In addition to his schooling on *Time*, Keogh spent two years as an assistant to Nixon. This gave him a special vantage point—not to mention a peculiar perspective—and it may be that such experience is essential in writing a campaign volume as valuable as Mr. Nixon no doubt considers this one.

The President is not likely to be as happy with *The Papers & The Papers*, Sanford Ungar's compelling narrative of the Pentagon Papers case. However, except in noting that the President acted characteristically to narrow access to information he considered sensitive, Ungar is not directly concerned with Mr. Nixon. He does relate the heavy-handed actions of the Department of Defense and the Department of Justice, but he is concerned with much more.

A federal court reporter for the *Washington Post*, Ungar focuses upon the climate of indecision and internal debate (which sometimes reached the shouting stage) in the high councils of the *New York Times* and his own paper before they decided to publish portions of the Pentagon Papers. (The work of nearly every lawyer who took a hand reminds us forcefully that the majesty of the law is founded upon fragile humans.)

Anyone who imagines that secret documents are gleefully rushed into print whenever they surface should read Ungar's book. It underlines the necessity for a press that acts as a responsible adversary to official power. Keogh should read it.

The Death of the Army
by Lt. Col. Edward L. King, USA (Ret.)

(Saturday Review Press; 246 pp.; $6.95)

Malcolm Monroe

It is one of the received and perhaps fundamental truths of Western and Westernized political establishments that war, according to the maxim of Clausewitz, is simply the continuation of politics by other means.

It has, of course, been argued that in the light of modern technological development of the implements of violence there is no political goal which could conceivably justify their actual use, that "if either wins, it is the end of both," and that warfare, perforce, has lost much of its effectiveness as the final arbiter in global politics. And then there is the *Iron Mountain* thesis that peace is simply the continuation of war by other means.

The Army is apparently ambivalent about all this. Lieutenant Colonel Edward L. King, USA (Ret.), in *The Death of the Army* says that the U.S. Seventh Army in Europe, together with its NATO allies, cannot repel a large-scale conventional assault from the East without resort to tactical nuclear weapons—weapons in the twenty kiloton range such as destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. To do so, however, would precipitate the nuclear holocaust that all our policies are presumably intended to avoid. The continuance of the Seventh Army in Europe, poorly deployed to meet any rational contingency, ill-trained, with an unlikely conventional-war mission it cannot perform, and with a top-heavy command and logistical structure, constitutes one of the symptoms of rigor mortis in our decadent, if not already decedent, military forces.

Thus, in a world in which MIRVs and ABMs are described as mere bargaining "chips," a nation's armed forces must be viewed as the "hole cards" in a game that is no longer chess but is not yet craps and never was dominoes. In such a world *the death of the Army* (the fact, not King's book) exposes a hole card and thereby deprives the player, if not of his ability to continue in the game, at least of the pretense that he has aces, back-to-back. This, indeed, may underlie Mr. Nixon's recent hegiras to Peking and to Moscow. When holding nothing better than a pair of treys (an Air Force and a Navy), how better to stay in the game than by diplomacy, by persuading the other players to throw in their hands and have a redeal, that rectitude rather than force must be the ultimate determinant; or, perhaps, by a show of friendship to both Peking and Moscow to excite their mutual animosities in the hope that in their fighting each other each of them may expose a weakness comparable to the weakness we have revealed in Vietnam. (It is said that during World War II President Nixon became an expert poker player in one of those backwashes of military existence where gambling is the most popular alternative to tedium. (One is tempted to wonder what kind of a world we would have if he had read books instead.)

Vietnam, according to King, "is not the cause of the deep malaise which besets the U.S. Army. But the futility of Vietnam has been the catalyst that has brought the long-dormant disillusionment and frustration of the rank and file into open conflict with the hypocrisy of its leadership." Colonel King states that the Army has been following the wrong road for at least fifteen years, from the time when officers such as General Ridgway, who placed the best interests of his soldiers above all else except the interests of the nation, began to leave active service or lose influence within the Army. The succeeding era he describes as the day of the Army organization man, of the military technocrats such as Maxwell Taylor, Westmoreland and the "West Point Protective Association." The Army, King says, should recruit its officer personnel from colleges and universities across the country through the use of ROTC scholarships and close out the "second-rate engineering schools"

it now operates for officer training. The Colonel is skeptical about frequent pay raises that are presumed to produce satisfied soldiers. "Only mercenaries lay down their lives for money. Free men have always been willing to die for a principle, *if* they believe in the fairness and sincerity of their leaders and the justness of their cause." It is the absence of such belief, and any reason *for* such belief, that has made Vietnam the moment of revelation.

It is in the failure of leadership that Colonel King finds the roots of the Army's demoralization—in the ethical laxness at all levels of the officer corps, in racial bitterness resulting from years of unconcerned leadership, in selfishness at the top on the part of "gook hunting" commanders who purport to lead their troops from helicopters soaring beyond the range of small arms, in injustice, in the caste system, in élitist control. Among the more pathetic victims of the system which King describes are the "grunts," the "dumbshits," the boys with low IQ's from poor or underpriviliged backgrounds, the cannon fodder whom the Army chews up, digests, but does not assimilate: "because of their combat services, they believed they had finally earned a place in the Army and in the country which had been ignoring them since the day they entered kindergarten." "The solution," King describes, "was to get rid of [them] by slipping them into another levy of replacements. . . ." Thus the Army takes care of its own.

The loss of integrity in military leadership, although well documented by King, strains credulity if the analysis goes no further than he takes it. After all, these men wear the mantle of Washington, Nathaniel Greene, U.S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Pershing, Eisenhower and Omar Bradley. The system they created and which created them could not have suddenly gone wrong. King traces the roots of the problem back fifteen years, almost to the day (from the date of publication) that General Gavin resigned as Chief of Research and Development of the Army. And there the matter is dropped. It is as though whatever gods that be had ordained that the weaknesses of the human vessel should come to the fore at this particular juncture of history.

But there is history that bears directly upon the military collapse which Colonel King documents. It starts with Dien Bien Phu in April, 1954. Political officials of our government pressed for immediate U.S. military intervention. The then Vice President, already with a substantial political investment in the ideology of anticommunism, urged that "the Administration must face up to the situation and dispatch forces." The then Senate Minority Leader, Lyndon B. Johnson, was not averse to such a course, seeking only the support of our allies. Army Chief of Staff Ridgway, the military genius who had retrieved MacArthur's blunder in Korea, and General Gavin prevailed against such counsel. Ridgway has written: "I fought against . . . some harebrained tactical schemes. . . . To that list of tragic accidents that fortunately never happened I would add the Indochina intervention."

There followed four years of struggle between politicians with a commitment to the McCarthy wing of the Republican Party and military careerists, who, at the outset at least, were ruled by practical consideration of military tactics and strategy. The public debate touched on such topics as the strategy of deterrence and intraservice rivalries. Beneath the surface lay the established philosophy of civilian control of the military; the corollary added to this principle in the second half of the twentieth century was political control over the public utterances of military people. It is almost as though having, in their last successful campaign, defeated the prototype of modern political demagoguery in the Army-McCarthy hearings, the Generals then had to concede Brownie points to the pols in order to even the score. Except that the concession turns out to have been the whole ball game.

In the wake of the struggle, Gavin resigned, observing, among other things, that "one must live with one's self," and Ridgway entered upon the most tranquil retirement that has ever afflicted a military man of his rank and demonstrated talents. Ridgway has spoken out occasionally, in unofficial, nonpolitical contexts, as when he addressed a gathering of West Point alumni in early 1972 (see the *Times*, April 2). After phrasing the principal question which seems to concern senior military officers as "Can an officer speak his mind freely and honestly without jeopardizing his career?" the last American General to win a battle answered the question by delivering a Sunday school lecture on the injunction, "Don't lie, cheat or steal." That senior officers of the armed services are the sort of men whose conduct provokes such a lecture or to whom the question is, indeed, relevant, or that a knowledgeable and legitimate military hero sees the need for answering it in just that way, is at the root of the problem today.

The flight of men of integrity from the officer corps of the armed forces has been a continuing phenomenon since 1958. It is most recently attested by the resignations of some thirty instructors from West Point; the standards of the remaining military hierarchy are revealed by their public utterances on such subjects as patriotism, which usually demonstrate unfamiliarity with the

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oath prescribed by statute and which each must have taken to enter the armed services. (Colonel King points out that in the minds of many such officers "there is the incontrovertible conviction that theirs is the ultimate patriotism," along with a disposition to act in a repressive or vindictive manner toward all who define patriotism in a manner not certified by the American Legion.) The loss of men of integrity is reflected in the contempt the ranks show for those who remain; in refusal to obey orders, in fragging and in other manifestations of low morale.

The quality of leadership in the Navy and the Air Force is not, or has not been, subject to the same kind of critical testing. So long as the officer corps can restrict itself to "white collar" pursuits, such as operating an electronic battlefield, the quality of leadership is not tested as it is in leading men through the hardships of active warfare.

There are no doubt many reasons for the decline illuminated by Colonel King. Among the reasons he slights are some of the most important, including the legitimate resentment of officers who were silenced when they tried to speak out against some of the more insane features of an anti-Communist crusade which was politically profitable (for some politicians) but militarily and strategically disastrous. Dealing with the larger issue of the role of the military in shaping public policy might have made *The Death of the Army* an even better book.

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Briefly Noted

Fire in the Lake
by Frances Fitzgerald
(Atlantic Little, Brown; 491 pp.; $12.50)

Free-lancing journalist Frances Fitzgerald subtitles this ambitious project "The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam" and attempts nothing short of putting all that into the political and cultural history of a people whose history, she believes, may well have been terminated by the American intervention. Borrowing heavily from ethnographers and students of Indochinese history, the author argues that the inevitable and tragic misunderstandings between Vietnamese and Americans rose from the American inability to recognize that the Vietnamese did not operate by the calculus of rational modernity but were looking rather for a Mandate of Heaven which the Americans failed to supply. The three foundation stones of Vietnamese society were the emperor (State), the village and the family. The French, she says, destroyed the first two and the Americans have now destroyed the third. Although not entirely uncritical of the NLF, she assumes they are the only ones around who can some day pick up the pieces, "when 'individualism' and its attendant corruption give way to the discipline of the revolutionary community." The political and military story of America's involvement has been told many times before, and will be many times again, although this telling of it is unusually readable. More important is the author's attempt to come to terms with the deeper cultural conflict between Vietnamese and American and to draw from that conflict some lessons for policy and, less explicity, for ethical judgment. Predictably, the book falls short of its stated goal, but it is a suggestive and thoughtful effort to get at the mutual misperceptions that gave birth and cruel nurture to America's war in Indochina.

Military Leaders of the Civil War
by Lt. Col. Joseph B. Mitchell
(Putnam's; 251 pp.; $6.95)

The rich variety of personalities, styles of leadership and doctrines of war that characterized the great captains of the American Civil War will always make that conflict a school for students of generalship. And there is always room for new interpretations, new research and new insights. Col. Mitchell has not provided them. His style is vigorous, almost effervescent, and he obviously thinks he is being original. In fact, his very strong opinions tend to be little more than restatements of what is now the conventional wisdom, and when Mitchell seems to believe he is being innovative he is most often cribbing from the work of Bruce Catton and other recent historians. His hero is Jackson; he detests McClellan (going as far as to suggest that McClellan lacked physical courage, an unkind and inaccurate proposition in almost every respect). But despite Mitchell's distaste for "book soldiers," his view of soldiering is entirely from the book; he is almost entirely unaware of the political dimensions of strategy and decision. For example, McClellan's excessive caution is more excusable if one remembers that, like Jellicoe in World War I, he knew that he could lose the war by a single defeat; Grant, daring in the West, became a "book soldier" in command of the Army of the Potomac, a fact which somehow eludes Mitchell. While Catton's books, or T. Harry Williams's *McClellan, Sherman and Grant*, are still available, it would be a waste of time to open, much less buy, this book.

The Bonhoeffers: Portrait of a Family
by Sabine Leibholz-Bonhoeffer
(St. Martin's; 203 pp.; $7.95)

Dietrich Bonhoeffer's twin sister was married to a "non-Aryan" and thus they spent the years of World War II as refugees in England. She offers intriguing glimpses into the Bonhoeffers' bourgeois background and into Dietrich's great sense of family. The remarks on the difference between the German "national character" and that of England provide frequently amusing anecdotes of misunderstandings and hostilities experienced by German refugees in England. This is a light book in some respects, but hardly superficial. The themes of heroism, cowardice and tragedy are inescapably and powerfully present. The witness of his sister adds to the luster surrounding the name of her martyr brother.

Nelson the Commander
by Geoffrey Bennett
(Scribners'; 322 pp.; $12.00)

In *Billy Budd* Herman Melville pictured Nelson as nonpareil among leaders, almost the prototype of a statesman, and while Nelson has had his detractors, he remains inescapable for any student of military leadership. Captain Bennett is among Nelson's admirers and he chronicles Nelson's victories and describes his strategic and tactical genius with great skill. Bennett is critical of Nelson's liaison with Lady Hamilton on the very sound grounds that it led him to neglect his duty in the Mediterranean. But Bennett also seems to feel that it was somehow unmanly for his hero to be so captivated by a woman, just as he apologizes for Nelson's vanity and extreme sensitivity. Yet the vain, turbulent Nelson who so desperately needed admiration and affection is not an aberration from the naval genius. Both aspects were inseparable parts of one personality. Melville sensed what Bennett neglects: that part of Nelson's greatness as a leader lay in his weaknesses, which allowed his subordinates to feel protective toward their commander and which drove him to acts of daring. Nelson's officers were a "band of brothers" rather than a group of followers because they never doubted that they were needed, that they bore a burden of responsibility. And if they hated Lady Hamilton, it was in part because they were jealous of her influence. Bennett's book is, however, a fine and at times brilliant description of one of the great—and necessarily complex—personalities in military history

Generations: A Collage on Youthcult
by Clifford Adelman
(Praeger; 321 pp.; $7.95)

Fine books come along now and then done by critics who take fashions more seriously than do the leaders who have a vested interest in them or the media that promulgate them. With a mixture of relish and regret, Adelman examines the youth culture and its pretensions and finds the whole package, from Reich to Roszak to Hoffman, sorely wanting in intelligence, moral seriousness and any vision for the future. This critique is not offered by a cantankerous elder soured by civility's decline but by a young man informed and passionate about the changes required for a more humane world. His argument will come to some readers as a disagreeable surprise, to others as simply documentation of the obvious. *Generations* will be useful to leaders in politics, church and university who are intimidated by claims about what "today's youth think." Adelman's conclusion is that they think about as much as most people think, which is not very much, and that there are very few indeed who think what the youthcult establishment, which presumes to speak for them, claim young people think. His evidence rests on a mix of statistical research and common sense. While it is not persuasive on all scores, it should provide some relief for over-30 types who panic when confronted with the demands of the amorphous monster that is Youth.

A Study of Generations
by Merton P. Strommen et al.
(Augsburg; 411 pp.; $12.50)

A profile of the beliefs, values and behavior of the almost ten million Lutherans in the country, perhaps the most thorough sociological study of an American denomination to date. Of interest, of course, to sociologists of religion and to almost all Lutheran clergy. Findings indicate that Lutherans are generally "liberal" on social questions but have deep, theologically rooted prejudices against religious social activism. The reader is left with the uneasy feeling that the authors are excessively sanguine about the future of Lutheranism, but there is no doubt that optimism is warranted by the solid evidence uncovered. Unquestionably an important study, not only for students of religion but for the many others enamored of the Middle America which is so massively represented by the Lutheran experience.

Crimes of War
ed. by Richard A. Falk, Gabriel Kolko, Robert Jay Lifton
(Random House; 590 pp.; $2.95 [paper])

The subtitle—"A legal, political-documentary, and psychological inquiry into the responsibility of leaders, citizens, and soldiers for criminal acts in wars"—is somewhat misleading. While the question of war crimes is frequently raised, this is basically a collection of essays which argue that the American war in Indochina is a crime. There is little new here (although Falk's introductory argument against the possibility or usefulness of punishing U.S. leaders as war criminals is of particular interest), but it is a helpful collection of some of the better polemic against the war published in recent years. Each of the editors have written elsewhere, and more interestingly, on the question of Indochina, war crimes and ethical responses. This book is perhaps of chief value to the reader who has missed crucial parts of the larger discussion.

The Pacific Rivals
by the Staff of *Asahi Shimbun*
(Foreword by Edwin O. Reischauer; Weatherhill/Asahi; 431 pp.; $10.00)

The title is misleading, for the focus is not on rivalry in the Pacific. The book is, rather, as the subtitle suggests, "A Japanese View of Japanese-American Relations." Imagine, if you will, a Tokyo resident reading 400 pages of articles from the *New York Times* on Japan and you get some idea of what this volume, put together by the staff of one of Japan's leading newspapers, is about. Imagining the American counterpart to the book is difficult, however, because neither the *Times* nor any U.S. newspaper has devoted that much attention to Japan. The reasons are obvious—not the least being that we conquered and occupied their country—but the result is nonetheless a "curtain of ignorance" for which Americans are primarily responsible. *Pacific Rivals* is composed of several hundred brief articles focusing on history, economics and politics. Although religion and culture tend to be shortchanged, the collection remains an eminently useful reader that explains the daisy-plucking ambivalences of Japanese love, resentment, admiration, disgust, hatred, and apparently endless fascination for America.

Witness to the Faith
by Gary Lease
(Duquesne; 158 pp.; $6.95)

A scholarly little book about John Henry Newman and the teaching authority of the Church. It is no secret that Cardinal Newman is in need of rehabilitation among moderns, what with his insistence upon a One True Church and other items similarly unpalatable in our dialogical era. Mr. Lease of Loyola University, Los Angeles, brings Cardinal Newman into line with Vatican II with skills of historical reconstruction that will no doubt be admired highly by readers devoutly determined to keep the saints in step with the times.

Correspondence

[from p. 4]

prove further if both sides discarded outdated or untrue images of one another.

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American Community

To the Editors: In "The Death and Rebirth of American Community" (*Worldview*, July) James Sellers writes about the greatest affliction a society can suffer: the lack of life-informing myths. I regret that his article was so tentative and question-begging. But I do not blame him for this. Having myself on several occasions written on the same theme and not got much beyond the starting line, I realize the difficulties involved and so am always grateful for a fellow-groper's efforts.

In that spirit, then, I offer the following observations. I take it that Mr. Sellers would agree with me that the great intellectual and political task of our century is to restore the category of life to a position of primacy in our thinking, our talking and our doing. To this end it is helpful to invoke, as he does, mythic archetypes. Mythology is the strongest and most persuasive affirmation of life that human culture has furnished. I am not altogether happy with the appeal to initiation rites, however. For one thing, the practical rite of initiation in our own society is enacted in the schools. But the latter are so much part of the problem under discussion that I wonder if we can continue to look hopefully to them for any solution. Second, initiation rites suppose that there is some more or less stable and accepted scheme of values into which the young can be initiated. Again, it is this scheme that is under protest. Thirdly, since Sellers is much concerned with the hero theme, I think it might be better to stress the classic hero's mythic path through separation from present values, to contact with a deeper vision, to a return with some salvific message. Separation-renewal-return. Our present predicament could then be located somewhere between the first and second step. It is true that America has departed from its innocence and "died" to its "recent past." But it has not yet made effective contact with those sources of replenishment that make a "moral revolution" promising. It does little good to appeal to such "structural bonds" as federal power and property holding. Equally well one could argue that these are prime causes of our alienation. And I fear that Mr. Sellers is quite wrong when he says that the gladiator hero of the American past is no longer reflected in the movies. The Godfather and Detective Doyle (to cite but two examples from recent film fare) are very much "aggressive, masculine and egoistic."

I agree that there are "stirrings." The voices of creative protest he mentions—blacks, women, students, the poor—are real enough and significant. But one stirring is conspicuously absent from most of our deliberations on this question, and I refer to an affirmation of the continuity and solidarity of all forms of life. We cannot both hope for rebirth and, for example, continue our exploitative ways with nature. As the poet Wendell Berry has written beautifully: "There is no earthly promise of life or peace but where the roots branch and weave their patient silent passages in the dark." We reach step two of the mythic pattern when we learn again the fertilizing power of the earth and the humbling lesson that man too is subject to the eternal rhythms of all living things, that there is a necessary homology between things cosmic and things human. Because we have forgotten this we have (as Berry says) made ourselves lonely among the creatures and have alienated ourselves from the ways of creation.

Sellers touches gold when he says that the Declaration of Independence needs to be worked over by a new generation of artists and story tellers. And not just this document