

says in justifying his own pattern of life is good economics. Most of us, however, would not believe that his motives were beneficent.

If St. Francis of Assisi was given good economic training and told to go out and do good, he would probably try to work hard and invest his money at the highest possible return. In other words, to a considerable extent he would act like a capitalist. On the other hand, he would no doubt continue living, personally, in poverty in order to invest all of his profits in further productive facilities. The average successful capitalist emphatically does not live in poverty. This is fairly good evidence that his basic motive is not altruism but greed. No doubt capitalists are like the rest of us and are, to some extent, altruistic. It should not be forgotten that we spend most of our income on ourselves and our family and give away only a small part to the poor. Still, the argument that capitalists are motivated by altruism is distinctly a weak one.

It is in a way typical of the Gilder book. He wants to restore the moral respectability of capitalism. Most professional economists regard the capitalist order as morally correct in the sense that it will make everyone well off, but the behavior of the individual in it as essentially morally neutral. It may be that Mr. Gilder's argument is far more likely to attract converts to the cause. Unfortunately, it is incorrect.

Nevertheless, I find myself somewhat in the unfortunate situation of disliking the book by the Professor of Economics and liking the book by the Rockefeller Republican publicist and not being absolutely certain that my judgment is based on good economics. The areas of growth and income distribution are ones upon which I have strong opinions, but opinions are not knowledge.

Gordon Tullock

War By Other Means

NATIONAL DEFENSE. *By James Fallows.* (Random House, New York, 1981)

THE POLITICS OF WAR. *By Walter Karp.* (Harper & Row, New York, 1979)

One and inseparable are war and foreign policy. This theme runs through the above-listed titles, unevenly emphasized. James Fallows notes that while his book is about military preparedness, "The only reason a nation raises armies is to defend the interests its policy defines." Walter Karp complains that historians have treated domestic and international politics as if each were "an off stage disturbance" to the other.

Today the United States is whipsawed between better-Red-than-dead submission and a sentiment which in my boyhood I once heard from Confederate Veterans. "Son," they would tell me, "don't ever lose a war!" There is some wisdom in remembering that one section of

our country, the CSA, knew invasion, defeat, and reconstruction, and knew to be warned against losing the arms race to the Soviet Union no matter what the inducements of appeasement or the bogey horrors of holocaust. Contrasting attitudes need bearing in mind while examining the disparate works of Messrs. Fallows and Karp (who are journalists) and a sidebar on an older book by William James (who was a Harvard professor).

National Defense is characterized throughout by a supercilious air which obscures much of its undoubted merit. The author, who jumped ship at the Carter White House and is now Washington bureau chief for *Atlantic Monthly*, launches his whole argument from an adversary proposition. It is that the Pentagon and presidential military planners are mentally retarded, and that he is their patronizing superior in clairvoyance and basic intelligence.

To make this perfectly clear, Mr. Fallows likens the Defense establishment to the bubbleheads whom Captain Gulliver encounters in his voyage to Laputa, Jonathan Swift's allegorical kingdom where abstract thinking dominates over common sense. The Laputans cut clothes and built houses by erudite theories and the people went ill-clad and ill-housed. In Mr. Fallows' account the generals, admirals, and brain-trusters adopt strategies and weapons systems which have no utility in the Vietnam jungle or in the path of Soviet tanks. Billions of taxpayers' dollars go down the drain, it is observed with some justice but little charity—all because Jim Fallows was not consulted on the M-16, F-16, MX, cruise and much else.

Once past the blame-giving, this author disperses valuable fact and philosophy. He postulates three "realities" to test our military planning. First, it will do no good for the Armed Services to ask for "more," because the national economy doesn't have more to give. Second, we need flexible defense systems, because the worldwide threat has infinite variety. Third, there is "Napoleon's chestnut" that military morale is to material as three to one.

How to apply this triad of verities? We must somehow disentangle ourselves from High Technology. We should give our fighting units cheaper and therefore more available weapons and less complex ones, which the IQ of the GIs can manage. And we must school ourselves to understand that the enemy will chose where and how to strike; thus we avoid the Maginot complex in all its aspects. Also, we must build our defenses increasingly around men rather than "miracle" machines. It is here that Mr. Fallows convincingly goes philosophical.

In pitching for a restoration of the draft, he assembles good authority for the axiom which places intangibles ahead of hardware in international trails by combat. U.S. officers, George Patton and Bruce Clark, are quoted to update Napoleon and von Clausewitz. The last-mentioned harps upon "friction" as a non-material ingredient of warfare—meaning that the unexpected and unpredictable (bad weather, delayed marches, defective ammunition) will overturn the best laid plans. Nothing but stout-hearted soldiers can rise above the snafus of GHQ and what GIs call the friggng finger of fate. There is endless testimony that beaches are stormed and last ditches held not so much

by patriotism and unit-pride as by buddy-loyalty. This does not eliminate the need for armament and organization, but it puts first things first.

Mr. Fallows gives priority to troop morale, candidly admitting that he has made no personal contribution ("I deliberately avoided service in that—Vietnam—war."), but finding this no taint to his opinions. Other deliberate non-combatants—Scoop Jackson, Gary Hart, Dave Stockman, George Will—are constructive thinkers on preparedness. Mr. Fallows concludes that an escape-proof draft would put a fighting spirit back into the ranks. Voluntary enlistment fails, he says, because it segregates. It is the Jim Crow car of the poor, black, and Hispanic. Total conscription would engender comradeship beyond class and caste.

Mr. Fallows cogently relates conscription to taxation. Nobody likes either of them, but both are acceptable to all except mindless anarchists. He might have gone further and pointed out that we had draft resistance in the 1860s as well as the 1960s. Lincoln toughed it out; Johnson-Nixon-Ford bugged out on enforcement.

In coupling tax bills with draft cards, Mr. Fallows might have brought up the suppression of the Whiskey Rebellion, a tax revolt in George Washington's second administration. The President-General led four state governors and their militia, accompanied by the national tax-collector, Treasury Secretary Alexander Hamilton, into Western Pennsylvania. Many violators were captured, some indicted for treason, none executed. Political opinion in the 1790s divided Left and Right, with liberal Jeffersonians indignant and conservative Hamiltonians satisfied at preserving liberty by asserting authority. Mr. Fallows says that disputes on the draft and weaponry fall into these lines.

Foreign policy, called by its aficionados the "shield of the Republic," is often the trapdoor to Walter Karp, a magazine editor-writer who spent four years under a Guggenheim Foundation grant to write *The Politics of War*. Seldom is seen such merciless flogging as Mr. Karp lays on the backs of William McKinley and Woodrow Wilson, the front men of American interventionism. Most of us were brought up to believe, as William James sardonically recounts, that yellow journalism in 1898 whipped up the people until "the pliant politician McKinley was swept away by their eagerness, and our squalid war with Spain became a necessity."

Mr. Karp's revisionism (often close to debunkery) finds President McKinley a slippery customer who schemed to annex Cuba and the Philippines because congressional elections showed GOP losses and signs of a coming depression. His given reasons were Manifest Destiny and humanitarianism.

President McKinley stopped an assassin's bullet before knowing that "enlightened internationalism" would lay the flare-path to collision in the 1940s with Japan and in the 1960s with Castroite Cuba, Red China, and Soviet Russia. Meanwhile Mr. Karp saves still more savage lashes for Woodrow Wilson ("high ideals but no principles") who, representing himself as a social reformer, made war in Mexico, Europe, and Siberia.

“The decisive trait . . .” the author writes, “was vainglory: a hunger for glory so exclusively self-regarding, so indifferent to the concerns of others that it would lead him to betray in turn the national movement for reform, the great body of the American people, the fundamental liberties of American Revolution and in the end the hopes of a war-torn world.”

He finds that the McKinley-Wilson experience institutionalized “war and the war party [which] altered America permanently . . . for the worse.” Mr. Karp believes it bred a “docility” which soon had Americans waiting passively in breadlines “as if they had known breadlines all their lives.” The same tame submission thereafter defaulted on the ancient republican virtues which, to Mr. Karp, meant both political independence and progressive reform. Without trespassing past his thirty year timeframe (1890–1920), he entices the reader to speculate that any ambitious president might be tempted to shoot his way out of domestic difficulties and to condition an electorate that is willing to accept the indispensable leader. Historian Charles A. Beard preceded an August 20, 1939 *Harper’s Magazine* article on President Franklin Roosevelt with the lines from Henry IV,

Therefore, my Harry,

Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds

With foreign quarrels . . .

And the sagacious H. L. Mencken in a one-on-one luncheon at his Baltimore home told this reviewer just after FDR’s 46-state reelection in 1936, “If there’s a war by 1940, Roosevelt will join it; if not, he’ll start one. He will never be an ex-president, and he’ll die in bed like a king.”

Nuclear weapons have raised the stakes, and major wars are no longer an American political ploy, if they ever were. William James (1842–1910), living partly in the period of Mr. Karp’s coverage, probably would not have accepted that book’s conclusions. The Harvard philosopher, while testy toward the era’s politicians, inclined to eschew *ad hominem* judgements and to blame warfare on the pugnacious nature of the human race, trained by the “gory nurse” of history — “a bath of blood.” People under whatever form of government get the excitement they crave, writes James. “The popular imagination fairly fattens on the thought of war. Let public opinion reach a certain pitch and no ruler can withstand it.” He goes on to declare, “Every up-to-date dictionary should say that ‘peace’ and ‘war’ mean the same thing . . .” When not indulging their passions, people were lusting in their hearts for blood.

James’ remedy, of course, was “The Moral Equivalent of War” (oft-cited, seldom read) which called for non-military service by youth of fighting age. His modern disciple Margaret Mead pressed the notion as a statutory extension of the Peace Corps and Job Corps — for boys, girls, and young marrieds. James made the proposal in belief that Theodore Roosevelt’s tirades against molly-coddles and weaklings were a valid but misguided preachment of the military virtues. Patriotism, discipline, and dedication could be channelled into peacetime citizenship.

James' ideas are relevant to this review of Messrs. Fallows and Karp because, simplistic as the proposals seem after two world wars and two attempts at benign peace-keeping world organizations, the aspiration of No More War has degenerated into charlatanism. We have lived to see that the most determined effort at a Universal State has its seat of empire in Russia, where a Marxian mafia in 1917 took over a liberal revolution, and imposed discipline and dedication under the truncheons of Big Brother. History, matchlessly ironic, today caricatures William James as the absent-minded professor who went off without his hat and briefcase while neglecting to tell us how a defenseless America could legislate the rest of the world into adopting his moral equivalent. After conceding that men are bred to fight for power, plunder, and women, James confesses to "my own utopia. I devoutly believe in the reign of peace and in the gradual advent of some sort of socialistic equilibrium." Perhaps he was anticipating the egalitarian figment ascribed to another dreamer Henry Wallace—a quart of milk on the doorstep of every Hottentot.

Whatever else may be said for these books by Messrs. Fallows and Karp, both authors are pro bono publico, though one is critical of the Pentagon and the other of over-reaching presidents. Clearly America's and the Free World's salvation, is not in pacifism and utopianism. Republican virtue (in the old Roman, not the theological or ethical sense) was with us through Harry Truman and seemingly is reviving in Ronald Reagan. The enduring creed of "eternal vigilance" as the price of liberty is lodged in our hearts, one must hope. The commodity most desired by the peoples of the earth is not socialistic or monolithic but pluralistic, in service to their God and State.

The U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. struggle finally comes down to a contest in leadership. There is a pessimism inherent in these three writers, which ought not be exaggerated. Mr. Fallows is unhappy but not despairing about military bureaucracy. Mr. Karp saw the "war party" as dooming civil liberties, but it hasn't happened yet. James thought war, absent his idealistic remedies, to be a certainty, but he never heard Churchill discourse on peace by "mutual terror"—which is closely related to common sense.

In the reasonable probability that sapience will fail us and that wars will never cease, these books need not condemn us to an Orwellian future. The recorded past indisputably tells of slaughter and devastation. It also relates that free people continue to raise up champions—Washington and Lincoln, Churchill and De Gaulle—who absolutely refuse to lose the last battle.

Holmes Alexander

Equality Upon Stilts

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND. By Jane O'Reilly. (Macmillan Publishing Co., New York, 1980)

THE SWEETHEART OF THE SILENT MAJORITY: THE BIOGRAPHY OF PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY. By Carol Felsenthal. (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., 1981)

CONFESSIONS. By Barbara Amiel. (Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1980)

In an episode of *Upstairs Downstairs*, a young Australian is expatiating to those downstairs on his brand of liberated politics, according to which everyone should be equal. To this Hudson, the proper Edwardian butler, responds: "Equal to what, may I ask?" After reading Jane O'Reilly's *The Girl I Left Behind*, a volume of feminist ravings (her description), one is prompted to insist that the word "equal" be banned from all social discourse, unless the discusser defines precisely what is being measured as equal.

Ms. O'Reilly, a writer by profession, began her self-awareness journey by embracing Gloria Steinem's first premise of feminism: "Women are not equal members of the human society, and we are not equal simply because we are women." A confusing place to start, as it is impossible to say what the premise means. Women, Ms. O'Reilly believes, should be brought up to be equal, but she never gets around to thinking out the answer to the question "Equal to what?" Once she does attempt it (sort of):

The gentleman in the back row asks, What do I mean by equal? Is this a point which needs clarification? Very well. I was, being a woman, not raised to be equal: that is, I was raised without the same status, privileges, and rights of men. I am, by custom and law, considered unequal: less than whole. No sir, I do not think the fact that I cannot lift heavy weights has anything to do with it.

"Status" (whatever that might mean), "privileges," and "rights"—and later in the book she dwells on "money" and "power." If Ms. O'Reilly is saying that women should have "the same" privileges and rights and more money and power, why doesn't she just say so, without contending that women should "be equal"? The point would elude any true-believing feminist, which is why clouded language has compounded already cloudy thinking. She seems to be saying throughout the book, if only by implication, that women and men are "the same" except only that they have different reproductive systems. The result is an exercise in historicism and a descent into looneyspeak:

Men say that women are different, that we have no sense of the larger issues, no understanding of *real politik*. They are really talking about power, about the kind of "differences" that have justified consigning Jews and Blacks, Armenians and Vietnamese, Catholics, Protestants, Hindus—anyone who was different—to poverty, enslavement, and death. But the oldest justification of all, the one invoked and enjoyed even by powerless men, is the "difference" between men and women.