huntingdon wearing skull-masks, warning the employees: "We know where your children go to school."¹³³ To me this is absolutely vile. "Let's continue the fight for animal liberation, by whatever means necessary." (Trigger: "The Christians also began to organize public processions... They did this especially when they believed it was likely to annoy non-Christians...") By now, animal liberation has reached Huntingdon's lab in New Jersey. After fourteen beagles are spirited out, someone throws rocks through the window of a lab tech's house and flips his car over.¹³⁴ Let's call that a "hoax."

"If the ALF ever came to power," I asked "Virginia," "what laws would you enact?"

"That would take a lot of study to determine causes and effects," she wrote me back. "Any change would have to take place over a decade or so. We'd want more culpability with regard to animal testing and animal treatment in research. We'd want factory farms to provide more human[e?] treatment of animals. These are personal opinions."

They may not be the personal opinions of Huntingdon's employees, of scientists generally, of American omnivores and Inuit hunters.

This war has just begun, although its commandos pretend that it goes back to Saint Francis. The issues do; the war does not. And it is going to go on and on and on.

ADDENDUM ON MY FAILURE TO ESTABLISH A BETTER CALCULUS FOR DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

I cannot answer the question when violence in defense of animals is justified, because I cannot even define when violence *to* animals is justified.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When demanded by imminent defense of earth. Scientific imminence applies.
2. To save a species against extinction.
3. To save an organism from the unjustifiable violence of another organism (most probably a human being). In other words, this would be imminent defense of others.
4. To protect the identity of an animal against imminent and unjustifiable harm.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. In the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to weigh benefits to animals against benefit to humans. This calculus should include:
 - A detailed categorization of the spectrum of animal use, from food to research to entertainment to maintenance of ethos.
 - Descriptions of the human and animal identities involved, with estimates as to the likely suffering or positive effects to all parties for each moral choice being considered.
 - Definitions of all undefined or badly defined terms:
 - Animal identity
 - Human ethos and identity
 - Imminent and unjustifiable harm to an animal

My failure here torments me. The best consolation I have, the prospect that some sort of consensuality might be at least conceptually possible, comes from "Virginia" herself.

"Can a person who eats meat be a good person?" I asked her.

"Yes," she replied. "A person should be measured by the good they do for others.¹³⁵ Not by what they don't do. A person may be good and yet walk past a homeless person without trying to help. You just can't help every being. But the more beings you help, the better."

I am grateful to her for this loving last word.

12.

CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF ANIMALS II: WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS JUSTIFIED?

A. U.S. Department of Agriculture pamphlet (1952)

"The term 'reject' is usually applied to an individual live bird which is attacked by, or shows evidence of, any disease or condition which may render the birds unfit for human food."¹³⁶

B. Franz Welzl (1930)

"We knocked down walruses, placed nets for millions of salmon, and with the aid of the tremendous tides drew captured whales from the narrow channels on to the ice."¹³⁷

C. Galen (*ca.* 170 A.D.)

"And you may observe this yourself in an animal, if you will try to hit upon the time at which the descent of food from the stomach takes place. But even if you should fail to discover the time, ... you would find dissection not without its uses... Now I have personally, on countless occasions, divided the peritoneum of a still living animal and have always found all the intestines contracting peristaltically upon their contents."¹³⁸

D. American Association for Laboratory Animal Science (1998)

"Some people argue that animal research should be stopped because of the pain inflicted on the animals... This argument ... ignores the fact that both humans and animals suffer from diseases that cause years or even a lifetime of pain."¹³⁹

E. Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowling (1957)

"I firmly believe that painful experiments on animals are morally wrong, and that it is basically immoral to do evil in order that good may come—even if it were proved that mankind benefits from the suffering inflicted on animals."¹⁴⁰

F. Peter Singer, animal rights philosopher (1976)

"No matter what the nature of the being, the principle of equality requires that its suffering be counted equally with the

like suffering—in so far as rough comparisons can be made—of any other being.”¹⁴¹

G. Mary Midgley, animal rights philosopher (1983)

“The duty which we can owe to a particular being capable of suffering and enjoyment must centre on those capacities. It therefore takes a different form from the duty we may have to a redwood... Our duties to swarms of very small and distant animals, or to whole species, seem to be partly of the ecological sort, resembling in many ways our duty to plants, but they can also have a social element of response to consciousness.”¹⁴²
[In other words, not all species need be treated the same since not all can suffer the same. Compare with J, below.]

H. “Mikaya,” humane society officer

“Abused animals are like abused kids, they have no rights. If no one ever cared enough to break the law, my people would still be on sugar plantations, my mama would have been sold like a bag of flour. This is a matter for a person’s conscience, not for some law.”¹⁴³

I. Ingrid Newkirk, director of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals

“Whenever I hear of anyone walking into a lab and walking out with animals, my heart sings.”¹⁴⁴

J. ALF mission statement (ca. 1976)

“The ALF’s short-term aim is to save as many animals as possible and directly disrupt the practice of animal abuse. The long-term aim is to end all animal suffering by forcing animal abuse companies out of business. It is a nonviolent campaign, activists taking all precautions not to harm any animal (human or otherwise).”¹⁴⁵

K. ALF cell member, explaining how and why to sabotage items in grocery and hardware stores (2002)

“Be creative! Get stores in your town to stop selling glue traps, ant traps, wasp-killer, roach-motels, bee traps, mole traps, etc.... Creativity and persistence are the key.”¹⁴⁶

L. Robin Webb, ALF press officer (1998)

“Anger was boiling over at the all-too-slow rate of progress toward animal liberation. The third ALF policy [*item J, above*] was becoming strained.”¹⁴⁷

M. The Justice Department, U.K. (1993)

“We won’t be asking anyone to stop messing with animals and will make no excuses for our violent intervention—they’ve had it too good for too long!!”¹⁴⁸

N. “Sonia,” ALF commando

“We should offer a reward for the skin of a vivisector and see if there are any takers!”¹⁴⁹

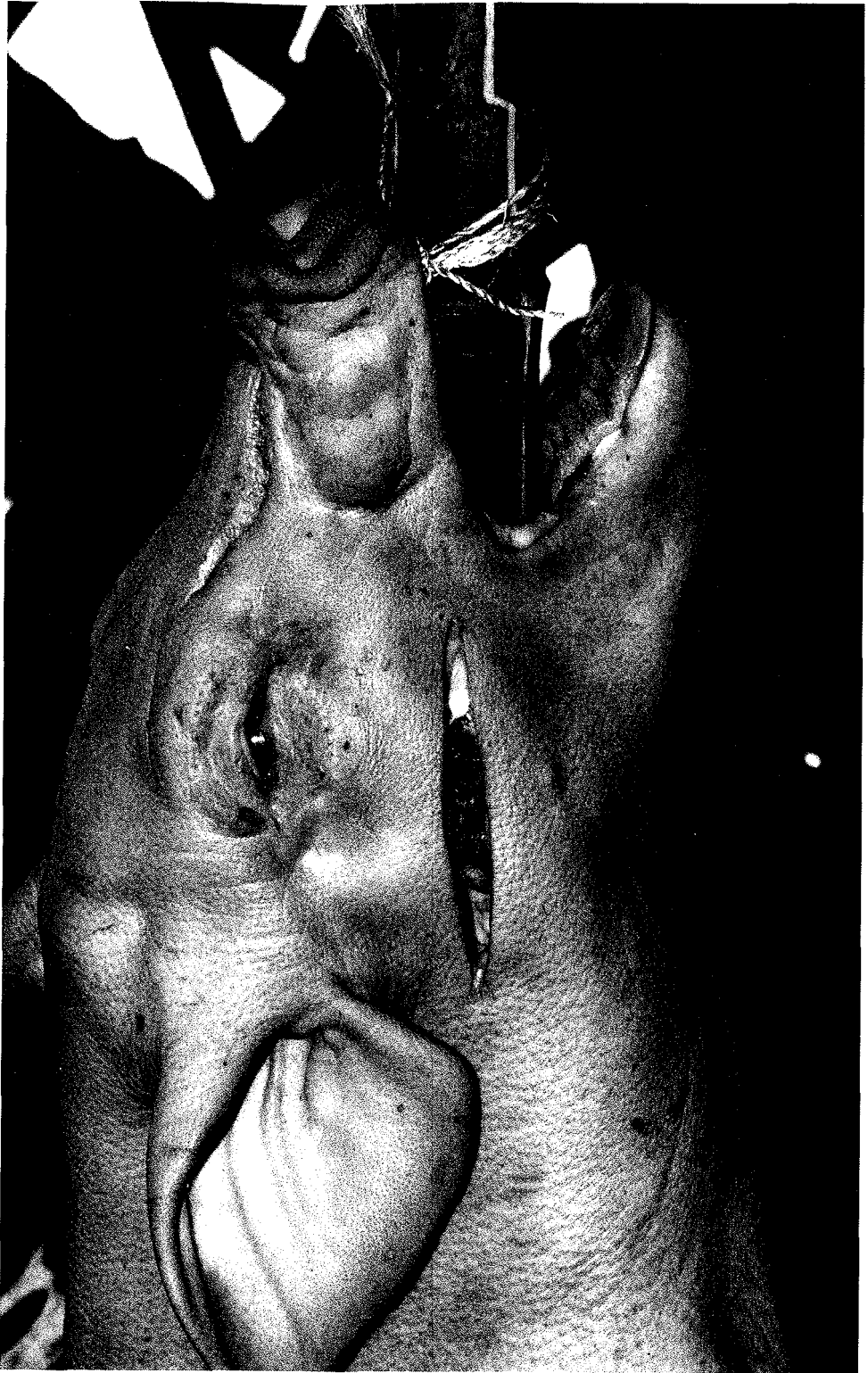


VIOLENCE AGAINST ANIMALS

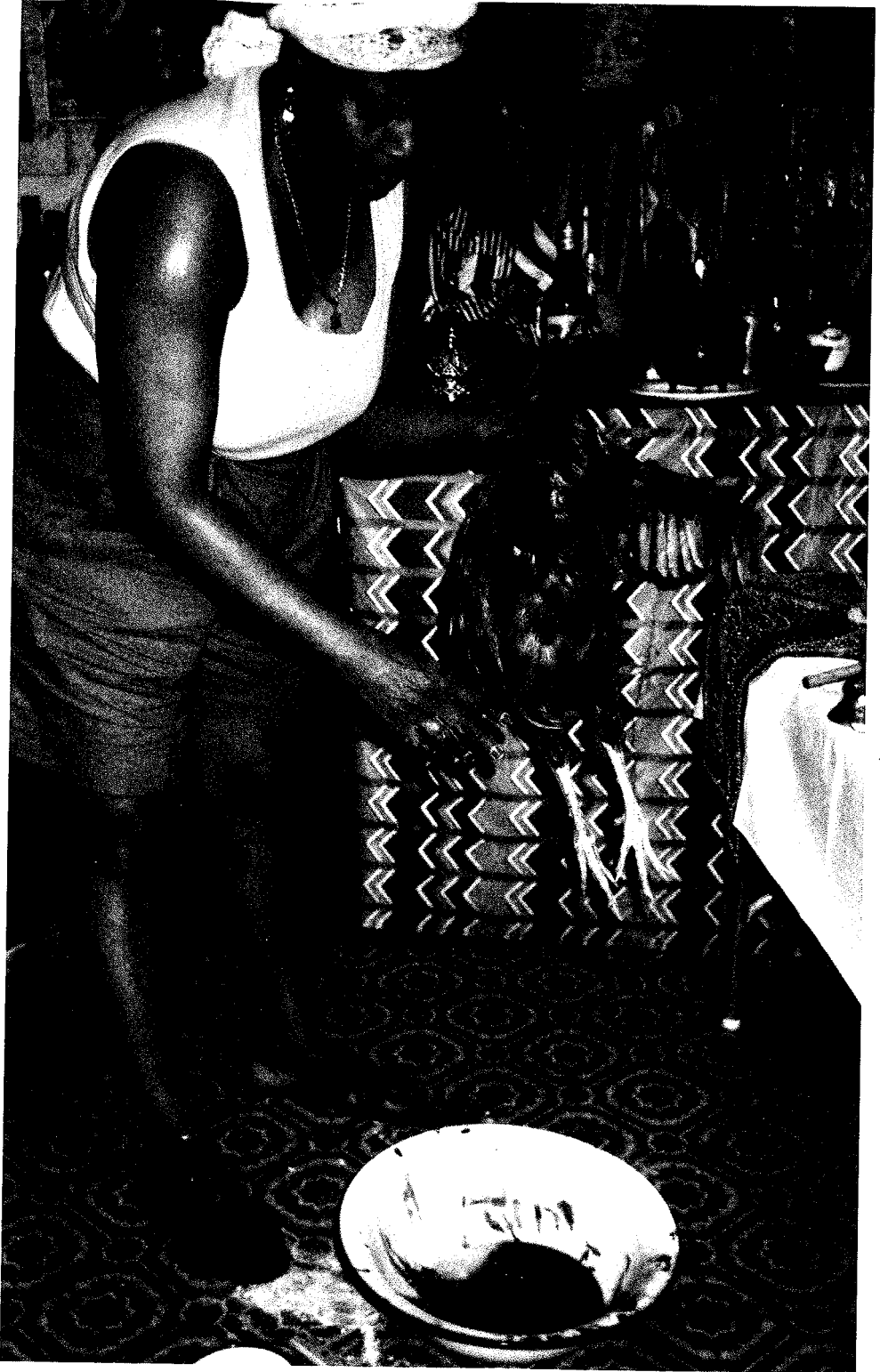
1995 - 2000

This portfolio certainly shows the one-sidedness of my observation and experience regarding violence and animals. Here you will find no photographs of defense of animals, my chapter's primary concern. What you will find, however, is an examination of widespread, "ordinary" human activities from a questioning point of view. Do you consider the consumption of animal products to be acceptable or unacceptable violence? Why or why not? Will our descendants look upon these images with the same horror and contempt we feel when we study depictions of human slavery, murder, genocide?

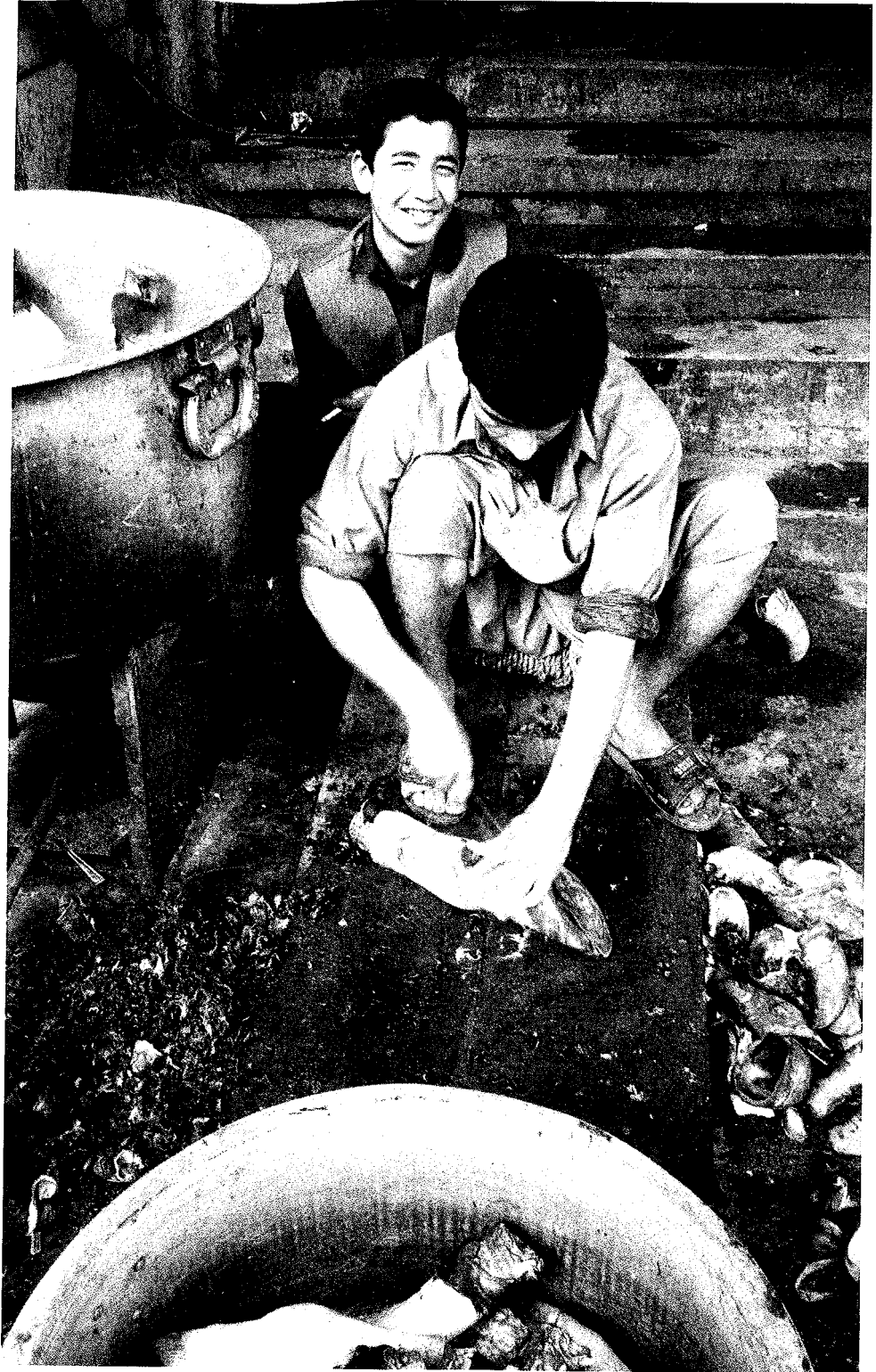
298. Pig's carcass in market, Cebu City, Philippines, 1995.
299. Monkey-pincushion at Ted Nugent's place, Michigan, 1997.
300. Madame Yvette bleeding a chicken for a voodoo "table ceremony," Miami, 1994.
301. Housewife inspecting zebu meat at an open air stand, Tulear, Madagascar, 1994.
302. Cows'-foot vendors, Peshawar, Pakistan, 2001.
303. Child vendors at a butcher shop, Peshawar, 2001.
304. Inuk lady with raw-frozen "country food," Iqaluit, Nunavut, Canada, 1999. The meat is usually served, as in this photograph, on a piece of cardboard on the kitchen floor. People sit around and hack off pieces with a hatchet.
305. Inuk boy at the hockey rink, Iqaluit, 1999. He wears a fur-trimmed parka and sealskin boots (kamiks).
306. Inuk mother and children with fur-trimmed, hand embroidered parkas, Iqaluit, Nunavut, Canada, 1999.





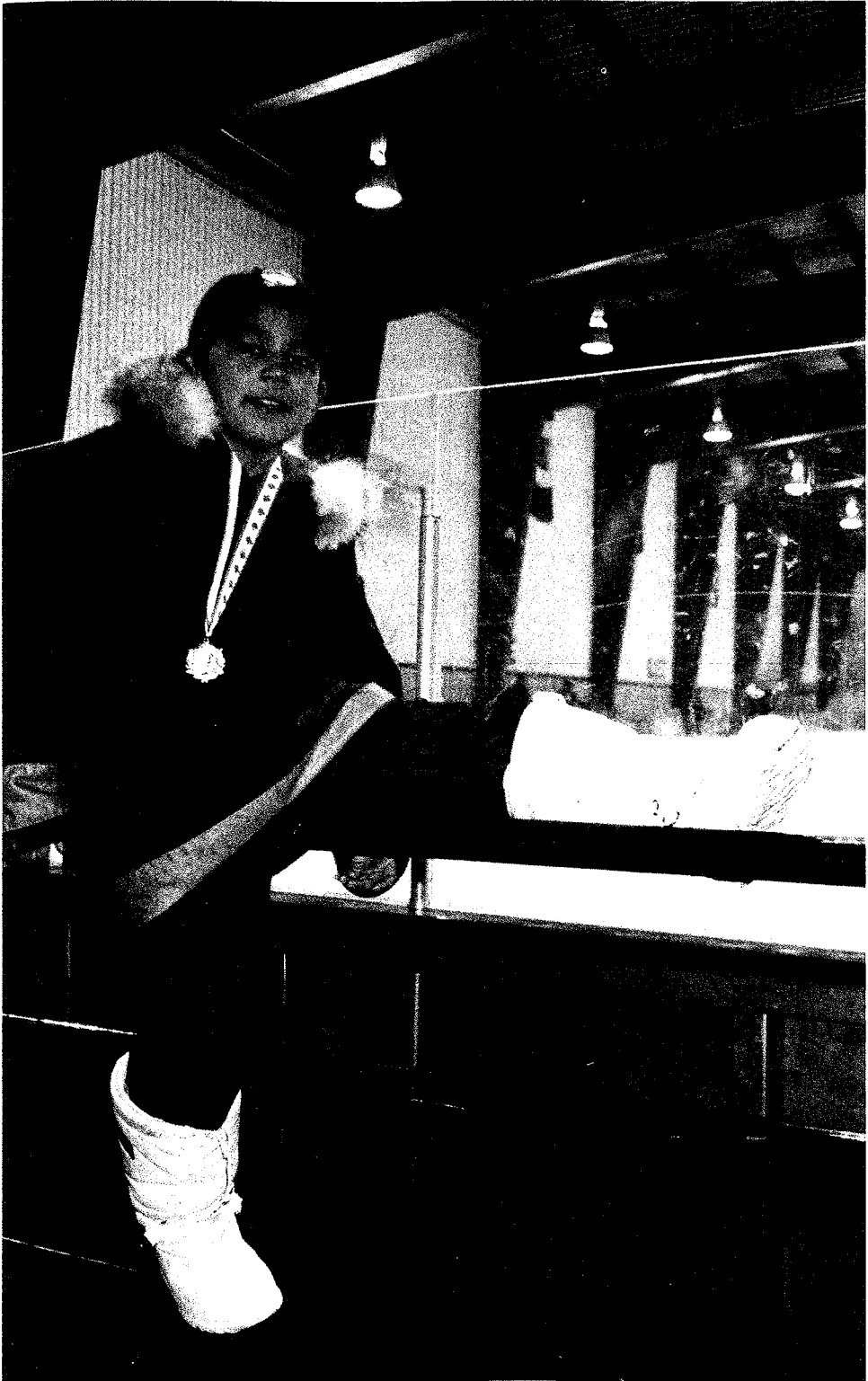














CHAPTER 18

DEFENSE OF GENDER

To see their anger as a blessing instead of an illness, it may be necessary for women to feel that their rage is legitimate. To feel that their rage is legitimate, it may be necessary for women to understand their structural position in society.

EMILY MARTIN¹

There is no place for the political woman in the ideological world of National Socialism... The German resurrection is a male event.

ENGELBERT HUBER²

THE RAPE OF THE AMAZONS

The Scythian word for the Amazons, Herodotus assures us, was *Oerpata*, meaning “mankillers”³—an exact description of those legendary women. As early as 700 B.C., we find one depicted on a terracotta votive shield, fighting a Greek warrior.⁴ Their images recur for centuries, painted white for greater contrast with the male warriors’ stylized blacknesses. (In statuary, however, they tend to appear strangely ordinary, with the blank faces and pupilless eyes so characteristic of the

period.)⁵ *Woman—enemy*: the concepts thus twinned give birth to violent defense of gender, glowing above the meridian of archaic cruelty.

Three boatloads of the helmeted, one-breasted man-haters (who, shocking to tell, not only lamed, slew or abandoned their male children,⁶ but warred and hunted on horseback just like men) once fell into Greek captivity. But no Amazon story ends as tamely as that, even if they do usually end the same. (The one we'll tell first has a happy ending.) They liberated themselves through murder, then landed on the Scythian coast, becoming horse-stealers and marauders, and thereby activating Scythian defense of homeland; or, if you wish, male defense of gender—not that the Scythian horsemen would have construed it so; they didn't know yet that the Amazons were women. All they saw were helmeted enemies! (In various depictions, we see the Amazons sometimes dressed as Greek hoplites, sometimes like Scythians themselves, with bows.) The men's fundamental defense, therefore, was of simple imminence, both on their own behalf, but also of their unproblematically submissive females. The Amazons in turn defended ground, life, gender, freedom and stolen property against the men's angry reprisals, and so violence redly bloomed.

Cloaked or naked against the enigmatic black background of an Apulian amphora (*ca.* 340 B.C.), we see them leaning watchfully on their tall, flame-bladed spears, holding axes with an easy grace. Standing lightly, an Amazon holds the bridle of a rearing white horse. A flowering stalk gives context to the scene. (They're parleying with Hercules. They don't kill *all* men on sight, then!) A nude helmeted woman, her cloak wrapped around one arm like the strap of a shield, stands regally gesturing. She has one breast.⁷

So far, the tale conforms to what may well be the oldest and most enduring narrative paradigm: war between the home clan and the menacing strangers—a near tautology, for the Amazons would have been all the more menacing on account of their strangeness, their foreignness. I repeat that the Scythians didn't know the first thing about them (for isn't gender the first thing? Well, there are so many first things ...). One imagines sly and sudden encounters in those foggy snowy mountains, nightmare silhouettes rearing up from behind boulders, desperate arrows and curved swords singing into ambushed flesh—how could it have been otherwise, both sides being so nomadic, xenophobic, bitter? But after one battle, the Scythians, indulging in the warrior's accustomed hobby of picking over enemy corpses, discovered their sex, and decided to get children from them—which I take to be a compliment to their fighting skill:⁸ the legends always give them that. So they sent out a detachment of young men to woo the Amazons, and (a surprising turn) the enterprise concluded happily. The men then invited their new sweethearts to return home with them as wives, but Herodotus gives to the Amazons this striking reply:

We and the women of your nation could never live together... We are riders, our business is with the bow and spear, and we know nothing of women's work; but in

your country no woman has anything to do with such things—your women stay at home in their wagons occupied with feminine tasks... We could never agree.⁹

And so the Scythian men, strangely malleable after all (or did the adventure agree with their own inclinations?), were persuaded to settle with their martial brides in another country six days to the northeast, and they all became the Sauromatae. Inter-gender violence thus gave way to equilibrium, ancestral origins now fading into mere traditions, such as the statute that no woman among them be allowed to marry until she'd killed someone in battle.¹⁰ We don't know whether both parties retained their freedom and equality, or whether their Scythian husbands now ruled them; but the following anecdote, taken out of Hippocrates,¹¹ may be emblematic: They still rode horses and employed both bow and javelin; "they do not lay aside their virginity until they have killed three of their enemies," but then "whoever takes to herself a husband, gives up riding on horseback unless the necessity of a general expedition obliges her."

ANTIOPE AS WIFE

The Sauromataean mountains being even mistier and more distant from us than Scythia, this issue hardly constitutes the only point of confusion. The scholar Josephine Blok has pointed out the vague and changeable locations of the Amazons' original homeland, the uncertain meanings of their appellation ("one-breasted"? "excellent women"? "fallen women"? "communal ones"? "girdled ones"?), their suspiciously Greek-sounding proper names;¹² and she accordingly concludes that they never existed. Or, to put the case in good academic style, "The genesis of the Amazons as a people in the world of epic mythology cannot be determined outside the formula and the epic context in which it is situated."¹³ —True enough. Honest chroniclers never do quite see them. Plutarch tells us, for instance, that after Pompey had put down a rising of the Albanians, "when the Romans were taking the spoil and plunder of the field they met with several targets and buskins of the Amazons; but no woman's body was found among the dead."¹⁴ Perhaps the female aura of this materiel derived from the same credulity which gives perpetual birth to sea-monsters, water-spouts, anthropophagi; or—who knows?—maybe some fighter's brother actually spied a fearsome one-breasted woman. Any verifiable detail would stain our mythos with that most alien of hues, reality. Never mind. For we can accordingly learn, instead of what merely happened, the equally interesting question of what that epoch's storytellers thought *should have* happened.¹⁵

So what do the fabricators teach us? While one does find many a gap and contradiction in the cracked vessel of Amazonian lore, the hostility expressed toward the Amazons, while occasionally mixed with admiration, remains as consistent as a monotonous ache. How coincidental can it be that most accounts end up with them

getting slaughtered, as when Theseus, after in prudent Attic fashion offering a sacrifice to Fear (the Spartans will routinely do the same), vanquishes them, killing many at a place commemoratively named Amazonium?¹⁶ The legends have it that Theseus was married to an Amazon at the time, Antiope, whom it seems that Hercules gave him in exchange for assistance in attacking other Amazons. We see him carrying her into his chariot. Expressionlessly, she stretches out her long fingers in a gesture of parting to her sisters.¹⁷ Antiope is said to have fought at her husband's side—one wonders with what sensations.¹⁸

PENTHESILEIA'S NECESSARY DEATH

The two references to Amazons in the *Iliad* both describe them as "men's equals"¹⁹—which would seem to imply that most other women are not. ("Woman may be said to be an inferior man." —Aristotle.) Hence, perhaps, the necessity of male domination's self-defense.²⁰ In *Antigone*, Sophocles puts these words in Creon's mouth when the eponymous heroine defies his edict by burying her brother's corpse: "Now verily I am no man; she is the man, if this victory shall rest with her, and bring no penalty."²¹ And again, still more explicitly: "Disobedience is the worst of evils... Therefore we must support the cause of order, and in no wise suffer a woman to worst us." Better to be overthrown by a man, Creon continues, than to be considered feebler than a woman.²²

In a marble relief-frieze from the Temple of Apollo we see lion-skin-girded Hercules attacking Amazons. Ruinous time has aided the man's work. A swooning Amazon, presumably wounded or dying, the nipple hard on her marble breast, slumps down in another woman's arms, her head sagging. Somebody has cut off her arm, and a deep crack runs across the succoring Amazon's face. Everybody is in bits and pieces, even Hercules himself—appropriate for a tale we cannot quite swallow whole.²³ Gibbon tells us that in Aurelian's triumphal procession after the conquest of the rebel queen Zenobia, "the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms."²⁴ Is that an honorific? She was "an adversary" (Gibbon again), "whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt"²⁵ as had been the case with Cleopatra²⁶ and ever so many other extraordinary women of antiquity. We see Hercules, tall, obsidian-black and lunging, stamp down on the calf of an Amazon named Andromache. His black fingers grip the white flesh of her upraised wrist; she's holding a spear as pathetically slender as a reed, so that it seems that she's supplicating rather than trying to defend herself. We can tell that she'd meant to run away. Her shield, whose band is adorned with circles and x's, points ahead of her; her legs want to keep running but Hercules has pulled her down into a kneeling position as his fat black sword looms over her head, his face straining toward hers. Soon, one supposes, her helmeted head will be off, and her corpse will lie still in its animal-embroidered chiton. On either side of that

couple, we see another performing the same dance, obsidian-man against alabaster-woman, sex against sex, with upraised wrists and weapons.²⁷

This hatred of women reaches its highest-pitched expression when we turn to the liquidation of that daughter of Ares, the Amazon queen Penthesileia (whose unlikely name means “she who brings grief to the people”).²⁸ She was killed (depending on which story one likes best) either by Achilles in the siege of Troy,²⁹ or by Hercules as his ninth labor, in order to steal her golden girdle.³⁰ (Other versions exude the typical unreliability of this subject, with Hercules being sent after Hippolyte, alone or with an army; “once there,” writes a commentator, “he either killed or did not kill Hippolyte, but he did manage to get the belt.”)³¹ On a neck-amphora by Exekias (*ca.* 530 B.C.) we see the



Achilles murdering Penthesileia

immense black figure of Achilles, whose flesh possesses the same darkness as his armor, overbearing the white-skinned profile of Penthesileia herself, who has already fallen to her knees as the spear-point begins to enter her neck. Her own spear—as always, slenderer than the man’s—passes futilely by him. Her leopard-skin and her dark circle-ornamented chiton will soon be ruined by blood. The man stands with his legs braced wide apart for the kill. He’s incalculably powerful and monstrous. At that last moment of her life, the two of them gaze into each other’s faces. Her naked white arm attempts most fruitlessly to ward him off.³² According to one account, Achilles falls in love with her after he kills her, I suppose because she was *almost* his equal, and has sexual relations with her corpse.³³

The paradigm of combat with Amazons endured long enough to become not only a mass cliché (the duel between Hercules and Hippolyte appears on almost four hundred black-figure Attic vases)³⁴ but also mass entertainment. On a shard of the Roman Empire’s stone, we see a relief of two gladiators gripping short weapons and rectangular shields. Facelessly they crouch. They have breasts. Beneath their feet, the crude artist has graven into the stone their names in Greek letters: AMAZONIA ACHILLIA. Evidently they played their part to satisfaction, without even killing each other. The inscription boasts that they were both manumitted.³⁵

RAPE AS MASTERY

Resurrect Achilles, and resurrect his naked-armed victim. Resurrect her over and over to be killed under different names, but never let her be a warrior anymore. She’ll gaze into her murderer’s face just the same. Update the Greek warrior’s sword or spear-point into an American military knife. Our new Achilles, blessed with the celebrity which his epoch automatically imparts to extreme unjustified violence—for from coast to coast, America enthralled itself with “slasher” movies, murder trials, “thrillers” and “mysteries” (how pallid American lives, that they long to be

slashed, thrilled and mystified!)—deigns to instruct us in that most thrilling and mysterious of topics, himself. Ensnared behind concertina wire and multiple locked doors, he whiles away the indeterminate years until his execution, congratulating himself through self-explication and self-exploration. Later on in this book we'll consider another condemned memoirist, the Nazi Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel,³⁶ who will possess the luxury of blaming Hitler for his own crimes, which are infinitely vaster than Achilles's, but who at the end will accept responsibility, ascending the scaffold with dignity and self-control; one of his judges will feel almost sorry for him. But this other monster, the Achilles we're concerned with now, is nothing but a vulgar, garrulous oracle of sadistic lust. Keitel's sin was to pervert the virtue of obedience into accompliceship. This other's violence derives from no virtue at all. Behold in a death row cell, sneering over his psychiatric reports, the serial rapist-murderer Danny Rolling.³⁷

Keitel said: "It is tragic to have to realize that the best I had to give as a soldier, obedience and loyalty, was exploited for purposes that could not be recognized at the time."³⁸ Rolling for his part informs us: "There's nothing wrong with me that a good piece of pussy and a fifth of tequila wouldn't cure."³⁹

And how does he take his pussy when he can get it? "Stick them tits out!" he shouts at one doomed woman, continuing the narrative in his usual third-person style to let us know, just as Sade would, that "she was beautiful—so beautiful—his little private dancer."⁴⁰ Her beauty, one presumes, is a compliment to the torturer's own good taste. "You once-a-month bleeding bitch!" he cries to another victim. "Give me that pussy!"⁴¹ Endlessly fascinated with, sorry for, afraid of and anxious to please himself, he leaves the reader of his monotonous set-pieces feeling slimed over with corruption. What are these young women to him? —Private dancers, evidently. ("Note the conventional use of white for female flesh," writes a commentator on the amphora which depicts Achilles and Penthesileia.)⁴² —He remember the colors of their bras and underwear, but his descriptions of their *selves* remain as pro forma and stylized as any vase-painter's, any Sadean narrator's—indeed, more hideously absurd. (But then, serial killers rarely suffer from excessive empathy. To rape a body is faster and more convenient than to rape a self.) Never comprehending the ones he killed except as fleshly marionettes within which to express himself with his penis and his Ka-Bar knife, he sums them up with vague, pious solemnities borrowed from newspaper accounts, sermons, obituaries or perhaps the pronouncements of murdered people's families. "Christa Hoyt's lovely body had been dismantled . . .," pens the dismantler, "but her loving spirit shall live forever in the hearts of those who knew and loved her."⁴³ Did he love her as a spirit in his heart, or as a once-a-month bleeding bitch? Such eulogies constitute his trademark much as does the murder method itself. "She was too bloody to rape," he says of one woman whom he killed first, in order to more conveniently rape and murder her roommate. "It was a ghastly sight of pure horror—her precious life snuffed out,

MISSING PERSON "AT RISK"

Web Page: <http://jerryk.com/kristen.htm>

(THIS RESPONSIBLE AND FAMILY ORIENTED GIRL IS
CONSIDERED "AT RISK" BY HER FAMILY AND LAW ENFORCEMENT)

KRISTEN MODAFFERI
LAST SEEN JUNE 23, 1997 IN SAN FRANCISCO

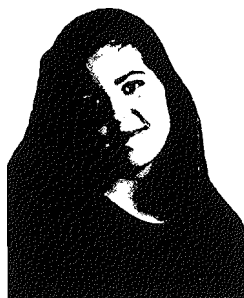
AGE: 18 yrs (born 6/1/79)
RACE: Caucasian
ADDRESS: 3610 Plantation Rd., Charlotte, NC 28270
HEIGHT: 5'8"
WEIGHT: 140lbs.
COMPLEXION: Light
EYES: Brown
TEETH: Even & Good Repair
HAIR: Dark Brown (worn shoulder length or occasionally in knot or ponytail)
CLOTHING: Last observed 6/23/97 wearing a black T-shirt with "Spinelli's" logo on chest; light tan slacks and a long sleeved dark blue plaid flannel shirt
OTHER: Distinct dimples and carrying a dark green "Jansport" backpack.



Kristen Modafferi, 18 years of age, from Charlotte, NC, arrived in the Bay Area 6/1/97 to attend a summer class at UC Berkeley. She was last seen leaving her place of employment, Spinelli's Coffee Shop, in the Crocker Galleria, downtown San Francisco about 3:00 PM Monday June 23, 1997. She reportedly intended to visit the Land's End Beach area of San Francisco that afternoon and then return to her Oakland residence. She regularly used public transportation and traveled by Bart to and from the East Bay. If you have any information concerning Kristen's whereabouts or her activities, particularly on 6/23/97, PLEASE contact below:

Officer Patrick Mahanay
Missing Persons Detail Oakland Police
(510) 238-3641

Desvernine Associates
Private Investigations, San Francisco
(800) 969-9800 Email: domino@sirius.com



Another Amazon tamed

cruelly and tragically."⁴⁴ Instead, Achilles returns downstairs to mount her dead roommate one more time.

AMAZON-TAMING

"Rape," announces *The State of Women in the World Atlas*, "is about power, not desire."⁴⁵ What an arrogantly narrow formulation! It may be about either, or both.⁴⁶ In my high school I once knew a rapist who, homely and uncouth almost to the point of deformity, could not get any girlfriends. The religious venom fed him by his parents left him terrified of masturbation, convinced that touching himself would infallibly drive him blind and send him to hell. Desperate beyond the weak or capricious grip of self-control, he did an evil thing. He admitted to being ashamed even while he was doing it. I am convinced that had this boy had access to prostitutes, he never would have raped anyone. His was a crime of desire, not power—which, of course, renders it no less unjustified. One psychologist concluded that "everything about a rapist's behavior is normal except his mode of attack. All the rapist needs to know is how to seduce women and he will no longer need to

rape." Hence the doctor's solution: seduction classes. "The method seems to be working."⁴⁷ But this is equally narrow, being based on the syllogism that rape is only about desire, not power. Danny Rolling claims to have committed his first rape "as a direct result of rejection." (Indeed, one prevalent psychological model sees

robbery suspects

Composite sketches of three suspects wanted in the home-invasion robbery and attack of a woman Tuesday have

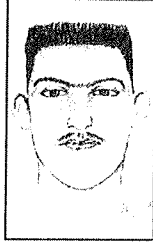
been released by the Sacramento County Sheriff's Department.

Parvin Kishor, 33, was beaten, stabbed twice in the back, forced to drink bleach and nearly set on fire by three intruders who ransacked her Birdie Court duplex.

Kishor, who was taken to UC Davis Medical Center after the incident, was released Thursday evening.

One male suspect is believed to be 17 to 21 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, 165 pounds and of Fijian descent. The second male suspect is described as 17 to 21 years old, 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet tall, 120 to 140 pounds and of Latino or Pijj-an descent.

A female suspect is said to be 17 to 20 years old, 4 feet 9 inches tall and 120 pounds. She has a stud in her left nos-



Female aggression: a rarity?

of cowardly worthlessness which the heroines of Icelandic sagas cast upon their own male kin to goad them into blood-revenge, to the animal rights women I've met who urge that a monkey "sacrificed" in a laboratory be atoned for by the murder of his white-coated killer. When we consider violence as an innate *tendency*, which might find equal expression in a thousand wounding words or in one punch in the face, the case that men are worse cannot be proved. An American woman in her early thirties whose boyfriend had been striking her sent this letter, which haunted me:

You know, I think there are men in the world who are just filled with anger that's so deep that it can never be expelled. Perhaps men who are unfulfilled become angry

rapists as having seductive but rejecting mothers and wives; they accordingly lash out against their equivalent, "women in general.")⁴⁸ The night after Rolling's wife left him, "I broke in on this gorgeous brunette student and took out all my frustration and pain on her."⁴⁹ Consensual sex would not have given this budding monster what he wanted.

What if Achilles's act of Amazon-breaking, from the murder to the rape of the dead Penthesileia, were a mnemonic for the long, scarlet thread of mingled lust and contempt⁵⁰ which snakes throughout human history, the bitterly unjustified treatment of the weak by the strong,⁵¹ hence of women by men? Why say "what if"? As a man who wants never to treat women as anything less than Amazons, "men's equals," I deny my own sex's greater violence whenever I can, desiring so much to believe that we are all in some sense equally violent, because otherwise I'd have to be ashamed. I bring to mind murderesses and ruthless female prosecutors, women soldiers and torturers, gangsterettes, good and bad policewomen I've known. I note the myriad instances in which women incite themselves and their men to violence, from the aspersions

as they age, and women become bitter. Festering green and salty tears, sour and tart, sugar and salt... If I don't even try, the pit is inevitable. Children I never had, places I never traveled, talents I never brought to fruition. That's my personal hell.⁵²

Does woman-bitterness truly psychologically or morally equate with man-anger? If my friend falls into her pit, will the corrosive acids which dissolve her there bear any chemical relationship to outright violence?

Suppose, for instance, that she harms herself. A woman whose husband did not much love her mutilated her vulva. "As her physician commented: 'She cut the only part of her he was interested in.'"⁵³

Suppose that she sets out to deliberately and maliciously break hearts. Or suppose that she incites male violence. How violent is she then?

Are women "better" or "worse" than men? How runs the divine equation in our moral calculus? My friend doesn't know. Neither do you nor I.

But if we string on our scarlet thread not only words, postures and actual deeds of violence, but also the enactments of class, my gender-defensive denials fall off into sad silence.

Were it true that sexual relations are neutral and noncoercive from a gender-based point of view, we'd find as many women attacking men as we find men attacking women. We do not.⁵⁴

As usual with violence, most rules prove local and relative. The women of eighteenth-century Paris were two or three times more likely to be criminals—that is, to break the laws, which may or may not correspond to other laws in other times and places—than the women of twentieth-century America.⁵⁵ A Finnish sociologist proposed that in places where the homicide rate is high, the percentage of murderesses and also of female victims is low; while where the homicide rate is low, the percentage is higher.⁵⁶ This holds for Europe, but not for Africa.⁵⁷ In 1960, a study of murder in Africa found that Gisu murderesses were more likely to kill men (7.7 percent of all homicides for that tribe) while Nyoro murderesses were more likely to kill other women (5.8 percent).⁵⁸ Another anomaly: In North Carolina between 1930 and 1940, "female slayers were for the most part involved with male victims, and then almost entirely with male victims of their own race."⁵⁹ But one thing is for sure: *It is rarer for women to kill men than it is for men to kill women.*⁶⁰ Indeed, it is rarer for women than for men to kill at all (the principal exception being infanticide, which we'll consider below).

HOMICIDE IN WHICH GENDER OF MURDERER IS KNOWN (1995)

	BY MEN	BY WOMEN	TOTAL
Japan ⁶¹	1,048 (81%)	247	1,295
U.S.A. ⁶²	14,609 (91%)	1,400	16,009

In the USSR in 1926, the ratio of men to women imprisoned for murder and manslaughter was more than four to one.⁶³ A 1985 study of the Soviet criminal system concluded that women in the USSR committed only eleven to sixteen percent of all homicides.⁶⁴

I take no responsibility for what my own gender has done to its own or the other gender.⁶⁵ I try to be a good person, and feel entitled to good treatment. But when I think about my gender in history, which I do as little as possible, I feel nonetheless ashamed.

THE SCARLET THREAD

When the Egyptian king Senosret⁶⁶ set out to conquer other nations, he had considerable success. Every time he met with a brave enemy, he erected pillars laconically stating that

by the might of his armed forces he had won the victory; if, however, a town fell easily into his hands . . . , not only did he record upon it the same facts as before, but added a picture of a woman's genitals, meaning to show that the people of that town were no braver than women.⁶⁷

Herodotus insisted that he had seen these images himself. "The 'genitals' are imaginary," replies his twentieth-century translator in a footnote.⁶⁸ —Maybe to Senosret; not to Herodotus!

Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver,⁶⁹ whose martial utopia does in fact glow with a gilded patina of gender decency, nonetheless forbids assaults upon forts, "so that a woman or child or some such creature should not kill men, who are better than they."⁷⁰

We read in the famous *Threefold Lotus Sutra* that "the body of a woman is filthy and not a vessel of the Law."⁷¹ When the eight-year-old daughter of the Dragon King gains buddhahood—"apart from this sutra," writes a commentator, "Buddhism does not recognize that women can become buddhas"⁷²—her righteousness takes on the only conceivable form: her body becomes male.⁷³

Cicero approves the death penalty for abortion, because "that act deprives the father of his hopes and the future of his family name, and steals away a citizen from the state."⁷⁴ Yes, the man—then the state—and where is the woman in this equation? What are her rights?⁷⁵

That fifteenth-century manual for witch-burners, the *Malleus Maleficarum*, generally refers to practitioners of black magic as being female, for "since they are feebler both in mind and body, it is not surprising that they should come more under the spell of witchcraft . . . they seem of a different nature from men."⁷⁶ In fact, women are "more bitter than death, . . . because bodily death is an open and terrible enemy, but woman is a wheedling and secret enemy."⁷⁷ Of the multitudes whom this

book sent to the flames, most were women.

Tolstoy, to whose essays on nonviolence *Rising Up and Rising Down* repeatedly returns—they're so fiery, so steadfast, so bravely good—does not appear to have been an ideal husband. Nor was his wife an angel. They made each other miserable for decades. While the Americans were in the middle of their own civil war, she wrote in her diary: "I am left alone morning, afternoon and night. I am to satisfy his pleasure and nurse his child. I am a piece of household furniture. I am a woman."⁷⁸ She proved vindictive, greedy and manipulative; but though Tolstoy fled his home to escape her, though the *relationship* sometimes made him feel furiously helpless, he never expressed impotent dependence on *her*. He felt trapped by her, but only in the most abstract sense could he have envisioned himself as her household furniture. Legally and socially, *she* belonged to *him*.

Even that reasonable egalitarian Rousseau could speak of "that sex which ought to obey."⁷⁹ "The German girl is a subject and only becomes a citizen after she marries,"⁸⁰ Hitler for his part explains. In his *Spirit of Laws*, Montesquieu, brave enemy of despotism, turns his worldly tolerance upon the marriage laws of the Orient to approve polygamy, which may well be approvable, but to find out whether or not it is, shouldn't we consider more than the expediencies of the polygamist?

Women, in hot climates, are marriageable at eight, nine, or ten years of age; thus, in those countries, infancy and marriage generally go together. They are old at twenty; their reason therefore never accompanies their beauty. When beauty demands the empire, the want of reason forbids the claim; when reason is obtained, beauty is no more. These women ought then to be in a state of dependence ... It is therefore extremely natural that in these places a man, when no law opposes it, should leave one wife for another, and that polygamy should be introduced.⁸¹

In my own time and place,

In statutory rape, or 'rape by force of law,' consent to sexual intercourse, though freely given, is not legally valid. The law, in the interests of protecting the female, stipulates that some members of the sex cannot be trusted to know their own best interest or make a rational choice. Accordingly, if the female is below the 'age of consent,' variously defined in different states as ranging between twelve and eighteen, the legal presumption exists that she cannot give enlightened consent to the transaction.⁸²

"Nothing is lovelier than *the sweet, simple life of a home daughter*," says an American eugenics textbook. "You need no wider career than you have, my dear girl."⁸³ (Consider the Spartan maxim that when it came to respectable women, "their characters should be completely unknown except just to their families.")⁸⁴ If I were a woman, I might, this kind advice notwithstanding, prefer the wider career of an Amazon.

AMAZON-TAMING (CONTINUED)

The label of Amazons as “men’s equals” thus seems to me to writhe with an ominous elasticity of meaning: The warriors who’ve fought them might, in the end (that is, after the Amazons are safely dead), offer it ungrudgingly with reference to these women’s prowess, but if females are inherently worse, then how could equals be anything but dangerous usurpers, threatening exemplars of the possibility that the underclass may someday rise up? (Engels, commenting upon the drab drudgery and house-confinement of the ancient Athenian housewife, concluded: “That one had first to become a *betaera* in order to become a woman is the strongest indictment of the Athenian family.”)⁸⁵ At the same time, unlike most of self-defense’s other victims, gendered victims are sexually desirable. Violence itself may be sexualized. Hence the twin motivations of the scarlet thread. In Danny Rolling’s memoir, we read an apostrophe to “RAPE—the fantasy so sweet to taste that sours once the lust is satisfied.” He bears out the ultrafeminist claim: “POWER! To have complete control over a beautiful woman is every man’s secret fantasy ... THE HUNT! ... Seek ... possess ... ravage.”⁸⁶ But then, evidently in hopes of making us feel sorrier for him, he offers this formula in his set of “Criminal Equations”:

$$\text{Rejection} + \text{Depression} \times \text{Rage} \times \text{Lust} - \text{Counseling} - \text{Support} = \\ \text{B \& E [breaking and entering]} + \text{Rape.}^{87}$$

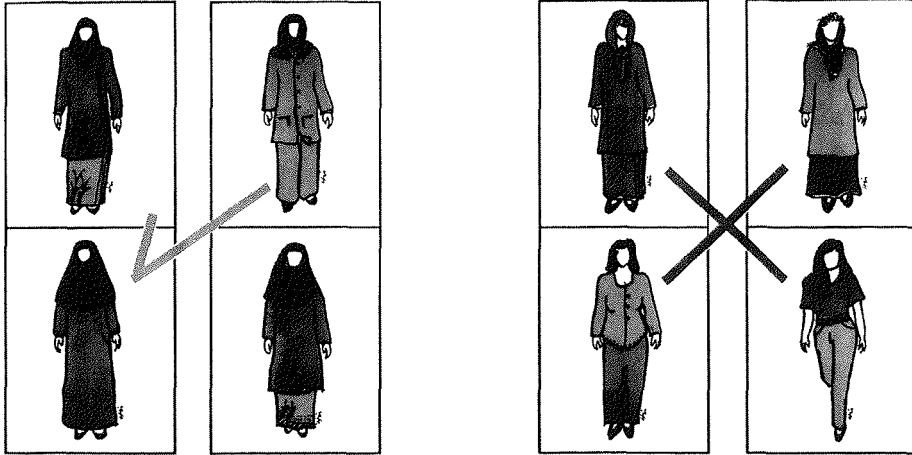
A DIGRESSION ON FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM OF SEX

Power, no doubt—but lust is there; desire is there. Perhaps it always is. I remember seeing one “adult” newspaper in a vending machine in San Francisco; the headline proclaimed, above the word “ENTERTAINMENT” and beside the photograph of a silicon-breasted blonde: “GIRL RAPED WITH PISTOL, THEN MURDERED.”⁸⁸ This disgusting juxtaposition might have sold power to a few; to most, to the unthinking, it simply sold sex: Murder titillates, no matter what its sexual dynamics,⁸⁹ and rape is simply sexy to many men because a hormonal drive cares little about consensuality. To a hungry thief, food tastes just as good when it’s stolen, but not necessarily better. Most people do not steal food if they can help it, and most men do not rape; but fantasies (which are what the “RAPED WITH PISTOL” newspaper is selling) remain selfish. How selfish? Of the many men I’m close to, men who speak freely with me about intimacy and sexuality, almost none have mentioned rape fantasies. No doubt there are other men out there, men like Danny Rolling, but most human beings would prefer to gain their ends through consensual means. —Here I recall the aphorism of one sad-eyed stripper that the majority of her patrons were sadistic and subnormal,



AURAT WAJIB DITUTUP

"DAS KATAKANLAH KEPADA PEREMPUAN-PEREMPUAN YANG BERIMAN SUPAYA MENYEKAT PANDANGAN MEREKA (DARIPADA MEMANDANG YANG HARAM), DAN MEMELIHARA KEHORMATAN MEREKA, DAN JANGANLAH MEREKA MEMPERLIHATKAN PERHIASAN TUBUH MEREKA KECUALI YANG ZAHIR DARIPADANYA; DAN HENDAKLAH MEREKA MENUTUP BELAHAN LEHER BAJUNYA DENGAN TUDUNG KEPALA MEREKA; DAN JANGANLAH MEREKA MEMPERLIHATKAN PERHIASAN TUBUH MEREKA MELAINKAN KEPADA SUAMI MEREKA....."⁹⁹ Terjemahan - (Surah An-nur : 31).



Street flyer showing proposed dress code for Islamic women (Malaysia, 1995)

and the bitter remark of another that “now if I want tips I have to let them squeeze my breasts. They’re nuts. They’re creeps.” Granted, they both overgeneralize, like *The State of Women in the World Atlas*, with its absurd blanket statements, such as: “Prostitution is not a women’s institution—it is controlled by men and sustained by violence.”⁹⁰ Ask a few prostitutes, and you’ll know. Many sex workers I’ve met love their jobs and even some of their customers. One feminist porno star was pleased to discover that “an intelligent, sexual woman could choose a job in the sex industry and not be a victim, but instead emerge even stronger and more confident, with a feeling, even, of self-actualization.”⁹¹ In southeast Asia, I’ve more than once sent women friends alone into prostitution clubs to find out whether “the life” is recommended—as it invariably is: “Come work today!” the whores cry warmly. “I help you! Good money—nice men—go on dates—get gold—cheat on your husband!”

My solidarity with all parties in fully consensual prostitution cannot obstruct me from acknowledging that there exists a vast number of individuals who like to read about women getting raped and murdered. Hence the headline “RAPED WITH PISTOL.” Still, I find it difficult to differentiate that audience from the readers of crime novels.

WHY IS PORNOGRAPHY UNJUSTIFIED?

The moral calculus of Diana E. H. Russell, Professor of Sociology
(1993)

WHAT IS EROTICA? "Sexual or arousing material that is free of sexism, racism, and homophobia, and respectful of all the human beings and animals portrayed."

EXAMPLES:

- George O'Keefe's paintings.
- "A short award-winning erotic movie depicting the peeling of an orange."
- "But erotica can also include ... explicitly sexual images."

WHAT IS PORNOGRAPHY? "Material that combines sex and/or the exposure of genitals with abuse or degradation in a manner that appears to endorse, condone, or encourage such behavior."⁹²

EXAMPLES OF NON-VIOLENT PORNOGRAPHY ["sexist, dehumanizing"]:

- "Women's genitals are displayed but men's are not." [Sexism.]⁹³
- "Depictions of women ... are confined to young, white bodies fitting many men's narrow concept of beauty." [Sexualized racism.]

EXAMPLE OF ABUSIVE PORNOGRAPHY

- Depicting a woman as "slavishly taking orders from men and eager to engage in whatever sex acts men want."

EXAMPLES OF VIOLENT PORNOGRAPHY

- Rape. "The focus in the rape scenes was almost always on the victim's fear and terror, which became transformed by the rape into sexual passion."
- "And now, Miss Simmons, let's check the old reflexes." A doctor prepares to insert an electric plug into a woman's vagina. "This cartoon trivializes the problem of gynecologists sexually abusing their women patients."
- "The sadistic, femicidal pornographic classic *The Story of O*."⁹⁴
- "This is another 14th century Japanese print... Although the original is a drawing, not a photograph, this depiction of a Japanese Jack-the-Ripper may well have inspired other males."

WHY DOES PORNOGRAPHY CAUSE RAPE?

1. "Predisposes some males to desire rape or intensifies this desire," for example "by creating an appetite for increasingly strong material."
2. "Undermines some males' internal inhibitions," for example "by sexually objectifying females."⁹⁵
3. "Undermines some males' social inhibitions against acting out rape desires," for example "by diminishing fears of social sanctions."
4. "Undermines some potential victims' abilities to avoid or resist rape," for example "by creating a pornography industry that requires female participation."

SOURCE: RUSSELL, PP.3-4, 9, 26, 76, 107.

If you agree with that, why not with this?

WHY IS PORNOGRAPHY UNJUSTIFIED?

The moral calculus of Abdur R., Sana'a, Yemen (2002)

What is pornography? "It is the bad thing. The people who do like that, we must kill them."

EXAMPLES OF PORNOGRAPHY

- Depictions of a woman's face. "The woman must stay covered. She must stay at home."
- Pictorial advertisements for female slumberwear.
- R-rated American movies. "To me these are so disgusting with the kissing and the profanity and all the rest of it. It is the bad thing. It really is."

WHY IS PORNOGRAPHY WRONG?

1. It goes against the Holy Qur'-An.
2. It encourages homosexuality. "Those gays, they must be killed."
3. It encourages open sexuality. "You Americans, you let boys and girls meet together and do whatever they wish. This is so wrong. Those poor, poor girls! They stop being virgins and then they are no good for anything."

SOURCE: INTERVIEW BY WTV.

Rising Up and Rising Down has asserted that violence is justified:

In imminent defense of freedom of speech. The self retains the inalienable right to express itself as it chooses, on any topic that it chooses, the right to empathize with friend or foe (shall we call that treason?), to assent and to deny, to offend, to express its conscience and to express no conscience, to be offensive, vulgar, vicious and even evil in the object and manner of its expression, at any and all times.

CAVEAT: Direct incitement to violence is action, not speech, and may be considered illegitimate to the extent that the violence it incites is illegitimate.⁹⁶

In the interests of freedom of thought and speech, I prefer to believe, justifiably or not, and will take the position here, that sexual fantasies and even rape fantasies deserve the protection of any other self-expression or creed—provided that they stay fantasies.⁹⁷ *Defense of gender is unjustified to the extent that it violates freedom of expression.*⁹⁸

AMAZON-TAMING (CONTINUED)

And do they stay fantasies? Not in the U.S., where in the mid-1990s each woman's chance of being raped was higher than one in ten:

ESTIMATED PROBABILITIES OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S BEING RAPED IN HER LIFETIME (LATE 20TH CENT.)⁹⁹

The police investigator Burt Rapp asserts that "only 47% of rapes are reported to the police."¹⁰⁰ Thus our "Rapp factor" of doubling for items 1 and 2. The feminist Susan Brownmiller, however, author of the well-known *Against Our Will*, asserts "conservatively that only one out of five rapes is reported."¹⁰¹ Hence our "Brownmiller factor" of quintupling for the same items. *All* the figures in this table must be considered wild guesses.

SOURCE	PROBABILITY	DATA PERIOD
1. FBI Uniform Crime Reports ¹⁰²	2.9%	1976-95
"Rapp factor": x 2.13	6.2%	
"Brownmiller factor": x 5	14.5%	

"FBI statistics indicate that one out of three women will be raped in her lifetime..." —*Opal Palmer Adiba.*¹⁰³ As we see, they do not.

2. National Crime Victimization Survey¹⁰⁴

	4.9%	1973-91
“Rapp factor”: x 2.13	10.4%	
“Brownmiller factor”: x 5	24.5%	

“Victimization surveys show rates of rape four times as high as the official ones.” —Edwin Schur¹⁰⁵

3. The State of Women in the World Atlas¹⁰⁶

	14-20%	not given
[“Brownmiller factor” presumably supplied.]		

4. Arithmetical average of the seven probabilities

11.5%

“Studies estimate that between 13 and 25 percent of all U.S. women will experience rape in their lifetimes. These figures are believed to be underestimates.” —National Research Council¹⁰⁷

In short, the probability of an American woman’s being raped in her lifetime is significant. I know so many women who’ve been raped, and they never, ever get over it. (I know only half a dozen men who faced rape, and in all but once case the rape was molestation, not the forcible, violent rape of an adult.) The women’s suffering, the fear and shame that affects them ever after, the guardedness they develop, the tentativeness in heterosexual friendship, it’s all so hideous.

Rape is power and lust together, a strange, dialectical sort of violence. Blok has pointed out how in ancient Greek literature the sex act was frequently presented as mastery pure and simple—hence, I suppose, vice versa—and she offers for our consideration the Greek verbs *damazo* and *dammémi*,

which can refer to the taming of an animal, the rape of a woman and the killing of a man... an equivalence is assumed between the sexual penetration of a woman by a penis and the penetration of a man by a weapon.¹⁰⁸

In the myth of Penthesileia, Achilles, like Danny Rolling, simultaneously accomplishes both ends. Penthesileia was man’s equal. She was a woman, but also an athlete, a warrior and, unlike most women in the classical period—and all too many other periods—an independent moral actor. She could have been Achilles’s soul mate—but one whom he could never “know” until he’d killed her, until she’d proved herself to be a soul mate by dying martially. One thinks again of Danny Rolling, with his delusional longing, compassion, love and regret, possessing the

rape babies & other miracles

ACCORDING TO "STERN", LITTLE EMINA'S MOTHER, A PRISONER IN THE "SERBIAN RAPE CAMP", WAS A 17-YEAR OLD MOSLEM GIRL FROM THE CENTRAL BOSNIAN TOWN OF TESLIĆ WHO "VANISHED FROM THE CLINIC AND NO-ONE KNOWS WHERE SHE WENT", TWO DAYS AFTER SHE DELIVERED HER BABY. ACCORDING TO "THE MAIL ON SUNDAY" SHE DID NOT DISAPPEAR, SHE IS 16 YEARS OLD AND IS NOT FROM CENTRAL BUT EASTERN BOSNIA. AS FOR THE FATHER, THINGS ARE SOMEWHAT CLEARER: "HE IS ONE OF THE COUNTLESS, FERAL, INTOXICATED SERBIAN CHETNIKS"...THE MOTHER WAS A VIRGIN, "WHEN (ON THE 20TH APRIL, 1992) THE CHETNIKS TOOK HER INTO CAPTIVITY", BUT THE BABY WAS CONCEIVED IN JANUARY 1992, POSSIBLY EVEN IN FEBRUARY. ARE WE THE WITNESSES OF AN "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION" OR A MEDICAL PHENOMENON?

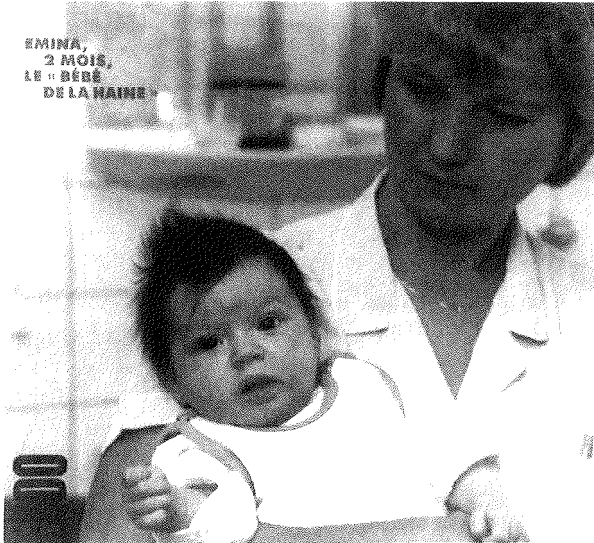
Bosnia rapes: Neither young nor old spared
USA Today Jan. 13, 1993 11A

Traveling American Judy Darnell relates the horror stories of Muslim women she says are pawns in 'ethnic cleansing' campaign.

In their zeal to cover the story, many American journalists have forgotten to count, from one to nine. That is, a normal, human pregnancy is nine months. Since the fighting began in May 1992, the very first such Bosnian "rape babies" would be born in December 1992. Yet Darnell

claims that during her last visit to Croatia she nursed a 5 month old "rape baby" (interview "Bosnia rapes: Neither young nor old spared" USA Today, January 13, 1993, p 11A). She must have witnessed a medical sensation.

Nils Horner, letter to the CBS



Emina, 2 months old, a "child of hate". (ELLE)

female body he's already killed.

"When one is peacefully at home," writes Chekhov in his notebook, "life seems ordinary, but as soon as one walks into the street and begins to observe, to question women, for instance, then life becomes terrible."¹⁰⁹ No wonder the Amazons hated men.

A CATALOGUE OF GENDER-VIOLENCE¹¹⁰

Aggression against gender may consist of either or both of those two scarlet threads:

1. SEXUAL PREDATION

- Danny Rolling commits rape, because "there's nothing wrong with me that a good piece of pussy and a fifth of tequila wouldn't cure." [Ovid's version: "You may use force; women like you to use it; they often wish to give unwillingly what they like to give."] ¹¹¹

Rape is uncontroversially imminent violence, and violent defense against it is surely justified so long as proportionality¹¹² gets respected. But why should this category be limited to heterosexual rape? Gender is as gender does; likewise its associated violence:

- Dwight Edgar Abbot, aged nine, gets sodomized by the counselor Mr. Beeman at Los Angeles County Juvenile Hall. Unlike many of the other nonconsensual sex acts which Abbot will witness in his incarcerated life, this rape seems to have committed more for purposes of gratification than degradation.¹¹³

Speaking of proportionality, this kind of aggression—sexual predation committed for the erotic gratification of the predator—may well be measurable according to this criterion: Does it employ only the minimum amount of force required to control the victim for the accomplishment of the desired acts? One author is sure that "the facts show that *rapists normally use only as much weaponry and force as is needed to coerce or control women into sex.*"¹¹⁴ Aggression beyond proportionality would seem to be motivated by sadism as well as lust. This is what prosecutors refer to as "a particularly brutal rape."

Aggression which respects proportionality is less unjustified than aggression which doesn't. Nonetheless, sexual predation for whatever motive remains so urgently unjustified that this point is moot.

2. ATTACK AGAINST GENDER

- Danny Rolling begins to kill each woman after raping her, because she is a "once-a-month bleeding bitch."¹¹⁵

- The prostitute Aileen Wuornos kills an indeterminate number of men in Florida because she hates men.
- Dwight Edgar Abbot rapes one of his fellow inmates, in order to degrade and humiliate, and incidentally to maintain his honor.
- The Amazons dislocate the joints of their infant sons to retain their gender's primacy. Greek warriors kill the Amazons to prevent them from being "men's equals."
- A heterosexual kills a homosexual out of disgust at homosexuals. (At the time of this writing, we call such an act a "bias crime.")
- "Where deaths do occur in association with female homosexuals, they more often involve the intruding male who attempts to convert one member of the homosexual marriage over to heterosexual practices. This frequently incites the husband or butch, who ... proceeds to kill the male invader."¹¹⁶

Currently, the most extreme attack upon gender as such is femicide.

INFANTICIDE AND FEMICIDE

Infanticide is usually a female-perpetrated crime. Adelson, the American pathologist whom I so often quote in this book, states that in his experience the slayer is almost without exception the baby's mother,¹¹⁷ probably because she who gives birth possesses more motive and more opportunity than he who merely impregnates.



Infanticide by "M.B." was attributed to melancholia (extreme, typically female behavior). (1850s)

In the *Malleus Maleficarum* of 1484, we are treated to the near tautology that "since the devils do these things [against infants] through the medium of women, and not men, this form of homicide is associated rather with women."¹¹⁸

In the mid-eighteenth century, between a third and a half of criminals put to death in Germany were female. Sometimes there were more women than men. While some residual witchcraft trials continued, one main cause of capital conviction was infanticide.¹¹⁹

There are as many categories of infanticidal mothers as we care to make—for example, the married American mother. "They usually committed filicide by beating their young children to death in the bathroom of their home on a Sunday morning."¹²⁰

The case report corresponding to one hideous photograph reads: "Diagnosis of live birth with death from incineration... The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter-

ter." The woman had explained that she roasted her child over a rubbish-heap to save the expense of a funeral.¹²¹

In short, we may grant that women bear far less blame for violence in general than arithmetic would predict;¹²² but they too, human, hence sanguine, cannot be exculpated. Far more often than not it's women who are the aggressors here, the murderesses. But perhaps we should also note that in many contexts their victims are as female as themselves.

DEAD GIRLS IN INDIA

We know that infanticide occurs for reasons of creed and honor,¹²³ sadistic cruelty¹²⁴ and, above all, economics. In 1817 to 1820, a staggering thirty-six percent of all children born in Paris were abandoned by their parents.¹²⁵ "I hope the time will soon come," writes a tired old American lady, "when the law will make the father support his little ones, if he is able to work, and the wife can get a share to care for herself in sickness and old age."¹²⁶ Doubtless, once this has been achieved, the abandoned mother finds less need for infanticide—but in the Salem district of Tamil Nadu, India, nearly forty percent of the respondents,¹²⁷ who seem to have been stable married couples, reported that infanticide was almost mandatory if the baby was their second girl-child. In one Bombay abortion clinic, out of eight thousand feticides in one year, only one was of a male embryo.¹²⁸

THE ECOLOGY OF CHILD-MURDER

That last statistic is not just sad, but eerie, because we find earth-defense's proponent of ecological "lifeboat ethics," Garrett Hardin,¹²⁹ proposing that sex determination procedures be used as follows:

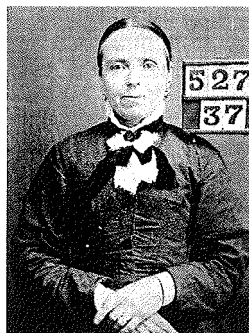
One of the practical conclusions of the analysis given in this book is this: population control and freedom to breed are irreconcilable... If perfect sex determination is achieved, women can then be freed of all restrictions on the number of children they produce, PROVIDED: they submit to the restriction of having only one girl child per woman.¹³⁰

Chronic resource shortages dictate female infanticide, "since the removal of females from a population has a long-term depressant effect on population growth." Short-term shortages "call for preferential male infanticide," for the opposite reason.¹³¹ The Europeans who explored Canada encountered it frequently in the northern forests, among the Kutchin, Nahanni and Slavey Indians, among others.

SEX RATIOS AMONG CANADIAN ATHAPASCAN INDIANS
(Mackenzie District, 1827)¹³²

	MALES	FEMALES
Fort Liard	147	100
Fort Simpson	145	100
Fort Norman	171	100
Fort Good Hope	171	100

Hardin proposes to make women responsible for birth control because one man could conceivably impregnate many women in a short time, but one woman copulating with many men could only get pregnant once every nine months at the oftenest. Thus "biology, in effect, has made women responsible. Saddled with this inequity, women had better demand power to match their responsibility." In cases of divorce, group marriage, infidelity, serial monogamy, etcetera, it becomes unclear



*Mrs. Marjory M.,
imprisoned for infanticide
(1877)*

how to assign baby-quotas.¹³³ Hence polyandry. "Women would clearly be the superior sex,"¹³⁴ which doesn't sound all bad to me. A Korean psychiatrist, frightened by widespread abortion of female embryos in her country, envisions just this "gruesome scenario" in the near future: "Parents with sons might have to prepare a huge dowry and pile it in front of the prospective in-laws' house. The proud parents of daughters could make inordinate demands..."¹³⁵ The psychiatrist imagines riots akin to the antler-clashings of rutting elks, increased male prostitution, an ethnically heterogenized population—and, of course, a falling birthrate.

We thus find two inverse yet equivalent mechanisms: In Hardin's ecotopia, a scarcity of women will make them valuable. In India, a devaluation of women makes them scarce. The net effect in either case: control of population.

Femicide, the destruction of female babies, may thus someday be justified by imminent ecological self-defense. I hope that that day never comes, that earth can be defended more kindly than that.

SEX RATIOS IN INDIA AND KOREA

	MALES	FEMALES
India, 1901	103	100
India, 1981	107	100
India, 1991 ¹³⁶	108	100
Korea, 2015 (extrapolation) ¹³⁷	130	100

DEAD GIRLS IN INDIA (CONTINUED)

Back to Tamil Nadu, where more than two-thirds of the people interviewed said that female infanticide was practiced in their village: nine percent reported having committed it themselves within the previous two years.¹³⁸ The proverb runs: "Bringing up a girl is like watering the neighbor's plant."¹³⁹ "People taunt us if we don't have a son," an Indian woman says to the interviewer. "They don't invite us for ceremonies."¹⁴⁰ (In Canada, one finds this watchword among the Slavey Indians in 1807: "It is a great deal of trouble to bring up girls, and ... women are only an encumbrance, useless in time of war and exceedingly voracious in time of want.")¹⁴¹

The most common reasons for female infanticide in particular are: inability to pay the dowry which the girl would require for a decent marriage, difficulty in sponsoring other female life-ceremonies (which generally cost twice as much as marriage), lack of food¹⁴² and unwillingness to subject her to the common fate of child-brides: rape by her father-in-law.¹⁴³ Another study mentions: controlling population, appeasing the gods, destroying defectives, keeping wealth in the family.¹⁴⁴ Destruction of girl-babies thus equals defense of property and imminent or merely selfish defense of resources.

The baby is named *Kuzhipappa*, meaning "child destined to go to the burial pit."¹⁴⁵ She will be killed within twenty-four hours of birth, either by poisoning with oleander milk, tobacco, insecticide, etcetera, or else by smothering. Her mother does it: a female kills a female...



Indian woman with photograph of her daughter, allegedly the victim of a dowry murder

Asked what would decrease infanticide, many of the murderesses replied: better education and jobs for girls, to make them more useful and desirable to their husbands, and the grant of the right to own property. In short, the best long-term, non-violent defense against attacks on gender is for our shamans and social engineers to insure that each gender has not only its embodiments, but its prerogatives.

PREROGATIVES OF GENDER

Gender refers not only to the physical, sexually differentiated body and its rights, which are the rights of the self, but also to cultural, personal and spiritual expressions of that body. In short, gender is an inalienable aspect of the self. *Gender is creed.* I assert, as many people in my society would, and many people outside my society would not, that one's gender and its manifestations of all kinds need no justification.¹⁴⁶

SOME OPINIONS ABOUT GENDER DIFFERENCES (467 B.C.-1995 A.D.)

Aeschylus (467 B.C.)

"The courage of a woman is insubmissive, rash, not counsellable ... It belongs to a man—let womankind keep their own counsel and not meddle with ours—to manage matters in the world outside."¹⁴⁷

Aristotle (*ca.* 330 B.C.)

"In the human species, the male is more under sexual excitement in winter, and the female in summer ... fair men [discharge more semen] than dark ... in the act of intercourse, women of a fair complexion discharge a more plentiful secretion than the dark ... woman is more compassionate than man, more easily moved to tears, ... more jealous, ... more apt to scold and to strike ... more prone to despondency and less hopeful than the man, more void of shame or self-respect, more false of speech, more deceptive, and of more retentive memory."¹⁴⁸

Hippocrates (*ca.* 400 B.C.)

"Eunuchs do not take the gout, nor become bald. A woman does not take the gout, unless her menses be stopped. A young man does not take the gout until he indulges in coition... A woman does not become ambidextrous."¹⁴⁹

Lucretius (*ca.* 55 B.C.)

"The male sex in general far excels the other in skill and is much more ingenious."¹⁵⁰

Ovid (*ca.* 1 A.D.)

"Often do men deceive, tender maids not often."¹⁵¹

Montaigne (1580)

"The ordinary talent of women is not such as is sufficient to maintain the conference and communication [of friendship]; nor do they appear to be endowed with constancy of mind... Beauty is the true prerogative of women ... ours, though naturally requiring another sort of feature, is never in its lustre but when youthful and beardless, a sort of confused image of theirs... I was once employed to console a lady truly afflicted; most of their mournings are put on and for outward ceremony."¹⁵²

Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1755)

"The conformities, which [savage man] would in time discover between himself and [other men], and between himself and his female, led him to judge ... that their method of thinking and acting was altogether in conformity with his own." But once civilization began, "the women became more sedentary, and accustomed themselves to mind the hut and their children, while the men went abroad in search of their common subsistence."¹⁵³

Immanuel Kant (1789)

"Marriage is founded on the natural reciprocity or intercommunity ... of the sexes ... the relation of the married persons to each other is a relation of equality as regards the mutual possession of their persons, as well as their goods ... when the law says ... of the husband in relation to the wife, "he shall be thy master," ... this ... cannot be regarded as contrary to the natural equality of the human pair, if such legal supremacy is based only upon the natural superiority of the faculties of the husband ... in the effectuation of the common interest of the household."¹⁵⁴

A Southern planter to his wife (1816)

"The hardness of heart in our sex not infrequently paves the way for infidelity, but your sex is blessed with sensibility, generosity and gratitude."¹⁵⁵

A Southern planter to his niece (1825)

"Vanity is truly and emphatically the bane of the female heart."¹⁵⁶

Sigmund Freud (1905)

"I have not gone fully into all that might be said ... about our pre-disposition towards bisexuality."¹⁵⁷

Mary Jane Sherfey, M.D. (1966)

"Recent embryological research has demonstrated conclusively that the concept of the initial bisexuality ... of the embryo is erroneous. All mammalian embryos ... are anatomically female during the early stages... Without the erroneous biological premises, the basic sexual constitution ... will be seen as highly moldable by hormonal influences, which in turn are so very susceptible to all those uniquely human emotional, intellectual, imaginative, and cultural forces on which psychoanalysis has shed so much light... These new biological findings will not 'blow away' Freud's 'artificial structure of hypotheses' but will transpose it to a less artificial and more effective level."¹⁵⁸

Anonymous entry on "women," "by her for him" (1972)

"Just as all women are more alike to a man than all men are to a woman, women probably really do differ sexually rather more than men, because of the greater complexity of their sexual apparatus (breasts, skin and so on as well as pussy)."¹⁵⁹

Jane Beckman Lancaster (1976)

"Humans are generally not a very sexually dimorphic species... Differences in muscularity between men and women is greatly exaggerated in modern society because of the relative inactivity of women."¹⁶⁰

Mistress Lilith Lash (1987)

"I never ask a tongue's gender if it licks me the right way."¹⁶¹

Chris Wilde (ca. 1995)

"I don't think of myself as transgender; rather, gender is what you make of it, not what happens to hang or fold between your legs. Dress wearing is a pleasure, pure and simple."¹⁶²

I insist that *gender's free expression is justified in the same way and for the same reasons*

as *free speech*, and with the same sole limitation: its expression must not partake of unjustified violence.

A CATALOGUE OF GENDER-VIOLENCE (CONTINUED)¹⁶³

Having broadened the category of gender, we'll now find it needful to consider other types of violence as *gender-specific*. Therefore, in line with the formulation of Ann J. Cahill that "rape must be understood fundamentally as an embodied experience, as an affront to an embodied subject,"¹⁶⁴ let us refine our second category above, "attack against gender," into "attack against gender's *embodiments*," in order to distinguish it from:

3. ATTACK AGAINST GENDER'S TRADITIONAL PREROGATIVES

- One of the excuses for condemning Joan of Arc to be burned as a relapsed heretic is this: In spite of her promise to begin wearing women's clothes in her prison, she has resumed her customary hooded tunic, the apparel of a man. In one version of the tale, this is because her warders refused to give her female attire; in the other, after she dressed as a woman, "a great English lord" attempted to rape her, so she reverted to her tunic to armor herself against future assaults. She insists that she will "be good" if only women instead of men would guard her, so that she'll be safe from violation. All the same, her judges express outrage at her bad gender-behavior.¹⁶⁵
- In Nigeria in 1929, enumeration of females and property by colonial officials leads women of the Igbo and other tribes to fear that they might be taxed in defiance of British promises. "In Ibibioland women had usufruct rights over their husband's farmlands... All domestic animals ... were ... considered women's property... Women's rights were therefore jealously protected." The women also want to continue to perform unlicensed plays, and they want freedom of prostitution. The British do not seem to respect these gendered rights. And so the Women's War begins. Women march by the thousands, menacing officials, freeing prisoners, burning district courts and other monuments to illegitimate authority. In retaliation for their property-violence, the British shoot many of them down. "Traditionally, it was unheard of for women to be challenged or brutalized while taking part in such collective actions." By and large, the aims of the Women's War will not be achieved.¹⁶⁶
- In Cameroon in 1958, the ancient women's organization called *anlu* protests changes in land laws by intimidating its enemies with menacing songs, defiling their homes by defecating there en masse, throwing stones, etc. "In the course of its three-year 'reign of terror,' anlu demanded the shutting down of markets and

schools, defied both traditional and colonial authorities." It remains unclear whether this is "a clash between woman peasant farmers and elite males" or a conflict split more fundamentally along gender lines.¹⁶⁷

How justified were these defenses of gender?

Regarding Joan of Arc's choice of dress, it might be possible to construct a case in which donning the clothing of another gender does that gender significant harm. For example, if the usufruct rights of women in Ibibioland were ceremonially exercised by wearing a certain garment (which I don't believe they were), then for a man to wear that garment might be equivalent to forging a check. Or, in an Islamic country, if a man were to don a chador for the purpose of mingling illicitly with women, this would, I think, cause the same shock, apprehension and outrage as would the trusted youth leader turned child molester in my country. But I am skeptical that in practical life such frauds would injure gender in particular, rather than the social contract in general. More often, the appropriation of gender-specific class emblems by another gender is, objectively speaking, harmless. The feminist "Bloomer Movement" in mid-nineteenth-century America is an example of an innovation in clothing which the other sex seems to have found genuinely threatening, and the few women who did wear bloomers found themselves subject to so much public and private unpleasantness that even the redoubtable Elizabeth Cady Stanton soon gave them up.¹⁶⁸ I don't see the women in these cases as interlopers; I see the society which they failed to change as parochial, bigoted. Joan's act of wearing men's clothes likewise fails to fit the bill of causing gender harm. Moreover, whichever of the two versions of the story one applies, it is justified by imminent self-defense against rape. Invoking defense of gender against her was blatantly wrong, and would have been even had its motivations amounted to more than hypocritical expediency.

As for the Women's War, that seems to have come about as a result of the colonial authorities' misapprehension of, or indifference to, the fact that in several of these southeast Nigerian tribal societies, certain property rights are gender-based. If one promises to exclude females from tax liability, then taxes livestock, which in the Britain of that time would be owned mostly¹⁶⁹ by men or male-dominated families and enterprises, good faith, of however careless a sort, can't be utterly discounted. Nonetheless, the promise not to tax female property has still been broken, the women accordingly harmed both in their property and their authority—which harms culture as well. The Women's War would thus seem to be justified by at least three categories of defense, not counting gender itself.

One reason why in *Rising Up and Rising Down* I have been so careful to give white separatists and others of that ilk more than may seem to be their due is because, as stated for defense of race and culture, *diversity is best served by local homogeneity and global heterogeneity*.¹⁷⁰ It is all too easy for an outsider to conclude that a

given society's division of sex roles is improper or unfair. The first English colonists in Virginia concluded that among the Powhatan Indians, "the women be verie painfull and the men often idle,"¹⁷¹ because the women took care of the fields while the men hunted and warred. "It is likely," says the anthropologist Helen Rountree, "that the same women who tortured captives could deride any man who did not take enough chances" on a raid.¹⁷² Rountree further points out that when the English visited these people, the men were either away or resting; moreover, since the Powhatan were subsistence agriculturalists in the lush ecosystem of the Tidewater, "women's work was probably not as onerous as the English believed";¹⁷³ finally, like the Igbo women in Nigeria, Powhatan women controlled corn-wealth and money-wealth.¹⁷⁴ In short, it would have been convenient for an English planter who altered Powhatan society by coercion to justify himself not only, as most did, through defenses of creed (the Indians were "idolators") and ground (they ambushed the English, who had taken their land), but also through gallant defense of gender. "What shoulde I doe?" demands John Rolfe in his letter expressing a wish to marry the "princess" Pocahontas. "Shall I be of soe an vntoward a disposicion as to refuse to lead the blynde into the right way? shall I be so vnnatural not to gyve breade to the hungry ..."?¹⁷⁵ May heaven preserve us, as it did not preserve Pocahontas, from such charity!

And so I believe very strongly that we ought to respect the inertia of another culture before we alter it,¹⁷⁶ and that goes for sex role divisions and gender prerogatives. The British should have done it in Nigeria (well, by most people's moral calculus in 2003, they should not have been in Nigeria at all). In a word, their tax-coercion against gender, intentional or not, remained unjustified. It is happy for us that the three categories of defense which justified the Women's War—gender, authority and culture (not to mention imminent defense of property, which equals subsistence in this case)—all happened to be aligned in parallel.

This is frequently not the case with gender issues. Consider, for instance, the case of a certain young Somali girl in the care of her aunts:

CIRCUMCISING AMAN: A MORAL BALANCE SHEET (ca. 1970)¹⁷⁷

Aman is nine years old.

REASONS NOT TO CIRCUMCISE HER

1. Expediency speaks against it. "My mama said no, because she didn't have enough money or time."
2. It is painful. "I was afraid."
3. It constitutes aggression against her mother's authority. "My mother ... was really angry" when the aunts have Aman circumcised, "because they hadn't respected her wishes."

[The serious health risks and the harm to Aman's future sexual functioning are not mentioned by anybody at this juncture. In short, no one in the village considers female circumcision to constitute aggression against gender.]

REASONS TO CIRCUMCISE HER

1. Defense of the family's outer honor: "But my aunts said to themselves, 'No, that's not fair'" to refrain from circumcising Aman. "It's not good for our name—our brother's name. And, besides, she's the oldest and it's shameful to do the younger ones and not her.' So they decided to do me, too, without letting my mother know."
2. Defense of Aman's outer honor and culture = peer pressure. "I told them yes, I wanted to—all the girls my age wanted to because it's shame not to."
3. Defense of Aman's inner honor = pride. "I told her, 'You don't have to grab me hard, I'm not going to run.' She said, 'Oh, you're a good girl!'... I wanted everyone to be proud of me."
4. Defense of culture = bloodline. "Don't let your family down. Don't let yourself down. The children will laugh at you tomorrow if you cry."
5. Loving defense of Aman's outer and inner honor by others. "I knew [my mother] was angry, but I was proud, so I told her to be happy for me. I said, 'They did it because they love me.'"
6. Defense of future wifely honor. After circumcision and sewing, the vaginal entrance should be the size of a toothpick. "When you get married, your husband will know you are a virgin. If he sees you have a little bit bigger hole, he'll think you played around." And if that's what he thinks, Aman may not have the nicest married life.

[NOTE: All of these motivations may be presented as defense of outer or inner gender. For definitions, see below.]

"She cut everything—she didn't cut the big lips, but she sliced off my clitoris and the two little black lips, which were haram—impure—all that she sliced off like meat... I asked her if she was finished and she said no, she was going to do it again."

SOURCE: AMAN, PP. 52-59.

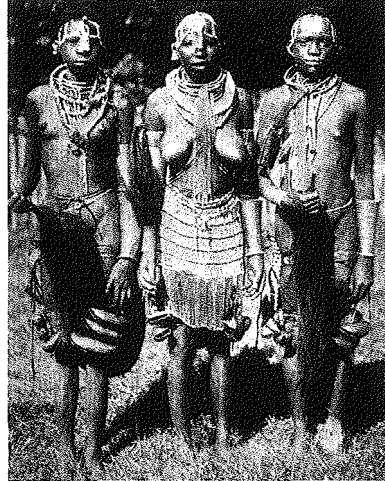
When I was in Kenya in 1992, I got to know a Kikuyu girl named Rose. She had several mothers, her father being polygamous according to tribal fashion, and most of these ladies, but not all, had been circumcised. The circumcised ones expressed considerable resentment against Euro-American feminists who were active against “female genital mutilation.” “They want to change our culture and make us just like them!” said one of them. Rose kept quiet, and then another of her mothers cried out in a fury. “We are *proud!* But those white women, they think their society is better than ours. They are racists. So we hate them.”

Rose said that in her village there was a choice. The less educated girls still chose circumcision; the more educated ones rejected it. Rose herself was against it.

Which does one put first, defense of gender or defense of culture? Unfortunately, my moral calculus cannot tell you that.¹⁷⁸ Neither can Rose or Aman. Only you can decide which category you value more.

Regarding defense of gender’s prerogatives, however, we can at least say this: This is justified *when gender constitutes legitimate authority*.¹⁷⁹ If the proper procedure to follow in Nijnikom Village is to consult with *anlu* before attempting to push through a new procedure for farming, and one goes right ahead in defiance of *anlu*, then—never mind the sincerity of the effort; discount the nobility of the end!—one has only oneself to blame when women start throwing stones. In other words, violent defense of gender is justified *when it seeks by otherwise justified means to stop an attempt to violently transform gender into, or violently maintain it as, class*. Mr. C. K. Bartholemew was doing his mite to transform gender into class by treating the women of *anlu* as the weaker vessel with whom no negotiation was required. Although he might not have realized it at the time, this was indeed an act of violence.

“Now this is how everyone farms,” Mr. Bartholemew justifies himself many years later, “but then it was very unpopular”—in which case perhaps he shouldn’t have tried to force them to do it—“and the politicians saw an opportunity to use the law for their own purposes,” in other words, to declare *anlu* against him. He seems to have been so zealous that he’d begun uprooting the women’s plants with his own hands. Foolish man, righteously self-certain! Thus he aggresses against property, authority, gender prerogatives, culture and who knows what else? *Anlu* throws stones at him; he’s forced to hide in a priest’s latrine; later the women mob his house, whack his roof and defecate in his yard. I pity him a little but I grant *anlu* the justification.



Lumbwa girls before their circumcision

When gender aggression seeks to transform gender into class, it would seem that violent defense of gender would be justified *when it is directed against gender-class structures and their official representatives*, such as Mr. Bartholemew.¹⁸⁰ By this logic an influential cleric or educator who called for cruel measures aiming at the domination of women, or for female infanticide, *might* arguably be a legitimate target for violence, if and only if the attack on him would provably neutralize his influence. About this example Trigger writes me: "This is very dangerous ground. It should be strictly subject to [moral calculus] 5.3.A.1.3.," namely, violent deterrence is justified *when it prevents unjustified violence; when it seeks to prevent violence*; "and whenever non-violent response is possible," Trigger goes on, "violence should be ruled out."¹⁸¹ I agree. Indeed, the violence used against Mr. Bartholemew seems to have been proportionate and proper; he was frightened and inconvenienced, but not seriously harmed. Neither, as it turned out, were the women who'd gotten so enraged about contour farming. But one could imagine other cases. For instance, if in the Afghanistan of 2000¹⁸² the Taliban had been less popular, hence consensually legitimized, than it was—and indeed it was highly unpopular among urban Afghan women—then the assassination of those zealots who locked women out of jobs and schools might have been justified. Mr. Bartholemew sounds to me like a somewhat foolish, arrogant, self-righteous man, and it is lucky for him that his aggression against gender, and hence its response, remained as nonviolent as it was.

INNER AND OUTER GENDER

Gender, like honor, has an inside and an outside.¹⁸³ I would argue that there is always gender, or something which might as well be called gender, in the context of any consensual intimate relationship, heterosexual, homosexual or other. When people choose to become intimate, they give themselves to each other in a personal, vulnerable way which I can best understand by drawing an analogy with sexual intercourse, although the intercourse may be entirely emotional, not sexual at all. An old husband and wife who sleep in separate beds still exist in a relationship of gendered bifurcation; and it seems to me that the necessary sharing, offering and accepting which intimacy requires must bifurcate us into the self I am and the other who needs me, whom I need and who complements me just as gendered sexual organs complement each other.¹⁸⁴ No matter what Mr. Abdur R. might have said about it,¹⁸⁵ the mouth or anus of a homosexual man may be to his partner what the vagina of the woman I love is to me. When I look at a man's mouth, I myself don't feel what I feel when I look at a woman's vagina, *any* woman's; this is outer gender; this is simply the type of embodiment which my embodiment happens to be drawn to¹⁸⁶ (and we could profitably extend this concept of outer gender beyond bodies to minds and personalities which attract us).¹⁸⁷ Inner gender is the woman I'm in love with, all of her, not just her vagina, breasts, etcetera; these attributes of

other women's gender speak to me, but not as *hers* speak to me. Her vagina is part of her inner gender because it's the vagina I know, but only a part; her inner gender is herself. *Outer gender is the gendered characteristics of otherness which attract us, and our own characteristics which complement them. Inner gender is the gendered incarnation of the other with whom we're intimate, and our own incarnation which complements him or her.* Ideally we love this person, but the definition, and life, don't require it; a spouse in a loveless marriage can know the other without affection; intimacy need not be happy. Nonetheless, even in the coldest intimacy imaginable, some sharing goes on, even if only of the same air; some sheltering occurs.

In such a vulnerable context, violence becomes especially unforgivable.

A CATALOGUE OF GENDER-VIOLENCE (CONTINUED)¹⁸⁸

A man trusts a woman to prepare his food, and she poisons him. A woman finds herself locked into the house which was supposed to be her home and to which she remains tied by inertia, poverty, possessions, legalities, fear and perhaps even love; between her and that locked door stands the husband who will soon beat her to death. Both of these cases are really *aggression against inner gender*, namely:

4. NONCONSENSUAL VIOLENCE¹⁸⁹ WITHIN A CONSENSUAL OR NONCONSENSUAL INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP

This is what we now call "domestic violence."¹⁹⁰ It has been with us always, since the time of the Amazons and before. One of its most hopelessly ghastly manifestations took place in the era of Lady Hygeyong, the rice-chest widow.

THE RICE-CHEST WIDOW

Prince Sado, that piteous demon out of eighteenth-century Korea, was (if we believe his wife's memoirs) driven psychotic by the continued coldness, suspicion and contempt of his father King Yongjo. Twentieth-century minds, quick to attribute psychoanalytical causes to mental illness, might fall in with this.¹⁹¹ Biochemical predisposition, such as paranoid schizophrenia, might equally well "explain" the violence of his now long dissolved ghost: no matter; most relevant here is that the loyal widow will later try to excuse acts which no one can justify. Her justifications lie as open to doubt as Danny Rolling's self-pitying self-extenuations; but to be unloved by one's father must be difficult enough; to be isolated and publicly humiliated by that father without recourse becomes still worse, especially for a Korean crown prince whose personal self cannot be dis severed from the public

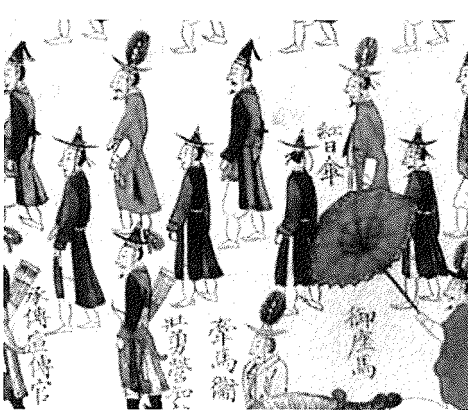
identity which the father endlessly rends. Prince Sado becomes shy, then withdrawn, then intemperate, and finally crazy in Danny Rolling's style. "That night ..." writes the wife in a typical passage, "Prince Sado cried endlessly. He wished to die and to leave behind the pains of this life. It is not possible for me to write of the pathos of this scene."¹⁹² He develops phobias about thunderstorms, jade, clothes. He begins to threaten his more favored sister, then to strike the memoirist, his wife. At last he becomes a serial murderer.

The first person killed was Kim Hanch'ae, the eunuch who happened to be on duty that day. The Prince came in with the severed head and displayed it to the ladies-in-waiting. The bloody head, the first I ever saw, was simply a horrifying sight. As if he had to kill to release his rage, the Prince harmed many ladies-in-waiting. I suffered so for this.¹⁹³

Why does he kill mainly women? Perhaps because, like Danny Rolling, like Achilles, he was raping them, too:

He had been intimate with many ladies-in-waiting. Whoever resisted him in any way he beat until he rent her flesh and consummated the act afterwards. Needless to say, no one welcomed his advances. Despite the many women he had been intimate with, he neither cared for anyone for long nor showed any particular fondness while it lasted.¹⁹⁴

In other words, this is aggression against outer gender. One lady-in-waiting, Pingae, he does cherish for a time, but one day he beats to death even her, whom



King Chongjo and Lady Hyegyong in a procession

the patient wife calls his beloved. —Indeed, to term her patient would be an understatement. She arranges to have Pingae's mangled corpse carried away from its two orphaned children, and to arrange a funeral at her own expense.¹⁹⁵ How else can she be good? She's a woman in a Confucianist society, so she lives in everlasting peril of judgment, not only on her account, but on account of her relatives, masters, intimates and above all her master intimate, her husband, to whom her inner gender, her-

self, has been publicly and eternally joined. She cannot discard him; should he discard or be severed from her, she'll be alone.

Another parallel between Prince Sado and Danny Rolling, which for me makes

the “rejecting wife and mother” model of rapists suspect, is that both men blame their fathers for their misfortunes. I submit that in Prince Sado’s case, the sex-murder of women in the Korean court was adopted not only because it gave him erotic pleasure, but, more importantly, because the abased status of women allowed him to harm them without suffering any consequences, like Vlad the Impaler of Romania torturing the insects which infested his prison cell.¹⁹⁶ (One study of wife-beaters in India concluded that the act is often committed “to compensate for their perceived lack of power.”)¹⁹⁷ Upon them Sado conveniently expresses his hatred for the enemy father. For the time being—and this I think is another small demonstration of the “hydraulic theory” of violence (if it doesn’t come out here, it will come out there)—he gets by with generalized aggression against gender, our second category. But these murders don’t satisfy him as they do Danny Rolling (“there’s nothing wrong with me that a good piece of pussy and a fifth of tequila wouldn’t cure”). That his psychic waterworks lack sufficient drainage canals is proven by the fact that his attacks finally escalate into a hostile reconnaissance of his father’s palace.

Meanwhile, the assignment of women to a class of inferior beings, Aristotle’s “an inferior man,” expedites the killing of women. Since what he really wants to do is kill his father, and since he kills women instead, it follows that the category of *woman* constitutes *prey*. These dead beings which he and his wife collude in discreetly cleaning up, they are the victims not only of his psychosis but also of the gendered class system.¹⁹⁸ That second category of ours, attack against gender, can thus be carried out not only by a single moral (or in this case morally incompetent) agent, but also by an entire society. It is not only his consort, but most or all of the court, who collude, very probably out of loyalty, compulsion and fear.¹⁹⁹

STRIPPED AND TRAMPLED

In his essay on class struggle in ancient Greece, Jean-Pierre Vernant argues that the master-slave opposition was not the principal Marxist “contradiction,” because “the slaves never appeared as a unified social grouping... No wonder, since class struggles were ... acted out within a sociopolitical framework from which the slaves were by definition excluded.”²⁰⁰

In this first half of *Rising Up and Rising Down* I have been attempting by means of categorization to reduce violence to a series of analogous “contradictions” between antagonists: white racists versus black asserters of constitutional rights, defenders of homeland versus aggressor-battalions, etcetera. The fact that each apparently stark opposition can be broken down into numerous other (sometimes bizarre) dichotomies need not detain us here; suffice it to say that acts of violence under most specified ethical rubrics other than gender are committed either by atomized individuals or by groups homogenized around the ethical issue in question—that is, either *privately* or *publicly*. A murderer with or without an accomplice shoots down

a convenience store clerk in view of as few witnesses as possible, or else an all-black mob,²⁰¹ inflamed beyond caring about witnesses, beats a white truck driver nearly to death at an intersection in Los Angeles. Isn't this dichotomy between public and private a fatuously broad species of either-or? What else could there be?

But when we begin to consider violent defense of gender, we uncover a *semi-public* situation similar to that which Vernant was describing in connection with the Greek slaves. How can a given gender appear as a "unified social grouping" when men and women pair off to build semiprivate worlds? (This is why an American feminist magazine editorialized in 1919: "There is no war, no conflict, no misunderstanding between the sexes. There are men and women with a vision of better things, and men and women with no vision.")²⁰²

In aboriginal societies such as that of the seventeenth-century Huron, when men and women had different labor-roles, the sexes spent whole seasons sleeping apart, but even they reconstituted themselves as families in their clan longhouses, mixing together (as races or ideologies in and of themselves need not) with all the inevitability of biology. Even the Amazons, if they existed, had to copulate with the masculine enemy in order to perpetuate themselves.

Slaves, too, particularly in classical times, were inducted into the family. However, a wife who kills her husband does not in so doing represent her gender to the same degree that a master represents his class when he kills a slave. Why? Because in the latter case, the relation between the two moral actors *must* almost certainly be a coercive one. Cicero expresses affection for his reader-slave,²⁰³ but the reader is still a slave. When the master strikes the slave, one large-looming result will be to reinforce that relation. Contrariwise, when the slave attacks the master, the context of his blow must be seen as one of rebellion, even though the precipitating motive might have been blind passion. That is why the Romans insisted on putting an entire household of slaves to death in retaliation for a single slave's violence.

When one spouse kills another, on the other hand, the act cannot invariably be seen in the light of an attack upon a certain relation instead of upon a person, the marital state not being inherently involuntary or inescapable—although, like the marriage of Lady Hyegyong, it *may* be.²⁰⁴ The couples who quarrel publicly with one another in low venomous voices, the wives (euphemistically called bossy) who snarl at their husbands through their glittering teeth, the husbands who split their wives' skulls open, may be attacking the victim's sex through the deed—and we may be sure, by simple virtue of the fact that they cohabit, that defense of and offense against inner gender will be involved—but they're far more likely to be expressing a destructive impulse toward a specific person, rage being not only personalized, but founded on (presumably mutual) intimate knowledge²⁰⁵ of the victim's inner gender. This is what makes it so difficult to determine when defense against an intimately known other is defense against gender, and when it is simply defense against a hated person.

One late twentieth century study concludes that the most common causes of marital quarrels in India are: money problems, child-rearing disputes, household chores, "sexual rifts," in-law problems (a category responsible for that particularly nasty form of murder known as "dowry deaths"), desire to keep the wife in *purdah*, differing expectations.²⁰⁶ "Feminists understand domestic violence as a logical outgrowth of the imbalance of power between men and women coupled with beliefs in the impropriety of public intervention in 'private matters.'"²⁰⁷ That's undeniable, but there's more to it than that; some spouses are equal and some are not; some love each other and some do not.²⁰⁸ If we tried to find a gender violence expression and a gender-coincidental "personal" expression for each of these disputes, we might arrive at something like the following:

GENDER-DRIVEN VIOLENCE AND GENDER-COINCIDENTAL
VIOLENCE IN INDIAN MARITAL QUARRELS (LATE 20TH CENT.)

MOTIVE FOR VIOLENCE	GENDER-DRIVEN MOTIVE	GENDER-COINC. MOTIVE
1. Money problems	Authority to allocate resources	Reaction to spouse's allocation of resources in a given instance
2. Child-rearing disputes	a. Authority to rear child b. Desire to favor one gender of child over the other	Disagreement with spouse's specific action toward child
3. Household chores	Determination to compel spouse to do a disproportionate number of chores	Dissatisfaction with certain chores or arrangement
4. Sexual rifts	Desire to control sex-irrespective of spouse's wishes	Conflict of sexual desires
5. In-law problems	Insufficient dowry	Bad "personal chemistry" with in-laws
6. Desire to keep wife in <i>purdah</i>	Desire to control and-isolate wife	Attempt to avoid being different from the neighbors
7. Differing expectations	Differing expectations of gender roles	Differing expectations of love, intimacy, relationship issues

I don't pretend that these hypothetical motives are complete, or even always representative. I do believe them to be plausible. Easy to see that the same quarrels, the same acts of violence, might arise from different or overlapping motives!

But intimate violence remains—intimate violence; and for precisely the same reason that rape is so atrocious a humiliation, shaming by exposing and misusing

what we usually keep covered, in order to share it only with the persons we choose, the attack of one spouse, lover, etcetera upon another is even more horrible than an opportunistic stranger assault, because the intimately known traits of the other are used, betrayed, so that love, trust and the happy confidence in self which derives therefrom, are all stamped upon, like a body stripped naked and trampled under the rapist's boot.

Lady Hyegyong's husband didn't kill her. Instead, he stripped her and hurt her. His madness extenuates him, but the unequal class relation of her gender possesses no such excuse. (Aztec girls of the upper classes were enjoined not to raise their eyes from the ground in public, on pain of being "punished cruelly."²⁰⁹ An Aztec proverb: "Words are for women, arms for men."²¹⁰ Sir Walter Raleigh, 1614: "The rule of the husband over the wife, and of parents over their children, is natural, and appointed by God himself; so that it is always, and simply, allowable and good."²¹¹ In nineteenth-century England, a husband had legal license to beat his wife, provided that the rod was more slender than his thumb.)²¹²

"I DID WHAT I COULD TO EASE THE TENSION"

In the records she is entered as "Lady Hyegyong." She was only a woman, so we remain ignorant of her full name. (Once again, here's the "gruesome scenario" of that Korean psychiatrist: "The proud parents of daughters could make inordinate demands." Maybe it's time for that.) The two of them were married at age nine, the marriage consummated shortly after his fifteenth birthday. Four years later he has already taken his first consort. "I did what I could to ease the tension," writes Lady Hyegyong. "First of all, palace custom made it futile to be jealous of that sort of thing... Second, I was not so hard-hearted."²¹³ She understands her place. In effect, she is to be a servile womb—a charge which she fulfills honorably, producing the next king.²¹⁴ Her submissiveness, her refusal to take offense, will save her life. Her patient endurance makes of her a heroine of gold and diamonds, in the best Asian style.

As for her story itself, it's not unlike that of Mao Zedong's physician, Dr. Li Zhisui, which we already told.²¹⁵ But there is this difference: Dr. Li, even though excusably inhibited in his moral choice by worries about his family's safety, nonetheless retained more of the capabilities of a decisive agent. He chose to countenance Mao's crimes, smiling and acquiescing in what he knew was wrong, denouncing the innocent. Lady Hyegyong never possessed any more of those capabilities than the bare, bleak assertion left to any human being with a measure of consciousness—Bukharin at his show trial,²¹⁶ Joan of Arc on the scaffold of burning, McKinley dying, gazing into his assassin's face.²¹⁷

Like Dr. Li, Lady Hyegyong is family-pinioned. This comprises the most visible aspect of her social contract. Fail to obey, and her entire family will be destroyed as traitors.²¹⁸ She obeys.

Her family had already known enough about the perils of outer honor's distinctions to dread her marriage. Once she was definitively chosen by the royal family to be the new crown princess, her parents

spoke to me exclusively in respectful language. The other elders in the family also treated me with deference. This change made me indescribably uncomfortable and sad... Father seemed to experience an acute sense of apprehension. He perished heavily.²¹⁹

I said earlier that since defense of honor can be heartbreaking and dangerous, we ought to carefully choose the honor that we defend; but Lady Hygeyong's family never chose that honor, nor did she. "Power and glory," she says, "in turn aroused envy and jealousy. Ghosts and spirits envied us, and the living resented us."²²⁰

Her husband refrains from murdering her, but she remains by one measure his worst-tormented victim—for her suffering will continue decades after he's been squeezed into ignominious rest. His physical cruelty to her (once he almost blinds her when he throws a go board into her face, striking her in the eye)²²¹ pales in comparison with the monstrous situation in which he's placed her: unloved and alone, struggling to protect him by concealing his crimes.

In her memoirs she speaks frequently about "doing her duty to the nation." This she fulfilled. This sad, intelligent, half-crushed old lady now recalling her sufferings has gotten precious little else out of life. When her husband's madness becomes uncontrollable, her father, once trusted by King Yongjo, finds himself now in difficulties—father-in-law of a royal criminal, a traitor. Now we understand why "I did what I could to ease the tension." Her perfect acquiescence wasn't enough, so she tortures herself with the conviction of her own baseness. If only she could have done something to save Prince Sado's sanity! "I used to acutely regret my birth," she writes, "which was the cause of the decline and fall of my family, and I lamented the bottomlessness of my unfiliality." Long years later, when her son celebrates her nativity, she is grateful, but "secretly I had wished that I would not live to see another birthday."²²² Deeply damaged in her inner gender, this miserable woman continues to be as good as she can by asserting her badness. What else could she have done? To herself and everyone she cared about, no defense of hers could have been justified. What should she have done? When you know, tell me.

Sado rapes, and continues to rape; kills, and continues to kill. When his father grants him grudging permission to leave his prison, the palace compound, and to make a royal progress to the compound at Onyang, Lady Hyeyong gets a temporary respite. "Supremely important as one's husband is to a woman," she writes, probably without irony, "the situation was so difficult that I was in constant danger, to the point of not knowing when my life might end. This made me, or rather part of me, long to be somewhere far away from him."²²³ Which part? The part that still

lived and felt.

Recalled from Onyang, perhaps due to certain murderous eccentricities there, her spouse begins to sneak out of the palace incognito, and finally makes that threatening secret expedition to the upper palace where King Yongjo resides. From this action rises a cloud of evil connotations: revenge, unfilial disrespect, danger of assassination. The murder of his inferiors was tolerated, but now Sado has crossed the line. The lady who gave birth to him visits his father at the next audience and says: "As a mother, this humble person can hardly bear to say this, but it is only right that Your Majesty secure the dynasty by protecting your sagacious person and the Grand Heir"—by whom she means the son of Sado and Lady Hyegyong. "Please make this decision . . .," she continues. "Though he cannot be saved, he cannot be blamed. Your Majesty must settle this: please extend your grace to the Grand Heir and his mother."²²⁴

We don't know enough to declare whether or not Lady Hyegyong is well informed enough to anticipate this outcome. I would imagine not. The decision has been made. Her husband takes off his dragon robe and prostrates himself before the seated, sword-rapping father, begging him for mercy, for life, swearing to be good forevermore. The little Grand Heir pleads for him, which must be especially horrific to observe; Lady Hyegyong beats her breast; but the sword raps on: Into the rice chest! That is the king's order. It takes Sado eight days to die.

Cruel? Yes, but this way it is suicide, not an execution, and so Lady Hyegyong and, more importantly for the succession, and therefore for her, her son, who now will be adopted by another son at the king's command—need not be fatally stigmatized as criminals. It is the first and perhaps the only act of kindness that Sado renders his wife—for, it would seem, after trying to hang himself and being cut down by his duty-bound tutors (who would have suffered for not saving him), he enters the rice chest voluntarily, instead of being thrust into it.²²⁵

Even so, Lady Hyegyong automatically becomes guilty, if only to a degree.²²⁶ She writes the king: "Under Your Majesty's decision, it is most discomforting for the criminal's wife and son to remain at the palace."²²⁷ Soon reply comes that "in accordance with the changed status of the crown prince" his wife had better depart for her father's house.²²⁸ Sado is still alive then.

Once the eighth day comes, and he finally perishes (during a thunderstorm, as she will later believe), King Yongjo promptly executes his associates: a courtesan, some craftsmen, servants, shamans, a eunuch. "This was entirely reasonable," she writes, "and no one could complain."²²⁹ Over and over she thanks the king for his grace in sparing her life and that of her son, but her deepest regret is that her responsibility to the Grand Heir prohibits her from suicide.

AN ASIDE

This wish of hers brings to mind the Hindu custom of *suttee*, in which a widow gives herself to be burned alive upon her husband's pyre. Herodotus describes an ancient Thracian analogue of it as follows:

The one on whom the honour of the verdict falls is first praised by both men and women, and then slaughtered over the grave by her next of kin and buried by her husband's side. For the other wives, not to be chosen is the worst possible disgrace, and they grieve accordingly.²³⁰

The tradition might be more appealing if men followed it in equal measure when their wives died, and if we had never seen any of the ugly little tales about widows who, refusing to commit *suttee*, which is now illegal in India, were humiliated, starved, tortured and murdered by their husbands' families, which considered anyone who'd outlived her husband to be a worthless burden... One late twentieth century study found four thousand dowry deaths per year in India.²³¹ In 1983, almost seven hundred women were burned to death in Delhi alone. Almost all of those cases were reported as accidents; but most were probably dowry deaths.²³² "Brides are burnt when demanded items are not received."²³³ When I flick through English-language Indian newspapers, I often come across such cases. When they happen, another editorial will deplore them as new manifestations of the practice of bride-burning. I don't recall ever having read about a case of husband-burning, and if I did, reporters would present it as its own ugliness rather than as a flame in the sullen fire of gender atrocity.



Woman committing suttee

A FAIRYTALE ENDING

Eventually the sovereign tolerates Lady Hyegyong's return back to court. But her family's prestige was buried in the rice chest. One day her uncle gets executed for a chance remark. "Despite pain and bitterness, I did not forget that one had to always redouble one's devotion to the state. My public duty demanded that I behave as though I had forgotten my uncle."²³⁴

The extremity of her isolation stuns me. Modest, self-denying, she lives out her blighted placeholder's life. The following anecdote brings tears to my eyes. After twenty years, writes the poor creature, "the King bent the laws of the nation and

allowed me a reunion with my sister. This was such an extraordinarily thoughtful and generous gesture, truly rare among the rulers of a thousand years."²³⁵

DEFENSE AGAINST HUSBANDS

“He struck me across the face,” says a woman who murdered her husband. Oh, she was made of different stuff from Lady Hyegyong! “I been struck too much. I said, ‘You’ll be sorry you did that.’” Time for the butcher knife. They had been arguing because he wanted her to get an abortion and she was afraid.²³⁶

We see a shriveled, blackened, crumpled face, bald and crispy. This man’s wife poured hot lye over him while he slept—defense of gender, I suppose. He survived for almost nine weeks. “The histolytic capacity of the lye is strikingly demonstrated by the extensive destruction of the decedent’s eyes, facial tissues (note frontal bone presenting in fullface photograph), nose and right ear, which is completely destroyed.”²³⁷

“When a man is killed by a woman, he is most likely to be killed by his wife,” wrote the American sociologist Marvin Wolfgang. “In 94 percent of the cases the victim and offender were members of the same race, but in only 64 percent they were of the same sex.”²³⁸ Defense of gender, aggression against gender, only the caseworkers know. Almost three decades after Wolfgang’s work, another American study similarly concluded: “Women who kill sexual intimates more often commit the offenses in the home with a firearm, are the sole offenders, have been provoked into the murders by the actions of their predominantly male victims, and claim self-defense.”²³⁹

We see a man’s patchwork body, a map of peeling white continents on dark burned flesh, similar in appearance to that of the napalm victim I met on the Afghan frontier. His wife murdered him as he slept by pouring boiling water on him, but it took him twelve days to die. “The decedent had refused to prosecute his wife while he was alive, but she was indicted for and found guilty of manslaughter following his death.”²⁴⁰ Justified or not? We can’t tell.

“WE ARE NOT GAME TO BE HUNTED AND BUTCHERED”

In the *Diné Bahane’* or creation tale of the Navajo, we read the story of a man who had twelve wives, all of whom became adulterous because he did not inspire love. Let’s say they’d wounded his inner, gendered honor. After their unfaithfulness had continued for a long time, he finally received permission from the clan chiefs to punish them, because “adultery was a threat to the harmony needed in every marriage”—in other words, perhaps, a threat to gendered class relations. Or, to put it still more fancily, defense of honor equals defense of gender equals defense of class.

He waited until they cheated on him again. As one by one they sinned, he cut

the first one's vulva out, chopped the second one's ears off, sliced off the third one's breasts.²⁴¹ They all died. So after that he started cutting off noses, which branded the unfaithful women without killing them, and this came to be adopted as the standard punishment for infidelity. Once all the nine surviving wives lived nose-less, they hated him, threatened him, and said to one another, "We are not game to be hunted and butchered." On the final evening of a nine-night ceremony to improve their husband's fortune (we assume that their attendance had been compulsory), they appeared waving knives and singing, "The knife has disfigured me!" All the people were in terror of them. They'd become what Aeschylus would have called "the unlorded Amazons that fare on flesh."²⁴² Then, cursing not only him, but everyone in sight, evidently because their mutilation had been committed by community sanction, they ran away, far to the north, where their gender-defensive rage sometimes brings winter blizzards and summer lightning-storms.²⁴³



Woman killed for committing adultery

DEFENSE OF THALIA MASSIE

We read that an act of rape, an unnecessary hysterectomy and the publication of *Playboy* are all similar, each being "based on fear, hostility, and a need to dominate women."²⁴⁴ Such carelessness or recklessness, which comes near equating a deliberate act of physical violence with debatably justified acts, is both causative and symptomatic of the complexity and confusion of gender violence, where motives mix, and kinship wars with expedient politics. Contradictory confusions, multiply murky violent imminences, expedient agendas all join the same procession of gender defense, marching behind their placards. Infatuated Nazis who go to Russia to preserve the German homeland, Robespierre whisked by the "logic of events" into defending the General Will by suppressing it, Julius Caesar defending a violent end by the most clement possible means, all such fine risers-up mistake aggression for, or disguise it as, defense of the various categories detailed in this book. Defense of gender as defense against *Playboy* is a fraud, as defense against Danny Rolling is rendered needless by imminence, so what is it? —Like most excuses for violence, it's most often—violence! How strangely tail-swallowing it can be grows patent when, in analogy to our category of aggression against inner gender, we define *aggression against outer gender*, which of course is what Danny Rolling stands guilty of and which is:

5. A VIOLENT ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH A NONCONSENSUAL INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP²⁴⁵

- One FBI profiler explains that “if anal sex were followed by fellatio” in the course of a rape, “the motivation to punish and degrade would be strongly suggested,” whereas “in acting out a fantasy, the offender normally engages in kissing, fondling, or cunnilingus.”²⁴⁶ The first of these is more physically violent, and therefore probably more unpleasant to the body. The second is more disturbing to the gendered psyche. Both are equally unjustified.

What could fit the category with more monotonously hideous appropriateness than that? We’ve seen this before, and before and before. Now, what about *this*?

- An old man picks up a young hitchhiker who, the case historian drily notes, is “interested in body building and similar endeavors. The older male made homosexual advances to the younger man, who responded by beating him,” fatally. This scenario is analogous to “a homicide with homosexual implications” because when men such as the hitchhiker “find themselves in a situation where their exaggerated male awareness is challenged, they pass into a homosexual frenzy.”²⁴⁷

Here the attempt to establish the nonconsensual intimate relationship was made by the *victim*. Does it suffice to shrug off the fatal beating as simply a defense of gender which failed to respect proportionality?²⁴⁸ Or has gender now become such a sacred end that, like the Nazi ethos²⁴⁹ of homeland, any “challenge” to it must be construed as blasphemy, which the defender considers a capital crime? What differentiates the hitchhiker who killed the old man from Achilles who killed Penthesileia—or Penthesileia who killed any number of men?

In 1932 a beautiful socialite named Thalia Massie is raped, or claims rape, following an altercation with her husband after which she’d wandered into the night alone. Her broken jaw might be a love-token bestowed on her by Lieutenant Thomas Massie for infidelity, or maybe her rapists did it. It was a gang bang, rumor explains, with two Hawaiians, two Japanese and one Chinese-Hawaiian involved. Doesn’t miscegenation make it worse? After all, remarks the press, here in Hawaii, “bands of degenerate natives lie in wait for white women driving by.” —What is public opinion? What is a newspaper editorial? Why, the breath of gender-defense itself? Strange, to see how certain of itself public opinion is, and how rapidly it changes, chasing itself round and round like leaves in an autumn wind ... Enough monkeyshines! Time for violence in defense of white women! Thalia Massie is our outraged goddess, and we will purify her with the smoke of sacrifice. After the jury declares a mistrial, much to the shock of gender-defenders, justice decides to enact itself! One of the accused gets badly beaten by sailors, and another is taken into the tender care of Thalia’s mother and husband, who will be assisted by two Navy men,

valiant toilers for the cause of gender defense, loyalists of gender I'd call them, and police will soon interrupt them en route to the ocean, with that Oriental rapist's corpse in the back seat. Our Navy men get convicted of manslaughter, and the judge commutes their ten years to one hour, sentence to be served in his chambers. Thalia Massie's accusation of rape will later be proven by Pinkerton detectives to be a lie. She and her husband divorce.²⁵⁰

The Massie case is obviously as crooked as the judgment against Joan of Arc, the alleged rapists being innocent; however, had they actually done what Thalia Massie said they did, there might be some justification for vigilantism, *against them*, to save other women from being raped, *by them*. But what masquerades as defense of gender (and race)—“bands of degenerate natives lie in wait for white women driving by”—may be collapsed into *anyone's* right to imminent defense against assault. In the moral calculus we've already noted the necessity to make sure we always eliminate *the redundant terms and categories which make it difficult to distinguish a locally valid axiom from a universal one—or from a tautology*. In our chapter on defense of ground we saw that “a war of the Soviet Union against an imperialist aggressor would be a just war” really means “a war against an aggressor would be a just war”;²⁵¹ in other words, defense against aggression is just. Therefore, when the aggressors (“degenerate natives”) and the victims (“white women”) get specified, one has to wonder, if the specificity means anything at all, whether nonspecified victims would be morally entitled to the same protection, or whether the specified aggressors are any worse than other conceivable groups. *Violent defense of any group is unjustified as such if the group defended has been privileged over other groups which could face comparable aggression.*²⁵² Absent the specific features we've enumerated above, violent defense of gender is *generally* justified à la violent defense of class, namely when it is committed (most likely by a minority against a majority) in the face of imminent harm (which it need not prevent), *and* when the violence is directed exclusively against members of the other gender whose actions constitute physical aggression. Turn again to Herodotus, well-stocked purveyor of such wares, who writes that the rebellious Babylonians, preparing an uprising, “in order to reduce the consumption of food, herded together and strangled all the women in the city—each man exempting only his mother, and one other woman whom he chose out of his household to bake his bread for him.”²⁵³ —To reduce the consumption of food! He doesn't say, “to reduce the number of women.” That doesn't matter. Only the men are worthy. The women must die. One recalls what the Slavey Indians said: “Women are only an encumbrance, useless in time of war and exceedingly voracious in time of want.”²⁵⁴

Just as violent defense of gender is justified when it seeks by otherwise justified means to stop an attempt to violently transform gender into, or violently maintain



Thalia Massie
(1932)

it as, class, so it is *unjustified when gender becomes a mask for the violent maintenance of a class system.*²⁵⁵

Between “women are only an encumbrance” and the defense of Thalia Massie lies this calculus:

DEFENSE OF GENDER IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When it is committed (most likely by a minority against a majority) in the face of imminent aggression against gender (which it need not prevent), and the violence is directed exclusively against members of the other gender whose actions constitute physical aggression.
2. When its cause lies open to all—in other words, when its purpose is to defend the possession of rights which ought to be applied irrespective of gender.
3. When directed against a gender-class system whose unjustified categories place the subservient gender at imminent risk of harm, when the defensive violence would clearly diminish that risk, and when proportionality applies.
4. When it seeks by otherwise justified means to stop an attempt to violently transform gender into, or violently maintain it as, class.
5. When it is directed against gender-class structures and their official representatives, not against individuals who happen to be members of the gender-oppressing class only passively, through biological or social accidents.
6. To the extent that the gender it protects is legitimate authority.

DEFENSE OF GENDER IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When it is merely the violence committed by one gender on another for reasons which have nothing to do with gender.
2. To the extent that it violates freedom of expression.
3. Against infanticide which furthers scientifically imminent defense of earth.
4. When gender becomes a mask for the violent maintenance of a class system.

Honor has its Joan of Arc, homeland, Leonidas. Whom does gender have to defend it most nobly? My mind returns to the mythic Amazons. How noble were they who dislocated their own sons' knee-joints to protect their gender's primacy? And yet, the imminence of Achilles hunted them down, which excuses them much. I myself hope for the day that a better Amazon of gender will come, smashing the violence which conflates gender with class inferiority. Meanwhile, whatever moils and confusions of gender await us in the future, we can at least wish that what ties each gender to the gender it seeks, the ties being love and lust, may limit some of the violence against it—no matter that the prevalence of rape and gender servitude render that wish utopian.

12.

CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF GENDER

A. General Vo Nguyen Gia (North Vietnam, 1972)

"When the enemy comes, even the women must fight."²⁵⁶

B. Constitution of the Iroquois (*ca.* 1700)

"If a lord is found guilty of rape, he shall be deposed ... and his horns [the emblem of power] shall be handed back to the chief matron of his family and clan."²⁵⁷

C. Ann J. Cahill (2001)

"The violent actions of a rapist, while profoundly destructive to the victim's being and intersubjective personhood, need not be the final word."²⁵⁸

D. Michael Ghiglieri (1999)

"The antidote to men's violence in America is ... first ... to teach children ... self-control, self-discipline, and self-responsibility ... Second, ... we must decide that our justice is *lex talionis* justice."²⁵⁹

E. Claudia Card (1996)

"Strategies of resistance would have women become armed and skilled in the use of weapons ... not only by martial arts and other civilian classes (perhaps funded by the state) but also by infiltration of the military at every level."²⁶⁰

F. National Research Council (1996)

"Women who actively resist attack are more likely to thwart rape completion without increasing their risk of serious injury."²⁶¹



CHAPTER 19

DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS

You are to send this force ... to fight our rebellious subjects, the Cheremis, Ostiaks, Votiaks and Nogai, who have committed treason by turning against us.

TSAR IVAN IV, TO IAKOV AND GRIGORII STORGANOV (1572)¹

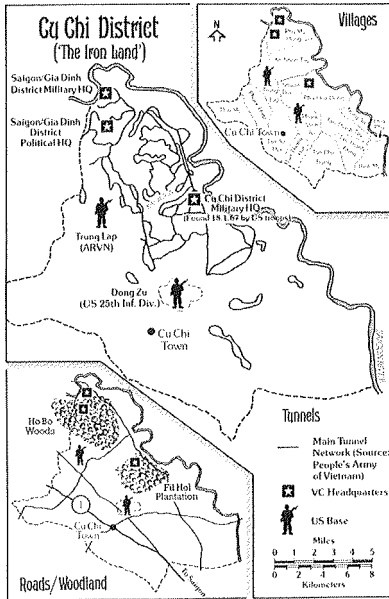
Any Ostiaks who turn against the Siberian and pay dan tribute to us are to be protected against the Siberian.

TSAR IVAN IV, TO IAKOV AND GRIGORII STORGANOV (1574)²

THE DECAPITATED BRIDE

During the Vietnam War, the tunnels of Cu Chi ran underground for twenty miles or more, all the way to Saigon. These hot, dank, stinking burrows, infested by rats, scorpions, fire-ants and poisonous snakes, had been begun by the Viet Minh in the 1940s. Once the Americans came, the Viet Cong expanded them, drawing on their bottomless reserves of patience, determination and self-possession to drag secret loads of earth away in sacks and handmade baskets. The terrorism of

orthodoxy being suspended, at least in part, until the victory of 1975, they nourished themselves upon true unity, made up of equal parts fear and hatred for the American oppressors. And when we get to the tale of the decapitated bride which gives this chapter its gruesome core, we would do well to gaze down into the earthy perplexities which inevitably inter it, and note these long, sweaty passageways of



Cu Chi tunnels

unitary purpose. "We had to crawl through narrow holes like snakes," recalled an NVA officer. Sent through the darkness in a convoy of a thousand soldiers, he'd fainted for lack of air.³ But his comrades helped him, guided less by eyesight than inspiration, compulsion and fate. Most of the tunnels never departed from the crudest possible utility—indeed, when Cu Chi became a museum after the war, orders went out to enlarge them, so that the well-fed bodies of paying sensation-seekers could fit. But under the pressure of air strikes, functional necessity had already begun to decree local grandiosity. Doctors operated in earth-walled hospitals, amputating with little or no anesthetic, trepanning brain wounds with dentist drills, while insects scuttled across the operating tables. To shore up the revolution's war aims, agitprop performances were also

staged underground; one member of a cultural troupe gave birth to a daughter in a tunnel in 1967.⁴ We might say that the very existence of the tunnels comprised a sort of agitprop, emblematic of struggle and bitterest death, which in time, as illness, slavery or incarceration would have done, branded itself into these mole-people's skin. After the victory, one Vietnamese sent to a re-education camp had no trouble recognizing in another prisoner "the pale, sickly complexion of someone who had lived in tunnels too long."⁵ Cu Chi had become, like Mervyn Peake's Gormenghast, not just a place but a world.⁶ Its earthen walls oozed with resolution and dread. There were underground printing presses down there, and immense caves to hide howitzers—and, at least once, a captured American tank. "Leave it to poor countries to fight to the bitter end," said Napoleon, himself weakened over time by the "running ulcer" of Anglo-Spanish insurgency.⁷

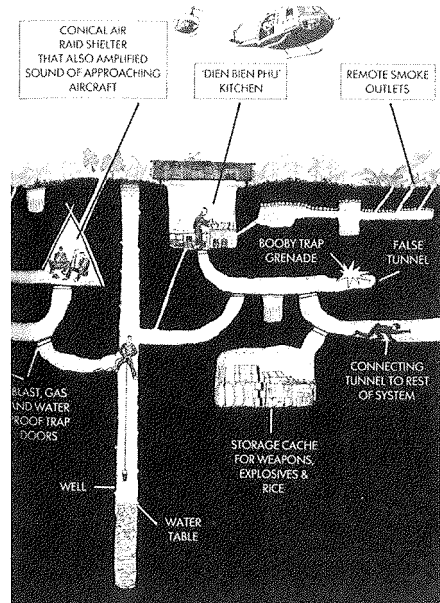
RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

Unnecessary to state that to the Americans who bombed and temporarily occupied the jungle overhead, razing villages and building heavily fortified bases, Cu Chi was

“the very heart of the Viet Cong machine in South Vietnam at the notorious Ho Bo Woods just west of the fabled Iron Triangle itself”⁸—a sinister invasion and subversion operation by terrorists who lurked beneath the ground!⁹ To the Viet Cong, of course, it was the opposite:

It is always dark before sunrise. After cold days, warm days will come. The most tiresome moment is when one moves up a hill. One must rise up, disregarding death and hardships, determined to defeat the American aggressors.¹⁰

To put the matter more technically, they applied the Clausewitzian principle of wearing out the aggressor through protracted resistance.¹¹ They lurked, endured, retreated, ambushed, misled and terrorized the enemy, not unlike the ancient Scythian riders whose gloomy land the Persians sought unavailingly to dominate. Scythians would appear out of nowhere, picking off Persian cavalymen, until at last, says Herodotus, the latter “did not know where to turn.”¹² In 1979-89, the Afghans did much the same to their Soviet invaders. (“Another condition of victory,” writes General Giap, “is political work among enemy troops who should be subjected to pressure, paralyzed and deprived of all combativeness.”)¹³ But at Cu Chi, rather than employing vast mountain spaces they “dug in” quite literally, just like Erich Maria Remarque’s heroes. The difference between



Tunnel complex at Cu Chi (1960-1970)

The difference between the Western Front in 1916 and the Cu Chi in 1966 was that in the latter case the enemy, the Americans, did not also dig in. So Clausewitz won another victory. On the radio, Martin Luther King was telling his countrymen how ironic it seemed to him that black boys and white boys who were not even allowed to attend the same schools in America went to Asia, “in brutal solidarity burning the huts of a poor village.”¹⁴ The solidarity of the tunnel-dwellers, sometimes equally brutal, was shaped by the impact of bombs whose tonnage equaled almost *seven hundred and twenty Hiroshimas*.¹⁵ War killed one in twenty Vietnamese between 1945 and 1975.¹⁶ (Women soldiers seemed to survive these concussions better than men, possibly, thought one fighter, because “men’s testicles were especially vulnerable to pressure.”)¹⁷ Solidarity was tempered to hardness by the screams from the underground operating rooms. Since the American G.I.s didn’t attend so rigorous a school, their defeat couldn’t have been dispated. It rose up before them from the bloody darkness.

EMULATION

"When she dug the tunnels, her hair was still brown," begins a poem by Duong Houg Ly. "Today her head is white as snow. Under the reach of the guns she digs and digs."¹⁸ Day and night, Cu Chi's tunnels lengthened, twisted and replicated in preparation for the Tet Offensive, and the Viet Cong guerrillas within became "emulation fighters" whose example would be called upon in places like the heavily bombed Vinh Linh. No matter how difficult one's own situation, the Communists said, Cu Chi's was worse—proof that the enemy could not destroy North Vietnam. President Johnson, whose bombers never learned to see underground in any sense, had to confess that the Vietnam War was "not a simple one. There is no single battle line which you can plot each day on a chart. The enemy is not easy to perceive, or to isolate, or to destroy."¹⁹ (He sends David Lilienthal and Robert Komer to be his eyes in Vietnam. They return filled with optimism for the future: "I personally come back believing that the VC in the south are going to have real trouble in maintaining their strength during 1967.")²⁰



Ho Chi Minh

Invoking defense of homeland and creed, the famous Communist theorist Truong-Chinh harked all the way back to the Tran Dynasty, when his national ancestors maintained three stubborn guerrilla wars in three decades until the Yuan attackers were wearied into going home. He reminded his compatriots of the days of the Later Le Dynasty, when "it took us ten years' resistance to wipe out the cruel Ming troops."²¹ And, speaking of long memories, Ho Chi Minh, popular even in the South, had been exposing the atrocious deeds of colonialism ever since 1922.²² "*Compatriots!*" he cried. "*Rise up!*" (See his narrow face, the sad, almost sleepy eyes, the long white goatee of a benevolent-looking grandfather.) "Men and women, old and young, regardless of creeds, political parties, or nationalities, all the Vietnamese must stand up to fight the French colonialists to save the Fatherland."²³ Afterward, they rose up against the American colonialists, putting the cause before everything, like that Viet Cong cadre whose commitment to politics drove his elders to take his wife away from him.²⁴ He did not desist.

The Americans went home disgraced, like the French before them. After the North's final victory, one cadre said: "We literally dug for thirty years, usually in the dark, squatting down."²⁵ How can oppression hope to outlast people like that? They forgot neither their bitter history nor their glorious dreams.²⁶

IN A NUTSHELL

North Vietnamese politics exuded "something intangible and lethal in its effect: the advantage of moral superiority."²⁷ Uncle Ho cried: "Compatriots! The

Fatherland is in danger. All of us must rise up!”²⁸ That wifeless cadre listened. By 1951, he’d realized “how truly national the war against the French was.”²⁹ Desperate nationalism, defense of national survival, frequently overrode local defense of ideology. (Uncle Ho himself accepted Lenin’s patriotism before seeing through his classism.)³⁰ Many Viet Cong have told how villagers in the South fed and succored them at immense personal risk. “Their feeling for us was one of the things that gave me the courage to go on.”³¹ Unprepared for such determination born of potent historical memory, the Americans lost.³²

“A GHASTLY MOUND OF BUTCHER’S MEAT”

This result not having yet been agreed on when Cu Chi was in its heyday, those American counterinsurgency patrols called “tunnel rats” met Viet Cong fighters underground, generally with fatal results for one side or the other. Some Viet Cong theorists declared straightforwardly that “we compel hand-to-hand fighting. They are not used to it.”³³ According to the usual moral calculus of war,³⁴ such killings justified themselves through self-defense. In the close quarters of the tunnels, taking prisoners was difficult and dangerous, so kill or be killed—an uncontroversially extreme situation even for such ancient moralists as Saint Thomas Aquinas, who’d admitted the justifiability of ambushes.³⁵



Cu Chi tunnel

Good thing, for the Viet Cong had availed themselves of those since the fifties. And if we can free ourselves for a moment or two from that irrelevant trap called pity, why not admit the similarity of righteousness between ambushes and assassinations?

“Those who collaborate with the enemy will be punished,” Uncle Ho had warned in 1946, at the very beginning of the liberation wars. “Those who help and defend their country will be rewarded.”³⁶ The following year, he warned his “death-volunteers” to be vigilant against traitors and spies.³⁷ After the great victory over the French at Dien Bien Phu (1954), when expediency disguised as logic would have loved to relieve itself of further responsibility by declaring liberty, sovereignty, tranquillity, we find instead the number of assassinations gradually ascending from four hundred to five thousand per year.³⁸ Why? Because even though the French are gone, and Vietnam has received her independence at the conference table, subject to a “temporary” partition between north and south, the Americans refuse to sign that treaty. Dig deeper at Cu Chi—here they come! Their puppet in the southern zone, President Diem, launches his *To Cong* (Denounce the Communists) campaign to crush Vietminh resistance fighters. The Communists’ logical response: “If we were not to be allowed a say about [the nation] from within the government, we would have to speak from without.”³⁹ Thus, in response to terrible and cynical injustice,

rises up the National Liberation Front, parent organization of the Viet Cong. "It was a time for nourishing the most sublime hopes," a Viet Cong recalls.⁴⁰ In their struggle to overthrow Diem, they'll avoid American intervention *if possible*. "What all this meant was that violence was called for, but a carefully controlled violence that would serve political ends."⁴¹ Over his hand, like some crimson-colored dragon-kite,



U.S. armored car drags Vietnamese prisoner

hangs that *if possible*. "If the Americans were to intervene in force, the scale of violence would increase geometrically."⁴² One study confirms his geometry: Between 1957 and 1972, close to 37,000 people will be politically murdered, fully eighty percent of them *not* government officials.⁴³ Among them will be our decapitated bride. Rising up, rising down!

In 1966-67, John Steinbeck, exponent of unpopular causes, hence half-willing supporter of an unpopular American president, Johnson, went to Vietnam and saw horrible evidence of Viet Cong cruelty to confirm him in his hawkish views. Human beings had been reduced piece by piece, beginning with the fingertips, to "a ghastly mound of butcher's meat."⁴⁴ In Can Tho he saw what happened when the Viet Cong bombed a restaurant. "There were no soldiers in the restaurant either American or Vietnamese. There was no possible military advantage to be gained. An American captain ran in and carried out a little girl of 7. He was weeping when he got her to the hospital and she was dead."⁴⁵ Scrubbing vainly at the blood-murk of this deed, in an effort to see which steely war-aim lay beneath, we might again turn to Clausewitz and his shadow, death, to explain it as another assault upon civilian morale—proof of the Saigon regime's inability to protect its citizens, intimidating reminder of insurgency's nearness (join the Viet Cong before it's too late!), meant to poison the South's will just a little further with the toxins of weariness. We might equally speak of murderous amateurism, or of judicial retribution employed on the restaurateur, who'd "betrayed the revolution" by refusing to be extorted. It could even have been an accident. What do we know? Only that on that day, Can Tho, like the tunnels of Cu Chi after an American bombing raid, was riddled with butcher's meat.

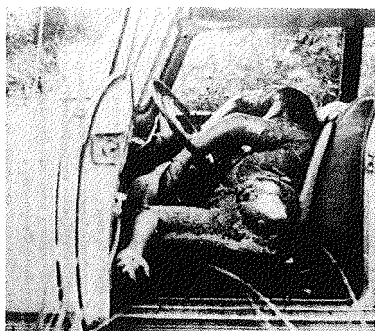
With her usual openhandedness, history offers us any number of such Viet Cong atrocities to choose from, such as the infamous live burials. But, "as one old man commented upon reading the description of a particularly brutal deed, 'One is never quite sure which side did it.'"⁴⁶ Had Steinbeck visited Vietnam a year later, he could have written about our doings at My Lai⁴⁷ instead of theirs at Can Tho.

In the end, the Vietnam War would kill more than a million people. A third of them were noncombatants.⁴⁸ Most probably perished under the American bombs.

“KILL THE WICKED”

And now for the deed with which this chapter is concerned. A South Vietnamese girl who worked in the PX at Cu Chi Base Camp wanted to marry an American soldier. The word got out to the Viet Cong's Party branch secretariat. Had they been defeated in battle lately? Did they need a scapegoat?⁴⁹ Regarding the bride herself, I mean as a person with a name and feelings, they must have been indifferent. The cliché we so often hear about such situations is “numbness.” This was the word that a woman from Sarajevo used whenever she mentioned her sniper-killed friends. “It seems like every week, someone I love dies,” she said to me. “And after awhile, I hurt so much that I just couldn't hurt anymore. I became cold to it; I became numb.”⁵⁰ This happened to me, too. And it must be even easier to feel that way about the enemies one kills. “Probably he really was honest, in a bourgeois and human sense,” writes Milovan Djilas of a prisoner whom he ordered executed during World War II, “that is, outside the scope of our own ideological and revolutionary requirements.”⁵¹ Those selfsame requirements would justify in China, the USSR, ancient Rome⁵² or Cambodia's “liberated zones”⁵³ the execution of thousands and perhaps millions, solely on the grounds of prior relationship or status. How then could numbly correct hearts hesitate to erase somebody who meant to literally aid and comfort the enemy by marrying one of them? If the wedding went ahead, the Vietnamese “revolution” must lose face.⁵⁴ And so (thus I reconstruct the tale from various similar anecdotes) the branch secretary called a meeting. The bride was denounced and condemned. They appointed a spy—very likely a woman, since, just as in Frantz Fanon's Algeria, females aroused less suspicion from the enemy government⁵⁵—to learn the girl's routine. When she knew everything which would further their end—defense against traitors—the spy carefully scratched a map into wet sand for the assassination team of two or three people who now prepared the ambush, waiting in a dugout or cellar somewhere in town, or in the mouth of one of Cu Chi's tunnels—“clinging to the pole” as they called it. Their slogan: “Kill the Wicked and Destroy the Oppressors to Promote Mobilization of the People.”⁵⁶ (An NVA artillery officer approvingly quotes Stalin: “In order to defeat the enemy, one must build up hatred.”)⁵⁷ By thus inciting their own rage, they recast their assignment into the “bourgeois and human sense” which would render conveniently tolerable to them their approaching murder of somebody who had never threatened violence against them⁵⁸ and who wanted only a better life as defined by or blindly gambled on by this girl who perhaps thrillingly anticipated her village preeminence on her bridal day—an apolitical or impolitical girl; in short, a *traitor*. Did she have any suspicion? Probably. She must have heard stories of what could happen to people such as herself. Terror exercised its accustomed deterrent effect on many⁵⁹—but not on her. The brief, dry account I have doesn't say whether they ambushed her when she was going into a shop, or whether they crept into her house as they did with

another traitor, a former Viet Cong ranger who'd been captured and denounced her comrades: "She was sleeping and obviously pregnant, near term. But I couldn't afford any indecisiveness. I had orders to kill her. So we woke her up."⁶⁰ Yes, they woke her up; it wouldn't have been sufficient to murder her in her sleep. What ethicists! Out of reverence to the forms, they had to carry her to the Party secretary or



Taxi driver murdered by the Viet Cong

his representative so that her "crime" could be "explained" to her. In another such instance, the chief killer recalls: "After I talked to him and explained everything I ordered my men to shoot him and carry his corpse to the hamlet that night."⁶¹ Back to the case of the pregnant turncoat: "Then I asked her if she knew she deserved her death. She replied in quite a normal voice: 'Yes, I realize I will die. Go ahead with your mission.' No begging for mercy. We took her over to the road and stabbed her in the chest."⁶² —No

begging—because it wouldn't have done any good. A former Viet Cong ranger must have known that. No contesting the verdict—but no acceptance of it, either. "I realize I will die." She'd merely been unlucky. And so, by perfect mutual agreement, justice transformed her, and the baby inside her, into worm-food: Kill the wicked!

As for the girl who'd thought to marry an American, we're not told whether she was pregnant yet or what she said upon being sentenced; all we know is that the Viet Cong stuck her head on a pole with the message: "This is what happens to Vietnamese people who go around with the enemy."⁶³ Very likely, following their cruelly consistent logic, the assassins then paid a midnight visit to her family to "explain" things to them, too.⁶⁴ Knowing what was good for them, they would have approved the deed in terrified whispers.

"IT'S NO USE CRYING IN WARTIME"

What is a traitor? Behind the low naked earthen hump of a dugout in a not yet completely ruined forest (which fact, says the caption, permits us to date this photograph as the winter of 1914), two officers sit at a covered table. One is writing something. The other, rather dapper with a luxuriant dark mustache, leans back, his elbow on the table, and gestures with something small and black in his hand, perhaps a pistol, studying a prisoner with the utmost lordliness. The prisoner is guarded by four soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets. Wearing a knit wool cap and a scarf, he stands with his hands in his pockets and his head lowered, justifying his existence, waiting to see whether he will be shot as a spy; sometimes that happens, the caption says. A stovepipe smokes from underground. Everybody looks

cold.⁶⁵ Will the man in the wool cap live or die? It depends not only on the circumstances under which he was caught, but also on the two officers' definition of treason. In ancient times, when the Athenian politician Lycidas proposed to seriously entertain a proposal to treat with the Persian enemy; he was stoned, and the Athenian women stoned his wife and children.⁶⁶ During the Roman Civil War, as we've seen,⁶⁷ Julius Caesar commended and rewarded deserters—well, *enemy* deserters, of course...⁶⁸ During the French Revolution an eighty-year-old woman was guillotined solely for giving bread and water to an Austrian soldier.⁶⁹ One traditicologist—someone who studies traitors—was forced to conclude: "At some point most traitors have their supporters and, to some, are heroes. Treason and treachery, then, are to some extent concepts in the mind of the beholder."⁷⁰ But not entirely. Our traditicologist offers an excellent example: If a member of a NATO country had worked to get the USA to withdraw from NATO because he wished to aid the Soviet Union, he would have been a traitor. Had he done exactly the same thing, with the same results, because he was a pacifist, he would have been doing his duty as he saw it.⁷¹ Treason, then, must also be in the mind of the traitor. Needless to say, the Vietnamese bride's decapitators recognized no such distinction.

A TRAITOR IS:⁷²

- Someone who threatens or embarrasses personified authority (a common ancient and totalitarian definition).
- Someone who threatens or embarrasses generalized authority, "the people" (a modern definition employed by totalitarianism and mass democracy).
- Someone actively or passively in league with the enemies of authority (a definition to be met with in wars and revolutions).

Any of these definitions could have applied to her. Her marriage might have made the local Viet Cong Party Branch chief look weak, or set a bad example to anti-American authority generally, or strengthened the morale of her fiancé's unit. Do we need to know whether she passed on any military secrets to the invaders? Would we care if her relations with her family and neighbors were good, or if she spent all her free time nursing wounded NVA soldiers, or if all her brothers had joined the NVA and been killed and now she wanted to marry an American she didn't love in order to provide security to a destitute mother? Or would it be different because she wanted to marry the American out of true love? *Must we look into her heart to determine what she was?* Political entomologists so often—too often—enroll individuals in this or that classification based on one trait: the income of the parents, say, or the shape and color of the military insignia. I suspect the punitive calculus of her executioners to have been similarly superficial.

DESPERATION AS JUSTIFICATION

When people have their backs to the wall it is easier for them to believe that they are fighting the good fight, the desperate fight, which implores the use of any means, including the decapitation of collaborationist brides, which is to say the oppression of other weak people who most likely have *their* backs up against the wall, thus demonstrating the radial symmetry of one cycle of political ecology. As Lawrence of Arabia hauntingly wrote:

The everlasting battle stripped from us care of our own lives or of others'. We had ropes about our necks, and on our heads prices which showed that the enemy intended hideous tortures for us if we were caught. Every day some of us passed... Blood was always on our hands; we were licensed to it... We lived for the day and died for it. When there was reason and desire to punish with gun or whip immediately in the sullen flesh of the sufferer, and the case was beyond appeal.⁷³

We may fairly see the Viet Cong as being in a similar position. "We are Cu Chi people who go forward to kill the enemy... We kill the Americans with their own shells and bombs."⁷⁴

Hindsight insists: It was all for nothing. One woman in a post-victory memoir tells how she tried to console a friend whose husband had been reeducated by saying that she was better off than in Cambodia, where the Khmer Rouge would have executed him, her and the whole family. The other replies: "It would be far better that way, to have husband and wife and children die all at once, than to have them die slow deaths separated from one another and worked to exhaustion and consumed with grief and misery."⁷⁵ The same author tells a heartbreaking anecdote of a woman who came back smiling from a visit to her husband in a reeducation camp; he was doing well; he was plump; actually he was swollen with beriberi, but the wife had been told that if she didn't extol the reeducation camp she'd never see him again.⁷⁶—But hindsight neither tabulates alternative futures, nor enlightens contemporaries as events happen. That viciously cruel Roman emperor Domitian rightly said that "the lot of princes was most unhappy, since when they discovered a conspiracy, no one believed them unless they had been killed."⁷⁷ Back, then, to the uncertainty of "the everlasting battle," when "we lived for the day and died for it."

And so many innocent people died, merely on the suspicion that they might have sneaked in food or arms or of conveyed messages. If for any sign they believed that anyone was on the side of the Spaniards or was trying to help them in any way, they immediately confronted them and shouted at them, 'Down! Down with the traitors!'"⁷⁸ Thus a sixteenth-century Aztec witness, recalling his people's doomed war of self-defense against the conquistadors.⁷⁹ The Spaniards had just massacred scores of them in the marketplace.

In a photograph we see placarded hanged corpses dangling from the terrace of a partially scorched building. In another, we see a long line of men, evenly spread out, up against a stone wall, their backs turned to the helmeted German soldiers who are loading their rifles.⁸⁰ Little wonder that partisan activity commenced almost at once. One source claims that ninety thousand partisans were in action by the end of the first year of war.⁸¹ (We see a partisan girl's frozen corpse, her head twisted rigidly back, the rope still around her neck, clothing ripped down to expose her breast.⁸² "This is what happens to people who go around with the enemy," the Germans might have explained. She *was* the enemy. She tried to kill Germans. And Lieutenant Calley in Vietnam: "We got another job to do, Meadlo.")⁸³ No wonder that when the partisans assassinated Fascist collaborators, they were considered heroes. A journalistic observer of the Nazi-Soviet war writes that "one of the main obsessions of the partisans was ... the constant look-out for traitors and the physical and psychological *need* to kill them..."⁸⁴ "They were merciless and so were we," said a Ukrainian partisan. "It's no use crying in wartime."⁸⁵



Viet Cong

IMMINENCE'S EXTENUATIONS

Such frenzied and perhaps indiscriminate liquidations of foreign collaborators as was carried out by the Aztecs and Ukrainians may be extenuated, or even justified, by *imminence*. "It's no use crying in wartime" because we have to make due allowance for the ambiguities, mistakes and passions of urgency.⁸⁶ Four and a half centuries before Christ, the Athenians instructed their vassal-allies that "if someone is caught betraying the city of the Erythraeans to the tyrants, he shall be put to death with impunity, he and the children sprung from him."⁸⁷ If we set aside the harshness of the penalty against the children (which would have been justified to the Greeks by their unitary conception of the family),⁸⁸ this seems a perfectly righteous adjunct to defense of the city. But we find Napoleon insisting in his *Maxims* that "all generals, officers, and soldiers who capitulate in battle to save their own lives, should be decimated. He who gives the order, and those who obey, are alike traitors, and deserve capital punishment."⁸⁹ The reason that I can't justify this is because only Napoleon himself in his capacity as commander-in-chief defines, incites and determines imminence. Which battle? Against whom? Against the Russians at the gates of Moscow? What could be more aggressively unjustified than that? And had the battle been justified, how imminent would be the peril into which an individual soldier who surrendered to save his own life could possibly cast France? But in the inevitable



The punishment of horizontal collaborators: shaved heads (France, 1945)

darkness which borders, hence defines, the farthest reaches of authority burn the unknown enemy campfires of Otherness. Anyone who passed toward or from these must be a traitor. Never mind. We have all the saviors we need—for instance, Robespierre, white-wigged Anti-Traitor *par excellence*. “Let the sword of the laws move horizontally to strike at all the heads of great conspirators.”⁹⁰ Why? Misplaced imminence again. Revolutionary government “rests on the most sacred of all laws, the safety of the people,”⁹¹ so I’ll kill whomever loudly disagrees with me, because he might be unsafe! From him and his Committee of Public Safety⁹² it’s not so far to *born* authority’s puffed-up notions of imminence, which define capital treason as mere disrespect to the sovereign. A prince accidentally makes a mark on a paper signed by the emperor of China, and his whole family is decimated.⁹³ A man who carries a coin bearing Augustus’s likeness into the privy, or who beats a slave near that emperor’s statue, will suffer death.⁹⁴

JERRY BAGS AND HORIZONTAL COLLABORATORS

I propose that we assess the decapitation of the Vietnamese bride in similarly imminent terms. Would Winston Churchill have countenanced it had she been a Frenchwoman employed (or enjoyed) by the German military during World War II? Some fighters in the *maquis* undoubtedly would. Most were satisfied with humiliation. After the Germans captured the Channel Islands, a number of local girls serviced the occupying troops.⁹⁵ The English called them “jerry bags,” the Russians

called their Soviet counterparts “German bedstraw” and sent them to the GULAG, and the French coined the term “horizontal collaborators.” (Is marriage to the enemy more or less traitorous than free or paid sexual relations with them?) In one photograph taken in August 1944, a beautiful young *Française* in a flower-print dress stares into space as the barber shaves away her long hair. The right side of her head is already a stubbled convict’s skull. The barber stands and works, professional, impassive. Another man, brawny and armbanded, the cigarette in his mouth smoked almost down to the butt, holds her chin up. His gaze is appraising, perhaps contemptuous or lustful. The girl endures. Behind her stand two more women, one looking into the camera, the other facing away. I deduce that they are destined for the same treatment. (“We got another job to do, Meadlo.”)⁹⁶ The woman who looks into the camera has an almost-smile on her lips, out of habit, perhaps. It could be an ordinary scene, were it not for the man’s fingertips flicked under the girl’s chin, and her pupils rolled as far as they can go into the sides of her eyes, trying not to be humiliated by our gaze.⁹⁷

Compared to the Vietnamese bride, she was lucky.

FREE WILL AND COMMERCE

Should a “horizontal collaborator” do nothing more than provide sexual or emotional satisfaction to the enemy, I fail to see why she ought to be liquidated, particularly if she otherwise tries to retain correct relations with her own people. To be sure, many will despise her; few will trust her. Her occupation is perilous. It might not be wise for her to live at home during the occupation, lest the presence of her enemy suitors afflict or endanger her neighbors. But suppose her to be a barracks-prostitute or an officer’s mistress, isolated from political or military events, and this difficulty disappears. If the enemy visits the local brothel, must the girls who receive them suffer for it, especially if they may have no choice in the matter? If so, then what about the farmer who sells produce to the enemy garrison, or the doctor called upon to treat a wounded enemy soldier? But suddenly, as we glimpse strand after strand in the web of support, we begin to sense the whole, and apprehend the truism that *nobody whatsoever should help the enemy*. Cut off all aid, and he must divert resources to care for his own, or else depart—or perish. But who can really do this? Some of the Indian villages to which Cortes paid his menacing uninvited visits did in fact run into the foliage; unfortunately, most people have nowhere to run to. If the doctor and the farmer don’t run, then how can we hold the prostitute liable for staying put?

A marriage engagement, on the other hand, is usually a matter of active choice. We must assume on the part of the soon-to-be-decapitated bride a certain calculus, if not of outright selfishness, then at least of indifference toward, or alienation from, her own community—if in fact her community was *pro-Viet Cong*, and the militant uni-

tarianism which our prior sketch of Cu Chi stated as fact did represent actuality. It may well have been that her village was apathetic, divided or (since they were near the enemy base) pro-American—in which case her execution would have been an incidental act of deterrence,⁹⁸ salutary terror. Mao Tse-Tung says coolly in his manual on guerrilla warfare: “*the work of eliminating traitors in the army begins with their elimination from among the people.*”⁹⁹

RODEFIM AND MOSERIM

The “horizontal collaborator” may be merely odious. More imminently unrighteous on the continuum of treason we find the parasite who not only benefits from contact with the enemy, but employs that contact to prey upon the people whom he should have considered his own. A few months before the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, that brilliant, doomed diarist of the Warsaw Ghetto, Emmanuel Ringelblum,¹⁰⁰ was worrying:

The informer problem, so common in Jewish history, is with us again. Unfortunately, we are afraid to resort to terrorism, lest the Occupying Forces take a bloody revenge. Perhaps the most tragic thing is that a man like Josek Ehrlich (nicknamed “Frockcoat”) goes around scot free. He gets special favors from the Food Bureau, intervenes in various Jewish Council offices on behalf of his men, and everybody does what he wants—all out of fear that he might inform, or take revenge in some other fashion.



Ringelblum (1935)

Could the decapitated bride have in any way been such a one? Did she come home with tinned meat from the American PX? Had her fiancé promised to bring the whole family to America? Did she, in short, exemplify the soft, favored life of collaboration, while her own war-disrupted neighbors (who must have included the Viet Cong) went to sleep hungry? Did her good fortune comprise a paradigm opposing and undermining the “hold fast” mentality of Cu Chi? And if so, would she have deserved her death sentence?

Ringelblum’s moral tradition offered him—and us—two useful concepts derived from ancient Jewish law: firstly, the *rodef*—violent one or community endangerer (such as a man who overburdens a ferry, putting other passengers at risk of drowning)—and secondly, the *moser*, or informer—the Frockcoats who always flourish in bad times. One commentator notes that in mediieval times the *moser*, “viewed as the supreme threat to any Jewish community, ... stood in a special legal category, most normal rules of judicial procedure being waived to expedite his execution.” Every *moser* is a *rodef*, but few *rodefim* are *moserim*.¹⁰¹

Could the Vietnamese bride have been a *rodef*? To the Cu Chi cadres, yes. This doesn't necessarily make her one in truth. (Easy to abuse the concept: to Hitler, all Jews were *rodef*.) I propose the following rule: *Violent defense against traitors can be justified only for the imminent furtherance of other already justified categories of self-defense.* It would be difficult to withhold legitimacy from her execution, had she informed upon the Viet Cong to the Americans—treason by any definition. With the shadow of that justified doom now hovering over us, can we deny the right to kill her in wartime if she posed a grave risk of revealing information to the enemy? Not being able to see into her mind and heart, we might as well suppose that the Viet Cong couldn't, either, and that once they knew her to be lying in the arms of one of the men whose purpose in the country was to kill them and their comrades, they might well suspect her of wanting to help and protect him, as would be only natural. In short, how could she not be *rodef*?



*Jewish partisans from
the Vilna ghetto*

EXTORTIONISTS AND INFORMERS

Ringelblum's meditation on traitors continues:

Or take a person like Judtowa. Her claim to fame rests on the fact that during World War I she lived with a German officer who is now the commandant of Warsaw. This whore exploited her former friendship to obtain all kinds of concessions and special favors. She had the concession of the Jewish theater and was the co-owner of a couple of theaters... Then, she was a big shot in various Jewish Council offices, where everyone was afraid of her... But it turned out that she went too far, and one fine morning Czerniakow [head of the Ghetto until his suicide] sent a memorandum around ... notifying them that Judtowa's representations were no longer to be accepted. Now she is trying to live off blackmail—e.g., she'll assert that the person she is trying to blackmail is on one police death list or another, and if he won't pay her, she'll call the police.¹⁰²

What to do about all the Judtowas?¹⁰³ Mordechai Anielwicz, commander-in-chief of the Jewish Fighting Organization (ZOB), had his men pour acid over a "Jewish traitor."¹⁰⁴ The ZOB captured the families of Jewish policemen and lined them up in a courtyard as if for execution, demanding that they point out the clandestine apartment where one of the cruelest of them, Szmerring, lived. They had marked him for assassination.¹⁰⁵ He was a *moser*.

"Some in the Ghetto were simple cowards, paralyzed with fear," writes one

fighter. "Others were collaborators. 'Purges,' even though inevitable, were the hardest thing for us. I don't intend to go into this subject."¹⁰⁶

FAMILY

“Those reciprocal relationships and mutual obligations were the essence of survival, providing a web of security in which everyone participated both by ingrained reflex and by vested interest.”¹⁰⁷ Thus family ties in Vietnam—and thus the totalitarian doctrine (explicitly rejected by the French Revolution)¹⁰⁸ of collective responsibility, strengthened by the widespread cultural imperative in Asia that a person is defined in status and moral terms by his family.

In the eighteenth-century Korea of Lady Hyegyong, even the daughter-in-law of an accused traitor was ruined:

My sister, beautiful as jade, was cast into the mud... The law was very severe. My father obeyed the law strictly. So after my sister left the city ... he never asked to see her... How keenly Father, in the midst of his own troubles, must have felt for his younger daughter!¹⁰⁹

Over the centuries, such traitor-classifications were frequently enshrined into various Japanese legal codes, which, following Confucian ideas of family responsibility, forbade people from harboring their criminal relations, and sometimes executed the wives and children of the proscribed.¹¹⁰ They prevailed outside Asia, too, of course—especially in war regimes or revolutionary transitions which institutionalize violence against people for reasons far removed from their individual deeds. Thus the Stalinist system of deterrence,¹¹¹ which, like the classical Egyptian one,¹¹² automatically criminalized (and capriciously punished) the spouse and children of anyone classed as criminal.

North Vietnam, being both Asian and revolutionary, took on a very strong flavor of punitive accountability. Parents could be punished by the Party if a son deserted from the army.¹¹³ After the North conquered the South, setting in motion secret mass executions and “reeducation,” one assemblyman fled, leaving his family temporarily behind. He was condemned to death in absentia; his two eldest children were expelled from school; the family lost the house and had to sleep in the street until some friends were allowed to lodge them. They were a “traitor family,” the cadres said.¹¹⁴ Even the most reputable Party animal had to protect himself against “guilt by kinship.”¹¹⁵ Thus the guilt of somebody who had “missed the revolutionary point of view” by actually establishing a relationship with the enemy must have been considered so deep, dark and base as to render her unworthy of salvation. Thus the decapitated bride must have known that she was *rodef* to her own family as well as to the Viet Cong.¹¹⁶

THE SENTENCE

And so, in spite of intuition, doubt and leniency, it would seem that the girl's condemnation retains at least some basis, regardless of its other circumstances:

1. As a military measure of proactive self-defense (whose necessity she might have obviated by living out of contact with local people during her fiance's tour of duty—perhaps in Saigon);

2. As a grisly lesson of deterrence (although the same point could have been made by the insurgents less drastically, one thinks—and did they trouble to warn her first?);

3. As an act of war against her American protectors.

None of these reasons for the verdict in any way imply guilt on the girl's part. No matter what, she rashly imperiled herself, her family and her village—but she might have loved the man and meant no harm. Against a *rodef*, violence may justify itself as impersonal imminent self-defense. Against a *moser*, violence may be additionally legitimized as personal and punitive. The head on the pole and the message sicken me. The execution sickens me. Did they give her any chance to choose, to revoke her possibly innocuous traitordom? When I think of the Vietnam War, while I may on occasion admire the ferocious, determined courage of the “emulation fighters” of Cu Chi, and even the heroism of some of the Americans who fought bravely or naively for an evil war aim, it is victims such as the decapitated bride for whom—even if their deaths were in some sense “necessary”—I reserve my deepest feeling. Who killed her? The Viet Cong, the Americans, her own rashness. Now she's forgotten. And history burrows on, enlarging its long dark tunnels between murdered bodies and cut-off skulls.

VIOLENT DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS IS JUSTIFIED:

1. Against a deliberate or accidental agent of danger—in other words, as imminent defense.
2. Against a deliberate agent of danger, as a personal, punitive or didactic act.

VIOLENT DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When the acts defined as treason are the same as the acts committed by the supposed anti-traitors.¹¹⁷

19.

CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS

I. WHAT IS A TRAITOR?

A. Alcibiades, expelled from Athens, to his new friends the Spartans, who might hate him for his past deeds (415 B.C.)

“I hope that none of you will think any the worse of me if having hitherto passed as a lover of my country, I now actively join its worst enemies in attacking it... my worst enemies are not you who only harmed their foes, but they who forced their friends to become enemies; and love of country is what I do not feel when I am wronged, but what I felt when secure in my rights as a citizen.”¹¹⁸

B. Plato, *Laws* (before 347 B.C.)

“Whosoever seeks to put law in chains and the state under control of faction by subjecting them to the domination of persons, and further serves these ends and foments civil strife by revolutionary violence, must be counted the deadliest foe of the whole state, and he that, being in high office, though himself no party to such plattings, neglects to avenge his country on the plotter ... must be held second only to the other in guilt.”¹¹⁹

C. Jefferson, draft bill on punishment (1778-79)

“If a man do levy war against the Commonwealth *in the same*, or be adherent to the enemies of the Commonwealth *within the same*, giving them aid or comfort in the Commonwealth, or elsewhere, and thereof be convicted, of open deed, by the evidence of two sufficient and lawful witnesses, or his own voluntary confession, the said cases, and no others, shall be adjudged treasons.”¹²⁰

D. Article 58-1a of the Soviet Criminal Code (repealed 1960)

“Betrayal of the Motherland, i.e. actions committed by enemies of the USSR damaging the military power of the USSR, its political sovereignty or territorial inviolability, such as: espionage, disclosure of a military or state secret, going over to the enemy side, escape or flight abroad.”¹²¹

E. Mao Zedong (1926)

"Our enemies are all those in league with imperialism—the warlords, the bureaucrats, the comprador class, the big landlord class and the reactionary section of the intelligentsia attached to them."¹²²

F. Korean proverb

"You will be a king if you succeed in usurping power, or a traitor otherwise."

II: WHAT MEASURES ARE JUSTIFIED AGAINST TRAITORS?

A. Jeffrie C. Murphy (1973)

"If one believes (as I do) that the only even remotely plausible justification for war is self-defense, then one must in waging war confine one's hostility to those against whom one is defending oneself; i.e. those in the (both causal and logical) chain of command or responsibility or agency—all those who can reasonably be regarded as engaged in an attempt to destroy you. If one does not do this, then one cannot be said merely to be defending oneself. And insofar as one is not defending oneself, then one acts immorally in killing one's fellow human beings. The enemy can plausibly be expanded to include all those who are "criminal accomplices"... But it cannot be expanded to include all those who, like farmers, merely perform actions causally necessary for the attack—just as in domestic law I cannot plead self-defense if I kill the one (e.g. the wife or mother) who feeds the man who is engaged in an attempt to kill me."¹²³

B. Montesquieu (1748)

"As soon as a republic has compassed the destruction of those who wanted to subvert it, there should be an end of terrors, punishments, and even of rewards. Great punishments, and consequently great changes, cannot take place without investing some citizens with an exorbitant power."¹²⁴

C. Revolutionary Anti Imperialist League [a Maoist group] (1996)

"Democratic centralism concerning party affairs is essential to waging a successful revolution."¹²⁵

D. Mao Zedong (1949)

“After the enemies with guns have been wiped out, there will still be enemies without guns; they are bound to struggle desperately against us, and we must never regard these enemies lightly.”¹²⁶

E. The Ku Klux Klan (1966)

“There are three ways that we can destroy an atheist or a traitor in this community. They are: 1. Socially, 2. Economically, 3. Physically. The weapon of Propaganda can accomplish the first two in nearly all cases, and it should precede follow up action in the Third Case, if practical... If they continue to resist, they must be physically destroyed before they can damage our Christian Civilization further, and destroy us. This is plainly and simply, SELF DEFENSE.”¹²⁷

F. Carlyle, writing about the French Revolution (1857)

“Imagine, we say, O Reader, that the Millennium were struggling on the threshold, and yet not so much as groceries could be had—owing to traitors. With what impetus would a man strike traitors, in that case!”¹²⁸

G. Lenin (1919)

“What is better? To ferret out, to imprison, sometimes even to shoot hundreds of traitors from among the Cadets, non-party people, Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries, who “come out” (some with arms in hand, others with conspiracies, others still with agitation against mobilisation, like the Menshevik printers and railwaymen, etc.) *against* Soviet power, in other words, *in favour of Denikin*? Or to allow matters to reach such a pass that Kolchak and Denikin are able to slaughter, shoot and flog to death tens of thousands of workers and peasants? The choice is not difficult to make.”¹²⁹

H. John Brown, to the League of Gileadites (*ca.* 1859)

“Your plans must be known only to yourself, and with the understanding that all traitors must die, wherever caught and proven to be guilty.”¹³⁰

I. Athenian law moved by Demophantos (410 B.C.)

“If anyone subverts the democracy at Athens, or holds any

office when the democracy has been subverted, he shall be an enemy of the Athenians and shall be killed with impunity, and his property shall be confiscated."¹³¹

J. Jefferson, draft bill on punishment (1778-79)

"... the person so convicted shall suffer death, by hanging, and shall forfeit his lands and goods to the commonwealth."¹³²

K. Plato, *Laws* (bef. 347 B.C.)

"The same rule [as for sacrilege]—death to be inflicted by a majority of their sentences. But once for all, in no case shall a father's disgrace or sentence descend to his children, save only when father, grandfather, great-grandfather have all, without break, incurred judgment of death. In that case the state shall deport them to their original native place with all their property beyond the whole stock of their patrimonial holding."¹³³

L. Regulations of the Teians (475-70 B.C.)

"Whoever in future ... commits treason or brigandage ..., or whoever hatches some evil plot against the Teian community, that man shall die, both himself and his family."¹³⁴

M. Robespierre (1793)

"One leads the people by reason, the enemies of the people by terror."¹³⁵

N. Told of the Roman Emperor Domitian, by Suetonius (before A.D. 140)

"To discover any conspirators who were in hiding [he] tortured many of the opposite party by a new form of inquisition, inserting fire in their privates; and he cut off the hands of some of them... To abuse men's patience the more insolently, he never pronounced an unusually dreadful sentence without a preliminary declaration of clemency."¹³⁶

O. Bhagwat Charan, Hindustan Socialist Revolutionary Army (1930)

"Terrorism is not complete revolution, and no revolution is complete without terrorism... Terrorism instills fear in the hearts of the oppressors, it brings hope of revenge and redemption to the oppressed masses."¹³⁷

P. Standing Committee of the Communist Party of Kampuchea
[Khmer Rouge] (1970s)

“Absolutely implement the Party’s revolutionary authority
over the counter-revolutionaries.”¹³⁸

CHAPTER 20

DEFENSE OF THE
REVOLUTION

Do you really believe that we can be victorious without the cruelest revolutionary terror?

LENIN¹

Having made his daily proof that the people's will, the General Will, is so sacred, so exquisitely sovereign that even *representation* equals tyranny, that only people's *agents* (commissars) ought to be allowed,² Robespierre stands calmly declaiming on related matters beneath the shadowed, vaulted ceiling of the Jacobin Club which was once a library, his colleagues seated in their orderly bench-rows, whispering to one another like inverted Januses, frowning (especially when he insists on that feudal absurdity called God), but mainly applauding with palm-beats, foot-poundings and frenzied shouts that lone rostrumed man who cries for unlimited freedom of the press³—the same man who soon enough will be enslaving the press, hunting out factionalists, monarchists, foreign hirelings, counterrevolutionaries, calling, as Lenin will, for institutionalized terror. Throughout his five

years of power he endlessly repeats himself.⁴ Referring to his upsloping parallels of elegant script, whose cross-strokes run smooth and steady,⁵ he links terror with virtue, “virtue without which terror is squalidly repressive, terror without which virtue lies disarmed. Terror is nothing other than swift, severe, and inflexible justice.”⁶ Throwing back his powdered head, clutching the collar of his shabby old suit, he coolly points, presents and concludes, the very picture of the proper lawyer he’d once been—“a man fitted,” says Carlyle, “in some luckier settled time, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and to have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons.”⁷ A different assessment: “None could have mediated the Revolution as Robespierre did.”⁸ Hamel will not be able to stop praising him for twenty-two hundred pages.



Robespierre

Nine hundred speeches in five years!⁹ Why, that approaches Hamel! Before, he’d opposed the King’s abdication; now he is for the King’s death. Before, denying the inevitable struggle between the revolution and its crowned enemies abroad, he’d shrieked out: “Liberty has no more mortal enemy than war... To favour war, under any pretext, is to join in a conspiracy against the revolution.”¹⁰ Now he bows to popular opinion, endorsing war. Before, he cried out against capital punishment and the guillotine; by the end, one of his victims will harangue the silent crowd, “Why look so grim? We’re only performing a hackneyed Robespierran comedy!”¹¹ And

then the comic will perform his own comedy. But we’re not there yet. Reenter his domain, the Jacobin Club, which nourishes him as earth does fabled Antaeus. A member assures him: “You have reached the point of being able to say anything, do anything, because you have the multitude on your side.”¹² Does this then justify him?

Recall our definition:

“LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY” means that it has been delegated by the highest political power available and that “most people” legitimize that power and that authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Legitimate authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Legitimate authority is constrained by, but not solely defined by, law.¹³

But that was preexisting authority. Revolutionary authority arms itself with far more powers:

“LEGITIMATE REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY” may be created when the preexisting authority arguably fails to meet the criteria for legitimacy, either obviously or behind the screen of false consciousness. Given the initial dominance of preexisting

authority, it is almost inevitable that at some stage, "most people" will NOT legitimize revolutionary authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Revolutionary authority cannot be constrained by law. Defense of its revolution may require it to engage in violence ordinarily forbidden to preexisting authority. Therefore, revolutionary authority must strive to bring out its own replacement within the shortest possible time by an established authority whose power will be normalized according to the same limits as any legitimate preexisting authority. Revolutionary authority is impermanent, as limited and legal as its emergency permits. Its violence obeys the principles of proportionality and discrimination.¹⁴ Above all, revolutionary authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.

In our counterpoised portraits of Trotsky and Lincoln, the former represented revolutionary authority, the latter preexisting authority. Robespierre is closer to the former, although unlike Trotsky he was actually elected into a position of power within a quasi-incumbent body which actually sought to consensualize itself, and gradually became ever more revolutionary.

From the point of view of any lonely atom (a category which includes almost all of us),¹⁵ the establishment and maintenance of legitimate authority of either kind is a good, a subsidiary end which becomes in turn a means for accomplishing the larger end of safeguarding the social contract. For both Lincoln and Trotsky, that subsidiary end grew and grew, thanks to eminence. Lincoln fought his civil war in order to reassert over the breakaway South the authority of the Union he represented. Trotsky's civil war likewise occurred in order to assert a question of authority: Who would control the Soviet Union—Reds, Whites, Greens or outsiders?

To vulgarize, Trotsky defended a means; Robespierre defended an end. How does that affect the latter's self-justifications?

Robespierre's fatal error was to take *his* authority for granted; yet in truth it *was* his for a long stretch; by virtue of a consensuality rather impressive for any revolutionary authority, crowds legitimized his doings. I grant that the more luminous planet the National Assembly, of which he is a longstanding deputy, applauds him less than the Jacobins. They weary of this speaker-on-all-occasions, this opinionated alarmist. Nor does Lamartine enjoy the music, writing that "his somewhat shrill voice sought oratorical inflections, but was only fatiguing and monotonous."¹⁶ But we cannot expect to please everyone in life. He had his own factions, traitors, aliens and deposed classes to contend with; all the same, instead of studying his violence, as we did Trotsky's, as an exercise in the defense of revolutionary authority, I see fit to consider him from the standpoint of revolution itself. The orator Desmoulins, whom he has saved from prison and whom he will soon regretfully entrust to the

guillotine, is moved to tears by “this excellent citizen” who like Martin Luther King makes capital of his own future martyrdom; eerily, Desmoulins himself shouts out for sheer love: “We will all die before you!” and eight hundred other spectators arise to share those sentiments...¹⁷ Comes revolution, revolution and revolution again;



Camille Desmoulins

comes Terror; comes the apotheosis. “O seagreen Prophet, unhappiest of windbags blown nigh to bursting, what distracted Chimera among realities art thou growing to?”¹⁸ Comes the coup against him, the reflexive political death-struggle, then arrest rescinded and unrescinded, declaration of outlawry; comes wordless agony as he lies upon a plank with his jaw smashed by a pistol-ball, then his final utterance, a scream of physical pain when Sanson the executioner rips off the bandage, in order that the guillotine may have freer play. His brother chooses to be condemned beside him. Gladly!

reply the Thermidorians. One by one, the Robespierrists perish. Survivors write memoirs against him, his sister alone proving loyal. Jefferson pens to Madame de Staël: “Robespierre met the fate, and his memory the execration, he so justly merited.”¹⁹

“THE INCORRUPTIBLE”

In the engraved portraits we find something appealingly alert about him. His hair has been curled at the tips, forming an even bulwark all around his head at ear level. His gaze is wide-eyed, almost gentle. They call him “the Incorruptible.”²⁰ Lamartine saw in him “a smile wavering betwixt sarcasm and sweetness. There was *softness*, but of a sinister character.”²¹ —In an all too characteristic dialogue whose imagined interlocutors are allowed merely to utter short, distraught exclamations, to which he himself, chief protagonist, provides long, rational answers, Napoleon, former protégé of the Incorruptible, future Emperor of France and current parody of Socrates, puts into the mouth of “a Marsellais” this accusation against Robespierre: “He had a citizen hanged, plundered his house, and raped his wife, after making her drink a glass of her husband’s blood.” —“How horrible!” replies the Emperor with that coolness which throughout his career he’ll find so witty in himself. “But is it true? I doubt it, because you know that no one believes in rape now.”²² —And I doubt it, too. Robespierre was neither a sadist nor a lecher. If anything, strange to say, we might portray him as still another proto-Gandhian!²³ “You have no idea of the power of truth or the energy of innocence when sustained by an imperturbable courage.”²⁴ Thus the Incorruptible. Ah, context! To me this sentence evokes a file of frail, vegetarian, half-naked, unarmed satyagrahans smilingly offering themselves to the clubs of the riot police, filling jails, clogging courts until the authorities capitulate to their just demands; to Robespierre it means (or will come to mean) *terror*. It

will mean signing arrest-warrants which are really death-warrants against individuals whom he considers to be counterrevolutionaries—progressive *lettres de cachets*, one might say, for he'd fulminated against the reactionary ones of the Old Regime. In short, it means ordering out the selfsame riot police with upraised clubs.

REVOLUTION'S MUTABILITY

We can ask Trotsky himself to analyze the Robespierrists for us. He'll reply at once, with his customary bleak and fluent mercilessness:

The Jacobins were supported by an urban bourgeoisie which had come out of craft workshops... The objective result of the revolution was the creation of "normal" conditions for capitalist exploitation. But the social mechanism of the historical process decreed that these conditions for the bourgeoisie's rule must be created by the mob, the democracy of the streets, the sans-culottes. It was their dictatorship of terror which cleansed bourgeois society of the useless rubbish which encumbered it, after which the bourgeoisie achieved domination by overthrowing the dictatorship of the petty-bourgeois democracy.²⁵

In this conception, so characteristic of the conceiver, Robespierre is a blind instrument of historical forces.²⁶ As it happens, the conception has been validated. But *Rising Up and Rising Down* pretends that free will matters; at the very least, that free will determines and indeed defines moral choice. So let's set aside the long-term results of Robespierre's revolution: Napoleon, the Empire, etcetera.²⁷ Let's consider what he wanted in relation to what he did. Isn't that how we've proceeded from the very first page?

Unfortunately, we can't do so here.

Throughout this book, we've portrayed most of our violent moral actors as more consistent than they probably were—Leonidas and Hitler, for instance, with their unswerving defenses of homeland; Caesar with his fixation on personal prestige, the Bolsheviks with their relentless will to break the Soviet peasantry. True, we did glimpse Joan of Arc's brief wavering in the face of a terrible death, Lincoln's very hesitant and in the end expediently forced expansion of the notion of human liberty to include black Americans. But for the most part, in our attempt to wish personality and history into various ethical molds, we've simplified motives, hopefully not too egregiously. Maximilien Robespierre, for all his rigid Incorruptibility, nullifies such convenient strategies. Again, it's not Robespierre himself who's the wandering moral compass-needle, no matter how the beginning of this chapter might have made him seem. Rather, what Rosa Luxemburg once referred to as the "resolute and stormy tempo" of revolution itself, which creates the future as it goes, and above all *creates new first principles*, so that the means and the very *ends* of rising up become altered,

drag forward like wild horses even the most skilled and deliberate riders.

Let me be more specific. In the chapter "Defense of Class" we considered the two-decade-long class struggle between the Soviet revolutionary elite and the kulaks. We judged the end, the means and the moral actors as they altered over time. And we arrived at a moral judgment (specifically, a condemnation of dekulakization).²⁸ To the extent that we believe its Party platform, the Russian Revolution was indeed a rising up or down whose goals may be defined in terms of class. But such an analysis only partway defines what revolution is. The other part, and the reason for this chapter, is revolution's *fluidity*.

Revolutionaries seek to bring out change. The more ambitious and successful they happen to be, the greater the change. This is why revolution's ends express themselves temporarily and locally: execute the King; purge the Girondins; avoid war; wage war. *All the more reason for its means to be finite and limited*,²⁹ I wrote, and these may be the most impractical words in this book.

Precisely on account of that impracticality, I repeat: *Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.*

A revolution can be subdivided into six phases.³⁰ One phase may occur within another, or simultaneously with it; revolution can always be interrupted by counterrevolution; never mind. Each phase can be associated with a specific decision on the part of the moral actor around whom the revolution is now occurring. These phases and the questions they raise are as follows:

PHASE 1: Recognition of grievance.

Question: Is the order of things both unjust and alterable?

PHASE 2: Active polarization.

Question: Which side should I take?

PHASE 3: Overt conflict.

Question: Should I follow the vanguard, run away or turn them in?

PHASE 4: Resolution of conflict.

Question: Now that I can see the future, does it justify me?

PHASE 5: Consolidation of power.

Question: Should the revolution continue or should it enact itself into law?

PHASE 6: Maintenance of power.

Question: Am I satisfied with what the revolution has done?

Obviously the ends and means required to carry out the revolution, hence to defend it, must change as these questions change. In Phase 3, someone who chooses to defend the revolution will be constrained by the imminence of overt conflict to proceed in unity with the other fighters, and at Rosa Luxemburg's "stormy tempo;" whereas in Phase 5, more meditative distance would be ideal, and factionalism is guaranteed.

In finally admitting how much inconsistency rules practical application, we are truer to life here than in any preceding chapter of justifications.

Defense of the revolution means protection of the revolution's right, perceived or real, to develop from an initial recognition of grievance all the way into the maintenance of incumbency's power. Defense of the revolution allows means and ends to alter, provided that "justice" will ultimately be done in the name of some legitimate super-end. In Phase 5, which is by far the most ethically problematic stage, defense of the revolution must decide whether that super-end would be better served by continuing the revolution or by crystalizing its gains into a stable social contract. It is here that Robespierre's career will come to its sad end.

WHO WAS HE?

His twentieth-century biographer Jordan prefers to present him as an outsider, formidable and almost free from unpleasant associations: Jordan admires his subject's "moral integrity" as "the ideal political citizen."³¹ His Robespierre scorns inside-track expediency from the beginning. He's (still another parallel with Gandhi) a true mass revolutionary who appeals to the people, which makes him more lonely, more Incorruptible than most, because "transcending the procedures of the Constituent, looking to the streets, so to speak, as the basis of political authority, was abhorrent"³² to the aristocratic and bourgeois colleagues whom he would come to dominate. Sometimes Jordan's near-adulation boggles my mind, and sometimes I can almost comprehend it. Ultimately, no one worshiped expediency more than Robespierre—no matter how marshmallow-dreamy his *ends*.

As long as we're going to compose our portrait of him as a mosaic or collage of other souls' pictures, why not envision him as a reincarnation of Cleon the Athenian, bugbear of Thucydides—and a very popular orator, too, who, we read in an anonymous essay on the Athenian constitution, "more than anyone else corrupted the people by his wild impulses, and was the first man who, when on the platform, shouted, uttered abuse and made speeches with his clothes hitched up"?³³

ROBESPIERRE AS SAINT

For Citizen Robespierre, as we saw, is quite the communicator. It has been pointed out that power can only be as strong as the capacity to communicate,³⁴ for if the led

had no knowledge of the desires of the leader, how could they obey him? In Robespierre's time, of course, Hitler's devices—radio, airplane and cinema—remain unavailable, but the factional press, like the guillotine in the public square, stands ready, along with an audience less captive than zealous—ready to listen, to be convinced and to take immediate action.

That action is frequently progressive, just, beneficial. At the feeble end of a corrupt epoch of *corvée* labor and *lettres de cachet*, an era in which “a secretary of state at eighteen . . . decides questions with a *bon mot*,”³⁵ comes the convocation of the Estates General which inaugurates the French Revolution; and here we see Robespierre representing the Third Estate, that is, *the people*. He's one of the Third Estate's five hundred delegates, of which more than three hundred are lawyers like him. Would you call them his peers? His audiences in the Jacobin Club will perhaps be members of “the possessing classes.”³⁶ But Maximilien Robespierre himself, abandoned by his father not long after birth, possesses—what? A few shabby shirts. Precocious and outstanding Latin pupil on a scholarship, he'd once been given the honor of addressing the King and Queen—who, it is said, passed on in ungracious silence, perhaps because it was raining that day.³⁷ That was in 1775. Then came a career of arguing in court about lightning-rods literal and metaphorical, until the Revolution set him free. Rudé believes that Robespierre knows more than almost any other leader in the movement “what it meant to be poor.”³⁸ Lamartine calls him “more than unknown; he was mediocre and despised.”³⁹ No longer! Phase 1 now gives way to Phase 2. The Third Estate, likewise mediocre and despised in the opinions of the First and Second (which is to say the clergy and the aristocrats), will soon proclaim itself, in company with a few allies, the National Assembly.

Robespierre has already begun to attract notice with his anger's shrill sincerity. He commands bishops to sell off a portion of their trappings to help feed the poor. In 1790, defying his listeners' outrage, he speaks in favor of permitting priests to marry. Like Trotsky, he comes out in favor of mercy to château-burners. “Forgive me, if I ask how a revolution, made by the people, can be protected by the ministerial employment of arms.”⁴⁰ He convinces the Assembly to remit Metz's residence-tax upon Jews. He insists on freedom of emigration, even though the nobles are abusing that right by running away with the nation's property. He proposes the establishment of a national guard and a jury system open to all citizens. He votes for all rights to black people in the French colonies, again denounces the death penalty as institutionalized assassination.

Robespierre, were you two-sided or did you merely evolve into something monstrous? Or did monstrous times merely carry you along as you chirped out your speeches like a cricket on a bark-chip going down a whirlpool?⁴¹ Defense of revolution, if carried out faithfully enough, must lead us on and on, we know not where. —What do you want? Justice; the good of all; the General Will; that's your super-end. —When the question of giving the king a constitutional power of veto comes

up, you astutely remind the Assembly that this could give a mischievous sovereign the power to go against the nation, “that the functions of all political powers, and consequently of royalty, are public duties and not personal rights.”⁴² Do you caution them thus because you genuinely hate tyrants, because the revolution you’re defending has not yet moved forward to discard checks and balances, or simply because you know that you can never be king? You propose that those who served in the Constituent Assembly be barred from serving in its successor—a noble-meaning measure, as I construe it, although your biographer Lewes (whom your later biographer Rudé, quick in your defense, will accuse of having “read widely but with little discrimination”)⁴³ considers it merely hypocritical: You knew that your real power base continues to be in the Jacobin Club; and this way many notable deputies who might have opposed your power will be excluded. Are you a schemer? —No, I don’t believe it. You’re Incorruptible.

LIMBO

How can a soul be Incorruptible, without being isolated? By definition, incorruptibility is the refusal of easy opportunities, the firm veneration of principle over kinship or obligation. Well, should that principle, that end, remain the same no matter where the revolution may go? How may a principle’s interpretations and effects be measured? In the Maxims for Murderers⁴⁴ in *Rising Up and Rising Down’s* moral calculus, each principle grows odious in proportion to the extent that it is defined solely by its executor. But isn’t that Incorruptibility of a sort?

Robespierre, then (appointed, or elected, Public Accuser), hovers and busily buzzes in the limbo between (a) the new parliamentary elite whose specialty is secret compromise, and (b) “the people” (known to the doomed nobility as “the little people”), also called, for it was literally true, “the breechless,” the *sans-culottes*. Of them, the patrician Madame Junot, who was five years old when the Estates General met and the Bastille fell, paints this picture, perhaps childishly magnified (for the Revolution hunted her aristocratic father; she and her sister, left alone, hid themselves at boarding-school), but very likely nightmarishly exact: “Many were naked to the waist, and their arms and breasts were covered with blood. They wore tattered garments upon their pikes and swords. Their countenances were inflamed, and their eyes were haggard; in short, their appearance was hideous.”⁴⁵ She is relating what befell her brother when he came in his cabriolet to visit his two sisters. The *sans-culottes* enveloped him and thrust the freshly severed head of Madame de Lamballe into his face. The future Madame



The Bastille

Junot would have been eight years old at this time. Her own account proves that she wasn't there, and yet a line or two later she describes again with shuddering vividness that "immense mob, composed also of half-naked individuals besmeared with blood, and who had the appearance of demons incarnate. They vociferated, sang, and danced. It was the Saturnalia of hell!"⁴⁶ Did she glimpse them from time to time from her boarding-school window, or did the tale told by the agitated, blood-smearred brother, reinforced by her family's misfortunes, and her own subsequent interest as a Napoleonic aristocrat in condemning as much of the Revolution as she could, catalyze her memories, turning the sans-culottes into monsters?

Truth to tell, we have no reason to accuse her of exaggeration at all. The sans-culottes exemplify militant street violence. They swarm into public meetings; they hang officials from lampposts or cut off their heads. They're the ones who will execute the first massacres of September 1792.⁴⁷ Who are they? A document from 1793 says that a sans-culotte is "a person who always travels on foot . . . and who lives very simply with his wife and children, if he has any, on the fifth or sixth story."⁴⁸ In her article in the remarkable *Critical Dictionary of the French Revolution*, Patrice Higonnet portrays them as fraternal and egalitarian, of course, literate and sectional, spontaneously but politically *violent*. "For the first time in history, women gathered independently in order to carry on their own autonomous political action."⁴⁹ Thus they were not "the poor," but a self-mobilized minority of poor militants. It is of such people that revolutions can be made. Phase 1, recognition of grievance; Phase 2, active polarization; Phase 3, overt conflict: so far the sans-culottes can certainly go, and that explains why they are the people of Robespierre.

Or are they? Even had he wanted to, Robespierre could never have been *of* them. He's educated; he's been trained to argue and to abstract. He absurdly believes, as does this book, in moral principles. No matter—he'll fight in his own way. The year before the Revolution ruptures ancient France, we see Robespierre in Arras, defending a man thrown into a dungeon by greedy relatives who'd obtained a *lettre de cachet*. Already he casts himself as a defender of the poor against traitors. When sincerity isn't expedient, why not believe in it?⁵⁰ I think Robespierre wishes to defend the poor. I admire him. The rich who manipulate the laws against the poor are "clearly guilty of high treason."⁵¹ Time then for defense against traitors!

In Arras they don't like him. His caseload doesn't increase. If anything, he's losing clients. He doesn't care, because he's sincere and wants nothing for himself. This aloof personification of conscience, who continues until the very end to dress in pre-revolutionary style, who requires of his visitors such anti-sans-culottisms as applying first in writing, models himself after his favorite Roman: old-fashioned unbending and self-denying Cato.⁵² But that aristocratic slave-beater won't really do as a guiding intelligence. For that, Robespierre turns to the worshipful Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose *Social Contract* and *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality* continue in service even now as crude but luminous lenses through which to observe social

morals and mechanisms. We've mentioned that Ho Chi Minh was "overjoyed to tears" when he first read Lenin. Robespierre seems to have experienced a similar feeling when he first read Rousseau, whose greatest essay begins: "Man was born free and everywhere he is in chains."⁵³

THE TENNIS COURT OATH (1789)

In an old print, we see Robespierre amidst the throng of Third Estate deputies now swearing never to adjourn until France, in defiance of the crudely authority-defending king who's locked them out, receives her constitution. They will succeed. They are magnificent. Phase Two gives way to Phase Three. From this moment will derive all others: the storming of the Bastille; the reduction of the king first to impotence, then death; the transubstantiation of the streets from mere arteries of despotism into living channels of militarized, ideologized citizen-consciousness. Their right arms shoot up in pledge—except for Robespierre's. That citizen, who believes in all revolutionary hopefulness that "the human species exists in a violent condition which cannot endure,"⁵⁴ presses both hands against his heart, gazing rapturously into the heaven of his Supreme Being.

GENERAL WILL

Witness to and thrilled agent of these volcanic events, Robespierre will never cease paying homage to Rousseau's fateful conception of General Will, the common interest of all, *raison d'être* of the social contract. "Divine man, you have taught me to know myself."⁵⁵

ROUSSEAU'S MORAL CALCULUS (1755)

How does society serve our interest?

"Each of us puts in common his person and his whole power under the supreme direction of the General Will; and in return we recognize every member as an indivisible part of the whole."

What then is the purpose of the state?

"The General Will alone can direct the forces of the State, according to the object of its institution, which is the common good."

How do we recognize the General Will? Since you say that the social contract is in my interest, won't it correspond to my desires?

"In fact, if it is not impossible that a particular will should

agree on some point with the General Will, it is at least impossible that this agreement should be lasting and constant; for the particular will naturally tends to preferences, and the General Will to equality.”

Well, then, in that case won't the General Will be the same as the will of the majority?

“Men always desire their own good, but do not always discern it; the people are never corrupted, though often deceived, and it is only then that they seem to will what is evil. There is often a great deal of difference between the will of all and the General Will; the latter regards only the common interest, while the former ... is merely a sum of particular wills.”

So how can we make the General Will manifest?

1. “There should be no partial association in the State”—no faction. “Every citizen should express only his own opinion.”
2. “When the whole people decree concerning the whole people ... then the matter respecting which they decree is general like the will that decrees. It is this act that I call a law.” “The people must be taught to know what they require... Hence arises the need for a legislator.”

SOURCE: ROUSSEAU, PP. 18-19, 27, 30-31, 39, 41; “THE SOCIAL CONTRACT.”

Who can this legislator be? Rousseau begins by talking about gods. He says: “In order to discover the rules of association that are most suitable to nations, a superior intelligence would be necessary who could see all the passions of men without experiencing any of them.”⁵⁶ I submit to you, fellow citizens, that this exactly describes our esteemed Robespierre, who declaims patiently before us, chaste without known limit, ascetic as Stalin, refuser of any number of offices to which the Revolution would appoint him—he longs only to express the General Will. Soon he'll believe that he does. Rising up, rising down! Finally he'll be convinced that *only* he does. (But how could he not? He's energetic; he wants to be effective; as the revolution approaches Phase 5, which requires the future to be talked over, only the arguer who believes supremely in himself can prevail.) Swallowing Rousseau's bait, he takes it for granted that anything called “will” must be voluntary. He is brother to John Brown, who half a century later will enforce the Golden Rule by violence.⁵⁷

Rousseau rejects the need for violence—state violence, at least, capital punishment—unless the criminals “cannot be preserved without danger.”⁵⁸ Robespierre will stretch this loophole into a deep hole, a mass grave.

STRATEGY OF AN INCOMPETENT

The biographers of my century, with their kitchen-craving to whip data into a sort of meringue with firm peaks of meaning here and there, divide Robespierre's life, as I do revolution, into periods: his more or less orphaned youth, about which little is known except for the boy's stellar niche as a Latin pupil; then the brief career as an advocate in Arras, informed and inflamed by a Rousseauvian fervency; the Tennis Court Oath; then the time of constitution-building in the Assembly and power-building in the Jacobin Club; then the first crystallization of ardent words into violent capability, when he rides the swift dark horse of people's insurgency to participate (at whatever remove) in the famous assault upon a king who'd refused to be a faithful puppet; then comes outright regicide, the guillotine-blade being greased by Robespierre's calmly unyielding arguments; subsequently we find the period of public ascendancy, magnified by that coup against his former colleagues the Girondins; almost immediately thereafter, we see him turning on the right-wing Dantonists simultaneously with his destruction of the left-wing Hébertists; in partisanship or cold scholarship we delineate his penultimate epoch, when, ensconced within the Committee of Public Safety, he becomes an executive, administrator and functionary of Terror; finally we mark the rift with his fellow executioners, which conveys him to the plank and blade of Thermidor. We know how it will all end and what Robespierre will say at every turn.

And yet, more than any other moral actor in this book, with the possible exception of Julius Caesar, Robespierre's actual *responsibility* for violence remains awkwardly and irritatingly disagreed on by these portrait-painters. Needless to say, the righteousness of violence produces more debate than affirmation, but it isn't even that: nobody agrees on exactly how many liquidations Robespierre directly "caused." In 1849, Lewes stands convinced that "he has not left the legacy to mankind of one grand thought, nor the example of one generous and exalted action."⁵⁹ Nearly a century and a half later, Jordan, subordinating and minimizing his violence wherever possible, presents him as a heroic-expressive spirit born from the breath of the Revolution itself. Having neither the opportunity nor perhaps the capacity for Robespierran scholarship, I propose, rather than giving a definitive opinion on the man's degree of actual violence (an opinion which even were I an expert must remain but a single voice in a dissentient chorus), that we treat him as he demanded to be treated: as an expression of a will—to defend the revolution! Was it the General Will? Let's get to that later. For now, let's simply agree on what I hope should be obvious—that a politician in power who in an era of violence calls for and approves of violence has chosen it and *is* to a significant extent responsible for it. In short, judge him by his stated moral calculus.⁶⁰

"Revolution," he says, "is the war waged by liberty against its enemies; a constitution is that which crowns the edifice of freedom once victory has been won and the

nation is at peace"⁶¹—which is to say, once Phase 5 has been achieved. *Revolution is imminence*. By the rights of the self,⁶² imminent self-defense allows almost any means.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY

By the end, Robespierre's defense of revolution had become almost pure defense against traitors.⁶³ A broad and worldly outlook might conclude, indeed, that such is the stage of most revolutions, cases in point being the Chinese, the Russian, the Yugoslavian; but because my own mind remains too narrow to back up any such aphorisms, I'll err on the side of privileging uniqueness in the French case.

Begin with another tribute to those theoretical glories which so often dazzle intellectual saints into benevolently overlooking the ugliness of the world, and intellectual murderers into not seeing the blood caused by their razors of terror. The striking divergence which exists between liberty and equality⁶⁴ might never have pierced my own bedazzled blindness had not Tocqueville shown it to me. Now that I have grasped it, I see the divergent paths down which those two ideals in their pure form point us. Liberty without equality would bring a society into a paradise of the Social Darwinists, in which the able rich would be free to grow richer, while the impoverished would be free to starve.⁶⁵ Equality without liberty would consist for its part in universal slavery.⁶⁶ Exponents of those two respective hells would be, I suppose, Caligula and Pol Pot. Liberty must balance equality, identify with it, *equal* it. To the French Revolutionaries, the equals sign was *fraternity*. How moving that conception remains to this day! And in the context of this book on violence, how particularly fine—if you are my brothers and sisters, how could I bear to hurt you? To say that I must, and most willingly shall, use my liberty to insure your equality, because we are kin; and that in the interest of that equality you in turn will do what you can to bring my liberty up to your level, because the relationship between liberty and equality makes us kin—these formulations derive from that grand old Golden Rule. "Fraternity is the creation of sacrifice alone," insisted Saint-Exupéry during World War II. The error of Robespierre was the familiar one of sacrificing others even as he spoke of sacrificing himself. There being nothing new under the sun, no revolution is all-new, either; on the premises of the Jacobin Club, the Dominican altar still squats; and in Robespierre's case, behind his novelest conceptions and denunciations one can find classical bric-a-brac. "To punish the oppressors of humanity, that's mercy," he declaims; "to pardon them is barbarism."⁶⁷ Haven't we heard this before?⁶⁸ Won't we hear it again?

A NOD TO HISTORICAL FORCES

I've said that to the extent to which we can inculcate feelings of fraternity as widely as possible, we can master violence—that is, direct it elsewhere. Liberty, equali-

ty and fraternity! How they differ from Hitler's popularity, tradition and force!⁶⁹ But how was it, then, that the French Revolution became violent? How it could have been that from the well-meaning heads of the National Assembly, instead of Athena, first Robespierre, then that more stylish and intellectually curious little Corsican Hitler who, like his swastika'd soul-mate, failed at the gates of Moscow? ("I held the government of the Directory and the leaders of the councils in supreme contempt," he recalled frankly. He was "resolved to possess myself of authority, and to restore France to her former glory, by giving a powerful impulse to public affairs."⁷⁰ And so he became emperor. Where now liberty and equality?) And why did fraternity not prevent the French from devouring each other in the Terror, and then seeking to devour other nationalities?

First of all, what *is* liberty? "There is no word that admits of more various significations,"⁷¹ begins Montesquieu, and he concludes with the formulation, to which Rousseau's and Robespierre's shall prove so closely akin, that "in societies directed by laws, liberty can consist only in the power of doing what we ought to will, and in not being constrained to do what we ought not to will."⁷² Who decides what we ought to will? Our lawgiver: Lycurgus, Robespierre...

BEGINNING OF THE END

It is 1790. The Terror has not yet begun. King Louis remains in life, but trapped and domesticated now, a caged squirrel. In England, that elderly defender of privilege and property, Edmund Burke, gazes at the spectacle across the Channel and accuses the revolutionary politicians of failing to respect the royal family "whose peace they troubled." The nobler revolutionists of classical times, he says in a trope which hardly adds luster to his hatreds, "were not like Jew brokers contending with each other who could best remedy with fraudulent circulation and depreciated paper the wretchedness and ruin brought on their country by their degenerate councils."⁷³ Burke has been lucky enough in his prejudices, or clever enough despite them, to prophesy the coming bloodbaths. Traditionist to the core, he loathes the Assembly's great debates over first principles. Their inspired rage which drives them to build heaven on earth appears to him a mere Tower of Babel, doomed to quarrels, faction-cracks and collapse. He's not all wrong, even if he fails to appreciate that every revolution not previously halted must pass through Phase 5.



Louis XVI

As is so often the case in real life, Phase 5 begins as soon as the French Revolution does, and the self-destruction of that revolution will not be presided over by any one leader. Mirabeau, Lafayette, Danton, Robespierre, the Directory, Napoleon—it goes on and on. When we defend our revolution by attacking the rev-

olutionary ends and means of our colleagues, is this justified, unjustified or merely tragic? Robespierre, always true to himself, certainly throws himself into it all, cicada-shrilling: "Enemies of the people, whomever you may be, never will the Convention favor your perversity!"⁷⁴

SAFETY

The revolution deepens; the desperate king flees to Varennes with queen and children, seeking to join with counterrevolutionaries abroad. But he's spied out, arrested, brought back to Paris, menaced and humiliated. After an equivocal silence (probably, says one historian, because he's trying to calculate how to bring Louis down without replacing him by the Duc d'Orléans⁷⁵ or Lafayette),⁷⁶ Robespierre raises his accustomed shrill cry: "Do you dare to pronounce the king innocent when the nation has declared him guilty?"⁷⁷

Yes, the Assembly goes against the nation—for now. Why? Because Spain, Austria, Russia, Sweden and Prussia—or, as I should say, the crowned heads of those nations, frightened by the Revolution's imprisonment of royalty—rattle sabers at France.

In April, 1792, ten months after the royal family's aborted escape, France declares retaliatory war on Austria. Robespierre, who'd temporarily sacrificed some popularity to oppose it, comes round to the General Will's way of thinking: If so it must be, he'll do his part, shrilling out loyalist cicada-songs. Defense of the revolution requires it.



Marie Antoinette

And suddenly I think back on the tale of how Trotsky lost his revolutionary authority, and I see how essential that vote against factionalism must have seemed. If we are still weak, still menaced by enemies, how can we hope to enter Phase 5? Of course the revolution must go on.

Robespierre must defend his own revolution. He too must change the tune of his cricket-chirp if unitarianism (which under external threat had better equal the General Will!) requires it. Phase 3, the stage of overt conflict, is by far the most dangerous period to any authority, let alone one which is still attempting to construct itself. Consistency cannot outweigh defense of the revolution itself.

As for Louis and Marie-Antoinette, he bides his time. Has his secret heart already come out against them? Perhaps not. Phase 3 will not be launched against them just yet; right now, Phase 2, active polarization, better describes our revolution's relation to those half-former sovereigns. So Robespierre continues to style himself the "defender of the constitution": his *raison d'être*, like that of so many protagonists in this book, is self-defense.

The rival Cordeliers' Club incites a march calling that the king at least be deposed. The National Guard fires on them in an act of "tricolored terror" denounced by Citizen Robespierre, who's now becoming rather popular again. (They'll name children after him.) When the Assembly finishes France's new constitution at last, he and his colleague Pétion get paraded through Paris, honored Roman-style with oak-leaf garlands.

The king will sign the constitution, and be restored to office in a parade of reconciliation. But old Edmund Burke in England sees the future. He's learned that the king and queen were compelled to ride twelve miles in a less friendly parade whose standard was two royal bodyguards' heads, set on poles. Regicide, he writes, has been only "sketched," "left unfinished." He bitterly anticipates its completion.⁷⁸ For Robespierre and ever so many of his colleagues are changing now, beginning to follow that dictum, so susceptible of abuse, called necessary expediency. Not that class-defending Burke didn't follow it! No matter.

A PEDESTAL FOR THE IDOL

A few months before the king's final descent from guarded and spied upon monarch-in-name to disroyaled prisoner, one of the Girondist deputies shouts out: "Yes, I denounce to you a man who has become the idol of the people."⁷⁹ That is a true summation of Robespierre at this period, of the man whom another biographer styles "revolutionary democrat." He always glorifies the masses, insisting that he is *of* them. Unlike Stalin, who, popular though he was, hid from the people, Robespierre seeks out public opinion, and seeks to magnify it, to run ahead of it. He eschews deeds, dubious enterprises. Mainly he waits, incites, approves. Marat calls himself the People's Friend; the Incorruptible wants to be the People's Advocate—no, let's not mince words—the People's Prosecutor. —"You reproach me for having relinquished my place as Public Accuser," he acknowledges most smugly—why, they must have been afraid that Robespierre meant to draw away from his duty! How would they get along without him? Not to worry—he actually means to catch bigger fish! "I relinquished it when I saw that it gave me only the right of accusing citizens for public offenses, and deprived me of the right of accusing political enemies. And it is for this that the people love me."⁸⁰ He'll continue to deserve their love. He'll dare to sniff out "*nos ennemis intérieurs et extérieurs*."⁸¹

Why not? These enemies are no mere figment. Austrian and Prussian armies approach. The Duke of Brunswick threatens that all Parisians found in arms once the capital is taken will be liquidated. Meanwhile, aristocrats are rising up against the Revolution in the Vendée, in Lozère... Other aristocrats flee France, perhaps to link up with Brunswick and his counterrevolutionaries. The Revolution had better defend itself, and quickly!⁸² And hasn't Robespierre been trained as a lawyer?

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION

In a true people's insurrection, the sans-culottes attack the king in the Tuileries. Bloodily held at bay at first by the Swiss Guards, they presently overpower, massacre and posthumously execrate those mercenary chesspieces,⁸³ then seize the royal family, who, having already thrown themselves on the legislature's mercy, find themselves discrowned, imprisoned. Quickly, now, create a new convention to implement revolution's fire! We'll soon see them legalizing divorce, forbidding priests to wear their special garb except during Mass, requiring an oath of loyalty to liberty and equality from all citizens. With such laws, who should the new lawmakers be? Robespierre, our popular, unofficial, free-floating conscience, gets this idea: Let them be "composed above all of citizens ... whom despotism has proscribed."⁸⁴ In other words, the enemy of the old regime must be our friend. If that is defense, what can Louis hope for, but death? Here indeed Robespierre does seem to exemplify General Will, to the extent that anyone can know what General Will is. The whole Paris Commune explodes with hatred against royalty; Robespierre merely expresses what they all think...

The old Constitution had guaranteed personal immunity to the king. "So much the worse," Robespierre sings out. "An authority more powerful than that of the constitution now condemns it—the authority of reason, the conscience of the people, the duty of providing for their safety."⁸⁵ (Such was ever his tendency. We saw that long ago, when the Assembly got hold of some letters to the counterrevolutionary Comte d'Artois; Robespierre demands that their seals be broken in obedience to his favorite dictum, "the supreme law of public safety"—defense of the revolution.)

One reason that he'll so often be compared to Stalin is that both incessantly sanctify and perfume themselves with the rhetoric of authority's defense. (His salvation-deliberateness will endure to the Eighth of Thermidor, which marks the very end of his capacity for speech. We find the revolutionary periodical *Le Moniteur* summarizing his final address to the Convention thus: "He announced that he was proposing the only proper measures for saving the nation.")⁸⁶ Then, too, like Stalin, Robespierre is always calling out the terrible alarm: "Factionalism!"—this gruesome croaking being expressed, as one contemporary recalled, in a voice "hoarse in the lower, discordant in the higher tones, and which, during the exultation of rage, was converted into a sort of howl, like that of the hyaena."⁸⁷ (Rudé insists with equal conviction that "he lacked presence and colour" as a speaker.)⁸⁸

General Lafayette, defender of the king, has wisely fled. Robespierre says that he "must be declared a traitor to the country."⁸⁹

THE BARBARITY OF WEAKNESS

By now the Incorruptible has summed and totaled his way past Rousseau to compute his moral calculus. Here is part of it:

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF ROBESPIERRE (CA. 1792-94)

When is pity justified?

“We must distinguish real humanity, which looks at the general good and which knows how to triumph over the most lively emotions of pity, from that weakness which is sensibility towards an individual, and barbarity towards society.”

SOURCE: LEWES, PP. 154-55.

Practically speaking, a real human is anyone who agrees with him—woe to the others! His logic is as irrefutably circular as that of the twentieth century American anarchist who explains in her red pamphlet: “I am not going to attempt to justify sabotage on any moral ground. If the workers consider that sabotage is necessary, that in itself makes sabotage moral.”⁹⁰ Robespierre, like any despot, insists on controlling the means *and* interpreting the ends. Call him Mr. All-or-Nothing. He shrieks: “Enact laws that punish all crimes without exception; or suffer the people to avenge them for themselves.”⁹¹ Punishing all crimes without exception sounds like impartial justice, of course, but haven’t we learned from our survey of violence that the surest mark of inhumanity is the refusal to grant exceptions? Mass justice he wants, machine-justice—if not, then lynch law. Before long, he’ll make them one and the same.⁹²

CLEAN HANDS

Robespierre cries out another warning against oppressors: “Citizens, you will only have peace by keeping your eyes open to all their treacheries, and your hand raised against all traitors.” In that spirit, the sans-culottes launch the first Terror, in whose infamous September Massacre he takes no part, being an inciter, an enactor, not a practitioner. And so he’s not among the leveller-vanguardists who haul political prisoners (mainly aristocrats) from their cells and hack them to death. Don’t sans-culottes embody the General Will? (A Marxist would say so.) The aristocrats dead, they drag out whores and thieves—aren’t all enemies of the people working for the Prussians, English, Austrians? As many as fourteen hundred die pitiful deaths of blood.⁹³ Robespierre, elected to the National Convention in pace with the liquidations, weeps crocodile tears; he’s heard a report that they’ve executed an innocent man by mistake...

In March, with the inception of the Second Terror, he gets appointed a judge of

the new Revolutionary Tribunal, which in typically zealous fashion owns but two powers—acquittal or execution⁹⁴—but declines the honor, citing conflict of interest. The Committee of Surveillance born soon after wasn't his idea; plenty of people are willing to get their hands bloody to save the Revolution. Again he denies that he is seeking any dictatorship. Nor does he toe the expedient line of conformity; the General Will rises up above all that. So here he is, still speaking out in support of religion! Although that is quite unfashionable among the extreme republicans who now make up an increasing proportion of his colleagues, pious women applaud him in the galleries. Near the end, he'll inaugurate a Festival of the Supreme Being.⁹⁵ His motto: "The idea of the Supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul is a continual reminder of justice."⁹⁶

"NO SENTENCE TO PASS"

Being reminded by the immortality of the soul, I suppose, he sings his song about defense of the revolution: Off with the king's head! "You have no sentence to pass, but a measure of public safety."⁹⁷ It is December, 1792. They must *terrorize* the revolution's enemies, royalty's last friends.⁹⁸ Robespierre doesn't even want a trial, because that would admit the possibility of the king's innocence.

I neither love nor hate Louis; I hate nothing but his crimes. I demanded the abolition of capital punishment in the Constituent Assembly. [but] you ask an exception from the punishment of death for him alone who could render it legitimate! A dethroned king in the very heart of a republic not yet cemented! [In other words, we remain in Phase 3.] A king whose very name draws foreign wars on the nation! ... Louis must perish because our country must live!⁹⁹

No capital punishment, he'd said—but now: "death for him alone who could render it legitimate." Any other executions must accordingly be illegitimate, which means that Robespierre will stop here. Does he keep this promise? Unfortunately, the General Will prevents him.

His provincial-federalist opponents, the Girondins, call for the Rousseauvian measure of an appeal to the people on this issue. But Robespierre, champion of popular sovereignty, rejects their motion.¹⁰⁰

THE FIRST TRAITOR

Sometimes when I read upon the juggernaut of the French Revolution, I put myself in Louis XVI's weak shoes, and wonder what he could have done to prevent his doom. Refuse to call the Estates General? But he did refuse, until they forced themselves upon him. Carlyle (whose account cannot always be trusted) writes that that

was the day Marie-Antoinette wept. —And force? He tried force “when dumb Drudgery staggered up to its King’s Palace, and in wide expanse of sallow faces, squalor, and ringed raggedness, presented hieroglyphically its Petition of Grievances; and for answer got hanged on a ‘new gallows forty feet high.’”¹⁰¹ Through incompetence, outright impotence and capricious violence, Louis already delegitimized his power. This erosion remained obscured from the masses and himself by the shadow of his powerful forbears. His own weak and flitting character could not stay still long enough to hide it any further. Sun-tzu tells us that “one who frequently grants rewards is in deep distress. One who frequently imposes punishments is in great difficulties. One who is at first excessively brutal and then fears the masses is the pinnacle of stupidity.”¹⁰² Thus Louis’s situation, which he had not made so much as been born into—a fact which fails to excuse him. We find in the memoirs of Madame



Louis XVI and his family in prison

Junot, herself no enemy to royalty, this typical anecdote: “An admirable address conveyed to the foot of the throne a statement of the grievances which pressed upon the people of Dauphiny. For an answer it received an insult, dictated to Louis XVI by the delirium of an insane ministry.”¹⁰³ Indeed, the king was not a wicked man as much as a man at “the pinnacle of stupidity.”

His original problem was an immense national debt, thanks mainly to the war with England. To have some hope of paying it off, he must rationalize taxes, and require the clergy and the nobility, who were the first two of the three Estates, to contribute their share. As it was, the lower classes, who comprised the Third Estate, continued to pay the most. Tocqueville writes with particular indignation of those arbitrary taxes, which fluctuated from year to year so that the peasants never knew what their future liability might be (faint foreshadowing of Soviet collectivization with its forced requisitions of grain!), and he goes on to complain of the widespread use of forced labor to build roads and haul the baggage of regimental trains, not to mention the dreary military service in which the poor served under the rich with no hope of promotion.¹⁰⁴ Those nobles who were conscious of the sufferings of the peasants—and according to Tocqueville some hearts did bleed, or at least weep a drop or two—referred to them nonetheless as boors, yokels, churls and other expressions sanctioned by long usage.

As I said, King Louis was not such a bad man, and I feel sorry for him; he abolished, for instance, the *droit de suite*, “by which a lord could claim his subject wherever he found him.”¹⁰⁵ He spent large sums on poor relief, and his officials became more lenient in their enforcement of those inhumane tax laws. But that was far too little. He sought to end forced labor and the restrictions upon workers’ freedoms of

the guilds, and in both cases he foundered. He expressed sorrow for the peasants, but failed to repair the crooked courts which could try them without appeal, with no right of habeas corpus, for such minor offenses as leaving their parishes without a certificate.¹⁰⁶ He did not succeed in lifting the fiscal burden upon the Third Estate; instead, he merely *relieved* it at instances subject to the whim of his own goodness. How could he do more until the First and Second Estates had renounced their privileges? In those days of Phase 1, how could there *not* be a widespread recognition of grievance?

Oh, the king had Necker, indefatigable Necker, who got new loans to pay the interest on the old, but sooner or later such perpetual motion schemes must be halted by entropy, and that was just what happened. Thus Louis's start alienated the clergy and the aristocrats, while his lack of finish increased the resentment of their accustomed victim, the Third Estate. His authority grew less legitimate than ever.

When the Estates General finally met,¹⁰⁷ and the Third Estate, together with some firebrands from the other two, declared itself to be the National Assembly, then the king, just like the perfectly stupid man of Sun-tzu's characterization, grew fearful at last and sought to repudiate it, but to no effect. Phase 2: Onward to the abolition of slavery, landed property, privilege of all kinds.

The storming of the Bastille, a truly spontaneous mass action by any standard, simply made palpable what heretofore had only been demonstrable: the Crown no longer had any sanction. The flight to Varennes exposed the Crown as not only weak but dangerous. Let's agree with Robespierre: Louis *was* a traitor. That is, after accepting the constitution he struggled to defend and restore his usurped power. Hence his secret letters to foreign counterrevolutionaries, soon to be discovered in the infamous iron chest. So the irresistible force of the General Will met the all too moveable object—the king's neck.

THE WEAKNESS OF BARBARITY

In January, 1793, the king's head falls. In February, France declares war on England and Holland before they can do the same to her. War with Spain breaks out at the same time.¹⁰⁸ Denouncing the Parisians' latest bread riots, Citizen Robespierre calls for a strengthening of executive authority—of Terror from the top down instead of the decentralized Terror of neighbors denouncing each other as "suspects." In March, shaken by war-disasters, he advocates martial law. We can well imagine all this as justifying itself through inevitability.¹⁰⁹ In April he for the first time asserts the Revolution's right to "suppress a conspiracy founded on the liberty of the press."¹¹⁰ In June he proposes to guide the General Will through universal education. (Do you remember Rousseau's moral calculus? *The people must be taught to know what they require. . . Hence arises the need for a legislator.*) But he never stops advocating

religious toleration. Strange terrorist: when he turns against the ultra-leftists, it's on account of their repression in the service of "de-Christianization"...

THE SECOND TRAITOR

From his brain (his overthrowers will claim) now springs the infamous Committee of Public Safety¹¹¹—what a Robespierrian appellation!—to which he cannot yet get himself elected (it is as if the Supreme Being he honors so obsequiously has now offered him one last chance to think). In actuality, it's not clear who dreamed up this committee, which is "invested with every power,"¹¹² says Lewes. Four months after its birth, that is, in July 1793, he finds a place on it. On the very next day he calls again for the trial of "the Austrian woman," which is to say the queen, already guillotine-widowed.

Well, the truth is that she had indeed been in league with Austria in hopes of restoring the monarchy; Robespierre speaks correctly. Why blame him above others for her sentence? He embodies the General Will, seeks only to preserve and protect...

Burke compares her to a dauntless Roman matron, dignified and uncowed by insult.¹¹³ Robespierre will in due course pretend to pity her.

MILDNESS

Politics loves to invent its own topography. Above the moderate federalists who call themselves Girondins rears an immense peak of righteousness, perfection and General Will—namely, Robespierre's own faction, appropriately known as the Mountain. Between the Mountain (which loves to sit eponymously on the upper benches) and the Girondins we find the swing votes, known as the Plain. Robespierre's argument against sparing the king, based on the meteoric metaphors of his colleague, Saint-Just, was that Louis was only an alien, not a true citizen: he, and only he, could not be afforded the protection of the social contract. On the other hand, as for all the deputies, aren't the people sovereign? Didn't the General Will elect them? And so we find Robespierre, brimming with a loyal charity in contradistinction to his most ferocious utterances, defending from being purged even the colleagues he most dislikes. For this I respect him. How then could the revolution, expression of near-unanimous people's sovereignty, ever become factionalized? Robespierre will defend it from that.

Alas! Carlyle has pointed out that lopping off the king's head was the last thing that they were all able to do together.¹¹⁴

From moment to moment we've watched the revolution's goals enlarge, feeding on themselves: lawfully redress grievances—get representation—constitute a new government in defiance of incumbent authority—transform the king from an absolutist into a benign figurehead—strip him of his powers—kill him—abolish feudalism—fight counterrevolution—defend the homeland—mobilize *everyone*.

Meanwhile Robespierre repeats many of the same things he's always said, continues to wear his prerevolutionary professional skin.

Again, I agree that *defense of the revolution cannot be defense of a fixed idea. Defense of the revolution is defense of onwardness.* Nonetheless, it can be justified only when the ends of the revolution are explicit and legitimate. Whenever the ends change, which must frequently occur, *its legitimacy must be reevaluated.* How to do that? Enter Phase 5, however briefly; debate; that is all I can propose.

But at the Jacobin Club we now hear Robespierre shrieking out: "I regard him as my oppressor who interrupts me, who refuses me speech, and I declare that I alone, I, place myself in insurrection against the President, against all the members who sit in the Convention."¹¹⁵ —Applause, applause! —The next day he does indeed attack and denounce the president, whose mistake it was to be a Girondin.

In confirmation of enlightened ambition, Robespierre has cooked up a coalition¹¹⁶ comprising himself, Marat and that suicidal zealot Danton—all three of them soon to die by violence. They inflame the local people's sections. Robespierriest sans-culottes surround the Convention, burst in, demand the heads of these traitors. The Girondins get expelled.

Robespierre chirps out that certainly Girondins must go, for the sake of unity. But, smiling his sweetest smile, he refuses to countenance their murder. After all, he's against capital punishment.

GREEK CHORUS

"In the various cities revolutions were the cause of many calamities," writes Thucydides, "as happens and always will happen while human nature is what it is, though there may be different degrees of savagery... Love of power, operating through greed and through personal ambition, was the cause of all these evils."¹¹⁷ Meanwhile, the French revolutionists speak out against ancient power, greed and ambition, abolishing without compensation the last cobwebbed entitlements of feudalism. In that glorious and ominous year 1793 they decree universal male suffrage. In Robespierre's words, "Can the law be termed an expression of the General Will when the greater number of those for whom it is made can have no hand in its making?"¹¹⁸ They expropriate the fled or guillotined nobles of their lands, which they offer to villages for common use.¹¹⁹

SELF-DEFENSE OF A PROSECUTOR

"There must be but one will," he scribbles in a private note to himself,¹²⁰ and despite his earlier denials, one would think that he means *his* will, that he wants to be Dictator;¹²¹ all the same, unlike Stalin, he knows less what he wants than what he does not want.¹²² "I was created to fight crime [treason], not to govern," he will confess to

his fellow deputies in his swan song.¹²³ I believe him. Up to now, he's murdered less often than he's merely justified murder. I still see him as a well-meaningly zealous defender of revolution, doing his sincere best to cope with the unimaginable.

In August 1793, while the revolutionary government brings the queen before her judges and begins to arrest all foreigners who've entered France since 1789, we find him—in the Jacobin Club, naturally—reasoning out his proto-Trotskyist case for permanent revolution: “It's imperative then that a tribunal established to speed the Revolution, not pull it back through criminal slowness; it's imperative that the tribunal be as energetic as crime, that it always be *on a par with the offenses*.”¹²⁴ Where is imminence in all this? Could that justify him? Maybe so; armed enemies and counterrevolutionaries still press France! And so our former guarantor of freedom of the press now insists on suppressing evil writing and disseminating good writing. —“One must be prudent in one's letters,” sighs the Marquis de Sade, having just railed with typical imprudence against the king's imprisonment, “and never did despotism open as many letters as liberty.”¹²⁵ —How can we end the foreign war? By “placing republican generals at the head of our armies, and punishing those who have betrayed us.” How can we end the civil war? Through “the punishment of traitors and conspirators.”¹²⁶ We must “make terrible examples of all those wretches who have outraged liberty.”¹²⁷

DEFENSE OF THE MASSES

The people cry out for bread. Responds the Incorruptible, in words similar to those of his equally doomed colleague, Saint-Just: “The people must be defended by terrible institutions, or they will destroy themselves with the weapons with which they think to defend themselves.”¹²⁸ And so, at the beginning of September 1793, the Committee of Public Safety officially inaugurates the next Terror, with six thousand men and twelve hundred artillery. They'll force all rural traitors to disgorge their produce for the hungry Parisian masses!¹²⁹ “Of all the decrees which have saved the Republic,” says Robespierre smugly to his Jacobins, “the most sublime . . . is the one which made probity and virtue”—that is, Terror—“the order of the day.”¹³⁰ But if the people need bread, perhaps even now he is right.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MAO ZEDONG (1927)

“Proper limits have to be exceeded in order to right a wrong, or else the wrong cannot be righted.”¹³¹

FROM THE WRITINGS OF EDMUND BURKE (1790)

“Amidst assassination, massacre, and confiscation, perpetrated or meditated, they are

forming plans for the good order of future society... They have a power given to them, like that of the evil principle, to subvert and destroy; but none to construct, except such machines as may be fitted for further subversion and further destruction."¹³²

WHAT CAN OUR SUPER-END BE?

Who was right about violent defense of revolution—Mao, Burke or both?

Clearly, the French monarchy had failed to embody the General Will. It had failed to serve the people. Phase 1 gave way to Phases 2 and 3. The Terror began. In France the Terror was less systematic and widespread than in Russia, China, Cambodia. It tended to limit itself to nobles, foreigners, politicians and the intelligentsia. Even so, as a bureaucrat might say, "mistakes were made."

Were those mistakes avoidable or not?

Near the beginning of this book we formulated the following rule for the moral calculus:

The effects of any revolution, crime, rescue, or war cannot be anything but temporary and local. Therefore, every end remains (in its immediate expression) temporary and local. All the more reason for its means to be finite and limited. An inconstant end is a warning: Danger of deceitful or outright evil expediency.¹³³

But we have seen how the practical ends of a revolution must alter as phase gives way to phase. How can they not be inconstant? This boggles my moral calculus.

That is why I've proposed to at least hold each revolution accountable to its stated super-end. But all that leaves us with is something misty or distant, twinkling overhead in the darkness of rising up and rising down—every revolutionary has a super-end! Every creed is a super-end. And to the extent that it becomes pure creed, it tends to be either innocuously self-referential or else invasive of other creeds.¹³⁴ The exception is the Golden Rule.

How then to define this super-end? Grievance—in other words, an unsatisfied General Will—causes revolution; legal codification of the new social contract, whose utility and quasi-voluntarism must be assumed if justice is to be assumed,¹³⁵ brings revolution to a close. Hence I propose that *defense of the revolution approaches legitimacy to the extent that it is defense of the General Will.*

"There is often a great deal of difference between the will of all and the General Will; the latter regards only the common interest, while the former ... is merely a sum of particular wills." So penned Rousseau in his moral calculus. And again, "the particular will naturally tends to preferences, and the General Will to equality." But pure equality, remember, is slavery.

It seems to me that whatever a given manifestation of the General Will might be, its general character, as the French revolutionaries posited, must be to balance

liberty against equality; but in place of fraternity, which has clannish connotations, let's make our equals sign the Golden Rule.

A NOTE ON SCOPE

Did Robespierre regard the General Will, or merely think he did? Unfortunately, in a revolution the General Will is often knowable only after the fact. Even now, who are we to define the common good of the people of France *circa* 1790? Must we blame the Terror for making possible Napoleon's counterrevolution, and was Napoleon worse than the *Ancien Regime*? (At least under him the laws were rationalized, rights and privileges somewhat more equalized, a poor man's chance of evading his previous class destiny slightly improved—even if he could only get ahead by joining the *Grand Armée* and becoming a pawn in the Emperor's imperialistic designs.) When do we say, the cause goes back this far, to *here*, and the effect runs as far forward as *here*? There is no real answer to this question, and given that the General Will tends to be defined negatively, by its grievances, a revolutionary or a judge of revolutionaries runs the risk of falling into the same trap as the Icelandic avenger who's mechanically compelled to retaliate against a previous injury by inflicting a new one, which will necessitate retaliation. In the chapter on deterrence, retribution and revenge¹³⁶ I will make the self-evident point that to stop this lethal machine, at least one moral actor, whoever is capable of so doing, must forego his mechanical right to retaliation. Restraint and perhaps even compensation are required. We ought to look at revolutions in the same way. The violent redress of grievances must inevitably inflict them. And in weighing a revolution on the scales of General Will, we need a fixed point beyond which neither grievances received nor grievances caused can be weighed. For example, if we balance the injustices of Nicholas II's reign against those of Lenin's Red Terror, it is obvious that Lenin comes out the moral loser. On the other hand, if on top of Nicholas's crimes and errors we heaped into the pan of causative grievances every prior class-based injustice in the world, dating all the way back to the classical period—and, remember, the Communist model was intended to create a worldwide utopia for all time—then that pan would thud down, and the Red Terror would rise up into near-weightlessness. (Edridge Cleaver, 1970: "I am in favor of a Dictatorship by the [American] Indians. It's their land... if there is only one Indian left, I am in favor of making him an absolute monarch, even if he is an idiot... I am not interested in any arguments to the contrary.")¹³⁷ *How gigantic a task does a particular revolution set for itself?* I use the word "gigantic" based on this citation in Trotsky:

Revolutionary governments are the more liberal, the more tolerant, the more "magnanimous" to the reaction, the shallower their program, the more they are bound up with the past, the more conservative their role. And the converse: the more gigan-

tic their tasks and the greater the number of vested rights and interests they are to destroy, the more concentrated will be the revolutionary power, the more naked its dictatorship.¹³⁸

Hence, by virtue of his own self-defined mission of gigantism, Trotsky feels justified in repressing the Cossacks.¹³⁹ In the name of the General Will, he seems to be forbidding an awful lot of people and institutions the right to exist in their own preferred forms.

The more grievances a revolution claims for itself, the more latitude it can grasp when it rises up, the less accountable it becomes, and the more tempting it is for the revolutionaries to carry out one of our luxuriously self-referential Maxims for Murderers. Accordingly, it seems to me that one of the very few safeguards we have is to say that *defense of revolution is unjustified to the extent that it fails to explicitly and consensually define the grievances which it seeks to address*. And as usual this is utterly impractical; a bread riot grows unpredictably into the decapitation of the king. (Jordan: "That the price of bread on July 14, 1789 would have been of less significance to Robespierre than his belief that men, on that day, set out to destroy tyranny.")¹⁴⁰ All I can suggest is that when the revolution catches its breath in Phase 5, its vanguard ought to discuss and debate whether they or not they should accuse themselves by this criterion. And if the firebrands among them cry out, "We've righted those wrongs—now let's right all the rest!" what can the other moral actors do but judge these new ends, and the additional means which their execution will require,¹⁴¹ according to the General Will?

DEFENSE OF THE HALF-DEFINABLE

Did Robespierre defend the General Will?

One must place a higher burden of responsibility on killers than on non-killers. Robespierre was a killer. Still, he was sincere and he really was Incorruptible. I'm willing to suppose that he worked toward the common good as he understood it. But if the common good is something under than "the sum of particular wills," in other words what Tocqueville would call the tyranny of the majority, then what is it? *Rising Up and Rising Down* has asserted that the General Will is best served by equally maximizing liberty and equality in accordance with the Golden Rule.¹⁴² If so, how long and to to what extent may liberty be suppressed, and the Golden Rule violated, to further equality? Prerevolutionary France suffered egregiously from liberty without equality, meaning liberty for the rich. Robespierre was therefore arguably in the right in violently altering the balance. Indeed, he never altered it as far as a Marxist would have.¹⁴³ Furthermore, my moral calculus asserts that violence is justifiable "in the *construction or maintenance* of legitimate institutional authority,"¹⁴⁴ which the General Will certainly requires; to Robespierre's last breath, revo-

lutionary authority remained only partially consolidated, and revolution's homeland imminently endangered by counterrevolutionary troops. Wasn't he thus acting more or less correctly?

Finally, on the matter of scope, we can't ignore the accelerating factionalism of the French Revolution after the king was executed. Defense of the revolution was defense of the half-definable.

ROBESPIERRE ARRAIGNED

Let's categorize Robespierre's victims as "politicians" and "other." Politicians first: whom was he willing to work with? Remember what he said: "I alone, I, place myself in insurrection against the President, against all the members who sit in the Convention." This sentiment can be justified only if results prove the speaker right; for one's moral accountability must increase as one treads the continuum from disagreement to factionalism to dictatorship. "I alone." This is what Hitler would have said. That does not invalidate it for all time; Leonidas or Joan of Arc could have said it nobly; Lincoln said his "we alone" against the Confederacy, and might have been justified, had the emergency been yet much greater than the actual case, in arrogating sole and supreme power so as to enforce the General Will of the Union. But violent factionalism cannot be justified in any government, even a makeshift revolutionary one, *unless the factionalist continually attempts in good faith to define each local manifestation of the General Will as he sees it*. Should he fail to do so, how can we possibly measure his ends?

To a significant extent, Robespierre does make his subdefinitions and corollaries explicit, both in his speeches and in his newspaper *The Defender of the Constitution*. He defines the revolutionary seizure of the Tuilleries as justified by Louis's counterrevolutionary schemes, and explains in detail why he thinks so, interviewing eyewitnesses to prove his point. (In the process, he whitewashes atrocities committed by the insurgents against the king's Swiss Guards, who'd surrendered, and exaggerates the number of revolutionary casualties.) In 1793 he attaches laudable specificity to his idea of General Will by informing us that "the right of property is limited, as are all other rights, by the obligation of respecting the rights of others."¹⁴⁵ In one of his secret writings to himself he despairs that the people cannot be enlightened until "it will have bread and the rich and the government will stop using hired pens and perfidious language to deceive it," which will happen "never."¹⁴⁶ His compassion is rationalized, detailed, judgable in its legalist and revolutionary manifestations. He may change his opinions, as in his situation most of us would, but to a commendable degree he remains accessible, ready and willing to be pinned down—as he should have been; for, after all, like the demoniacally energetic Trotsky, Robespierre was more of a communicator than an administrator.

Unlike Trotsky, as I keep reiterating, Robespierre remained eternally the lawyer.

In an adversarial legal system—which is to say, in any decent legal system—a prosecutor or defender makes the best case he can for one highly interested point of view. I myself have had the melancholy experience of witnessing very decent and intelligent people advocate in court for noble ends, with ignoble means, all in the name of the General Will. One woman proceeded as follows: The jury may not understand the logic of my argument; they may feel overly sympathetic to the defendant and not sympathetic enough to his victim; therefore, I'll encourage them to find him guilty on as many counts as possible, without letting them know that in doing so they've put him in prison for life. —Her procedure was legal. It was highly practical. In a courtroom, it might even have been "right." I will never forget my horror and anguish watching this honest person act dishonestly, day after day. —Rousseau's moral calculus: "The people are never corrupted, though often deceived." Let's deceive them, then, for the sake of their General Will!

Robespierre did not deceive. He was an honest person who remained honest. But once he was elected to the Committee of Public Safety, he might have sometimes forgotten the meaning of the first word in "General Will." We've quoted him as saying: "Citizens, you will only have peace by keeping your eyes open to all their treacheries, and your hand raised against all traitors." This is a prosecutor's point of view. It may be necessary at times, but it will never bring peace.

Which General Will did Robespierre embody? If he didn't measure it, neither can we. If the other protagonists of the National Assembly, who possessed no more and no less right to make revolution than he, defined General Will differently (or likewise failed to define it), did that give him the right to guillotine them?

And his victims who weren't rival politicians, what about them? Once he obtained the power of convicting and sentencing people without appeal, did he fill the vacuum and sincerely encompass within himself not only prosecution but also defense? Aren't both of those required for the furtherance of General Will?

OF DU BARRY AND OTHER TRAITORS

Madame Du Barry screams for mercy at the scaffold. She used to have sexual relations with the father of the guillotined king; but father and son alike are dead now; how can her stale concubinage harm the state? No matter.¹⁴⁷ Robespierre, who'd once agreed that kinship with criminals did not a criminal make, now serves a regime which follows the Viet Cong's practice of decapitating women who've slept with the enemy.¹⁴⁸ (His actual part in her death: unknown.) Anticipating Marx's dictatorship of the proletariat, he explains that "the government of a revolution is the despotism of liberty against tyranny."¹⁴⁹ Du Barry, harlot of tyrants, begs for a moment more of life. Her head flies into the red-painted basket. —Next!

In one representation,¹⁵⁰ the victims sit in or sprawl in feeble crowds upon the stairs to the platform, some gazing despairingly into space, some with their still-

attached heads resting in their laps. The Demoiselles de la Métairies lie upon the muddy ground (which contemporary sources tell us reeked of blood), clutching each other, weeping or resigned, according to their characters. One girl is consoling the rest with her little red Bible, while a stand-in for Sanson, shirt open, red cap on his head, glowers watchfully down from the steps of France's great instrument against traitors. Terror has become, as Robespierre called for it to be, "the order of the day." (In the first three months, the number of prisoners in Paris rises from eleven hundred and fifty to eight thousand.)¹⁵¹

Burke had written his denunciation of the Revolution back in 1790, when generalized terror was hardly foreseeable—except by that selfsame Cassandra, that anxious champion of *moderate* inequity and privilege, that anti-leveller who sitting in the high tower of his rantings saw far. Another of his prophecies:

The assembly indeed promises that they will form a body of law, which shall be short, simple, clear, and so forth. That is, by their short laws, they will leave much to the discretion of the judge, whilst they have exploded the authority of all the learning which could make judicial discretion (a thing perilous at best) deserving the appellation of a sound discretion.¹⁵²

Now that prophecy comes true. Throughout the countryside the revolutionaries roll their mobile guillotines, worthy instruments of those special courts, which will set a precedent for Napoleon's portable military tribunals without appeal; these latter, by the way, will cause less fuss than Robespierre's, because they condemn in place of the more conspicuous "politicals" only vagabonds and friendless Chouans.¹⁵³ Robespierre's laws are more omnivorous. He craves a future *void of law*; popular will can take care of everything! And so his colleagues in Lyons and the Vendée kill "tens of thousands."¹⁵⁴ *Ça ira*. No longer must you seek out the immovable court of justice—justice will come to you.

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF ROBESPIERRE (1794)

What is justice?

"Justice is nothing other than the health of the people and the death of tyrants."

SOURCE: JESSENNE, PP. 202-203 (ROBESPIERRE, *ŒUVRES*, VOL. 10, P. 398).

Was Madame Du Barry a tyrant, then?

Afterwards they drag the dead traitors, long, limp, white and naked, from the horse-drawn tumbrils which form a line all the way to the horizon (in the distance, the revolutionary flag waves above a squad of pikemen).¹⁵⁵ In the name of safety, no one is safe.¹⁵⁶ Look! They're arresting some members of the Revolutionary Committee itself now! Doing the honors: three deputies whose thrown-back heads and accus-

ing, denunciatory arms express imperious disdain for the new victims who slump sadly down.¹⁵⁷ Watch the latest writs of death go out from the Committee of Public Safety, whose office is a long wide room with chandeliers and casement windows, hallmark of its former palace function. People cluster and wait, with what feelings we may imagine, while behind the dividing bar, deliberations go on.¹⁵⁸ Robespierre performs his work here. According to Rudé, “no other figure can seriously challenge Robespierre’s reputation as the outstanding leader to emerge from the Revolutionary years before the advent of Napoleon.”¹⁵⁹

ROBESPIERRE AS MODERATE

How much of this can be laid at Robespierre’s door? Perhaps not what happens in the countryside, for he stays in Paris. Against whom is his Terror really directed? In another admirable piece of sentiment he addresses the Convention: “In order for the government to keep in the closest harmony with the law it is over its own head that it must wield the heaviest stick.”¹⁶⁰ And again: “Cursed is the man who dares to inflict on the people the terror that is intended for the people’s enemies!”¹⁶¹ He wants to cleanse the regime of financial corruption, hereditary class-traitorism, and foreign internationalism.

As it seems, and as Jordan repeatedly argues, he does sometimes try to moderate the Terror.¹⁶² The sans-culotte masses call for Terror against shopkeepers who charge too much, but he, believer in fair free trade, heeds the pro-business whisperings of Barère instead and prefers to relax that price-restraining Law of the Maximum. (Barère, himself a mass murderer against the Vendée, will soon help purge Robespierre and afterward say: “We were then in the middle of a war, and we did not understand the man. He was a nervous, choleric individual, whose mouth twitched when he spoke. His was the temperament of many great men, and history will not refuse him the title.”)¹⁶³

No wonder that the sans-culottes begin to turn against Robespierre! Look! This man of the people has agreed to lower wages to half their former value. He’s a government functionary now, not a mere orator who surfs the waves of crowd-emotion. He really is Incorruptible. With asperity he reminds the rioters that there’s a difference between bread and indigo. Only for the former does necessity justify radical redistribution.¹⁶⁴ What kind of egalitarian is this? In this, he seems to follow *Rising Up and Rising Down’s* prescription for carrying out the General Will.¹⁶⁵ But isn’t he leaning a trifle hard on liberty these days? With their demands to meet as often as they like in their sections, to recall deputies, to rise up against the government at pleasure, they’re interfering with his emergency expression of the General Will! He’s as Trotsky made him out to be, a bourgeois, not a socialist. (After they guillotine him, the Thermidorians will call him a dangerous leveller just the same.)¹⁶⁶

From his preconceptions he need not travel far, nor by any unaccustomed road, to

arrive at his most Robespierriest conclusion: people who loot shops of luxuries such as sugar and coffee very well might be inspired by counterrevolutionaries; that is, they may be *traitors*.¹⁶⁷ Everything in his universe has got to be good or evil, and political.

“NOTHING ELSE THAN JUSTICE”

But neither let us exaggerate his unpopularity. After Robespierre “looks through the little window” of death, fenced in by the bayonet-points of soldier-patriots, a carpenter named Richer will say: “Under the reign of Robespierre blood flowed but we did not lack bread; today blood no longer flows but we have no bread; so blood must flow again for us to have it.” Richer gets arrested.¹⁶⁸ Easy to call the Incorruptible the patronizing-murderous formulator of a non-existent General Will, but what if he actually did embody something? I think he did. Rudé in his sharp, slender history of the French Revolution quotes a slogan from the locality of Amboise: “Down with moderates, royalists and administrators that are enemies of the People, and up with the *sans-culotte*!”¹⁶⁹ This was before even the execution of the royal First Traitor. Lewes himself reminds us that Robespierre was far from unilaterally blameable for the revolution’s course. Consider, for instance, Carrier, who in the Thermidorian period following the doom of Robespierre will himself be tried and executed for his mass drownings at Nantes. (Patrice Gueniffey, on the other hand, calls Robespierre “one of those most responsible for the Terror, thanks to his tireless involvement in police matters.”)¹⁷⁰ Tallying up the number of people whom it is fair to call “Robespierre’s victims” has proved impossible for me.

He signs relatively few of the death sentences.¹⁷¹ In the first half of 1794, the monthly tally for executions is: eighty-three, seventy-five, a hundred twenty-three, two hundred and sixty-three, three hundred and twenty-four (Robespierre now joins the Committee of Public Safety), six hundred and seventy-two (in the last week he withdraws from attendance), then eight hundred and thirty-five, with even less help from Robespierre, who at the end of that month will be guillotined.¹⁷²

He’s not the only murderer. But he does *speak* for the Terror—he *shouts* for it. Just as casually as Napoleon will draft a letter to impress several thousand Neapolitan convicts into forced labor,¹⁷³ Robespierre sends liquidation-vouchers out. Rarely does he use his authority to spare any of the condemned. He saves the old “Mother of God,” Catherine Théot¹⁷⁴—but only, perhaps, because she’s religious like him.

Lewes’s verdict: “Justice forces me, after long and patient examination, to declare that if Robespierre is not to be charged with participation in many acts of bloodshed, he *is* to be charged with a most execrable indifference to bloodshed.”¹⁷⁵

Between our arch-Jacobin and decency now lie the headless corpses of the judicially murdered, but he looks them over qualmlessly, to Lewes’s charge replying: “Are we reproached with their punishment? Not one dare defend them. No, we have not been too severe. I call that republic which now lives to attest it.”¹⁷⁶

“WHEN TO LIVE IS A CRIME”

Death now to the purged Girondin leaders he'd meant to spare. Since he'd expelled them, they'd been under house arrest. Did they regret the king's execution, when their own turn came? “I cannot save them,” explains Robespierre; “there are periods in revolution when to live is a crime and when men must know how to yield their heads if demanded.”¹⁷⁷ To the guillotine!

Almost alone, he shrills out against sending after them the seventy-three Girondin deputies who'd protested the purge, and indeed he does save them¹⁷⁸—but this is mere due and decent restraint on his part. It's possible that in the context of the moment such an act did in fact qualify as extraordinary, but remember that from extraordinary power extraordinary things must be demanded. I'm happy that his record wasn't always blotted by immoderation.

MONTESQUIEU'S MORAL CALCULUS (1748)

What is treason?

“Nothing renders the crime of high treason more arbitrary than declaring people guilty of it for indiscreet speeches... Words do not constitute an overt act; they remain only in idea... Words carried into action assume the nature of that action. Thus a man who goes into a public market-place to incite the subject[s] to revolt incurs the guilt of high treason, because the words are joined to the action, and partake of its nature.”

SOURCE: MONTESQUIEU, PP. 90-91; XII.12.

Death to the Duc d'Orléans, who'd unavailingly changed his name to Philippe Egalité and voted his sovereign's death; to the sanguinary Hébert; then to Danton, whom he'd promised to defend and whom he now calls “the most dangerous of the fatherland's enemies”¹⁷⁹ (Danton speaks out against Terror, you see); to Desmoulins, at whose wedding he'd been a witness. These last two had, after all, been calling upon France to treat with her war-enemies. The General Will must be *one* will. As for Hébert, he'd not leave off persecuting Christians, which was not only cruel but inexpedient, for it swelled the ranks of counterrevolutionaries. His guillotining may have been justified.

But what of Anacharsis Cloots? Good friend to the Revolution, if treacherously born in another country, he meant no one any harm. Robespierre dismisses him thus: “Can we consider a German baron as a patriot? Can we regard as a *sans-culotte* a man with an income of over 10,000 livres?”¹⁸⁰ His Jacobins, I suppose, applaud. Cloots goes to the guillotine.

THE PRAIRIAL DECREE

The last year of his life begins. To the Convention he reads a Report on the Principles of Political Morality, explaining: "Terror is nothing else than justice, prompt, secure, and inflexible!"¹⁸¹ He begins to be spoken of—God knows why—as a tyrant. Hasn't he continued to approve freedom of worship? In the Jacobin Club didn't he just now denounce atheism? He feels unwell...

In June, 1794, he leads the procession for the Festival of the Supreme Being. What's the best way to worship Him? —Why, "to do one's duties as a man." —And what, pray, are those? "To detest bad faith and despotism, *to punish tyrants and traitors*, to assist the unfortunate..."¹⁸²

Two members of that class with which he's always identified himself, *the people*, now try on separate occasions to assassinate him. Off to the guillotine! The Convention's begun whispering against him. "To hear Robespierre tell it," sneers a deputy, "he's the one and only defender of liberty..."

In a sulk, he withdraws from the Committee of Public Safety "Let our enemies reach the scaffold by the path of crime," he wails, "we will seek it by the path of virtue!"¹⁸³ (What is virtue? He follows Rousseau and Montesquieu, who differ little from Plato: "Virtue in a republic is a most simple thing; it is a love of the republic; it is a sensation, and not a consequence of acquired knowledge"¹⁸⁴—in short, virtue equals willingness to be *used* by the General Will!)

Without him, the Terror accelerates, deepens and magnifies. This is important. Defense of the revolution is defense of a bloody force; it's not all Robespierre's fault, as even Carlyle admits, but Carlyle also says: "O hapless Chimera; for thou too hadst a life, and a heart of flesh... Art not thou he, who, few years ago, was a young Advocate of promise; and gave up the Arras Judgeship rather than sentence one man to die?"¹⁸⁵

He's anxious now. He's irresolute, which is not a good thing when one exemplifies the General Will half-definably. He still imagines, as do so many revolutionaries and they are often right, that increasing the tempo of the revolution will save it. We hear him shouting and shrilling inside his true home, the Jacobin Club. Three weeks after the assassination attempts, he and his crippled lawyer-colleague Couthon (soon to ride to the guillotine with him) together instigate the infamous Decree of Twenty-Second Prairial, which whittles away the last safeguards against arbitrary arrest and execution; he means to use it on his enemies, but it will be used against him instead.

One of Robespierre's twentieth-century academic defenders insists that it was no more a "law of blood" than the law of 10 March 1793, which established the Revolutionary Tribunal—nor, for that matter, any worse than the penal code of 1791. As for the fact that it allowed for only one punishment—death—no matter, she says, because it encompassed only one crime, high treason. Therefore "it is just

that it envisaged only one penalty, the same for all the culprits."¹⁸⁶ —But what is high treason? How rigorously will it be defined and investigated? In 1793 he said: "It would suffice but that a single man manifest principles opposed to those of the Convention for the enemies of liberty to rally around him."¹⁸⁷ Evidently defense of the General Will now precludes freedom of speech.

Justice brings in its harvest of traitors, half a hundred or more at a time, to be arraigned, sentenced and guillotined. According to Rudé, almost half of the twenty-six hundred Parisians guillotined during the Revolution were casualties of the Prairial Decree.¹⁸⁸ We must arraign the Incorruptible for that. Thirteen hundred Parisians! How many were dangerous, I wonder? Meanwhile, Robespierre in his now incoherent or hypocritical righteousness denounces Fouché for committing excesses of terror in Lyon! Well, the truth is, some do drink more blood than he—Billaud, Tallien, Collot, Barras, Fréron, Carrier...

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION

Some of his fellow deputies fear him more and more; to others, he's insufficiently active.¹⁸⁹ (Says Napoleon with his usual coldness: "The Revolution had lost its novelty. It had alienated many people by adversely affecting their interests"¹⁹⁰—as every revolution does.) Will Robespierre turn against everyone? Is the Terror even needed anymore? For on June 26 they expel the Prussians from French soil; defense of the revolution has just become less imminent.

The Jacobins call on him to repeat the Girondin purge, to make a new preemptive strike against his enemy deputies, but he wavers; he's not a Stalin; he's by no means horrible through and through. He won't strike. His enemies will.

"DOWN WITH THE TYRANT"

"What is the foundation of this odious system of terror and calumny against me?" he cries, almost paralyzed by fear and fury.¹⁹¹ "I've had the courage to come and depose in the very bosom of this Convention the truths which I believe are necessary for the health of the fatherland!" At this, they "murmur," says the account. One deputy wants to know why everyone's time is being wasted by one man's wounded self-esteem.¹⁹² Robespierre's face twitches (it always does). He warns that the recent victories of French armies may open the way to a military dictatorship—and, as usual, he speaks with a measure of truth, for hadn't the turncoat General Dumouriez hatched exactly that scheme while the king was alive?¹⁹³ and won't Napoleon accomplish it?—and he reminds his listeners that not all the nobles' heads have been chopped off even now, that in this very Convention evil factions, *traitors*, still work to subvert the people, which is why for our revolution to be protected Terror must remain the order of the day!

For the first time since his rise, they refuse to vote that his speech be printed. Humiliated and terrified, he flees to that vaulted hall, that revolutionary womb from which he can ever be reborn with the same opinions, the Jacobin Club, where he's still the best defense against traitors, undisputed instrument of the General Will whose fellow tools applaud him beneath the chandeliers. When the applause of his dwindling minions has refreshed him with new confidence, he returns to the Convention floor to counterattack.¹⁹⁴ But everybody shouts: "Down with the tyrant!"

DUE PROCESS

A deputy demands his arrest, which, thanks to his own justice, will mean his sure condemnation.

"President of assassins," he screams, "I demand the right to speak!" Recall his scene against the Girondins, when he'd cried out, "I alone, I, place myself in insurrection against the President, against all the members who sit in the Convention." And now he is truly alone, except for his brother, who joins him out of love and loyalty, and for the few confederates who will soon die with him.

They decree his arrest. Hysterically he names them triumphant brigands, liars...¹⁹⁵

SADISTIC JOYS

The Marquis De Sade, liberated from the Bastille at the beginning of the Revolution (he boasts, probably mendaciously, that his cry from those strangely spacious dungeons incited the sans-culottes to storm the place), had become a dramatic rabble-rouser in Robespierre's own section of Paris,¹⁹⁶ but most predictably found himself annexed into the widening realm of traitordom. Let him continue his story, which is so typical of those of the Revolution's victims; let him convey their feelings about Robespierre's fall. The dictatorship arrests Sade, conveys him to a prison, then a second prison, then a third. "My fourth," he writes his lawyer, "was an earthly paradise; a superb house, fine garden, choice company, amiable women"—I suppose he means sluts—"when suddenly, the guillotine was set up literally under our very windows and the cemetery of the guillotined right in the centre of our garden. Within thirty-five days, my friend, we buried eighteen hundred, one third of them from our unhappy establishment. At length when my name had just appeared on the list and I was due to be executed on the eleventh, the sword of justice on the very eve of that day fell on the new Sylla¹⁹⁷ of France"—that is, Robespierre.¹⁹⁸

DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS

The Jacobins break Robespierre out of jail. But still he refuses to proclaim himself Dictator, as his successor Napoleon will do. All biographers are confounded by his

paralysis. Does it issue from ultra-legalism, from a Socratic respect for the citizen body in judgment on him?¹⁹⁹ Is he aware that by refusing to enforce the Law of the Maximum with heavy Terror he'd lost the support of the sans-culottes?²⁰⁰ Could he have been self-poisoned by toxins of decency, by revulsion against the system he'd helped enact and eternally justified? Or, like Julius Caesar, has he simply discerned the ultimate limits of all action? Caesar went as far as he could go in victory; Robespierre has led and followed his nation into democracy, regicide, war, chaos and terror. Now what? Does he in fact recall Caesar's example? (Actually, he adores the example of Brutus—one reason why Marx describes him and his colleagues as accomplishing "the task of their time in Roman costume and with Roman phrases, the task of unchaining and setting up modern bourgeois society.")²⁰¹ Does he perceive the choice—victim, or else Dictator, *then* victim? I think not. He's too high-strung and smug not to be blind just now. He lives up to Bakunin's characterization of him as the high priest of the doctrinaire state.²⁰² He shouts, scribbles, hesitates, worries about strategy, having long ago lost sight of his means and ends. Death to the traitors! But which ones? How to head-lop them all? Still and all, he won't be Dictator. I hold that to his credit.

Re-arrested in a clatter of horses and swords, shot in the mouth, perhaps by himself,²⁰³ execrated, he's laid out upon a table in the Committee of Public Safety where, gazing up at the ceiling-moldings while new terrorists scribble all around him, he's pointed at, exclaimed over, exhibited like some live but unmoving carcass of a game animal, pricked with knives, spat upon, guillotined on July 28, 1794. Twenty-one of his colleagues and adherents die with him that day; seventy-one more die the next day. (In a grandly printed page entitled "The Triumph of the Parisians" we see within a bold black square a second lighter square like a nested coffin, and then a lace-cuffed hand holding aloft two fresh-plucked tubers by their long topknots; crudely depicted, dull-eyed, they gaze at us, their necks cut clean, and beneath them runs the epitaph "THE 2 BROTHERS."²⁰⁴ Thus Augustin and Maximilien Robespierre.) At Convention, one deputy will exult that revolutionary unity, sundered by the execution of King Louis, has now been stitched together by the liquidation of the new tyrant!²⁰⁵ In November, they'll close down the Jacobin Club...

It's said that at the end Robespierre shows patience, replying not to their taunts, perhaps because of his wounded jaw. Monsieur Hamel says in his biography that "the heads of Robespierre and his friends fell accompanied by the acclamations of an immense crowd and by shouts, a thousand times repeated, of: 'Long live the Republic! Long live the Convention!' His last utterance, like Trotsky's as the icepick goes in, is that scream of pain when Sanson the executioner rips off the bandage from his jaw, but I prefer to inherit from him this more coherent utterance: "They call me tyrant," he had said in the last of his uninterrupted speeches. "If I were tyrant they would grovel at my feet."²⁰⁶

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION IS JUSTIFIED:

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

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When the acts defined by the revolutionaries as treason are the same as the acts committed by them before they came to power.²⁰⁷
2. When the revolution's immediate ends change but legitimacy fails to be reevaluated.
3. To the extent that it fails to explicitly and consensually define the grievances which it seeks to address.

14.

CONTINUUM OF REVOLUTION
AND ITS DEFENSE

A. Buddha

"Verily there is great merit in the generosity of a king when he is kind to a slave; but there is greater merit in the slave when he ignores the wrongs which he suffers and cherishes kindness and good-will to all mankind. He will cease to hate his oppressors, and even when powerless to resist their usurpation will with compassion pity their arrogance and supercilious demeanor."²⁰⁸

B. Hobbes

"And because the name of Tyranny, signifieth nothing more, nor lesse, than the name of Sovereignty, be it in one, or many men, saving that they that use the former word, are understood to bee angry with them they call Tyrants; I think the toleration of a professed hatred of Tyranny, is a toleration of hatred to Common-wealth in general, and another evill seed, not differing much from the former."²⁰⁹

C. George Buchanan

"For if it shall be lawful to any man to kill a Tyrant, see how great a gape you do open for wicked men to commit any mischief."²¹⁰

D. Solzhenitsyn

"And even in the best of all hearts, there remains ... an unuprooted small corner of evil. Since then I have come to understand the truth of all the religions of the world: They struggle with the *evil inside a human being*... And since that time I have come to understand the falsehood of all the revolutions in history. They destroy only *those carriers* of evil contemporary with them (and also fail, out of haste, to discriminate the carriers of good as well). And they then take to themselves as their heritage the actual evil itself, magnified still more."²¹¹

E. Dr. Arno Gruen

"Helplessness cannot be overcome by accumulating and exercising power. Any theory that advances this does violence to individual human beings and their personal histories."²¹²

F. Clarence Darrow

"The world must learn that violence is wrong. Individuals who understand this truth must take no part in violent acts, whether to enslave or to free. The inherent cohering forces will hold society together and cause man to cooperate for his greatest good."²¹³

G. Gandhi

"Satyagraha is gentle; it never wounds. It must not be the result of anger or malice. It is never fussy, never impatient, never vociferous. It is the direct opposite of compulsion. It was conceived as a complete substitute for violence."²¹⁴

H. Akkadian dialogue

"Servant, obey me."

Yes, my lord, yes.

"I intend to start a rebellion."

Do it, my lord, do it. If you do not start a rebellion what becomes of your clay?

"No, servant, I shall not do something violent."

Do it not, my lord, do it not. The man doing something violent is killed or ill-treated, or he maimed, or captured, and cast into prison.²¹⁵

I. Anarchist collective pamphlet

"Terrorism and guerrillaism destroy politics."²¹⁶

J. Abbie Hoffman

"Issues are not relevant to my revolution."²¹⁷

"'The Revolution Is On!' I scream and grab a cap pistol, preparing to shoot the first cop that comes along."²¹⁸

K. Martin Luther King (1960s)

"Indeed, we are engaged in a social revolution ... to bring about certain basic structural changes in the architecture of American society. My only hope is that it will remain a nonviolent revolution."²¹⁹

L. Insurgent Subcommander Marcos, Zapatista Army of National Liberation

"The principal characteristic of this rebellion is that it seeks a

voice. Having exhausted all legal means of enabling that voice, indigenous Mexicans had to use the voice of guns in order to be heard.”²²⁰

M. Khun Sa, the Opium King

“Tell me one country that became independent without having to bear hardships, without having to struggle and fight. If the struggle of the Shan people, to whom this country legitimately belongs, is unfair, so was the American Revolution.”²²¹

N. Danton

“I, too, love peace, but not the peace of slavery.”²²²

O. Bhagwat Charan, Hindustan Socialist Revolutionary Army

“Satyagraha is insistence upon truth. Why press for the acceptance of truth by soul force alone? Why not add physical force to it?... It is a pity that Gandhi does not understand and will not understand revolutionary psychology.”²²³

P. Jefferson

“I hold that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing, & as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical.”²²⁴

Q. Buddha

“‘The dog [a threatening, devouring demon] will howl as long as there are people hungry in the kingdom, and his enemies are those who practise injustice and oppress the poor.’ The oppressor of the people, remembering his evil deeds, was seized with remorse.”²²⁵

R. Fidel Castro (1966)

“You no longer see a single man or woman in the countryside who sees power as a thing apart, authority as a thing apart, the State as a thing apart. For today these men and women are the authority. They are the ones who have the weapons in their hands... There’s no farmer who doesn’t have there the means for defending his rights, for defending his Revolution.”²²⁶

S. Machiavelli

“All armed prophets have conquered, and the unarmed ones have been destroyed.”²²⁷

T. Mao Zedong

"Political power grows from the barrel of a gun."

U. Mikhail Bakunin

"Every forward step in history has been achieved only after it has been baptized in blood."²²⁸

V. Qiu Jin, Chinese revolutionary heroine (executed 1907)

"We will spend the blood that flows from a hundred thousand skulls, but we must exert our strength to turn Heaven and Earth aright."²²⁹

W. Rosa Luxemburg

"The establishment of the socialist order of society is the mightiest task which has ever fallen to a class and to a revolution in the history of the world. This task requires a complete transformation of the state and a complete overthrow of the economic and social foundations of society. This transformation and this overthrow cannot be decreed by any bureau, committee, or parliament. It can be begun and carried out only by the masses of people themselves."²³⁰

X. Trotsky

"From the point of view of the absolute value of the human personality, revolution must be 'condemned,' as well as war—as must also the entire history of mankind taken in the large. Yet the very idea of personality has been developed only as a result of revolutions, a process that is still far from complete. In order that the idea of personality may become a reality and the half-contemptuous idea of the 'masses' may cease to be the antithesis of the philosophically privileged idea of 'personality,' the masses must lift themselves to a new historical rung by the revolutionary crane... These considerations are in no sense an attempt to 'justify' the revolutionary terror. To attempt to justify it would mean to take notice of the accusers. And who are they? The organizers and exploiters of the great world slaughter? The *nouveaux riches* who offer up to the 'unknown soldier' the aroma of their after-dinner cigars?"²³¹

Y. Carlos Marighella

"The urban guerrilla's reason for existence, the basic condition in which he acts and survives, is to shoot."²³²

Z. The Unabomber

"Not that we have anything against social justice, but it must not be allowed to interfere with the effort to get rid of the technological system."²³³

AA. Robespierre

"I am inflexible for oppressors because I compassionate the oppressed. I do not understand that humanity which slaughters people, and which pardons despots."²³⁴

BB. Saint-Just (*ca.* 1791)

"A nation only regenerates itself upon heaps of corpses."²³⁵

CC. John Brown

"It would be better that a whole generation of men, women, and children should be sacrificed than [to] have liberty perish from the earth."²³⁶

DD. Karl Heinzen

"To have a conscience with regard to the murdering of reactionaries is to be totally unprincipled."²³⁷

EE. Sergey Nechaev

"He is not a revolutionary if he feels pity for anything in this world."²³⁸

FF. Chinese Cultural Revolution slogan

"Overthrow everything."²³⁹

ADDENDUM:
TWO SPEECHES BY CASTRO
(1959-61)

The revolutionary from my own time whose rhetoric reminds me the most of Robespierre's is Fidel Castro. Listen to this funeral speech given by him shortly after his victory over the Batista dictatorship at the beginning of his regime. Saboteurs, he claims, North American hirelings—and he may well be right²⁴⁰—have just blown up the munitions ship *La Coubre*, killing seventy-five workers. “No applause allowed,” says Sartre. “They took away from the audience the means of making him outdo himself by their show of enthusiasm,”²⁴¹ because he desires soberness; he wants steadiness; he quietly dares, defies. “No newspaper could make one feel what the speech had really been—a long march, against the wind, under the clouds, in the night, toward a still unknown fate: victory or extermination.”²⁴² These are the words of Sartre the World War II resistance fighter. They are not quite accurate in this context. The United States will assassinate Castro if it can, overthrow the revolution, restore the crushing monopolies of private interests, oppress the people (or, as a book published in the U.S. put it, restrain and annoy them)²⁴³ by means of the sugar quota; but it will not exterminate the Cubans; it frequently operates on the principle of selfish, even murderous aggression, but it is not run by Nazis. Still, the metaphor of the march into the unknown accurately describes Castro and his revolution, any revolution. What then is Cuba's General Will?

The restraint and soberness which impressed Sartre, if they ever existed at all, quickly vanish. In 1961 comes the Bay of Pigs raid, for which Castro can thank the CIA.²⁴⁴ Attacks upon Cuba continue. At one point even a movie theater gets shelled.²⁴⁵ Allegations of secret biological warfare experiments upon the Cubans and their livestock possess some plausibility.²⁴⁶ Now the revolution's job is to alloy resolution with hatred. Speaking against the defector Díaz Lanz, former head of the Cuban Air Force, who two years before the Bay of Pigs returned to his homeland on a mission which combined the twin objectives of leafleting and dropping incendiary bombs, Fidel Castro, standing before the Presidential Palace in Havana, unbuckles his revolver, sets it beneath the lectern²⁴⁷ and rallies the apprehensive crowd: “He hoped to repress us, but when his treasonous maneuvers were brought to light, they were defeated by the power of the people and not of the ‘mob’ as they said.”

Applause is definitely allowed now. The transcript interjects: “(APPLAUSE... SHOUTS OF “UP AGAINST THE WALL, UP AGAINST THE WALL.)” Who invented that slogan, I wonder? Did it come spontaneously from the General Will? To me, it sounds like something out of a Stalinist show trial.

Castro continues: “Our country has received seventy million credits in the bank and just when we are realizing our extraordinary efforts, when even the school chil-

dren bring their pennies to fortify our economy ... while on the other side cables announce that our credit is being taken away—Díaz Lanz and Hubert Matos interrupt the ASTA conference in order to produce a wild, criminal plan.” (The transcript in its crude capitals: “SHOUTS OF TO THE FIRING SQUAD, TO THE FIRING SQUAD...”)²⁴⁸

As Sartre remarks, “One had to fight an implacable enemy; one had to win.”²⁴⁹ If the enemy is implacable, then I must be implacable also. Defense against traitors—defense of the revolution!

Sartre cannot yet foresee that the American embargo on Cuba will go on for decade after decade; austerity, at the very least, and the mobilized shouts of “to the firing squad,” too, will become routinized.

Then those shouts fade away. Cuba remains poor, in part thanks to the embargo; ugly things still happen in Cuban prisons; still and all, the General Will may be better expressed and respected now than under his predecessor Batista. Castro remains in power as I write this. Could it be that defense of the revolution has succeeded?

NOTES

DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS

¹ *Wu-tzu*, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 208.

² Remarque, p. 71.

³ Saint-Exupéry, *Flight to Arras*, p. 47.

⁴ See below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

⁵ Pritchard, vol. 1, plate 44. In 1943, Eliot Elisofon took a photograph which resonates with this image. We see an immense pile of German helmets in North Africa. American troops hang upon the sides of a truck, lobbing more of these empty metal bowls into the air—so many helmets! It is like a junkyard. What happened to the soldiers who wore them? Maybe they were captured, or ran away; I doubt that they met the same fate as the people from whom the Egyptian junkyard of hands was harvested. But here they lie, sterile trophies, marks in the tally of war (Boot, p. 50).

⁶ My translation.

⁷ Every bailiff's mark ought to cross-reference a story or a poem of one soul's woe, but the bailiff's office, if it possesses them, rarely releases such files. War is a mass activity, and followers of orders as well as victims of offensives and reprisals tend to remain anonymous.

⁸ Hesiod, pp. 197-98 ("The Shield of Herakles," ll. 111-114).

⁹ Rousseau, p. 35 ("The Social Contract").

¹⁰ Cook and Cook, p. 189 (testimony of Tanaka Tetsuko).

¹¹ Walzer believes that the only time "war is not hell" is when all the participants are volunteers, as in a medieval tournament (pp. 25-26). But one of the bailiff's cleverest tricks is to persuade his conscripts that they ought to want to do what he is making them do.

¹² They humbled themselves before their gods, "each knowing that all his future fortunes depended on the results of that day" (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 82).

¹³ Berlow, p. 67 (plate 1, cat. no. 43; Bear's Heart, "Troops Amassed Against a Cheyenne Village," 1876-77).

¹⁴ Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, p. 460 ("Extrait de la chronographie de Samuel [Anetsi] d'Ani," entry 684, January 22, 1235–January 21, 1236). My translation of French translation.

¹⁵ Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 282.

¹⁶ Borovik, p. 51.

¹⁷ In the battle of Karbala', A.D. 680, as told by the Arab exegetist Al-Tabar; excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 398-99.

¹⁸ Abrecht Dürer, sketch of the siege of Hohenaspern, 1519; in Hale, p. 17, plate 26.

¹⁹ Saint-Exupéry, *Flight to Arras*, p. 89. In the mid-tenth century, Kai Ka'us ibn Iskander had written about battle: "At a time like this reconcile your heart with death" (*A Mirror for the Princes*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 429).

²⁰ See above, "Defense of Honor."

²¹ Lucan, p. 60 (III.689-90).

²² Adelson, p. 3.

²³ Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Collected Poetry and Translations*, p. 168 ("Voluntaries," published 1867).

²⁴ He never imagined World War II; he never meditated much on the Roman Civil War.

²⁵ Moral calculus, 2.1-2.3, 2.5.

²⁶ See above, "Defense of Authority."

²⁷ Saint-Exupéry, pp. 58-59.

²⁸ Bohrmann, p. 141, plate 65 ("1918: Glüh, heilige Flamme, glüh!"). All the translations from the French and German poster texts cited in this book are mine.

²⁹ Cook and Cook, p. 211.

³⁰ This same important metaphor is employed in *Wind, Sand and Stars*, p. 187.

³¹ Frontispiece to *Wind, Sand and Stars*, p. viii.

³² Saint-Exupéry, *Wind, Sand and Stars*, p. 191.

³³ *Ibid.*, p. 211. This is why I consider the Allies' "strategic bombing" of Germany in World War II to have been unjustified.

³⁴ Brown to Mary Brown, from Springfield, Mass., March 31, 1857, Boyd B. Suttler collection. In this connection the twentieth-century conservative sociologist Peter L. Berger writes: "If there is such a thing as a 'good soldier' (I think there is), it is an individual with a full sense of the tragedy of violence... This is why only sad soldiers and sad revolutionaries are to be trusted" (Berger and Neuhaus, p. 55).

³⁵ Above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

³⁶ Chanoff and Doan, p. 172 (testimony of Tran Van Tra).

³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 103 (testimony of Trinh Duc).

³⁸ Brown to Mr. Henry L. Stearns, from Red

River, Iowa, 1857 (p. 3), Boyd B. Stutler collection.

³⁹ Who among his essentials for the creation of good troops lists "severe discipline" (*Maxims*, LVI, p. 74).

⁴⁰ Bloch, p. 111.

⁴¹ Clausewitz, p. 102. "Rapid conclusion of a war undoubtedly constitutes the greatest kindness. All means not absolutely reprehensible must be used to accomplish this end." Thus Clausewitz's clever pupil, Moltke the Elder (p. 24, "War and Peace"). Iroquoian Indians would have totally disagreed. Their ideal was a low-level perpetual war which channeled aggression away from their own society, and enabled their young men to win honor by killing enemies.

⁴² Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1 (second limitation: proportionality).

⁴³ Clausewitz, p. 302.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 310.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 309. This contempt is frequently understated for political reasons, as when, after his reverse at Dyrrachium, Julius Caesar, he tells us, "had little confidence in his demoralized troops" (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 143).

⁴⁶ See above, "Defense of Honor."

⁴⁷ Bloch, p. 111.

⁴⁸ Clausewitz, p. 338.

⁴⁹ "In accordance with the law of nations adopted in civilized countries, the object of wars is not to seize the properties of private individuals, but simply to get possession of political power." —Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, vol. 2, p. 340.

⁵⁰ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 116 (III.19; speech of Titus Labienus). Another example: In the Ukraine in 1941 the Germans were stupid and brutal enough not to care that the object had already been obtained, that people had surrendered gladly. Or perhaps we ought to say that the German High Command's aims were not limited Clausewitzian war goals, but deliberate, malicious destruction: erasure, genocide, annihilation, recolonization. "This then was the time of flowers thrown to passing German vehicles, of buckets of water or milk placed outside houses to refresh the men" (Lucas, p. 28). With their memories of Stalin's class-defensive atrocities of collec-

tivization barely a decade old, Ukrainians continued to nurse a hatred of Stalin (and a few did serve the Germans almost to the end). "Thank the Lord, the rule of the down-and-outs has come to an end," says one old man in A. Anatoly Kuznetsov's *Babi Yar*. "I thought I'd never live to see the day... Now we can have a decent life." (Kuznetsov, p. 12). The Nazis quickly show him otherwise. —They wanted the grain and they wanted to kill Jews. It was a matter of indifference to them whether anybody else lived or died, and so it was on the entire Russian front.

⁵¹ Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1, third limitation (war-violence must be by legitimate command).

⁵² Quoted in Rountree, p. 11.

⁵³ Robespierre, p. 218 ("Sur la guerre: Discours prononcé au club des Jacobins").

⁵⁴ See below, "Defense of the Revolution."

⁵⁵ Which, according to Thomas C. Schelling (excerpted in Chaliand, p. 1,016), was the United States' declared objective against the Germans in World Wars I and II.

⁵⁶ Here is one of my favorite Clausewitzian paeans: "Thucydides is unconditionally, exclusively, and completely right; whoever is not willing to be satisfied, however, with simply accepting his judgment but wants to form his own conclusion in independent analysis, should not risk this until he has studied Clausewitz through and through and has become so familiar with his psychology of strategy that he is able to apply it with completely independent certainty" (Delbrück, pp. 127-28).

⁵⁷ Geoffrey Parker, p. 194.

⁵⁸ It never occurred to Clausewitz that the animosities of a given war might not pre-exist (p. 121), could not be adroitly placed there by puppet-masters, as was the case in the so-called "Gulf War" between the U.S.A. and Iraq. To our post-totalitarian eyes he seems strangely innocent.

⁵⁹ Herodotus, Book Six, p. 391.

⁶⁰ The moral calculus raises this example, noting: "What would their punishment consist of? And how would the people of Miletus be treated upon capture? These are the two things we need to know to determine how

justified the excuse of compulsion would be in this case" (5.3.C.2.1).

⁶¹ Thucydides (Strassler), p. 81 (1.141).

⁶² Wu-tzu, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 208.

⁶³ Murbarakshah, *Adab al-barb wa-al-sba-ja'ab*, excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 448-49.

⁶⁴ Nasir al-Din al-Tusi, *Akblaq-i Nasiri*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 445.

⁶⁵ Ibn Khaldun, *Kitab al-Ibar*, excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 420-21. But in the same place, Ibn Khaldun insists that the *origin* of war is quite simply desire for revenge.

⁶⁶ Joan of Arc's letter of summons, quoted in Pernoud, pp. 70-71.

⁶⁷ Peter the Great, testament, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 578.

⁶⁸ Montesquieu, pp. 61-62 (X.2).

⁶⁹ Henri Jomini, *Précis de l'art de la guerre*, excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 726, 728, 730.

⁷⁰ Moral calculus, 5.1.2 and 5.2.G.

⁷¹ See above, "Defense of Race and Culture," and below, moral calculus, 5.2.D.1-5.

⁷² Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.A-F.

⁷³ See below, "Defense of Homeland." Insofar as they affect authority, they have been considered in the chapter on Lincoln and Trotsky (above, "Defense of Authority"), and will be further discussed in the chapter on obedient Nazis (below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear").

⁷⁴ *Ibid.*

⁷⁵ Clausewitz, p. 156.

⁷⁶ Herodotus, Book Six, p. 406.

⁷⁷ Italics mine. Reisman and Antoniou, p. 115 ("Text of Vietnam Rules of Engagement, 1966, rev. 1967").

⁷⁸ President Johnson, January 9, 1967, p. 6.

⁷⁹ Bohrmann, p. 569, plate 275 ("Wir haben alle nur einen Willen...").

⁸⁰ *Maxims*, LXVII, p. 77.

⁸¹ *Napoleon on Napoleon*, pp. 20-21.

⁸² Thompson, p. 168 (letter no. 134, III, January 1807).

⁸³ Machiavelli, p. 36.

⁸⁴ Reading Gibbon, one is repeatedly struck by the undifferentiating appetites of the Roman Emperors. Their war aims were simply to hold and devour as much territory as they could, without being much disturbed by such trifles as legitimacy; the same can be

said of most of their victims.

⁸⁵ Thus Seneca instructs the young Nero: "Your great-great-grandfather spared the vanquished; for if he had not spared them, whom would he have had to rule?" (vol. 1, p. 387; "On Mercy," I.X.1). The brutally expedient Indian sage Kautilya advises the victorious conqueror: "Having abolished those customs or transactions which he might consider either as injurious to the growth of his revenue or as unrighteous, he should establish righteous transactions" (Kautilya, *Arthashastra*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 331).

⁸⁶ For these two points I am again indebted to Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 549.

⁸⁷ Well, what *could* be a good war aim? Saint Thomas Aquinas says (p. 518): There must be an intention of advancing good and avoiding evil, not simply dominating or revenging.⁸⁸ This is vague to the point of near uselessness. The end must be a decent one. Fair enough, but, as always with violence, so must the means. Centuries later, Robespierre's calculus for war will be similarly slippery, attempting as it does to establish the following puerile distinctions: Is the strife prompted by the love of liberty or by the spirit of despotism? By fidelity or by perfidy? (Robespierre, p. 219; "Sur la guerre: Discours prononcé au club des Jacobins") —Absurdly black-and-white questions; for when we define moral terms with already value-laden words, we go nowhere. (If you tell me that my war aim is unjust because I am motivated only by national self-interest, not by an immediate threat of your aggression, I may listen. If you tell me that it is unjust because it is perfidious, you have not told me anything.)

⁸⁸ Walzer, p. xvii.

⁸⁹ Clausewitz, p. 103. Oddly enough, Tolstoy agrees with them, though for very different reasons. In order to abolish war, he says with grand implausibility, we need not worry about writing international law and such irrelevances; we merely have to refuse to fight (*Writings on Civil Disobedience*, p. 129, "Carthago Delenda Est").

⁹⁰ The Infantry School, p. 8.

⁹¹ Underhill, p. 127. "In the Plains area, these observances were sometimes carried to fantas-

tic extremes, such as giving the greatest honor to a man who went into battle unarmed and simply touched an armed enemy with a stick" (ibid, pp. 127-28).

⁹² Berlow, p. 95 (cat. no. 20, artist unknown, "Counting Coup on a Crow Man and Woman (E)," 1871-76). See also p. 109 (cat. nos. 34-36, artist unknown, "A Cheyenne Warrior Counts Coup on a Sioux Woman," "A Cheyenne Warrior Counts Coup on Two Sioux Women," "A Crow Counts Coup on Two Cheyenne").

⁹³ Underhill tells (p. 167) how the Natchez Indians in their firstfruits ceremony used to count coup by striking a man-high post crowned with a red-striped war calumet. Each warrior, in the order to which his rank entitled him, brought his war club against the post and proclaimed some past deed or heroism, or promised a new one.

⁹⁴ Berlow, p. 29 (cat. no. 28, artist unknown, "Lancing of Two Sioux Women," ca. 1890s). For a similar scene involving a Lakota warrior lancing three Pawnees, see p. 186 (cat. no. 112, artist unknown, "Lakota Warrior Defeats Pawnee").

⁹⁵ Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 105 (II.11).

⁹⁶ The Infantry School, loc. cit.

⁹⁷ Ibid, p. 64. Emphasis in original.

⁹⁸ For modern warfare the Hague and Geneva Conventions (whose forerunners were dismissed and ridiculed by Clausewitz) have organized determination of the justifiability of violent acts into three main categories: (I) status of the victims, as we have seen (belligerent or not) and of their locality (cultural artifact or munitions dump? hospital or factory? belligerent or neutral territory?); (II) cruelty of the acts (which is why poison gas and dum-dum bullets are banned); and (III) status of the combat (declared war or sneak attack).

⁹⁹ Reisman and Antoniou, p. 128 (Grenada ROE, 1983).

¹⁰⁰ Raimondo de Montecuccoli, *Memorie della guerra*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 568.

¹⁰¹ Hale, p. 49, plates 73-74 ("Dornek 1499"). Cortes tries to do the same when he can. In 1519 they storm the unsuspecting town of Tzompantzinco, whose inhabitants "ran out into the streets naked to see what the lamen-

tations were about. Many of them died at the beginning, but, since they did not resist, Cortes ordered his men to spare them and not to touch the women and clothing ... and so the trouble ended" (Gómara, p. 110).

¹⁰² Herodotus, Book Nine, p. 609.

¹⁰³ Tamerlane recalls, pursuant to the sack of Delhi, that "all my army, no longer under control, went off to the city and thought of nothing but killing, plundering, and making prisoners... each man secured from fifty to a hundred prisoners, men, women and children. There was no man who took less than twenty. The other booty was immense in rubies, diamonds, garnets, pearls, and other gems... Gold and silver ornaments of the Hindu women were obtained in such quantities as to exceed all account" (excerpted in Chaliand, p. 489). In 53 B.C., Caesar, attacking the Nervii in Gaul, captures "a great number of cattle and human beings; ... giving up such booty to the troops" (*Gallic War*, p. 319; VI.3).

¹⁰⁴ Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 367.

¹⁰⁵ Hale, p. 35, plate 48 (drawing, 1514, Basle).

¹⁰⁶ Geoffrey Parker, p. 200. See also pp. 208-215. "Everywhere the records describe frequent brutality by soldiers, sporadic resistance by peasants, cautious compliance by townspeople, and desperate efforts by civilian and military officials to maintain minimum standards of justice" (p. 210).

¹⁰⁷ Kunsthistorisches Museum, Wien, no. 733: D. Ryckaert III, 1612-1666, "*Die Leiden der Bauern.*"

¹⁰⁸ Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1. First Limitation. definition.

¹⁰⁹ Graziosi, p. 32. Graziosi excludes the last two famine-years, for which military responsibility is more complicated.

¹¹⁰ Dan Smith, p. 14. Thomas C. Schelling (excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 1,020-21) sees this as a three-stage process which occurred over centuries. At first, the outcome of a war mattered only to the leadership, so there was no need to brutalize anyone else except for reasons of sadism and profit. Second, with the French Revolution and after, it came to matter to the citizenry as well; becoming thus inspired combatants, they found more ferocity coming their

way. As a direct result of this came the third step: aggressors found it in their interest to put pressure on their enemies during a war by attacking their civilian population.

¹¹¹ Dear and Foot, p. 290 ("demography of the war," Table 1).

¹¹² Gomára, pp. 40-41.

¹¹³ On his kidnapping of the Aztec emperor, Montezuma (an act which will be described in more detail in "Defense of Ground," below), the great historian Prescott wrote: "It was a politic proceeding,—to which few men could have been equal, who had a touch of humanity in their natures." (op. cit., vol. 2, p. 177) But he warns us against applying contemporary standards to past actions. The point of *Rising Up and Rising Down* is that we can, however imprecisely, apply *some* standards to *all* actions. In this particular context, it is worth noting that Cortes *probably* did not kill Montezuma when the latter was in his power. The conqueror does seem, however, to have grown progressively more cruel after the conquest, when, feeling himself to be insufficiently rewarded by the king of Spain, he extracted what he could from the natives. The horrid system of peonage which his conquest brought about was not explicitly embedded in his war aims, which is why we've considered its casualties in "Defense of Creed," above.

¹¹⁴ Clausewitz, p. 129. If the defenders can demonstrate to the aggressors that they are in fact stronger than they, this may in fact be sufficient (ibid, p. 132).

¹¹⁵ See, e.g., Gómara, p. 57.

¹¹⁶ In fact the Americans had no more bombs at that moment. Had the Japanese refused to surrender then, the war would have been prolonged.

¹¹⁷ One of the major moral arguments against the use of these two bombs is that the same result might have been achieved by inviting Japanese to a demonstration on neutral ground—the equivalent of one of Cortes's military reviews. A counter-argument is that the U.S.'s resources at the time were insufficient to produce enough bombs both to make several such demonstrations and to drop on civilian targets. I have neither the space nor

the knowledge to evaluate the facts of that claim here. (See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge.") But we might note that since the Hiroshima bomb alone did not impel Japan to surrender, it is unlikely that any less violent means would have done so. The most cursory reading of Japanese preparations to defend their homeland against an invasion from air and sea brings to mind two words: "suicidal fanaticism." Even had some civilians wavered, the soldiers would have quickly brought them to death and duty.

¹¹⁸ John Hersey, *Hiroshima*, in Hynes et al, vol. 2, p. 855.

¹¹⁹ Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1 and 5.1.7, respectively. These axia are well laid out in Fotion, pp. 25-28.

¹²⁰ Chanoff and Doan, p. 156 (testimony of Huong Van Ba, Colonel, People's Army of North Vietnam).

¹²¹ Guevara, p. 60.

¹²² Fotion, p. 32.

¹²³ Varley, p. 26. These were but the first three of a "standard" battle's six phases, the other three being: shooting of arrows, mutual approach and hand-to-hand combat.

¹²⁴ See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

¹²⁵ Sturluson, *Egil's Saga*, p. 119.

¹²⁶ Ibid, p. 127.

¹²⁷ According to Plutarch, however, one of the Spartan kings recommended the pursuit of fugitives, because "if we don't fight those who are fleeing out of cowardice, how shall we fight those brave enough to stand firm?" ("Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 124: Agis).

¹²⁸ Hanson, pp. 4-5 (Hanson, "The Ideology of Hoplite Warfare, Ancient and Modern"). Our classicist goes on: "For one of the few times in history, bloodletting served ... to spare ... lives" (ibid, p. 6).

¹²⁹ In his calculus, as in most people's, rape is considered less cruel than murder. But see the account of war-rape in Afghanistan, in "Defense of Honor," above, vol. 2, p. 13.

¹³⁰ Díaz, p. 330.

¹³¹ Ibid, p. 183.

¹³² See above, "Defense of Cree."

¹³³ Cortes, Third Letter, p. 124.

¹³⁴ International Institute for Strategic Studies figures (1995), reprinted in Lee Chung-min, "Inter-Korean Military Dynamics: A Reassessment," in *Korea Focus*, vol. 4, no. 5, September-October 1996, p. 26.

¹³⁵ After all, in spite of chess-players' notions, battles are not logical. Hence Delbrück's axiom that "battles would hardly be fought if the commanders were able to estimate with certainty the opposing strength, the physical and the spiritual as well" (p. 523). And this man calls himself a Clausewitzian!

¹³⁶ Kahn, p. 19.

¹³⁷ These are a few more of the variables which Kahn lists, p. 21.

¹³⁸ Lee Chung-min, in *Korea Focus*, p. 28 (italics in original).

¹³⁹ Rothwell, p. 24.

¹⁴⁰ See above, "Defense of Race."

¹⁴¹ The same principle shows up the bleating jingoism of Elizabeth Cady Stanton during the Spanish-American War: "We are at war with Spain. Though I hate war *per se*, I am glad that it has come in this instance. I would like to see Spain and Turkey swept from the face of the earth. They are a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century" (Stanton, p. 333; diary entry for 1898). In this case, no harm *that we know of* was done, for Mrs. Stanton confined herself to words—the rhetorically excessive and ill-considered hate which oozes too easily from the poisoned pen of a habitual militant (who, I hasten to say, otherwise did considerable good). Had those words been taken literally, of course, they would have been incitement to genocide; and who is to say that some Spaniard did not get his death as an indirect result of them? In her haste, Mrs. Stanton failed to make the elementary distinction spelled out by the U.N. (and any mind capable of reasoning on the subject), namely, that non-civilians within a civilian population fail to "deprive the population of its civilian character" (Reisman and Antoniou, p. 88; 1125 U.N.T.S. 3, Article 50, secs. 1, 3). In other words, just because one old lady out of a villageful of persons suddenly throws a grenade at some unsuspecting soldier—which in any

event never happened at My Lai—this does not give that soldier's surviving comrades the right to machine-gun her neighbors—a doctrine undoubtedly meant to lay the despicable Nazi doctrine of collective retaliation back in its stinking grave. Of course after such an incident one could not blame jumpy soldiers for insisting that all her neighbors be searched, and for granting themselves the same license for proactive violence in case of refusal and perceived threat as above. Again, this is not what happened at My Lai.

¹⁴² The Gallic "rebels" who fought for their independence against Rome had similar "half-armed supporters in the rear" (Tacitus, p. 141). Che Guevara for his part advises that every three guerrilla combatants employ two or three civilian assistants (op. cit., p. 111).

¹⁴³ Delbrück, p. 56. The difficulties multiply with our functional subdivisions. Intermediate between these informal harriers and the hoplites we find the lightly armored spear-throwers called *peltasts* (Delbrück, p. 125. See also Hanson, pp. 5-6). It was the peltasts who killed the Corinthians in the ditch in the following tale out of the Peloponesian War: "As the defeated Corinthians were retreating, quite a large section of their army, coming under severe pressure and being uncertain of its route, plunged into an enclosure on someone's estate which had a deep ditch all round it so that there was no way out. Seeing what had happened, the Athenians closed up the main entrance with their hoplites [armored infantry, usually men of wealth and position] and, surrounding the rest of the enclosure with light-armed troops, stoned to death all who were inside. This was a severe blow to the Corinthians" (Thucydides, p. 97). The peltasts, then, were capable of doing murder to large numbers. Where on our continuum of combatants do they crouch?

¹⁴⁴ One suspects that upon capture these low-status, unwealthy men might well have suffered more ill treatment than their glittering hoplite masters—unless, of course, they were treated as machines, as seized equipment to be employed in the enemy's social-military machine.

¹⁴⁵ "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear," below.

¹⁴⁶ See the "Paintings of Napoleon" section in "Defense of Honor," above, vol. 2, p. 39.

¹⁴⁷ Vigny, pp. 147-48. Bring back to mind the slaughter of the Corinthians in the ditch. The least unjustifiable form of proactive self-defense is the slaughter in battle of enemy soldiers who have not surrendered (that is, they remain hostile) but who are powerless to do one any harm. While the stoning to death of the Corinthians was tragic and gruesome, and one wishes that the Athenians had offered quarter, war is legalized mutual mass murder which takes advantage of every hap-penstance to enlarge itself, like some opportunistic fire leaping from house to house. The important thing to remember is this: Very likely the Corinthians would have done the same to the Athenians had they been able. This effects a potential reciprocity which lessens the horror of the Athenian action slightly by drawing it closer to self-defense. Any soldier knows that the best defense is to shoot first, before the enemy does, which is why Hemingway has his World War I protagonist remark: "We're in more danger if they come on us suddenly" (*A Farewell to Arms*, p. 212), and why one of James Jones's World War II characters worries that "he might not be able to kill some Japanese or other who confronted him, and who, therefore, would kill him" (*The Thin Red Line*, p. 438). In my opinion, the Athenians were not acting unethically. They followed the laws of war of their time.

¹⁴⁸ He was a Russian Special Forces man on the Serbian side. For the main part of his testimony, see "The War Never Came Here," below.

¹⁴⁹ "The safe-area concept has had mixed results," ran the United Nations' *Report of the Secretary-General* of the previous year, but it quickly reverted to its usual self-congratulatory optimism: "The presence of UNPROFOR forces has indeed deterred major attacks on these towns, reduced the basic level of conflict, lowered casualties and improved basic humanitarian conditions in Srebrenica and Zepa" (p. 8; para. 30).

¹⁵⁰ Idealists, of course, can easily define non-combatants as combatants. Tamerlane, having

learned from his faithful emirs that his army now holds a hundred thousand Hindus prisoner, agrees that "on the great day of battle these ... could not be left with the baggage, and that it would be entirely opposed to the rules of war to set these idolaters and foes of Islam at liberty. In fact, no other course remained but that of making them all food for the sword" (Timur, *Tuzak-i-Timur* (fifteenth century), excerpted in Chaliand, p. 483.)

¹⁵¹ Vigny, p. 149.

¹⁵² Moral calculus, 1.2.4: *Do unto others as you are done by.*

¹⁵³ The fact that this seems absurd to us only shows our blindness to our own absurdities.

¹⁵⁴ Vigny, p. 157.

¹⁵⁵ Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 183). Of course this distinction had also to do with honor: the Spartans quite simply considered men better than women.

¹⁵⁶ Heralds were supposedly sacrosanct in the wars of the ancient Greeks. (See, e.g., Philip's letter regarding the Megarian decree of 433 B.C.; in Fornara, p. 135, item no. 122b.) But we read in Plutarch that during the Greco-Persian Wars, the Athenian leader Themistocles was praised for killing a Persian interpreter "for presuming to publish the barbarian orders and decrees" enjoining surrender "in the Greek language" (*Lives*, p. 161). Complaining of "the outrageous detention of Roman knights," his deputies, by the Veneti, Julius Caesar executed the entire Senate of that tribe and sold the remaining males as slaves (*Gallic War*, pp. 151, 161; see table: "After the Surrender, Who is the Enemy?"). Caesar's opponents in the Roman Civil War did not hesitate to slay a letter-bearer from him (*Civil War*, p. 214; *The African War*, written by another hand). The killing of a royal herald (or a merchant) of the Aztecs was grounds for war (Zorita, p. 134). But it was not unknown for enemy heralds to be sacrificed by the Aztecs (Hassig, p. 113).

¹⁵⁷ The English accused Joan of Arc of violating one such agreement (see Pernoud, p. 148). "Is it not mortal sin to receive a man to be ransomed and, once he is a prisoner, to bring about his death?"

¹⁵⁸ See above, vol. 2, "Defense of Honor."

¹⁵⁹ Hassig, p. 227. This was the campaign against Tototepec in 1506.

¹⁶⁰ *Ibid*, p. 223. Campaign against Tlachquiauco, 1504.

¹⁶¹ Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 171.

¹⁶² Metropolitan Museum, p. 169, plate 123.

¹⁶³ Walzer, p. 42.

¹⁶⁴ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 106.

¹⁶⁵ Herodotus, Book Three, pp. 268-69.

¹⁶⁶ Diodorus Siculus, 12.9.1-10.1; quoted in Sage, p. 105, no. 158. Sage notes that this massacre is "the earliest attested in Greek history."

¹⁶⁷ Green, p. 21.

¹⁶⁸ *Ibid*, p. 270.

¹⁶⁹ *Ibid*, p. 148.

¹⁷⁰ Thucydides (Strassler), p. 244 (4.39), p. 321 (5.34).

¹⁷¹ *Ibid*, p. 357 (5.116).

¹⁷² Appian, vol. III, p. 225 (*The Civil Wars*, I.XIV.120).

¹⁷³ Al-Tabari, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 392.

¹⁷⁴ Kai Ka'us ibn Iskander, *A Mirror for the Princes*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 430.

¹⁷⁵ *Tale of the Heike*, pp. 735-60 (12.VII-IX). Varley writes: "There is no clearly identifiable code in the war tales for the treatment of prisoners. In most cases, prisoners are simply executed and their heads added to those taken in battle for display in the traditional inspection of heads" (p. 111; cf. p. 27). Elsewhere (p. 64) he asserts that the losers' families, including women and children, were exterminated by "custom" (p. 64). In the *Tale of the Heike* passage cited, the word used for the victims to be executed is "children." However, not a single instance of girls' being executed is mentioned. Indeed, in one scene, when the executioners come to take a little boy away, his mother and sister are left behind.

¹⁷⁶ Timur, *Tuzak-i-Timuri*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 481.

¹⁷⁷ Letter of John of Plano Carpino (1247), excerpted in Chaliand, p. 445.

¹⁷⁸ Nasir al-Din al-Tusi, *Aklaq-i Nasiri*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 445.

¹⁷⁹ Ibn al-Athir, *Kamil al tarikh*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 404.

¹⁸⁰ Hassig, p. 115.

¹⁸¹ Sahagún, p. 76.

¹⁸² Al-Muttaqi' al-Hindi, excerpted in

Chaliand, p. 390.

¹⁸³ Walter, pp. 137-38. The date of 1827 as marking an increase in terror was assigned by Walter because it was then that Shaka's mother died, precipitating more despotical violence. But, as the date of Flynn's diary entry shows (below, next fn.), it is not rigid.

¹⁸⁴ Walter, pp. 140-43; diary of Henry Francis Flynn, 1826, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 751.

¹⁸⁵ See below, "Deterrence and Retribution."

¹⁸⁶ Womack, p. 254

¹⁸⁷ *Ibid*, p. 268.

¹⁸⁸ Dear and Foot, pp. 890-92, 900.

¹⁸⁹ *Ibid*, p. 891 (article on Poland). "The country had suffered tremendous war losses—more than 6 million, of whom 5,384,000 died as a result of mass terror." (p. 896). But another estimate in the same volume (p. 290; "demography of the war," Table 1) gives a total of 4,123,000 war-related deaths, of which 123,000 were non-civilian.

¹⁹⁰ *Ibid*, pp. 914-15.

¹⁹¹ *Ibid*, p. 350.

¹⁹² *Ibid*, p. 350.

¹⁹³ *Ibid*, p. 179.

¹⁹⁴ *Ibid*, pp. 347-50.

¹⁹⁵ Guevara, pp. 64, 75, 82.

¹⁹⁶ This raises again that issue dealt with in the Babylonian Talmud: "What is the reason for the [permission to kill the] burglar? No man controls himself when his money is at stake, and since he [the burglar] knows that he [the owner] will oppose him, he thinks: If he resists me I shall kill him, therefore the Torah says: If a man has come to kill you, anticipate him by killing him!" Epstein, p. 422 (Yoma, 85b); moral calculus, 3.05.

¹⁹⁷ Herodotus, Book One, p. 104.

¹⁹⁸ Walter, p. 141. Hence in the moral calculus's "Maxims for Murderers" we adorn the following evil principle with Shaka's name: "If a foe were worth conquering at all, he was worth crushing out of existence once and for all" (1.3.11; Walter, p. 139).

¹⁹⁹ Dan Smith, p. 65, map 23 ("Under Arms").

²⁰⁰ *Loc. cit.*

²⁰¹ Frantz Fanon, "The Revolutionary Transformation of the Algerian Woman," excerpted from *A Dying Colonialism* in

Kaplan and Kaplan, p. 451.

²⁰² Ibid, p. 453.

²⁰³ Guevara, p. 48.

²⁰⁴ Borovik, p. 273.

²⁰⁵ It was, for instance, the practice of Montezuma "to receive and protect as friends and allies those who recognized him as their lord, while he took hostages and laid a tribute and head tax upon them. If, on the other hand, after having submitted and delivering themselves into his power, they resisted and took up arms against him, their punishment was terrible, for he killed many and had them eaten after sacrificing them ... and then enslaved as many of the rest as he wished, forcing fathers, mothers, and children to work from sunup to sundown" (Gómara, p. 73).

²⁰⁶ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 245 (*The African War*, written by another hand).

²⁰⁷ Indeed, the calculus of honor operates in many societies to render anyone who is taken prisoner in war infamous. The Aztecs put to death their own men whom the enemy had taken prisoner, "since he had not been man enough to resist and die in battle" (Zorita, p. 135). Stalin threw his returned prisoners into concentration camps. The Japanese instructed their own troops in World War II not to be captured at any cost; whomever they in turn captured they despised and ill treated.

²⁰⁸ Walzer argues bluntly that "soldiers running away, unlike soldiers trying to surrender, are usually said to be legitimate targets: they may hope to fight another day" (p. xxi).

²⁰⁹ Department of the [United States] Army, *Field Manual FM 21-76: Survival, Evasion and Escape* (Washington, D.C., March 14, 1969), p. 238.

²¹⁰ See below, this chapter, Third Limitation.

²¹¹ In 413 B.C., Diodorus Siculus said: "For whoever revenges himself on those who have been conquered and are appealing to the reasonableness of the conqueror is no longer punishing his enemy, but rather commits an injustice against human weakness (13.24.3-6; quoted in Sage, p. 102, no. 153).

²¹² "A prisoner of war is subject to no punishment for being a public enemy," reads Article 56 of the Union Army's field instructions during the Civil War (General Order No. 100);

given in full as an appendix in Pitman, p. 414.

²¹³ Clausewitz, p. 103.

²¹⁴ Thucydides (Strassler), Book Three, p. 188.

²¹⁵ Ibid, p. 193.

²¹⁶ Moral calculus, 1.3.1. By making reconciliation impossible, this perpetuates violence. Thus we read in Polyaeus: "Lysandros conquered the Thasians, and among them were many partisans of Athens who were hiding." In a temple he swears that no harm would be done the surrendered. "Those of the Thasians who were concealed had trust in the kindliness of his words and came forth. But Lysandros, after waiting a few days to make them less fearful, commanded that they be rounded up and killed" (Fornara, p. 194, item no. 168).

²¹⁷ But it is only fair to point out in the captors' extenuation that the less centralized or unified their command structure, the more likely it will be to suffer from conflicting jurisdictions. Thus during the Roman Civil War, some of the Caesarians surrendered to the African praetor, Publius Attilius Varus, whose guarantee was implied; but Juba, a local king, "declared that they were his spoils and ordered the majority of them to be killed... Varus protested that he had broken faith with him, but did not dare to resist" (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 105). Varus was not at fault here. Consider by contrast the case of the fearful, seasick Caesarians who surrendered their ship to the enemy commander Otacilius: "They were all brought before him and, in violation of the oath [he had offered], were brutally put to death in his presence" (ibid, p. 120). This is not impotence or incompetence on the surrender-taker's part, but actual evil.

²¹⁸ King Olaf appears above, in "Defense of Honor."

²¹⁹ Ibn al-Athir, *Kamil al tarikh* (thirteenth century), excerpted in Chaliand, p. 403.

²²⁰ For a full discussion and citation, see the portrait of T. E. Lawrence, below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

²²¹ Cook and Cook, p. 423 (testimony of Abe Hiroshi).

²²² Quoted in Bergerud, p. 413.

²²³ McCullin, p. 62 ("An act of compassion").

²²⁴ Ibid, pp. 73-74 ("Souvenir hunters").

²²⁵ Ibid, p. 76 ("American soldiers humiliating a Vietnamese civilian").

²²⁶ Duffett, p. 145 ("Questioning of a Khmer Mercenary," Master Sergeant Muong Ponn).

²²⁷ Reisman and Antoniou, p. 117 (Vietnam ROE).

²²⁸ Here the calculus for defense of ground applies. See moral calculus, 5.2.H, 6.2.H.

²²⁹ See, e.g., Gloria Emerson, pp. 39-40, 362.

²³⁰ The neo-Clausewitzian "I was only following orders" defense will be discussed in detail in the chapter on Wilhelm Keitel, below.

²³¹ In his preface to the proceedings of the International War Crimes Tribunal against the U.S. in 1967, Noam Chomsky writes: "It is correct, but hardly relevant, to point out that the United States has stopped short of carrying 'its strategic logic' to the final conclusion, which is genocide' ... Thus one cannot compare American policy to that of Nazi Germany, as of 1942. It would be more difficult to argue that American policy is not comparable to that of Fascist Japan, or Germany prior to the 'final solution.'"—John Duffett, ed., *Against the Crime of Silence: Proceedings of the International War Crimes Tribunal* (New York: Simon and Schuster: Clarion, 1970), p. xxv.

²³² Reisman and Antoniou, p. 363 (United States v. William L. Calley, Jr., U.S. Court of Military Appeals, December 21, 1973).

²³³ Ibid, p. 84 ("Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide," Resolution 260 (III) A of the General Assembly, adopted December 9, 1948).

²³⁴ See above, "Defense of Creed."

²³⁵ See, for instance, Raimondo de Montecuccoli's seventeenth-century *Memorie della guerra* (excerpted in Chaliand, p. 567), which advises the defender: "Strengthen fortresses; destroy bridges, abandon indefensible positions, withdraw troops from them and put them somewhere safe, lay waste the countryside through which the enemy must pass, burning houses and spoiling foodstuffs."

²³⁶ See, for instance, Hale, plates 239, 242-44.

²³⁷ Polybius, *The Histories*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 114. In his *Gallie War*, Caesar tells how he crossed the Rhine just to burn German villages and raze their cornfields (p.

203 [IV.19]. See also pp. 323 [VI.6], 375 [VI.43], etc.). The Spartans similarly ravage the plains of Argos "almost playfully as they marched along, thus flattening and destroying the entire crop with no difficulty" (life of Cleomenes, in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 93). For similar tales of tenth-century Japan, see Varley, p. 21.

²³⁸ Varley believes this to have been "a common practice, in the Gempei age at least" (p. 113).

²³⁹ For this last, see Xenophon, *The Expeditions of Cyrus*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 85.

²⁴⁰ Green, p. 30.

²⁴¹ Ibid, pp. 156, 167.

²⁴² Kautilya, *Arthashastra*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 327.

²⁴³ Maurice de Saxe, "My Reveries Upon the Art of War," excerpted in Chaliand, p. 580.

²⁴⁴ Sallust, *Jugurthine War* (ca. 40), excerpted in Chaliand, p. 145.

²⁴⁵ Flavius Vegetius, *The Military Institutions of the Romans*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 217.

²⁴⁶ Or, to be precise, those of his delegated representative, General Sullivan.

²⁴⁷ In 1970, Russell Means of AIM and some of his companions pissed on this President's sculpted forehead at Mount Rushmore. In true activist style, Means remains silent about the atrocities committed by the Iroquois (Hampton Sides, profile of Russell Means, in *Icon Thoughtstyle Magazine*, May/June 1997, p. 84).

²⁴⁸ Callwell, pp. 40-41 (italics mine). As it happens, this author is, like Saint-Exupéry, a bit of a sportsman: "The objection to raids pure and simple is really one of principle. To filch the property of irregulars when they are absent is not the true spirit of waging war against such opponents; the proper way to deal with them is to kill them or to wound them, or at least to hunt them from their homes and then to destroy or carry off their belongings. But it must be remembered that the French in Algeria and the Russians on the steppes have had to deal with nomads who thought fit to adopt guerrilla tactics, and who never fought if they could help it." (p. 146). Let us give Colonel Callwell the benefit of the doubt, and assume that he would not lump

into the ranks of irregulars to be legitimately killed any defenseless women and children. Nonetheless, such tactics must kill women and children by hunger and privation.

²⁴⁹ Ibid, p. 308.

²⁵⁰ Ibid, p. 310.

²⁵¹ Reisman and Antoniou, p. 81 ("Hague Convention (IV) Respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land, Annex to the Convention," October 18, 1907).

²⁵² Ibid, p. 90 ("Protocol I Additional to the Geneva Conventions of 1949," 1125 U.N.T.S. 3, adopted June 8, 1977, Article 54, secs. 1-2).

²⁵³ "Their irruptions into the border settlements were so frequent," writes Morgan (pp. 28-29), "and the track of their invasions was marked with such desolation, that the American congress were obliged to send against them a powerful detachment, to lay waste their villages, and to overawe them with the fear of final extirpation."

²⁵⁴ "Maybe we had a different view of killing," says an artillery officer. "We were killing enemies and aggressors to regain our independence and save our country. It wasn't like the Americans. When they killed they thought of the Vietnamese as human beings" (Chanoff and Doan, p. 158; testimony of Huong Van Ba, Colonel, People's Army of North Vietnam). See also the tale of the decapitated bride in "Defense Against Traitors," below.

²⁵⁵ Reisman and Antoniou, pp. 362-63 (U.S. v. Calley).

²⁵⁶ Saint-Exupéry, *Flight to Arras*, p. 81.

²⁵⁷ The most decorated Green Beret in Vietnam writes cynically in his memoirs: "Much of Vietnam was a statistical coverup. The use of 'body-count' as a measure of success served to turn a bad situation rotten. Lt. Calley was pressured into killing more than 300 civilians at My Lai to provide higher headquarters its 'victory.' He was too new at the game to know you didn't have to count real bodies" (Gritz, p. 65).

²⁵⁸ Capps, p. 148 (essay by Clark Clifford). Defense of the American homeland in Vietnam followed the Domino Theory. Appeasement hadn't stopped Hitler in Munich; indeed, it had encouraged him.

Therefore, we had better not appease those feared and hated enemies of ours, the Communists. They'd swallowed Poland, for the sake of whose freedom the whole world war was ostensibly begun; Bulgaria, half of Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Yugoslavia, Albania, the Karelian Islands of Finland and God knows what else; they'd almost gotten Greece; in Asia they'd gotten China and half of Korea; half of Vietnam was already gone, and if we didn't fight them over there (President Eisenhower said), we just might be fighting them on the beaches of California. The growing differences between the Communism of China, the Soviet Union, Albania and Yugoslavia were not, perhaps, as apparent to the American leadership as they might have been; but we need not blame them for that. The U.S. had fought two world wars against Germany within the same half-century, and now West Germany was an ally; perhaps the Communist countries could fight together, too. Cambodia's King Sihanouk was already flirting with the Communists, and there were rumors of Red guerrillas in the jungles of that country; Reds had set up cells in Laos and Thailand; there'd been Reds in Burma since World War II ended; the Americans had occasion for concern. *But what was our war aim?* After it was all over, General Westmoreland would wonder why it was that the President didn't ask every year to have the Tonkin Gulf Resolution reaffirmed by Congress.

²⁵⁹ "But in Infliction of what evil soever, on an Innocent man, that is not a Subject, if it be for the benefit of the Common-wealth, and without violation of any former Covenant" (the Soviets refused to sign the Geneva Accords, so the Nazis felt at liberty thereby to murder them), "is no breach of the Law of Nature. For all men that are not Subjects, are either Enemies, or else they have ceased from being so, by some precedent covenants" (op. cit., p. 360; II.28).

²⁶⁰ Walzer, p. 315.

²⁶¹ E.J. Randall, 2/9th Battalion (Australian), World War II; quoted in Bergerud, p. 265.

²⁶² Carl Myadans, in Boot, p. 105.

²⁶³ I am unhappily aware that anyone who

tries to put the moral calculus of *Rising Up and Rising Down* into practice may put himself at a similar disadvantage.

²⁶⁴ Borovik, p. 254.

²⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 258.

²⁶⁶ We will consider the "I was only following orders" defense separately below, in our portrait of Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel ("Compulsion, Loyalty and Fear").

²⁶⁷ Borovik, p. 267.

²⁶⁸ Photograph by Ron Haeberle, *Life*, reproduced in *Newsweek*, November 24, 1997, p. 41.

²⁶⁹ Reisman and Antoniou, pp. 363-64 (*U.S. v. Calley*).

²⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 364. Meadlo's mother would later write to Seymour Hersch, the first journalist to publicize the My Lai massacre: "I only hope and pray that there will be a day coming that you will suffer for what you have done to us." (Gloria Emerson, p. 38). Her words recall Mrs. Doyles's to John Brown (above, "Defense of Race").

²⁷¹ Cicero, *Murder Trials*, p. 321, defense of King Deiotarus.

²⁷² Assessments of his cruelty vary. Langguth claims that "Caesar extended his clemency, which was becoming legendary—and seductive—throughout Gaul. Caesar's rules were explicit. If a town surrendered before his battering rams struck its walls, he would spare the citizens, but they had to hand over their weapons to him. If a tribe only pretended to accept his terms and then attacked, Caesar stormed the town and took the entire population as slaves" (*A Noise of War*, p. 186). Meier, as we shall see, paints a much darker picture. As we see from the tables, Caesar was humanly inconsistent, but, as in Senate politics and as in the Civil War, seemed to lose patience when his goals remained unachieved by gentleness.

²⁷³ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 645. Meier evidently follows this figure (p. 330).

²⁷⁴ Plutarch, *op. cit.*, p. 648.

²⁷⁵ Caesar, *The Gallic War*, p. 119 (II.23). Caesar does not hesitate to praise their courage (p. 125, II.27).

²⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 495 (VII.78).

²⁷⁷ Meier, p. 324. Elsewhere, however, he writes that the conquest of Gaul was "an enormity

even by contemporary standards" (p. 258).

²⁷⁸ Caesar, *loc. cit.* We are back in the zone of class's status by function: feed the hunter at the expense of the woman and child, for the hunter feeds all.

²⁷⁹ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 653.

²⁸⁰ Now Marseilles. At that time she was a quasi-independent Greek ally of Rome, almost an ancient city-state in power and autonomy. The scholar Mommsen tells us (*op. cit.*, vol. 1, p. 79) that Massilia's domains extended almost from Montpellier to Nice, and that her fall was accordingly one of the most significant results of the Civil War. "Along with the legitimate republic its most faithful ally, the city of Massilia, was politically annihilated."

²⁸¹ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 80 (II.1-2).

²⁸² *Ibid.*, p. 87.

²⁸³ Lucan, p. 54 (II.455-58).

²⁸⁴ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 92. The whole episode is recounted in pp. 80-92.

²⁸⁵ Described in the tables, immediately below.

²⁸⁶ Copied in Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 261 (IX.16). Here is Cicero's judgment: "Caesar himself was not by nature and inclination averse to cruelty, but he thought mild measures would win popularity. But, if he lost popular favour, he would be cruel" (*ibid.*, p. 289; X.4).

²⁸⁷ Lucan, p. 9 (I.225-27).

²⁸⁸ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 657. In a sixteenth-century assessment, Simon Goulart of Senlis builds on this to write that "Caesar disdained his life with a continual violent desire to subdue his country, committing a greater fault in his last years and toward the end of his life, than if he had lain with his own mother, as also this damnable illusion did torment him the night before he entered into Italy to violate the liberty of Rome" (Plutarch [North], vol. 2, p. 1,450).

²⁸⁹ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 7 ("The Deified Julius," I.IV). Plutarch tells a similar story.

²⁹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 95 (LXXIV).

²⁹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 15 (I.X).

²⁹² Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 637.

²⁹³ *Ibid.*, p. 640.

²⁹⁴ Michael Grant, *Cleopatra*, p. 234.

²⁹⁵ The Republic allowed it as an interim

measure only. By Caesar's time the custom had fallen into desuetude: Sulla and his like were not given it; they took it. Plutarch says that the office had been abolished 120 years before Sulla (p. 440; life of Sylla).

²⁹⁶ Ibid, p. 438. Their names were written on public lists, to which anyone who sheltered them found himself added (p. 439).

²⁹⁷ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 159 (III.104).

²⁹⁸ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 11 ("The Deified Julius," I.VII).

²⁹⁹ These words were written down by an enemy of Caesar's and a friend and follower (however wavering) of Pompey's—namely, Cicero (*Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 227 IX.10). Indeed, as a young politician familiarly connected to all the most important patrician factions, and for good measure an insistent friend of the poor, Caesar might well have thought to achieve an adequate measure of power through customary Republican politics. For a more detailed exposition of this plausible thesis, see Erich S. Gruen, pp. 75-82.

³⁰⁰ See above, "Defense of Honor."

³⁰¹ For Hitler's impressively courageous World War I career, see the sketch in Keegan's *History of War*. As for his counterpart, "first therefore it is well known," says Sir Walter Raleigh, that *Rome* (or perhaps all the world besides) had never any so brave a Commander in war, as *Julius Caesar*" (op. cit., p. 211, *History of the World*, 1614).

³⁰² Meier, who makes much of this, writes in consequence the following lapidary if not entirely fair lines: "With a nonchalance that was no doubt aesthetically attractive but ethically dubious, he disdained to conform with the discipline of his class" (p. 23).

³⁰³ Vigny, p. 108.

³⁰⁴ Meier, p. 484.

³⁰⁵ Michael Grant, *The Twelve Caesars*, p. 42.

³⁰⁶ Ibid, pp. 42-43.

³⁰⁷ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 37. For one case study in the untrustworthiness of Caesar's arguments, see Delbrück on the Helvetic campaign, pp. 469-70.

³⁰⁸ Meier makes the case (p. 370) that Caesar was actually being offered everything he wanted on condition that he surrender, but he did not trust the Senate.

³⁰⁹ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 53 (VII.11).

³¹⁰ And presented as such by the Roman historians, for whom, unlike for Trotsky, social forces were almost irrelevant, and individual motivation almost everything as historical engines. See, e.g., Appian, vol. III, p. 369 (*Civil Wars*, II.XI.77).

³¹¹ A typical account: "Most of the houses were burned down, but our house was still standing. In front of it we found my baby sister, crawling around next to my older sister's body. Her chest was a mass of dried blood. My parents were crying over her. I remember them picking her up very gently. That's my first clear memory" (Chanoff and Doan, p. 13; testimony of Nguyen Cong Hoan).

³¹² For the tale of the Karenni guerrilla who lost his sister to Burmese rapist-murderers, and the effect of that incident on him, see "But What Are We to Do?", below.

³¹³ For the murderous Hadji Amin's account of how the Thai government murdered his father, see below, "The Old Man."

³¹⁴ For a description of my Serbian friend Vineta's radicalization following the atrocious killing of her boyfriend, see below, "The War Never Came Here."

³¹⁵ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 107 (VIII.3).

³¹⁶ That tale runs thus: When Spartacus and his fellow slaves rose up against Rome and probable death in the arena, preferring probable death on the battlefield, it had been emulation-hungry Crassus who after several Roman defeats led new legions out, and, after executing four thousand legionnaires for cowardice, finally achieved a victory; but because it was not yet *the* victory, the Senate, expressing indignant humiliation to be so long in the field against mere slaves, forthwith ordered Pompey to end the matter, which he did, being Pompey the Great, once "the young butcher," now exponent of modern government and patron of the arts, sometimes honored, sometimes not, but always honor-thirsty; war-triumphant, aloof—against his triumphs Crassus's military experience compared in but the palest way. All the more reason for him to crave the victory! With

Spartacus dead (although his corpse was never found), with most of the enemy slaughtered on the field (Crassus and Pompey had both refused to take prisoners), and the six thousand survivors crucified all along the Appian Way, the quarrel had erupted: Who then deserved the glory? See Appian, vol. III, pp. 219-225 (*The Civil Wars*, I.XIV.118-121). See also table above, this chapter, "What Shall I Do With You Vanquished Ones?"

³¹⁷ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 55 (I.16).

³¹⁸ After Pompey dies in the Civil War, Cato will rally his son against Caesar by telling him how Pompey "restored the independence of Italy" by fighting on Sulla's side. (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 223; African War, 22).

³¹⁹ Plutarch (North), p. 1,157 (Pompey).

³²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 1,155.

³²¹ *Loc. cit.*

³²² Or, in their contemporary's pleasant words, "Pompey, wraps that precious triumphal cloak of his around him in silence. Crassus never utters a word to risk his popularity" (Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 81; I.18).

³²³ Appian, *op. cit.*, p. 245 (II.II.9).

³²⁴ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 128 (III.43).

³²⁵ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 63 ("The Deified Julius," I.XIV).

³²⁶ Appian, p. 246 (*loc. cit.*).

³²⁷ According to the fishy tale of Suetonius (vol. 1, p. 11; "The Deified Julius," I.IX), their acquaintanceship goes back further: Caesar and Crassus had earlier made an assassination plot against the Senate, but Crassus took fright.

³²⁸ See above, "Defense of Authority."

³²⁹ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 545. Gibbon's opus likewise attributed the decay of *Imperial Rome* to the careless and self-serving abandonment of separation of powers. "Nations everywhere," Robespierre warned the Assembly during the French Revolution's early days, "robbed of the legislative power, become the plaything and the prey of absolute monarchs, who oppress and degrade them" (Lewes, p. 109). Indeed, that had been Rome's sickness; at one time it had been France's as well. But in Robespierre's time, France, radically cured, suffers from the opposite difficulty: not only has the legislative branch literally decapitated the executive, it has taken over its functions. The *only* vestige of

"checks and balances" now lies in factionalism. This notion, had it occurred to the French revolutionists, would have been most disagreeable, because they wanted to get things done: after all, counterrevolutionaries were literally invading France! We may be sure that it would have been equally odious to Pompey and Crassus.

³³⁰ Appian, vol. III, p. 247 (*The Civil Wars*, II.II.9).

³³¹ *Ibid.*, p. 231 (II.I.1).

³³² It has been convincingly suggested that the triumvirate was neither monolithic nor entirely effective: Pompey lost prestige by becoming so obviously a Senate-packer; many of the three men's puppets were incompetent; the unpredictable, violent demagogue Clodius Pulcher, who'd sought to make Caesar a cuckold, followed his own course, more or less untrammelled by the trio; Caesar had to continually worry about prosecution, etc. (Erich S. Gruen, pp. 97-99, 149 ff.)

³³³ For example, in 61 B.C. the unscrupulous P. Clodius, bent, so they say, on enjoying Caesar's wife, waits until the festival of female mysteries, to which no man is admitted, then sneaks into his house in women's clothes. Charges of impiety are brought against him in the Senate, whose members begin to take expedient sides; the next thing we know, Cicero is writing matter-of-factly: "Gangs of rowdies are being formed" (Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 37; I.13).

³³⁴ Appian, vol. III, p. 233 (*The Civil Wars*, II.I.2).

³³⁵ Plutarch (North), p. 1522 (Marcus Tullius Cicero).

³³⁶ Cicero will shortly indict her husband for impiety and possible adultery conducted with Caesar's wife.

³³⁷ Appian, p. 235.

³³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 1,529. For a deflation of Cataline's supposed revolutionary populism, see Erich S. Gruen, pp. 418-26.

³³⁹ Plutarch (North), p. 1,534.

³⁴⁰ For a discussion of the politco-moral implications of Cicero's stance on Cataline, see above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

³⁴¹ Appian makes Nero the first to present this proposal (*op. cit.*, p. 239; II.1.5).

³⁴² Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

³⁴³ Meier, p. 172

³⁴⁴ Appian, op. cit., pp. 239-41 (II.I.6). Plutarch (North) makes Caro's suspicions of Caesar "vehement" (p. 1,534).

³⁴⁵ Reproduced in Meier, plate 1.

³⁴⁶ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 69 ("The Deified Julius," I.L).

³⁴⁷ Erich S. Gruen, p. 62.

³⁴⁸ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 199 (Alex. War, 58).

³⁴⁹ How grateful will Pompey's legionnaires really be? A decade later, when the Civil War breaks out, not many will rush to his standard. Erich S. Gruen argues (p. 378) that this is indicative that the soldiers felt less loyalty to their commanders than is often supposed. Perhaps they're merely old and tired. But perhaps (who knows?) they're remembering that the law was Caesar's. After the Civil War Caesar will distribute more land to his own veterans; the old soldiers, it is said, will weep for him after his assassination, and support his adopted son Octavian (Appian, op. cit., p. 537; III.II.12).

³⁵⁰ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 75 ("The Deified Julius," I.LV). Even Caesar's enemy Cicero admires his delivery.

³⁵¹ Erich S. Gruen (p. 241).

³⁵² Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 87 (I.19).

³⁵³ Ibid, p. 159 (II.17).

³⁵⁴ Erich S. Gruen concludes that almost eighty percent of the attested praetors boasted consular, praetorian or senatorial ancestry in the last generation of the Republic (p. 177). For aediles, the figure was seventy percent (p. 180); for ostensibly plebeian tribunes, two-thirds (p. 189). The rank and file in the Senate, the *pedarii*, were at least half "new men" (p. 210), but, our scholar remarks, "there was small risk that they would alter the conservative and conventional attitudes of the ruling class" (p. 210).

³⁵⁵ Suetonius, op. cit., p. 27 (I.XX.4).

³⁵⁶ For this point I am indebted to Meier, pp. 208-09.

³⁵⁷ Suetonius implies that Pompey was doing Caesar a favor and not the other way around, since after the bill passed Caesar began calling on Pompey first in Senate matters, not

Crassus (vol. 1, p. 27; "The Deified Julius," I.XXI).

³⁵⁸ Plutarch (North), p. 1,191 (Pompey).

³⁵⁹ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 179 (II.21).

³⁶⁰ Moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.

³⁶¹ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 27 ("The Deified Julius," I.XX).

³⁶² When Pompey became sole consul a decade later, "he enjoyed the good-will of the Senate, particularly because they were jealous of Caesar, who did not consult the Senate during his consulship" (Appian, vol. III, p. 273; *The Civil Wars*, II.IV.25).

³⁶³ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 167 (II.9).

³⁶⁴ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 644. Cicero's observation at the theater demonstrates the plebeians' fickleness (or their impotence) no less than it does Cicero's own weakness of observation, which focuses itself in earnest only when the observed is himself. But Cicero's *intuition*, like Plutarch's foreshadowing, is true. Cicero fears Caesar and always will. He is correct to do so. To be popular among the masses is to be strong, to be armed, hence to constitute a threat. To rule by the sword, no matter how just or clement the ends, inspires terror. Hence the unavailing message of Considius.

³⁶⁵ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 29 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXII).

³⁶⁶ Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.E.

³⁶⁷ As to how liable Caesar would have been to legal punishment, commentators differ. "The view that Caesar feared the consequences of such a prosecution or was driven to civil war by that menace is dubious in the extreme," says Erich S. Gruen, p. 495. Meier says the opposite. Cicero's letters imply Caesar's illegalities to have been so flagrant that could he have been detached from his alliance and also from his army, he might well have suffered some kind of prosecution. See, e.g., *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, pp. 41-43 (VII.7) for a summation of the charges against him.

³⁶⁸ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 40.

³⁶⁹ Caesar himself has likewise wed again; for, his Cornelia having died, he snags fair Calpurnia, whose father Lucius Piso now fortuitously gains the new consulship, spelling legal

protection for Caesar for yet another year (Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 29; "The Deified Julius," I.XXI). Calpurnia stays in Rome, of course. She won't see much of him until the Civil War.

³⁷⁰ Erich S. Gruen, pp. 112-19.

³⁷¹ *Ibid.*, p. 37 (I.XXVII).

³⁷² Cobbett, p. 397 (Sir Robert Walpole, 1738). Thus Caesar's reputation, even in his own lifetime. Three hundred years after his career, Julian the Apostate—himself now Caesar, no less—will amuse himself by imagining his predecessor at a banquet of the gods: "Take care, Zeus, lest this man in his lust for power be minded to rob you of your empire" (Julian, vol. ii, p. 351; "The Caesars").

³⁷³ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 37 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXVI).

³⁷⁴ Erich S. Gruen, p. 374.

³⁷⁵ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 33 (I.XXV).

³⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 73 (I.LIV).

³⁷⁷ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 213 (African War, 2).

³⁷⁸ Appian, vol. III, p. 259 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV17).

³⁷⁹ "Their purpose was not to force the matter to court but to tarnish Caesar's image and raise public doubts about his integrity" (Erich S. Gruen, p. 292).

³⁸⁰ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 65 ("The Deified Julius," I.XLVII).

³⁸¹ Plutarch, *Lives*, pp. 650-51.

³⁸² See, e.g., Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 65 (I.40).

³⁸³ *Ibid.*, pp. 551-53 (VIII.24-25); italics mine.

³⁸⁴ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 33 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXV).

³⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 75 (I.44).

³⁸⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 152-53 (III.10).

³⁸⁷ Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 521 (VIII.3).

³⁸⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 321 (VI.4).

³⁸⁹ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 56 (I.39). Caesar will be preoccupied then with destroying Pompey—a perfect time for Gaul to rise up. Gaul does not. Has he so well crushed and intimidated everybody, then? Or had some Gauls begun by then to find advantage in supping at Caesar's munificent table? Where did the munificence come from? From Gallic loot, we're told. But his favorite Gauls must have gotten some of it.

³⁹⁰ See Maine, esp. pp. 79-87.

³⁹¹ Meier, p. 258.

³⁹² Appian, vol. III, p. 395 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XIII.91).

³⁹³ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 49 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXXV).

³⁹⁴ Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 43 (I.28).

³⁹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 85 (I.53).

³⁹⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 107-09 (II.12-14).

³⁹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 131 (II.32).

³⁹⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 132-33 (II.33).

³⁹⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 151 (III.10), 161 (III.16). See also Meier, p. 275.

⁴⁰⁰ Caesar, *Gallic War*, pp. 195-99 (IV.13-15). See also Meier, p. 278.

⁴⁰¹ Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 217 (IV.27).

⁴⁰² *Ibid.*, p. 225 (IV.36).

⁴⁰³ *Ibid.*, p. 227 (IV.38).

⁴⁰⁴ *Loc. cit.* There are innumerable such affairs in the *Gallic Wars*, most of which I have not listed here.

⁴⁰⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 261 (V.21).

⁴⁰⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 377 (VI.44).

⁴⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 395 (VII.11).

⁴⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 395-96 (*loc. cit.*).

⁴⁰⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 421 (VII.28).

⁴¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 397-99 (VII.12-13).

⁴¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 437-39 (VII.39-41).

⁴¹² *Ibid.*, pp. 509-11 (VII.89).

⁴¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 549 (VIII.22).

⁴¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 559 (VIII.29).

⁴¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 567 (VIII.38).

⁴¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 575 (VIII.44). See also Meier, p. 329.

⁴¹⁷ Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 583 (VIII.49).

⁴¹⁸ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 544.

⁴¹⁹ Plutarch (North), p. 1,199 (Pompey).

⁴²⁰ Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 317 (VI.1).

⁴²¹ Appian, vol. III, p. 259 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV17). A comparable passage is to be found in Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 31 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXIII). Even Cicero sells himself—to Pompey, "because he had done so much for me; with the other [Caesar], because he was so powerful... For my idea was this: Allied with Pompey, I should never have to be guilty of political impropriety; and, siding with Caesar, I should not have to fight with Pompey" (Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 5; VII.1).

⁴²² In any case, the Civil War will supervene;

Caesar won't hold the games until he's dictator, eight years after his daughter's death.

⁴²³ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 37 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXVII).

⁴²⁴ Aulus Hirtius, who wrote Book VIII of the *Gallic War*, p. 589 (VIII.53).

⁴²⁵ Appian, vol. III, p. 275 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.25).

⁴²⁶ So runs one version. Another claims that their alliance endures even yet, that Caesar never objected to Pompey's being sole consul, trusting that the latter would continue to protect him; and that the return of the two legions was something which Pompey's enemies forced upon him, the alternative being an open acknowledgment of the pact with Caesar (Erich S. Gruen, p. 452).

⁴²⁷ Appian, vol. III, p. 275 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.26). Marcellus, we are told, was also uneasy about Caesar's personal foreign alliances (Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 39; "The Deified Julius," I.XXVIII).

⁴²⁸ See Cicero, *Political Speeches*, p. 291 ("In Support of Marcus Claudius Marcellus"). At the time of the beating, however, Cicero admitted that Marcellus's action was disgraceful (*Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 363; V.11).

⁴²⁹ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 43 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXX).

⁴³⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 41 (I.XXIX).

⁴³¹ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 555. Caesar himself utters the remark in Appian, vol. III, p. 275 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.26). From a programmatic point of view we can thus find in the Roman Civil War all three of Hobbes's three causes of strife: (i) lust for gain, based on competition; and the proactive and reactive drives toward (ii) safety and (iii) security, respectively, which are based on "diffidence," and quarrels of honor (op. cit., p. 185; I.13).

⁴³² Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 591 (VIII.55).

⁴³³ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 395 (V.20).

⁴³⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 477 (VI.8).

⁴³⁵ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 35 (VII.5).

⁴³⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 51 (VII.9).

⁴³⁷ Here I follow the analysis of Erich S. Gruen, pp. 470-77, pp. 482-83. Curio argues vehemently against ending Caesar's command in

Gaul without a quid pro quo from Pompey. Simultaneously he attacks Pompey, who has finally been trapped into promising that Caesar's command *will* end. In a tribute to the late three-headed monster, however, he proposes to give Caesar just a little longer. And now, by a brilliant stroke of demagoguery, Curio prestidigitates this into its opposite: a threat to Caesar. He explains to the multitude Pompey has set a deadline, however generous; and any deadline implies compulsion. The Senate, which fears war more than anything, now votes against that deadline—making Pompey appear to be the aggressor.

⁴³⁸ Appian, vol. III, p. 277 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.27) advances this thesis, having admitted that Curio had heretofore been Caesar's foe. He fell into debt, the historian goes on, from whose pressure Caesar relieved him.

⁴³⁹ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 33 (VII.4).

⁴⁴⁰ Appian, op. cit., pp. 286-87 (II.IV.31).

⁴⁴¹ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 43 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXX).

⁴⁴² Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 47 (VII.8).

⁴⁴³ *Ibid.*, p. 199 (IX.6). And (if Caesar's own account can be believed) so does Cato: "Pompey had undertaken an unnecessary war when everything was in a state of total unreadiness" (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 51; I.30).

⁴⁴⁴ Appian, vol. III, p. 285 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.30).

⁴⁴⁵ See, e.g., *Gallic War*, p. 531 (VIII.10).

⁴⁴⁶ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 38.

⁴⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 39.

⁴⁴⁸ For example, Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 85 (I.52).

⁴⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 125 (II.27).

⁴⁵⁰ See above, "Defense of Honor."

⁴⁵¹ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 89 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXVIII).

⁴⁵² Appian, vol. III, p. 339 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IX.61).

⁴⁵³ *Ibid.*, p. 349 (II.X.66).

⁴⁵⁴ As Meier reminds us, "Caesar's command had run its term, while Pompey's was due to last several more years . . . to shorten Pompey's would be to dishonor him" (p. 338).

⁴⁵⁵ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 41.

⁴⁵⁶ Plutarch (North), p. 1,228 (Pompey).

⁴⁵⁷ Aquinas, p. 578. Of course this limitation is necessary but not sufficient. The leader who holds his power by the most legitimate means may nonetheless uphold illegitimate war aims, as did Kaiser Wilhelm in World War I. Likewise, Lieutenant Calley was Private Meadlo's legitimate commander. I accordingly reserve my right to desert, to fight for neither Caesar nor Pompey.

⁴⁵⁸ His first condition, actually. Aquinas's second condition for a just war is a just *cause*—which he unfortunately fails to define, but the implication seems to be *retaliation for violence, greed or insult offered*—at any rate, he here parts company with Caesar's expressed war aim, which, as we have repeatedly seen, is defense of honor. That could be interpreted as retaliation for insult offered, I suppose. Is that good enough? I fear not.

⁴⁵⁹ The United Nations disagrees: one of its criteria for legitimacy on the part of a combatant, including a guerrilla soldier, is that he is or has a formal commander.

⁴⁶⁰ William Pultney, speech to the House of Commons, 1732, reproduced in "Brutus," VII, *New York Journal*, January 10, 1788; in Bailyn, vol. 1, p. 735.

⁴⁶¹ A photograph of his statue is reproduced in Meier, plate 8.

⁴⁶² We already addressed it in the context of class (above, "Defense of Class.").

⁴⁶³ Appian, vol. III, p. 323 (*The Civil Wars*, II.VIII.51).

⁴⁶⁴ *Ibid*, p. 327 (VIII.53).

⁴⁶⁵ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 23 (VII.3).

⁴⁶⁶ Hornblower and Spawforth, p. 1,217.

⁴⁶⁷ Tacitus, p. 133.

⁴⁶⁸ Appian, vol. III, p. 469 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XVIII.130). Italics mine.

⁴⁶⁹ "Punishment," below.

⁴⁷⁰ Lucan, p. 8 (I.204-6).

⁴⁷¹ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 49 (I.25).

⁴⁷² Appian, vol. III, p. 295 (*The Civil Wars*, II.V.36).

⁴⁷³ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 760.

⁴⁷⁴ *Ibid*, p. 656.

⁴⁷⁵ We might compare his act with the decision of Themistocles during the Greco-

Persian war, and of Pericles during the Peloponnesian, to abandon the countryside in advance to the enemy's ravishers—"a strategic deed," says Delbrück, "that can be compared favorably with any victory" (p. 137).

⁴⁷⁶ Caesar, *op. cit.*, p. 52 (I.32).

⁴⁷⁷ Appian, vol. III, p. 303 (*The Civil Wars*, II.VI.41).

⁴⁷⁸ Caesar, *loc. cit.*

⁴⁷⁹ Appian, *op. cit.*, p. 109 (I.VII.58).

⁴⁸⁰ Outlawed.

⁴⁸¹ Caesar, *loc. cit.*

⁴⁸² We have already noted that the dictatorship was a traditional Roman office created as needed by martial events.

⁴⁸³ *Ibid*, p. 106 (III.1).

⁴⁸⁴ Delbrück, p. 516.

⁴⁸⁵ Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 93 (II.3).

⁴⁸⁶ *Ibid*, p. 507 (VII.88).

⁴⁸⁷ Delbrück, p. 520.

⁴⁸⁸ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 71 (I.72). There is no reason not to believe that during the Civil War Caesar had actually felt the necessity to *command* mercy upon his unwilling troops (cf. *ibid*, p. 86; II.13). One suspects that he was inclined to restrain his legionnaires' cruelty and lust only when it was very important politically to do so—which, in the Civil War, was most of the time, the storming of Gomphi being an exception of urgent necessity (cf. p. 239; African War, 54). This gives him all the more credit, to be sure, but from time to time the masklike prose of his account lets in unintentional light, and we see someone almost monstrous. About his pardon of the vanquished Pompeian legions in Spain he complacently writes, "The troops, of course, were delighted that, instead of the punishment they expected *and deserved*, they should actually be granted, without asking, the reward of a free discharge" (*ibid*, p. 78; I.86; italics mine). Why did they deserve any punishment for following their legitimate commanders?

⁴⁸⁹ His maxim is the same as Jefferson's in 1812: Better to conquer with hunger than with iron (see above, "Defense of Authority.").

⁴⁹⁰ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 70.

⁴⁹¹ *Ibid*, p. 78.

⁴⁹² Delbrück, p. 565.

- ⁴⁹³ Julian the Apostate, however, caustically declares that it was not Caesar's strategy that won him the Civil War, but Pompey's mistakes (vol. ii, p. 385; "The Caesars").
- ⁴⁹⁴ Napoleon, *Maxims*, LXXVII, LXVIII (p. 82).
- ⁴⁹⁵ Appian, vol. III, p. 395 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XIII.91).
- ⁴⁹⁶ Tacitus, p. 133.
- ⁴⁹⁷ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 659.
- ⁴⁹⁸ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 131.
- ⁴⁹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 147.
- ⁵⁰⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 224 (*The African War*, written by another hand).
- ⁵⁰¹ Copied in Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, pp. 311-13 (X.8b).
- ⁵⁰² *Ibid.*, p. 129 (VIII.9).
- ⁵⁰³ *Ibid.*, pp. 265-67 (IX.18).
- ⁵⁰⁴ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 189 (IX.4).
- ⁵⁰⁵ See, e.g., Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 93 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXII).
- ⁵⁰⁶ Compare this with Solon's law "which disenfranchises all who stand neuter in a sedition" (Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 147; Solon).
- ⁵⁰⁷ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 97 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXV).
- ⁵⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 87-89 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXVII).
- ⁵⁰⁹ See "Defense of Authority."
- ⁵¹⁰ Appian, vol. III, pp. 315-17 (*The Civil Wars*, II.VII.47).
- ⁵¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 345 (II.X.63).
- ⁵¹² *Ibid.*, pp. 397-401 (II.XIII.92-94).
- ⁵¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 413 (II.XIV.100).
- ⁵¹⁴ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 97 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXV).
- ⁵¹⁵ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 110 (III.10).
- ⁵¹⁶ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 173 (VIII.16).
- ⁵¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 161 (VIII.13).
- ⁵¹⁸ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 205 (AW.70). For further discussion of this quotation, see above, "Defense of Homeland."
- ⁵¹⁹ Meier, p. 374.
- ⁵²⁰ Plutarch (North), vol. 2, p. 1,453.
- ⁵²¹ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 173 (VIII.16).
- ⁵²² *Ibid.*, p. 127 (VIII.9).
- ⁵²³ Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 27 (I.17).
- ⁵²⁴ Who was a master of affectionate domination, especially with the captive Montezuma. See below, "Defense of Ground."
- ⁵²⁵ Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 33 (I.20).
- ⁵²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 243 (V.7).
- ⁵²⁷ Lucan, p. 35 (II.517-21). Simultaneously the poet insists that Caesar "would rather smash the city-gates / then enter them wide open" (p. 33; II.443-44).
- ⁵²⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 148 (VII.730-31).
- ⁵²⁹ Suetonius, op. cit., p. 75 (I.LIV).
- ⁵³⁰ Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 34-47 (I.16-23); Appian, vol. 3, p. 297 (II.38).
- ⁵³¹ Caesar, op. cit., p. 50 (I.28).
- ⁵³² *Ibid.*, p. 52 (I.32-38).
- ⁵³³ *Ibid.*, p. 86 (I.112-13).
- ⁵³⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 87, 92 (I.14, II.22).
- ⁵³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 71 (I. 72); Appian, vol. 3, p. 307 (II.43).
- ⁵³⁶ Caesar, op. cit., pp. 77-79 (I.85-87); Appian, loc. cit.
- ⁵³⁷ Caesar, op. cit., p. 91 (II.21).
- ⁵³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 94 (II.25).
- ⁵³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 111 (III.2); Appian, op. cit., p. 329 (II.54-55).
- ⁵⁴⁰ Caesar, op. cit., p. 112 (III.12).
- ⁵⁴¹ *Ibid.*, p. 120 (III.27).
- ⁵⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 125 (III.38).
- ⁵⁴³ *Ibid.*, p. 146 (III.80); Appian, op. cit., p. 347 (II.64).
- ⁵⁴⁴ Caesar, p. 155 (III.98); Meier, p. 398; Appian, op. cit., p. 375 (II.80).
- ⁵⁴⁵ Caesar, op. cit., p. 163 (C.W.III.112), 176 (Alex. War, 19) 186 (Alex. War, 33).
- ⁵⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 190 (Alex. War, 42).
- ⁵⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 191 (Alex. War, 43).
- ⁵⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 194 (Alex. War, 48-49).
- ⁵⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 204-05 (Alex. War, 68).
- ⁵⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 206 (Alex. War, 70).
- ⁵⁵¹ *Ibid.*, p. 224 (African War, 25).
- ⁵⁵² *Ibid.*, p. 245 (African War, 64).
- ⁵⁵³ *Ibid.*, pp. 255-56 (African War, 85).
- ⁵⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 258-59 (African War, 88-90).
- ⁵⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 260-61 (African War, 92-97).
- ⁵⁵⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 261 (African War, 96).
- ⁵⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 262 (African War, 97).
- ⁵⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 270-1 (Span. War, 12-13).
- ⁵⁵⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 274 (Span. War, 18).
- ⁵⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 274-75 (Span. War, 19).
- ⁵⁶¹ *Ibid.*, p. 275 (Span. War, 20).

⁵⁶² Caesar, op. cit., p. 105 (II.44); Appian, op. cit., p. 313 (II.46).

⁵⁶³ Caesar, op. cit., p. 109 (III.8).

⁵⁶⁴ Ibid, pp. 112-13 (III.14).

⁵⁶⁵ Ibid, p. 141 (III.71).

⁵⁶⁶ Ibid, pp. 226-27 (African War, 28).

⁵⁶⁷ Ibid, p. 250 (African War, 74).

⁵⁶⁸ Ibid, p. 265 (Span. War, 1).

⁵⁶⁹ Ibid, p. 272 (Span. War, 15).

⁵⁷⁰ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 672.

⁵⁷¹ Or Pharsalus, or Pharsalia, depending on how one wants to transliterate it.

⁵⁷² Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 662.

⁵⁷³ Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 106-07 (III.2).

⁵⁷⁴ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 95 (VII.26).

⁵⁷⁵ See diagram, above, "Defense of Honor," vol. 2, p. 32. A cohort was the basic tactical subdivision of a Roman legion. It consisted of 600 men, or three *maniples* (see Glossary). Delbrück notes that it was the approximate equivalent of a modern battalion.

⁵⁷⁶ An echelon was a cohesive subgroup within a Roman legion. Cohorts could be "stacked" so that while the front echelons were fighting, the rear echelons could be held in reserve, turn around to fight envelopers or execute their own flanking movements. There were often three echelons, based on preexisting divisions within an army.

⁵⁷⁷ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 665.

⁵⁷⁸ Delbrück, p. 542.

⁵⁷⁹ Appian, vol. III, p. 361 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XI.72).

⁵⁸⁰ Ibid, p. 363 (II.XI.73).

⁵⁸¹ "He announced to the Romans by herald that they merited death, but nevertheless he would pardon them. The others he shot down to the last man, but their wives and children he allowed to go unharmed" (ibid, p. 173; I.X.94).

⁵⁸² Ibid, p. 365 (II.XI.74).

⁵⁸³ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 97 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXV).

⁵⁸⁴ Seneca, vol. 1, p. 217 ("On Anger," II.XXIII.4).

⁵⁸⁵ But he does not punish all the murderers—expedient mercy again? And when his troops kill one of Pompey's two sons, both of whom continue in arms against him, he'll permit that

head to be exhibited in the town of Hispalis (Caesar, *Civil War*, p. 286; Spanish War, 40).

⁵⁸⁶ The portrait is less bravely drawn in *The Alexandrian War* (Caesar, *Civil War*, p. 178; Alex. War, 21).

⁵⁸⁷ "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 119 (Agesilaus).

⁵⁸⁸ Grant, however, claims that most of the library was not burnt (*Cleopatra*, p. 71).

⁵⁸⁹ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 204 (Alex. War, 66).

⁵⁹⁰ Appian, vol. III, p. 415 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XV.102).

⁵⁹¹ Delbrück, p. 561.

⁵⁹² Meier, p. 424.

⁵⁹³ Delbrück, p. 557.

⁵⁹⁴ Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 255-56 (Alex. War, 85).

⁵⁹⁵ Appian, vol. III, p. 419 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XV.104).

⁵⁹⁶ For a depiction of these, see Tarassuk and Blair, p. 39 ("Roman armor").

⁵⁹⁷ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 53 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXXVIII).

⁵⁹⁸ Appian, vol. III, p. 423 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XVI.106).

⁵⁹⁹ Loc. cit.

⁶⁰⁰ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 73 (XII.36).

⁶⁰¹ Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 159-60 (III.105).

⁶⁰² Appian, loc. cit.

⁶⁰³ _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 92 (document 111, letter of Caesar and decree of the Senate on Mytilenean Relations, 45 B.C.).

⁶⁰⁴ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 671. In Meier's inimitable words, "the dictator and demigod, exalted above all the rest ... was able to enter into a special relationship with his society, one of mutual repulsion" (op. cit., p. 434). Exemplifying a dissenting view, the historian Michael Grant, who at the end of his consideration of the first dozen Caesars concludes that imperial Rome was a personal achievement, a projection of each ruler at least as much as of any existing state apparatus (which of course was negligible by modern standards), added that "the most able of them, whatever their personal peculiarities, changed the course of history for the better"

(*The Twelve Caesars*, p. 260). In "the most able" he seems to include Julius Caesar.

⁶⁰⁵ Suetonius, vol. 1, pp. 55-61 ("The Deified Julius," I.XL-XLIV).

⁶⁰⁶ Wells, vol. 1, p. 396.

⁶⁰⁷ _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, pp. 93-97 (document 113, letter of Caesar on municipalities, 44 B.C.).

⁶⁰⁸ Later scholars have emphasized the extent to which he sets out to rationalize and standardize the Roman system, "in the ... spirit of loyalty to tradition." See, e.g., Sherwin-White, p. 171. "In Italy Julius was not an innovator, but completed the work left by others" (loc. cit.).

⁶⁰⁹ _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 97 (document 114, charter of Urso, 44 B.C.).

⁶¹⁰ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p.121 (XIII.7).

⁶¹¹ Appian, vol. III, p. 429 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XVI.110).

⁶¹² Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 197 (XIII.44).

⁶¹³ Appian, loc. cit.

⁶¹⁴ Plutarch, *Lives*, pp. 672-73; Appian, loc. cit.

⁶¹⁵ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 163 (XIII.27).

⁶¹⁶ Such, for instance, was what sent Solzhenitsyn to a labor camp.

⁶¹⁷ See, e.g., *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 167 (XIII.28).

⁶¹⁸ *Ibid*, p. 191 (XIII.40).

⁶¹⁹ *Ibid*, p. 185 (XIII.37).

⁶²⁰ Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, p. 143.

⁶²¹ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, pp. 213-15 (XIII.52).

⁶²² Julian, vol. ii, p. 403 ("The Caesars").

⁶²³ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 99 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXV).

⁶²⁴ Seneca, vol. 1, p. 331 ("On Anger," III.XXX.4).

⁶²⁵ Maine remarks in another context: "We have abundant proof that, there being substantially but two professions in the Roman republic, the military men were generally identified with the party of movement, but the lawyers were universally at the head of the party of resistance" (p. 45).

⁶²⁶ Cicero, *Political Speeches*, p. 285 ("In Support of Marcus Claudius Marcellus," 46 B.C.).

⁶²⁷ *Ibid*, p. 291 ("In Support of Marcus Claudius Marcellus").

⁶²⁸ Appian, vol. III, p. 481 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XIX.137).

⁶²⁹ Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 115 (III.18).

⁶³⁰ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 85 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXII).

⁶³¹ Appian, op. cit, pp. 435-37 (III.II.113).

⁶³² Appian, vol. III, p. 491 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XX.143), p. 499 (XX.146).

⁶³³ *Ibid*, p. 445 (II.XVI.117).

⁶³⁴ Cicero, *Political Speeches*, p. 301 ("The First Philippic Against Marcus Antonius", 44 B.C.).

⁶³⁵ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 201 (IXX.7).

⁶³⁶ *Ibid*, vol. 3, p. 219 (XIV.2).

⁶³⁷ Tacitus, p. 37.

⁶³⁸ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 235 (XIV.10). In Montesquieu's formulation, "No people were as easily moved by public spectacles as the Romans ... Caesar's bloody garment flung Rome again into slavery" (p. 79; XI.16).

⁶³⁹ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 119 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXXVIII).

⁶⁴⁰ Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 289 (XIV.22).

⁶⁴¹ Cicero, *Political Speeches*, p. 316 ("The First Philippic Against Marcus Antonius").

⁶⁴² Appian, vol. III, p. 567 (*The Civil Wars*, III.III.26).

⁶⁴³ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 139 ("The Deified Augustus," II.XIII).

⁶⁴⁴ *Ibid*, vol. 2, p. 189 (IX.4).

⁶⁴⁵ _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, pp. 105-6 (document 119, edict of the triumvirs on proscription, 43 B.C.).

⁶⁴⁶ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 163 ("The Deified Augustus," II.XXVII).

⁶⁴⁷ Ovid, vol. 2, pp. 417-19 (XV.750-51).

⁶⁴⁸ Moatti, p. 131 (illustration, "a statue of Mussolini as Augustus").

⁶⁴⁹ Wells, vol. 1, pp. 398-99.

⁶⁵⁰ Suetonius, p. 165 (II.XXVIII).

⁶⁵¹ Carus, p. 117 (parable of the patient elephant).

⁶⁵² Copied in Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 213 (IX.7c).

⁶⁵³ Guevara, pp. 64-65.

⁶⁵⁴ *Ibid*, p. 75.

⁶⁵⁵ Bergerud, pp. 407-408.

⁶⁵⁶ Rousseau, p. 14 ("The Social Contract").

⁶⁵⁷ Polybius, *Histories*, 5.11.3-6; quoted in Sage, p. 120, no. 175.

⁶⁵⁸ *The Methods of the Ssu-Ma*, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 126.

⁶⁵⁹ Montesquieu, p. 62 (X.3).

⁶⁶⁰ Major Dennis J. Popp, *Night Fighter's Handbook* (Boulder, Colorado: Paladin Press, 1986), p. 41.

⁶⁶¹ Segur, vol. 1, p. 164.

⁶⁶² Clausewitz, p. 345.

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

¹ Bakunin, p. 139.

² Franklin, p. 904 (Philadelphia, July 5, 1775).

³ Cook and Cook, p. 174.

⁴ When I wrote this, I was sitting in a café in Paris, where coffee in little white cups made divine placeholders for discourse all around me. In Thailand or Malaysia, coffee is served more like water. The hot humid days relax social relations; people aren't as animated. But coffee still emblemizes homeland for me. In Thailand I remember seeing in a market a girl in a blue denim shirt, slowly and most joyously taking handfuls of coffee beans from an immense burlap sack, putting them in plastic bags and weighing them. She squats beneath hanging bundles of noodles like sausages. Around her, men are wheeling dollies down the insect-swarmed concrete, watched by smiling ladies whose green dresses resemble boa constrictors. The smell of coffee enlightens everything. This is Thailand, nowhere else. This is homeland.

⁵ Some examples: In wartime Serbia I've seen a leather boutique displaying nothing but pistol holsters. In Indonesia, a full-window display of tampons and sanitary napkins. In France (never in India!), smoked carcasses in the butcher's window. In Mexico, rolls of tanned goatskins tightly stacked; to see what one really looks like, you must persuade a clerk. In Thailand, the King's portrait everywhere.

⁶ *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 129 (Antalcidas).

⁷ Moral calculus, 5.2.G.2.

⁸ Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 4. The justifications of

patriotism as such fall into the category of honor's self-defense, and have been considered there (above, "Defense of Honor").

⁹ Bakunin, p. 235.

¹⁰ Mishima, *Death in Midsummer*, p. 102 ("Patriotism").

¹¹ *Ibid*, p. 104.

¹² See above, "Defense of War Aims."

¹³ "Patriotism can only be a crime among oppressor peoples because then it will be exploitation baptized with a beautiful name, but however perfect humanity [may become], patriotism will always be a virtue among oppressed peoples because it will signify at all times love for justice, for freedom, even for dignity" (Rizal, p. 101).

¹⁴ Berkman, p. 429.

¹⁵ "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 152 (Pausanias son of Cleomrotus).

¹⁶ Hitler, p. 474.

¹⁷ *Inscriptiones Graecae*, in Fornara, p. 25, item no. 21 ("about 600 or 480 B.C.").

¹⁸ Chanoff and Doan, p. 5 (testimony of Xuan Vu).

¹⁹ Homeland is authority; homeland is race and culture; homeland is ground. One of the many insoluble difficulties of the project called *Rising Up and Rising Down* is that excuses for violence overlap and clash: the homeland of a cosmopolitan parliamentarian might include every legal citizen within a certain zone, while the homeland of a racist might exclude people of a certain origin and include territory under some foreign authority's sovereignty.

²⁰ Saint-Exupéry, p. 120.

²¹ See above, "Defense of War Aims."

²² Kuznetsov, p. 106.

²³ See above, "Defense of Honor."

²⁴ Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 44.

²⁵ Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, p. 272 (my retranslation of the French translation).

²⁶ *Walden*, "Where I Lived and What I Lived For."

²⁷ One Viet Cong, remembering how at the end of World War II he saw his countrymen beating and lynching Frenchmen, wrote: "This wasn't the patriotism I wanted, this brutal flailing out at some innocent stranger"

(Truong, p. 8).

²⁸ "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 114 (Agesilaus). Back to the centrist conception of homeland: North American imperialists attack Cuba, but Castro addresses the crowds: "This little island will always be a revolutionary wall of granite and against it all conspiracies, all intrigues, and all aggression will be smashed" (Castro, p. 163; speech: "Our people have no other path to liberation than that of armed struggle," delivered at the Chaplin Theater, April 19, 1967, "Year of Heroic Viet Nam"). This sounds entirely defensive, but Castro is busy encouraging revolution throughout Latin America.

²⁹ Moral calculus, 1.3.7. Unjustified by the fundamental rights of the self (5.1.1-3, 5.1.8).

³⁰ The patriot often insists on his license because he has occult knowledge of what is needed—occult to us because the patriot has "classified" it. This is true mainly of the military patriot, though various other species, such as the Cassandra who calls on us to turn our wildernesses into oil reservoirs, in order that we can run our lawn mowers in spite of the treacherous Arabs, or the panel of engineers who award a nuclear plant on a fault line a safety certificate and three gold stars, also require us to have faith in the specialist.

³¹ Rothwell, p. 6.

³² *Ibid*, p. 15.

³³ Or, as the writer puts it (p. 16), "the known temper of [King] Ketchwayo rendered the acceptance of the terms of the ultimatum more than doubtful."

³⁴ *Ibid*, p. 16.

³⁵ *Ibid*, p. 13.

³⁶ Walter, p. 112.

³⁷ *Ibid*, p. 139. Entered into the "Maxims for Murderers" section of the moral calculus, 1.3.11.

³⁸ Rothwell, p. 136.

³⁹ Stephen Owen, p. 264 (Wang Can [177-217 A.D.], "With the Army," V). This is why so many political scientists consider an obvious truism the axiom that "the supreme power of a political entity is vested primarily in its sovereign right to conduct an independent foreign policy" (Kann, p. 32).

⁴⁰ Ortiz, pp. 16-17 (my trans.).

⁴¹ See below, "The War Never Came Here."

⁴² Micah 1:6-7.

⁴³ Thucydides (Strassler), Book Five, pp. 351-52.

⁴⁴ *Ibid*, p. 357.

⁴⁵ Seneca, vol. 1, p. 177 ("On Anger," II.V.4).

⁴⁶ Polybius, *The Histories*, excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 117-18.

⁴⁷ *The Soviet Way of Life*, p. 451.

⁴⁸ Truong, p. 15.

⁴⁹ Luther, p. 398 ("Secular Authority: To What Extent It Should Be Obeyed").

⁵⁰ Under the command of Varro.

⁵¹ Woman's veil.

⁵² Vollmann, *op. cit.*, pp. 189-205.

⁵³ Center for International and Strategic Affairs, pp. 18 (Valenta), 36-37 (Aspaturian), 39 (Brezhnev, quoted in Aspaturian), 58-59 (Dallin).

⁵⁴ *Ibid*, p. 18 (Valenta), p. 62 (Dallin).

⁵⁵ Alexander Serafimovich, "My Meetings with Lenin," in *Lenin in Profile*, p. 88.

⁵⁶ Dupree (p. 777) advances this theory. The Center for International and Strategic Affairs is not so sure.

⁵⁷ Borovik, pp. 4-5.

⁵⁸ Dupree, pp. 777-78. "If Afghanistan is the Rhineland of the early 1980s, will Pakistan and Iran be its Austria and Sudetenland?"

⁵⁹ Center for International and Strategic Affairs, p. 33 (Aspaturian). "And in immediate risks, costs and benefits, the Afghanistan invasion must be judged as cautious and prudent, conservative and nonadventurous" (*loc. cit.*). See also pp. 60-61 (Dallin).

⁶⁰ *Ibid*, p. 33 (Aspaturian).

⁶¹ *Ibid*, p. 19 (Valenta).

⁶² *Ibid*, p. 19 (Valenta).

⁶³ *Ibid*, p. 19 (Valenta). Dupree (p. 778) does not think the Soviets needed another warm water port.

⁶⁴ *Ibid*, p. 62 (Dallin). Cf. Borovik, p. 229. This motive is one explanation for the fact that Montezuma carried out punitive wars against people he could have subjugated (Gómara, p. 122).

⁶⁵ Borovik, p. 7.

⁶⁶ *Ibid*, p. 7. For his accounts of Soviet atrocities, in addition to the account of Col.

Antonenko detailed above ("Defense of War Aims"), see pp. 129-30 (murder), 176 (murder), 183-85 (rape-murder), 197 (bombing of civilian targets for reasons of "professional pride."

⁶⁷ The case of Afghanistan is considered more at length in my memoir, *An Afghanistan Picture Show*. That book deals with the ethics and problems of setting out to be of service to others, and should be considered a companion volume to this one.

⁶⁸ Borovik, pp. 215, 236. This is a Soviet estimate. Real casualties were probably much higher.

⁶⁹ One Pakistani defense minister told me in 1982 that the head of the state could call a jihad at any time, and "everyone will go along. If we have guns, that is fine. If we have only our hands, that is fine. But Pakistani minorities, religious minorities, will not be allowed to participate." V. I. Varennikov, commander of the Soviet Fortieth Army in Afghanistan, admitted to the journalist Borovik that most Afghans were against the occupation (op. cit., p. 249). "The Afghan Resistance is not an army but rather a people in arms. Its strengths and weaknesses are those of Afghan society. While national in scope, it is religious in content: Islam has provided legitimacy and a unifying ideology, enabling deep divisions between groups and individuals to be transcended. The Resistance is organic; it grew rather than was created, unlike movements such as the Viet Minh. The basic composition of the Resistance, of independent villages or strongholds as well as the nature of Afghan life and society, made it self-sufficient compared with other insurgencies... There is no Afghan equivalent of Mao, Ho Chi Minh, or Kim Il Sung, matching theory and direction with fighting" (Isby, p. 93).

⁷⁰ Moral calculus, 5.2.G.1.

⁷¹ A very common case. For instance, an adventurer in the Amazon reports in 1911: "It is true that the Mangeroma [Indian]s lay in ambush for their enemy and killed them ... but the odds were against the Indians, not only because the *caboclos* were attacking them in greater numbers, but because they came with modern, repeating fire-arms against the hand weapons

of the Mangeromas. Those marauders, too, came with murder and girl-robbery in their black hearts, while the Mangeromas were defending their homes and families." In other words, this is legitimate defense of homeland against disproportionate and indiscriminating imminence. The explorer goes on: "But it is true that after the battle, so bravely fought, the Indians cut off the hands and feet of their enemies, dead or dying, and carried them home" (Lange, p. 388).

⁷² Anjillah also appears in my book *An Afghanistan Picture Show*.

⁷³ Honor killings are discussed at some length above, in "Defense of Honor."

⁷⁴ It partook to a significant degree of the features of legitimate preexisting authority as defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

⁷⁵ Proportionality applies. See above, "Defense of War Aims," moral calculus, 5.2.f. 2nd. Lim.

⁷⁶ See above, "Means and Ends." About World War I, Trotsky, so results-oriented except when he judges his own handiwork, cries: "It is our turn to ask: Did the war justify itself? What has it given us? What has it taught?" (*History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 3, p. 348).—I take it from the syntax that the first question may be broken down into the second and third. Trotsky is speaking not about war aims but about war consequences.—Well, then what were the consequences of World War I, from Trotsky's point of view?—The collapse of Tsarist authority, the temporary loss of huge territories to Germany, and the murder of millions. It is to those millions that Trotsky is referring. On the subject of the cession of territories, as we have seen in our portrait of him, he would do well to be silent, since, after momentarily adhering to his policy of "no war, no peace," he agreed to accept Lenin's decision to sign over those territories at Brest-Litovsk. This measure was absolutely demanded by the compulsion of superior enemy force. It was not in any way pleasant. But thanks to the loan of that land to the Kaiser, and the end of Tsardom, the Bolsheviks succeeded in making their revolution. Trotsky, who thinks he has proved without a doubt that this conflict was simply

another variant of the usual class war, ought to be more grateful. —But this is all irrelevant. Were he to act more grateful, Trotsky would be displaying “end-justifies-the-means”-ism—in other words, Clausewitzianism. If the result of my murdering you is that I am enriched, does that justify me? We must reject war consequences as any determinant of war justifiability. The expediency of what Lieutenant Calley did has no bearing on its status as a war crime.

⁷⁷ Moral calculus, 5.2.G.2, corollary.

⁷⁸ As you see, he uses different numbers than I do.

⁷⁹ Howard Williams to author, November 10, 1996.

⁸⁰ Thucydides (Strassler), Book Three, p. 187.

⁸¹ Ragueneau, pp. 33-34.

⁸² Ibid, p. 115.

⁸³ Ibid, p. 118.

⁸⁴ Clausewitz, p. 396.

⁸⁵ *Maxims*, VI, p. 57.

⁸⁶ Clausewitz, p. 78.

⁸⁷ Ibid, p. 84.

⁸⁸ Rountree, pp. 12-21.

⁸⁹ For this insight I am indebted to Song Young-dae, Former Vice Minister of National Unification, “How to Respond to North Korean Provocations” (subsection “Tactics of the Weak Against the Strong”), in *Korea Focus*, vol. 4, no. 6 (November-December 1996), pp. 8-9.

⁹⁰ Ibid, p. 11.

⁹¹ Moral calculus, 5.2.G.

⁹² Based on the rights of the self (moral calculus, 5.1.1-3, 5.1.8); the resulting rights of homeland are racial and cultural rights (5.2.D.1-5).

⁹³ As stated, this rule is very dangerous and subject to abuse. Hitler invoked it to murder Jews. But he did so falsely. The Jews did not threaten the “Aryans,” but in fact contributed to the German economy. No “negotiations” had taken place. But I believe that this rule is valid when its preconditions are literally true. The Aztec uprising against Cortes’s Spaniards in 1520 was justified defense of homeland because the Spaniards meant to enslave them, had massacred Aztec nobles in the marketplace, kidnapped their emperor and refused to

negotiate. This general question was discussed above in “Defense of Race and Culture,” and need not be followed up here.

⁹⁴ Moral calculus, 6.2.G.

⁹⁵ Discussed above in “Defense of War Aims.”

⁹⁶ See above, “Defense of Authority.”

⁹⁷ Hitler, p. 329.

⁹⁸ Ibid, p. 325.

⁹⁹ Address to his officers, May 23, 1939; quoted in Bullock, *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny*, p. 509. Hitler did not originate this doctrine. At the beginning of the century one finds that “there is a large school of thinkers in Germany who insist that all living is war, and that upon the continuance of this battle the healthy life of the community absolutely depends, in support of which assertion they cite the doctrine of evolution in its varied forms and phases. If this be true, a nation which expects to survive in this normal struggle for existence must not depend upon fighting its battles under what are really technical limitations” (Usher, pp. 89-90).

¹⁰⁰ Hitler’s assessment here was on the mark. H. G. Wells writes (vol. 1, p. 375) that Carthage’s “submission only increased the arrogance of Rome and the pitiless greed of the rich Equestrian order which swayed her councils.” In the end, the Carthaginians were commanded to abandon their city and move at least ten miles inland from their lifeway, the sea. We find Seneca (loc. cit.), jeering that Hannibal would have loved his blood-brimming trench even more had it been a scarlet lake or river, gloats that “a fortune will attend you that for twenty years will gratify your cruelty, and will everywhere supply to your eyes the welcome sight; you will see it at Trasumennus and at Cannae, and last of all at your own Carthage!”

¹⁰¹ *Mein Kampf* was published in 1924. However, this statement seems to reflect his views from as early as the end of World War I.

¹⁰² Speer, p. 237.

¹⁰³ Quoted in Clark, p. 25.

¹⁰⁴ Gandhi, p. 361 (“On Non-violence,” in *Young India*, December 31, 1931).

¹⁰⁵ Hitler, p. 12.

¹⁰⁶ For a portrait of Lincoln, see above, “Defense of Authority.”

- ¹⁰⁷ Terzic, p. 1.
- ¹⁰⁸ Shirer, *Rise and Fall*, p. 340.
- ¹⁰⁹ Speer, pp. 228.
- ¹¹⁰ In his book on Hindu-Muslim riots in India, Sudhir Kakar points out: "we all know that a stoking of persecutory fantasies is the stock in trade of all nations on the eve of any war and continues well into the duration of hostilities" (op. cit., p. 215).
- ¹¹¹ Hitler, p. 574 (italics in original).
- ¹¹² Quoted in Speer, p. 225.
- ¹¹³ Quoted in Clark, loc. cit.
- ¹¹⁴ Herodotus, Book Seven, pp. 448-49.
- ¹¹⁵ Thucydides (Strassler), p. 39.
- ¹¹⁶ Address to his generals, September 22, 1939; quoted in Bullock, *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny*, p. 527.
- ¹¹⁷ Watt, pp. 613-624.
- ¹¹⁸ Thucydides (Strassler), p. 40.
- ¹¹⁹ Moral calculus, 1.3.6.
- ¹²⁰ Below, vol. 4, "Deterrence, Retribution, and Revenge."
- ¹²¹ Cook and Cook, p. 401.
- ¹²² Ibid, p. 325 (testimony of Araki Shigeko).
- ¹²³ Georgi Zelma, "A defender of Stalingrad, 1942," in *Boot*, p. 45.
- ¹²⁴ Karpov, p. 44.
- ¹²⁵ Benno Wundshammer, "Hitler Youth members advance to engage the Red Army, March 1945," in *Boot*, p. 88.
- ¹²⁶ When a country enters a war, either by starting it or by being dragooned into it, the possibility of defeat can never be forgotten. As we have continually seen, whenever two parties confront one another violently, any and all of their preexisting relations may be subject to abrogation. The future is unknown. The housebreaker becomes an outlaw, and perhaps the householder will kill him. The belligerent nation also becomes an outlaw, subject to any penalty which the enemy can and will enforce, up to and including obliteration.
- ¹²⁷ This moral algebra can be expressed as follows:
Let defense of homeland = H
Other political-ethical variables = A-F
 Then: $H_1 + [A_1 + B_1 + C_1] = H_2 + [D_2 + E_2 + F_2]$
 Therefore: $A_1 + B_1 + C_1 = D_2 + E_2 + F_2$
 which at least simplifies the equation.
- ¹²⁸ Mandel, p. 46.
- ¹²⁹ Darrow, pp. 21-22.
- ¹³⁰ Preexisting legitimate authority is defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.
- ¹³¹ As discussed below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."
- ¹³² In other words, the Crocodile's Maxim is not entirely without justice. Even a soldier in an unjustly aggressive army is someone that violence "happens to"; he swims along at the bailiff's call, and with his fellow crocodiles sometimes encounters a crocodile-hunter. See below, "Defense of Ground."
- ¹³³ Hitler, p. 643.
- ¹³⁴ All three statistics from Kahn, p. 23.
- ¹³⁵ Fest, p. 94.
- ¹³⁶ Quoted in Fest, p. 91.
- ¹³⁷ Which are listed in the moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.
- ¹³⁸ Clausewitz, p. 133.
- ¹³⁹ Frontinus, *Strategems*, 1.5.21-22; in Yavetz, p. 93.
- ¹⁴⁰ Bohrmann, p. 382, plate 286 ("Der Kampf ist hart," 1943).
- ¹⁴¹ Ibid, p. 34, plate 298 ("Harte Zeit," 1944).
- ¹⁴² Ibid, p. 395, plate 299 ("Sieg oder bolschewistisches Chaos!", 1945).
- ¹⁴³ There were several Atossas, whom one may easily confuse. Our protagonist is Atossa the wife of Darius and the daughter of Cyrus. Darius's grandson Artaxerxes is supposed to have loved and married his own daughter Atossa (Plutarch, *Lives*, pp. 889-90).
- ¹⁴⁴ Above, vol. 2, "Defense of Honor."
- ¹⁴⁵ Herodotus, Book Three, p. 258. Robespierre believed that "war is always the first object of a powerful government which wishes to increase its power" (Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 160).
- ¹⁴⁶ Ibid, Book Five, p. 355.
- ¹⁴⁷ "Defense of Class," above.
- ¹⁴⁸ See above, "Defense of War Aims."
- ¹⁴⁹ One bronze shows a man carrying a water jar (Fitzhardinge, p. 99, plate 126).
- ¹⁵⁰ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 104 (Lycurgus).
- ¹⁵¹ Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 512.
- ¹⁵² Carlyle, *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*, p. 15.
- ¹⁵³ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 181.
- ¹⁵⁴ *Odyssey*, 9.39-42; in Sage, p. 17.

¹⁵⁵ Moral calculus, 1.2.4.

¹⁵⁶ Oath of Athenian ephebes, GHII no. 204 ("from the mid-330s on"), in Sage, p. 35.

¹⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 261.

¹⁵⁸ She herself, we learn, was but a tertiary political puppet.

¹⁵⁹ Herodotus, Book Three, p. 258.

¹⁶⁰ In one commentator's words, "there seems no reason to doubt that Darius intended the conquest of Greece and the Aegean. This should be seen in the context of the normal dynamic of expansion that had marked the reigns of his predecessors" (Sage, p. 83).

¹⁶¹ Herodotus, Book One, p. 85.

¹⁶² See above, "Defense of Class."

¹⁶³ Herodotus, Book One, p. 100.

¹⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 103.

¹⁶⁵ Whose notion of retributive justice (as filtered through Herodotus) we will examine in the chapter on punishment.

¹⁶⁶ Herodotus, Book Three, pp. 214-19.

¹⁶⁷ Hornblower and Spawforth, p. 282.

¹⁶⁸ Moral calculus, 1.2.6.

¹⁶⁹ Herodotus, Book Three, pp. 258-59.

¹⁷⁰ Green, pp. 6 ff.

¹⁷¹ Ionia revolted because she felt ruined by the immense tributes the Persians exacted. Sparta refused to help her—in later times the Spartan Callicrates will describe the Ionians as "good slaves, but worthless as free men" ("Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 140). Sparta's refusal proves good enough reason for Athens to take part—but only with twenty ships: "that most lethal of phenomena," says Green, "a democratic compromise" (p. 21). They burn Persian-held Sardis, quite probably by accident, and the Greco-Persian Wars are on.

¹⁷² Herodotus, Book Six, p. 398.

¹⁷³ Thus Hesiod tells us that "handsome Kyknos was joyful / in his hope of slaughtering the warlike son / of Zeus with the bronze / spear, and his driver with him, / and stripping their glorious armor" (op. cit., p. 195; "The Shield of Herakles," ll. 66-70).

¹⁷⁴ In Herodotus we can read about the war waged by the ancient Lydian king Ayattes against the Milesians. Leaving their houses and goods unharmed, this invader would each year ruin crops and trees, so that the

Milesians could recover by the following year, thereby permitting him to invade and pillage them once again (Book One, p. 47). Similarly, in 1519 the Tlalascalan Indians would always feed Cortes's men before they attacked them—partly, it is said, to spy upon them when they brought the provisions, but also to extend the conflict and play by the rules of honor (Gómara, p. 105). This Lydian martial conception corresponds to the seventeenth-century Iroquoian one: the bailiff was mild, the war aim being not so much conquest as glory, honor, manliness. "The major reason that the Huron gave for waging war was to avenge the injuries that warriors from other tribes had inflicted on them... War was also the principal means by which young men acquired the personal prestige which assured them of ... an influential voice in the affairs of their village" (Trigger, pp. 68-69. For alterations in these war aims, see pp. 221, 725-30.). Only after Iroquoian cultures had been thoroughly destabilized by Europeans did these nations undertake wars of conquest and extermination.

¹⁷⁵ Plutarch, *Lives*, "Nicias," 6.5; quoted in Sage, p. 98.

¹⁷⁶ See above, this vol., "Defense of War Aims."

¹⁷⁷ Briefly discussed in "Defense of War Aims."

¹⁷⁸ Green, p. 37.

¹⁷⁹ Plate in Green, opposite p. 174.

¹⁸⁰ "Through Macedonia, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, and Asia, and almost all countries he followed the path of battle," writes Seneca approvingly, "and when his troops were weary of shedding Roman blood, he turned them to foreign wars" (vol. 2, p. 299; "On the Shortness of Life," IV.5).

¹⁸¹ The historian Lee writes (p. 23) that in the Korean kingdom of Koguryo in around the time of Christ "war was the most productive activity they might pursue, as is indicated by their consuming interest in such spoils of war as land, populations, and domestic animals. Only through warfare could they compensate for the inadequacy of resources within their boundaries." Hitler's *Lebensraum* defense was never new.

- ¹⁸² Fest, p. 86.
- ¹⁸³ Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 444.
- ¹⁸⁴ Green, pp. 58-64.
- ¹⁸⁵ Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 457.
- ¹⁸⁶ Robespierre, p. 309, my trans.
- ¹⁸⁷ Oath of Athenians before the battle of Plataea; marble stele, 479 B.C., "genuine antiquity contested"; in Fornara, p. 56, item no. 57. Themistocles's motion to the Athenian assembly: "All other Athenians and foreigners of military age are to embark in the 200 ships that are ready and defend against the Barbarian for the sake of their own freedom and that of the rest of the Greeks along with the Lacedaemonians, the Corinthians, the Aeginetans, and all others who wish to share the danger" (quoted in Green, p. 98).
- ¹⁸⁸ Plato, *Laws*, pp. 1292-93 (III.699c).
- ¹⁸⁹ Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 502.
- ¹⁹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 503.
- ¹⁹¹ Delbrück, p. 517. He describes the Thermopylae campaign as "only a secondary, auxiliary move for the real strategic plan, that is, to wage a sea battle in the open water north of Euboea... Of itself, the defense of Thermopylae was as good as hopeless" (pp. 94-95).
- ¹⁹² "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 146 (Leonidas).
- ¹⁹³ Speech to the Convention of 5 February 1794; quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 118.
- ¹⁹⁴ Fitzhardinge, p. 89, figure 105 ("'Leonidas,' idealized statue of a soldier of the period of Thermopylae").
- ¹⁹⁵ *Loc. cit.*
- ¹⁹⁶ Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 524.
- ¹⁹⁷ "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 146 (Leonidas).
- ¹⁹⁸ Herodotus, p. 502.
- ¹⁹⁹ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 106 (Lycurgus).
- ²⁰⁰ "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 114 (Agesilaus).
- ²⁰¹ *Ibid.*, p. 146 (Leonidas).
- ²⁰² *Ibid.* Green (p. 127) quotes an alternative reply, which seems less characteristically "laconic," but equally kingly: "If we should be allies of the king, we should be more useful if we kept our arms, and if we should have to wage war against him, we should fight the better for our freedom if we kept them."
- ²⁰³ Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 503.
- ²⁰⁴ "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 146 (Leonidas). Herodotus attributes this remark to another Spartan named Denieces (p. 519).
- ²⁰⁵ Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 178).
- ²⁰⁶ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 106.
- ²⁰⁷ Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 183).
- ²⁰⁸ Metropolitan Museum, p. 62, plate 43 (Calyx Krater attributed to the Painter of the Berlin Hydria, Attic, ca. 460 B.C.).
- ²⁰⁹ Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 515.
- ²¹⁰ Herodotus, p. 503.
- ²¹¹ Alcman; quoted in Fitzhardinge, p. 131.
- ²¹² Thucydides (Strassler), p. 242 (4.36).
- ²¹³ Green supports this latter view (p. 138).
- ²¹⁴ Herodotus, p. 517.
- ²¹⁵ *Loc. cit.*
- ²¹⁶ See above, "Defense of Honor."
- ²¹⁷ Herodotus, p. 519.
- ²¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 521.
- ²¹⁹ *Loc. cit.*
- ²²⁰ Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 163 (Themistocles).
- ²²¹ Green, p. 142.
- ²²² Delbrück, p. 95.
- ²²³ Fitzhardinge, p. 158.
- ²²⁴ Thucydides (Strassler), p. 244 (4.40).
- ²²⁵ Fitzhardinge, p. 85, figure 99 ("girl pouring libation, part of a 'hero relief'").
- ²²⁶ There are excellent grounds for believing Herodotus to have erred. Delbrück (p. 35) calculated that a Persian army of this magnitude would have stretched for two thousand miles.
- ²²⁷ Arcadia, a somewhat indeterminate region of the central Peloponnesus, could have included Tegea and Mantinea, but I am following Herodotus's usage; I am sure he knows better than I.
- ²²⁸ Here I follow Green's figure; Herodotus merely says that the Locrians sent "all the men they had."
- ²²⁹ My computation from Herodotus's figures. Hornblower and Spawforth propose a figure between 6,000 and 7,000. Green estimates 7,300.
- ²³⁰ Green, p. 59.
- ²³¹ Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 506. Excluding camp followers.

- ²³² Ibid, p. 520.
- ²³³ Ibid, p. 518.
- ²³⁴ Green, p. 142.
- ²³⁵ Bakunin, p. 138.
- ²³⁶ Tolstoy, *Writings on Civil Disobedience and Nonviolence*, p. 101 ("On Patriotism").
- ²³⁷ Darrow, p. 27.
- ²³⁸ D. F. Henderson, ed., *The Constitution of Japan: Its First Twenty Years*, quoted in Pinguet, p. 306, n. 2.
- ²³⁹ Gandhi, p. 386 ("The Future," *Harijan*, April 13, 1940).
- ²⁴⁰ Rizal to Professor Blumentritt, quoted in the introduction to Rizal, p. 10.
- ²⁴¹ Chuev, p. 64 ("On the World Scale," 1975).
- ²⁴² Djilas, *Rise and Fall*, p. 371.
- ²⁴³ Churchill, *The Gathering Storm*, p. 320.
- ²⁴⁴ XVII.22.39 ("The Pilgrimage," p. 655).
- ²⁴⁵ Twelve-page typed draft ms. in possession of the author (given to him by Ali Wario of the NFDLA in Mogadishu, Somalia, 1992), pp. 7, 1.
- ²⁴⁶ Letter to Ludwig Kugelmann, December 13, 1870; in Padover, p. 388.
- ²⁴⁷ "Deputy Prime Minister," p. 1.
- ²⁴⁸ Moltke, pp. 24-25 ("War and Peace").
- ²⁴⁹ Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 266 ("The Amarna Letters").
- ²⁵⁰ President Johnson, January 16, 1967, p. 36.
- ²⁵¹ Shan State National Congress, pp. 6, 8.
- ²⁵² Chanoff and Doan, p. 8 (testimony of Xuan Vu).
- ²⁵³ Dmytryshyn et al, p. 267 (doc. 81: "A Report from Erofei Khabarov ...", August, 1652).
- ²⁵⁴ Cook and Cook, p. 308 (testimony of Yokota Yutaka).
- ²⁵⁵ Gómará, p. 103.
- ²⁵⁶ Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 84.
- ²⁵⁷ J. F. A. Le Mièrre de Corvey, *Des partisans et des corps irréguliers*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 666.
- ²⁵⁸ Petrone, p. 15.
- ²⁵⁹ Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 186 ("The War Against the Peoples of the Sea," ca. 1188 B.C.).
- ²⁶⁰ Gandhi, p. 359 ("On Non-violence," in *Young India*, December 31, 1931).

- ²⁶¹ Aristotle, p. 90 (II.9).
- ²⁶² *Laws*, VIII.829b, p. 1,395.
- ²⁶³ Rojas and Calderón, p. 55.
- ²⁶⁴ Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 101.
- ²⁶⁵ Machiavelli, p. 18.
- ²⁶⁶ Grant, p. 776.
- ²⁶⁷ *Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse*, p. 10, Chapter I, Article 18, no. 1 (my trans.).
- ²⁶⁸ Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 99.
- ²⁶⁹ Khun Sa, p. 53.
- ²⁷⁰ Usher, pp. 6-7.
- ²⁷¹ Clausewitz, p. 262.
- ²⁷² Parker, p. 52 (article 80).
- ²⁷³ Ibid, p. 53 (article 83).
- ²⁷⁴ Quoted by Col. F. N. Maude in Clausewitz, p. 85.
- ²⁷⁵ Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 60.
- ²⁷⁶ Erich Eyck, *Bismarck and the German Empire* (New York: Norton, 1964 reprint of 1950 edition), p.159 (italics in original).
- ²⁷⁷ Mussolini, *Autobiography*, quoted in Seldes, p. 966.
- ²⁷⁸ Hitler, op. cit., pp. 609-10.
- ²⁷⁹ Snorri, *Olaf Sagas*, vol. 1, p. 78.

DEFENSE OF GROUND

- ¹ Tyrtaeus, fragment 10; in Sage, p. 34, no. 47.
- ² "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 128 (Androcleidas).
- ³ *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, p. 1908 (Lord Ettrick, May 8, 1874).
- ⁴ CDU/CSU, p. 28 (from the description of the border fortifications—"the Wall"—between East and West Germany). Between 1949 and 1977, the mentality which constructed the Protective Strip with its ancillary minefields and automatic shooting devices killed a hundred and eighty-two attempted escapees (ibid, p. 30). The Wall of course endured for more than another decade after that.
- ⁵ Ibid, p. 30.
- ⁶ Clausewitz, pp. 159-60. One of Julius Caesar's officers makes the same point, although less eloquently: "So, when shouting, mingled with groans and the clash of swords, was borne to their ears, the minds of the inexperienced were numbed with fear"

(Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 281-82 (Spanish War, written by another hand, 31)).

⁷ McCullin, p. 70 ("The madness of war").

⁸ *The Song of Roland*, p. 98 (stanza 93).

⁹ Lidiya Ginzburg, pp. 8-9.

¹⁰ Djilas (*Conversations with Stalin*, p. 168) was almost overwhelmed by their heroism—a remarkable compliment, coming from a Yugoslav Partisan leader.

¹¹ Caesar, loc. cit (Spanish. War, 32).

¹² Bergerud, p. 348.

¹³ Buffetaut, p. 53 ("Un guetteur français sur le front de Verdun").

¹⁴ The process, of course, can be described in more refined terms. In a flier for a conference on "Smart to Brilliant Weapons, Presented by the Acclaimed Expert: Mr. John Gish" (Stockholm April 21-22, 1997, H. Silver & Associates) I read that "with extended ranges, improved hard target kill capability, all weather performance and surgical precision, the next generation of precision guided munitions will dramatically increase military effectiveness while simultaneously minimizing collateral damage."

¹⁵ Guevara, p. 103.

¹⁶ Rothwell, p. 37.

¹⁷ Díaz, p. 149.

¹⁸ Bohrmann, p. 385, plate 289 (ca. 1943).

¹⁹ Buffetaut, p. 13 ("Les soldats de Verdun sont des orphelins qui combattent isolés"). All phrases cited from this work were translated by me.

²⁰ See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

²¹ "On February 21, 1916 at 7:30 a.m., more than a thousand German cannons opened fire to the north of Verdun" (Buffetaut, p. 61).

²² *Ibid*, p. 66 ("Les effets de l'artillerie lourde allemande," both photographs).

²³ *Ibid*, p. 39 ("Un canon de 155 mm en Argonne ou à proximité de Vauquois").

²⁴ I have written a little about the experience of the body as a redoubt besieged by cold. See the "Isachsen" section of *The Rifles*.

²⁵ *Maxims*, XLV, p. 71.

²⁶ Pritchard, vol. 1, plate 43.

²⁷ *Ibid*, plate 101.

²⁸ Trotsky, p. 298.

²⁹ Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 200 ("The Siege of Jerusalem").

³⁰ This was the case, for instance, in the sea-battle in A.D. 1000 between the Norwegian king, Olaf Trygvesson, and his enemies Swedish, Danish and Norse. The saga describes how the ships protecting Olaf's "Long Serpent" were steadily "thinned of men" by the enemy, until only the Long Serpent remained. The battle continued for most of the day, with the men of the Serpent itself now being progressively "thinned," and Olaf wounded beneath his armor. At the second attempt the line of defense shrank still further, with a successful boarding of the Serpent. Only the quarter-deck remained to Olaf, whose line of defense had once (in theory, at least) extended to the borders of what was then considered Norway. The bloodied king was at last compelled to leap into the sea. His penultimate frontier, the heavy armor and shield which hitherto had been his friends, now pulled him down, and he dwindled bleeding into the depths (Sturluson, *Heimsklingla*, Part 1, pp. 92-97, chs. cxv-cxxi).

³¹ Georges Roux, *Ancient Iraq* (New York: Penguin Books / Pelican, 1976 repr. of 1966 ed.), plate facing p. 241.

³² Roux, p. 317.

³³ Sun-tzu, p. 224 ("Nine Terrains").

³⁴ Guevara, p. 5.

³⁵ Dmytryshyn et al, pp. 16-17 (doc. 5: "The Conquest of Siberia by Ermak Timofeev ...", 1582).

³⁶ Hale, p. 22, plate 31 (Hans Funk, "The Old and the New Confederate," painted glass, ca. 1532, Berne).

³⁷ Color plate in Lee, following p. 200.

³⁸ Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 245 ("Proverbs from Mesopotamia").

³⁹ *Op. cit.*, p. 199 ("Military Combat").

⁴⁰ Donald W. Engels, *Alexander the Great and the Logistics of the Macedonian Army* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978), p. 39.

⁴¹ *Ibid*, plate 42.

⁴² Thucydides (Strassler), Book Seven, p. 471.

⁴³ *Ibid*, p. 472. We read that when one of the Spartan kings was asked why his city-state had no fortified walls, he "pointed to the citizens under arms and said: "These are the Spartans' walls" ("Sayings of Spartans," in

Plutarch on Sparta, p. 114: Agesilaus).

⁴⁴ *Ibid*, p. 477.

⁴⁵ Lucas, pp. 100-103.

⁴⁶ B.H. Liddell Hart, *The German Generals Talk* (New York: Quill repr. of 1948 ed., 1979), p. 189.

⁴⁷ *Ibid*, p. 192.

⁴⁸ Napoleon, *Maxims*, IX, p. 58.

⁴⁹ Frederick William Baron von Steuben, *Baron von Steuben's Revolutionary War Drill Manual: A Facsimile Reprint of the 1794 Edition* (New York: 1985 repr. of *Regulations for the Order and Discipline of the Troops of the United States*), p. 56.

⁵⁰ *Maxims*, XXIII, p. 63.

⁵¹ Peter Chasseaud, *Topography of Armageddon: A British Trench Map Atlas of the Western Front 1914-1918* (Lewes, East Sussex, U.K.: Mapbooks, 1991). The maps consulted for this discussion are nos. 21, 31, 35, 44, 53, 58, 62, 67, 80, 81, 82 and 83.

⁵² I am indebted to Engels, pp. 71 ff., for this discussion.

⁵³ *Maxims*, LXXVII, p. 82.

⁵⁴ *Ibid*, p. 240.

⁵⁵ Buffetaut, p. 71 ("Dès le début de la bataille, les pertes allemandes sont lourdes").

⁵⁶ *Ibid*, p. 75 ("Tranchée après une attaque").

⁵⁷ *Ibid*, p. 80.

⁵⁸ Buffetaut, p. 167 ("Le servants d'une mitrailleuse Vickers").

⁵⁹ Quoted in Delbrück, p. 285.

⁶⁰ Borovik, p. 69.

⁶¹ Buffetaut, p. 165 ("Des Irlandais dans leur tranchée de départ").

⁶² Hale, p. 175 (plate 222).

⁶³ Ellis, pp. 113-14.

⁶⁴ Lloyd George's estimate, quoted in Ellis, p. 142.

⁶⁵ Buffetaut, p. 37 ("Un abri allemand en maçonnerie, recouvert de terre").

⁶⁶ *Ibid*, p. 237 ("Le tunnel allemand de Mort-Homme, aussi appelé tunnel du Kronprinz").

⁶⁷ Wintringham and Blashford-Snell, p. 153.

⁶⁸ Nivelle's guidelines; quoted in Ellis, p. 140.

⁶⁹ Wilfred Owen, op. cit. This edition incorporates some variant readings.

⁷⁰ Moyanahan, p. 67, "Troops pumping out a

trench at the front, March 1917" (Russian State Archive of Film and Photographic Documents, Krasnogorsk).

⁷¹ Remarque, p. 11. It saddened me to see this book denounced by Ginzburg (p. 6) as "a typical manifestation of the individualist pacifism." Remarque does not anywhere say that fighting for one's country as such is wrong, but simply that waste of life is wrong. It is a shame that she, who also suffered greatly, was too good a Soviet citizen to be what Trotsky would have dismissed as an "empathetic bridge."

⁷² *Ibid*, p. 342.

⁷³ Kosinski, p. 25.

⁷⁴ Buffetaut, p. 139.

⁷⁵ Defense of homeland and of war aims being an ideal, an abstraction, it may be held in varying degrees of regard. One of the points of contention between Stalin and Trotsky, for instance, was that the former held conventional, even Clausewitzian notions about defense of nations; whereas for that better (or more doctrinaire) Bolshevik, Trotsky, since social relations were explicitly defined in terms of the property system, the nation itself was an irrelevance, a merely temporary local staging area for defense of class. The fanatical patriot or ideologue will, of course, merely draw from all this Lenin's conclusion, which would be parroted by Hitler: "History teaches that peace is a breathing-space for war" (quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 600).

⁷⁶ Díaz, p. 252. Montezuma's real name was Moctezuma Xocoyotzin. Since I begin by citing Díaz's orthography, however, I shall stick to it.

⁷⁷ See Fagan, p. 23.

⁷⁸ Díaz, p. 256.

⁷⁹ *Ibid*, p. 257.

⁸⁰ *Ibid*, p. 253.

⁸¹ *Ibid*, pp. 246-47.

⁸² Guevara, p. 86.

⁸³ Prescott, vol. 2, p. 30. Prescott's bias in favor of "civilization" is to a late twentieth century reader glaring. Few historians today would be likely to write such sentences as: "The Aztec had plainly reached that middle station, as far above the rude races of the New World as it was below the cultivated communities of the Old" (vol. 2, p. 139). However,

given that everybody indeed owns a bias, Prescott, unlike some of his less trustworthy modern counterparts, has done us the favor of wearing his like an emblem; and while his commentary may not always appeal to the current fad of egalitarianism, he never does violence to his facts. Thus, when he goes on to give the *conquistadores'* justifications, we need not do him the injustice of assuming that he shares them.

⁸⁴ See above, "Defense of Creed."

⁸⁵ Prescott, vol. 2, p. 30.

⁸⁶ A typical example of survivalist rhetoric appears in this how-to manual on personal flamethrower construction, published *before* either Waco or Ruby Ridge: "Paramilitary survivalists *and others who have seriously contemplated their circumstances* realize they need a powerful weapon to deal with armored police and/or military vehicles, including tanks and armored personnel carriers" (Ragnar Benson, p. vii, italics mine). The prevalence of such thinking must partially exculpate the murderous errors of the authorities.

Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 53-54 (I.35).

⁸⁷ U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, VII.G.3. The report explains (loc. cit.): "To Sage, the fact that the FBI did not plan to enter the residence at any time, and did not enter the residence, was determinative as to whether the operation was an assault. While this distinction may have made complete sense to the FBI, it made sense only because FBI agents, and especially HRT members, deal with these concepts each day as part of their duties. Most people would consider this to be an attack on them—an 'assault' in the simplest terms. If they then saw other military vehicles approaching, from which projectiles were fired through the windows of their home, most people are even more likely to believe that they were under an assault. If those vehicles then began to tear down their home there would be little doubt that they were being attacked. These events are what the Davidians inside the residence experienced on April 19, yet the FBI did not consider their actions an assault. Compounding this situation is the fact that the Davidians were not 'most people.' They

were a close-knit group with ties to their home stronger than those of most people. The Davidians considered their residence to be sacred ground."

⁸⁸ Years later, the FBI finally admitted, in the face of its own earlier utter denials, that it had launched "one or more" incendiary tear gas grenades into the compound (*Sacramento Bee*, final edition, August 25, 1999, p. A7, "FBI did use incendiary devices at Waco, U.S. officials now say").

⁸⁹ Caesar, *Gallia*, p. 191 (IV.9-11). Caesar's enemies, of course, often used the same justification. Here is the German king, Ariovistus: "As for the host of Germans that he was bringing into Gaul, his object was to protect himself, not to attack Gaul... his warfare had been defensive," he said (ibid, p. 73; I.44).

⁹⁰ Ibid, pp. 198-99 (VI.15).

⁹¹ Thucydides (Strassler), Book One, p. 43.

⁹² Xenophon, *Memorabilia*, 3.2.2; in Sage, p. 65.

⁹³ Moral calculus, 5.2.H

⁹⁴ Moral calculus, 6.2.H.

⁹⁵ Díaz, p. 126. Cortes's personal secretary, Gómara, writes more straightforwardly in his biography of the conqueror that at the very beginning of the Mexican campaign, before even meeting his future hostage, "he undertook to win Mexico for the Emperor, and to take the great king Moctezuma dead or alive" (p. 88).

⁹⁶ Sahagún, p. 59, n. 4.

⁹⁷ Gómara, p. 58.

⁹⁸ "Any prince or tribe who refused to submit was in the wrong and so gave Caesar a pretext for war," says Meier (p. 257).

⁹⁹ In 1519, not long after the commencement of his voyage to Mexico, Cortes and his conquistadores sought to disembark upon the unknown coast in the face of Mayan resistance. The chronicler says: "When Cortes saw how things were, he ordered us to wait a little before firing our crossbows, muskets or guns, for he wanted to be justified in all he did. Therefore he made another appeal ... asking them to let us land, take water, and speak to them about God and His Majesty. He added that if they attacked and if in self-defense we were to kill or hurt any of them, it would be

their fault not ours" (Díaz, p. 70). This "appeal" was either ignorantly smug or else disingenuous, for Cortes was by policy forcing a confrontation, his self-defense no better than that of a burglar who feels righteously compelled to shoot the armed and alarmed householder. This is why we must always be prepared, when evaluating the justice of an individual's invocation of self-defense, to trace each confrontation back to its roots, and decide who was menacing whom.

¹⁰⁰ Gómara, p. 100.

¹⁰¹ Archivo General de la Nación, Mexico; terrials vol. 914, exp. 2, fol. 60; reproduced in Hassig, figure 11 (p. 84).

¹⁰² Díaz, p. 144

¹⁰³ Here is a typical peroration of Cortes's: "All our labours are devoted to the service of God and our great Emperor Charles" (Díaz, p. 159).

¹⁰⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 149.

¹⁰⁵ Sahagún, p. 29. In the Aztec version, the Tlascalans make peace much sooner, being convinced of the Spaniards' might; I am inclined to believe Díaz's more specific and detailed eyewitness version.

¹⁰⁶ The Tlascalans, even when encircled and worn down, never capitulated to Montezuma (Hassig, p. 235). Hence they'd had what proved the useless luxury of rejecting Cortes's overtures on the basis of policy.

¹⁰⁷ Gómara, p. 346. Cortes had four children by his Spanish wife, a son by another Spanish woman, another son by Doña Marina and three daughters by three different Indian women (*ibid.*, p. 408), bringing the sum of his offspring to nine. But in the first place cited, Gómara explicitly states that Cortes had not one child but "children" by Marina, so perhaps she bore him a girl-child or two who didn't count.

¹⁰⁸ Díaz, p. 195.

¹⁰⁹ Some of the resulting atrocities are discussed in my portrait of Wilhelm Keitel, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear," below.

¹¹⁰ Díaz, p. 203.

¹¹¹ For some rather critical remarks on this bias, and its effect on the anthropological controversies of the time, see Trigger and Washburn, vol. 1, pp. 86-88 ("Nineteenth-Century Reports & Interpretations").

¹¹² Prescott, vol. 2, p. 34.

¹¹³ Sahagún, p. 58.

¹¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 138, n. 7.

¹¹⁵ Prescott, vol. 2, p. 39.

¹¹⁶ Gómara, p. 108.

¹¹⁷ Sahagún, p. 65.

¹¹⁸ Hassig, p. 8.

¹¹⁹ Tovar 117; reproduced in Hassig, figure 30 (p. 221).

¹²⁰ Gómara, p. 142.

¹²¹ Sahagún, p. 140. Undoubtedly some villages were induced to join the Spaniards because Montezuma's regime was oppressive. Both the Tlascalans and the Cholulans, for example, fed the altar with their hearts and blood; indeed, one item of tribute required from the kingdom of Tepeyacac is captives from those two places (Hassig, p. 263). Cortes wants a war of conquest against *all* Indians in Mexico, but at first no natives comprehend this. It is a war also of Indians against Indians. Thus in the final siege of Tenochtitlan, the Aztecs' lakeshore neighbors, the Chinampanecans, turn against them and enslave their women and children (Sahagún, p. 115).

¹²² In the moral terms of this book, the Aztecs and the Spaniards were evenly matched, particularly when we consider their war practices. Both empires craved expansion; both were willing to use force. Both thus could appeal to defense of homeland (the Aztecs, to be sure, far more plausibly, since they *were* home, while the Spanish invaders were not). Both frequently justified the application of military measures by invoking defense of creed—the Spanish, as we have seen, by invoking the cult of the Virgin as against the cult of the "idols," and the desirability of death with honor; the Aztecs by appealing to their own war-god.

¹²³ Hassig, p. 20.

¹²⁴ Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 112.

¹²⁵ Zorita, p. 165. Hassig, however, claims that the boy was merely given "the symbols of his father's profession." If the father was a soldier, those symbols were a shield and arrows (p. 30). However, this author elsewhere states that in various campaigns up to ninety percent of the male population might

be mobilized (p. 59).

¹²⁶ Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 65.

¹²⁷ Gómara, p. 24.

¹²⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 410.

¹²⁹ Fagan, p. 37. Literally, "Our Dear Prince" (Topiltzin) "Plumed Serpent" (Quetzalcoatl). Ce Acatl was another aspect of Quetzalcoatl who might have been linked with Cortes. See Bierhorst, *Four Masterworks*, pp. 4-5. This editor notes that Quetzalcoatl in his Ce Acatl manifestation was expected to reappear when Venus returned to view after an inferior solar conjunction, which is just when Cortes arrived (*ibid.*, p. 12).

¹³⁰ Sahagún, p. 42.

¹³¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 43, 48-49.

¹³² *Ibid.*, p. 60.

¹³³ *Ibid.*, pp. 48-49.

¹³⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 63.

¹³⁵ I am indebted to Hassig (pp. 8, 242-43) for these four points.

¹³⁶ A scholar, measured in his judgments, describes the empire as "a patchwork of alliances held together by a tribute machine. Regular supplies were ensured by orchestrated campaigns of taxation, political marriages and veiled threats of armed force—there being no permanent, standing army" (Fagan, p. 33).

¹³⁷ Díaz, p. 214.

¹³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 215.

¹³⁹ Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 44.

¹⁴⁰ In Gómara's account, for instance, we are always reading such statements as: "The soldiers were on the point of mutiny because they were not allowed to put the place to the sack" (p. 309).

¹⁴¹ Sahagún, p. 72.

¹⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 67.

¹⁴³ The chroniclers all seem to agree with Juan Velazquez de Leon that otherwise the Aztecs would have turned upon them and slain them, which I myself find plausible. See, e.g., Díaz, p. 243.

¹⁴⁴ Helps, p. 153.

¹⁴⁵ Díaz, p. 224.

¹⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 247

¹⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 253.

¹⁴⁸ See the chapter on defense of honor, above.

¹⁴⁹ Sahagún, p. 36.

¹⁵⁰ Díaz, p. 249.

¹⁵¹ See above, "Defense of Creed."

¹⁵² One part of an old Quetzalcoatl text makes explicit the link between conquest and sacrifice: "Next he seized Zolton and Cuilton; and as the animals blew on the fire, then he put them to death: he spread them with chili and slashed their flesh; and when he had tortured them, then he cut open their breasts"—I presume in order to remove their hearts (Bierhorst, *Four Masterworks*, p. 23). In a note to this passage, Bierhorst writes (*op. cit.*, p. 73, n. 20): "In the actual 'new fire' ceremony the flame was kindled with a block and drilling stick in the opened breast of a sacrificial victim."

¹⁵³ Hassig, p. 38.

¹⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 144 (Fig. 21; Tovar 101).

¹⁵⁵ Díaz, *oc. cit.*

¹⁵⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 276.

¹⁵⁷ Hassig suggests that such an alliance might have required that Cortes renounce the friendship of Montezuma's enemies the Tlascalans (p. 244).

¹⁵⁸ Prescott, vol. 2, p. 121, fn. 23.

¹⁵⁹ Zorita, p. 232.

¹⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 287.

¹⁶¹ Sahagún, p. 74. The Spaniards apparently launched the massacre out of defense of creed, because an Aztec youth had been sacrificed there in the market. The Aztecs suspected nothing from the Spaniards, who cut them down in cold blood (*ibid.*, p. 84).

¹⁶² Quoted in Helps, p. 167, 2nd fn.; my trans.

¹⁶³ John Everhardts Cloppenburg, *Le Miroir de la Tyrannie Espagnole Perpetrée aux Indes Occidentales*, Amerstam, 1620; reproduced in Bataille, p. 208.

¹⁶⁴ Sahagún, p. 76.

¹⁶⁵ *Loc. cit.*

¹⁶⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 77.

¹⁶⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 107.

¹⁶⁸ Helps, p. 224; quoting Díaz.

¹⁶⁹ Sahagún, p. 79.

¹⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 98. That seems unlikely to me—unless the Spaniards simply panicked. Cortes's ultimate aims in regard to Montezuma, however, will never be known, for the baffling difficulties he faced in his year of war against the Aztecs forced upon

him many reactively expedient measures; whereas his counterpart in Peru, Pizarro, kidnapped the King of the Incas, held him for ransom, which was duly delivered, and then strangled him. I truly believe that Montezuma most likely died not at Cortes's hand but by accident, when his own people were besieging Cortes and hurling stones. So compliant a monarch would surely have been more useful alive.

¹⁷¹ Hassig, p. 9.

¹⁷² Sahagún, p. 84. "Right and expedient become convertible terms," writes Prescott (vol. 2, p. 176).

¹⁷³ *Ibid.*, p. 85.

¹⁷⁴ Tyrtaeus, fragment 12; quoted in Fitzhardinge, p. 126.

¹⁷⁵ Díaz, p. 289.

¹⁷⁶ Gómara, p. 236, plate 1 ("Now they attack the house where Moctezuma is," from the *Lienzo de Tlaxcala*, painted ca. 1552).

¹⁷⁷ Sahagún, p. 88.

¹⁷⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 90.

¹⁷⁹ Helps (p. 152), who goes on to suggest that had Cortes in fact been the great European monarch he pretended to be, or in truth the trusted and fully invested instrument of one, "millions, absolutely millions, of lives might have been saved" (p. 155).

¹⁸⁰ Gómara, p. 409.

¹⁸¹ Hassig, p. 225.

¹⁸² Gómara, p. 258.

¹⁸³ Sahagún, p. 108.

¹⁸⁴ Díaz, p. 373.

¹⁸⁵ "Anonymous conqueror," quoted in Hassig, p. 124.

¹⁸⁶ Cortes, Third Letter, p. 56.

¹⁸⁷ Hassig, p. 246 (Fig. 33, Camargo).

¹⁸⁸ Gómara, p. 288

¹⁸⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 287.

¹⁹⁰ See above, "Defense of War Aims."

¹⁹¹ Cortes, Third Letter, pp. 80-81.

¹⁹² *Ibid.*, p. 81. For a close paraphrase, see Gómara, pp. 274-75.

¹⁹³ Hassig, p. 241 (Fig. 32, Camargo).

¹⁹⁴ Sahagún, pp. 118-19.

¹⁹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 126.

¹⁹⁶ Fagan, p. 34 (plate: Aztec warriors' costume, left).

¹⁹⁷ *Med. Palat.* 220, c. 465; reproduced in

Hassig, p. 77 (Fig. 7).

¹⁹⁸ "Anonymous conqueror," quoted in Hassig, p. 124.

¹⁹⁹ It might not have actually lasted that long.

²⁰⁰ Cortes, Third Letter, p. 19.

²⁰¹ Sahagún, p. 132.

²⁰² Díaz, p. 406.

²⁰³ Cortes, Third Letter, p. 126. Somewhere between 67,000 and 240,000 people died in the conquest (*ibid.*, p. 153, Appendix).

²⁰⁴ Gómara, p. 293.

²⁰⁵ Sahagún, p. 138.

²⁰⁶ Gómara, p. 293.

²⁰⁷ Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 152.

²⁰⁸ Gómara, p. 292.

²⁰⁹ Díaz, p. 410.

²¹⁰ Gómara, p. 295.

²¹¹ See, e.g., Gómara, pp. 393-45.

²¹² Sahagún (p. 135) says, however, that he did surrender voluntarily.

²¹³ Burning alive, we should note, does seem to have been a frequent punishment in these years in New Spain. In Huastecan Panuco, a Spaniard burned all the local nobles alive (Zorita, p. 210). In Santiesteban, Spaniards looted and raped until the Indians rose up, at which the Spaniards "captured 60 lords of vassals and 400 rich and noble men, not counting those of lower rank. They were all tried, their confessions taken, and were condemned to be burned alive" (Gómara, p. 313). Montezuma would have cut their hearts out, it's true, but only if they'd fought against him. And if they'd surrendered peacefully, he never would have permitted his troops to sack the town.

²¹⁴ Gómara, p. 296.

²¹⁵ Cortes, Fourth Letter, p. 216.

²¹⁶ Cortes, Fifth Letter, pp. 261-63. The editor calls this "the blackest deed of his life" and says that they were hanged by their feet to increase their final agonies. Gómara, who believes in Guatemoc's guilt, says that a third lord, Tlacatlec, was also hanged. "Cortes should, indeed, have preserved his life as a precious jewel, for Cuautémoc was the triumph and glory of his victories; but Cortes did not wish to keep him alive in such a troubled land and time" (p. 356).

²¹⁷ Gómara, p. 357.

- ²¹⁸ Ibid, p. 37.
- ²¹⁹ Ibid, p. 226, appendix to Fourth Letter.
- ²²⁰ Zorita, p. 189. Hassig describes the *raison-d'être* of the Aztec empire as "not to usurp all the wealth of dominated regions but to extract moderate amounts from the existing tributary flow" (p. 148). The Spaniards' aim was precisely the reverse.
- ²²¹ Above, vol. 2, "Defense of Creed," p. 468.
- ²²² Zorita, p. 117.
- ²²³ Ibid, p. 118.
- ²²⁴ Ibid, p. 178.
- ²²⁵ For an itemization of these, see *ibid*, pp. 210 ff.
- ²²⁶ Zorita, p. 209.
- ²²⁷ See my chapter on the Opium King, "But What Are We to Do?"
- ²²⁸ Fagan, p. 220. Hassig, however, says that all such population figures are extremely unreliable (p. 59). His numbers are much lower.
- ²²⁹ Interview, January 1997. "What good might not the Spaniards have done to the Mexicans? ... They might have set slaves at liberty; they made freemen slaves" (Montesquieu, p. 63; X.4).
- ²³⁰ Zorita, p. 207.
- ²³¹ Cortes, Fifth Letter, p. 343.
- ²³² Ibid, p. 347.
- ²³³ Ibid, p. 353.
- ²³⁴ Zorita, pp. 267-68. Prescott insists that such instances were rare, and that he was generally loved (vol. 2, p. 185), and Díaz's account concurs, but I cannot believe that he loved in return.
- ²³⁵ Gómara, p. 385.
- ²³⁶ Ibid, p. 409.
- ²³⁷ Ibid, p. 390.
- ²³⁸ Helps, p. 294.
- ²³⁹ Gómara, p. 410.

DEFENSE OF THE EARTH

- ¹ Bierce, p. 85.
- ² Muir, p. 828 ("Save the Redwoods," *Sierra Club Bulletin*, January 1920).
- ³ Foreman and Haywood, p. 25.
- ⁴ Muir, *loc. cit.*
- ⁵ Muir, p. 720 (from *Our National Parks*, 1901). "It is also devoutly to be hoped that

Hetch Hetchy will escape such ravages of man as one sees in Yosemite," he wrote in 1890 (p. 700). It didn't.

- ⁶ Foreman and Haywood, p. 7 ("Forward!" by Edward Abbey).
- ⁷ Thompson, pp. 182-83.
- ⁸ Purchase, p. 126.
- ⁹ Manes, p. 24.
- ¹⁰ Foreman and Haywood, p. 14.
- ¹¹ Davis, p. 16 ("Kalmiopsis Campaign," by Chant Thomas, Beltane [May] 1983).
- ¹² Foreman and Haywood, p. 9 ("Forward!" by Edward Abbey).
- ¹³ Statement of James F. Jarboe, Domestic Terrorism Section Chief, Counterterrorism Division, Federal Bureau of Investigation, to the House Resources Committee, Subcommittee on Forests and Forest Health, February 12, 2002 (<http://www.fbi.gov/congress/congress02/jarboe021202.htm>).
- ¹⁴ Brand, p. 11 (Gerard O'Neill, "The High Frontier"). Having acknowledged this theoretical escape hatch, I beg to wonder how easy those riches will be to get to. Garrett Hardin had already calculated a cost of three million dollars per space immigrant, in 1959 dollars (*ibid*, p. 54; Garrett Hardin). Joel Cohen (*op. cit.*, p. 447, n. 21) calculates that reducing the rate of population increase from 1.6 percent to 1.5 percent would require the departure of "5.7 million astronauts in the first year and increasing numbers in each later year," which "would bankrupt the remaining number of Earthlings and still leave a population that doubled every 46 years."
- ¹⁵ Psalm 108.10-11.
- ¹⁶ In his comments on my moral calculus (5.2.J.2), Bruce Trigger writes (September 14, 2002): "Paleontology shows the ultimate fate of *all* species is extinction—but my wife would like to have herds of mini-mammals loose on Wrangel Island."
- ¹⁷ Manes, p. 199.
- ¹⁸ *Ibid*, pp. 88, 82.
- ¹⁹ *Ibid*, pp. 210-11. Patriots are those who have no other excuse. Defense of one's country against invasion, efforts made toward independence and the preparation tactics which worldly prudence demands are legitimate. Patriots often appeal to this last, but it

must be remembered that a patriot's prudence will be satisfied only when the rest of the world is safely charred.

²⁰ Nearly twelve years later, and five years after Bari died of breast cancer, her civil action against the FBI finally reached a judgment. According to the *San Francisco Bay Guardian* (May 29, 2002), "the FBI and the OPD [Oakland Police Department] had so badly bungled the bomb investigation that nothing the two agencies came up with could be trusted ... it's possible, if not likely, that one or both of the police agencies took advantage of the attack ... to attempt to make Earth First! look a dangerous gang of bomb-wielding nuts."

²¹ Davis, p. 258 ("Monkeywrenching: An Appraisal," by CM, Brigid [February] 1990).

²² I myself still thought then that I could be free by living in the forest, that I could do something to bring the forests back, that I could be, as one anti-nuclear organizer I knew once wanted to be, "courageous and joyous and silent like an Indian brave"—a formulation now ringing sentimental and shallow in my ears. Looking back through my notebooks at that time I find three heart's desires:

1. Blowing up the Berlin Wall.
2. Stealing and brandishing enough nuclear bombs to enforce universal disarmament.
3. Freeing Afghanistan. It makes me happy to see that the Berlin Wall no longer exists, that the Warsaw Pact is out of existence and NATO is disarming like a leaky balloon dropping ballast, and that Soviet troops at least are out of Afghanistan even if the killing never did stop, that there is no such thing as the Soviet Union anymore; some things do change. But that was not so clear to me in those stale and desperate days when I wrote *Rising Up and Rising Down*.

²³ For which, see below, vol. 4, "Deterrence, Retribution, and Revenge."

²⁴ Davis, loc. cit. In 1990, Manes (p. 9) estimated the cost of American ecotage to be between \$20 and \$25 million a year.

²⁵ "Meet the E.L.F.," accessed on www.earthliberationfront.com.

²⁶ Statement of James F. Jarboe.

²⁷ Manes, p. 122.

²⁸ Abbey, p. 279.

²⁹ ELF website.

³⁰ Foreman and Haywood, pp. 26-27.

³¹ Davis, p. 262; Manes, pp. 11-12.

³² For a fuller discussion, see above, "Defense of Race."

³³ See above, "On the Morality of Weapons."

³⁴ Lecker, *Shock-Sensitive Industrial Materials*, p. 24.

³⁵ *Ibid*, p. 39.

³⁶ Manes, p. 16.

³⁷ ELF website, with the suffix [/news/2002/090302.html](http://news/2002/090302.html). ("E.L.F. attacks U.S. Forest Service research facility, FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE September 3, 2002").

³⁸ Purchase, p. 136.

³⁹ *Ibid*, p. 137.

⁴⁰ Floyd McKissick of CORE; quoted in "Defense of Race."

⁴¹ Purchase, loc cit.

⁴² Manes, p. 15.

⁴³ *Ibid*, p. 201.

⁴⁴ Purchase, p. 138.

⁴⁵ *Speculum Regale*, XXXVII.215.

⁴⁶ There is nothing new under the sun. In my *Encyclopedia of Arms and Weapons* I read: "in classical antiquity, from at least the 4th century B.C., it was simplified to one spike, sometimes with a hook, with the tang fitted into a conical piece of wood driven into the ground... As a result it was very hard to detect the tribulus [caltrop] by day and virtually impossible at night" (Tarassuk and Blair, pp. 486-87).

⁴⁷ It is neither the bikers' nor the saboteurs' fault that our desert areas, like our wild places everywhere, cannot withstand the pressure of human numbers. There is a lot to be said for the notion that the only fair and practical solution to the ecological crisis would be a plague to carry two-thirds of our numbers off.

⁴⁸ In my electronic interview with the Animal Liberation Front member "Virginia," who makes several appearances in "Defense of Animals," below, I wrote her: "If humans disappeared from the earth, most other species would almost certainly be better off. If you could push a button which would vaporize the entire human race while leaving the rest of terrestrial life intact, would you do it?"

Her answer was: "If you don't know my answer, you haven't been paying attention. Vaporizing sounds painful to me. That is against the credo" of nonviolence except to property. It is on this issue that many members of the Animal Liberation Front and the Earth Liberation Front, so close in other ways, part company.

⁴⁹ Here again I recall George R. Stewart's novel *Earth Abides*. See above, "On the Aesthetics of Weapons."

⁵⁰ Purchase, p. 13 ("The Community and the Ecological Region").

⁵¹ At that time, environmentalism remained essentially an upper-middle-class movement, partly on account of that hobby's origins in protecting beach estates and private islands—to say nothing of the fact that the poor have *always* been living in unsafe and unpleasant conditions; they are "used to them," so that between the poisons bubbling up through the basements and buckling lawns of Love Canal and the verminous decay around them in our homes they rightly see a difference only of degree—if they see it at all, for they have more pressing problems. Where pollution is concerned, it's probably impossible for someone without training to determine what is a nuisance and what is a threat; even threats create their own hierarchies of accomodation, mutagens, say, being thought better neighbors than carcinogens.

⁵² Interview, 1998.

⁵³ Korean for "Grandmother."

⁵⁴ See above, "Defense of Class."

⁵⁵ See above, "On the Aesthetics of Weapons."

⁵⁶ Nickel, p. 40 (crossbow of Ulrich V of Württemberg).

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 44-45 (wheellock rifle).

⁵⁸ Herrero, p. 259.

⁵⁹ Kris Maenz, "Outfitter Attacks Bear Watch," in *Earth First!* vol. XVI, no. VI, Litha 1996 (June 20), pp. 1, 27.

⁶⁰ Herrero, loc. cit.

⁶¹ See above, "Defense of Class."

⁶² See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

⁶³ The demographer Joel E. Cohen expresses the matter less threateningly in terms of the famous Prisoner's Dilemma: Let both agree to forego the immediate rewards which can be

had by degrading the commons (pp. 394-95).

⁶⁴ Hardin, loc. cit. Hardin was hardly the first to understand this. In his eighteenth-century essay on the social contract, for instance, Rousseau penned the following words: "Indeed, every individual may, as a man, have a particular will contrary to, or divergent from, the general will which he has as a citizen ... he would be willing to enjoy the rights of a citizen without being willing to fulfill the duties of a subject. The progress of such injustice would bring about the ruin of the body politic" (p. 21). For further discussion of the general will, see below, "Defense of the Revolution."

⁶⁵ Make an analogy with military competition. When I wrote this book, the United States possessed atomic weapons sufficient to inflict more than satisfactory damage on any imaginable coalition of enemies. When the Soviet Union began to use chemobiologicals on the Asian continent in 1982 (or when our Mr. Haig said that they did), some patriots insisted that we needed chemobiologicals, too. Not long after that, President Reagan, foreseeing new threats, set our scientists to work on a boondoggle as cosmic and endless as an Egyptian tomb: the so-called "Star Wars" defense, whose aesthetic intricacies shamed the cunningest Rajasthani dagger! Then we got news that the Soviet system was moribund—a considerable and annoying surprise to us; fortunately there was Iraq, who'd been our friend against Iran. "Star Wars" continued, more or less, perhaps rather less than more. If we ever did recover our silver eagles, then (believe me!) the patriots would be quick to find or make some gigantesque enemy! —And then the layoffs might stop at McDonnell-Douglas. —The truth is that as long as enemy arms do not prevent us from using our own, there is no reason on earth for us to add new novelties to our stockpiles. Every expensive military investment obviously degrades the rest of the government's fiscal commons accordingly: more for guns means less for schools. It is always possible, of course, that the enemy could come up with something which would give them that sweet plum, first strike capability—a satellite device, say, that

would cause all our missiles to explode in their silos and submarine berths throughout the world; hence we must always monitor their capabilities, and let our ingenious military minds try to circumvent potential circumventions. This is an argument for greater strategic intelligence—in both senses of the term. What is not needed should not be made. — And what isn't needed? Ah, to answer that, you'd better refer to the experts...

⁶⁶ Joel Cohen, pp. 259-60.

⁶⁷ Brand, p. 36 (Wendell Berry). For a graphic model of the choices and constraints of such a situation, see Joel Cohen, pp. 251-55.

⁶⁸ Myers, p. 114.

⁶⁹ Hobbes, p. 184 (I.13 [61], "From Equality proceeds Diffidence").

⁷⁰ Purchase, p. 53.

⁷¹ See above, "Defense of Homeland."

⁷² This conversation took place in the mid 1990s. For discussion of Inuit hunting culture, see below, "Defense of Animals." For Inuit culture considered as a case of justified separatism, see above, "Defense of Race and Culture."

⁷³ Callenbach, p. 18.

⁷⁴ To the successful herdsman, Hardin explains, "conscience is self-eliminating." Consider, for instance, overpopulation. "Confronted with appeals to limit breeding, some people will undoubtedly respond to the plea more than others. Those who have more children will produce a larger fraction of the next generation than those with more susceptible consciences" (op. cit., p. 258. One eco-demographer (quoted in Joel Cohen, p. 259) goes so far as to say that "free access [to resources] through reproduction is the second tragedy of the commons." Thus again ruin. The same holds for pollution. As technological "development" continues, so does our capacity to inflict pain on the commons. Consider, for instance, the increased sophistication we show in making strip-mines and toxic dumps, whereas the worst the poor Romans could do to Carthage was to sow it with salt. A handbook for self-defense of communities against toxic wastes reminds us mournfully that "elected officials at all levels must weigh their involvement and support against political and economic reali-

ties" (Cohen and O'Connor, p. 102). In other words, they're canny herdsmen. With their purchased blessing, their constituency, the polluters, will continue to contaminate the commons as long as possible—how else can they compete against others who do the same?

⁷⁵ To use a vocabulary after the fashion of Marxists, the features and facets of our industrial economy may be regarded as a "superstructure" growing out of what affects us most urgently—not production, but breathing. Economic inequality is most to the point when some retire finally into the bastions their prudence has built, guarding tanks of pure oxygen and distilled water, while everyone else must swill from the lethal tap. Of all the despicable attitudes created and reinforced by bad patriots and bad herdsmen, most intolerable is complacent resignation at the disappearing possibilities of the world. It used to be safe to drink from rivers. (Or was it? Didn't people die from diarrhea at age forty? We'd better ask the experts.)

⁷⁶ Moral calculus, 5.2.D.2.

⁷⁷ Moral calculus, 5.2.G.2.

⁷⁸ Brand, p. 44 (George Wald).

⁷⁹ Cohen and O'Connor, p. 136.

⁸⁰ "WASHINGTON. An international health agency has withdrawn a finding that legally acceptable amounts of benzene may cause cancer. The withdrawal came after a federal official and chemistry industry representatives urged the group not to make such assessments" (*International Herald Tribune*, August 7-8, 1982, page two: "Agency withdraws benzene finding"). It all seemed so crooked! No wonder that eco-radicals on their side insisted that whether our future "shows a living green world or a wasteland may very likely depend on the success or failure of radical environmentalism" (Manes, p. 22).

⁸¹ The patriots of the commons, the proud, property-defending herdsmen, have no intention of doing us harm, let's assume. There are good patriots and bad patriots. We'll grant that our patriots are good patriots, by which I mean that it is their object to protect our interests from other patriots and from ourselves, instead of protecting their own interests from us.

⁸² At best, polluters might grudgingly agree to ship their poisons to somebody else's commons. And this "best" is not good enough. Hardin points out the obvious fact so often denied: Dilution, displacement and recycling can only be temporary solutions. "*There is no 'away' to throw things to*" (Hardin, pp. 18-19; italics in original).

⁸³ See above, "Defense of Homeland."

⁸⁴ Christensen, p. 173.

⁸⁵ Purchase, p. 124.

⁸⁶ GM advertisement in *Newsweek* (April 18, 1988), p. 12.

⁸⁷ Pecora, p. 8.

⁸⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 6.

⁸⁹ Foreman and Haywood, p. 208.

⁹⁰ Cohen and O'Connor, p. 3.

⁹¹ Moral calculus, 5.1.1.

⁹² *San Francisco Chronicle*, February 18, 1989.

⁹³ Cohen and O'Connor, p. 14.

⁹⁴ See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

⁹⁵ See above, "Defense of War Aims."

⁹⁶ Callenbach, p. 19.

⁹⁷ See above, "Defense of Class."

⁹⁸ The scientific ethicist David Dickson wrote a fascinating book on this, to which the reader is referred. Re: planned obsolescence, he concluded: "Thus even when looking at the machines possessed and used by the individual, we see that each machine serves to meet his apparent needs only to the extent that his 'consumption' or 'appropriation' habits conform with the behaviour that is required of him to maintain the effective operation of a capitalist society" (op. cit., p. 180). For the ethics of violence employed in this cause, I refer the reader to "Defense of Authority," above, and to Dickson, especially chapters 1, 2 and 7.

⁹⁹ Beitz and Washburn, p. 105.

¹⁰⁰ Cohen and O'Connor, pp. 112-13.

¹⁰¹ Estimates on human minimum required caloric intake, for instance, vary drastically—which obviously affects one essential measure of global carrying capacity. As for the effects of pollution, a book on home ecology assures me that "it is commonly agreed that three quarters of all cancer is caused by food, smoke, and chemicals" (Christensen, p. 178).—"Not really," says a cancer doctor whom I know rather well. "Tobacco does cause a lot,

but we haven't quantified it. We actually have no idea how much is hereditary and how much is environmental." Experts (we presume) back up the National Toxics Campaign's mention of 2,500 fatalities at Bhopal. Turn a few pages of this same book, and read that four thousand died there (Cohen and O'Connor, p. 18). I suppose that some died immediately, and some died later—no reason to impute bad faith to either faction. But expert opinions had better be taken with a spoonful of salt.

¹⁰² Baldwin, p. 108 (Christensen, "Green Ink in Britain").

¹⁰³ Christensen, p. x.

¹⁰⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 216.

¹⁰⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 269.

¹⁰⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 316.

¹⁰⁷ This episode will be described in detail in the "Water of Life" chapter of my forthcoming book *Imperial*.

¹⁰⁸ Manes, p. 32.

¹⁰⁹ Most issue-oriented political groups offer no alternative to what they work to disrupt. This is to their discredit. Those who want to eradicate the military-industrial complex, or get our patriots to stop their aggression upon the Third World, or ban nuclear power everywhere, are not fighting a limited engagement. But as long as we confine ourselves to an end even more limited than reformism—namely, *preservation* of what health, safety and peace we have—it is not necessary for us to have alternatives. The biocentrist case is quite different.

¹¹⁰ Joel Cohen, pp. 212-14, 402-18.

¹¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 247, 444-45.

¹¹² NPG flier (POB 53249, Washington, D.C.), ca. 2002.

¹¹³ Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

¹¹⁴ Moral calculus, 1.3.1-1.3.13.

¹¹⁵ Moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.

¹¹⁶ Saxon, vol. 1, p. 7.

¹¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 13.

¹¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 19.

¹¹⁹ Manes, p. 43. When the ozone layer problem gets worse and more people begin to die all over from skin cancer, when temperatures keep inching up and our coastal cities suffer floods, then there'll be more complaints... Or won't any of these things happen? I'm not

an expert ... In a commentary on the book *Ecodefense!*, Stewart Brad writes that “monkeywrenching the wrong target is grotesquely counterproductive; you have not only to be right every single time, but conspicuously right, or else you’re just another random vandal making everyone else feel sick about being alive” (Baldwin, p. 107).

¹²⁰ Hardin, p. 59.

¹²¹ Walzer, p. 42. See moral calculus, 5.2.F.

¹²² Moral calculus, 5.2.I.

¹²³ In the next chapter, I will be making a similar but somewhat more negative argument about the calculus of animal liberation.

¹²⁴ Moral calculus, 5.2.I.

¹²⁵ Moral calculus, 6.2.I.

¹²⁶ I would argue that any natural or background rate of extinction, which might have been acceptable at one time, should now be reduced to zero if possible, to offset unnatural extinctions.

¹²⁷ These two are vitally important because people *simply don't remember*—they adjust themselves to the conditions around them; as the air gets bad enough, it's best for the morale (and for business) to deny that there was ever any blue sky.

¹²⁸ The soundest eco-politics seems to me to be reactive praxis—a conservative notion that involves the construction of boundaries, the overstepping of which will initiate action.

¹²⁹ See below, “Defense of Animals.”

¹³⁰ Just in case I haven't made myself clear, I am opposed to almost everything.

¹³¹ If we are lucky, by other experts. We need the information available only to educated specialists, scientists and technocrats. Contacts in business and academia will be essential for us if we are to make substantive judgments.

¹³² Kitson, p. 29.

¹³³ For a brief account of their attempt, see above, “On the Morality of Weapons.”

¹³⁴ Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook, p. 3.

¹³⁵ For narrative description of this event, see above, “On the Morality of Weapons.”

¹³⁶ For the Unabomber, see above, “Means and Ends.”

¹³⁷ Op. cit., p. 39.

¹³⁸ Other operations might include: (a) the

destruction of the Owens Valley Aqueduct; (b) the destruction of offshore oil drilling facilities as a prophylactic measure (to prevent inevitable spills, before those facilities go into operation); (c) the destruction of some particularly nasty smokestack or incinerator.

¹³⁹ This was written long before the events of September 11, 2001. Perhaps the reasoning here has something to do with the lack of any manifesto left behind.

¹⁴⁰ I wrote this part of *Rising Up and Rising Down* in 1981, when I was a secretary.

¹⁴¹ Cohen and O'Connor, p. 228.

¹⁴² *Index on Censorship*, vol. 26, no. 4, issue 177 (July/August 1997), p. 160 (Emily Walmsley, “A wealth of problems”).

¹⁴³ Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.

¹⁴⁴ Moral calculus, 5.1.7.

¹⁴⁵ *Index on Censorship*, Op. Cit., p. 175 (Emily Walmsley, “Babel: Colonos' complaint”).

¹⁴⁶ *Ibid*, p. 156 (Emily Walmsley, “Company Rules”).

¹⁴⁷ *Ibid*, p. 142 (Jessie Banfield and Nevine Mabro, “Some startling facts about oil”). Daily 1995 demand for oil: Asia 16.94 million barrels, North America 202.25, Europe 15.33, Africa 2.17 (loc. cit.).

¹⁴⁸ I could, however, well imagine working in a Detection Squad, or better yet an Education Squad, that being more suited to my abilities than real measurement.

¹⁴⁹ I find the guilt-innocence dichotomy of interest here. Of course all in the firm were innocent. Or were they?

¹⁵⁰ We can, if we wish, complicate matters further by considering cases in which humans themselves aren't harmed—for instance, the January 1989 hundred-mile long oil spill in Antarctica near Palmer Station, which some scientists said might wipe out a whole generation of seabirds. Is a bird life worth a human life? Some animal rights people would say that it is. For more on this matter, see below, “Defense of Animals.”

¹⁵¹ See above, “Defense of Class.”

¹⁵² Could this be one reason why so many established revolutions purge their Old Guard? Maybe the Old Guard cannot do anything but destroy.

¹⁵³ But what if I am not quite so nice, and my

ideology is violence pure and simple?

- ¹⁵⁴ Sloane, p. 184.
¹⁵⁵ Manes, p. 32.
¹⁵⁶ Foreman and Haywood, p. 219.
¹⁵⁷ ELF website: suffix “/do,” ‘ELF Diary of Actions and Chronology, 2001.’
¹⁵⁸ Muir, p. 809 (“Grand Cañon of the Colorado,” *Century Magazine*, November 1902).
¹⁵⁹ Abbey, p. 15.
¹⁶⁰ Manes, p. 25.
¹⁶¹ *Ibid.*, p. 177.
¹⁶² Moral calculus, 6.2.I.3.
¹⁶³ Here we include, as the FBI does, destruction of property as violence.
¹⁶⁴ Manes, p. 93.
¹⁶⁵ Muir, p. 631 (“God’s First Temples,” 1876).
¹⁶⁶ Cohen and O’Connor, p. 27.
¹⁶⁷ Davis, p. 28 (“Raid on Reykjavik,” Yule 1986, by Captain Paul Watson).
¹⁶⁸ E-mail warning relayed from FBI to University of Minnesota research laboratories, September 2, 2002. Repeated in ELF website, with the suffix /news/2002/090302.html. (“E.L.F. attacks U.S. Forest Service research facility ...”).
¹⁶⁹ “FC,” p. 56, para. 166 (“Human Race at a Crossroads”).
¹⁷⁰ H.E., interviewed by author on a Greyhound bus. She preferred to remain anonymous.
¹⁷¹ Muir, p. 629 (“God’s First Temples,” 1876).
¹⁷² *Earth First!*, February-March (Brigid) 1998, p. 12 (Rhys Roth, “Driving Fossil Fuels to Extinction”).
¹⁷³ Abalone Alliance, p. 3.
¹⁷⁴ Livermore Action Group, p. 18.
¹⁷⁵ Anonymous; interviewed by author.

DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

- ¹ Newkirk, p. 81.
² Muir, p. 703 (“The American Forests,” from *Our National Parks*, 1901).
³ Myers, p. 88.
⁴ Hardin, p. 121
⁵ *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. 19, p. 813, “Whaling.”
⁶ “Tora! Tora! Tora!”, November 1990, by

Captain Paul Watson, p. 31.

- ⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 31-32.
⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 33.
⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 34.
¹⁰ Rod Coronado to *Earth First!*, Litha 1996, p. 28 (“Barefoot or Booted: About Activism”).
¹¹ *Earth First!*, February-March (Brigid) 1998, p. 20 (“Why Dairy is Scary”).
¹² For an account of Paul Watson’s eco-action against seal-clubbing in Labrador, see Manes, pp. 107-08.
¹³ P.A. Comeau, Fisheries and Oceans “Underwater World” series pamphlet: “Sealing—A Canadian Perspective,” n.d. (approx. 1994), p. 7.
¹⁴ Michael Earl, Greenpeace International, “Of Shoes and Ships, and Sealing Wax...”, in *The Animals’ Voice*, vol. 3 no. 3, August 1990, p. 27.
¹⁵ “The killing of seals, or any animal, is certainly not a pleasant sight to watch. Nonetheless, the Royal Commission [on Seals and the Sealing Industry in Canada], as well as qualified veterinarians, animal pathologists and biologists who have observed the hunt first-hand have attested to the humaneness of the clubbing method when it is carried out properly and in accordance with the Regulations.” —loc. cit. This sounds as unconvincing to me as any generalization on the opposite side. Who decides what is “humane”? We need some empathetic person to inform us honestly and fairly about the capacity of various species for suffering.
¹⁶ An anthropocentric opinion on my part. No doubt they feed polar bears, ravens and other scavengers.
¹⁷ In other words, I sense that this author’s objections to a specific technique of killing constitute a semi-competent smokescreen for his objections to killing as such. It’s all of a piece, like the position of the writer who, very much against corporal punishment, thinks that hunting is “hardly less objectionable” (Scott, p. 175). My own reasoning: Animals kill animals; we are animals; why can’t we kill animals? Kate answers this question as follows: We are *not* animals; we know what we’re doing; therefore we have a responsibility not to kill. —The alienation from the natural

order which this implies is frightening to me. I have no objection to being eaten by worms after I die, so I don't understand why I can't eat cows and wear their skins while I'm alive. —One vegan's answer: "In that case, I give you permission to eat road kill."

¹⁸ For more on Canadian Inuit life and culture, see above, "Defense of Race," and, "Defense of Earth."

¹⁹ Cheer is a part of it, especially in keeping warm. Warmth also makes cheer, which is one reason that a tent is so much more homey, comfortable and practical with a caribou skin on the floor.

²⁰ The power that dampness has to drink heat continually astonishes me. Another of my cardinal Arctic rules is: one dry layer is warmer than a dry layer plus a wet one. This can be true even in the summer, wearing a raincoat, with, say, a damp towel draped over your shoulders on the outside of the raincoat.

²¹ Sled.

²² This ban on sealskin products has since been rescinded.

²³ A man in Coral Harbour, Southampton Island, told me that in his view a facemask with an inner lay of caribou skin (fur inside) and an outer layer of polar bear skin was the best.

²⁴ In an article entitled "What Trappers Won't Tell You," Camilla Fox cynically or ignorantly advances one of several arguments against the fur industry: "Another pro-trapping claim is that 'trapping provides a viable income...' yet in trade publications trappers complain that trapping hardly pays for itself." In other words, we have put a lot of furrers and trappers out of business, so the fur industry should be banned. Anyhow, "trappers today see furbearing animals only as 'resources' to be killed for their fur and otherwise discarded" (Roleff, pp. 134-35; repr. as "Trapping is Cruel and Inhumane"). One source of furs is the Inuit. Of course they are mentioned as rarely as possible by the animal rights movement. In Betsy Swart's "The Fight Against Fur," we learn only that "wild animals are trapped, clubbed, strangled, and stomped by the millions every year to serve the relatively few people who wish to wear

fur coats" (ibid, p. 178; repr. as "Killing Animals for Their Fur Is Inhumane").

²⁵ Gibbon in his remarks on the ancient Scythian tribes remarks on the similarity of tactics between hunting and warfare (vol. 1, p. 412). In his opinion, those who kill to hunt can more easily kill to defend themselves, and I am sure that he is right. Certainly most of the Inuit I know are more competent with guns than most people I know in California. Inuit do frequently kill themselves with guns, of course...

²⁶ Roleff, p. 137 (Ted Kerasote, "To Preserve the Hunt," repr. here as "Hunting Needs Reform").

²⁷ See above, "Defense of War Aims."

²⁸ According to the following criteria: language use, ability to build an igloo (the key-block on the roof is the most difficult, so many hunters now throw canvas over the walls and heap snow on that), nutritional self-sufficiency, etc.

²⁹ "Virginia" for her part believes that endangered species need not be defended more aggressively than their cousins.

³⁰ See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

³¹ "Virginia" again: "I would kick a pit bull to have him release the leg of a child. I would kick a child who was stabbing a pit bull."

³² A virus has both living and non-living characteristics.

³³ See above, "Defense of Homeland"; moral calculus, 5.2.G.2.

³⁴ This case is considered below, "Defense of Gender."

³⁵ Do you remember how I described Lizzy? "From the highest motives of compassion, she's renounced pleasure, convenience, custom with its associated courtesies, solidarity. She exemplifies good, alone." Here we have another manifestation of ethos, *her* ethos.

³⁶ *Capital*, p. 344. Quoted above, "Defense of Class."

³⁷ Moral calculus, 1.1: "Follow your own inner logic and feeling in order to postulate laws of conduct which seem to you good."

³⁸ Midgley, pp. 12-13, 45-52.

³⁹ Midgley writes that "to say that 'animals do not have rights' does not sound like a remark about the meaning of the word *rights* but one

about animals—namely... that one need not consider them” (p. 63).

⁴⁰ “In an emergency, when the only alternative is death, is cannibalism justified?” —“I don’t think that question has ever been asked with regard to animal rights,” replied “Virginia.” “I have no opinion.”

⁴¹ Trigger, pp. 710-711.

⁴² Ibid, pp. 711-714, 721.

⁴³ Wolfe, pp. 207-208 (“His Father’s Earth”).

⁴⁴ Midgley, p. 40.

⁴⁵ Moral calculus, 1.2.

⁴⁶ ALF website, <http://www.animalliberationfront.com/ALFront/WhatisALF.htm>; accessed November 2001. “Virginia” comments: “The entire ecosystem affected by any modification would have to be studied. If one animal became vegetarian, other animals would flourish and maybe die of starvation. Very complicated. Now, it might be nice to have genetic modification such that an animal being punctured or eaten would not feel pain. I’d go for that one.”

⁴⁷ Rudacille, p. 133.

⁴⁸ Rowlands, p. 186.

⁴⁹ See above, “Defense of Race and Culture.”

⁵⁰ See above, “Defense of Ground.”

⁵¹ See above, “Defense of Authority.”

⁵² My friend Ben’s answer: “If I wanted to sensitize myself to the plight of lobsters, then imminence would require it. But do I want to sensitize myself to that?”

⁵³ Newkirk, p. 33.

⁵⁴ “Valerie is totally fictitious,” says one of Newkirk’s associates (Rudacille, p. 136).

⁵⁵ Midgley, p. 9.

⁵⁶ Lutherer and Simon, p. 4.

⁵⁷ Another Inuit story: I once saw a sheep hunt in Greenland. My friends were after wild sheep, and they shot five of them. “The girls purred over the dead lamb, stroking its fur, saying *aww* as blood ran out of its mouth.” (Vollmann, *The Rifles*, p. 330). It was as if these carcasses were their pets.

⁵⁸ Newkirk, p. 38.

⁵⁹ Ibid, p. 64.

⁶⁰ Ibid, p. 57.

⁶¹ Ibid, p. 114.

⁶² Rudacille, p. 145.

⁶³ Moral calculus, 6.2.J.1.

⁶⁴ Lutherer and Simon, pp. 16-17.

⁶⁵ In Montesquieu-Rousseau (“On the Origin of Inequality”).

⁶⁶ Roleff, p. 59 (Jack H. Bottling and Adrian R. Morrison, “Animal Research Is Vital to Medicine”). Italics mine.

⁶⁷ Midgley, p. 37, italics hers.

⁶⁸ Shirer, pp. 986-87 (report to Himmler on freezing experiment involving concentration camp inmates, 10 September 1942).

⁶⁹ Ibid, p. 990.

⁷⁰ About this specific case, “Virginia” characteristically insists: “While many scientific advances have been made using animal testing, they all could have been made without it. That generalization comes from many research doctors, and has not been logically refuted. Ask yourself, ‘For what medical advance would I allow a researcher to cut the throat of my pet?’ Whatever the answer is, it should be the same for another sentient being. Personally, I’d kill [my] favorite pet for a cure for cancer. But not for a one-in-a-million chance at a cure. And certainly not for most of the fraudulent research that is subsidized.”

⁷¹ Newkirk, p. 90.

⁷² Ibid, p. 248.

⁷³ These examples mainly come from Lutherer and Simon (pp. 6-7), who quote the following slogan (loc. cit.): “Medical science has little to learn, and nothing can be gained by repetition of experiments on living animals.” The animal rights people say this now, but these exact words were actually uttered in 1875. (Example of open-heart surgery from Roleff, p. 50 [American Association for Laboratory Animal Sciences, “Use of Animals in Biomedical Research: Understanding the Issues,” repr. as “Animal Medical Experimentation Is Justified”].)

⁷⁴ Roleff, p. 52 (American Association for Laboratory Animal Sciences). The canine parvovirus was sufficiently similar to the previously studied feline panleukopenia virus to facilitate rapid development of a vaccine.

⁷⁵ Ibid, p. 53.

⁷⁶ Roleff, p. 57 (Bottling and Morrison).

⁷⁷ Moral calculus, 5.2.I.1.

⁷⁸ Moral calculus, 5.2.J.3.

⁷⁹ Roleff, loc. cit.

⁸⁰ Roleff, pp. 72-76 (Peggy Carlson, "Whose Health Is It, Anyway?", repr. as "Animal Medical Experimentation Is Unjustified").

⁸¹ Rudacille, p. 175.

⁸² Rudacille, p. 135.

⁸³ Newkirk, pp. 14, 16.

⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 17.

⁸⁵ Rudacille, p. 130.

⁸⁶ General Motors did not return my telephone call when I requested a comment. Here I should remark that the stories about animal research in this chapter are frequently told from either a pro- or anti-animal rights point of view. I have not cared to make the extreme effort of subjecting each claim and counterclaim to scientific assessment, for much the same reason that the possibility of my portrait of Julius Caesar having been distorted by the biases of the ancient historians fails to trouble me. While throughout this book I have striven to accurately report what various moral actors say, it is always possible—and in the case of animal research it is likely—that both sides will be guilty of exaggeration, self-glorification, disingenuousness. If it were to come to light that General Motors had never used a single animal in a crash test, we could still understand, and this is the point, that given the existence of sensor-equipped dummies, pressure on the part of the animal rights movement would be reasonable and justified. The same goes for the tale of the Draize Test, the story of penicillin experiments (where, if the facts of the case were as I have presented them, the animal researchers were justified).

⁸⁷ Roleff, p. 77 (Animal Alliance of Canada, "Cosmetic and Product Testing on Animals," repr. as "Product Testing on Animals Is Unjustified").

⁸⁸ Roleff, p. 79 (Animal Alliance of Canada).

⁸⁹ Rudacille, p. 166.

⁹⁰ Rudacille, p. 124.

⁹¹ For instance, see Rudacille, p. 126.

⁹² Electronic interview by author, January 2003. Henceforth cited "Virginia."

⁹³ She adds: "Steven Hawkins [sic] comes to mind."

⁹⁴ Lutherer and Simon, p. 121.

⁹⁵ Newkirk, p. 311.

⁹⁶ When I asked the ALF activist "Virginia" whether she agreed with this assertion of moral equivalency, she replied: "No. Humans have more ability to feel mental and physical pain than most animals. However, while they are not morally equivalent, they are both wrong. That's the important concept."

⁹⁷ Americans for Medical Progress website: <http://www.amprogress.org/ResearchOpposition/ResearchOppositionList.cfm?c=17>

⁹⁸ Rudacille, pp. 171-77.

⁹⁹ Newkirk, p. 189.

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 194.

¹⁰¹ *Ibid.*, p. 265.

¹⁰² "Meet the E.L.F.," accessed on www.earthliberationfront.com.

¹⁰³ Above, "Means and Ends"; moral calculus, 2.4.

¹⁰⁴ Above, vol. 2.

¹⁰⁵ Above, "Defense of Authority."

¹⁰⁶ Fuller excerpt and citation given below in continua.

¹⁰⁷ Newkirk, p. 337.

¹⁰⁸ Midgley, p. 25.

¹⁰⁹ Moral calculus, 5.2.2.

¹¹⁰ Newkirk, p. 225.

¹¹¹ The two prime qualifications for accomplishing this would be *experience* and *empathy*. I would greatly admire someone who devoted a life to empathizing with animals of different species and presenting us with his findings on their capability of feeling.

¹¹² "Virginia's" choice in this specific case has been said to be justified above, in "Where Do My Rights End?"

¹¹³ Her capitalization.

¹¹⁴ Gandhi, p. 371 ("Question Box," in *Harijan*, 13 April, 1940).

¹¹⁵ Department of Agriculture (2001), p. VII-9 (Table 7-13: "Cattle and calves: Number slaughtered, United States, 1991-2000"), p. VII-20 (Table 7-30: "Hogs: Number slaughtered, United States, 1991-2000").

¹¹⁶ Perhaps this characterization is unfair, since according to the ALF mission statement "any group of people who are vegetarians or vegans and who carry out actions according to ALF guidelines have the right to regard themselves as part of the ALF," and one of the ALF guidelines is "to take all necessary precautions

against harming any animal, human and non-human." However, the intimidators are characterized as ALF in Valerie's biography.

¹¹⁷ Above, this chapter, p. 273.

¹¹⁸ Rowlands, p. 189.

¹¹⁹ We have seen this sort of reasoning time and time again in *Rising Up and Rising Down*, not least in "Defense of Ground," but see also the "nonviolence" of Floyd McKissick ("Defense of Race and Culture") and Judi Bari ("Defense of Earth").

¹²⁰ ALF website ("ALF History").

¹²¹ Lutherer and Simon, p. 19.

¹²² Rudacille, pp. 152-56.

¹²³ Rudacille, p. 147.

¹²⁴ Lutherer and Simon, p. 123.

¹²⁵ *Wall Street Journal*, 29 March, 2001 (Gautam Naik, "Testing Lab Feels the Unbridled Fury of Animal Rights").

¹²⁶ *Guardian* (London), February 23, 2001.

¹²⁷ See above, "Defense of Race and Culture."

¹²⁸ ALF website ("ALF History").

¹²⁹ Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1; see also above, "Defense of War Aims."

¹³⁰ *Financial Times* (London), 14 August, 2002 (no byline, "Animal Rights Activists Harassing U.S. Broker's Staff over HLS Links"). Megaphoned denunciations detailed in *Independent*, 9 July, 2002 (Paul Peachey, "Activists Find New Targets in Fight Against Animal Tests").

¹³¹ *Wall Street Journal*, 29 March, 2001 (Naik article).

¹³² *Ibid.*

¹³³ *Ibid.*

¹³⁴ *Ibid.*

¹³⁵ She also said: "If a veal-eating hunter will help us rescue a dog from an abusive situation, we gladly accept that help. Our primary goal is the life in front of us."

¹³⁶ Department of Agriculture (1952), p. 8.

¹³⁷ Welzl, p. 243.

¹³⁸ Hippocrates-Galen, p. 202 (*On the Natural Faculties*, III).

¹³⁹ Roleff, p. 52.

¹⁴⁰ Rudacille, p. 125.

¹⁴¹ Singer, p. 9.

¹⁴² Midgley, p. 90.

¹⁴³ Newkirk, pp. 19-20.

¹⁴⁴ Lutherer and Simon, p. 121, quoting

Rosenberg.

¹⁴⁵ ALF website.

¹⁴⁶ *Earth First!*, Litha (June-July) 2002, pp. 37-38 (letter to the editor from "Anonymous"). Ellipsis in original.

¹⁴⁷ ALF website ("ALF History").

¹⁴⁸ ALF website ("ALF History").

¹⁴⁹ Newkirk, pp. 193-94.

DEFENSE OF GENDER

¹ Emily Martin, p. 135.

² Quoted in Mosse, p. 47 ("Against the Political Woman," 1933).

³ Herodotus, Book Four, p. 306.

⁴ Carpenter, p. 125.

⁵ See, e.g., Carpenter, fig. 250 (marble pedimental group; abduction of Antiope, ca. 500 B.C.).

⁶ According to Strabon (XI, v, 1-2; quoted in Blok, p. 91), they met the Gargarians in their common mountain frontier, and begat children anonymously with them by night, keeping the females and giving the males back to their fathers. Hippocrates passes on a rumor that he's heard, that Amazons dislocate the knee or hip joints of their little boys, "that the male sex may not conspire against the female... They use them to perform any sedentary work, such as that of a shoemaker or brazier" (op. cit., p. 110; Hippocratic writings).

⁷ Carpenter, fig. 198.

⁸ As well as a testament to the almost omnipotent impulse of exogamy. Might the Scythians have practiced female infanticide, making wives scarce?

⁹ Herodotus, Book Four, p. 308.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 309.

¹¹ Hippocrates-Galen, p. 16 (Hippocratic writings).

¹² Blok, p. 26.

¹³ Blok, p. 193. She believes the Amazon myth to have flourished from 700 to 500 B.C.

¹⁴ Plutarch, p. 537 (life of Pompey).

¹⁵ See above, "Defense of Class," where we dipped into Nikolai Ostrovsky's Stalinist parable of class.

¹⁶ Plutarch, p. 54 (life of Theseus).

¹⁷ Carpenter, fig. 251 (Attic red-figure cup by

Oltos, ca. 510 B.C.).

¹⁸ Carpenter, p. 164.

¹⁹ Homer, *Iliad*, Book III, 189; Book VI, 186.

²⁰ That watchfulness is given unrivalled expression in the fifteenth-century *Malleus Maleficarum*. Among its other aphorisms: "If we inquire, we find that nearly all the kingdoms of the world have been overthrown by women" (Kramer and Sprenger, p. 46).

²¹ Aeschylus et al, p. 135 (Sophocles, *Antigone*, trans. Sir Richard C. Jebb).

²² *Ibid*, p. 137. This scarlet gender-thread runs through much of the ancient Greek drama. In Euripedes's *Medea*, the husband justifies the abandonment of his wife by his gender's natural right to overlordship; in Aristophanes's *Lysistrata* sexual war gets burlesqued by having the women degrade the men, forcibly dressing them as females, acting seductive and then denying them intercourse, etc. In his Orestian trilogy, Aeschylus repeatedly refers to the wanton intemperance of womanhood, and in the murderous character of Clytemnestra gives haunting expression to "these dark imaginings of woman's wit against her warrior" (*ibid*, p. 76; *Choephoroe*, trans. G.M. Cookson).

²³ Carpenter, fig. 197 (ca. 400 B.C.).

²⁴ Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 126.

²⁵ *Loc. cit.*

²⁶ For Roman invective against her and her gender, see Michael Grant, *Cleopatra*, pp. 194-202.

²⁷ Carpenter, fig. 195 (Attic black-figure "Tyrrhenian" amphora, ca. 560 B.C.).

²⁸ Blok, p. 217.

²⁹ Proclus, *Chrestomathia*; quoted in Blok, p. 148.

³⁰ Apollodorus, II, v, 9; quoted in Blok, p. 349.

³¹ Carpenter, p. 125.

³² Blok, plate 3 (following text); Carpenter, fig. 321.

³³ Blok, pp. 196-202.

³⁴ Carpenter, p. 125.

³⁵ Wiedemann, figure 16.

³⁶ See below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

³⁷ In a fascinating and convincing book, the criminologist Lonnie Athens (*op. cit.*) argues that violent criminals are made, not born,

and that their making follows these steps: first violent *subjugation* to the will of another (for instance, being beaten until they surrender), then violent *horrification* (the punishment continues even after unconditional submission), followed by violent *coaching* (being instructed by word and example that it is right and honorable to respond with violence in situations of conflict), then *belligerency* (beginning to act upon all this; behaving "with an attitude"), then violent *performances* (seriously acting upon this; responding to any challenge with violence), and finally *virulency* (becoming feared and respected as a result of successful violent performances, which reinforces the behavior). The story of Danny Rolling's life, as described in his autobiography, closely follows those steps.

³⁸ Quoted in Taylor, p. 537.

³⁹ Rolling and London, p. 169. "And when the author of nature caused vines to be born on the one hand and cunts on the other, you can be quite sure that we were meant to enjoy them" (Sade, *Letters*, p. 62; letter no. VI, to Martin Quiros, January 1780). For a portrait of Sade, see below, "Punishment". Thus the vulgar Sade, here the vulgar sadist who, like the vulgar Marxist, becomes the moralist's straw man. We are all animals, all predators, he says; let's make no bones about it. In 1781, complaining to his wife about how badly he was treated as a result of his orgy in Lyon—for it appears that some of the servant-girls he debauched were virgins—he concludes with his usual logic that after all, the procuress alone should have been punished; he himself "was merely doing what all men do" (*ibid*, p. 70, letter no. VII, to Mme de Sade, February 20, 1781). His version of the universal male act is to tie up a young beggar-widow, whom he's already commanded, on pain of death, to undress, to whip her and then to drop molten wax in her gashes. The suave, cold protagonists of his novels frequently treat their victims to the same preliminaries.

⁴⁰ Rolling and London, p. 144.

⁴¹ *Ibid*, p. 18.

⁴² Carpenter, fig. 321.

⁴³ Rolling and London, p. 147.

⁴⁴ *Ibid*, p. 16.

⁴⁵ Seager, p. 56.

⁴⁶ See below, "Sadism and Expediency."

⁴⁷ Wesley, p. 122.

⁴⁸ Wesley, p. 90; Coleman, p. 389.

⁴⁹ Rolling and London, p. 54.

⁵⁰ For rape as defilement, see above, "Defense of Honor," as in this official complaint from seventeenth-century Russian Siberia: "Widows and maidens who of their own free will petition against these perpetrators of violence and corruption are seized by force, taken to the men's quarters for lascivious purposes and are held there against their will and without any legal process... Husbands, seeing such violence committed against their wives, abandon them and move far off from town and take up with someone else. Afterward, a week or two later, the man who has abducted the wife brings in some single man and marries off the woman to him" (Dmytrtryshyn et al, p. 103; document ca. 1623).

⁵¹ Here I have in mind the inferior physical strength of women. The origin of gender violence may well have been the usual coercion employed by the strong upon the weak. See above, "Defense of Class."

⁵² Letter from M.M., July 22, 1994.

⁵³ Alfred P. French, M.D. and Herbert L. Nelson, M.D., "Genital Self-Mutilation in Women," *Archives of General Psychiatry*, 1992, reprinted in Swezey, p. 329. An American study found that men are three times less likely than women to mutilate themselves, but in cases of specifically sexual self-mutilation only one out of fifty reported incidents involved a female (ibid, p. 325).

⁵⁴ One feminist text asserts that the rate at which women are violently injured is ten times higher than for men (O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 244). Not everyone agrees, of course. A 1987 study of 705 men and women in Alberta concluded that "women are just as violent to their spouses as men, and women are almost three times more likely to initiate violence in a relationship," although the researchers themselves suppressed the data, unconscionably in my opinion, because "they were primarily interested in male-to-female violence at the time" (*National Post*, vol. 1 no.

219, July 10, 1999, front page, Brad Evenson and Carol Milstone, "Women emerge as aggressors in Alberta survey: 67% of women questioned say they started severe conflicts"). For the moment, however, I will assume that the results of the Alberta study are not universally valid, simply because men do hold more than half of the power in the world, and other studies do not bear out the Alberta data.

⁵⁵ Williams, p. 194.

⁵⁶ Veli Verkko, "Static and Dynamic 'Laws' of Sex and Homicide," in Wolfgang, pp. 36-44.

⁵⁷ Paul Bohannon, "Patterns of Homicide Among Tribal Societies in Africa," in Wolfgang, p. 221.

⁵⁸ Ibid, p. 220.

⁵⁹ Harold Garfinkel, "Inter- and Intra-racial Homicides," in Wolfgang, p. 47. See Table 1, p. 46.

⁶⁰ This substantial gender-based difference allows a community to express itself in a less dangerous fashion by sending out deputations of women, as in the Ukrainian *babski bunty*, or "women's rebellions," against Stalin's collectivization drive in 1930-32. (For more discussion of collectivization, see "Defense of Class," above.) One official report tells how "a great crowd of women came" to the collective farms and granaries, "armed with clubs and other things, and began demanding that the horses be returned. They also tried to beat up representatives of the District Executive Committee and the District Party Committee" (quoted in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 157). This was not per se an attack against men conducted by women. Nor was it mere pillage, as was the case with the widowed and orphaned women's battalion of revolutionaries in the insurgent Mexican state of Morelos, who fell upon a district "to avenge the dead" (Womack, p. 170). Rather, it was an attempt—which often bore fruit—to use the lesser violent threat of femaleness (based on the statistics we see) to regain without escalation the confiscated property belonging to both men and women. "If the Communists, Konsomols and members of the village Soviets and Committees of Unwealthy Peasants attacked them, the men rallied to

the women's defence. This tactic aimed at avoiding intervention by armed forces, and it was successful." (Conquest, *op. cit.*, p. 158). Temporarily successful, at least...

⁶¹ Judicial Affairs General Research Institute (Japan), p. 247, Table III-5; trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden. In a similar vein, a National Police Agency report for the first eleven months of 1998 reports that only a quarter of the 36,960 minors arrested for all legal infractions were girls (*Japan Times*, December 29, 1998, p. 16, editorial: "Japan's youth deserve better").

⁶² FBI, p. 16, where we find 22,434 murders reported; 28.6 percent unknown, 65.2 percent by men, 6.2 percent of them by women. (My calculation: $22,434 - 16,009 = 6,425$, which is the missing 28.6 percent.) But on p. 14 the total estimated number of murders for 1995 is given as 21,597. Well, close enough for government work. Obviously only *solved* murders can be broken down by sex, but we might as well assume that the ratio approximately holds. The monograph by Mann (p. 8), who studied female-committed homicides over a more significant period, comes up with a similar figure.

⁶³ 7,425 men to 1,755 women. Information furnished by the egregious Koerber (p. 5), surely at official behest. I can think of no reason why the Soviets would have falsified the proportions of genders imprisoned, although the numbers themselves might well be deliberate underestimations. Koerber deliberately excluded political prisoners from her calculation.

⁶⁴ Van den Berg, p. 70.

⁶⁵ If women are an oppressed class, does it follow that each and every woman is oppressed? The feminist Susan Brownmiller would say that it does. She insists that *rape is a crime perpetrated by all men against all women*. I absolutely reject this gender-bigoted proposition, which, did I believe it, might encourage me to be a rapist, since if I were doing the time I might as well commit the crime. (Moreover, not every act which is called a rape ought to be a crime. The conventional legalistic view of rape is that it can be divided into three successive degrees: first, violent, employing force or intimidation upon an

unwilling victim; second, statutory, "consenting sexual relations between an adult and a minor;" and third, also statutory, relations between two minors [Rapp, p. 39]. If two sixteen-year-olds sleep together because they both want to, I just don't see the inevitable wrongness. The possible consequences of disease and pregnancy ought to be considered as expedient or quasi-utilitarian problems rather than as pure moral issues. Education, openness and access to prophylactics could render such difficulties moot.) One feminist essay proposes broadening definitions of rape to include such absurdities as "survival rape," in which "young women living under economic deprivation involve themselves with older men to obtain goods and services that they need for survival" (O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 227; Mary P. Koss et al, "The Global Burden on Rape"). In effect, this category would patronizingly deny a poor young woman's free will, and criminalize a rich older man. I am not a rapist, and if a woman gazes at me in fear, I need not feel guilty about her fear, nor does she have the right to be uncivil to me on that account. I say again: I am not a rapist. This is no defense of my gender. It defends me, myself.

⁶⁶ Whom Herodotus knows as "Sesostris."

⁶⁷ Herodotus, Book Two, p. 167.

⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 168. Millennia later, a homicide pathologist informs us that "the male counterpart of ... *necrophobia* with its amputation of the external genitalia is encountered less frequently [than in female victims]. It is said to be utilized by some gangster elements to indicate that the victim had been a 'squealer' (informer)" (Adelson, p. 665).

⁶⁹ Portrayed above, in "Defense of Class."

⁷⁰ "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 146 (Lycurgus). We should remember that Lycurgus did abolish dowries.

⁷¹ Sakyamuni Buddha, p. 213.

⁷² *Ibid.*, p. 207, fn.

⁷³ *Ibid.*, p. 213.

⁷⁴ Cicero, *Murder Trials*, p. 139 (defense of Aulus Cluentius Habitus).

⁷⁵ Malice and bigotry need not be assumed in every case of feminine exclusion. For many primitive peoples, women form a means of

exchange, which is why Vernant can explain (p. 31) that “the gift of a daughter is a means of paying off the price of bloodshed.” In short, the woman is a means of perpetuating the male line. Among the Hittites, a man’s widow would pass first to his brother, then his father, then the father’s brother, then the father’s brother’s son. She never seems to have reverted to her natal family (_____, *Hittite Laws*, p. 55; tablet 1, statute no. 193). In classical Athens, if the last man of the family had left only a daughter, her guardian might arrange to marry her to a man who would enjoy her and her property until her son came of age. One of Solon’s laws commanded that the husband sleep with her at least three times a month. “What is astonishing, to modern eyes, is that the law gave the woman herself no choice in this matter” (MacDowell, p. 97). Quoting the Roman legal maxim, *Mulier est finis familiae*, that is, “a woman is the terminus of the family. A female name closes the branch or twig of the genealogy in which it occurs,” Maine explains (p. 123) that “it is obvious that the organisation of primitive societies would have been confounded, if men had called themselves relatives of their mother’s relatives. The inference would have been that a person might be subject to two distinct ... jurisdictions” (ibid., p. 124), like a dual national in modern times. This is logical, and would have been equally so had the jurisdiction been the other way around, under a matriarchy. And yet the Spartans were able to live under two kings, the Romans under two tribunes; the necessity of a single jurisdiction thus leaves me cold. During much of the Roman period, a woman was legally considered the daughter of her husband (Maine, p. 128; Justinian, p. 55)—or, in some cases, not a member of the family at all (Buckland and McNair, pp. 37-38)—without any significant rights of her own. Under standard Roman law, an insult to a woman was considered an insult to her husband, but not vice versa (ibid., p. 296).

⁷⁶ Kramer and Sprenger, p. 44. The procedures of this handbook are discussed below in the chapter on punishment.

⁷⁷ Ibid., p. 47.

⁷⁸ Quoted in Shirer, p. 30 (entry for November 13, 1863).

⁷⁹ Rousseau, p. 205 (“Discourse on the Origin of Inequality”).

⁸⁰ Hitler, p. 441.

⁸¹ Montesquieu, p. 116, XVI.2. In the same work (pp. 47-48, VII.9), he can conceive of three different “states of women”: liberty under a monarchy, because “each courtier avails himself of their charms and passions, in order to advance his fortune;” near enslavement under despotism, where “women do not introduce, but are themselves an object of, luxury;” and legal liberty and social restraint in a republic, which excludes “luxury,” “corruption and vice.” When could any of these ever be true liberty?

⁸² Adelson, p. 670.

⁸³ “Noted specialists,” p. 41 (italics in original). “Your letter to Susan B. Anthony is directed to the ‘Care of Mrs. H. B. Stanton,’ if I do not do your chirography injustice. Now, dear friend, did you pen that, or was it done by your private secretary, a perfumed young man who never heard that women and negroes are beginning to repudiate the name of their masters and claiming a right to a life-long name of their own?” (Elizabeth Cady Stanton, p. 85; to Wendell Philipps, August 18, 1860).

⁸⁴ “Sayings of Spartans,” in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 129 (Aureus). See also p. 135 (Euboedas). Until the collapse of the Republic, and for some time after, the Roman wife, as we saw, lived under a similar guardianship, in obedience to the ancient law of the Twelve Tables which prohibited female enfranchisement “because of their levity of mind” (_____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 10 (Table V, statute no. 1). She could, it is true, absent herself from her husband for three successive nights every year to interrupt his prescriptive right (loc. cit.; Table VI, statute no. 5), but presumably that would merely have returned her to the control of her natal family. Herodotus says with what now reads as complacent idiocy that “abducting young women ... is not, indeed, a lawful act; but it is stupid after the event to make a fuss about it ... for it is obvious that no young woman allows herself to be

abducted if she does not wish to be" (p. 42; Book One). Doubtless this conclusion would surprise many of the victims of child molesters. His logic probably runs: A young woman is never out of her house or out of earshot of her kinsmen, unless she wishes to be. The women he's writing about might have been in the *agora* or on the docks, thus committing licentious unseemliness. In modern terms, "they asked for it." Was it similar logic which in 1991 made Sudanese women ineligible to testify at their own rape trials? (Seager, p. 56.) "The country's woman power has always been wasted," reads an editorial in *The Woman Citizen* (September 7, 1918). "It has been wasted by the conversion of women into parasites among the bourgeoisie. It has been wasted all along the line by efforts to hold back woman's intellectual force, her moral force, her political force" ("Women Wasted," on p. 285).

⁸⁵ Friedrich Engels, "The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State" (extract), in "Toole and Schiffman, p. 14.

⁸⁶ Rolling and London, p. 72.

⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 59. Evidently, we are meant (by rejection, counseling, support) to assume that for rape "society" bears some of the blame—an easy off-shifting of responsibility.

⁸⁸ I am quoting this from memory. The wording may have been slightly different; e.g., "WOMAN RAPED WITH GUN, THEN MURDERED!"

⁸⁹ See above, "On The Aesthetics of Weapons."

⁹⁰ Seager, p. 115. Brownmiller, of course, concurs: "my horror at the idea of legalized prostitution is not that it doesn't work as a rape deterrent, but that it institutionalizes the concept that it is man's monetary right, if not his divine right, to gain access to the female body" (op. cit., p. 440).

⁹¹ Delacoste and Alexander, p. 143 (Nina Hartley, "Confessions of a Feminist Porn Star").

⁹² *The Joy of Sex* defines pornography as "name given to any sexual literature which somebody is trying to suppress... Most normal people enjoy looking at sex books and reading sex fantasies" (Comfort, p. 208).

⁹³ One stripper writes about her work at the Lusty Lady in San Francisco: "I can be discriminating in who I perform for. I can walk away from a window whenever I want. And I can play... As long as my breasts and crotch are showing, costuming is up for grabs ... Dancing together, naked, side-by-side onstage, we Lusties grow very aware of the individual beauty of our bodies" (Burana, pp. 203-04). Joani Blank introduces her collection of color photographs of vulvas: "These are pictures of genitals, and for that reason alone will be interesting to most people, interesting and beautiful to some, interesting, beautiful and arousing to others... None of these women was sexually aroused at the time her vulva was photographed... The reponse to [this book] has been quite remarkable... Male partners have admitted that they had never really looked at their lovers' genitals before" (op. cit., unnumbered front matter).

⁹⁴ "Why are you reading this book?" begins the S.M. goddess Pat Califia (p. 4). "Perhaps you caught your lover reading *The Story of O* with one hand tucked between her thighs... Whatever your story is, welcome. You've begun a long journey toward sexual honesty and self-revelation."

⁹⁵ Mistress Lilith Lash: "A man who's just been fucked up the ass while wearing false eyelashes and crotchless pink panties is very unlikely to rape and kill... I'm very happy with my life... I have written pornography... I have also written, produced, directed and edited films and videos" (*ibid.*, p. 52, "Pain, Pleasure and Poetry").

⁹⁶ Moral calculus, 5.1.8. See also above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

⁹⁷ "Exposure to pornography under laboratory conditions has been found to increase men's aggression toward women, particularly when a male participant has been affronted, insulted or provoked by a woman." Or could it be the provoking that has something to do with the aggression? A few sentences down in the same paragraph, we learn that "it is the depiction of violence against women more than sexual explicitness that results in callousness toward female victims of violence

and attitudes that are accepting of such violence" (Crowell and Burgess, p. 63). In other words, maybe pornography itself isn't such a terrible thing after all.

⁹⁸ Moral calculus, 6.2.K.2.

⁹⁹ At the advice of Mr. Daniel T. Ryu, I have used the following formula: $\Pr(R_L) = 1 - [\Pr(N_Y)]^{75}$, where $\Pr(R_L)$ is the probability of a woman's being raped in her lifetime and $\Pr(N_Y)$ is the probability of her being raped in a given year.

This formula realistically allows for the possibility of multiple rape. The number 75 may be argued with as being too low, especially since lifespans in the U.S. will probably continue to rise. In one projection, the U.N. proposes an eventual worldwide life expectancy of 87.5 years for women (Joel Cohen, p. 140). But we may as well center our average female lifespan around the year 1995, when much of the data drawn on for this table was closed. Thirty-six years ago, women lived less than 75 years—one source says 60 years, another says 62. Cohen (op. cit., p. 49) gives a 1995 figure of 78 years for women in North America and western Europe. Given the other uncertainties inherent in the data, this one is fairly trivial.

¹⁰⁰ Rapp, p. 42.

¹⁰¹ Brownmiller, p. 190.

¹⁰² According to the FBI (op. cit., p. 23), in 1995, the rate of forcible rape (that is, rape excluding statutory rape) per 100,000 female inhabitants ("by Uniform Crime Reporting definition, the victims of forcible rape are always female"; p. 25) was 37.1, or 0.037 percent. Rape rates fluctuate, of course. Between 1991 and 1995, they fell by 12.3 percent in relative terms (p. 25). From the rates for each year from 1976 through 1995, however (p. 58), I obtain a mean value of 0.0386 percent, or almost the 1995 figure. The average probability of *not* being raped during any one of those years, then, is 99.9614 percent. Assume an average American female lifespan of seventy-five years. It would seem that two-year-old girls and seventy-two-year-old ladies have a lower chance of being raped than twenty-two-year-olds, being less sexually desirable (even Brownmiller admits that "the danger to

women is greatest between the ages of 10 and 29"; op. cit., p. 389; Rapp believes that the extreme danger limits are ages twelve to thirty-four; op. cit., p. 43). But let's accept the case that the yearly rape rate, being summed over all ages of American females, incorporates this. In that case, to estimate the probability of an American woman's being raped at least once in the course of her entire lifetime, we employ $\Pr(R_L) = 1 - [\Pr(N_Y)]^{75}$ to obtain $1 - (99.9614\% \text{ to the } 75\text{th power}) = 100\% - 97.146\% = 2.9\%$.

¹⁰³ O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 196 ("Undeclared War: African-American Writers Explicating Rape").

¹⁰⁴ The National Crime Victimization Survey confusingly tabulates U.S. rapes per 1,000 households *or* per 1,000 females aged twelve or older, we don't know which. Assume the latter. Since ages one through eleven are excluded, we'll have to make the exponent in our formula $(75-11) = 64$. From the data given (UNICRI, Table 5, p. 684), I obtain a mean rate from 1973 to 1991 inclusive of 0.07833%. By $\Pr(R_L) = 1 - [\Pr(N_Y)]^{64}$ we obtain $100\% - (99.922 \text{ to the } 64\text{th}) = 100 - 95.13 = 4.9$ percent lifetime probability of becoming a rape victim.

¹⁰⁵ O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 80 ("Edwin Schur, "Sexual Coercion in American Life").

¹⁰⁶ Seager, p. 56. Many sources are listed for this worldwide rape map (see p. 116), but none specifically for this statistic. This book is maddeningly vague and tendentious. We might note for comparison that at the end of World War II, when the vengeful Red Army entered German territory, "as many as 1.4 million women were raped in the eastern territories—some 18 per cent of the female population of those regions. In East Prussia, the percentage may well have been much higher" (Kershaw, p. 763).

¹⁰⁷ Crowell and Burgess, p. 1 (executive summary). On pp. 30-31 this volume cites a series of private studies whose respondents report "lifetime rape" or "lifetime sexual assault" in varying proportions: a low of 5.9 percent (five counties in North Carolina; 1157 "adult women," sample two-thirds white, one-third black) and a high of 25 per-

cent of the black women and 20 percent of the white women in a sample in Los Angeles County (248 women 18-36 years old).

¹⁰⁸ Blok, p. 406, invoking the discussion of E. Vermeule, *Aspects of Death*.

¹⁰⁹ Chekhov, vol. 15, *Notebook of Anton Chekhov*, p. 25.

¹¹⁰ All of the items on this list are recapitulated in the moral calculus, 5.2.K.

¹¹¹ Ovid, *The Art of Love*, p. 59 (*The Art of Love*, I.673).

¹¹² For a definition of proportionality, see the moral calculus, 5.1.7-7a.

¹¹³ Abbot, pp. 9-10. For Abbot's views on rape as it relates to honor, see above, "Defense of Honor."

¹¹⁴ Ghiglieri, p. 99 (italics in original).

¹¹⁵ Hostile fixation on the genitals of the opposite sex is perhaps one sign of gender violence. Rolling calls his victims "pussies." "A woman bent on avenging the slaying of a friend bided her time for more than a decade before she seduced the killer and then cut off his penis, police say" (*Sacramento Bee*, December 11, 1997 p. B4). But for Rolling, any attractive victim would do. The friend-avenger sought out a specific man; her cruelty did not comprise gender violence.

¹¹⁶ Spitz and Fisher, p. 520.

¹¹⁷ Adelson, p. 635. Spitz concurs (Spitz and Fisher, p. 670). The case is similar in the former Soviet Union (Van den Berg, p. 70). In certain parts of India, infanticide may sometimes be committed by the father (Venkatachalam and Srinivasan, p. 29), but even there this type of crime appears to be largely female.

¹¹⁸ Kramer and Sprenger, p. 66.

¹¹⁹ Evans, p. 44.

¹²⁰ Mann, p. 93.

¹²¹ Adelson, pp. 635-37.

¹²² Keegan insists: "Women, however, do not fight. They rarely fight among themselves, and they never, in any military sense, fight men... We must now enter the supremely important limitation that [war] is an entirely masculine activity" (p. 76). I must, of course, defer to Keegan's lifetime of experience as a military historian. My friend Vineta in Serbia, who joined the army after her

boyfriend was killed; the Guardian Angel from Denver named Apache; the Warsaw Ghetto fighter Masha Glytman (Kurzman, p. 99); Queen Artemisia, who commanded her own fleet under the Persians (Herodotus, pp. 474, 545-6, 552, 558); the Aztec women who fought Cortes's *conquistadores* by throwing stones "as effectively as the men" (Gómara, p. 293); newspaper reports of female Khmer Rouge and Viet Cong cadres; eyewitness statements that the various revolutionary *journalées* of the French Revolution were frequently incited by women: these give evidence that women do participate in military and paramilitary activities. Granted, they do not do so to nearly the same extent that men do, which is why Thucydides mentions their bit parts in the Peloponnesian War as prodigies equivalent to eclipses or two-headed calves: "The women also joined in the fighting with great daring, hurling down tiles from the roof-tops and standing up to the din of battle with a courage beyond their sex" (op. cit., p. 238). Plato, reporting on the martial skills of "untold thousands" of Sarmatian calvarywomen "living near the Black Sea" (*Laws*, VII.804e-805b, p. 1,376), insisted that in his utopia "while they are still in their girlhood they must practice dancing and fighting in armor thoroughly, and as women they must take their share in the maneuvering, company drill, and grounding and shouldering of arms" in order to defend their homeland if necessary (VII.813e-814a, p. 1,384). In the American Revolution "even the women had firelocks. One was seen to fire a blunderbuss between her father and husband from their windows" (quoted in M.L. Brown, p. 298). The French Revolution's historian Alison writes: "Fiends, in the form of women, were here, as ever in the revolution, foremost in deeds of cruelty" (quoted in Lewes, p. 247). During World War II, Russian women served as bomber pilots and snipers. One source claimed that one-third of the Yugoslav Partisans were "women either engaged in active combat or serving as members of an Auxiliary Corps such as the medical." —Markovich, p. 13. —The examples which I have given in the text above, at any

rate, are non-military examples, and of course there are many, many more. Koestler goes farther than I do—unreasonably so; in *The Invisible Writing* he insists that the influence of women in history has been more often violent and baleful than the reverse (p. 35). And here is Napoleon's lighthearted encomium: "They are brave, incredibly enthusiastic, and capable of the most frightful atrocities" (quoted in Seward, p. 92).

¹²³ See above, "Defense of Honor."

¹²⁴ See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

¹²⁵ Hardin, pp. 182-83.

¹²⁶ *The Woman Citizen*, November 23, 1918, p. 534 (correspondence page "From Life").

¹²⁷ That is, 38 percent of 1,250. Venkatachalam and Srinivasan, p. 20.

¹²⁸ Sood, p. 94 (Marie M. Mascarchras, "Feminism, Hijacked Down the Slippery Slope...").

¹²⁹ For a discussion of Hardin and his herdsman's calculus, see above, "Defense of the Earth."

¹³⁰ Hardin, p. 206.

¹³¹ Yerbury, p. 157. To test this hypothesis someone ought to conduct demographic studies in Latvia, which in 1997 ranked number one in my *Pocket World in Figures* for "most female population" (84.3 men per 100 women), and also in Qatar, which ranked number one for "most male population" (193.3 men per 100 women). (*The Economist* & Profile Books, p. 19.)

¹³² Yerbury, loc cit.

¹³³ Hardin, pp. 190-92; Joel Cohen, pp. 113-14. One can interpret race-driven violence in sociobiological terms, like Bakunin's "vegetable patriotism": namely, as the attempt on the part of one subspecies to preserve its genetic lineage at the expense of another. And, indeed, once genetic engineering makes parthenogenesis and its male equivalent practical to the masses, the same calculus may perhaps be applied to inter-gender violence: men and women won't need each other for reproduction anymore. In that case, the picture of inter-gender violence may radically change.

¹³⁴ Ibid, pp. 207-210.

¹³⁵ *Korea Focus*, 1996, pp. 95-100 (Lee Na-mi, "Perils of Gender Imbalance," *Monthly Korea*

Forum, July 1996).

¹³⁶ Sood, p. 143 (Prof. K.D. Gangradeb, "Women and Children: Battles to Fight"). For consistency in the table, I have recalculated from the respective ratios of 1,000:972, 1,000:935 and 1,000:928.

¹³⁷ *Korea Focus* article, p. 95.

¹³⁸ Venkatachalam and Srinivasan, loc. cit.

¹³⁹ Ibid, p. 31.

¹⁴⁰ Sood, p. 50.

¹⁴¹ Yerbury, p. 157.

¹⁴² As noted in our discussion of Stalin's dekulakization campaign in the 1930s (in "Defense of Class"), infanticide comprised seven percent of all homicides in the USSR, twice as many as in 1964 (Van den Berg, p. 70). Hunger was almost certainly a major cause. I would assume that these killings were gender-neutral.

¹⁴³ Venkatachalam and Srinivasan, pp. 22-26, 46.

¹⁴⁴ Sood, p. 99 (Marie M. Mascarchras, "Feminism, Hijacked Down the Slippery Slope ...").

¹⁴⁵ Ibid, p. 27.

¹⁴⁶ Moral calculus, 5.2.K.

¹⁴⁷ Aeschylus et al, p. 27, "Seven Against Thebes," trans. G. M. Cookson, slightly modernized by WTV.

¹⁴⁸ Aristotle, vol. 2, pp. 69, 108, 134 (*History of Animals*, V.7, VII.2, IX.1).

¹⁴⁹ Hippocrates-Galen, pp. 141 (Hippocratic writings).

¹⁵⁰ Lucretius, p. 78 (Book V).

¹⁵¹ Ovid, *The Art of Love*, p. 121 (*The Art of Love*, III.31).

¹⁵² Montaigne, pp. 84, 399, 401 (*Essays*, I.27, II.3, III.4).

¹⁵³ Montesquieu-Rousseau, pp. 349-50 (*On the Origin of Inequality*).

¹⁵⁴ Kant, p. 420 (*The Science of Right*, "The Rights of the Family as a Domestic Society," I.24, 26).

¹⁵⁵ Clinton, p. 73 (Roderick Murchison to Elizabeth Murchison).

¹⁵⁶ Ibid, p. 97 (William O. Gregory to Martha Gregory).

¹⁵⁷ Freud, *Dora*, p. 135. "In treatment by psychoanalysis it is very important to be prepared for the bisexual meaning of a symptom.

One need not then be surprised or misled if a symptom seems to persist with undiminished force even though one of its sexual meanings has already been resolved. It is then still being maintained by the perhaps unsuspected opposite sexual trend" (p. 152).

¹⁵⁸ Sherfey, pp. 141, 145.

¹⁵⁹ Comfort, p. 98.

¹⁶⁰ Teitelbaum, p. 52 ("Sex Roles in Primate Societies").

¹⁶¹ Delacoste and Alexander, p. 50 (Lash, "Pain, Pleasure and Poetry").

¹⁶² DreamHaven Books catalogue, p. 4 ("Featured Treats: Dress, by Chris Wilde").

¹⁶³ All of the items on this list are recapitulated in the moral calculus, 5.2.K.

¹⁶⁴ Cahill, p. 13. For many women, the sight of pornography can be this, but (no matter what Diana E. H. Russell may say) pornography is not violent. So let us say that rape is an embodied *violent* experience, a *violent* affront.

¹⁶⁵ Pernoud, pp. 219-21.

¹⁶⁶ Diamond, pp. 109-30 (Felicia Ihuoma Abaraonye, "The Women's War of 1929 in South-Eastern Nigeria").

¹⁶⁷ Ibid, pp. 133-65 (Eugenia Shaklin, "Anlu Remembered: The Kom Women's Rebellion of 1958-61").

¹⁶⁸ Kidwell and Steele, pp. 146-51.

¹⁶⁹ There certainly would have been shepherdesses, strong-willed widow-proprietresses, etc.

¹⁷⁰ See above, "Defense of Race and Culture." Moral calculus, 5.2.D.

¹⁷¹ Rountree, p. 88.

¹⁷² Ibid, p. 84.

¹⁷³ Ibid, p. 89.

¹⁷⁴ I gather that this is probable but not certain.

¹⁷⁵ Barbour, *Pocahontas and Her World*, p. 250 (Appendix III: "Copy of John Rolfe's Letter to Sir Thomas Dale Regarding His Marriage to Pocahontas," ca. 1613).

¹⁷⁶ Moral calculus, 1.1.3 (First Law of Violent Action).

¹⁷⁷ Aman never tells us her birthdate, so this is guesswork on my part.

¹⁷⁸ Moral calculus, initial apology and disclaimer.

¹⁷⁹ Moral calculus, 5.2.K.6.

¹⁸⁰ Obviously, it would not be justified

against individuals who happen to be members of the gender-oppressing class only passively, through biological or social accidents—Mr. Bartholomew's brother, for instance, if he had a brother and if the brother kept out of politics.

¹⁸¹ Trigger to author, September 14, 2002.

¹⁸² See below, "With Their Hands On Their Hearts."

¹⁸³ See above, "Defense of Honor." Defense of gender is sometimes a mask for, or possibly even equivalent to, defense of honor. This book has already considered "honor killings," violence directed against the shame of rape, adultery or fornication. Who must die so that the family may recover its standing in the world? Sometimes it is the sexual partner from outside the family (who is almost invariably male). Sometimes it is the woman herself, the wife, sister, mother or daughter who had intercourse, willingly or not. The reasoning behind this we've described. It seems plausible that when a man's inner and outer honor is wounded by the sexual stain on his female dependent, his inner and outer gendered self is wounded in much the same way: His own house is in disarray; he feels like less of a man; his intimates are looking to him for leadership and help; outside the house people wait expectantly for him to fulfill the male role of retaliation.

¹⁸⁴ Murray S. Davis: "Intimates ... may join their internal spirits to they extent that they join their external objectifications... Today, perhaps the ultimate example of common property is the joint checking account" (pp. 175, 177).

¹⁸⁵ Above, this chapter, p. 323.

¹⁸⁶ In 1755, Rousseau writes about the savage: "He follows solely the character nature has implanted in him, and not tastes which he never could have acquired; so that every woman equally answers his purpose" (Montesquieu-Rousseau, p. 346, *On the Origin of Inequality*).

¹⁸⁷ For instance, to friendship. But I will not attempt to do this here.

¹⁸⁸ All of the items on this list are recapitulated in the moral calculus, 5.2.K.

¹⁸⁹ Why do I insist on the seemingly super-

fluous “nonconsensual violence”? We must always take care (as Diana E. H. Russell refuses to do) to differentiate violent aggression against gender from consensual sado-masochistic practices, which will be the subject of a later chapter (“Sadism, Masochism and Pleasure”). A prostitute lies in bed, strangled with an electric cord. The strangler is not her client but her boyfriend, whose ex-wife will testify that when he was with her he could never reach orgasm without choking her. “Even though this would appear to be a homicide,” writes the forensic pathologist, “it probably represents . . . an accidental death during deviate sexual practice. The average jury, however, finds this a difficult explanation to accept” (Spitz and Fisher, p. 514).

¹⁹⁰ We’re told that “violent men may be deficient in the skills necessary to accurately decode communications from women. For example, men’s judgments of videotapes of male-female interactions are more highly sexualized than women’s” (Crowell and Burgess, p. 60).

¹⁹¹ Out of forty-one serial rapists interviewed by FBI profilers, a quarter had seen sexual violence before they grew up, and nearly half had witnessed “disturbing sexual activity on part of parents.” Less than half had been “physically abused” by the parents; nearly three-quarters had been “emotionally abused” (Bennett and Hess, pp. 258-359, citing Robert Hazelwood [whom I assume to be the R.R. Hazelwood of a companion footnote] and Janet Warren, “Serial rapists,” 1989).

¹⁹² Lady Hyegyong, p. 282 (memoir of 1805).

¹⁹³ Loc. cit.

¹⁹⁴ Ibid, p. 283.

¹⁹⁵ Ibid, p. 301.

¹⁹⁶ See below, “Sadism and Expediency.”

¹⁹⁷ Sood, p. 8 (Prof. A. Nahajan, “Instigators of Wife Battering”).

¹⁹⁸ Defense of gender is violently and justifiably mandated *when directed against a gender-class system whose unjustified categories place the subservient gender at imminent risk of harm, when the defensive violence would clearly diminish that risk, and when proportionality applies.* As an example, a Thai brothel-keeper who illegally imprisons Burmese girls for his own profit in

conditions of sexual slavery could, I believe, be violently attacked were that necessary to help the girls escape. Were that brothel system legal and hence protected against nonviolent redress, I believe that any weak link in the exploitative chain—for instance, the man who drove truckloads of these prisoners from a collection point to a brothel—might be attacked with equal justification. Unfortunately, any defensive violence which one could imagine would not help Lady Hyegyong.

¹⁹⁹ See the chapter on those excuses for violence.

²⁰⁰ Vernant, p. 24.

²⁰¹ If in an urban disturbance we find both white and black people fighting together on both sides, imputations of a race riot become implausible. But if whites are predominantly on one side, blacks on the other, as in the case of the Civil War, where only the Union employed black troops, then we have reason to believe race to be a major factor in the violence. Similarly, we can be most certain that violence is gender-linked when a group consisting mainly or entirely of one sex attacks a group of the opposite sex. Hence the legend of the Amazons.

²⁰² *The Woman Citizen*, April 12, 1919, p. 95 7 (editorial: “The League of Women Voters”).

²⁰³ See above, “Defense of Class.”

²⁰⁴ A captive concubine might dwell in effectually a slave relation, and violence between her and her husband-lord would then take on a superpersonal character. A wife in a country where divorce is prohibited may likewise find the relation between herself and her husband to be stifling, immutable, involuntary, coercive.

²⁰⁵ Which is not to deny the ubiquity of the act. *The State of Women in the World Atlas* shows a world map entitled “Domestic Violence.” If a country is colored yellow, domestic violence “is reported as common.” If it is colored green, then it is “by all reports not common.” Madagascar, Laos, the Ivory Coast and a couple of tropical islands alone are green. Greenland and Iceland are covered up, so I don’t know about them. The rest are yellow (Seager, pp. 26-27).

²⁰⁶ Sood, pp. 13-15 (Prof. Vidhu Mohan, “Is There Hope for Battered Wives?”).

- ²⁰⁷ O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 249 ("Battering in Intimate Relationships").
- ²⁰⁸ For an insistent lumping together of the two motives in no. 3, see O'Toole and Schiffman, pp. 103-05 (James Messerschmidt, "Varieties of 'Real Men'").
- ²⁰⁹ Zorita, p. 136.
- ²¹⁰ Díaz, p. 395.
- ²¹¹ Raleigh, p. 226 (*History of the World*).
- ²¹² Scott, p. 64.
- ²¹³ Lady Hyegyong, p. 266.
- ²¹⁴ One twentieth-century Korean sociologist notes that Western ideas of gender equality and freedom of expression may constitute attacks on Confucianist, Buddhist and Islamic cultures. Consider the case of lesbian pornography, he says. —Han Sang-jin, professor of sociology, Seoul National University, "Human Rights and Growth in East Asia," in *Korea Focus*, vol. 5, no. 1 (January-February 1997), p. 3.
- ²¹⁵ In the chapter "Defense of Honor," above.
- ²¹⁶ See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
- ²¹⁷ See below, "Punishment."
- ²¹⁸ See below, "Defense Against Traitors."
- ²¹⁹ Lady Hyegyong, p. 59 (memoir of 1795).
- ²²⁰ *Ibid*, p. 91.
- ²²¹ *Ibid*, p. 297.
- ²²² *Ibid*, pp. 108-09.
- ²²³ *Ibid*, p. 298.
- ²²⁴ *Ibid*, pp. 317-18.
- ²²⁵ *Ibid*, p. 354, fn. 26 by JaHyun Kim Haboush.
- ²²⁶ For further discussion of this point, see "Defense Against Traitors," below.
- ²²⁷ Lady Hyegyong, p. 321.
- ²²⁸ *Ibid*, p. 322.
- ²²⁹ *Ibid*, p. 325.
- ²³⁰ Herodotus, Book Five, p. 342.
- ²³¹ Sood, p. 133 (Usha Verma, "Crimes Against Women"). Another study back in 1977 found only 2,690 dowry deaths (*ibid*, p. 183; Giriaj Shah, "Crime Against Women: Dowry—Divorce—Bride-Burning"). It is unclear whether more bride-burnings are occurring or more are being reported.
- ²³² *Ibid*, p. 182 (Giriaj Shah, "Crime Against Women: Dowry—Divorce - Bride-Burning").
- ²³³ *Ibid*, pp. 183-84.
- ²³⁴ Lady Hyegyong, p. 101.
- ²³⁵ *Ibid*, p. 129.
- ²³⁶ Burkhart, p. 195 (testimony of "Susan Moss").
- ²³⁷ Adelson, p. 881.
- ²³⁸ Wolfgang, p. 23 ("A Sociological Analysis of Criminal Homicide"). In the U.S. in 1991, twenty-five percent of all homicides were inflicted by one spouse on another; in Canada and Denmark the respective figures were fifty and sixty-six percent (O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 250).
- ²³⁹ Mann, p. 94. In general (that is, leaving the murder of sexual intimates aside), revenge and robbery were the two most common motives of American murderesses between 1940 and 1983 (*ibid*, pp. 174-75).
- ²⁴⁰ Adelson, pp. 879-80.
- ²⁴¹ The husband's recourse to nose-cutting comprises violence against the category of femaleness, since all those women were already in a special category—members of the family—they were hardly mistreated *because they were women*. What might the Navajo punishment of adulterous husbands have been? One study concludes that wives assault their husbands in less than five percent of all cases of spousal abuse (O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 101 [James Messerschmidt, "Varieties of 'Real Men'"]). Another insists that wives and husbands attack each other at the same rate—or perhaps wives might be slightly more violent (Mann, pp. 4-5).
- ²⁴² Aeschylus et al, p. 4 (Aeschylus, "The Suppliant Maidens").
- ²⁴³ Zolbrod, pp. 301-304 (part 4, ch. 6).
- ²⁴⁴ O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 112 (Carole J. Seffield, "Sexual Terrorism").
- ²⁴⁵ In short, our first category, sexual predation, is really a subspecies of the fifth. We thus have only four types of unjustified violence against gender.
- ²⁴⁶ Bennett and Hess, p. 356, citing R. R. Hazelwood, "The behavior-oriented interview of rape victims: The key to profiling" (1983).
- ²⁴⁷ Spitz and Fisher, p. 523. My copy-editor remarks: "Nothing in the bulleted anecdote itself prepares the reader for your use of the word 'nonconsensual' there; nothing suggests that the older man pushed his advances against the hitchhiker's wishes. He might

(from the evidence before the reader) simply have politely propositioned him. He might, in other words, have been perfectly willing to take no for an answer—in which case the moral calculus of the hitchhiker's murderous 'defense of gender' looks very different. If you know from the source that the old man was in fact aggressive with the hitchhiker, or that he persisted in spite of the younger man's objections, it might be helpful to include that information. If you don't, you might reconsider this incident's place in the section—or, at least, clearly state that you're making an assumption about the case for the purposes of your argument." These questions are raised, I hope, at the end of the text paragraph.

²⁴⁸ Defined in the moral calculus, 5.1.7.

²⁴⁹ Defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.G.2.

²⁵⁰ *Honolulu Advertiser*, October 14, 2001 (David Stannard, Focus: "The Massie Case: Injustice and courage").

²⁵¹ See above, "Defense of Ground." Moral calculus, 1.06.

²⁵² Moral calculus, 6.0.11. Like defense of race, defense of gender is further justified when its cause lies open to all—in other words, when its purpose is to defend the possession of rights which ought to be applied irrespective of gender.

²⁵³ Herodotus, Book Three, p. 265.

²⁵⁴ Compare this class-functional priority of lives to be saved with the traditional Jewish priority (below, "Defense Against Traitors") and the expedient Inuit priority (above, "Defense of Class").

²⁵⁵ Moral calculus, 6.2.K.3.

²⁵⁶ *Vietnam Courier*, June 1972, p. 8 ("Vietnamese Military Traditions").

²⁵⁷ Parker, p. 106.

²⁵⁸ "Rape as a Weapon of War," Quoted in Cahill, p. 200.

²⁵⁹ Ghiglieri, p. 256.

²⁶⁰ Cahill, p. 9.

²⁶¹ Crowell and Burgess, p. 99.

DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS

¹ Dmytryshyn et al, p. 7 (document 2: "A Gramota from Tsar Ivan Vasilevich...,"

August 6, 1576). The Tsar continues (p. 8) that the insurgents are to be conquered and killed. "They may claim the goods of any person they conquer, or take his wife and children" as slaves.

² Ibid, p. 10 (doc. 3: "A Letter Patent from Tsar Ivan Vasilevich...," May 30, 1574).

³ Chanoff and Doan, p. 154 (testimony of Huong Van Ba, Colonel, People's Army of North Vietnam).

⁴ This is hardly as exotic an occurrence as I once imagined. In 1996, one Thai friend mentioned casually in his cups that a Communist couple he knew had lived "always in the jungle" in southern Thailand; the wife had given birth to several children in a cave. (They were not Communists anymore, by the way. The suppression of the CPT had changed that.)

⁵ Nguyen Ngoc Ngan, "My Communist Warden and I," in Huynh, p. 135.

⁶ The *Vietnam Courier* (June, 1972) paints a similiar picture of the village of Bao Ninh (pp. 21-22, "Always Ready").

⁷ *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 62.

⁸ Declassified U.S. Army report on Operation Crimp, quoted in Mangold and Penycate, p. 45.

⁹ Benjamin Franklin makes the British troops whine in his satirical "The King's Own Regulars":

"It was not fair to shoot at us from behind trees,

If they had stood open, as they ought, before our great guns, we should have beat 'em with ease,

They may fight with one another that way if they please,

But it is not *regular* to stand, and fight with such rascals as these"

(op. cit, p. 741; "The KING'S own REGULARS, and their TRIUMPH over the IRREGULARS. A new SONG," November 27, 1775). For another verse from this song, see above, "On the Morality of Weapons."

¹⁰ Diary entry of Tran Bang, quoted in Mangold and Penycate, p. 54.

¹¹ Clausewitz, pp. 128-29.

¹² Herodotus, Book Four, p. 313.

¹³ The *Vietnam Courier* (June, 1972), p. 11

("Revolutionary Armed Forces and People's Army").

¹⁴ King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 23 ("Conscience and the Vietnam War").

¹⁵ Harrison, p. 192.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 191.

¹⁷ Chanoff and Doan, p. 110 (testimony of Trinh Duc).

¹⁸ Mangold and Penycate, p. 9.

¹⁹ President Johnson, January 16, 1967, p. 27.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 332.

²¹ Truong-Chin, p. 103 ("The Resistance Will Win," ch. V, "Military Resistance").

²² Up until his death on the threshold of victory, he was still at it. We find him, for instance, cataloguing the outrages committed on Vietnamese women by the foreigners (Ho Chi Minh, vol. I I, pp. 117-22; "French colonisation on trial," n.d.; *ca.* 1930).

²³ Quoted in Truong, p. 21.

²⁴ Truong, p. 24.

²⁵ Quoted in Harrison, p. 195.

²⁶ Should we invoke the Twelve Tablets of ancient Rome, which ordained that night-thieves could justifiably be slain even if they bore no weapons, night being the time of vulnerability, confusion and blindness, hence the time when householders ran most risk of being surprised by assault? Air superiority and foreign invasion constitute a sort of night; guerrillas might be justified then in slaying the unarmed. It is perhaps for this reason that Bertrand Russell's International War Crimes Tribunal, so justly quick to condemn American atrocities in Vietnam, says with infuriating glibness: "As for the crimes of the Vietcong, we would no more regard the Vietnamese resistance a crime than we would the rising of the Warsaw Ghetto" (Duffet, p. 8; foreword by Ralph Schoenman).

²⁷ Huynh, p. vii.

²⁸ Ho Chi Minh, vol. III, p. 86 ("Appeal to the Entire People to Wage the Resistance War," 1946).

²⁹ Truong, p. 28.

³⁰ Ho Chi Minh, vol. IV, p. 450 ("The Path Which Led Me to Leninism," 1960).

³¹ Chanoff and Doan, p. 109 (testimony of Trinh Duc).

³² For a subtly bitter (and accurate) portrayal of

American historical memory, the reader is referred to Mellville's short story "Benito Cereno."

³³ Lynd and Hayden, p. 33 (interview with Dand Quang inh).

³⁴ See above, "Defense of War Aims."

³⁵ Acquinas, p. 579.

³⁶ Ho Chi Minh, vol. III, p. 86 ("Appeal to the Entire People to Wage the Resistance War," 1946).

³⁷ *Ibid.*, vol. III, p. 90 ("To the Death-Volunteers of the Capital City").

³⁸ Harrison, pp. 189-90.

³⁹ Truong, p. 66.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 80.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, p. 73.

⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 58. In the winter of 1959-60 Hanoi sends out the call for armed uprising. In 1964, the Americans begin attacking North Vietnam. The following year, their Marines wade ashore at Danang.

⁴³ Study by Gueter Lewy, cited in Harrison, p. 191.

⁴⁴ Quoted in Benson, p. 1,002.

⁴⁵ Quoted *op. cit.*, pp. 1,002-03. Steinbeck's biographer notes that other correspondents usually ignored these incidents, preferring to inform the public of American wrongdoing. "In writing about the German soldier in *The Moon Is Down*, he had made him a human being—perhaps because he had not witnessed German atrocities. But such biological distancing failed him now, and he was unable to perceive the V.C. except as some kind of monster created by conditioning and indoctrination" (*ibid.*, p. 1,003).

⁴⁶ Luce and Sommer, p. 159.

⁴⁷ For discussion of My Lai see above, "Defense of War Aims."

⁴⁸ Study by Gueter Lewy, cited in Harrison, p. 191 (figures from 1965 to 1974).

⁴⁹ Octavian Caesar invades Cleopatra's dominions and takes Pelusium. Plutarch adds: "There went a report as if it had been delivered up to Caesar by Seleucus not without the consent of Cleopatra, but she, to justify herself, gave up into Antony's hands the wife and children of Seleucus to be put to death" (*Lives*, p. 829).

⁵⁰ See above, "Three Meditations on Death,"

("Siege-Thoughts"). See also below, "Remember the Victim!"

⁵¹ Djilas, *Wartime*, p. 75.

⁵² The Roman emperor Severus condemned forty-one senators along with their families (Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 49). The emperor Caracalla is said to have liquidated twenty thousand adherents of the brother he'd murdered (ibid, p. 55).

⁵³ During this period Pol Pot had not yet won total victory.

⁵⁴ This is the rationale given by one Party branch secretary for liquidating a headman who wanted to charge the Viet Cong full black market price for rice. "The price wasn't even that important. But if I let him do this, that would have proved he was stronger than I was. The revolution would have lost face in the hamlet" (Chanoff and Doan, p. 105; testimony of Trinh Duc). Some say terrorism actually legitimizes itself as it operates. "The terrorist organization challenges the regime's right to possess a monopoly of force in society and physically demonstrates its inability to maintain order" (Crenshaw, p. 25; introduction by Crenshaw), thus affecting public opinion. This is not just an expedient argument; it is also a moral one (however distasteful its morality may be).

⁵⁵ Chanoff and Doan, p. 169 (testimony of Nguyen Van Thich, Viet Cong Ranger platoon leader; Viet Cong assassin).

⁵⁶ Ibid, p. 168 (Nguyen Van Thich). Having met a number of people in war zones, and noted the lack of concord in their opinions, I suspect that the originator of the girl's death sentence was not "the NVA," but an accidentally human intelligence. There ran a proverb in Communist Vietnam that "the best thing is to sit still, and the next best thing is to say yes" (Nhật Tiên', in Huynh, p. 4).

⁵⁷ Ibid, p. 155 (Huong Van Ba). "The more we remember Uncle [Ho Chi Minh] with gratitude, the more we should hate the Americans and their puppets!" (Vo Ky Dien, in Huynh, p. 30).

⁵⁸ Some of them, of course, might have been mere obedient robots. See the portraits of Otto Ohlendorf and Wilhelm Keitel, below, in "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

⁵⁹ Killing girls for "going around with the enemy" is Clausewitzian: it frightens other girls who might have been impelled by love or considerations of advantage to do the same; it also frightens, disgusts and wearies the enemy, who begin thinking that they would really rather be home in America.

⁶⁰ Ibid, p. 170 (Nguyen Van Thich).

⁶¹ Ibid, p. 106 (Trinh Duc).

⁶² Ibid, pp. 170-71 (Nguyen Van Thich).

⁶³ Mangold and Penycate, p. 143.

⁶⁴ Ibid, p. 170.

⁶⁵ Buffetaut, p. 29 ("Interrogatoire d'un suspect sur le front d'Argonne").

⁶⁶ Herodotus, Book Nine, p. 579.

⁶⁷ See above, "Defense of War Aims."

⁶⁸ Caesar, p. 231 (*The African War*, written by another hand).

⁶⁹ Gerould, p. 43.

⁷⁰ Pincher, p. xvii.

⁷¹ Ibid, p. 6.

⁷² This schema is partially indebted to Edward Peters, who writes (p. 105): "To destroy a whole people or state was more imaginably monstrous than to plot against a single individual, no matter how exalted. But how did one destroy a people or a state? How did one act against the people's revolution? As the intensity and degree of abstraction of treason or counter-revolutionary activity increased, the nature of the offences broadened, and became more vague."

⁷³ Lawrence, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, pp. 27, 29. For a description of one such "lesson," see below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

⁷⁴ Cu Chi song, quoted in Mangold and Penycate, p. 153. "The Vietnamese fight for us even more than we do for ourselves—they get killed!" Molotov enthused in his retirement. "Tiny Vietnam is fighting imperialism with unbelievable heroism!" (Chuev, p. 66; "A Vulgar Point of View," 1972). Had someone brought up the girl's death with him, he would have shrugged. After all, since good Communists see everything in class terms, Vietnam was a class war, and in a class war there are no civilians.

⁷⁵ Hoàng Ngọc Thanh Dung, "To Serve the Cause of Women's Liberation," in Huynh, pp.

49-50. They were, in fact, so certain of their own righteousness that their postwar regime would "deprive all rights of freedom to those who look at socialism with a grudging eye or who describe all aspects of socialism in a passive manner" (Snepp, p. 570). In this context Ninh writes: "Into their ears poured an endless stream of the most ironic of teachings, urging them to ignore the spirit of reconciliation, to beware of the 'bullets coated with sugar,' to ignore the warmth and passions among the remnants of this fallen, luxurious society of the South. And especially to guard against the idea of the South having fought valiantly or been meritorious in any way" (p. 80).

⁷⁶ Dung, in Huynh, pp. 66-68.

⁷⁷ Suetonius, vol. 2, p. 383 (VIII, Domitian, XXI).

⁷⁸ Sahagún, p. 79.

⁷⁹ See above, "Defense of Creed" and "Defense of Ground."

⁸⁰ Moynahan, pp. 212-213 (source: private collection).

⁸¹ Karpov, p. 137.

⁸² Moynahan, p. 191 (source: private collection).

⁸³ See above, "Defense of War Aims."

⁸⁴ Werth, p. 719 (italics in original).

⁸⁵ Ibid, p. 792.

⁸⁶ See the moral calculus, 5.1.2.A.2.

⁸⁷ Regulations imposed by the Athenians upon Erythrae, "middle 460s or 453/2 B.C."; in Fornara, p. 72, item no. 71.

⁸⁸ See below, "Punishment."

⁸⁹ Napoleon, *Maxims*, pp. 77-78 (Maxim LXVIII).

⁹⁰ Lewes, p. 235.

⁹¹ Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 114.

⁹² See below, "Defense of the Revolution."

⁹³ Montesquieu, p. 88 (XII.7).

⁹⁴ Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 373 ("Tiberius," III.LVII). Solzhenitsyn recounts similar occurrences during the Stalin years.

⁹⁵ As for sexual relations between Germans and Jewish women, those were generally confined to rape: "Screams resounded through the house. The Gestapo are concerned about racial degradation—Aryans consorting with non-Aryans—but are afraid to report it"

(Ringelblum, p. 24; March, 1940). For another example, see p. 211 (September, 1941): a man who discovered and reported the rape of five Jewish girls was sent to Auschwitz.

⁹⁶ The words of Lt. William Calley at My Lai 4. See above, "Defense of War Aims."

⁹⁷ Dear and Foot, p. 247 (article "Collaboration": photo from the National Archives, Washington: NA 111-SC-193285). Robert Capa took a photograph on the same theme (Paris, 1944), showing a shaven girl in the street with her baby; she is being jeered by an immense crowd (Boot, pp. 72-73). The best exploration I have ever read of the moral labyrinth of collaboration is Claus's *The Sorrow of Belgium*. "I don't recognize people anymore," the narrator's expedient father says with unconscious irony. "During the war they were different. In what way? Well, how can I put it? A certain ideal" (p. 563). The "ideal" of the collaborator shifts with the changes of war.

⁹⁸ See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

⁹⁹ Mao, *On Guerrilla Warfare*, p. 87. —"It is not the duty of policemen and troops alone to find hidden enemies. If citizens remain alert, we should be able to catch more infiltrators and spies" (editorial, "Reliable Citizens," *The Joong-ang Ilbo*, September 20, 1996, referring to the September 18, North Korean incursion incident; in *Korea Focus*, vol. 4, no. 5, September-October 1996, p. 114).

¹⁰⁰ For a brief portrait of Ringelblum, see below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

¹⁰¹ Sirkes, pp. 48-49 (Schochet's commentary).

¹⁰² Ringelblum, pp. 281-82 (May 25, 1942). A report of Judowa's murder was later found to be false, much to Ringelblum's disappointment. For a cruder, secondhand portrait of a collaborator in the Ghetto, see Kurzman, p. 85.

¹⁰³ Holocaust historian Lucy Dawidowicz goes so far as to insist that there were no Jewish collaborators. "Germany did not ask for or get either cooperation or collaboration. SS force and terror extracted compliance from the Jews... No Jew ever hoped for a New Order in Europe" (p. 348). That may be, but *business* opportunities abounded, as they

always seem to do in war. Ringelblum details the harm that loathsome Jewish “businessmen” did by, for instance, informing the Germans of hidden Jewish goods, then selling those goods back to their owners for a fee (op. cit., p. 12; January, 1940). The Jewish police were often completely corrupted as much through fear of the Germans above them as by the helplessness of their fellow Jews below them. Presented with a quota of people to arrest for “resettlement” each day, they knew that should they fail, their own families would be sent to the gas chambers. Ringelblum claims that their cruelty exceeded that of the Nazis (ibid, p. 330; July-December 1942). He frequently lists people who collaborated with these wretches. Most seemed to have moved in violent or criminal circles before the war: boxers, counterfeiters, extortionists and the like. Like other parasites, they specialized. Of two who were released from Auschwitz after having made a devil’s bargain with the Germans, Ringelblum notes: “They operate exclusively in political matters, informing on political agitators alone.” Both men were later shot by the Gestapo, which (Ringelblum plausibly theorizes) wanted its sleazy business deals with the Ghetto kept secret.

¹⁰⁴ Kurzman, pp. 37-38 fn.

¹⁰⁵ Ibid, pp. 71-72. The ZOB also kidnapped the son of Czerniakow’s successor for a ransom. The successor admitted to the master race: “Another government rules here” (ibid, p. 79). He would later be executed at a garbage dump by the Germans, for now that the Uprising had begun they no longer needed him or the Jewish Council.

¹⁰⁶ Rotem, p. 23.

¹⁰⁷ Truong, p. 100.

¹⁰⁸ “A crime being personal, the punishment of the culprit will impose no stain upon the family” (National Assembly, quoted in Lewes, p. 128).

¹⁰⁹ Lady Hyegyong, p. 127 (memoir of 1795).

¹¹⁰ Blomberg, pp. 117-18, 141-42.

¹¹¹ See below, “Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge.”

¹¹² Thus when Cleomenes the king of Sparta, who was being held hostage, finally rose up

against Ptolemy IV in the third century B.C., the verdict was that his mother, children and “all the ladies of his suite” should be liquidated (life of Cleomenes, in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 104).

¹¹³ See, for instance, *Nhật Tiên’s* story “In the Footsteps of a Water Buffalo,” in Huynh.

¹¹⁴ Chanoff and Doan, p. 195 (testimony of Mrs. Nguyen Thi Ty). After the victory, everyone in the South would be called “unlawful puppets” (Vo Ky Dien, in Huynh, p. 25), and prostitutes who had consorted with foreigners would be “made over” in prison-like “schools” without enough food.

¹¹⁵ Vo Ky Dien, in Huynh, p. 25. This is not so far off from the general rule that a traitor forfeits kinship. A not atypical example: If a man of ancient Mesopotamia were to be captured in a raid, and after much time return to his city only to find that his wife had been taken by another man and borne a son, then by the Laws of Eshunna he had the right to take her back (and presumably to claim the son as his own), but if he became a fugitive out of disloyalty, then returned, he had no right to her anymore (Pritchard, vol. 1, pp. 135-36, nos. 29-30).

¹¹⁶ Why state the obvious? Simply because I myself in writing this book am so afraid that if I do not maintain a certain cautious humbleness replete with disclaimers, my abstractions may become arrogant, subject to misuse on the part of some commissar who might someday present me with their fruit: a human being’s head upon a pole.

¹¹⁷ One question which revolutionaries in particular ought to ask each other is this: Do postrevolutionary conditions resemble the pre-revolutionary conditions we objected to? May we condemn as traitors people who do what *we* did, when the *Ancien Régime* condemned *us* as traitors? In his *History of the Russian Revolution* (vol. 1, p. 22), Trotsky complains that strikes were forbidden under Tsarist law—what an outrage! But come the revolution, he didn’t permit them, either, which leads me to conclude that from that standpoint among others, the Russian Revolution was not justified. It is fascinating and depressing to see how in his account

Trotsky uses strikes under Tsarism as indicators of revolutionary progress. At one point he even offers us a table of strike occurrences. I'm reminded of Gyorgy Konrád's brilliant novel *The Loser*, in which a blackjack once used by local police to beat their victims becomes transubstantiated into a revolutionary blackjack, an instrument of good, which is used to beat other innocent people.

¹¹⁸ Thucydides (Strassler), Book Six, p. 415.

¹¹⁹ Plato, p. 1417 (*Laws*, IX.856b-d).

¹²⁰ Jefferson, pp. 350-52 ("A Bill for Proportioning Crimes and Punishments," 1778-79, Sect. III).

¹²¹ Quoted in Lubarsky, p. 8.

¹²² Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 18 ("Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society," March 1926).

¹²³ Wakin, p. 353 (Jeffrie C. Murphy, "The Killing of the Innocent"; 1973).

¹²⁴ Montesquieu, p. 91 (XII.18).

¹²⁵ Leaflet of the Revolutionary Anti Imperialist League (RAIL), Berkeley, California, October 1996.

¹²⁶ Mao, *Quotations*, p. 16 ("Report to the Second Plenary Session of the Seventh Central Committee of the Communist Party of China").

¹²⁷ Executive lecture of March 1, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, p. 4.

¹²⁸ Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 2, p. 280.

¹²⁹ Lenin, "All Out for the Fight Against Denikin!" (1919), *Selected Works*, vol. 3, p. 198.

¹³⁰ Quoted in Du Bois *John Brown*, p. 89.

¹³¹ Quoted in MacDowell, p. 175.

¹³² Jefferson, loc. cit.

¹³³ Plato, loc. cit.

¹³⁴ Quoted in Fornara, p. 62, item no. 63.

¹³⁵ Quoted in Rudé, p. 191 (translation of Robespierre, X, 356).

¹³⁶ Suetonius, vol. 2, p. 363 (VIII, Domitian, XI).

¹³⁷ Laqueur, p. 139 (HSRA manifesto, 1930).

¹³⁸ Chandler et al, p. 117 (Four-Year Plan).

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION

¹ Quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 794.

² First-wave revolutionaries who are so adept at hiding and at smashing things may not be welcome in the second wave of consolidators who lead the revolution into law: aims may change. But Rudé attributes to him (*Robespierre*, p. 99) the usual politician's distinction between sovereignty and the sovereign right to legislate—that is, between the masses and the legislator.

³ Description after an old engraving reproduced in Rudé, *Robespierre*, following p. 192.

⁴ "Robespierre never named the supposed conspirators implicated in the plot that he incessantly denounced, reborn each time it was defeated" (Furet and Ozouf, p. 304; Patrice Gueniffey, "Robespierre").

⁵ Jessenne, p. 252 (letter to the *curé* of Bomy, Paris, June 18, 1790).

⁶ Speech to the convention, February 5, 1794; quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, pp. 118-19.

⁷ Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 2, p. 415.

⁸ Jordan, p. 248.

⁹ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 200.

¹⁰ Lewes, p. 231.

¹¹ Gerould, p. 38.

¹² Loyseau to Robespierre, quoted in Jordan, p. 74.

¹³ See above, "Defense of Authority"; moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

¹⁴ Defined above in "Defense of War Aims"; and in the moral calculus, 5.1.7, 5.2.F.1.

¹⁵ For a case study of people who opt out of the social contract, see below, "Off the Grid."

¹⁶ Quoted in Lewes, p. 69.

¹⁷ *Ibid*, pp. 75-76.

¹⁸ Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 2, p. 397.

¹⁹ Letter of May 24, 1813 (Jefferson, p. 1,271). Madame Junot, who by her origins and future career exemplified everything Robespierre was against, wrote in her memoirs (vol. 1, p. 55): "Robespierre had perished, but the revolutionary executions still continued. Terror was not yet sufficiently abated to admit of a free expression of the joy which the intelligence of his death excited in the provinces." Writing in 1970, Jean Gaçon claimed that the French tradition "still has trouble integrating Robespierre" (Kaplan, p. 227; "The Paris Commune of 1871").

²⁰ “Was that epithet deserved?” wonders Lewes “As far as mere money corruptibility is concerned, Robespierre was unquestionably pure. But is there no means of corruption besides money? Is there not a greed of applause quite as despicable as a greed of money?” (pp. 137-38).

²¹ Quoted in Lewes, p. 69.

²² *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 69. Accusations of cannibalism were common against the Jacobins. See Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 58. Napoleon was later quick to blame the Jacobins for many of the Revolution’s atrocities. See Duchess d’Abrantes, vol. 1, pp. 373-76.

²³ For a depiction of Jefferson as such, see “Defense of Authority,” above.

²⁴ Jordan, p. 38.

²⁵ Trotsky, 1905, p. 277 (speech to London congress of Russian Social Democrats, May 12-25, 1905). Rudé makes the point that Robespierre saw proletarianism only as a temporary state of affairs; in the end, we’d all have our own small farms (*Robespierre*, p. 144).

²⁶ This is reminiscent of the Tolstoyan notion of mass authority; see above, “Defense of Authority.”

²⁷ This is different from asking of Robespierre that in formulating his ends and means he should try to take into account their temporary and long-term effects. See Annex A, “Phases of Revolution.”

²⁸ In our inquiry into defense of class, we saw that the dictatorship of the proletariat imposed itself upon a land which was four-fifths agricultural, that no one agreed as to which people were kulaks, which impelled the secret police to arrest thousands according to a crude and cynical quota system, etcetera, etcetera. In short, we charged the Bolsheviks with inhumane means in the service of improperly defined ends.

²⁹ Moral calculus, 2.3.

³⁰ For detailed discussion, see Annex A, “Violent Phases of a Revolution.”

³¹ Jordan, pp. 10-11.

³² *Ibid*, p. 47.

³³ _____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution*, p. 71.

³⁴ Nagel, p. 32.

³⁵ Lewes, p. 14.

³⁶ Rudé, *The French Revolution*, p. 90.

³⁷ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 16.

³⁸ *Ibid*, p. 15.

³⁹ Quoted in Lewes, p. 69.

⁴⁰ Lewes, p. 135. In this chapter I will frequently quote from Lewes’s translations of Robespierre’s speeches. Even though Lewes’s biography is a century and a half old, it is still easier to find than any copy of Robespierre’s works, which proved to be unobtainable even after a search in Paris. Lewes’s citations possess the added virtue of being in English, which after all is the language of this book. His translations are often condensations, I admit. Thus, in the famous speech of 8 Thermidor, we have “Je veux étouffer, s’il est possible, les flambeaux de la discorde par la seule force de la vérité” (Robespierre, p. 134), which Lewes gives, thinning the metaphor, as “I come to stifle if possible discord by the force of truth” (p. 363). Two more sentences follow, and then Lewes omits half a page of the original, which is, after all, to be expected in a biography. Fortunately for us, Robespierre is sufficiently repetitive and long-winded for Lewes’s unmarked abridgments to do little harm. On a few occasions I have translated from the slender volume of *Oeuvres* I was able to find; otherwise from Jordan.

⁴¹ Of course, as we’re always saying, the future’s unknowable, and the reason for an order may be murky. Revolutionary leaders may *legitimately* prove less “steadfast” on a given policy than their own cadres, because it is the place of a leader to change means (but hopefully not ends) in response to the unpredictable alterations of circumstance. A revolutionary, therefore, may well be an experimenter, like Lenin, who was willing to brave ordering the “retreat from socialism” of the New Economic Policy, which partially restored private ownership; or Gandhi, who in old age decided to hone his chastity by sleeping naked with his young maidservant, Manu. The cadres did not understand; the cadres did not agree.

⁴² Lewes, p. 107.

⁴³ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 70.

⁴⁴ Moral calculus, 1.3.1-1.3.13.

⁴⁵ Duchesse d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 51.

⁴⁶ Loc. cit.

⁴⁷ Lefebvre, *The French Revolution*, p. 242.

⁴⁸ Furet and Ozouf, p. 393 (Patrice Higonnet, "Sans-Culottes").

⁴⁹ Ibid, p. 397. This was especially impressive, she says, in light of the fact that Robespierre and his colleagues were "violently antifeminist."

⁵⁰ I'll say the same thing about Molotov's final praise of Stalin (see below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge").

⁵¹ Jordan, p. 30.

⁵² Cato appears as a foil to Caesar in "Defense of War Aims."

⁵³ Rousseau, p. 7 ("The Social Contract").

⁵⁴ Robespierre, p. 310 (my translation).

⁵⁵ Quoted in Jordan, p. 33.

⁵⁶ Rousseau, op. cit., p. 42.

⁵⁷ For a portrait of Brown, see above, "Defense of Race."

⁵⁸ Rousseau, p. 37 ("The Social Contract"). This was also Cicero's rationale for putting the Catalinian conspirators to death; see above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

⁵⁹ Lewes, p. 391.

⁶⁰ In a typical passage, Jordan insists that "his use of a ferocious rhetoric, his denunciations of bourgeois greed and selfishness, might make his economic ideas appear more radical than they really were, but he himself was unable or reluctant to draw extreme inferences" (p. 152). To present the issue in such a way is to divest Robespierre of responsibility for the tide of Terror in which, at the very least, he swam. The tide might have been beyond his control; still, he could have waded into private life.

⁶¹ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 114.

⁶² See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

⁶³ See above, "Defense Against Traitors."

⁶⁴ This distinction is discussed at length in "Defense of Class."

⁶⁵ "Liberty becomes a false ensign—a 'solemn component' of violence—as soon as it becomes only an idea and we begin to defend liberty instead of free men," writes the self-same Merleau-Ponty (p. xxiv), too brilliant to recognize his own contradiction: he's defending violence as such, and hence oppressing

free men.

⁶⁶ See above, "Defense of Class." Burke praises liberty thus (p. 203): "It is better to cherish virtue and humanity, by leaving much to free will, even with some loss to the object, than to attempt to make men mere machines and instruments of a political benevolence."

⁶⁷ Robespierre, p. 304 ("Sur les principes de morale politique").

⁶⁸ Who's an oppressor? Of what should punishment consist? Only Robespierre's vote counts. Moral calculus, Maxims for Murderers, 1.3.2: 12: Trotsky's Maxim: *No one who disagrees with me is allowed to judge me.* And the self-defining definitions rush on. Liberty and equality must be imminently asserted against their deniers—who, unless the revolution shows a Gandhian tinge, get defined through violence's give and take as traitors, enemies. Fraternity, coloring the exercise of the assertion itself, may well become martial collective honor subject to manipulation.

⁶⁹ See above, "Defense of Authority."

⁷⁰ *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 137.

⁷¹ Montesquieu, p. 68 (XI.2).

⁷² Ibid, p. 69 (XI.3).

⁷³ Burke, p. 136.

⁷⁴ Robespierre, p. 326.

⁷⁵ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 25. Madame Junot's typically venomous version: "The Duke of Orleans had been accused of being the head of a party... Robespierre and others set the Duke of Orleans forward, because they wanted something that would please the moderate and reasonable party. That party allowed itself to be caught in the snare" (Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 48).

⁷⁶ Lefebvre, op. cit., p. 208.

⁷⁷ Lewes, p. 196.

⁷⁸ Burke, pp. 1664-66.

⁷⁹ Lewes, p. 233.

⁸⁰ Ibid, pp. 234-35.

⁸¹ Robespierre, p. 217 ("Sur la guerre: Discours prononcé au club des Jacobins").

⁸² Jordan notes that one of Robespierre's first references to public safety comes in connection with this event (p. 126). For Robespierre, defense against traitors always takes precedence, until necessity forces him

to accept this war. "Let us first destroy our enemies within," he'd said in December 1791, "and then march on the enemy without, if any still remain" (quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 159). But now the enemy is marching on us. We must fight. Brunswick approaches. The king controls the National Guard. Suppose he disperses the Assembly by force? (See Lefebvre, *op. cit.*, p. 237.) Time for defense against traitors!

⁸³ Regarding this event, the axiom of Sir Walter Raleigh (1614) is perhaps not without relevance: "It is a common thing, as being almost necessary, that a tyranny should be upheld by mercenary forces: it is common that mercenaries should be false: and it is common, that all war, made against Tyrants, should be exceeding full of hate and cruelty" (pp. 219-19; *History of the World*).

⁸⁴ Jordan, p. 118.

⁸⁵ Lewes, p. 195.

⁸⁶ Robespierre, p. 139.

⁸⁷ Charles Nodier, quoted in Lewes, p. 219.

⁸⁸ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 22.

⁸⁹ Jordan, p. 118.

⁹⁰ Flynn, p. 2.

⁹¹ Lewes, p. 195.

⁹² Remember Cicero's immortally sarcastic remark to the dictator Marcus Antonius (Mark Antony): "I am only sorry that your freedom from guilt is not equalled by your freedom from suspicion" (*Selected Political Speeches*, p. 315; first Philippic against Marcus Antonius, 44 B.C.).

⁹³ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 31. The range is usually given as between 1,000 and 1,400. Lefebvre tells us (*op. cit.*, pp. 242-44) that while Marat's sanguinary exhortations have often been blamed, "the collective mentality is sufficient explanation." In Jordan's account, Robespierre defends this "necessary violence" (p. 120).

⁹⁴ It will arrest half a million people in the seventeen months before his death.

⁹⁵ "The supreme being is the higher confirmation of the general state system, that is again the nation. Nevertheless, the supreme being is supposed to curb the egotism of the nation, that is, of the general state system!... Monsieur Buchez, who supports national

fanaticism with religious fanaticism, understands his hero Robespierre better" (Marx, *Selected Writings*, pp. 147-48; "The Holy Family," 1845).

⁹⁶ Robespierre, p. 320.

⁹⁷ Lewes, p. 273.

⁹⁸ In effect, this is the *rodef* argument. See above, "Defense Against Traitors."

⁹⁹ Lewes, p. 274.

¹⁰⁰ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 100.

¹⁰¹ Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 2, pp. 442-43. As one cloistered emperor of Japan remarked, "After all, the angry spirits who have appeared here are the spirits of those who once came to be known in the world only through imperial benevolence. Even though they are no longer grateful to us, how can they hinder us in their prayers? Out with the angry spirits!" (*Tale of the Heike*, p. 168; Book 3, ch. III. "The Auspicious Childbirth").

¹⁰² Sun-tzu, p. 209.

¹⁰³ Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 37.

¹⁰⁴ Tocqueville, *The Old Regime and the French Revolution*, pp. 124-37.

¹⁰⁵ Lefebvre, *op. cit.*, p. 47.

¹⁰⁶ Tocqueville, *op. cit.*, p. 192.

¹⁰⁷ Madame Junot believed with all her heart that the court's purpose was to embroil the first two Estates in quarrels which the king would mediate, thereby destroying their power (*op. cit.*, vol. 1, p. 38).

¹⁰⁸ "To England, Louis's execution served as a pretext; to Spain it was the cause for war" (Lefebvre, *The French Revolution*, p. 283).

¹⁰⁹ As I revise this in the year 2003, my government busily dismantles my civil liberties to defend me against the September 11 terrorists.

¹¹⁰ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 107.

¹¹¹ The Committee of Public Safety was originally the Committee of General Safety. Edward Peters believes that the Russian Revolution was the first to enshrine self-defense of the revolution into a state principle "in determining political crime and in that determination [being] willing to inflict torture and other extraordinary sanctions for political reasons" (p. 127). But we need only glance over the various committees of safety and defense in Robespierre's time to see that the French beat the Russians to it. They

might not have tortured much, but regarding “extraordinary sanctions” they left an impressive enough record.

¹¹² Lewes, p. 300.

¹¹³ Burke, p. 169.

¹¹⁴ Rudé reminds us that the French at this point had no parliamentary tradition, so that factional violence was almost inevitable. This author therefore easily accepts, for instance, the “legal” guillotining of the Dantonists, while rejecting the massacres of the Lyonais, or the Great Terror in Paris (*Robespierre*, p. 206). Jordan makes a similar point about the impossibility of loyal oppositions during revolutions (op. cit., pp. 182-83). Making all such allowances, I still think Robespierre to have been a monster.

¹¹⁵ Lewes, p. 296.

¹¹⁶ Thus, at least, the bold, crude conception of Lewes. Later history, with its nuanced equivocations, will qualify his acts into near meaninglessness, like Rudé in *The French Revolution* explaining that “he took no direct part in the May-June insurrection that expelled them, but in many ways his was the brain that inspired it” (p. 98).

¹¹⁷ Thucydides, pp. 242-43.

¹¹⁸ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 101.

¹¹⁹ *Ibid*, p. 137. Robespierre, however, is not in the forefront of this movement.

¹²⁰ Lewes, p. 302. For his famous “catechism” of the single will, see Jordan, p. 143.

¹²¹ In this chapter alone I’ve capitalized the word, in deference to the usage I’ve frequently seen in regard to Robespierre.

¹²² Bakunin wrote: “*The existence of God implies the abdication of human reason and justice; it is the negation of human liberty and it necessarily ends in both theoretical and practical slavery*” (Bakunin; Maximoff), p. 118 (italics in original). While this may not be accurate when religion is a private affair, the dismal history of organized religions compels any unbiased mind to admit a measure of truth in Bakunin’s accusation. To the extent that the leader fills in for God, the follower may likewise abdicate his reason, as Wilhelm Keitel did with Hitler. Then he becomes like the Khmer Rouge cadres I met who obediently planted mines in the ricefields. Better, far better, to be like

those followers of Gandhi’s who abandoned him. It is to Robespierre’s credit that he never became a Keitel, a slavish believer.

¹²³ Robespierre, p. 155 (8 Thermidor).

¹²⁴ Robespierre, August 25, 1793, in *Oeuvres*, vol. 10, pp. 79-80; quoted in Jessenne et al, p. 194 (Liliane Abdoul-Mellek, “D’un choix politique de Robespierre: La Terreur”), my translation. We have no reason to suppose that Robespierre consciously desired a permanent revolution of limitless, ruthless, despotical spontaneity, but he couldn’t see his way clear to ending it—a problem which the Bolsheviks had, too (see above, “Defense of Authority”).

¹²⁵ Sade, *Letters*, p. 172 (to Reinaud, May 19, 1790).

¹²⁶ Defense of the revolution! Just as a traitor is whoever goes over to the other side, but not necessarily whoever comes from the other side to me, so the definition of a conspirator varies, depending on whether the definer is in or out of power. “You are not to allow any conspiratorial groups to develop, or bands of plotters, or antagonistic individuals, any of whom might create disharmony and have an adverse effect on the interests of the Great Sovereign.” Thus the instructions of a Russian official to his tax-collector among the natives of Siberia (Dmytryshyn et al, pp. 425, 422-23; doc. 111: “Instructions from the Voevoda of Yakutsk...”, August 13, 1676). They could have equally well been the instructions of one of Louis XVI’s police chiefs a century later—or the Committee of Public Safety’s a few years after that (although then, of course, the Great Sovereign would have been replaced by the sovereign people as a suitably idealized interest to guide the expedient end). Without context, such prescriptions are worthless as moral guides.

¹²⁷ Lewes, p. 304.

¹²⁸ *Ibid*, p. 306.

¹²⁹ Rudé, *The French Revolution*, p. 93.

¹³⁰ Speech to the Jacobins, 21 Messidor, in Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 10, pp. 519-20; quoted in Jessenne et al, p. 202 (Liliane Abdoul-Mellek), my translation. In December 1793, he’ll say it again:

Revolutionary government will save the Republic from her enemies (quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 40).

¹³¹ Mao, p. 30 ("Report of an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan," March 1927). This corresponds with our definition of legitimate revolutionary authority (moral calculus, 5.2.C.2).

¹³² Burke, pp. 160-61.

¹³³ Moral calculus, 2.3, 2.3a.

¹³⁴ See above, "Defense of Creed," see below, moral calculus, 5.2.E.2 [def. transparent and opaque creeds].

¹³⁵ See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

¹³⁶ See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

¹³⁷ Rubin, p. 6.

¹³⁸ Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 236.

¹³⁹ Having acknowledged that the Cossacks were the first army group to show sympathy to the people during the February Revolution, Trotsky continues: "This does not mean, however, that the Cossacks were more revolutionary than others. On the contrary, these solid property owners, riding their own horses, highly valuing their Cossack peculiarities, scorning the plain peasants, mistrustful of the workers, had many elements of conservatism" (ibid, p. 105). It is the phrase about national peculiarities which makes me shudder. It is as if these people—nomadic survivals according to Marxist category, and hence extremely primitive—were scarcely human, certainly as if their lifeways did not matter. They were in fact to suffer terribly under Soviet rule.

¹⁴⁰ Jordan, p. 102.

¹⁴¹ One of hindsight's proofs of justifiability (though by no means a sufficient one) is: How accurately does revolutionary theory predict events? Valid prediction is, after all, a fair guarantor of accuracy. In 1932 Trotsky was able to predict the collapse of the British Empire (ibid, p. 99). On the other hand, he never predicted when the repressions of his revolution would end.

¹⁴² Moral calculus, 5.2.M.2.

¹⁴³ Jordan, pp. 152-53.

¹⁴⁴ Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1, 5.2.C.2.

¹⁴⁵ Jordan, p. 153.

¹⁴⁶ Ibid, p. 164.

¹⁴⁷ As we saw from our study of the Bolsheviks, violent defense of authority is unjustifiable if authority itself refuses to entertain the idea of reconciliation—if, in effect, the people defended against are simply "outlawed."

¹⁴⁸ See above, "Defense Against Traitors."

¹⁴⁹ Lewes, p. 325.

¹⁵⁰ Deray, "Execution of the Demoiselles de la Métairies (Charette's cousins) at Nantes, 1793" (Musée des Beaux-Arts, Nantes) in Furet and Ozouf, color plates following p. 106.

¹⁵¹ Lewes, p. 310.

¹⁵² Burke, p. 329. Half a century earlier, Montesquieu had written: "hence it is that when a person renders himself absolute, he immediately thinks of reducing the number of laws" (p. 34; VI.2).

¹⁵³ "He was a terrorist pure and simple," writes Lefevbre of the Emperor (p. 19), and a certain Chinonnois compares the severity of Napoleon's laws to Robespierre's.

¹⁵⁴ Furet and Ozouf, pp. 144-45 (François Furet, "Terror").

¹⁵⁵ Béricourt, "Unloading Victims after a Revolutionary Journée" (Musée Carnavalet, Paris), in Furet and Ozouf, color plates following p. 106.

¹⁵⁶ Half a century later, Karl Marx, gleefully popping every balloon of natural rights, "the so-called human rights" (which he sees as selfish, in opposition to his mystic totality of community), will come at length to Article 8 of the Constitution of 1793: "Security consists in the protection afforded by society to each of its members for the conservation of his person, rights, and property." Marx comments: "Security is the highest social concept of civil society, the concept of the police... The concept of security does not allow civil society to raise itself above its egotism. Security is more the assurance of egotism" (*Selected Writings*, pp. 53-43; "On the Jewish Question," 1843).

¹⁵⁷ Engraving (Musée Carnavalet, Paris) in Furet and Ozouf, color plates following p. 522. Compare this scene with the 1931 trial of central Asian "wreckers and hoarders," as

described in "Defense of Class," above.

¹⁵⁸ Engraving (Bibliothèque National, Paris) in Furet and Ozouf, color plates following p. 522.

¹⁵⁹ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 196.

¹⁶⁰ Quoted *ibid.*, p. 105.

¹⁶¹ Quoted *ibid.*, p. 167.

¹⁶² E.g. Jordan, p. 181.

¹⁶³ Rudé, pp. 61-62.

¹⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 133.

¹⁶⁵ Moral calculus, 5.2.M.2.

¹⁶⁶ Jordan, p. 14.

¹⁶⁷ Rudé, pp. 148, 191.

¹⁶⁸ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 193. For a slightly different version of this quotation, see Furet and Ozouf, p. 396 (Patrice Higonnet, "Sans-Culottes").

¹⁶⁹ Rudé, *The French Revolution*, p. 89.

¹⁷⁰ Furet and Ozouf, p. 308 (Patrice Gueniffey, "Robespierre").

¹⁷¹ Rudé notes that during his year in the Committee of Public Safety he signed only 544 of its orders. Only three out of the eleven other members signed fewer (*Robespierre*, p. 116).

¹⁷² Lewes, p. 325.

¹⁷³ Thompson, p. 144 (letter no. 114, to Dejean April 25, 1806).

¹⁷⁴ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 48.

¹⁷⁵ Lewes, pp. 326-27.

¹⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 364.

¹⁷⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 312.

¹⁷⁸ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 167.

¹⁷⁹ Robespierre, p. 316.

¹⁸⁰ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 173. Jordan quotes one of our man's speeches from 1793: "He who has gilded *culottes* is the enemy of all the sans-culottes" (p. 139).

¹⁸¹ Lewes, p. 325.

¹⁸² Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 125 (italics mine).

¹⁸³ Quoted in Lewes, p. 371.

¹⁸⁴ Montesquieu, p. 18 (V.2). Robespierre quoted these words more than once in 1793.

¹⁸⁵ Carlyle, vol. 2, p. 404.

¹⁸⁶ Jessenne et al, p. 192 (Liliane Abdoul-Mellek), my translation. She continues in her turgid style (not that I should cast stones): "It is time to acknowledge that the law of 22 Prairial represented the 'convenient means' of proceeding to elaborate institutions which made the terror useless and of making it

impossible for factions to hinder the exercise of politics which had now been finally restored to the masses" (p. 203).

¹⁸⁷ Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 10, p. 494; quoted in Jessenne et al, p. 200 (Liliane Abdoul-Mellek), my translation.

¹⁸⁸ Rudé, *The French Revolution*, p. 107.

¹⁸⁹ Those who enjoy historical parallels can invoke the murder of the dissolute Roman Emperor Commodus, whose chamberlain, Praetorian prefect and most beloved concubine all banded together to have him drugged and strangled, out of fear of his unpredictable slaughters (Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 39; ch. IV).

¹⁹⁰ *Napoleon on Napoleon*, pp. 84-85. Machiavelli advises his prince that it is safer to inspire fear than love, subjects being so ungrateful by nature; "nevertheless a prince ought to inspire fear in such a way that, if he does not win love, he avoids hatred; ... which will always be as long as he abstains from the property of his citizens and subjects and from their women" (p. 24). Robespierre frequently expropriated the first of these, and sent the second and third to the guillotine.

¹⁹¹ Lewes, pp. 363-64.

¹⁹² Robespierre, p. 156.

¹⁹³ Lefebvre, *op. cit.*, p. 225.

¹⁹⁴ One scholar reads his speech as being not that of a defeated man, but of a political combatant about to launch a new struggle (Jessenne et al, p. 205; Jacques Solé, "Robespierre à la Convention le 8 thermidor: Discours testament ou discours programme?", my translation). Gueniffey simply says: "in order to relieve himself of all responsibility, he attempted with manifest bad faith to blame the excesses of the Terror on the Machiavellianism of his enemies" (Furet and Ozouf, p. 308; "Robespierre").

¹⁹⁵ Robespierre, pp. 158-59.

¹⁹⁶ Sade will be profiled further below, in "Punishment."

¹⁹⁷ Sulla receives mention above, in "Defense of War Aims."

¹⁹⁸ Sade, *Letters*, p. 187 (to Gaufridy, November 19, 1794).

¹⁹⁹ Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 209.

²⁰⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 51-52.

- ²⁰¹ Marx, *Selected Writings*, pp. 300-01 ("The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," 1852).
- ²⁰² Bakunin, *God and the State*, p. 79.
- ²⁰³ Some accounts have him shooting himself, but, as Lewes points out, his pistols were found fully charged when he was taken.
- ²⁰⁴ Jessenne et al, p. 204.
- ²⁰⁵ Jessenne et al, p. 215 (Solé).
- ²⁰⁶ Quoted in Lewes, p. 365.
- ²⁰⁷ The reason that revolutionaries so often fool themselves with any number of versions of what we'll call Trotsky's Strike Fallacy is that for them, for whatever reason, the revolution has already achieved full justification in an apodictic or even religious sense. Therefore, whatever ideas and methods are of assistance to the revolution's preliminary task of destruction of the old order are immediately inverted into dangers once the revolution is successful. Strikes were progressive under capitalism. Now that the angels have won, strikes are disruptive, counterrevolutionary. Trotsky upholds the first, crushes the second. The revolutionaries become sleepwalkers. As Plato should have said, the unexamined revolution is not worth fighting.
- ²⁰⁸ Carus, p. 197 (parable of the woman at the well).
- ²⁰⁹ Hobbes, p. 722.
- ²¹⁰ Laqueur, p. 37 (*De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, London, 1680).
- ²¹¹ Solzhenitsyn, vol. 2, pp. 615-16 (italics in original). If Solzhenitsyn's analysis is correct, then the Russian Revolution was morally bankrupt from the very beginning. It is easy to see why he thinks so. He and millions of others certainly suffered intolerably.
- ²¹² Arno Gruen, *The Insanity of Normality: Realism as Sickness: Toward Understanding Human Destructiveness*, trans. Hildegard and Hunter Hannum (New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1992), p. 92.
- ²¹³ Darrow, p. 161.
- ²¹⁴ Gandhi, p. 202 ("Satyagraha v. Compulsion," *Harijan*, April 15, 1933).
- ²¹⁵ Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 251, ("Akkadian Observations on Life: A Pessimistic Dialogue Between Master and Servant").
- ²¹⁶ *You Can't Blow Up a Social Relationship*, p. 6.
- ²¹⁷ Hoffman, p. 223. "NEVER FORGET THAT OURS IS A BATTLE AGAINST A MACHINE NOT AGAINST PEOPLE" (p. 161).
- ²¹⁸ Hoffman, p. 14.
- ²¹⁹ Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 323.
- ²²⁰ Open letter entitled "Words from the Underground to the People of the United States of America," *Sacramento News and Review*, November 22, 1995, p. 13.
- ²²¹ Khun Sa, p. 51.
- ²²² Quoted in Lewes, p. 198.
- ²²³ Laqueur, p. 138 (HSRA manifesto, 1930).
- ²²⁴ Jefferson, p. 882 (letter to James Madison, January 30, 1787).
- ²²⁵ Carus, p. 199 (parable of the hungry dog).
- ²²⁶ Castro, p. 203 (speech of September 28, 1966).
- ²²⁷ Machiavelli, p. 9.
- ²²⁸ Bakunin, p. 372.
- ²²⁹ Stephen Owen, p. 1,151 ("On the Yellow Sea: A Man from Japan Sought some Verses and Also Showed Me a Map of the Russo-Japanese War").
- ²³⁰ Luxemburg, "Beginnings of the German Revolution," in *Selected Political Writings*, p. 368.
- ²³¹ Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 474.
- ²³² Laqueur, p. 166 (*Handbook of Urban Guerrilla Warfare* [the "Minimanual"], n.d., ca. 1967).
- ²³³ "FC," p. 69, para. 201 ("Strategy").
- ²³⁴ Lewes, p. 277.
- ²³⁵ Quoted in Lewes, p. 312.
- ²³⁶ Winkler, p. 93.
- ²³⁷ Laqueur, p. 59 ("Murder," 1849).
- ²³⁸ *Ibid*, p. 70 ("Catechism of the Revolutionary," 1869).
- ²³⁹ Li, p. 482.
- ²⁴⁰ U.S.-based planes had been bombing Cuba since at least 1959 (Blum, p. 186, citing the *New York Times*). As for the *La Coubre*, the U.S. "admitted that it had sought to prevent this shipment" (loc. cit., citing *Facts on File* and the *New York Times*).
- ²⁴¹ Sartre, *Sartre on Cuba*, p. 142.
- ²⁴² *Ibid*, p. 144.
- ²⁴³ Ruiz, p. 164.
- ²⁴⁴ Adlai Stevenson, the American ambassador to the United Nations, justifies the raid to

that body between the lines of a mendacious assertion of non-involvement: "I have listened here to every kind of epithet and abuse of my country... Let me just ask—if this was a United States military operation, do you think it would succeed or fail?... Perhaps the best evidence of the falsity of the shrill charges of American aggression in Cuba is the melancholy fact that this blow for freedom has not yet succeeded" (*Annals of America*, vol. 18, pp. 29, 31; "Adlai E. Stevenson: The Bay of Pigs," statements of April 18, and April 20, 1961).

²⁴⁵ Blum, p. 187. Blum cites a number of sources to substantiate his allegation that U.S.-based attacks on Cuba continued; see p. 410.

²⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 188-89. Is the Yankee government behind all this, or do the Yankees simply allow anti-Castro Cubans to operate on American soil? The only difference is whether they are actively or passively complicit in aggression. It has been argued that Castro was compelled to join the Soviet bloc less because of any American action (he neither requested nor was refused aid by the U.S.) than because of "the strident anti-Americanism of his revolutionaries" (Ruiz, p. 4). If the pattern of invasive, destructive and murderous acts attributed to the Americans has been *justly* so attributed—and it seems that they have been—and if those acts did in fact commence at the beginning of the revolution, then it is hard to see how Castro had much choice. If the charges are lies, then Cuba still had the right, as a sovereign nation, to join with the Soviets.

²⁴⁷ Castro, p. xv (introduction: description of a Castro speech).

²⁴⁸ Castro, p. 61 (speech: "The whole nation on the march, afraid of nothing," October 26, 1959, to protest bombing of Cuba by the U.S.A.).

²⁴⁹ Sartre, *Satre on Cuba*, p. 152.