I am getting over a virus that I may first have noticed in June, when the secretary at the tech firm I manage pointed out that I wasn't making sense. Making sense is my job, sending lawyers and engineers out to evaluate the intellectual property in software developed with open source components, and making sure that what they come back with adds up.

If I had to explain why I'm able to do this, I'd say that anthropologists work in interdisciplinary teams at multiple sites to explore globalization, that is, capitalism. Law is the special province of socio-cultural anthropology and I am particularly grounded in the liberal ideology behind IP.

I am further skilled in the utopian traditions OS comes from, and my bases in linguistics and archeology and evolution, as well as ethnography of science and medicine, help in dealing with engineers who don't think I'm a technical person. Fieldwork experience enables me to relate to the executives of multinationals, each a nation in itself, who we service.

But no one asks, as long as I make sense. That week I wasn't, after I ran out Monday to bring in the hay from the back field at the farm I live on. The farmer is an old man with a bypass and the hired man was busy with his own share. Jumping in and out of a truck, climbing stacks with a bale, keeps me relaxed and happy.

Not last summer, though. I finally fell out the day after Labor Day. The secretary said I was green and the CEO said I was yellow. I told the doctor the worst thing, what scared me, that I had stopped waking before dawn, when I sit here in the dark and write my dissertation, before administrating Viet Nam Literature Project, before going to work, and returning to feed horses.

I'm back, and writing this Calvinist memo to myself to narrate the thread of my life. It just stopped, while I had a medical experience. It was the best kind you can have, the kind with a diagnosis that explains your suffering and offers hope.

My Ayurvedic physician, who made my problems with anxiety and depression lift like mist a few years ago, had told me in June that there was an infection in my spleen. The problem with humoral physicians is you never know whether that means that you should chill out or that you've got an infection in your spleen.

I drank her tea and let it slide and by October there was my spleen poking out from under my ribcage. Hilariously, my classical Indian doctor is a blonde from New Mexico, and the MD I saw at Student Health is an Indian. He spent two weeks to carefully select and confirm, from the diagnoses he told me about and the scarier ones my doctor friends brought up, that I had mononucleosis.

In those two weeks I slowly let go, lying on my couch at home, of the pieces of the projects I was handing over to my boss, the secretary, and an engineer we had just hired. I slept through my dissertation and VNLP hours. I got up to do farm chores because the animals need to eat.

By October I surrendered to long looping days of rest. I set up a chair and ottoman in the hayloft out the back door of my apartment and read again all twenty books of Patrick O'Brian's sea-novel and the three Kim Stanley Robinson trilogies. If I can't write and live my own story I will enjoy someone else's.

But in the two weeks of diagnosis, before I had a fate and a plan, while I was giving up active life, I scrambled around in my room, among the debris and rubble of a hurried life, for something to do. There was a stack of books one of my Army veteran cousins lent me on Labor Day.

He bought them from a list his older brother gave him as the most evocative of his year in Viet Nam with the Marines. I borrowed them to read to have something to talk about with David at the next wedding or funeral.

Otherwise we might quarrel about Rush Limbaugh, whose broadcasts he follows and repeats. It's disconcerting because David spent his thirteen months in a small group, lightly armed, killing other small groups of lightly armed men.

Rush is a bully. David was a Naval corpsman with a Marine rifle squad in combat. Rush is a windbag and an ignoramus, while David, like all the brothers and cousins and uncles in my busy family, is a cultivated guy.

The short stack of titles he recommended to Peter would earn an A as an original bibliography in any course I taught, or more appropriately, would find me urging the reader as a colleague to write them up professionally.

I know something about narratives by Americans about the Viet Nam war. In 1976 I read every one in the Exeter library, which would be an outstanding liberal arts college collection, for a junior history essay at that school.

I drew the conclusion that all these people wrote from ignorance about history and fantasy about the Vietnamese, from participation in events set in motion by people who shared their ignorance and fantasy.

Over time I've added some subtleties. The war managers were in fact informed by history, although it was that of Europe in 1939. Those outside government who struggled against the war often bought the determinist history of the Vietnamese Communists.

There were individuals, even the whole group that wrote the Pentagon Papers, who were well-informed realists, who understood what was happening, and many of them had substantial

relationships with Vietnamese. Our intelligence - Army, Navy, CIA, Rand - was wonderfully good.

But these are footnotes to the obvious. On the print evidence, most Americans have remembered the war much as I experienced it as a child in my Connecticut suburb, as in a dream, when the part of your brain that reasons and acts is deliberately shut down, so you won't do yourself a mischief while you sleep.

There was no war aim for the US in Viet Nam - even the best rationale for the Cold War, George Kennan's, the one that proved correct, counseled sitting tight to let communism rot and fall. The only way to defend Saigon, by infantry without the artillery or air support that fed the revolution in the countryside, was never brought to the American people and likely would have failed to win their support or that of the Vietnamese.

The American war was an enthusiasm, like the invasion of Italy, like Dresden, like Nagasaki, like Iran and Korea and a hundred years and counting of fucking around in South America and the Caribbean, a trivial - compared to the nuclear standoff - and avoidable god-awful emotional and institutional consequence of the standing military that contained Stalin.

The only sane thing to do on the individual level was to have nothing to do with it. We now have disciplines and industries - computers, biotech - founded and staffed by clear-sighted people avoiding the Viet Nam war or the movement against it. For twenty years I have shared with friends and colleagues the mounting conviction that any American who got involved with Viet Nam was already crazy.

I am getting ahead of myself. I was telling what I know about personal narratives by Americans from the Viet Nam war. Then we are getting back to David's stack of them, the two by Robert A. Anderson among them, then on to the books Robert recommends.

I kept reading after my high-school essay, focusing on people who knew what they wrote about, their own lives, and who dealt deliberately with their fantastic nature. Ten years later I bonded with a young American Studies scholar over books and writers we loved.

One was Gustav Hasford, still alive then, a member of a group of friends, writers, who called themselves the snuffies. That's a word referring to the lower ranks, perhaps from the hillbilly in the newspaper comic strip.

One of my neighbors here on the farm visibly startled when he heard the word come out of my mouth once and has never referred to it again. My mother uses “snuffy” to mean, “those poor doomed bastards.”

Dad was a platoon leader at Pendleton, where my older brother was born, then around the Pacific with the fleet in Eisenhower’s show of force. His men were bright guys in Signals, just like my neighbor, and his own ambition had been to become a telephone lineman.

Hasford's great testimony is his first novel, The Short-Timers. The Stanley Kubrick movie Full Metal Jacket follows it faithfully through the boot-camp sequence, then swerves into voyeurism, away from Gus' honest evocation of becoming a child killer, in every sense of that phrase.

Gus wrote in Marine slang, the bloody-minded ironic cant where "Semper Fi" means "Fuck off." It's beautiful, word-drunk, demotic realism about surreal experience. The novel was written first as science fiction before appearing as a mainstream paperback original.

The book is a shibboleth, a password by which members of a nation recognize one another. My new fellow American was Kali Tal, well-educated at the University of California at Santa Cruz by its founding generation of genius faculty, writing her dissertation at Yale.

You can read it now as the book, Worlds of Hurt, where Kali theorizes literature of the holocaust, of rape and incest survivors, and Viet Nam veterans. From an examination of texts she moves on to a consideration of how a person can become an active adult while retaining a candid understanding of his or her experience as a victim or executioner.

Briefly, he or she cannot, for reasons both of individual psychology and of social structure. Gus Hasford wasn't dead yet when she wrote, but he was well on his way, drinking with diabetes. Kali, herself raped as a child, is now retired as a young woman. There is a great deal in her point of view.

But at the time she was gorgeously active. A single box ad placed in the Chronicle of Higher Education brought enough subscriptions to publish the first issues of the journal Viet Nam Generation, themed collections that remain the best on their topics.

One night when we were talking by phone from the pool I ran nights she suggested I come with her to present at the Viet Nam War area of the next meetings of the Popular Culture Association. This utopian conference, open to all, founded in dissent to the groupthink that is an unfortunate consequence of the peer review that is necessary for the advance of knowledge, has fostered many fields of study.

Anyone can present, and they do. Over two decades when entire meetings of the Modern Languages Association, the American Historical Association, the Organization of American Historians, even of the Society of Historians of American Foreign Relations didn't discuss Viet Nam, and the Association for Asian Studies itself neglected the country of Viet Nam, every year PCA hosted panel after panel of talks on cultural studies from the Viet Nam war.

My first time, I presented on Joe Haldeman and his Forever War, the science fiction classic that may prove the most enduring Viet Nam war novel. Because the Earth troops go out to fight the alien invaders at light speed, relativity brings them back centuries later in local time, to a world they can't relate to, before they head out to fight again.

Bruce Franklin hadn't written about Forever War yet, but I met great friends who would already know about anything I discussed, the bibliographers David Willson and John Baky. Veterans, as many librarians are, they were building monuments of scholarship.

At his Lasalle University collection, Imaginative Representations of the Viet Nam War, John has a continuing project to gather print and realia remembering the war as it comes out. David, while teaching at Green River Community College, was looting warehouses of old porn to show how writers had represented the war as it was going on, before the post-war amnesia which we all were working to correct.

David as well was writing his series of REMF (Rear Echelon Mother Fucker) novels, beloved of the vet writers, with their sly focus on the support troops who constituted the vast majority of US personnel in Viet Nam. Hooked, I started writing a newsletter for Viet Nam Generation.

I recruited David and another speaker, the scholar of French and Special Forces sergeant major, Alan Farrell, to contribute regularly. My newsletter became the journal, and Kali's anthologies became books. Toward the end we put it all on the beginnings of the Web, where you can still search and read the articles.

PCA was our big event every year. I had time to go because I was odd-jobbing, lifeguarding, cutting down trees, assembling anthologies and teacher's guides for publishers, writing US business studies for third-world entrepreneurs. I was taking care of myself and pursuing my interests.

A born scholar, I find it impossible to make the difficult accommodations we all must make to thrive at an institution. My cousin David's father ran up 60 patents for General Electric and my other senior uncle ran department after department in the humanities for Brandeis, the college he helped to establish, but the rest of us are self-employed or hobbyists.

Next time I wrote about Michael Herr, and his influence through his Dispatches, the voiceover for Apocalypse Now and work on Full Metal Jacket. I was against Herr's influence, and still am.

His is the voice from nowhere, the journalist. His literary talent impresses if you haven't got one yourself. He blows smoke. I use my talent to ground the reader in specifics and think things through.

My final PCA paper went through the chain of command to show books written by men at ascending rank, to introduce the private, the non-commissioned officer, the captain and the major in contrast to the colleged lieutenant citizen soldiers who usually win the prizes.

In the course of that research I noticed David Marr, David Elliott, and Keith Taylor, veterans who wrote their narratives as historians of the nation of Viet Nam. I started attending seminars of Yale's Council on Southeast Asia Studies.

They hired me to renew a publishing series on Viet Nam. I used my share of my grandfather's life savings to go to the Southeast Asia Studies Summer Institute 1991 at Cornell to learn Vietnamese, and walked into class with Barbara Cohen, Dana Sachs and Bob Brigham. Keith was our history teacher.

Later, Mark Sidel sent me to Ha Noi, where Lady Borton and Huu Ngoc received me, and I made friends with Hoang Ngoc Hien, Duong Thu Huong and Nguyen Huy Thiep. My life changed, and here I am an anthropologist in North Carolina. Anthropology is the university science that systematically recognizes diverse means of scholarship.

That is all another story. I was telling you what I know about narratives by Americans who fought in Viet Nam, so you can interpret what I say about my cousin Peter's stack of books his brother David selected to represent his time there with the Marines.

It's a short stack. There is Michael W. Rodriquez' s collection Humidity Moon: Short Stories from the Vietnam War, not something you would look to anti-immigrant Rush Limbaugh to recommend. At Viet Nam Generation we published the first book from a Chicano veteran, so far as we knew, Leroy Quintana's poems.

Since then I haven't been paying attention. I did trip over a memoir, An Accidental Soldier: Memoirs of Mestizo in Vietnam, by Manny Garcia. Manny was a Ranger, a super-infantryman, and partakes in the general American Indian way of looking at overseas military service, as a walkabout.

Leroy is instead Aurelian, taciturn about the ambiguities of republic and empire. Michael is more like Gus, demotic and ironic, and his prose seems mannered to me in comparison to the Short Timers. But that's a matter of taste, relative social position. Manny's stories have a lot more details about soldiering.

David my cousin's second book, Hell Looks Different Now: One Corpsman's Journey Back to Viet Nam, by J. "Doc" McNiff is like a manuscript by John Creech I tried to publish at Viet Nam Generation. Kali wouldn't do it, thought it was sub-literary, though she wouldn't use that word, we used to make fun of a man we knew who said it a lot who is now chair of Yale's English department.

Viet Nam Generation was all about publishing anything good but Kali wanted me to work my rewrite magic on John's stories. John would have liked that too. I make changes that snap a manuscript into the shining professional quality the author was aiming at. But I wouldn't do it for John because I won't do that Maxwell Perkins/Gordon Lish rewrite work unless there is real money in it for everyone.

John recently published his manuscript himself here in Chapel Hill, which is what Doc seems to have done. Both books are best off as they are. John worried over his stories for a decade, to

their improvement. Doc's book is gloriously unedited. He thanks someone for going over the manuscript or galleys but I don't think the changes got sent to the printer.

Doc is from the small town in Massachusetts where he returned to work for the police. He got a serious education after the war and much of the memoir is by a reflective grownup. But the core voice of his book, and John's, and only a few others I have found that slipped through editors somehow, is that of an uneducated teenage private soldier, not the ventriloquist's dummy of the writer he became.

If you're interested in what it feels like to walk around in the woods with couple hundred other American teenagers blowing foreigners apart with rifles and grenades as they try to do the same to you, Doc is about as good as it gets.

The rest of my cousin's selection are by two authors who, in contrast to Doc and John, have built a career as professional authors, and have escaped Gus' fate. W.D. Ehrhart and Robert A. Anderson moreover have a quality of reflection and deliberate action that contrasts with Michael Rodriquez' tone.

Ehrhart, known as Bill, is an author in the sense of a man who has built an oeuvre, a series of books in verse and prose, fiction and non-fiction, as writer and editor, that show growth in thought around central concerns over a lifetime.

In that sense he is the American author from the Viet Nam war. It would take another essay of this length to review his career. You may instead consult Kali's book, which takes Bill as the case study of the veteran author trying to return to society with the truth of his past.

The book by Bill which cousin David chose is the one often selected by teachers to represent the Viet Nam war. That is why Bill wrote it.

Vietnam-Perkasie: a Combat Marine Memoir appeals to the teenage boy who wants to be a soldier. Then it walks him through the war in Viet Nam, from the wide-ranging experience of Bill's tour. A bright enlisted volunteer from high school, Bill was both protected by older men who kept him doing REMF office jobs and indulged by them in going out to fight.

We see him selecting the harassment and interdiction artillery fire missions that took so many lives among the citizens of our ally, the Republic of Viet Nam, we sit with him in a bunker at Con Thien by the the DMZ, where the artillery of the People's Army reached every day, and we fight through Hue city after Tet 1968, until a rocket-propelled grenade wounds him.

Another memoir, Passing Time: A Memoir of a Vietnam Veteran Against the War, and the novel Busted: A Vietnam Veteran in Nixon's America carry on the story, but Vietnam-Perkasie is the one that can slug a young man in the head and give him some clue that fighting for America may become a betrayal of his country.

The story starts with the RPG round, then backs up to high school to unreel the narrative up past the blow that sent Bill home. Except for that narrative trick, Bill sticks strictly to what he knew, when he knew it. It can really get to a kid. Bill is a killer high school teacher.

In the new edition from the University of Massachusetts Press, a preface by R. Bruce Franklin explains Bill's great theme, the individual fantasy that obscures the limits of US government power. Bruce, with Kali, is the critic of US literature from the Viet Nam war who uses literary skill to address the psychic issues and social predicament that motivate Bill.

A library search on criticism of American belles-lettres from the Viet Nam war might miss Bruce and Kali, and the articles and monographs cited would only glance on Bill. The literary critics, of course, stay within the realm of the literary, in the sense of the fantastic and the aesthetic.

But I am writing this narrative for my friends who know Vietnamese language and history, who are disposed to take US veteran authors as people making serious assertions about the world as we live in it. Viet Nam is not a fantasy for us.

I am often surprised to find these colleagues teaching a novel by Tim O'Brien or Dispatches as the one American book in a course on Viet Nam. Those two are explicitly anti-intellectual and specifically anti-historical.

I am telling you this story so you may read and consider teaching Gus, Kali, Joe, Bruce, David Willson, Alan, Michael, Leroy, Manny, Doc, or Bill instead. You should also consider reading Robert A. Anderson, and reading with him.

He is the only author with two books in my cousin David's stack. He may be in the process of joining Bill as a US author from the Viet Nam war with an oeuvre, a body of work that makes sense.

I reached first for the shorter one, Service for the Dead, a hardback with the bright dustjacket of forgotten light novels from the 1970s and 80s I buy like candy at used-book stores. I opened Service for the Dead here and there and read parts until I got interested and started from the beginning.

It's a war story about Marines patrolling, and about a wounded Marine coming home. Why tell you the details when I want you to read the book? It has the buoyant quality of deliberate fantasy and reminded me of the Phantom Blooper, by Gus Hasford, the war novel he wrote after Short Timers.

Blooper didn't appeal to me twenty years ago, but Kali and David Willson loved it. Online, at the Viet Nam Generation archive, I find that we published a PCA paper Kali wrote while she was getting into Hasford, about Service for the Dead.

A terrific historian, Kali is an English major at heart, the kind of person who always knows how a movie is going to turn out. She noticed details such as that the hero's best friend in Service for the Dead, who endlessly tells stories, is from Hollywood.

She takes the book seriously as an investigation of American fantasy. On my couch, trying to stay put, I wanted the denser stuff, the mingled fantasies of social life. I picked up Cooks & Bakers, small-print, in what looks to be a paperback original. David Willson says there is a hardback, too.

This is the Anderson book for me so far. The title refers to non-combat personnel. In theory, every Marine can fight as a rifleman. Cooks & Bakers ends, like Bill's book, at Hue city, where after Tet 1968 all the REMFs were fighting.

Outstanding qualities of the book include details of the administrative procedure of war. Like Gus and David Willson and Bill, one reason Robert is around to write is that he wasn't in the mud 24/7. He did office work. His title speaks to the condition of possibility of his novel itself.

Another unusual quality of the novel is the presentation of Vietnamese language and Vietnamese people. The author's alter ego speaks some Vietnamese, and the language he reports is just what such a person would use, engaging with the locals.

They present with the same odd, uninventable level of detail that characterizes the whole book. Anderson was writing the novel at the war, catching things as he saw them.

Bill's memoir, written well afterwards, very creditably works up one RVNAF character who presents a local point of view that fits with Bill's solid but limited reading of English-language scholarship on the war.

Anderson's novel, by contrast, catches all the weird stuff that happens in life. None of these stray details would mean anything to most of his readership, but they jolt me. I'll never forget picking up Charles McCarry's 1976 thriller Tears of Autumn and realizing the author had to have been a Vietnamese-speaking American spy in 1950s Ha Noi.

So, on my couch, noticing these details I don't have time to recount to you now, I wondered who Anderson was. Kali had written about him but we broke contact years ago. I wrote to John Baky, who had never met Anderson but asked for his manuscripts if I got in touch.

Bill, the basic scholar of Viet Nam vet poetry, had never heard of Anderson. David Willson had corresponded with him in Walton, New York, in 1984. The dustjacket on Service for the Dead says he graduated from Yale College, but the online alumni directory doesn't list him.

It does list a man of the same name, about the same age, a portrait painter outside New Haven. That Robert wrote back to say he did serve in Viet Nam, in the Navy, but has written no novels. He couldn't find Anderson in a print directory from the 1980s.

I called David Willson again to put our heads together. It didn't look good. Anderson's pattern of two novels, one basically a diary and the other a more deliberately imaginative reworking of the experience, fits that of many war writers you've never heard of.

The reason many have heard of Joe and Tim is that Forever War and Going After Cacciatto, their imaginative ones, their second published ones, sold enormously well. Do that once and you have carte blanche with publishers to natter on at a good wage for that rest of your life.

After the second book is when naive authors of literary books for the trade, who have not hit the bullseye, notice that they will likely never make a living or reach a public, and so must work two shifts alone. They stop.

The mid-1980s, when Service for the Dead appeared, would also be about the time a lot of Viet Nam veterans checked out entirely. Mid-life for boomers, my age now, for a demographic who began killing themselves one way or another in the 1960s and 70s.

David also thought Robert was likely dead, but suggested I find his agent, Joseph Spieler, thanked in Cooks & Bakers. I found Joseph on the Web and he gave me a call on my couch. He loves the book, and we discussed how many such good titles are out of print.

Joseph passed my name on to the author, who called some days later. I have got undated notes - I was sicker than I thought, they are not only undated but gappy and illegible - and a followup email from Robert.

He's a Yalie, in Wright on Old Campus for freshman year like my junior-year girlfriend, then Pierson College like another one of my cousins, my Exeter girlfriend, and my father's law-school squash partner's sons. He was a lieutenant, like his focal character, with eight months at Quantico. He became a Vietnamese speaker in three months at Monterey.

He started work on Cooks & Bakers while he was in Viet Nam, as the level of detail suggests. He always thought the real story of the war would "be written by the other side". He read Bao Ninh's Sorrow of War in English and was tremendously moved.

Most important, Robert is at work on his oeuvre. He had dropped out of sight to write theater for local venues. That is about the most challenging and satisfying way to write, and a quick ticket out of national notice and literary history.

I noticed in one of my first big reading projects, European and American drama since the appearance of the avant-garde, that the figures who most interest me vanish from the record after they decide to sit tight and work with whoever is around.

Robert is so local that he had not heard of the William Joiner Center, which runs active programs for authors like him, although Joiner is at the University of Massachusetts Boston and Robert is

in the same state. I remember him telling me Dorchester, and my checking to see that Dorchester is 40 miles from Boston, but I don't see that in my notes.

A vita he sent along lists live and radio productions in Rochester, MA, New Bedford and Fairhaven. There have been productions in Ohio and in the state of New York. The plays, local in production, are national and international in focus: Newt Gingrich, the Persian Gulf war, Martha Stewart, the Wall, and Manjiro Nakahama, the first Japanese to make his life in the US.

There is wordplay in the titles. "MacBush" refers of course to Macbeth as well as MacBird, a satire from the movement against the Viet Nam war. The titles of "Pear Newt" and "Exit the King? Martha Stewart in a Prison of Desire" pun on two or three classic titles in world drama.

If Robert isn't a Yale graduate, he should have been. We're excessively literate, take survey courses, form nationally oriented local elites, and are entrepreneurial. Robert founded Teatro Gumbo Limbo himself and Miracle Fish Puppet Theater with others.

If I lived in Massachusetts I'd be at every opening. Fortunately, Robert's current project is a book, something I will be able to read here in North Carolina. My notes seem to say it is now called Providence/Quang Tri.

My elevator pitch on the project is that the American men who went to Viet Nam and those who passionately did not are more like each other than they are like anyone else. If you happen to know a lot of both kinds, this is simply true, but it will forever remain news in the national arena.

Literature is news that stays new, so Robert's manuscript may have legs. The book will give an account of a Yale classmate or contemporary who died on the street in Providence, Rhode Island, and another who died at Quang Tri three weeks after Tet, about when Robert was also hit and sent home.

That one, Richard Pershing, was fighting with the 101st, under USMC command in the general confusion. His grandfather, the general, had commanded mine, a sergeant, in Europe, and Dick's name is now on the Viet Nam war memorial in front of the student center at Exeter.

I remember walking through where it is now, on my way to my first weekly newspaper editorial meeting in 1975, to pitch a story on who from the school fought in that war. The story died, as no one there had a clue.

The Yalie who died strung out and homeless in Providence was Mike Healer or Heater, can't tell from my notes. I have my own such ghosts and look forward to meeting Mike in Robert's book.

Anybody who writes for a living will be wondering by now what Robert does. I didn't ask, as that is literally a man's own business. He could have money or have married some. The way his alter egos were shot up in his novels, he could be on disability. His vita mentions magazine work.

It also mentions what we did talk about, his medical practice. Robert teaches qi gong with his wife. The qi gong we hear about in the papers is the daily practice of the Falun Gong, a melange of traditional body work in resistance to the Chinese government.

I think Robert's qi gong comes from further reaches of the Chinese empire. He told me about going with the healer "Mr. O" to attend to a fellow Marine not long ago at a Providence hospital. Mr. O fought the Americans in the North with a PLA unit.

My notes mention the Taoist journal "Empty Vessel", from Portland, Oregon. There is also the name of the physician Amita Desai. Amita's books don't do a thing for me, but Robert referenced a Vietnamese author I had never heard of, whose memoir is of great interest to Vietnamese studies.

Quang Van Nguyen was abandoned as a child in a village marketplace and raised by a monk. Fourth Uncle in the Mountain: Memoir of a Barefoot Doctor in Vietnam tells how Quang grew up and got schooled during the war, then emigrated to thrive in Vermont.

It is a fantastic tale that could have been fabricated only by someone who knows cutting-edge medical anthropology and Vietnamese history in a way that Quang's collaborator, Marjorie Pivar, evidently doesn't.

I am continually astonished how American authors will work without systematic reading, but they do because otherwise publishers will call you neither a writer or a witness, but a scholar. Even scholars are disciplined by their own publishers from reading diverse fields of scholarship. Modernity works by each of us making more and more sense about less and less.

But Marjorie has the taste given by focus. The one relevant Vietnamese studies book she found was the right one, Hue Tam Ho-Tai's Millenarianism and Peasant Politics in Viet Nam. This is the book Tam-Tai was born to write, a historian's study of a world where texts have limited but powerful presence, that of syncretic and revolutionary religion in the Southern countryside and Western wilderness.

Quang came up in the world of Millenarianism. He meditates for years in caves with a 150 year-old monk out of a kung fu tale. It all would be a ridiculous fabrication except the observation apparently comes from life. The infrequent stuff from books stands out in plain errors, as when Quang and Marjorie explain the chu nom script and call it Han Viet.

You've got to read it. It would be a great counterweight in an undergraduate course to Bill's book, whose basis in American histories of Viet Nam is reductive, determinist, Communist-inspired, and focused on the American intervention.

Fourth Uncle hits what Bill aims at, a sense of life in Viet Nam on its own terms, where Communists and Nationalists and Americans are just more people with notions, among peasants where there are a great many ideas taking form in individuals and social movements.

Robert told me about another book which I absolutely would never have read if I wasn't trapped on a couch by a virus. Lions of Medina is a history of "Medina", the operation that Robert fictionalizes as "Medea" in Cooks & Bakers. I can see why he likes it.

If you had been there, it would be a terrific souvenir, reminiscent of albums American veterans of the Allied Expeditionary Force printed for their reunions. There are lots of well-identified photos, including one of the Marine whom Mr. O visited in the Providence hospital. Looking at my notes, I am not sure if that was Mr. O or Quang.

Doyle Glass says he wrote the book after walking into a bookstore and finding nothing on Viet Nam, meaning the war. This would have been in the 1990s, when every chain bookstore in the United States had for a decade mounted tall bookcases plainly labeled "Vietnam", meaning the war. He was writing in Kentucky, the state with the most Viet Nam dead per capita.

I understand why Doyle wrote the book better than he does. It's an honest, solidly documented account with a fundamental lack of understanding of its own conditions of production.

He is plainly angry and unwilling to express that candidly at an object, which would be US foreign policy and the leadership of our armed forces. The history is literally the story of men marching up a hill and down again, like Napoleon in the children's rhyme, without Doc's animal pleasure in memory, Gus' bloody irony, or Robert's engagement with Vietnamese people and attention to armed bureaucracy.

I am proud of my Rush Limbaugh-quoting Navy cousin that he didn't recommend Doyle's book to his Army brother. But Lions of Medina is a great document to Robert's body of work. Let me tell you some others and then shut this essay down.

Robert says he is a graduate of Yale and I think it's simple error that the alumni office doesn't list him. He talks about the place as we do, not as someone trying to impress. Still, anyone who can write a novel is a mimic attuned to class cues, and Robert is an actor, so I look forward to the Providence/Quang Tri book nailing this fact down.

If he went to Yale, he lived four years not only in my college but in my native city, New Haven. There is a fine constellation of scholarship on the city and the university in those years which will provide background to any study of Robert's body of work.

Nobody ever told me that as you grow old you get to read history about your life and times. Visiting my freshman room-mate in London last winter, I saw in a used book shop a reviewer's copy of Douglas Rae's history of New Haven over the twentieth century, City: Urbanism and its End. It includes references to the political scientists around Robert Dahl at Yale, who theorized pluralist democracy.

Doug's book got me wondering if my college contemporary Geoffrey Kabaservice had ever finished his biography of Kingman Brewster, the Yale president of the 1960s, who democratized

admissions and co-educated the college by fiat, and saved the university and the city from burning down in 1970 by treating the student revolutionaries as his social equals, the junior members of the governing elite.

I got The Guardians: Kingman Brewster, his Circle and the Rise of the Liberal Establishment from the Davis Library here at the University of North Carolina. At dinner with one of our best UNC graduates, Glenda Gilmore, now a senior professor at Yale and married to my friend Ben Kiernan their Cambodia historian, I found that Geoff was her TA while working on the book.

It's a group biography, not only of Brewster but of another Yale graduate and official, MacGeorge Bundy, one of the men who destroyed our ally the Republic of Viet Nam, and also of Willam Sloane Coffin, the Yale chaplain who led students into the civil rights and anti-war movements.

Some day in there I saw Coffin's obituary in the New York Times and inhaled his own memoir, Once to Every Man, written in a hotel room in 1975 after Saigon fell and that part of his life ended, and William Sloane Coffin, Jr.: A Holy Impatience, a biography by one of his former parishioners, Warren Goldstein, who did American Studies at Yale during the revolution.

I also saw an op-ed in the Times by Doug and by another contemporary of mine, Paul Bass, which mentioned they were finishing a book on the Panther trial in New Haven that ended the 1960s in New Haven when Brewster saved Yale. Murder in the Model City has been out for a year or two now.

Most of what is in these books would be new to Robert, useful to a critic not for getting into his head but for seeing where that head has been. He passed through the school and moved on, as is normal. He certainly wasn't from New Haven.

Robert became one of the 1000 leaders Yale deliberately produces each year. He led men in Viet Nam, although in the normal course of the USMC almost all of them would have been better Marines than he was. Leadership is a social role thrust upon the individual by institutions.

Robert stepped out of that role when he wrote novels about war in Viet Nam. That is, he was still leading, out in front, but if nobody follows you are just taking a walk.

He attracted the serious and loyal attention of an agent, Joseph, and won the confidence of editors at Avon and Arbor House, but didn't find a public even among his peers. It is in the nature of literary novel publishing that no one knows how to find such a book its readers.

If you are a Rodale or Edward Tufte publishing specific information and general ideas of clear use to some sector of society, publishing is a matter of developing quality material. It's actually a reliable, high-margin, growth business if that's your situation.

But a novel aims its specifics and generalities at people in general. That is the whole point. Usually few pay attention. Some happenstance, institutional efforts hitting social networks no one knew existed, can take a book big, like Catch 22.

That book's editor, the social climber Robert Gottlieb, at the same time turned down John Kennedy O'Toole's Confederacy of Dunces, practically the same novel as Joseph Heller's in theme and attitude and play of language. So John killed himself and if it wasn't for his mom and Walker Percy no one ever would have heard of that classic of our time.

But the New Orleans working lady walked the manuscript around in a shopping cart and after twenty years Confederacy found its way through Southern gentry Walker to being a best-seller. So far this has not happened to any of my cousin David's selections from Viet Nam war literature, or to any of the favorites I have told you about.

A social scientist who works in publishing can point out some broad characteristics of this situation. The best-selling novels from the Viet Nam war have come from the unmarked middle class perspective, that of Philip Caputo and Tim O'Brien. One working-class exception, Paco's Story by Larry Heinemann, presents his alter ego as abject, totally without power or intellect.

Two more active and thoughtful brokers of workmen's voices, Joe Haldeman and Gus Hasford, have sold a lot of books but in genre publishing or from lesser publishing houses, like those that tried to publish Robert. They have to run the presses, they need material, and they get lucky sometimes.

But nobody at Knopf or Farrar, Straus and Giroux ever told the New York Times and the Washington Post or the New York Review of Books to consider what Robert had to say about the Viet Nam War. The gatekeepers of this process are resolutely and unconsciously middle-class, strivers who relate downward with pity and upward with envy, both forms of contempt.

This is not only a theoretical fancy. There are whole stretches of life I cannot speak of frankly in person with publishing or university colleagues without exposing myself to disregard or reproof. I am middle-class in the sense that my allegiances are with workers and owners, but not to the middle class.

The authors I like are in the same boat, one way or another. There is no reason of quality why Robert's work on the Viet Nam war isn't as well known as Platoon, the movie by his Yale contemporary Oliver Stone, or the political work of another, John Kerry, or the cartoonist Garry Trudeau, class of 1970.

My own Yale contemporary Maya Lin is no better artist, and she set the national memory of the war with her Wall, which Yale Law grad Jack Wheeler rammed through the Reagan administration. All moviemakers command vast resources, all senators are ruling-class by

definition, all syndicated cartoonists are entrepreneurs, and of course architects and lawyers make decisions.

But authors of novels aren't supposed to talk like people who are in charge. Gore Vidal and Louis Auchincloss are exceptions that probe the rule, in their own bubbles of reputation. I hope that his new book about his classmates may carve Robert out his own exception in time and he will attract the national literary attention which his work merits.

Why do I care? Because Robert and the rest of the men I have told you about are my alter egos. I am talking about myself. Why would you care about my place in the world? Because I am talking about how our government and society remember and imagine war, which nature will not much longer tolerate.

That Robert and Gus, Kali, Joe, Bruce, David Willson, Alan, Michael, Leroy, Manny, Doc, or Bill are not taught and referenced as Michael and Tim are is an expression of simple competition, of the accumulating benefits in any game of winning early, and of an approach to literature in education that stresses quality as authority rather than using connoisseurship to match author to reader.

It is also an expression of Kali's principle, the social exclusion of those who are candid about violence. The aggressively healthy, astonishingly successful psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton reflected the opposite, normal trend in the title of his Home from the War, Vietnam Veterans: Neither Victims nor Executioners.

It was an early study of what became Post Traumatic Stress Disorder in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, the statute book of disease that psychiatrists develop in committee and vote on. Writing at Yale, Jay drew on his experience leading veterans in New Haven in consciousness-raising techniques from the women's movement.

It is a great book I disagree with, right there on the cover, in the subtitle. Viet Nam veterans were victims of an anti-democratic implementation of foreign policy by deluded elites. While in Viet Nam they executed a great many people, mostly women and children and old men civilians of our allied government there, as well as in Laos and Cambodia.

Any man, let alone any author who holds a candid sense of the simple truth of those statements, and is likely to put it baldly, is going to face challenges in joining the ideological professions of our society. He may face these challenges with some health deficits.

One great book to come from the Viet Nam war is The Harmony of Illusions, a history of the Post Traumatic Stress Disorder diagnosis. Allan Young tells how the science developed and follows psychiatrists applying their understanding to suffering men.

A compassionate account both of the physicians and their patients, still it confirms my judgment that PTSD is not a disease. There is no delimited disease entity, no specific chain of cause and effect, and there is no cure.

But of course all those scientists mobilized because men were showing up sick and dead. PTSD is a rationalization for getting them palliative care. It works, so much so that it has become a notorious recruiter among diagnoses.

One of my author friends was actually approached by a government doctor after a talk and offered crazy pay, the disability he is entitled to. This man has raised a family and served his profession with distinction, and was giving a talk to less fortunate veterans when the prison psychiatrist approached him.

Another author, Ernest Spenser, does get the crazy pay, and nobody would deny it to him after reading his Welcome to Viet Nam Macho Man. When we were in touch, Ernie was apparently ill. He told me about acting out intrusive memories of violence in public and, worse, couldn't hold a job.

Our society must care for the sick and furthermore owes Ernie special consideration. He was one of first Asian captains in the Marines when it was struggling out of Jim Crow. But he goes on to recruit for PTSD, for example berating David Willson for not demanding what the government owes him.

That David's got enough of the symptoms on the DSM checklist to cover a monthly car payment. But he had them before he went to war. He says he got them from his father, and expects that his father may well have had them before Iwo Jima, since his father in turn had fought in the Philippines.

Hell, I could qualify, except I haven't been to war. My own skepticism about PTSD is fueled largely by the bad military history Allan records his psychiatrists using in their diagnoses, and the impossible personal service records, drawn from specific films and novels I recognize, recounted to me by doctors about their patients.

The psychiatrists insist that the disease is caused by war, which they apparently don't have a scholarly grasp on. David Willson, and Alan Farrell, and the infantry in general, find the diagnosis unconvincing because everyone they knew in the military, every man they have known intimately, was like that already.

Can't get to sleep? Wake up screaming? Trouble concentrating? Keeping a job? Maintaining relationships? Aren't those normal, and isn't it just good sense to be hypervigilant, with a quick temper?

No. Those definitely aren't healthy ways to live. But they are symptoms that still lie in the vast grey stretches of most human suffering, along with heart problems, back and joint pain, depression, anxiety and seizure disorders.

Medical researchers necessarily have a lot of happy talk about how they understand these things, but they don't, not yet. The Last Well Person: How to Stay Well Despite the Health-Care System is a helpful book by one of those sane enough to have passed on the whole Viet Nam thing. Nortin M. Hadler M.D. uses epidemiology to review meta-studies of medical research on these topics, focusing on specific double-blind randomized trials.

Epidemiology is one of the ways we observe nature, using Darwin and statistics to see what she is doing. Meta-studies review whole fields of research to hear what the scientific community is saying. Double-blind randomized trials spot-check whether they are all on crack.

In the true spirit of the Viet Nam generation, Nortin happily ignores PTSD and much of what we know about personality disorders. As many doctors advise themselves, Nortin suggests staying the hell away from medicine unless you have a clear specific symptom someone can fix immediately.

For the rest, find a wise friend for advice as you pass through this sea of troubles. Nortin is a physician, seeing patients daily, addressing individual members of the public. Kali, in her book, approached PTSD from a different perspective, to argue for social change.

Her point is that if indeed there is an illness caused by living with the overwhelming certainty that you are about to suffer violent death, then it would manifest among all of us, who all have been vulnerable children, and among the half of us who are women, at mortal risk in the home, and among the vast lineages of men fighting in public.

Maybe it does and we are all nuts. Maybe only a few among us develop symptoms from this universal stressor. We do know that so far the PTSD diagnosis is nothing that physicians may reliably identify and fix. It is part of a movement in psychiatry that I disagree with, the medicalization of life, with every behavior a symptom.

I tend toward the view that it's not a disease if the patient doesn't complain and it’s not medicine if it doesn’t heal. A 90-year old woman presenting with a small tumor doesn't have breast cancer: it will grow so slowly, and she is dying so soon. That piece of nature will not intrude on her social life and removing it might kill her.

So why recognize it? Anthropologists see science as the way we welcome nature into society. We have been breathing air forever, but we welcomed oxygen into our lives as a guest only recently. This welcoming is a messy, human process.

Many humanists skeptical of nature and scientists skeptical of the mind and society mock psychiatry and psychology for the DSM, the profession's democratic deliberation on truth. But they are only doing formally and openly what all science does. How else could it work?

The whole point is that Moses doesn't show up with the periodic table of elements graven on stone. We have worked it all out for ourselves and don't really know how. Our formal scientific method, its logic, makes sense only in limited ways.

We have no logically compelling standard, for example, to guide selection among possible avenues of future research. Our reasons for pursuing this or that ride on social mechanisms we don't yet understand, as rationalizations ride on the psychic processes of an individual.

We proceed as our ancestors did when they populated the world, developed the foods we eat, and tested most of the drugs we take, by trying to make sense. The spectacular explosion of science in modern times rests on their accomplishments and accompanied the growth of liberal democracy.

Unfortunately, the truths we have worked out fundamentally, in detail, lend authority to all manner of half-baked nonsense as we all argue as forcefully as we can for dimly-perceived half-truths. There is no avoiding it.

Rather than make fun of psychiatry for voting on truth, it is more positive to appreciate that liberalism is the approach to government that follows the experimentalism and debate of science. Liberalism grows from the social science of the beginnings of the modern era.

In modernity, as all the clans share a world, men with their diverse interests will tear society apart unless limited by authority that itself recognizes that each citizen is out for himself. We make a republic by continually arguing about who gets to be in charge.

The flaw in liberal republics is that they have excluded vast stretches of the globe from debate. England and France and the United States grew as empires, excluding all their colonies. They have policed their empires with soldiers, a kind of slave.

This won't go on much longer. Without change, one of the excluded is likely to nuke a Western capital. The emancipation of slaves and serfs and peasants has led inexorably to the expectation of the enfranchisement of all.

Meanwhile, the consequences of our industry will soon flood most of the coastlines, where most of us live. But liberalism has also fostered the social movements - internationalism, pacificism, environmentalism and their allies in science and law - which offer hope for the survival of the human world.

Either they will work or we will perish. I have taken the optimistic view. As Barbara Jordan said, by chance on prime time television at the formalities opening the Watergate hearings, "My faith in the Constitution is whole, it is complete, it is total."

Everyone watching went nuts, because Barbara was a big, ugly black Southern woman, one of the excluded, who had hung back from the civil rights movement and then seized her chance. James Madison was right and his government by men, not angels, lurched forward.

My optimism surely reflects my own growing security in this society. Sociologist Pierre Bourdieu liked to refer to the large body of evidence showing that individuals who are doing well think their society is just.

Pierre was referring to social classes. The owners feel better about society than the managers, who feel better than the workers. Those with security within each class feel better than those at the margin of any of them.

But Pierre himself was a one-off, a peasant child who learned proper French as a foreign language and rose to become the leading scientist of his nation. Isn't there another way to look at it, that a society which offers a place even to its malcontents is as just as we are going to get?

My first brush with the optimism of Viet Nam veteran authors came with Rod McQueary. A cowboy poet, he is in fact a cowboy, that is, what our government calls a semi-skilled agricultural laborer.

As a cowboy poet he is an entertainer, that is, the sole proprietor of a marginal business. A man of deep respect in his circle of face-to-face acquaintance, and of high reputation in his own art world, Rod would show up near the bottom of any class analysis of our society.

When I published him in Viet Nam Generation Rod was living in a trailer, having lost his home to a family problem. The poem that caught my attention over the transom is his "White Wall", a re-imagination of the memorial in Washington.

The beauty of Maya's austere Modernism lies in the populist responses it has evoked. There is a huge archive of stuff left there by admirers. Rod's poem is a courtly, affirmative expression of the disagreement many feel with the Wall.

One artist, Chris Burden, has produced an alternative with millions of Vietnamese names etched on copper plates. Alan Farrell has written an essay listing the constructive achievements of his Special Forces in the Republic of Viet Nam.

Here in North Carolina, by our state memorial at its own highway rest stop, people put up names of the men as they continue to die. Rod's poem imagines another Wall entirely that lists weddings and graduations and births of those who came home.

It is so beautiful. As Kali looked at the typescript in the Viet Nam Generation office she remarked, this is a man who decided not to kill himself after thinking about it long and hard.

It first occurred to me to kill myself not long after. I was in love with a woman in Viet Nam who kept breaking things off, for the good reason that I was not committed enough to her to do whatever it took to provide for a life together.

My business relationship with Kali was foundering on my growing interest in Vietnamese studies, while working with our fundamentally American Studies press. My work in Ha Noi for Viet Nam Generation and Yale attracted some funding on a project basis, but operating costs eluded me.

I looked at these problems then as I would deal with them now, as problems, just life. You deal with them. I remember vividly the first time the notion of instead killing myself floated into my head.

Startled, I thought of checking myself into a hospital, as if I'd noticed a tumor. I was about 35 and nothing like that had ever occurred to me before. Now I think of it like the sniffles, or a headache, a symptom.

Like Rod, I will never kill myself. But many do. Explaining why is one of the bases of social theory in the west.

Medicine never helped me. Oh, yes, you're depressed, doctors would say when I presented. But it's reactive. Depression isn't your problem.

In Ha Noi, the Western doctor, another Indian, told me that the entire Western community was depressed. When I got back to New Haven, I went to see one of the best psychiatrists in town because I still thought I was crazy.

Oh, you're not crazy, he said, and being crazy isn't really such a problem. His clients, who run the city and its institutions, include many who are actually crazy, whom he said he would commit if they were poor.

Your problem, he said, is you don't ask yourself, "What's in it for me?" You don't have to live your life that way, he said, but do ask yourself that question.

He was proposing liberal social theory as a basis for personal health. We do this all the time. That is what self-help books are for.

Since I spoke with him, we have developed diagnoses that would account for my symptoms, such as learning disabilities defined by variation between measurable cognitive skills, and something called "atypical depression" whose profile includes snapping awake before dawn.

One rheumatologist who has known me since 1975 suggests that a virus in childhood caused a mild seizure disorder. The mother of a neighbor family whose men all function on the autism spectrum recognizes me as one of them. But at this point in my life these diagnoses would be just interpretations, retrospective, making meaning.

They are of a piece with Emile Durkheim, adding up the suicide statistics two hundred years ago and coining the word "anomie." It is Frenchified Greek, specifying the state of lacking or being outside meaning, in the sense of a body of organized meaning, as we use the suffix in "agronomy" and "astronomy". Emile's conclusion is that people kill themselves when they don't have a place.

It's as good science as anything psychiatrists had told me, that is, not at all. The only prospective diagnosis, based on theory and observation, leading to an experimental intervention that has in fact brought me health came from my classical Indian doctor.

I hate to tell those who look to the East for an alternative to the West that the Indians divide and mix spirit and matter much as we do, and why not, both of those words are ancient Indo-European roots.

The Chinese do think differently from us, but the difference is that they are unrelenting materialists. One of the convincing details of Quang's book is his focus on material cause and effect. His grasp of the germ theory of disease leads to the diagnosis which saved Marjorie's son.

When you are sick you want someone like Quang, or Jennifer, my classical Indian physician, or Depesh the student health doctor who diagnosed my student's disease, a stubborn individual who will reduce complex phenomena to a single cause which may be addressed.

If I wasn't resting in response to my mononucleosis, I would have been interpreting my anomie for the last few months, and social theory has been unhelpful. I do ask myself what's in it for me, all the time, but the answer has been "not enough."

I spent years publishing authors who were not only Viet Nam veterans, but the marginal and excluded among them, and publishing scholarship about the ones who did manage to make it into print but failed to reach an audience.

I then moved on, tra-la, via Viet Nam veterans who wrote about the nation of Viet Nam to Vietnamese writers themselves. This broke up my marginal business, and my business publishing Vietnamese studies failed as well.

So I became an anthropologist, the field that represents the excluded and the marginal. Unfortunately, the Vietnamese police barred me from most funding for this profession, by banning me from fieldwork in their country.

I had been representing writers the police marginalize in Viet Nam. This is all a story for another day. The point is that I can't quite make a living. "Can't quite" is important.

I did get some things done, and ate every day. I started a new project to promote Vietnamese history and literature when I started graduate school.

When the Vietnamese messed with me, the French government helped me do some research in their country instead, then my department kept me alive with some teaching. But others needed that support as well so I hustled up a course on Asians in North Carolina and sold that to the university at large.

But teaching didn't pay enough, certainly not enough to support my dissertation and my Viet Nam project. So I stopped teaching and started doing farm work close to home, out here in the woods, far from the university.

The Viet Nam Literature Project and the dissertation started to come together. I formed a new committee for the dissertation. I started working for a friend and business contact, and now I'm running the operations of his business.

That is all a story for another day. Then I got sick. They know what's wrong with me and I am recovering. I have a good job, an opportunity to make my hobby publishing Vietnamese literature flourish, and the first of a series of manuscripts coming to an end.

I am looking forward to Robert Anderson's return to national publishing with his book about the two Yalies. What with Yale and drama and his practice of qi gong, Robert and I have things in common that we don't have with my other favorite writers and those on my cousin David's list, with Gus, David Willson, Alan Farrell, Michael, Leroy, Manny, Doc, Bill, and Ernie.

Robert may become for me what Bill was for Kali, the figure of the veteran, one of the marginalized, who tries to speak in public as victim and executioner, and also of her own predicament. It would be a more hopeful story than Kali's.

And perhaps more true. Kali herself, though we don't speak, has surfaced on the Web with a pension and a husband in Germany, where she has turned professionally to the art which made our books so beautiful.

Her alter ego, Bill, has earned a doctorate from a Welsh university that was appalled at his neglect in the United States. If he teaches high school, so did Jean Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, and he does a good job.

Well, that's it. I haven't told you even about all the Viet Nam veteran authors I most like. I've left out Wayne Karlin, whose life and career fit my themes best of all and would have brought my story along into the Vietnamese literature we both work with.

I haven’t revisited the books I have recalled. I certainly haven't reviewed the field of the Viet Nam war or its scholarship. I haven’t told you what the French have to say. I haven't unpacked my assertions as arguments or illustrated them with texts. That would be a book, on a subject.

This has been an essay, an assay of life by sampling my early mornings. I began this essay in sickness and end it in the Christmas season, when we celebrate the birth of a man remembered with the instrument of his torture.

Pick up your cross, the Christians say, and walk to the end of all suffering. Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

I witness the testimony of men who killed millions in Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia to no compelling purpose. They have persisted in insisting on what they did, on their lives.

The republic will hear them, or not, and one way or the other we will study war no more.