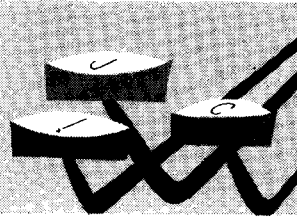


Manner of Speaking



RIDE A HOT HORSE: The opening of the Seattle World's Fair earlier this year was marred by an incident in which a disabled jet crashed into a row of houses, killing an elderly man and woman under their own roof while the pilot parachuted to safety miles away. A sad accident and one that is becoming sadly common as the jets fill the sky above and the housing developments fill the ground below.

But was it entirely an accident? It is possible, to be sure, that the plane was hopelessly out of control. But it is just as possible that the pilot, had he stayed with it all the way, could have managed to crash into an empty field rather than into those houses. I am asking if a pilot has the right to bail out of a disabled plane over thickly settled country, and I am moved to argue that he has not.

Nobody wants to splash the boys over the landscape. If a pilot runs into trouble and bails out over a desert, who could blame him for that, even if his jet happens by freak chance to come down on the one house within range or on a passing automobile? But to bail out over an urban or a suburban area is another case, and there, I must insist, the pilot clearly funks if he fails to ride it all the way down. There is always that chance that he can at the last instant avoid visiting his disaster on those below. And even if he cannot, even if his death goes for nothing, it is his job to try.

IT IS his job for the simple reason that he asked for it. No one gets drafted into flying jets. The boys have to want to, they have to fight for the chance to try, and they have to buck hard to get through their training. How can a would-be pilot ask for the job—and ask for it that hard—without understanding that he has a moral contract to spend everything, including his own life, to avoid dumping his disabled buzzer on the people below? Suppose, to select a horrendous example, that house with the elderly couple in it had been a school building. How does the pilot walk away from his parachute after that?

It may be that we have entered the age of the final moral funk, wherein sentiment can justify all. The government certainly went a long way toward justifying the funk of pilot Powers in

the U-2 incident. Our government, to be sure, is now imitating the Communists in handing out only that information it wants the people to have, and perhaps, therefore, the whole truth will never be known. It is on record, however, that Powers was drawing \$30,000 a year for occasional flights over Russia, and that his equipment included a destruction button and a poisoned pin. What can one conclude but that the button and the pin were meant for use and that the \$30,000 salary was jeopardy pay? And what can one then conclude but that Powers took the cash and then funk'd it?

The boys know what they are asking for when they buck for wings. They like the flying pay, they like the badges, and they like the glamour the badges bring. Perhaps, above all, they like the feel of the hot horse under them. The hottest horse of all is, of course, death, and so long as there are boys in this world, some of them will fall in love with the sensation of riding him. As Melville wrote, "All wars are boyish and are fought by boys." That love affair with the hot horse is of the boyhood of the race. But once a boy is on that horse, then it is his man's job to ride it all the way.

T. E. Shaw (Lawrence of Arabia) was such a boy-man. He lived with his itch to ride the hottest horse. He died, foolishly enough (if I recall correctly what I read years ago and have since forgotten where), of his passion for riding a motorcycle too fast. The motorcycle happened to be his hot horse of the moment. But if he was still boy enough to have to open it up all the way, he was man enough to know it was not a free ride. He died of a choice he had made within himself long before. Gunning his crazy machine down the road, he came to that instant when he must kill either an innocent pedestrian or himself. He swerved off the road and killed himself.

There is no need to grow romantic about the splendor of his choice. What was splendid about the man, finally, was his talent. What sent the boy high-tailing down the road was no splendor but a problem for the psychiatrist's couch. What remains is the fact that, between man and boy, Shaw made his choice clean.

The boys that fly the hot ones have the same choice to make. And like

Shaw they have to make that choice in their own minds long before the moment of truth. It has to be made firmly beforehand, or their reflexes will make the wrong choice too late.

It may be a crazy choice to have forced upon oneself. Maybe they have to be a bit crazy to want to fly the hot ones. Maybe we are all crazy for having made a world in which we need a sky full of hot horses. But no boy—and he has to be a boy, whatever bar, leaf, eagle, or star he wears on his collar—can be allowed to go for crazy up to the time his buzzer runs into trouble, and then to dump his trouble on a row of houses while he floats sanely down in his parachute.

AS THE best, and least printable, of World War II's flying songs starts off:

I wanted wings,
Now I've got the goddamn things.
Hell, I don't want them anymore.

A lot of the hotshot boys, who had a high stateside fling flashing their wings for the girls, discovered in combat that they didn't really want them anymore. But the fact remains that few of them broke and funk'd out. They had signed a contract with themselves. They had accepted the glamour, the flight pay, and the gravy-train freedom from all the nasty chores an ingrate army can dream up for non-crew members. They had asked for it and they had taken it. That adds up to a contract, and, like it or not, you keep that contract come flak, fighters, fire, or the heebie-jeebies. You may not want those wings anymore, but you've got them: they are tattooed on you. If you get killed flying, that's tough, buddy, but nobody wrote out any special dispensation for your special skin. The contract itself was written on skin, on skin that was always of the most special kind—the only kind there is.

If the boys in those jet cockpits do not have their contract clearly enough understood as a moral decision, it may be time to make it a court-martial decision. The gentle among us may cry out in horror against such a decision. It is no way to treat our dear boys, they will cry; the boys risk enough just in flying those ships to protect us.

But what we have to realize is that we cannot be protected by boys who risk enough. Nothing will cover us sufficiently until they risk everything. And, remember, the boys have not been forced. They asked for it. Every one of those bright badges has a piece of skin under it, and if the civilians insist on funk'ing that fact, the boys had better get it clear, or clear out and go back to being civilians.

—JOHN CIARDI.

THE VITAL DIFFERENCE...

between progress and stagnation, between a Congress responsive to national needs and one throttled by the Coalition, will be made in elections to the House of Representatives this fall.

- It depends — as a practical matter — on what happens in fewer than 10 percent of the 435 Congressional districts.
- It depends on whether the forward-looking candidates in marginal districts have funds to match their opponents' radio and TV time, mailings, etc.
- It depends on whether enough well-informed and concerned citizens like you assume responsibility for making this possible.
- It depends, perhaps, on YOU.

The *Democratic Study Group* is an organization of the liberal members of the House of Representatives which has had tremendous impact upon Congressional events in the past three years. It coordinates liberal policy, provides research to back it up, and has an efficient whip system which insures that all the members are on the floor for important votes.

Since its formation in 1959, the Democratic Study Group has been responsible for breaking the conservative stranglehold on the powerful Rules Committee, forcing the creation of the Democratic Steering Committee, and compelling the consideration of much important legislation.

At the core of the Group are the 90 Congressmen who are directly dependent upon public approval — who do not come from one-party districts in the south or in the big cities (where nomination is tantamount to election). They are elected from districts in the north and west that were traditionally Republican prior to the New Deal — and that are the true battleground of modern Congressional elections.

They are virtually the only Democratic Representatives to whom constructive and successful action on important national and international issues is also a matter of their own political survival.

The Group will suffer whatever losses this election may inflict on House Democrats, and it will be enlarged by whatever victories are achieved.

• • • •

We, who have served in the House and know its present importance, regard it as essential that this year the Democratic Study Group be enlarged.

Deciding which are the most significant campaigns among all that are underway is most difficult. The National Committee for an Effective

Congress has concluded that about one-quarter of the members of the Democratic Study Group face especially difficult races; and a number of potential new Group members are challenging and have real prospects of defeating some of the most die-hard adherents of the Coalition.

The problem for most liberal candidates is not the voters, but how to communicate with them. Your response to this appeal may be decisive for these candidates.

We hope you will make your contribution as generous as possible. The vital difference between progress and stagnation may be up to YOU.



EUGENE J. MCCARTHY
United States Senator



LEE METCALF
United States Senator

Concerning contributions:

Checks or money orders should be made payable to "NCEC — Special Fund" and sent to us with the coupon below. All funds collected from this appeal will go to the candidates. Administration costs are paid by the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

Senators Eugene J. McCarthy & Lee Metcalf
NCEC—Special Fund
10 East 39th Street
New York 16, New York

Dear Senators McCarthy & Metcalf:

Enclosed is my contribution of \$_____ to "NCEC—Special Fund" on behalf of the forward-looking candidates for the House of Representatives.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Observations from the Dolphin's Back

All the best hats don't get tossed in the ring. Some of the very best are the alternate hats of writers distinguished in fields far from the best seller lists.



Professor C. Northcote Parkinson had published some seventeen scholarly volumes on aspects of political history before his famous LAW liberated sober-minded citizens by the hundred thousand. His new book, **In-Laws and Out-laws** first exerted its wonderfully baleful influence on artist Robert Osborn. Instead of the dozen illustrations requested he has drawn enough to give the book a second market as Osborniana. The chapter on the Parkinson Report alone is a collector's item.

Louis Auchincloss, lawyer, occasionally writes of people in legal and financial circles. But whatever the setting, his novels are social history. His most recent novel **Portrait in Brownstone** which became a national best seller immediately, has been called, "— the perfect example of the novel of manners that has virtually disappeared from American letters." Robert Morton, SHOW, Aug. '62.

Cornelia Otis Skinner has matched her fame as an actress with a long list of delightful bestsellers. Her forthcoming book **Elegant Wits and Grand Horizontals** would be too short at three times its present length. Paris in the '90s, La Belle Epoque of incomparable wit in salon and boudoir, has exactly the right historian in actress Skinner. From first page to last it is superb theatre.



Bear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, one of America's most eloquent historians, turns to personal history in **One Boy's Boston, 1887-1901**, another happy instance of a city finding precisely the right interpreter. In this case it is the reminiscence of one who was on the scene. In Boston in the '90s the wits sparkled more often in the library than the boudoir but sparkle they did and the Morison home was itself a salon in the truest New England tradition.

More than thirteen million families have sought the advice of Doctor Spock through *Baby and Child Care* and *Doctor Spock Talks With Mothers*. His new book **Problems of Parents** is a warmly wise discussion of, among other things, parents' guidance in teen-age dating, and in cold-war anxiety, of meeting the crises of divorce and death, of finding help for the disturbed child. Coming early in October.

And now, a book which Justice William O. Douglas calls "the most important chronicle of this century for the human race", **Silent Spring** by Rachel Carson, biologist and writer. Long before publication the book-sellers were told in a trade paper, "This is the horrifying story. It needed to be told — and by a scientist with a rare gift of communication and an overwhelming sense of responsibility. It should come as no surprise that the gifted author of *The Sea Around Us* and its successors can take another branch of science — that phase of biology indicated by the term ecology — and bring it so sharply into focus that any intelligent layman can understand what she is talking about. Understand, yes, and shudder, for she has drawn a living portrait of what is happening to this balance of nature as decreed in the science of life — and what man is doing (and has done) to destroy it and create a science of death. The book is not entirely negative; final chapters indicate roads of reversal."

Audubon Society members were advised by their president, "I recommend that all members of the National Audubon Society read Rachel Carson's new book . . . In **Silent Spring** she has put a grave problem into focus. We predict this book will cause a furor and if it does, it will serve an important purpose. In a free society public controversy and discussion are essential forerunners of action and action is urgently needed to regulate the present, practically unrestricted promotion and distribution of the powerful chemical pesticides that are polluting our soils and waters, destroying wildlife, and perhaps even creating serious, long-range hazards to man himself."

To Book-of-the-Month Club members, "Only with two selections in recent years have we advised members that it was unwise to use their privilege of rejection or substitution. We do so once again in the case of this remarkably illuminating new book by Rachel Carson, for it is certain to be history-making in its influence upon thought and public policy over the world." Harry Scherman



And readers of the editorial page of the New York Times were told, "If her book helps arouse enough public concern to immunize Government agencies against the blandishments of the hucksters and enforce adequate controls, the author will be as deserving of the Nobel Prize as was the inventor of DDT."

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CAN WE AFFORD A WARLESS WORLD?

The two previous articles in Saturday Review's symposium on the possibilities a warless world would present—the first by Arnold Toynbee (SR, May 12) and the second by Walter Millis (SR, September 15)—dealt with the subject of change, how it has taken place in past history and how it might take place within the context of a world order. In this article, the third in the series, Kenneth E. Boulding, professor of economics and co-director of the Center for Research on Conflict Resolution at the University of Michigan, takes up the economic problems that would be ushered in by the establishment of a warless world.

By KENNETH E. BOULDING

WE ARE to assume that the nations of the world have reached an agreement both to disarm and to establish an effective world order. Such an agreement would naturally produce a world-wide sigh of relief. But it would also bring in tow two major economic problems: (1) reducing the impact of disarmament on national economies, and (2) controlling possible economic sources of new tensions.

The dimensions of the first of these problems are easily stated. Together the countries of the world now devote between \$110 billion and \$120 billion a year to preparing for war. Of this amount, a little over one-third can be attributed to the United States, a little under one-third to the Soviet Union, and the remaining third to all other countries. It is an amount roughly equal to the total income of the poorer half of the world's population. Or, to look at it another way, if in the United States, and probably in the Soviet Union, we could wave a magic wand and turn military production into civilian production overnight, the result would be the equivalent of three to four years' growth in the civilian economy, which would jump to where it is now to be in 1965 or 1966.

With such dimensions, the task of beating swords into plow shares, of converting missile factories to production for space exploration and generals into corporation executives, is obviously a

formidable one. But it is far from being an impossible task. In the great disarmament of 1945-46, we converted to civilian uses a total war industry equal to two and one-half times what we have at present. We did this, furthermore, without at any time having more than three per cent unemployment. It must be pointed out, of course, that other conditions in the economy were unusually favorable. Consumers were extraordinarily liquid as a result of methods of war finance, and consumer goods were scarce. Hence there was enough aggregate demand to stimulate industry after war production had ceased. (Indeed, demand was too great, and we had inflation.)

Equivalent conditions could be created again in sufficient measure to take care of any rate of disarmament we are likely to have. This, after all, is no more nor less than the general problem of economic stabilization which is with us all the time. It is true that, in the absence of large government expenditures, it would be more difficult to stabilize the economy. New automatic stabilizers might have to be developed in place of the deductible-at-source income tax which is the major reason for the stability the American economy has enjoyed since the war. Although these would be relatively easy to devise, the political and psychological problems involved in making them acceptable would not be easy to solve. For example, the simplest recipe for achieving a smooth transition from a war to a peace economy would be to combine a

sizable budget deficit with temporary price and wage control. Unfortunately, the political acceptability of this particular recipe is low. It is very hard to convince people that a decline in government expenditures ought to be accompanied by an even larger decline in government receipts, so that we actually run a deficit at a time when expenditures are cut back sharply. If, however, the transition were presented as a crisis to be overcome, and if the political leadership were astute and forthright and able to educate the American people, the political and psychological difficulties to solving the economic problem of conversion could be overcome.

BUT what of the long-range effects of disarmament on the economy? Can the rate of economic growth which the war economy helped create be maintained? Here again, the problem is psychological and political, rather than economic. There are no economic reasons why the Congress of the United States should not appropriate to an effort on behalf of economic growth the same kind of resources which it now appropriates to research and development in the military sector. If it did, we would not have to worry whether disarmament would reduce the rate of economic growth.

The conclusion is, then, that in the capitalist world the economic problem of adjusting to disarmament would be real, but not insoluble. Its solution may require some adjustments in psychological and political attitudes, and per-