NOTE TO USERS

DECODING CONTEMPORARY THEORIES OF MILITARISM THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION

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by

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A NOTE ON CITATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS

All citations of Orson Scott Card's novel *Ender's Game* are taken from the 1991 "Author's Definitive Edition," as indicated in the Works Cited. Throughout this monograph, text references to *Ender's Game* within parenthetical citations are designated in the abbreviated form *EG* (e.g. *EG* 77).

DECODING CONTEMPORARY THEORIES OF MILITARISM
THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION

An Abstract of the Thesis by
David L. Wheat, Jr.

As per their comparable use of symbolism and the general spacewar formula, the military science fiction novels *Starship Troopers*, *The Forever War*, and *Ender's Game* are argumentatively linked to make comment upon contemporary theories of militarism. Collectively, these novels reveal that (1) combating armies are always doppelgängers of one another—across ethnic and racial boundaries, and even across the species divide. What is vice detested in the enemy is virtue extolled in the home troops. (2) Military maneuver resulting in high body count is justified upon the grounds of achieving utopia. Alienating the friendly combatant allows for his guiltless butchery as an alien Other for the purpose of establishing this universal sameness. (3) The morality of national security and preemptive war is that of a motive utilitarianism, where not the end, but the intent justifies the means (*Ender's Game* will be looked at singly in comparison with the Bush Doctrine).

INTRODUCTION

Although generally concerned with the future—however near or far, or however possible or improbable—science fiction does not necessarily predict it. It does, however, make a powerful statement about the *present* condition and plight of humankind. Its symbols, characters, and plots can be unraveled, dissected, and revealed, its extrapolations studied, to mark cogent commentary on who we are and where, as such, we might be going in this crazy, mixed-up world.

In this vein, military science fiction can be studied to reveal who we are at war. In fighting future wars against aliens and robots from the Borg to cyborgs, those deeds which drive us onward to honor and glory in battle against our fellow man are laid bare as nothing but the brutal tactics of insidious murder delivered by austere technology. The space war dispels the myths we hold about real war—it's Vietnam in the sky.

Having won both the Hugo and Nebula awards when first published in 1985, *Ender's Game*, the story of a child who is tricked into saving the world by committing alien genocide through what he thinks is computer simulated battle, has been read and used widely by military campaigners to teach the art of making war. It is read at the Marine University at Quantico to teach leadership (Card, "Introduction" xxv). Its nova[1] have been translated into real-world application—soldiers now train to kill with video games in simulators (Harmon). And it has been adopted by real soldiers as "their" story—indeed, author Orson Scott Card reports an inundation of personal letters from

[1] Novum (plural nova or novums) is a Latin word meaning "new" or "new thing." It is a term dubbed by scholar Darko Suvin to signify that "which sets the imagined world of a work of SF off from the mundane.... Classic examples of nova include aliens, spaceships, time machines, robots, androids, cyborgs, advanced computing machines, and hyper-drives" (Weldes, "Popular Culture" 9). The nova of *Ender's Game* include its Battle Room for combat training and the Command School computer simulators which allow for intergalactic communication and instantaneous battle maneuver.

soldiers who confess to having annexed the narrative as "*their* truth," as a story that helps them define their communities (Card, "Introduction" xxii-xxiv). Yet *Ender's Game* conveys something more sinister than the strategy and story these warmongers and warriors wish to have told. *Ender's Game* is not about the glories of war, but its atrocities. Inspection of the book sheds light upon the darker aspects of current military paradigms and their ethic.

Reading *Ender's Game* to understand these theories of militarism we learn that: (1) *There is no enemy but ourselves.* In war, would-be enemies, both real and fanciful, however seemingly bizarrely unlike, are always doppelgängers of ourselves. The enemy merely suffers that oppression of any subdued race, what Val Plumwood terms "radical exclusion," or the effects "in which the master magnifies the differences between self and other and minimizes the shared qualities" (qtd. in Gaard 117). Thus, the hive-alien enemy of *Ender's Game*, eschewed so much as something grotesquely different than humanity, is, in fact, the martial duplicate of Earth's army. Ender's International Fleet is a bugger hive which commits those same barbarisms it serves to protect against; his soldiers are bugger drones deprived of their humanity and who, in echo of the Light Brigade, are to do and die only.

(2) *Utopia is sameness achieved through war by the foot soldier in the slaughter of the enemy and at the expense of himself.* The doubling of military and enemy leads to the curious, tragic, but oh so common, result of war encapsulated in the term "cannon fodder." As the Self v. Other distinctions upon which war is prosecuted and foes executed ultimately disintegrate, friendly combatants are, by association—and sometimes indistinguishable association—viewed as the enemy to be thus sent nonchalantly to their

deaths in such Pyrrhic tactics as "shock and awe" and the human-wave attack. What does it matter that Ender is only killing "aliens"? The bugger war he prosecutes is really the blasé killing of his own armies, people, and kin all for the express purpose of creating a utopia—that quiet place wherein the aftermath of war no difference between citizens is expressed, that state of absolute sameness. The friendly combatant-made-alien soldier is indifferently exterminated to achieve a better tomorrow.

Two other highly reputable military science fiction novels, Robert Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* (1959) and Joe Haldeman's *The Forever War* (1974), will be called upon to ratify these arguments, proving that such are not merely flukes of Card's novel, but actual realities of war and its causalities—that friendlies, like the enemy, have no ontological value: they are made to be the enemy's twin and then swiftly destroyed—paradoxically—all for a peaceful, happy end.

(3) *The morality of conflict is that of preemption and retaliation derived from motive utilitarianism.* The war which Ender fights is a just war, according to his military overseers, inasmuch as it was provoked by both a first and second alien invasion attempt by the buggers, as well as warranted upon the doctrine of preemption predicated upon social Darwinism—in other words, if we don't strike and kill the aliens first, they'll certainly spread and move in to take over our prime real estate, the planet Earth; it's either kill or be killed in survival of the fittest, so swing first and swing hardest. The morality implicit in this paradigm is that of duty, or motive utilitarianism. If one intends the greatest good, whatever the actual result, he shall be considered moral. Thus, as long as Ender tries to fulfill and uphold that to which he is duty-bound—saving humanity—he

is guiltless in his killings, whether or not justly provoked, and whatever their amount and despite committing xenocide.

Ender's Game makes for ready application to present armed conflict by its contemporary nature, its subject matter, and this martial ethos of preemption derived from motive utilitarianism. The present wars in Afghanistan and Iraq have similarly been justified upon the grounds of retaliation and preemption pursuant to the tenets of the Bush Doctrine, which elucidates these very fiats. A comparison to *Ender's Game* reveals the Bush Doctrine to also be operating on the morality of motive utilitarianism. As Ender's preemption morally results in the genocide of an alien species, we wonder in what will President George W. Bush's preemption finally result.

Reviewing these paradigms, this ethic, we become more cognizant of the realities—the horrors—of war, and as readers, devotees, of military science fiction we follow suit with author Ray Bradbury, who, when asked whether "he thought the gritty, mean world of *Fahrenheit 451* was meant as a prediction," replied, "Hell no. I'm not trying to *predict* the future. I'm just doing my best to *prevent* it" (qtd. in Pohl 8). We do our best to *prevent* the future and its wars, even the mad present, by learning from what we read and refusing to enact its more awful creeds in our reality, and by telling ourselves new, alternate stories by which to live.

CHAPTER 1: THE ALIEN ENEMY WITHIN

Critic Clyde Wilcox observes that "in all stories of first contact with an alien species, a limited comparison between human and alien societies is implicitly or explicitly made" (169). Yet, science fiction scholar John J. Pierce asks, "Can we have any meaningful interchange with the *truly* alien?" (*Great Themes* 16). Gross and innate physiological, sociobiological, and psychological differences extant between humans and aliens would necessarily seem to preclude any such comparison (let alone any meaningful interaction)—or at least limit it, as Wilcox indicates, to meaninglessness, for "processes and forms that initially appear to be similar may in fact have very different meanings to species with radically different biological forms and functions" (Wilcox 163).

Following, however, what political scientists term "structural-functionalism," the theory that "all societies must perform the same basic functions, and that one useful way to compare nations would be to focus on the way they set about to socialize their members, allocate resources among competing groups, or mobilize resources" (161), this comparison of species and their societies to derive similarities can be achieved across great gulfs of seeming disparateness. All societies must "aggregate and articulate interests," thus it is "useful to focus on parties, interest groups, and other mechanisms [used] to perform these functions," to ascertain interrelatedness and understand basic operations of other species—of the alien (161).

In military science fiction, it is generally the military who first encounters the alien—often in a violent exchange of ray gun fire. Thus, the comparison between human and alien species becomes martial, particularly as having once aggressively engaged the alien, civilian populations at home tend to mobilize quickly to retool for war, standing on

alert, instituting drafts and granting commanders-in-chief war act powers. So in this sub-genre we compare the alien with the military to determine what Naeem Inayatullah, in commenting on its metaphorical nature, describes is the function of the extraterrestrial in science fiction: "our constructions of alien Others, whatever else they may be, are also images of inner Others. Thus, coming to know and understand alien others can also be a manner of coming to know various, often neglected, parts of ourselves" (57). Coming to know the alien of military science fiction tells us something about who we are at war.

The military science fiction novels *Starship Troopers* by Robert A. Heinlein, *The Forever War* by Joe Haldeman, and *Ender's Game* by Orson Scott Card each pit its paladin forces of Earth against a hive-alien entity to warrant a review of the army as itself a collectivist or hive-like organization. By examining these novels' militaries and their alien enemy counterparts according to structural-functionalism, equivalent interests can be isolated for comparison to demonstrate that one is essentially the other. The hive-alien is an insectoid species whose community is principled after the sociobiology of the hive—the community is centered on a single fertile female, its basic reproductive unit and queen; its citizens' minds are linked in such a way that the whole is dominant over the parts, the queen thinking for, and controlling absolutely, her workers and warriors by telepathy (Stableford 573). Correspondingly, as these futuristic militaries: (1) need bodies, perpetual manpower—anything with a pulse—they draft their soldiers for an indeterminate enlistment period to effectively make them janissaries[2] in a system much resembling that caste system of the hive-alien. Indeed, so much so that (2) the army

[2] The term "janissary" refers to the slave-soldier establishment of the "Ottoman Empire between 1389 and 1826. Male children were recruited via the *devshirme*, a tax in children levied upon non-Muslim communities, and raised as professional soldiers" (Tuten). As used here and throughout this monograph, "janissary" reflects, and is synonymous with, the concept of slave soldiery.

employed is sexless—soldiers are deprived their procreative rights. Human soldiers become like the asexual hive-alien workers and warriors. Propagation of the species remains the duty of the select, privileged civilian population back home on planet Earth whom the armed forces protect. (3) An army must also fight as a team; soldiers must be flawlessly integrated into a single fighting unit to increase mission success and survivability. "To achieve [this] corporate action," war correspondent Chris Hedges observes, an army's "self-awareness and especially self-criticism must be obliterated"; individualism must be quashed (74). To merge their bodies into collectivist factions, the futuristic militaries employ hypnosis or other such techniques to master their troops with one all-controlling consciousness in a move reminiscent of the hive-queen's autocracy above the hive.

And so these militaries are hives, to reveal that in actual war we are nothing more than a doppelgänger to our own real enemy.

The Few, The Proud—For Life

The Alien Enemy within Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*

A "term of not less than two years" (Heinlein 33) in the Federal Service of the Terran Federation earns one citizenship in the "veteranocracy" of Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*. So Johnnie Rico, spoilt son of a wealthy businessman and protagonist to the novel, joins up to earn the right to vote and see the galaxy, and thereby become a man. Aptitude testing shuffles Rico into the Mobile Infantry (M.I.), where, as a battlesuit-equipped cap trooper, he drops to distant planets to make war against Earth's enemies, the "Bugs."

The Bugs are the hive-alien enemy of this novel, characteristically described here as something in the way of a Wellsian bug-eyed monster:

> The Bugs are not like us. The Pseudo-Arachnids aren't even like spiders. They are arthropods who happen to look like a madman's conception of a giant, intelligent spider, but their organization, psychological and economic, is more like that of ants or termites; they are communal entities, the ultimate dictatorship of the hive. (Heinlein 134-35)

As ants or termites, the Bug community associates itself hierarchically into a utilitarian caste system: a polyarchy consisting of a royalty and the brain caste governs the underling castes of warrior and worker. The caste titles Heinlein employs are descriptive of the function each fulfills for species survival and perpetuation: the Bug royalty is composed of the queens, who repopulate the hive; the brain Bugs comprise the psychology of the hive, directing its movements, motivating its citizens; the warriors its defense; while the workers are "hardly more than animate machinery"—the hive's mindless slaves (222).

Starship Troopers is predicated upon the notorious social Darwinian fiat: "Either we spread and wipe out the Bugs, or they spread and wipe us out—because both races are smart and tough and want the same real estate" (Heinlein 185-86). The Federal Service of the Terran Federation is thus granted the moral cachet to do whatever it takes to secure humanity's future—species survival is the bottom line. Yet when facing off against the Bugs, this is a difficult thing to do—Bugs can be hatched in large populations from nearly unlimited egg reserves, and war becomes a sheer numbers game in which humanity is outdone:

> If we killed a warrior—or a thousand, or ten thousand—his or their replacements were hatched and on duty almost before we could get back to base.... Every time we killed a thousand Bugs at the cost of one M.I. it was a net victory for the Bugs. We were learning, expensively, just how efficient a total communism can be when used by a people actually adapted to it by evolution; the Bug commissars didn't care any more about expending soldiers than we cared about expending ammo. (152-53)

Furthermore, whereas "It takes a minimum of a year to train a private to fight and to mesh his fighting in with his mates; a Bug warrior is *hatched* able to do this" (152). Humanity's disadvantages in The Bug War, then, are manpower—there is always a need for more bodies to be flung into the fray—and time—the eighteen years it takes to raise to maturity a suitable recruit, as well as the additional year it takes outfit and sufficiently train a cap trooper. These issues are readily resolved, however, through the institution of a backdoor draft: Rico and the other recruits, whose voluntary stint with the Federal Service ought to be two years, become subject to an indefinite extension of that term for "as much longer as may be required by the needs of the Service" (34)—in other words, "as long as the war continues, a 'term' didn't end" (161). This proviso to the Service oath effectively makes "Heinlein's recruits," in Tom Shippey's words, "'janissaries', slave-soldiers" (171).

This slave soldiery is reminiscent of the Bug warrior's plight, whose slave caste ranking in the hive births him to the similar fate to fight and die only in its defense, in the preservation of the species. Indeed, the bug warrior is so little valued ontologically by the hive that he must continue pressing forward in battle even when severely wounded: "You

can burn off one leg, two legs, three legs, and he just keeps on shooting; burn off four on one side and he topples over—but keeps on shooting. You have to spot the nerve case and get it...whereupon he will trot right past you, shooting at nothing, until he crashes into a wall or something" (Heinlein 135). The Bug warrior mechanically battles on until he is no longer useful, at which point he is abandoned by his director from the brain caste to become "almost as stupid...as [the] workers" (222). (There are no Bug first aid squads or M*A*S*H units.) Colonel Nielsson's instruction to Rico on his duty to his troops before he accepts his temporary commission as an officer with the regiment Blackie's Blackguards, echoes this utilitarian view of the soldier: "I want you...keenly aware that your life belongs to your men and is not yours to throw away in a suicidal reach for glory...and that your life isn't yours to save either, if the situation requires that you expend it" (195). Likewise do Sergeant Jelal's words say the same, here given as a pre-deployment "pep talk" to the fighting crew of the *Rodger Young* while they prepare for descent to do battle with the Bugs' co-belligerents, the Skinnies:

> I just want to remind you apes that each and every one of you has cost the gov'ment, counting weapons, armor, ammo, instrumentation, and training, everything, including the way you overeat—has cost, on the hoof, better'n half a million. Add in the thirty cents you are actually worth and that runs to quite a sum.... So bring it back! We can spare you, but we can't spare that fancy suit you're wearing. (2)

A cap trooper is utterly expendable. So why does he fight? Rico's mechanical answer is: "An M.I. fights because he is M.I." (175). He does what he does because that is what he was trained—conditioned—for. This vaunted heroism of the Mobile Infantryman and his

reflexive loyalty cuts back to the Bug warrior (and its pointless death) in a frightening parallel image as Heinlein, in a historical note to his text, praises the brave exploits of one Private Rodger W. Young (whose name he also commemorates in an appellation to one of his starships). Private Young was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor for "attacking and destroying an enemy machine-gun pillbox" while serving duty in the South Pacific during World War II:

> His platoon had been pinned down by intense fire from this pillbox; Private Young was wounded in the first burst. He crawled toward the pillbox, was wounded a second time but continued to advance, firing his rifle as he did so. He closed on the pillbox, attacked and destroyed it with hand grenades, but in doing so he was wounded a third time and killed. (Heinlein)

Heinlein's M.I. are to be this Private Young as he writes to produce a facsimile war memoir (Spark 141). And like Private Young, the M.I. don't stop until they are dead. Although Private Young and the M.I. might be choosing their own end to preserve the lives of their mates, it is ironic that their choice reflexively, instinctively, is that of their expected function in the war machine, that very end to which they have been readied, coached, and conditioned through combat training. Is it any wonder that the medical doctor examining Rico for his clearance physical which allows him entry into the Federal Service, exclaims, "But military service is for ants" (Heinlein 32)?

Rico does attempt to invoke a more sublime cause for himself than the Pavlovianism he first cites, that of welfare of the species, "the Bugs or us. Fight or die" (Heinlein 177); but still he is only a trump card for beating the natural selection game.

His individualism is swallowed up like the Bug warrior's in functionality. Ironically, however, this nobler motive for fighting links to a more amusing one Rico gives in reference to the civilian population of the space colony Sanctuary, that population being fifty percent female: "It's good to know that the ultimate reason you are fighting actually exists [i.e., women] and that they are not just a figment of the imagination" (157). Rico's words ring with an eerie truth as the Bug War promises to be a protracted one; Mobile Infantrymen will inevitably die, their waning supply must be perpetually replenished. Furthermore, as "We're in it for the species, boys and girls, it's simple numbers" (qtd. in Whitehall 183),[3] "the only Darwinian tests of fitness are survival and *reproduction*" (Pierce, *When World Views* 71; emphasis mine)—and reproduction is survival. Thus, the female becomes the objective and the guarded prize of the war for both species—as Heinlein well notes at the close of his novel: the M.I. besiege Planet P in Operation Royalty, the "giant raid [which] could determine who won the war, whether next year or thirty years hence" (Heinlein 222); the mission: "capture Bug 'royalty,' brains and queens, *at any cost*" (224). So important is the female gender to the Bugs, however, that the Bug queens are killed first before capture. (Does she instruct it? This could be the only individualistic act one can perform as a Bug.)

The human female is the doppelgänger to the Bug queen. Although the Terran Federation employs as military both sexes, its Naval and Marine ranks are separately sequestered aboard starships. The women, who comprise a ship's flight crew stay to the fore of a ship; the men, the fighting M.I., remain aft. And there is *no* fraternization with

[3] This line is excerpted from Paul Verhoeven's filmic adaptation of *Starship Troopers* and quoted in Geoffrey Whitehall's discussion of that film. However, the line is apt and applies directly to the novel itself as John J. Pierce discusses: "Robert A. Heinlein (1907-88), however, took his Darwinism straight; in *Starship Troopers* (1959), all moral, social, and philosophical issues are seen from a single perspective: survival of the species" (*When World Views* 71).

the opposite sex. Moreover, like the Bug queens which are buried deep below ground where they are to be unreachable in the event of a Federal Service raid, human females remain aboard ship during these raids; the M.I. deploy planet-side and fight. Ergo the unsurprising "connotations of infantilization, pregnancy, and the trauma of childbirth" (Hantke 499), which Steffen Hantke discusses are the metaphor of the novel's opening scene where M.I. unload from a starship piloted by female Captain Deladrier: soldiers load into "a series of dummy eggs" (Heinlein 7), which are pushed out laboriously through "twin launching tubes built into a spaceship troop carrier" (6). Perhaps, too, it is this overarching importance of "femininity that is suspected of being either the source of...masculine power, its rival, or, even worse, its replacement" in the Darwinism which Heinlein outlines, which results in the narrator's "attempts, somewhat helplessly in the face of such overpowering feminine metaphors, to reassert the essentially masculine nature of the ship 'shooting its load' by comparing the suited soldiers to 'cartridges feeding into the chamber of an old-style automatic weapon'" (Hantke 499).

While the human female is analogous to the fertile hive-queen, the guarded center of the community, Rico himself, like the Bug warrior he faces off against, is sexless. Indeed, so consistently does Rico fail to achieve coition with any one of the women he stumbles across in the novel—even his high school sweetheart, Carmencita Ibañez, who seeks him out before her ship boosts from Base. Considering what Helen Merrick notes of Heinlein and his fiction, that he "was one of the earliest authors to introduce considerations of sex and sexuality into sf," this seems odd (245).[4] Perpetually, however,

[4] *Starship Troopers* was contracted by Scribner's in 1959 as a juvenile novel. However, Scribner's refused to publish the book inasmuch as it was seen to be "distasteful, violent, and near-fascist" (Spark 137). Putnam ultimately published the novel as adult science fiction. The noted absence of sexuality in *Starship Troopers* may be the result of its original conception as young adult fiction. Nevertheless, the absence is

this is the case. When he takes his first leave from Camp Sergeant Spooky Smith traveling to Vancouver, Rico, although eyeing the city girls lecherously, does not report to its "hospitality center" (Heinlein 125). He promptly catches a shuttle for Seattle, where, again remarking the beauty and sensuality of women, he instead gets in a fight—something more suiting his trade. Rico's comment, "But that's how I learned for the first time just how much I had changed" (127), may not be in reference to his new killing reflexes which decisively win him the brawl, but instead, to his newfound military asexuality, which is profound, for he perpetually reiterates throughout the novel the idea that: "Look, I've approved of girls from the time I first noticed that the difference was more than just that they dress differently. So far as I remember I never did go through that period boys are supposed to go through when they know that girls are different but dislike them; I've *always* liked girls" (124-25). But he does nothing about this—even as a sex-starved and lonely starship trooper in outer space.

This hypothesis of asexuality seems confirmed later as Rico wanders blithely by the fleshpots of Sanctuary, which he, licking his chops, lasciviously observes but oddly does not frequent: "If you are able to get past these traps, through having already been

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still remarkable playing into the "use of structured absence" (Spark 139) which Marc Angenot describes as when "the sf narrative assumes a 'not-said' that regulates the message. The rhetoric of credibility aims at having the reader believe not so much in what is literally said, as in what is assumed or presupposed" (qtd. in Spark 139). Thus, sexuality is on the level with the unspoken,

> simple but effective...transfer of locale from North America standard to Latin America—the main character is called Juan Rico, and it is not New York which is destroyed by the Bugs in their attack on Earth, but Buenos Aires. The same is true of race: Samuel Delany has recorded "the shock of pleasure when halfway through the book the hero looks into the mirror and his black face looks back at him"—.... A smaller gem comes in Rico's passing comment: "I had some beautiful ear-clips...which had belonged to my mother's grandfather...." (Spark 139-40)

We assume Rico is a white North American, but he is a black man from the Philippines; his native tongue is Tagalog (Heinlein 260). And Buenos Aires is the site of global calamity, where the Bugs first strike against Earth; only later are the U.S. areas of San Francisco and the San Joaquin Valley struck, whose very destruction is mentioned merely in passing. Likewise, we expect that, like any true G.I., Rico will entangle himself in myriad sexual jams, from which his staff sergeant will be invariably called upon to extricate him. But it is not so. He is, in fact, asexual, like the Bug warrior. The text subverts the status quo as it subverts our stereotypical expectations.

bled of all valuta, there are still other places in the city almost as satisfactory (I mean there are girls there, too)" (Heinlein 158). Indeed, Heinlein sketches Rico so sexlessly in echo of the Bug warrior that at one point Rico must reassert his masculinity, his heterosexuality (although vestigial it is), by noting in a parenthetical reference that last night's date was assuredly with a woman, when her M.O.S. (Military Occupational Specialty) for the Federal Service belies such gender distinction: "I had had a date the night before with a chemist (*female, of course, and charmingly so*) from the Research Station" (129; emphasis mine). Rico is too much like the Bug warrior; he cannot participate in sexual activity. It is restricted, reserved for a breeding population. Thus, like the ergonomic armaments of his battlesuit, arranged so as to allow for no distraction while under fire, no downtime in thinking about what he is doing, which may cost him or his buddy's life, Rico can focus solely on killing: "the point to *all* the arrangements [of the battlesuit] is the same: to leave you to follow your trade, slaughter" (103).

Rid of the distractions of the other sex and forged into mean, lean fighting machines (with help from the battlesuits they don), the M.I. must be effectively integrated into a harmonized force, which fluidly, flawlessly completes its mission assignments. The Mobile Infantry must be a *unit*, an "Army of One." The coordination of the Bugs as such, orchestrated as they are by a single brain, is itself flawless. As noted above, warriors are hatched able to fight and match up their fighting skills to their compatriot Bugs. Thus, Rico cries: "their actions were as intelligent as ours (stupid races don't build spaceships!) and were much better coordinated" (152).

To achieve this point of similarity with the Bugs (which is the struggle of all real armies—troop synchronization), the Federal Service simply employs commonplace audio

and visual equipment, only in sizes and amounts and sophistications which are bigger, better, faster:

> Say you have three audio circuits, common in a marauder suit. The frequency control to maintain tactical security is very complex, at least two frequencies for each circuit both of which are necessary for any signal at all and each of which wobbles under the control of a cesium clock timed to a micromicrosecond with the other end.... All displays are thrown on a mirror in front of your forehead from where the work is actually going on above and back of your head.... [Y]ou can flip through several types of radar displays quicker than you can change channels to avoid a commercial—catch a range & bearing, locate your boss, check your flank men, whatever. (Heinlein 102-03)

Beyond gee-whiz gizmos, however, to facilitate instantaneous soldier-to-soldier communication, to forge its forces into singular corporate entities, the Service hypnotizes its men. Troopers are briefed on upcoming missions in sleep via "hypno preparation" (224); the operation, its outline and maneuvers, thus becomes instinctive. In the battlefield, post-hypnotic suggestion can be used to put soldiers to sleep in downtime—during the "hurry up and wait" periods which occupy most of a soldier's career; they must be in top condition for the battle skirmishes ahead (239). And hypnosis is used as a failsafe mechanism with the Service's top brass, who, if ultimately captured by the Bugs and in a move similar to the brain Bug abandoning his Bug warrior, will compulsively commit suicide rather than divulge military secrets, such as the locations of bases and colonies (154-55).

This use of hypnosis to create collectivism in its units sufficiently destroys the individualism of its troops, for they can have no true volition of their own—the M.I. do, and always choose, what they are programmed. The irony exhibited here is intense as Heinlein rails against communalism to note that humanity's upper hand in the intergalactic wars is exactly its individualism, it being outmatched in all other aspects—weaponry, response time, etc. Superior evolution and technology will be triumphed over by what he calls "Poor arithmetic," but something "very human":

> How often have you seen a headline like this?—TWO DIE ATTEMPTING RESCUE OF DROWNING CHILD. If a man gets lost in the mountains, hundreds will search and often two or three searchers are killed. But the next time somebody gets lost just as many volunteers turn out.... It runs through all our folklore, all human religions, all our literature—a racial conviction that when one human needs rescue, others should not count the price. Weakness? It might be the unique strength that wins us a Galaxy. (223)

While the hive-alien seems to abandon units "the instant they are no longer useful" (223), humanity risks its all for the individual, sacrificing the many for the one. These attitudes appear diametrically opposed, yet like the Bugs it fights, the Federal Service places no value on the individual. No, none. As Patrick Thaddeus Jackson and Daniel H. Nexon observe of the Borg in *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, a "collectivist enemy par excellence and the most popular antagonist in the *Star Trek* universe" (143), an interdependent collective cannot leave one of its members behind, for "There are no individuals who might make sacrifices for the greater good.... A culture of individuals

might have made the decision to sacrifice one individual for the good of the whole...but the Borg cannot do this" (153-54). The Borg must always, without thought, retrieve its salvageable warriors and restore them to their place in the collective. And neither can the Federal Service leave its wounded behind, for it, too, is a collective. This altruism Heinlein valorizes in his troopers, "But you *don't* walk away on another cap trooper, not while there's a chance he's still alive," merely further denotes the ultimate obliteration of their individual wills (18; emphasis mine). The troopers really do not have a choice; they must retrieve their fallen fellows. Not only are troopers functioning in response to outside expectations rather than their own choice; the Federal Service also mimics the Bugs in its understanding of why an individual must not be left behind. What would seem to be the Bugs' reckless acceptance of much collateral damage as they abandon the useless warrior in contrast to humanity's sacrifice for the one is in fact the same thing. A useless Bug, is merely a dead, or nearly dead, Bug, so they return for the useful, living Bugs who can be restored to fighting form. Likewise, the M.I. returns only for those who might be alive—who might be healed from their battle wounds to be thus re-fed into the war machine as cannon fodder—not the useless or dead. The Bugs, the Borg, the M.I. cannot leave behind an individual; such is impossible because within a collective there is no individual to give, and there is no one who can individually—selflessly or selfishly—choose to make a sacrifice for the good of the collective. What M.I. (or Bug or Borg) would make a sacrifice for the human species when he is deprived of those vestiges which make him quintessentially human—autonomy and sexuality and ontology? A trooper's death is never a sacrifice for the species, nor is his rescue a triumph of individual will. As the

soldier robotically follows preprogrammed orders, his death is cannon fodder slaughter—or Bug slaughter and his rescue is merely the return of a functioning unit to the collective.

Thus, from Rico's conscription, to his loss of sexuality, to the loss of his individualism, the military man of *Starship Troopers* is no more human than the Bug he fights. The Federal Service, then, is assuredly a hive.

Don't Ask, Don't Tell?

The Alien Enemy within Haldeman's *The Forever War*

The Forever War of Haldeman's book by the same title actually lasts only 1143 years. But William Mandella is in it for the duration, conscripted out of college at its beginning by the United Nations into its Exploratory Force (UNEF), there for its end due to time dilation in space travel to see humankind become a collective of quickened clones, discovering as well that it was all merely a false campaign started to keep Earth's generals and their staff from obsoletion as the planet approached a perpetual peace landside. Thus, from boot camp in Missouri to the front line in distant collapsar fields, Mandella is of the "Intellectual and physical elite of the planet, going out to guard humanity against the Tauran menace" in this fluked war (Haldeman 8).

Haldeman's aliens, the "Taurans," are a race of "natural clones" who have "no concept of the individual" (274). Like the Bugs before them, they, too, are a hive. Yet the Taurans are more decidedly humanoid. Interestingly, Haldeman, *The Forever War* being a "retelling of Heinlein's gung ho novel of a decade earlier" and "a rebuttal of Heinlein" (Spark 154-55) as Alasdair Spark discusses, dispenses with much of the stooping insect-likeness of his text's hive-alien, yet they are still grotesque:

> He had two arms and two legs, but his waist was so small you could encompass it with both hands. Under the thin waist was a large horseshoe-shaped pelvic structure nearly a meter wide, from which dangled two long skinny legs with no apparent knee joint. Above that waist his body swelled out again, to a chest no smaller than the huge pelvis. His arms looked surprisingly human, except that they were too long and undermuscled. There were too many fingers on his hands. Shoulderless, neckless. His head was a nightmarish growth that swelled like a goiter from his massive chest. Two eyes that looked like clusters of fish eggs, a bundle of tassles [*sic*] instead of a nose, and a rigidly open hole that might have been a mouth sitting low down where his adam's apple should have been.... [H]e was wearing absolutely nothing except his rigid hide, that looked like skin submerged too long in hot water, then dyed a pale orange. "He" had no external genitalia, but nothing that might hint of mammary glands. So we opted for the male pronoun by default. (Haldeman 66)

While Haldeman's alien may look nothing like Heinlien's, it is no more individualistic. Tauran communication occurs clone-to-clone via a realtime telepathy—each clone is so like the next (to the extent that Mandella observes no gender distinction) s/he immediately inhabits the collective thoughts of the race's other beings. At the close of the novel, humankind has achieved a similar perfected biogenetic state, becoming itself a mass of clones derived from the single human Kahn. This "perfection" finally enables cross-species communication, and thus Haldeman suggests that we "might be greatly

enriched by making peace with the aliens" (Stableford 574). (Hence, the impetus for constructing a more "human-like" alien.)

Haldeman's call here, then, to compare species is explicit. Mandella and the UNEF soldiers are, like Heinlein's troopers, janissaries, conscripted for "up to two years," this term subjective, for "Those clowns who signed us up...can just as easily make it four or—....six or twenty or the duration" (Haldeman 112). However, as the Taurans exhibit no caste (or even class) structure as do the Bugs, each clone being an identical replicate and therefore the equal of all others, no comparison from UNEF recruits to a warrior order can be expressly made. Even without an explicit caste structure, there exists an implication of stratification as UNEF protects its intelligentsia, the so-called "brains and weirds" (56), those with "special training or aptitude that wouldn't normally be considered of a 'tactical' nature" (52), by situating them at the rear of an "'arrowhead' maneuver" (52). This protection of special individuals is a move reminiscent of the Bugs burrowing their queens and brains safely below ground. This lack of a warrior caste does not mean, however, that the soldier finally gains ontological status with the species—Bug or human or humanoid. He is still just as devalued. As the male clone, Man, explains of the new, perfected human race: "No other humans are quickened, since I am the perfect pattern. Individuals who die are replaced" (272). For the Taurans, it is the same. No individual is of importance. S/He can simply be replaced, remade. And so can the soldier. Thus, each of Haldeman's troops, as Captain Stott so scathingly reminds them, although representing "an investment of over a million dollars," is ontologically worth a mere "*one-fourth of a human life*" (31; emphasis mine). Despite financial investment, the recruit is less than human. And therefore, upon reception at

Miami Base on planet Charon, the recruits receive the following lecture from the base supervisor: "But you might as well know that I won't be displeased if as few as fifty of you, half, graduate from this final phase. And the only way not to graduate is to die" (12). Collateral damage is high. It is no surprise that graduation from the final phase of boot camp on that barren planet commences in a real, not simulated, attack by guided drones and armed missiles, wherein three soldiers die.

Although no explicit caste structure exists in Haldeman's novel, other one-to-one comparisons between military and hive are explicitly present, particularly as concerns sexuality—or rather, the asexuality of Haldeman's soldiers. As with Heinlein's Bugs, the Taurans restrict "sexuality" within their ranks; unlike the Bugs, the Taurans are not sexually conceived (or even hatched)—there is no hive-queen to whom the species' procreative power solely belongs—they are cloned, manufactured *in vitro* as needed—the power belongs to technology. As Haldeman demonstrates, the progress of humankind itself (and along with it its military) through the millennium this novel occupies marches slowly toward this peak evolution to culminate in the development of a clone so like the Taurans s/he can communicate with them. Nevertheless, this clone, Man, is still distinctly human, yet he is both feminine and masculine, as Mandella describes: "the man was virtually a twin to both of them [i.e., the two female clones present]" (Haldeman 271).

In this vein, the Exploratory Force is written as co-ed and prefigures as an organization the epicenism of both Man and Tauran in several unique ways. Initially, heterosexual confraternization between recruits is strongly urged, indeed required: monogamy is discouraged, and recruits must exchange for fresh sex partners each night. Male recruits submit themselves to the army's "foolproof" method of birth control: "all

men mak[e] a deposit in a sperm bank, and then vasectomy" (Haldeman 122). And female recruits are to be "compliant and promiscuous by military custom (and law)"—but not fertile and definitely not pregnant (45). However, as the supply of new recruits is a non-issue for UNEF—indeed the opposite problem is its concern; the Earth's population so rapidly expands that it must be by law restricted—homosexuality soon becomes the encouraged and preferred sex practice between humans. Thus, UNEF moves from employing a non-reproductive but quite heterosexual battle force to a homosexual and thus non-propagative one, species proliferation in this latter case belonging specially to the "breeders" back home on Earth (124). Although sexually active, the UNEF soldiers—heterosexual or homosexual—are denied the act's procreant end.

Haldeman notes one particularity of global homosexuality to be the replacement of gendered pronouns with those of a more neutral, collectivist connotation, another move in the direction of the androgyny of Man and the Tauran: "Some of the new people we'd picked up after Aleph used 'tha, ther, thim' instead of 'he, his, him' for the collective pronoun" (123). However, this patriarchy is replaced not by exact gender-neutrality, but instead by a powerful femininity, as evidenced still in the use of the gendered pronoun "she" when referencing Earth or the safe haven planet Heaven: "Heaven was a lovely, unspoiled Earth-like world; what Earth might have been like if men had treated *her* with compassion instead of lust" (176; emphasis mine). Beyond this feminization of fertile planets, which stands in bald contrast to the barren planetoids to which Mandella deploys for battle in the Forever War and which are never referred to as either "he" or "she" but only "it," the language employed here to describe Heaven is highly sexualized—note the word "lust" above. It seems the female, once again, takes

center stage as queen to the hive. As a classified location—as a type of hive-queen—she becomes: "the one place...that the Taurans could not be allowed to find" (176).

Not only do the Exploratory Force troops come to exhibit the same non-procreative characteristics as the Taurans, their communication techniques also come to mimic the enemy's. When inquiring after clone-to-clone communication, Mandella is told that he "*a priori* couldn't understand it. There were no words for it, and [his] brain wouldn't be able to accommodate the concepts even if there were words" (Haldeman 274). But UNEF sure does give it a try, recruiting soldiers with high "Rhine potential," or extrasensory perceptions, and attempting to solidify its men into a comparable collective by providing its soldiers with nifty two-way "phased-neutrino communications" equipment to link them technologically in as telepathic a manner as possible (69). Moreover, it even plies hypnosis on its troops, as did the Mobile Infantry of *Starship Troopers*. This hypnosis is much more sinister than that administered by the Mobile Infantry, however, for it not only serves as a tool wherewith to train and brief, but as also an override mechanism to short-circuit a soldier's contrary will. Mandella not only undergoes "'indoctrination and education' prior to taking command of [his] very own Strike Force" in the "accelerated life situation computer" (189), wherein he learns "the best way to use every weapon from a rock to a nova bomb" via "Cybernetically-controlled negative feedback kinesthesia," and "four millennia's worth of military facts and theories" (190). He also is subject to post-hypnotic suggestion by a trigger phrase, "orders [given] from deep down in that puppet master of the unconscious" (80) which "will make [his] job easier" (70). Under the influence of this latter, "hypnotism, motivational conditioning," Mandella is "reprogrammed" from a "peace-loving, vacuum-

welding specialist *cum* physics teacher snatched up by the Elite Conscription Act" into "a killing machine" (96). He compulsively and euphorically slaughters the Taurans when triggered, reeling beneath "strong pseudo-memories" which he knows to be utterly preposterous:

> I knew it was just post-hypnotic suggestion, even remembered the session in Missouri when they'd implanted it, but that didn't make it any less compelling. My mind reeled under the strong pseudo-memories: shaggy hulks that were Taurans (not at all what we now knew they looked like) boarding a colonists' vessel, eating babies while mothers watched in screaming terror (the colonists never took babies; they wouldn't stand the acceleration), then raping the women to death with huge veined purple members (ridiculous that they would feel desire for humans), holding the men down while they plucked flesh from their living bodies and gobbled it (as if they could assimilate the alien protein)...a hundred grisly details as sharply remembered as the events of a minute ago, ridiculously overdone and logically absurd. But while my conscious mind was rejecting the silliness, somewhere much deeper, down in that sleeping animal where we keep our real motives and morals, something was thirsting for alien blood, secure in the conviction that the noblest thing a man could do would to be to die killing one of those horrible monsters.... (72-73)

Even civilian populations are susceptible to this mind-control, being "conditioned from ear to ear to accept things as they were," to not speak out against UNEF (194). Indeed, as Colonel Jack Kynock explains to Mandella: "If they wanted to, Earth's government could

have total control over...every nontrivial thought and action of each citizen, from cradle to grave" (194). UNEF turns collectivism into Big Brother, "a constant silent whispering" inside everyone's head, the typical "ultimate totalitarian government" for which the *hive-alien* itself is usually cited as metaphor (Stableford 573).

Although hypnosis is ultimately abandoned because "they think you'll kill better without it" (Haldeman 96), for "Robots don't make good soldiers" (195), it is still prevalently used to effect "brain-wipes" of convicts and later to correct dysfunctional heterosexuals, the "incurables," those who refuse to convert to homosexuality as population reduction measures mandate. But troop collectivism is still achieved by other means. If the United Nations cannot control its soldiers' consciousnesses to merge them into one, then it will attempt to alter them into a more susceptible state. "Stimtabs" and "sedtabs" are readily distributed amongst troops to either stimulate them into action—marching or slaughter—or sedate them into forgetting their "memories of bloody murder multiplied a hundred times," respectively (79). Drugs make soldiers pliant; particularly in the latter instance, where soldiers, when faced with the inhumanity and horror of war, could potentially revolt, throw down their weapons and walk away from it all. Yet even then an individual's decisions can be unconditionally overturned as "one pulse from the battle computer, and that speck of plutonium in your power plant would fiss with all of .01% efficiency, and you'd be nothing but a rapidly expanding, very hot plasma" (49-50). Soldiers do not maintain dominion over their own lives; they are susceptible to the logics calculations of a battle computer which determines ultimately if they will live or die. So long as they are able to effectively fulfill their duties, soldiers will be allowed to live; once disabled or captured, their deaths will be immediately triggered (as it is with the

Taurans, who commit suicide to avoid the awful fate of imprisonment) by a fission reaction of the battery element powering their waldoes.

Perhaps it is because the United Nations Exploratory Force mimics the Taurans as a hive and that the Taurans mimic humankind in learning their battle strategy for they "hadn't known war for millennia" (Haldeman 273), that Mandella must continually remind himself—and the reader—that "they weren't the aliens...*we* were" (60). Like the Federal Service before it, UNEF, too, is a hive.

"An Army of One"

The Alien within Card's *Ender's Game*

Ender's game is real. This is the plot twist Card has in store for his boy genius, Andrew "Ender" Wiggin, who, conscripted into the International Fleet (I.F.) at the age of six, ultimately saves the world by unknowingly committing xenocide against the "buggers." Ender believes he is participating in computer simulations to prepare for battle—for the anticipated Third Invasion—when in reality he is orchestrating via the computers the systematic preemptive destruction of the Other.

Card's buggers are a consistent throwback to Heinlein's Bugs,[5] but for a streamlining of the species caste system. The insectoid buggers are governed by a single, monarchic hive-queen[6] who operates as both breeder and brain to the species; she dominates the race's main constituency, comprised of thoughtless drones whose function is to serve and protect, performing the dual duty of Heinlein's workers and warriors. There does, also, appear to be a class of slug-like male breeders, whose sole function is to impregnate the hive-queen, then promptly expire. Card describes the drone buggers here:

> The buggers were organisms that could conceivably have evolved on Earth, if things had gone a different way a billion years ago. At the molecular level, there were no surprises. Even the genetic material was the same. It was no accident that they looked insectlike to human beings.

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[5] Haldeman acknowledges he "got seventy pages into [*The Forever War*] before somebody pointed out that I had stolen the plot, all of the characters, all of the hardware from *Starship Troopers*" (qtd. in Spark 134). But *The Forever War* is, as Peter C. Hall discusses, a "rebuttal of Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* in the sense that it consistently undermines the social and ideological thrust of that work, becoming an antithetical work that seems intended to act as a post-Vietnam corrective to Heinlein's Cold War" (Hall 155). Card, interestingly, denies familiarity with, or even influence from, Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*; he does testify to having read *The Forever War*, but again rejects that it could have influenced *Ender's Game*—his reading of that book, he maintains, came after the original publication of his own text as a short story by the same title. In response to a fan question noting the similarities between *Starship Troopers* and *Ender's Game*—between Bugs and buggers, martial philosophies, etc.—posted at his website www.hatrack.com, Card writes:

> I have never read "Starship Troopers." I HAVE read "Forever War" [sic] by Joe Haldeman, which is said by some to be a response to "Starship Troopers" but I did not read "Forever War" until after writing the short story "Ender's Game." So "Starship Troopers" could not have been an influence, conscious or otherwise, on "Ender's Game."
>
> One should keep in mind that the insectoid alien was a cliché in science fiction before Heinlein used such creatures in "Starship Troopers." I assume that he used them for the same reason I did—because what mattered to the story was not the alien species per se, but rather the fact that humans were at war, so a generic alien would do. (Of course, in the process of writing novels we both, I assume, tried to make them more than generic aliens, but in choosing the alien type, going for the insectoid look-and-feel is hardly original.) And the tradition of writing about the training of young people is called "bildungsroman" and it's also very, very old.
>
> In short, the resemblances between "Starship Troopers" and "Ender's Game" are coincidental—Heinlein and I simply made a few similar choices in attempting similar projects. ("OSC Replies")

[6] Traditionally, there is only one hive-queen present at any one time amidst the bugger community. However, Card writes that a second hive-queen can be given birth to by the first, for the purpose of sending her out to another world for colonization—or for surviving imminent xenocide as is the case at the close of the novel.

> Though their internal organs were now much more complex and specialized than any insects [*sic*], and they had evolved an internal skeleton and shed most of the exoskeleton, their physical structure still echoed their ancestors, who could easily have been very much like Earth's ants.... The buggers could probably see the same spectrum of light as human beings, and there was artificial lighting in their ships and ground installations. However, their antennae seemed almost vestigial. There was no evidence from their bodies that smelling, tasting, or hearing were particularly important to them. (*EG* 248)

The buggers are an evolutionary halfway between Heinlein's "Pseudo-Arachnids" (Heinlein 134) and humans; they are insects who seem to be evolving as did the ape into man: they have shed their exoskeletons, adapted visual perceptibilities similar to humankind's, and ultimately have learned to build spaceships to challenge the stars—just like us. But they are still *bugs*—well, super bugs—as Mazer Rackham, Earth's great champion in the Second Invasion, insists (*EG* 268).

Very much like Heinlein's Bugs, buggers communicate in a more advanced fashion than humans, that communication being "body to body, mind to mind" (*EG* 249): "The buggers don't talk. They think to each other, and it's instantaneous" (267). Yet, the bugger drone does not so much communicate as it is inhabited by the consciousness of the hive-queen; as scholar George Slusser puts it, the drones "all think the sole thoughts of their queen" (85). The drone is effectively the hive-queen's slave, a puppet. He is eyes and ears only to her—thus, he himself possesses, as described above, only vestigial sensory organs necessary for an individualistic empirical comprehension of his

surroundings—he doesn't need them. And if the hive-queen is destroyed, as she was in the Second Invasion of Earth, the drones, as Rackham explains, go "stupid"; they are "still alive. Organically. But they didn't move, didn't respond to anything, even when our scientists vivisected some of them to see if we could learn a few more things about buggers. After a while they all died. No will. There's nothing in those little bodies when the queen is gone" (*EG* 269).

Puppetry seems to be a theme for Card; Slusser argues his "novel is a clear attempt to engage, and transform, the Heinleinian trope of puppet and puppet master" (85).[7] And the protagonist Ender himself is exactly that—puppet—to the puppet master Hegemony (the government which the International Fleet serves) or as Colonel Graff rephrases it, "We might do despicable things, Ender, but if mankind survives, then we were good tools.... Individual human beings are all tools, that the others use to help us all survive" (*EG* 35). Tools, puppets, buggers—for Ender ultimately becomes this last—not one warrants ontological significance.

Ender, in particular, is deserving of no rights or worth as a human being, for he is a Third. Population restriction laws on Earth proscribe households more than two children. The birth of a third child, or Third, must be sanctioned by the government; and when sanctioned, as in Ender's case, the child belongs then to the Hegemony. And belonging to them, he is theirs for life. Colonel Graff reminds Ender's parents of this as he comes to requisition Ender for training with the I.F.: "Here are the requisitions. Your

[7] Given Card's dismissal of Heinlein's influence upon *Ender's Game* (see footnote 2), this is an interesting comment, particularly as he admits to a non-specific familiarity with Heinlein (for instance, he may have read *Puppet Masters*) ("OCS Replies"). Hall argues, however, that "Even as *The Forever War* appears to be the antithesis to *Starship Troopers*, Orson Scott Card's *Ender's Game* seems to be a synthesis of the two other novels.... The similarities to Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* and Haldeman's *The Forever War* are obvious. The structure and the themes are so familiar because Card is obviously beginning to work within a well-established spacewar formula" (157).

son has been cleared by the I.F. Selective Service. Of course we already have your consent, granted in writing at the time conception was confirmed, or he could not have been born. He has been ours from then, if he qualified" (*EG* 19-20). Peter's jab at Ender, "You're a Third, turd. You've got no rights" (17), is not the mere impish teasing of an elder sibling to a younger; it is a very real, very unfortunate fact.

So Ender, as he himself laments, has "no control over his own life. They [i.e., the I.F.] ran everything. They made all the choices" (*EG* 151). The I.F. declares "what is and is not to be important in these children's lives" (Blackmore 129). What is important is warmongering, soldiery. What is not important is humanity—in the sense of both humanness as well as decency or compassion—the child warriors of the novel are to be cold-blooded killing machines only. ("[T]hey've made you into a killer," Valentine exclaims upon meeting Ender again after a five year separation [*EG* 238].) This utilitarian view of the child recruits results in the following:

> Ender turned seven. They weren't much for dates and calendars at the Battle School, but Ender had found out how to bring up the date on his desk, and he noticed his birthday.... He wanted to stop at Petra's bunk and tell her about his home, about what his birthdays were usually like, just tell her it was his birthday so she'd say something about it being a happy one. But nobody told birthdays. It was childish. It was what landsiders did. Cakes and silly customs.... Nobody talked about home, not among the soldiers. There had been no life before Battle School. Nobody got letters, and nobody wrote any. Everyone pretended that they didn't care. (92-93)

Birthdays are not important. Being human, partaking in basic human tradition and custom is not important. This seven year-old is not a child—cannot be a child. He is a soldier. He is inhuman. Thus, *Ender's Game*, as Tim Blackmore argues, promotes "a mechanistic view of humans, who are to be shaped to the purposes of the machine"—the war machine or the hive (125). Repeatedly, Ender is termed a "tool"; but a better word might be "cog."

Or even bugger. Ender is a bugger. He is a conscript for life; he, in echo of Heinlein's starship troopers and Haldeman's UNEF recruits, "isn't worth the price of bringing" up via rocket ship to the satellite Battle School (*EG* 32). He has no personal value outside of being a soldier, a killer, a function for the hive organization. The bully Stilson's jibe, "We're *people*, not *Thirds*, turd face," is an awful truth (7). As a third, Ender is not human. He is an alien to his own human race. A bugger. And thus must symbolically don the mask of the hive-alien when playing "buggers-and-astronauts" with his elder brother Peter (11-12).

As a bugger drone, Ender, like Rico to the Bug warrior and Mandella to the Taurans before him, is sexless. He is a child, prepubescent and therefore incapable of the sex act. Card's army is co-ed, but its female contingency is represented by a single girl, Petra Arkanian: "The only girl in the Salamander Army. With more balls than anybody else in the room," as she says (*EG* 75). Petra's femininity is swallowed up by the hypermasculinity towards which the boys aspire. She has to be tough. She becomes (at the very least) androgynous as she is metaphorically equipped with male genitalia. Not, however, that her sex would necessarily be noticed by the children running around Battle School—except perhaps by the older boys, the teenagers; but then it is something by

which they are embarrassed, as with Bonzo Madrid, commander of the Salamander Army. Says a fellow young soldier to Ender:

> "And, uh, Bonzo get mad if you skin by Petra."
>
> "She was naked when I came in."
>
> "She do what she like, but you keep you clothes on. Bonzo's orders."
>
> That was stupid. Petra still looked like a boy, it was a stupid rule. It set her apart, made her different, split the army. (80-81)

Petra looks like a boy; therefore, she ought to be treated as a boy, which in Ender's mind means soldier. She is to be sexless and devoid of physical allure. It is not her place—it is not her job or function in the hive—to court sexuality. It belongs to others: those who tend families back on Earth, civilians.

But Ender is not only an asexual bugger drone; he stands in the role of bugger hive-queen—puppet master—to his own soldiers, as well, to effect the most cogent point of similarity between the I.F. and the aliens: collectivism. As the buggers cooperate like the parts "of a single organism" responding "the way your body responds during combat, different parts automatically, thoughtlessly doing everything they're supposed to do" (*EG* 268-69), the International Fleet attempts, likewise, to be "a single person" with its each soldier "like a hand or foot" (269). Thus, it obliterates individualism, for "You can't have that. It spoils the symmetry. You must get [a soldier] in line, break him down, isolate him, beat him until he gets in line with everyone else" (168). Card, however, unlike Heinlein and Haldeman, does not effect this collectivism via hypnosis. He more

efficiently uses technology. He also uses abuse and, what is termed generally by the real G.I., "chickenshit" [8] training—a more effective brainwashing of his troops (Shippey 174).

Although Ender is set up by Card to subvert the "rigid and formal...meaningless marching and maneuvers that still waste an astonishing amount of a trainee's precious hours in basic training in our modern military" (Card, Introduction xv), and thus emphasize the importance of individualism through personal initiative in combat maneuver, he merely supplants this mindlessness with his own type of new collective control. Ender observes of the "well-rehearsed formations," through which other Battle School commanders regularly put their troops, that they "were a mistake. It allowed the soldiers to obey shouted orders instantly, but it also meant that they were predictable. Also, the individual soldiers were given little initiative. Once a pattern was set, they were to follow it through. There was no room for adjustment to what the enemy did against the formation" (*EG* 84). Caviling with what, in real life, General George S. Patton, Jr. understands to be the instillation of alertness in his men (Province), Card submits that repetitive drilling quashes individual initiative, that ability to think on one's feet for one's own self. Ender quickly realizes from his experience in the mock skirmishes of the Battle Room that "soldiers can sometimes make decisions that are smarter than the orders they've been given" (*EG* 95). Yet rigidity and repetitiveness of training in set formations disallows such decision-making. Thus, he trains his "toons" to fight "Unsupported, alone, on their own initiative" (175). He trains them to fight with guerilla tactics: his army can immediately fragment itself and scatter to attack from various positions, and the boy

[8] Paul Fussell defines "chickenshit" military service training to include "petty harassment" and "sadism thinly disguised as necessary discipline" (qtd. in Shippey 174). General George S. Patton, Jr. uses the term "chicken shit drilling," the "definite purpose" of which is "alertness. Alertness must be bred into every soldier.... A man must be alert at all times if he expects to stay alive" (Province).

Bean, leading a special squadron whose job it is "to try things that no one has ever tried because they're absolutely stupid" (198), evolves the idea of jerking himself across the Battle Room with a cord tied round his waist to allow for higher speeds to be achieved in maneuver about the Room. Notwithstanding, Ender's encouragement of subordinates' initiative does not amount to a total relinquishing of troop control, nor even to the individualism Card purports. Ender merely forges his army into a more flexible, responsive one, such that it is ultimately remarked at Command School by Mazer Rackham that his force resembles a bugger's:

> Mazer showed him a replay of their most recent battle, only this time from the enemy's point of view.
>
> "This is what he saw as you attacked. What does it remind you of? The quickness or response, for instance?"
>
> "We look a bugger fleet."
>
> "You match them, Ender. You're as fast as they are." (275)

Ender's army is a bugger fleet. It is a collective. And he presides over it as a hive-queen, administering orders to his underlings in the large simulators of Command School via the "ansible," a "Philotic Parallax Instantaneous Communicator," which allows ships to "talk to each other when they're across the galaxy" (249). The ansible device is a human technology patterned after bugger biology, delivering to Ender's army the ability to instantaneously communicate exactly as their hive-alien counterpart.

And to become more and more like them—indeed, exactly like them. Thus, in mimicry of the bugger drone, Card writes that the camaraderie Ender achieves with his soldiers amounts to a trust that he will "use them rather than waste their efforts; above all

[they] trusted Ender to prepare them for anything and everything that might happen" (*EG* 204). Ender acknowledges his soldiers' acceptance of their poor fate according to their function in the hive—the loss of their individualism—and begins, ironically, to think of himself as a puppet master. In consideration of his "hurting" Bean to make him "a better soldier in every way," Ender sees himself reenacting the tactics of, that he should become more like, Colonel Graff, his own puppeteer: "And me—am I supposed to grow up like Graff? Fat and sour and unfeeling, manipulating the lives of little boys so they turn out factory perfect, generals and admirals ready to lead the fleet in defense of the homeland? You get all the pleasures of the puppeteer" (168).

Yet perhaps it is not so ironic for Ender to be the puppet master above his men, their hive-queen. Card sets this up as a ready possibility by writing Ender as a boy genius, or one who "can say the words that everyone else will be saying two weeks later" (*EG* 129). This comment is actually made in reference to Peter and Valentine, Ender's elder siblings, when the two first plot to seize control of the Hegemony, but Ender is merely a more compassionate, less aggressive hybrid of Peter and Valentine. He is their equal in intellectual capacity; thus, what is said of them goes doubly for him—remember, he was the Wiggin ultimately picked to lead the International Fleet. Peter and Valentine possess and exert, in a strong throwback to *Starship Troopers* and *The Forever War*, a near telepathic influence over others by sheer effect of their intellect (although it is not quite hypnosis, Rhine potential, or clone-to-clone communication). As "maybe two or three thousand people in the world [are] as smart as" (128) them, Peter and Valentine Wiggin are able to literally "exploit" and "control" and "persuade" others (127). Card writes, "Val could always see what other people liked best about themselves, and flatter them....

Valentine could persuade other people to her point of view—she could convince them that they wanted what she wanted them to want. Peter, on the other hand, could only make them fear what he wanted them to fear" (127). Peter and Valentine can manipulate people, and they do. Peter tells Valentine: "I see myself as knowing how to insert ideas into the public mind. Haven't you ever thought of a phrase, Val, a clever thing to say, and said it, and then two weeks or a month later you hear some adult saying it to another adult, both of them strangers? Or you see it in a video or pick it up on a net?" (128) And by this means, the two eventually take over the world, by inserting themselves into the chat rooms of the internet and spinning political rhetoric too good to be ignored. If Peter and Valentine are controlling Earth in this manner, then Ender, as their sibling, must be controlling his men in the same way—not with written words on the internet, but with those spoken through the ansible.

Peter and Valentine's insertion of themselves into the public's mind is analogous to the intrusion the International Fleet makes upon Ender's mind with the neck monitor, which itself prefigures that intrusion of the buggers, who find Ender through the ansible, follow it, and dwell in his mind (*EG* 320). The I.F. neck monitor is a technology which allows Colonel Graff and Major Anderson to essentially inhabit Ender's body to discern whether he is fit for Battle School; their descriptions of its effects read: "I've watched through his eyes, I've listened through his ears" (1) and "You live inside somebody's body for a few years, you get used to it.... I'm not used to seeing his facial expressions. I'm used to feeling them" (9). It is no surprise that Ender is again taken over by another consciousness toward the end of the novel as the buggers probe his dreams: "He had been dreaming that buggers were vivisecting him. Only instead of cutting open his body, they

were cutting up his memories and displaying them like holographs and trying to make sense of them.... The buggers tormented him in his sleep..." (278). Ender is never an individual; he is a nobody—or a collective everybody. His is the consciousness always of someone else, like the bugger drone, until finally he himself becomes the consciousness of others, taking on the role of hive-queen as admiral to the International Fleet. Indeed, so like the buggers is Ender, both as drone and queen, that he is able to communicate with them. He is one of them, as Mazer Rackham notes: "We had to have a commander with so much empathy that he would think like the buggers, understand them and anticipate them. So much compassion that he could win the love of his underlings and work with them like a perfect machine, as perfect as the buggers" (298). And so he becomes their salvation at the close of the novel. The buggers track Ender through the ansible. They build for him a sanctuary on one of their abandoned worlds and make him responsible for the continuation of their species. Thus, he truly becomes the hive-queen as he is the central object of the community's worship and its sole progenitor. (Yet the propagation of the bugger species Ender carries out is asexual, as he merely delivers a pupal hive-queen to a new home world!)

Whether as drone or queen, Ender is a hive-alien; and as the embodiment of the International Fleet, his military, then, is itself a hive. Perhaps Colonel Graff's fear, presented at the opening of *Ender's Game*, that if the I.F. does not find an admiral for its fleets soon, then "God is a bugger," is ironically realized when Earth's near divine salvation, Ender himself, becomes made over by him into a bugger (*EG* 36).

Summative Remarks

The Real Alien Enemy Within

The similarities discussed above, elucidated from the roots of structural-functionalism, seem to be specifically courted, at least, by Haldeman and Card. Heinlein eschews them. Haldeman closes *The Forever War* with human-alien interspecies communication and reveals that humans are set upon the same path of evolution as the Taurans, but only at a much slower pace. Card urges the comparison as his first descriptions of the buggers make them not so unfamiliar to humans, just different: "It was no accident that they looked insectlike to human beings" (*EG* 248). And he merges the military and hive-alien further as he stations the Command School on Eros, a former bugger outpost in the asteroid belt—the I.F. metaphorically inhabits the alien. *Starship Troopers*, however, as Heinlein's anti-communist manifesto, works to underscore the distinctions between Bug, his totalitarian communism, and Mobile Infantry, the icon of his free military democracy. Nevertheless, as Bernie Heidkamp discusses in reference to their standoffs against the hive-queens themselves, all of these militaries' attitudes emphasize "the differences between the humans and hive cultures, instead of the potential connections between them" (348), to echo this wartime reality of David Hume's observation in his 1740 *A Treatise on Human Nature*:

> When our own nation is at war with any other, we detest them under the character of cruel, perfidious, unjust and violent: But always esteem ourselves and allies equitable, moderate, and merciful. If the general of our enemies be successful, 'tis with difficulty we allow him the figure and character of a man. He is a sorcerer: He has a communication with

> daemons; as is reported of Oliver Cromwell, and the Duke of Luxembourg: He is bloody-minded, and takes a pleasure in death and destruction. But if the success be on our side, our commander has all the opposite good qualities, and is a pattern of virtue, as well as of courage and conduct. His treachery we call policy: His cruelty is an evil inseparable from war. In short, every one of his faults we either endeavor to extenuate, or dignify it with the name of that virtue, which approaches it. It is evident that the same method of thinking runs thro' common life. (qtd. in Hedges 19)

And it is evident that the same method of thinking runs through science fiction—particularly as regards the hive-alien. But close connections between the science fiction military and hive-alien there are. In the recruitment (enslavement) of men, who are in some manner emasculated by war rather than made into hypermasculine soldiers as typically expected of the endeavor, and who are then congealed into a mindless collective, the militaries of military science fiction are their own hive-alien. Or, in other words, as the science fiction alien always is, according to Heidi Kaye and I.Q. Hunter, "irresistibly metaphorical," we are our own worst enemy (3). We perform that which we must abhor and seek to obliterate. Thus, as science fiction merely constructs "alien-human difference as analogous to terrestrial racial difference," permitting "much the same imaginary sleight-of-hand as the concept of race[, i]t permits the dominant members of a culture to see aspects of themselves objectified in Others while also disavowing them, by placing the Others beyond a nonnegotiable, *essential* line of separation (Csisery-Ronay 228). And this exactly is the lie of all war: that our adversary

is some kind of incomprehensible, foreign Other, a threatening alien with whom we cannot communicate and must certainly destroy.

Nevertheless, the import of this connection ironically lies in these militaries' recognition of it to some degree. Recognizing the alien within allows, as will be examined in the following chapter, for the solider to be released on leave into civilian society that he might suffer alienation. Thus estranged, the legitimate impetus is established for expending him via the use of Pyrrhic battle tactic in the pursuit of a utopia. The making of the solider into the alien is purposed for the express achievement of utopia.

CHAPTER 2: THE CANNON FODDER SOLDIER OF SCIENCE FICTION

In *Anatomy of Criticism*, Northrop Frye defines the word "symbol" as "any unit of any literary structure that can be isolated for critical attention. A word, a phrase, or an image..." (71). According to this loose definition, the recurring trope of the hive-alien as found inside the militaries and their inner workings of *Starship Troopers*, *The Forever War*, and *Ender's Game* can be considered symbolic. The slave soldiery, asexuality, and collectivism of the hive-alien can be isolated for critical attention, to determine what exactly their relevance is for the science fiction novel which engages them. Here, specifically, it is their transference and incorporation into the science fiction military to suggest that it is a doppelgänger of its own alien enemy, or, as critics Veronica Hollinger and Joan Gordon note that "Science fiction...has conventionally used...the alien to comment on the familiar," that we are our own alien or enemy ("Introduction" 4). That the vice of excess in bloody-mindedness, for example, which we denigrate as evil in our own real wartime enemy, is the same excused in our generals and allies. This symbolic investigation of *Starship Troopers*, *The Forever War*, and *Ender's Game* accords readily to David Pringle's observation that

> The realistic novel, which has held sway in the literature of the past two and a half centuries, has tended to displace such overt symbolic patterns in favor of a close scrutiny of manners and social surfaces. But popular fiction, in common with poetry, has helped keep the fundamental alive. In particular, all forms of fantastic literature, from the Gothic novel to science fiction, lend themselves to analysis in terms of basic symbolism. (17)

These authors' use of symbolism, then, is conscious, intelligent, and innovative. It overtly elucidates deep meaning—however, at times, in multifaceted and even unintentional ways: these military science fiction novels symbolically reveal through their hive-alien and martial tropes who we are or might be at war.

Key to Frye's theory of symbolism is the concept that symbols tend to occur in groups of *four*. As William Blake—a primary source of Frye's literary ideas—in "Letters on Sight and Vision" writes it: "Now I a fourfold vision see / And a fourfold vision is given to me; / Tis fourfold in my supreme delight" (83-85). Thus, upon the heels of chapter one, which demonstrates that the militaries of novels *Starship Troopers*, *The Forever War*, and *Ender's Game* ape their hive-alien counterparts as per caste structure and occupation of their troops, as well as ontological devaluation of the warrior himself, I will discuss the consequences of such imitation, to decode the fourth symbol: alienation. I will also discuss the combined effects of the four symbols of Robert A. Heinlein, Joe Haldeman, and Orson Scott Card: the warranted use of the soldier as mere cannon fodder or the expendability of the friendly combatant in the search for a utopia.

The making over of the science fiction military into its hive-alien enemy results, expectedly, in the *alienation* of its soldiers. Resembling so much the aliens they kill, the troops become themselves alien; different and distant from humanity. Thus, science fiction's futuristic combatants, when granted their much deserved leave from the front lines to Earth or its space colonies, suffer estrangement from the human population they protect. With difficulty these soldiers identify or re-associate themselves again with humanity; often these veterans do not ever fully reintegrate themselves into society such that they re-up for life into the military which they know, which has shaped them into

something else, something more or less than human. For them, going home is a return to the fray.

The effects of this alienation serve both to permit and promote the undue sacrifice of the soldier for the state at war. As he becomes ever more like the alien of whom he seeks to dispose, the soldier himself becomes likewise disposable. He becomes legitimate cannon fodder which top military brass and politicians can expend like bullets without remorse to accomplish their ends of strategic gain, for he has no more value than the adversary. He becomes the targeted Other, for he is essentially indistinguishable from the foe—indeed, he *is* the adversary, so much like him is he.

Yet more alarming is the occurrence of this blasé forfeit of the soldier's life for the expedient purpose of attaining utopia. Utopia is, as typically imagined, a perpetual state of static peace, of uninterrupted bliss. Often it is paradoxically accomplished via *war*, in the eradication of the dangerous Other, for prerequisite to any utopia is the absence of external, foreign threat. Because it is perfectly harmonious inside and out, no utopia is in need of a standing army to maintain internal order or defend against a nonexistent enemy. (There is no Other, for he is exactly like us.) However, disbanding armies employed to achieve the homogenous, peaceful end of utopia—releasing veterans into the new idyllic society—will not do. Veterans are living monuments, testaments, to the awful means—the bloody battles, etc.—which obtained the perfect, paradisiacal end. In effect, to absolutely obliterate from memory the worse times predating and bringing about those now peaceful, the soldier must be eliminated along with the enemy. And he is via military tactic which promises low survivability both to enemy as well as friendly combatant. Thus, in the wake of great bloodshed are left alive only those most important,

most pertinent for the perpetuation and administration of utopian society, as well as an unblighted, unsullied, forgetful civilian citizenship. The unnecessary soldier and the enemy are both killed off. The friendly combatant in the glory of his sacrifice to protect his home and country and kin becomes an enemy of the utopia-seeking state he serves. Converting the soldier over into the alien Other allows for him to be dispensed with from battle, safely, effectively, without qualms, and utopia is achieved via war as a peaceful, homogenous, unarmed society is realized.

Professor of Politics Ronnie D. Lipschutz reminds us that according to "both dictionary and discourse" the term "alien" has three common uses:

> The first is, of course, the creature, whether extraterrestrial or of this earth, who confounds "normalcy." The second applies to those individuals who are not native to the country in which they reside, a conception that connotes, as well, a sense of unbridgeable cultural difference. The third means "out of place," a definition that encompasses as well "alienation," a notion that generally refers to those who feel that they do not belong to the society of which they are members.... (80)

Johnny Rico, William Mandella, and Andrew "Ender" Wiggin, the brave protagonists of *Starship Troopers*, *The Forever War*, and *Ender's Game* respectively, each embodies the term according to all three uses as science fiction soldiers. Rico, Mandella, and Ender are aliens as their military training deprives them of that which is quintessentially, inalienably, and most characteristically human: liberty, sexuality, and individualism (as demonstrated in chapter one). Thus, they confound normalcy—or what it is to be normally human. They become different creatures whose new and martial hive-culture

distances them from that civilian culture of Earth's population. It is a distance unbridgeable, for when returning home for a few days' R&R, these soldiers are out of place on the planet to which they belong as per their experience of outer space and the general unknown of "out there" which they inhabit. They suffer estrangement from the people and society they protect. They are different. They are aliens alienated.

Rico first remarks this—his—alienation very overtly when, stepping down from the bus to Vancouver when out on leave from Camp Sergeant Spooky Smith, he marvels: "I had no more than stepped out of the shuttle, my first pass, than I realized in part that I had changed. Johnnie didn't fit in any longer. Civilian life, I mean. It all seemed amazingly complex and unbelievably untidy" (Heinlein 124). Rico's alienation is the sum result of his Mobile Infantry training—it is caused specifically by the military, by the reformation it brings about in him. It is not merely the consequence of his boot camp sequestration from civilization deep within the Canadian Rockies or later his lonely stint in deep space, although undoubtedly such amplifies the effect. Shortly after beating his way out of a bar fight when on this same leave, Rico notes just this as, with awe at the skill with which he and his comrades disabled their attackers, he says: "But that's how I learned for the first time just how much I had changed" (127). Rico has changed to be different from the rest of humanity. The Mobile Infantry has endowed Rico with abilities beyond that of normal human experience: he now has a killer instinct and lightning reflexes. Thus, he becomes an alien—or, at the very least, something very different from humanity to be perpetually referred to with a successive downgrading of zoological taxonomy. Throughout the novel, the following bestial appellations are applied to Rico and his fellow cap troopers: upon preparing for a drop, Rico is like "an eager race horse

in the starting gates" (1); cap troopers are "apes" (2) and less than apes, a "pitiful mob of sickly monkeys" (43); they are "jungle lice" (44); while in basic training the men are variously "wild animals" (80), "a litter of collie pups" (81), "young cubs" (82); and donning the battlesuit, Rico becomes a "big steel gorilla" (100) and a "hydrocephalic gorilla" (103); etc. The sheer number of animal analogies is astounding. It is no wonder that Rico should mostly stand around and gawk at the city of Vancouver upon this first visit there (124). Everything is different; he is different; everything has now become different from him. This alienation ultimately brings Rico to his later decision of career reenlistment with the Federal Service. As he is so much alienated from humanity, Rico opts to be with the M.I. until "retirement—or buying it" (161); as he puts it: "the M.I. was my gang, I belonged. They were all the family I had left; they were the brothers I had never had.... If I left them, I'd be lost. So why shouldn't I go career?" (163) Without the M.I., Rico is a disenfranchised alien on his own.

For Mandella, it is the same. He, too, goes career due to alienation from a Terran society he feels is composed of nothing but "Zombies, happy robots," not humans or anything to which he can relate (Haldeman 193). To a colonist at Heaven he reports exactly this of his leave home: "Went back to Earth a year ago—hell, a century ago. Depends on how you look at it. It was so bad I re-enlisted, you know? Bunch of zombies. No offense" (178). Alasdair Spark comments that "Perhaps the most effective use Haldeman makes of the...future war model" in *The Forever War* "is in [this] examination not of war but of veterans and problems of reintegration, a parallel made obvious by irony and exaggeration" (160). The vehicle Haldeman employs to express and explore Mandella's alienation is sexuality; however, this vehicle is set up and augmented by

Einsteinian relativity. As the collapsar fields, which UNEF guards against the Taurans, are parsecs apart, the necessary light speeds required for travel between them result in time dilation—while Mandella subjectively experiences only a few years' time elapse during these interspace commutes between strategic outposts, on Earth decades and even centuries fly by. Hence, the Forever War of 1143 years which Mandella survives in full only to return on leave several hundred years into it to an Earth populated with "men and women whose language he cannot speak and whose sexual preferences he cannot understand" (158). While Mandella was away, Earth's population adopted an epicene slang tongue and society became progressively homosexual, with heterosexuality finally being classified as an emotional dysfunction. Mandella becomes regarded "as a perverse relic of the Dark Ages" (158). He cannot communicate with the culture about him and his sexual orientation figures him as an unadjusted, neurotic "incurable" (Haldeman 198). Indeed, the recruits drafted from this future Earth whom he commands in a later stage of the war following his reenlistment nickname him "The Ol' Queer" (220)—both a pun on his antiquated and strange speech, as well as his sexuality. Mandella's protracted age has left him alienated from Earth's society and culture: "everything and everyone [he] might fight for is already lost" (Spark 158); who and what he knows of the place is past and gone. There is no personal connection to Earth to which Mandella and his fellow soldiers might ever lay claim—it disappeared the moment they warped into hyperspace; it became the forgone past. So intense is this alienation, that, metaphorically, Mandella feels it down to his very bones. Commenting at one point upon the regeneration of his amputated leg, removed originally as a result of a traumatic battle wound, he notes: "For the new tissues to 'take,' they'd had to subvert my body's resistance to *alien* cells; cancer broke

out in half-dozen places and had to be treated separately, painfully" (Haldeman 179; emphasis mine). The military has colonized Mandella with alienness. It inhabits him, and he inhabits it.

The comparable subtext in *Ender's Game* reveals that Ender, too, feels his alienation to the very core. But Ender's estrangement is not so much affected as it is intensified by the military he serves. Ender is a super intelligent Third, and therefore an outcast, an alien, from birth: his conception violates Earth's population restriction laws and his brilliance sets him in mental capacity both above and apart from even most adults. The tauntings of his peers continually remind Ender of his status as an outsider—"Third" is a pejorative label by which he is teased—and his donning of the bugger mask at the beginning of the novel in a child's game of "buggers-and-astronauts" is a symbolic manifestation of this very fact. He is an alien. Ender's alienation is reinforced by Card's early depiction of him inside the elementary school classroom where he doodles rather than pays attention to his teacher lecturing on multiplication; we are to understand that Ender does not belong there as he is smarter than she. He does not belong anywhere. So Ender is conscripted into the International Fleet—the only place that will have him and the reason for which he was born—which further isolates him to magnify his sense of distance from humanity. Colonel Graff explains the training procedures of the I.F. and their purpose to Ender here:

> We train our commanders the way we do because that's what it takes—they have to think in certain ways, they can't be distracted by a lot of things, so we isolate them. You. Keep you separate. And it works. But it's so easy, when you never meet people, when you never know the Earth

> itself, when you live with metal walls keeping out the cold of space, it's easy to forget why Earth is worth saving. Why the world of people might be worth the price you pay. (*EG* 243)

Ender's military training has purposely disaffected him from Earth that he might better, and indeed solely, focus on the bugger war at hand. So effective is this disaffection, however, that the few weak connections which anchor him to Earth rapidly dissolve. He cannot recognize it as something worth fighting for, dying for, and the I.F. is left with an ineffective killer. Having left Earth at age six, Ender was never able to form a strong attachment to the place or its humanity, particularly as an outsider. Even his family, with whom he ought to have shared some special connection, is very distant and thus easily fully estranged from him by the International Fleet's combat training, for as Graff tells Ender upon their first meeting when he scoops up the little boy for Battle School: "You won't miss your mother and father, not much, not for long. And they won't miss you long, either.... [Y]ou have to understand what your life has cost them.... [N]o one *wants* a Third anymore" (21-22).

The fragility of Ender's bond to humanity necessitates Graff's move of sending Ender on early leave back to Earth. He must reinvigorate Ender by causing him to fall in love with the place. It is only then that he will be incited in compassion to fight the buggers in the Third Invasion. And it works. As Ender reflects on his journey from Earth to Command School: "So that's why you brought me here, thought Ender. With all your hurry, that's why you took three months, to make me love Earth. Well, it worked. All your tricks worked" (*EG* 243). Nevertheless, what Ender regards as his love of Earth is really only his love for his sister Valentine, she having been sent to kindle in him the

fighting desire for the place. Ender is still quite alienated from the whole of humanity and the planet itself as evidenced in his designating Battle School as "home" (246). Battle School is where Ender's heart is. It is there that he fulfills his destiny and is surrounded by other sympathetic children enduring his same awful plight: Alai, Petra, Bean. It is there that he feels most comfortable—within the confines of the military, the nest of the hive.

Ironically, however, Ender does not come to identify Command School, his later military stationing, as a new home as he did Battle School his old. At Command School, the I.F. again isolates him, "never let[ting] him come to know anyone" there (*EG* 257). Ender recognizes this, "that they were isolating him again, this time not by setting the other students to hating him, but rather by giving them no opportunity to become friends. He could hardly have been close to most of them anyway—except for Ender, the other students were all well into adolescence" (258). It seems that via perpetual isolation Frances Deutsch Louis' observation of the novel rings true: "*Ender's Game*...makes it plain that 'alien' contingencies lurk not without, but within" (20). As he is alienated, Ender is nothing more than an alien outside of humanity and inside the I.F.

For each of these novels, the protagonist is granted leave in order that his connection to Earth and humanity might be reaffirmed as he gads about entertaining himself, spending accumulated pay, socializing with those he is to protect. However, these soldiers, veterans of combat, are disparaged due to an alienation they suffer in the society that once was theirs, for the military has made them unnatural killers and hive-alien drones. They return home to an alien world. Thus, swiftly do they retreat to the ranks of the military they know so well. Whether or not the soldier discovers within

himself his humanity that he might remember for what he is fighting, to strive all the more ardently at the front line, the military nevertheless gains a committed recruit for the duration of his natural life—which in the hands of the powers-that-be is short. As an alien alienated, the soldier is utterly expendable, and, indeed, to be *expended.*

Aliens typically suffer alienation as they "are regarded as a threatening presence, possessed of a drive or force that, if not stopped, will absorb, consume, or subvert and transform the body politic" (Lipschutz 80). Thus, they are eschewed from mainstream culture, to the extent that violence and even war are invited and often incited against them. As the soldier becomes the alien menace, the violence of the war which he applies to his enemy at the behest of his superiors becomes directed at him. He becomes an enemy to his own state. His alienation leads to the contrivance by his handlers of combat situations where the threshold of survival is minimal that he too might be killed off simultaneously with the enemy. Tactics such as that outlined in the "Powell Doctrine"—retired General Colin Powell's war ideology that the use of military force ought to be "overwhelming and disproportionate" to that employed by the enemy (DuBrin)—and the "human wave attack"—popularized by the Soviets against Nazi Germany in 1941 and again by the North Koreans and Chinese in the Korean War—which intend needless and unwise butchery—waste, even—of the friendly combatant, are the real life examples of this phenomenon. In science fiction, however, the soldier as alien results in such military exercises as "Operation Bughouse" (Heinlein 134) of *Starship Troopers*—a maneuver Rico reports is called by the powers-that-be a "strategic victory"—"but," he says, "I was there and I claim we took a terrible licking" (139). Operation Bughouse, or "Operation Madhouse" as Rico more aptly terms it (134), is a "disastrous mess on the ground" which

runs "casualties up over 80 per cent" (139), and thus appropriately eradicates simultaneously both Bug and cap trooper according to this idea put forth by Colonel Dubois in Rico's high school History and Moral Philosophy course:

> "[A] human being has *no natural rights of any nature*."
>
> Mr. Dubois paused. Somebody took the bait. "Sir? How about 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'?"
>
> "Ah, yes, the 'unalienable rights.' Each year someone quotes that magnificent poetry. Life? What 'right' to life has a man who is drowning in the Pacific? The ocean will not hearken to his cries. What 'right' to life has a man who must die if he is to save his children? If he chooses to save his own life, does he do so as a matter of 'right'? If two men are starving and cannibalism is the only alternative to death, which man's right is 'unalienable'? And is it 'right'?" (119)

If man has no inalienable right to life, then assuredly the soldier does not. Indeed, it becomes his express duty to die—it is what he signed on for. As Geoffrey Whitehall observes in a monograph discussing the ironic tropes of security in *Starship Troopers*, the missions of "low survivability probability" into which the doomed Mobile Infantryman is thus inevitably and always flung make "Humanity...no different [from] what it despises.... Viewing the bugs in disgust, humanity fails to recognize its own monstrosity" (183).[9] Humanity's monstrosity is the Hobbesian narrow-mindedness with which it demands that all difference, all alienness, be eradicated—wherever it is experienced, whether in the extraterrestrial itself or the friendly combatant.

[9] Whitehall's comments are made in relation to Paul Verhoeven's filmic adaptation of *Starship Troopers*. Nonetheless, his observations do directly apply to the novel itself.

Mandella's chances of survival through the much longer Forever War, although slightly better for each immediate battle, are slimmer than Rico's in the long run. He recounts them here when taking his first command at the head of Strike Force Gamma:

> Since you can figure on going into battle roughly once every subjective year, and since an average of 34 percent survive each battle, it's easy to compute your chances of being able to fight it out for ten years. It comes to about two one-thousandths of one percent. Or, to put it another way, get an old fashioned six-shooter and play Russian Roulette with four of the six chambers loaded. If you can do it ten times in a row without decorating the opposite wall, congratulations! You're a civilian.
>
> There being some sixty thousand combat soldiers in UNEF, you could expect about 1.2 of them to survive for ten years. I didn't seriously plan on being the lucky one, even though I was halfway there.
>
> How many of these young soldiers filing into the auditorium knew they were doomed? (Haldeman 201)

The doom of death is so imminent for the UNEF soldier as to be actual. Indeed, "your chance of surviving the ten years is so small as to be negligible; *nobody ever had.* Your best chance is to have the war end before your ten (subjective) years of service are up. Hope that time dilation puts many years between each of your battles" (200-01; emphasis mine). The Exploratory Force's high mortality rate extends from its recruits being alien invaders—a concept continually remarked by Mandella throughout the novel as he trespasses onto strange new worlds: "we got our first look at the planet we were going to

attack. Invaders from outer space, yes sir" (49). If Mandella is an alien, then he is fully expendable like the Tauran counterpart.

Despite Ender's own victimization to this same philosophy—he is made over into a bugger and thus justly used and abused mechanistically "Like a gun, like the Little Doctor, functioning perfectly but not knowing what you were aimed at. *We* [the I.F.] aimed you. We're responsible. If there was something wrong, we did it" (*EG* 298)—he himself readily endorses this throwaway attitude to the soldier as commander of the International Fleet. This exchange is prompted in response to Mazer Rackham's chastisement of Ender for his sustained losses of starships and fighters:

> "You cannot absorb losses!" Mazer shouted at him after one battle. "When you get into a *real* battle you won't have the luxury of an infinite supply of computer-generated fighters. You'll have what you brought with you and *nothing more*. Now get used to fighting without unnecessary waste."
>
> "It wasn't unnecessary waste," Ender said. "I can't win battles if I'm so terrified of losing a ship that I never take any risks."
>
> Mazer smiled. "Excellent, Ender. You're beginning to learn." (280-81)

But no death of any soldier is truly unnecessary waste—regardless of how it is disposed. It only becomes so when, as Mazer Rackham next tells Ender, you "have superior officers and, worst of all, civilians shouting those things at you" (281). The soldier's worth is that of the bugger drone whose loss is made equivalent to "clipping your toenails. Nothing to get upset about" (270). The sacrifice of I.F. soldiers is "Not murdering living, sentient beings" (270); it is the nonchalant murder of aliens. It is murdering the Other, which they have become and feel so deeply. Therefore, the death of

the I.F. soldier—a maximum cost—in the gain of a minimally valued strategic end is always justified.

Thus, "the modern discourse of security" in which each of these novels participate "secures for itself the inevitable destruction of both protagonists"—hive-alien and human alike (Whitehall 183). As the soldier is alienated—"alienized" by symbolically being made over into the hive-alien fourfold—he necessarily becomes mere *cannon fodder* to be needlessly killed off in military maneuvers of strategic victory. His sacrifice is warranted for the greater good—that greater good being the extermination of all things unfamiliar, all things extraterrestrial. The greater good is utopia.

Chris Hedges observes that it is "fear of the other, perhaps more than anything else, that triggers war" (71). Yet, it is not simply fear of the other which triggers war, but fear that the other may usurp power over you as derived from the differences which define him as the other. Fear, then, is begotten of difference; but it also cyclically manufactures that difference to increase disparateness and thus again give birth to itself, as Michael Ignatieff explains: "It is fear that turns minor difference into major, that makes the gulf between ethnicities into a distinction between species, between human and inhuman. And not just fear, but guilt as well" (qtd. in Hedges 71). War is triggered by a fear of difference. War itself, then, is conducted in alleviation of one's fear; it is the move to eradicate difference—or the Other as embodying difference. War is the quest for sameness.

As a quest for sameness, war is a means to achieving utopia, utopia being here defined by Ignatieff as a state of absolute uniformity:

> What could be more like paradise on earth than to live in a community without enemies? To create a world with no more need for borders.... A world safe from the deadly contaminations and temptations of the other tribe? What could be more beautiful than to live in a community with people who resemble each other in every particular?... What could be more seductive than to kill in order to put an end to all killing? This utopia is so alluring that it is a wonder the human race has been able to survive at all. (qtd. in Gordon 205)

As war eradicates difference it also realizes utopia. War and utopia, then, inasmuch as they work to establish universal sameness, are both genocidal projects, genocide being only a more systematic extermination of difference as directed against one (or more) particular group.

Utopia is not the articulated aim of the wars in *Starship Troopers*, *The Forever War*, and *Ender's Game*. However, it is a muted end as each seeks to obliterate in totality the hive-alien which opposes humankind's space expansion to thus establish unequivocal human dominance or utter Terran sameness throughout the universe—the sameness, the zombies and robots, at which Mandella shudders to think humankind is becoming; the clones Haldeman finally makes us at the end of *The Forever War*, the ultimate oneness.

Once achieving utopia by means of warcraft, the army delivering that blissful end needs be gotten rid of. No utopia is complete which maintains a standing army. Peace is implicit in anyone's ideation of utopia. An army reeks of insecurity. Disbanding the army only discharges veterans into the utopian society to circulate freely about, and as aliens alienated, by virtue of their very difference, they are a potential threat to the established

status quo. This fear of the veteran is legitimate in military science fiction, as exemplified in Heinlein's "veteranocracy," wherein

> Some veterans got together as vigilantes to stop rioting and looting, hanged a few people (including two veterans) and decided not to let anyone but veterans on their committee.... [They] decided that...they weren't going to let any "bleedin', profiteering, black-market, double-time-for-overtime, army-dodging, unprintable" civilians have any say about it. They'd do what they were told, see?—while us apes figured things out! (180)

Heinlein's angry veterans merge ultimately into a global governing syndicate; very literally, they take over the world.[10] Haldeman's UNEF recruits also challenge the governmental systems of Earth, but less successfully: "Ever hear of the Pacifist movement?... Actually, it was a war, a guerilla war.... It was run by veterans—survivors of Yod-38 and Aleph-40, I hear; they got discharged together and decided they could take on all of UNEF, Earthside. They got lots of support from the population" (194). For these specific reasons, that he, too, might lead a revolution, Ender himself is not allowed to return to Earth by the Hegemony and its competing governmental counterparts. He is stranded on Eros at Command School where "he was much more useful as a name and a story than he would ever be as an inconvenient flesh-and-blood person" (*EG* 308) and

[10] Once the ruling class, Heinlein's veterans then legislate for the franchise of citizenship to be conditional upon military service. Only veterans of the Federal Service can vote and run for office. However, those former veterans who initially seized global power are loath ever to relinquish their hold; they initiate and protract the Bug War to eliminate potential political competition from freshly discharged veterans, as wartime indefinitely prolongs the recruitment period (for "as long as you were still in uniform you weren't entitled to vote" [Heinlein 162]) or results in inevitable death. The ruling veterans become those greedy politicos who first sent them into war.

where he cannot *inconveniently* overthrow the Americans, the Hegemon, or the Warsaw Pact.

As the threat of the veteran is very real, often as a result of his disenfranchisement from a society which has become something other than what he imagined it while away at the front line, the soldier then must be eliminated in a move along with the enemy—the genocide of the friendly combatant must be initiated. His elimination is made all the more exigent in order to effect utopia, to produce mass sameness. Few would argue that utopia should be effected by absolute means—genocide, as we typically conceive of it, is atrocious. However, using the soldier as cannon fodder, and completely eradicating him genocidally thus, is not. It alleviates culpability and guilt as the soldier's death becomes a mere exigency of war. Military science fiction demonstrates that as war is the eradication of the Other, it is in allying a desired target with the Other, by making it distinctly over in the image of the Other, which allows for its valid destruction. The murder of the friendly combatant is permissible insofar as it is directed against him who possesses like qualities to the enemy. The four symbolic alien qualities of the science fiction solider detailed in the past two chapters—slave soldiery, asexuality, collectivism, alienation—unite to effect his expenditure as mere cannon fodder for the purpose of achieving utopia. The soldier is alien and therefore *should* die. The sameness of utopia is achieved. Ironically, society becomes the hive it originally fought.

Hopefully, however, in the real world, the alienness the returning soldier exhibits will be peacefully "converted into sameness (seen as the ability to cooperate and communicate) to create a solution to the problem" of the contact zone inside utopia, where his difference challenges the status quo, rather than that he should be targeted for

extermination (Inaytullah 62). Unfortunately, though, states purposely propagate fear of the Other, emphasizing difference, inside and outside their borders as a means of achieving both internal discipline to maintain the *stasis* of utopia and the extension of power into other political realms which ordinarily are not their own, according to whatever foreign policy or diplomacy they see fit. This is the fear which works to legitimize the soldier's destruction. Yet it also leads to the untethered power of preemption.

Following the terrorist attacks of 11 September 2001, state power was reasserted in Washington, D.C., to result in the Bush Doctrine, which doctrine of preemption, as Lipschutz might explain it, represents "the continued power and authority of the state...to depend upon the alienation inherent in a [Hobbesian] state of nature that must be maintained in order to legitimate the state. What better means to this end than making [the] out there...a realm of alienation occupied by alien Others?" (81). In chapter three, this Doctrine's roots and darker effects, as it pursues the utopia of total national security, and thus unfettered political power for its administration, against the alien terrorist of the unstable country beyond the United States' borders, will be explored and revealed via the sole military science fiction novel *Ender's Game*.

CHAPTER 3: DUBYA'S GAME: MOTIVE UTILITARIANISM AND THE DOCTRINE OF PREEMPTION

In a speech given at West Point for that Academy's 2002 graduation exercises, President George W. Bush offered up this defense of his administration's often moralistic foreign policy rhetoric:

> Some worry that it is somehow undiplomatic or impolite to speak in the language of right and wrong. I disagree. Different circumstances require different methods, but not different moralities. Moral truth is the same in every culture, in every time, and in every place. Targeting innocent civilians for murder is always and everywhere wrong. Brutality against women is always and everywhere wrong. There can be no neutrality between justice and cruelty, between the innocent and the guilty. We are in a conflict between good and evil, and America will call evil by its name. By confronting evil and lawless regimes, we do not create a problem, we reveal a problem. And we will lead the world in opposing it. ("West Point")

Months later, this remark was quoted, in part, as an epigraph to the "Champion Aspirations for Human Dignity" section of *The National Security Strategy of the United States of America* (*NSS*) (United States 3). Commonly referred to as the Bush Doctrine, the major tenets of the *NSS* expound a self-defense policy of preemptive military action as directed against perceived terrorist and other national security threats to safeguard "our freedom, our cities, our systems of movement, and modern life" (United States 31). The inclusion of the above statement implies that the strategy is predicated upon some

identifiable normative ethic which logically begets preemption as a national security measure. And naturally so, for as Harvard University Professor of International Affairs John Ruggie points out, "American discourse on diplomacy is embedded in a liberal discourse...[one which] insists that any action should be universally defensible...[. T]here must exist a universal rationality to guide actions" (Neumann 35); while the document itself continually references the "moral imperative" (United States 21) and "moral obligation" (22) of the United States.

But what could this morality—this universal rationality—be, of which President Bush and his *NSS* speak as being so plainly self-evident? And indeed, this morality must be self-evident; for as Ruggie also observes, the logic of American diplomacy pushes "toward the universal, in the sense that the pre-condition for any possible diplomacy should be that any institutionalized pattern of interaction should be open to newcomers" (Neumann 35). The Bush Doctrine becomes available to newcomers only when its normative roots are properly revealed and understood—to employ a rational end, such as preemption, one must first be able to justify and derive it through a known system of ethics. But, again, what is this ethic? The *NSS* declares itself neither explicitly Kantian nor consequentialist. President Bush asserts that moral truth is a universal construct recognizable to all, but upon what epistemological basis?

The Rosetta stone for decoding the *NSS* normatively lies in science fiction. Albert Wentland observes that "Science fiction...tries to achieve the ideal of a rational literature that ponders our position in history and space, discuss[ing] what we might encounter, what we might become and what we might do about it" (3). Thus, the genre is a laboratory ripe for *in vitro* thought-experimentation. Situating a doctrine of preemption

within a text of science fiction, we can extract its causal normative ethic, elucidating, also, what its finer points exactly mean for foreign policy in the long run; its story will work out, parallel to reality, how such diplomacies take shape, what effects they might produce, and even which possibilities to consider for new consensus. As it does this, the science fiction text becomes a normative literature or "vehicle for disclosing assumptions" as Martha A. Bartter, in her monograph on the subject, describes it (173). It is a place where

> we bring our assumptions into the open, and try other assumptions out without having to deal with the consequences in fact. Yet, by trying out these assumptions in fiction, we have in fact irrevocably altered our transactions with our socio-cultural environment as surely (though differently) as if we had put them into "realtime" operation. (173)

Such a hypothetical test of the Bush Doctrine is much safer than the one it is currently undergoing in Iraq, where just today (1 October 2005) "Two U.S. soldiers were killed, bringing the number of U.S. troop deaths in the Iraqi war to 1,938" ("Officials"). But even as the Bush Doctrine is played out in the Near East, concluding in its way whether the Iraq War was, and whether military preemption is, wise diplomacy, such tells us nothing of whence, morally, the premises of the *NSS* arise. Again, we must turn to normative fiction—particularly science fiction—for answers. It is the right place to look, for as author C. J. Cherryh says of her own work in the field, "For me, science fiction is not a literary exercise; it's an ethical exercise" (qtd. in Pierce, *When World Views* 17). If science fiction gives "the author and reader room for their 'thought experiments'" and is

normative, then it is indeed ethics and the normative roots of preemption are surely discoverable inside a thought experiment of this genre (Kneale and Kitchin 7).[11]

Orson Scott Card's *Ender's Game* is the thought experiment for the Bush Administration's *NSS*. It operates on a military paradigm of preemption employed in a narrative setting evocative of today's terror(ist)-stricken world. The fictive historical premise of *Ender's Game* situates Earth on the eve of a great Third Invasion. Having suffered terribly in two earlier invasion-attempts by hive-aliens, which she gallantly repelled, Earth is now taking the fight to the buggers—she will invade them at their home world. What has evolved in the novel is a doctrine of preemption derived from past precedent: the buggers have come once; indeed, they have come twice, and though their last appearance was more than one hundred years ago, Earth believes they will come again. If Earth wishes to survive the war which has mercilessly been declared upon her, then, evoking the ghost of Vince Lombardi, she must initiate a strong offense as the best defense. This wartime world which *Ender's Game* inhabits, although written decades prior to the event, is strikingly post-9/11. (Perhaps it is because all dystopias take on the same totalitarian overtones derivative from the fear of a phantom menace.) People fear an enemy which they cannot see, but which, they are so often reminded, may strike at any moment. The Hegemony of Earth raises alert levels and in the name of patriotism (species-ism? globalism?—the struggle is against the annihilation of humanity and Earth), restricts rights (the nets and news channels are censored), overextends its authority (children become soldier conscripts), and performs the unconscionable (genocide is sanctioned). *Ender's Game* is a 2005 (*1984*?), one distant only in time and

[11] Interpreting science fiction as ethics does not preclude, however, its myriad other uses and interpretations.

space, but unchanged in its crucial hazards. Thus, as it "reproduces extant power relations, we can," according to Jutta Weldes, "examine it for insights into the character and functioning of world politics" ("Popular Culture" 7). *Ender's Game* does reproduce the world of today and directly implements elements of the Bush Doctrine; it can be examined for insights into the functioning of that foreign policy. What will be true for *Ender's Game* will translate one-to-one as true of the *NSS*.

The spirit of preemption preoccupying the military paradigm which is *Ender's Game*—a military science fiction novel—is expressed here by Ender himself when, "crushing the life out of [a] wasp with one finger," he remarks: "These are a nasty breed...They sting you without waiting to be insulted first.... I've been learning about preemptive strategies. I'm very good. No one ever beat me. I'm the best soldier they ever had" (*EG* 235). The scene is a rather lazy one for the characters; nevertheless, it is rich with irony, crucial to the mechanics of the narrative as a whole: Having been away at Battle School training for the Third Invasion, Ender has not seen his sister Valentine, with whom he is conversing, for four years. He is on hiatus to Earth and now reluctant to take up his next assignment at Command School in the asteroid belt, where he will unknowingly prosecute the destruction of the infernal buggers. Graff and the International Fleet have imposed upon Valentine to convince Ender to return again to the fray—and this she willingly and most persuasively does. That it is a wasp over which Ender remarks the paradigm of preemption reverberates with a loaded meaning; Card uses it—a bug—to refer to both humans, as Ender is noted to have moved onto his raft "spiderlike, on toes and fingers" (234) and Graff later compares men to "bugs that live on the scum of the still water near the shore" (243), as well as to "buggers," the hive-alien

enemy of the novel. In terms of the politics of preemption, this irony of the wasp may signify a caveat lest by its own diplomacy the Earth should again become a victim of attack—bugger or otherwise.

Ender's mention and execution of preemptive strategies here implies that this is of what his actions in the novel until now have been comprised; this is the impetus for the narrative, for the Third Invasion. This is the totality of what he learned at Battle School. The preemption he demonstrates here is rather straightforward. It can be reformulated according to the ancient Chinese proverb "The first strike will gain the upper hand," ("1610") or in Cobham E. Brewer's phrasing, "The first blow is half the battle" (Brewer). Thus, in reply to his sister's joking comment, "You're going to shrivel up if you stay in the water. Also, the sharks might get you," Ender ripostes, "The sharks learned to leave me alone a long time ago" (*EG* 239). In suggesting his virility and dominance over the lake's supposed aquatic life, Ender has subtly revealed that he will and indeed does always strike the first blow—as he did with the wasp. He will use preemptive force to exert power and win (himself) peace. Once eradicating threats before they become a problem, Ender can then calmly enjoy a leisurely swim about the lake. This is all in contrast to Valentine, who "ordinarily would have been afraid" of the wasp which begat this interchange. Fear ought to have begotten in her the violent response it did in Ender (235). However, she opted instead to "Let it walk on this raft, let it bake in the sun," and thus earned *her* peace peacefully (235). But Valentine's peace is tenuous and earned truly only by Ender's proaction. Were the wasp to start up any funny business, Ender would be there to surely deliver it the killing blow in her defense. The luxury of her inaction is only

bought at the price of another's willingness to perform the necessary, and at most times dirty, duties of security maintenance.

Interestingly, however, the many fights in which Ender inevitably finds himself throughout the novel come about not as a result of his initiative—of his *preempting*—but instead of others', derivative of a jealousy aroused in them by his intellect and prowess in the classroom and the Battle Room. The bullies Stilson, Bernard, and Bonzo Madrid all attack him first, and Ender even attempts to dodge the violent confrontations. Nevertheless, once inside the conflict, Ender has his eye singly on preemption. When locked in battle with the aforementioned tormentors, Ender fights preemptively against any future reprisal or other similar confrontation. As he explains it to Graff in reference to his scrape with Stilson: "Knocking him down won the first fight. I wanted to win all the next ones, too. So they'd leave me alone" (*EG* 19). This ideology, to win the fights before they happen, triggers Ender to most brutally dispatch of the enemies he then faces—exactly as his name implies: "Not a bad name here. Ender. Finisher. Hey" (42). He breaks "the unspoken rules of manly warfare" (7) and his attacks, as Kate Bonin points out in "Gay Sex and Death in the Science Fiction of Orson Scott Card" focus, again and again, "specifically on the victims' genitals" in a "disturbing trend of violence" (17). Ender kicks Stilson, for example, in the crotch until "he only doubled up and tears streamed out of his eyes" (*EG* 7); he also kicks "upward into Bonzo's crotch...connect[ing], hard and sure" such that Bonzo collapses under a "spray of steaming water from a shower" whence he makes "no movement to escape the murderous heat" (211-12); both Stilson and Bonzo die in these attacks.

Ender hits below the belt, however, not only to preempt revenge attack, but to secure his own survival. The preemption of *Ender's Game* supersedes ordinary get-them-before-they-get-you contexts to be cradled within that of evolutionary fitness. Valentine first remarks this as she rebuffs Ender's scared plea "I'm not a killer no matter what," wherein he searches for an affirmation denied, with: "What else should you be? Human beings didn't evolve brains in order to lie around on lakes. Killing's the first thing we learned. And a good thing we did, or we'd be dead, and the tigers would own the earth" (*EG* 241). Graff later echoes this same argument; to Ender's "What if we just left them [i.e., the buggers] alone?" he responds: "Ender, we didn't go to them first, they came to us. If they were going to leave us alone, they could have done it a hundred years ago, before the First Invasion" (254). Once remarking this eye-for-an-eye justification for the Third Invasion, he then continues:

> When it comes down to it, though, the real decision is inevitable: If one of us has to be destroyed, let's make damn sure we're the ones alive at the end. Our genes won't let us decide any other way. Nature can't evolve a species that hasn't a will to survive. Individuals might be bred to sacrifice themselves, but the race as a whole can never decide to cease to exist. So if we can we'll kill every last one of the buggers, and if they can they'll kill every last one of us. (253-54)

Valentine and Graff both postulate, in a throwback to Robert A. Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*, that "all moral, social, and philosophical issues are seen from a single perspective: survival of the species" (Pierce, *When World Views* 71). What John J. Pierce observes of *Starship Troopers* is true for *Ender's Game*: war has not "to do with any lofty

ideals; it is purely a matter of evolutionary competition" (*When World Views* 71). Thus, any tactic, such as preemption, which can be culled and wielded as advantage for species survival is legitimate—indeed, moral. The bottom line is that the species must go on. Or for Ender personally, that he must go on, for it's survival of the fittest.

Although not rooted in species survival, the *NSS* is rooted in American survival and the extension of U.S. hegemony. The pseudo-Social Darwinism of *Ender's Game* is recast to be phrased now in a sense of divine mission in the particularistic "terms of grand narratives of 'good against evil,' 'freedom against tyranny,' and 'civilization against barbarism'" (Jackson 146). The framework isn't humans v. buggers, but it is still survival v. extinction (of the American way) and therefore us v. them. America and Americanism, the great global good, are at risk; they must go on to triumph in "freedom and the dignity of every life" over the forces of evil—the "axis of evil"—in a war of a "new ethic and new creed," that of "Let's roll" (Bush, "State of Union").

The language of the *NSS* setting forth a doctrine of preemption surely resembles that of Ender's above—the idea of "striking first to avert later action" can only be iterated in so many ways (Keegan 95). While the document is peppered repeatedly with such diplomatic strategies of preemption as "*Proactive counterproliferation measures*" (United States 14), its actual military preemption doctrine reads thus:

> Given the goals of rogue states and terrorists, the United States can no longer solely rely on a reactive posture as we have in the past.... We cannot let our enemies strike first.... For centuries, international law recognized that nations need not suffer an attack before they can lawfully take action to defend themselves against forces that present an imminent

> danger of attack. Legal scholars and international jurists often conditioned the legitimacy of preemption on the existence of an imminent threat—most often a visible mobilization of armies, navies, and air forces preparing to attack.... The United States has long maintained the option of preemptive actions to counter a sufficient threat to our national security. The greater the threat, the greater is the risk of inaction—and the more compelling the case for taking anticipatory action to defend ourselves, even if uncertainty remains as to the time and place of the enemy's attack. To forestall or prevent such hostile acts by our adversaries, the United States will, if necessary, act preemptively.... [T]he United States cannot remain idle while dangers gather. (15)

This excerpt represents the doctrine as described in its fullest form; the idea of military preemption frequently emerges throughout the document, however, to be read in such various other wordings as "the only path to peace and security is the path of action" (*v*). For the *NSS*, before there was 9/11 there was the end to the Cold War. The collapse of the Soviet Union ushered in a destabilized era, whence arose the emerging new threats of rogue states and terrorists. Although not as militarily or economically potent as the former USSR, these new foes garner themselves an edge through weapons of mass destruction combined with a forthright resolve to use them. Conjecturing that traditional methods of deterrence can no longer work against these new enemies, who seem to have nothing to lose, the *NSS* bestows the unequivocal and axiomatic right to strike preemptively against them to defend ourselves (Der Derian 25).

Parallel to *Ender's Game* as per equivalent diplomacy and circumstance, the *NSS* figures the United States as an *ender*, a preemptive *ender* of terrorism, or an Ender-like figure. The United States is the world's policeman, wherein the peace its timid, Valentine-like allies pacifistically enjoy is awarded only as the result of its proaction delivered against a waspish enemy who would, and who does constantly, threaten otherwise. This enemy which is "terrorism—premeditated, politically motivated violence perpetrated against innocents"—is elusive, for it is no "single political regime or person or religion or ideology" (United States 5). It has no decisive embodiment—this isn't a man-to-man or even nation-to-nation fight. Ergo, the regulations of traditional warfare and the prescriptions of gentlemanly conduct therein are to be forgone to end this misdeed which is as repugnant as "slavery, piracy, or genocide: behavior that no respectable government can condone or support and all must oppose" (6). As Ender kicks crotches, the United States, too, breaks rules to go-it-alone against international consensus or United Nations sanction in circumstances it deems dire. It preempts. The United States hits below the belt to "*dominate* potential aggressors" and utterly "*diminish*...vulnerabilities" (25; emphasis mine). Yes, like Stilson or Bonzo Madrid, terrorists are to be pitilessly crushed—ended. The American way is at stake. Security permits—even requires, like evolution—any and all action to be legitimately taken by the United States to preserve itself.

Thus, James Der Derian's assessment of the *NSS* naturally describes the document as "not grand but grandiose strategy," where, "In pursuit of an impossible state of national security against terrorist evil, soldiers will need to be sacrificed, civil liberties curtailed, civilians collaterally damaged" (20). And the threat birthing preemptive action

need not be actual or imminent, but something merely "emerging." It has moved the international precedent which it cites from the real—troops amassing at a border—to the possible or potential—countries who shirk our suzerainty, for example. In other words, "this is a blank check, to take whatever actions, whenever deemed necessary, against whoever fits the terrorist profile" (25). Carte blanche, as per Ender's actions and their unprosecuted, indeed catered for, results, is what seems to be operating in *Ender's Game*, as well. It is what creates, in John Kessel's words of his article "Creating the Innocent Killer: *Ender's Game*, Intention, and Morality," the "innocent killer" (86) who commits a "guiltless genocide" (81).

In exploring this strange phenomenon of guiltlessness about the grossly immoral crimes (murder, xenocide, etc.) of *Ender's Game*, Kessel has convincingly demonstrated the morality of *Ender's Game* to be effectively an "intention-based morality," as Orson Scott Card is at great pains to present his child-hero, Andrew Wiggin, as innocent and sympathetic, despite his killings of other children and his act of alien genocide (81). If Ender is not culpable for his acts or their consequences, as Card presses, then he is for the intentions which give rise to these acts and consequences. Inasmuch as Ender only ever intends good, he is good.[12]

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[12] It has been contended that Ender is blameless for his crimes according to the Nuremburg defense: that he is merely a child duped, one forced to follow the orders of adults. Nevertheless, it seems highly unlikely that Ender, a super-intelligent, near-prescient Third, would be unwittingly ignorant of the true games afoot. Indeed, Ender does know what he is about and the crimes he will perpetrate, and he embraces this fate, his duty, wholeheartedly. Early in the novel Colonel Graff evokes this Great Man theory of history:

> My job isn't to be friends. My job is to produce the best soldiers in the world. In the whole history of the world. We need a Napoleon. An Alexander. Except that Napoleon lost in the end, and Alexander flamed out and died young. We need a Julius Caesar, except that he made himself dictator, and died for it. My job is to produce such a creature, and all the men and women he'll need to help him. (*EG* 34)

Ender rises to this challenge as the next Great Man, later reveling at Battle School that "He may be short, but they knew his name. From the game room, of course, so it meant nothing. But they'd see. He'd be a good soldier, too. They'd all know his name soon enough" (81).

To emphasize this "fundamental premise of his moral vision: that the rightness or wrongness of an act inheres in the actor's motives, not in the act itself, or in its results" (Kessel 86), Card again and again, without irony, emphasizes that despite what Ender does "He's clean. Right to the heart, he's good" (*EG* 36). He urges the reader to sympathize with Ender as he subjects his child-hero to tragic abuse in situations where he can call for no help. It is in such circumstances as these, as with Stilson or Bonzo Madrid, for example, that he commits what should be his most heinous crimes of ruthless murder. Sympathizing with Ender, however, because it seems he is victimized, we find it difficult to condemn him. And, finally, as Ender magnanimously shoulders the guilt of these offenses and ultimately that even of his extermination of a sentient alien race, despite his innocence for whatever reason—whether he was unwittingly duped or set up (yes, this boy genius), or blameless as per his motives—we find ourselves liking the kid, reveling in his benevolence. Indeed, how can he, someone so sweet and high-minded, be a vile killer?

More importantly, however, how does this "moral vision" conform to the military paradigm in which Ender is rooted which is the drive of the novel, and which Tim Blackmore identifies as abiding by, among other things, "a strict *utilitarian* philosophy in

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No, Ender's guiltlessness operates at another level: upon "intention-based morality." Ender knows, like Peter, what will bring him glory: squashing his enemy, exterminating the buggers. Ender purposely, guiltily even, seeks to steer the helm of history. He is quite cognizant of his actions—at least, of the end to which they are directed. The end merely arrives much earlier than he anticipates.

That Ender knows his final trial is more than just another simulation run, consider this passage recording his thoughts as he sits and readies himself into the command chair of the computer:

> And Ender also laughed. It *was* funny. The adults taking all this so seriously, and the children playing along, playing along, believing it too until suddenly the adults went too far, tried too hard, and the children could see through their game. Forget it, Mazer. I don't care if I pass your test, I don't care if I follow your rules. If you can cheat, so can I. I won't let you beat me unfairly—I'll beat you unfairly first. (*EG* 293)

Ender can see through the game. His use of the Little Doctor weapon against the bugger home world, which results in the final solution to the Third Invasion, is directed less out of a desperation to be left alone, but more in anger at adults, to beat them at their own game, to cheat, to win. Ender knows what will immortalize his name and he unhesitatingly does it: he obliterates the buggers.

which ends overcome any and all means" and wherein "human costs are unimportant?" (125; emphasis mine) The International Fleet prosecutes its every action upon this identifiable paradigm of preemption and utilitarianism. And this paradigm, its results and description, seems to be what Der Derian pegs the *NSS* as above, as per its implementation of Machiavellian ends and means, and acceptance of gross collateral and other damages.

Ethicist Robert Merrihew Adams reconciles the gap between Kessel's and Blackmore's observations with his description of a particular strain of utilitarianism, which is rooted in the morality of motives. This *motive utilitarianism*[13] determines what is moral by evaluating the utility of intentions. Utility in this respect derives from a want or desire to do what is right, not necessarily from a strict and actual maximization of itself according to a prescribed course of action or consequence (as in act or rule utilitarianism). Thus, the morally perfect person is one "completely controlled, if not exclusively moved, by the *desire* to maximize utility" (467; emphasis mine). S/He may not always do right by things; however, s/he is possessed of a "singlemindedly optimific motivation demanded by the principle of utility" (467), that principle being, according to Jeremy Bentham, "the greatest happiness of all those whose interest is in question, as being the right and proper, and only right and proper and universally desirable, end of human action" (qtd. in Adams 467). And ergo, because of this beneficent, altruistic

[13] Motive utilitarianism is a consequentialist theory distinct from act and rule utilitarianism, where "The test of utility is used in [these latter] different theories to evaluate different objects. It is applied to acts in act utilitarianism and to roles, practices, and types of action in the various forms of rule utilitarianism" (Adams 467-68). Act and rule consequentialists "have written much about the morality of traits of character, much more about the morality of actions, and much less about the morality of motives" (467). Motive utilitarianism, conversely, deals directly in motives; itself, it is "the theory...that one pattern of motivation is morally better than another to the extent that the former has more utility than the latter. The morally perfect person, on this view, would have the most useful desires, and have them in exactly the most useful strengths; he or she would have the more useful among the patterns of motivation that are causally possible for human beings" (470).

interest, s/he will always have made the most moral choice in any given situation—regardless of actual outcome.

Motive utilitarianism is liable to the most extreme of counterexamples; it can be argued that "An industrialist's greed, a general's bloodthirstiness, may on some occasions have better consequences on the whole than kinder motives would, and even predictably so" (Adams 480). For the International Fleet of *Ender's Game*, for example, the greatest happiness for humankind is survival of the species. Being ever motivated to save mankind from the hive-alien buggers, its sliding "unhesitatingly into the worst Machiavellian tactics to achieve [its] goals" is therefore morally justified (Blackmore 126). Graff is thus easily acquitted for his abuse of Ender at the Battle and Command Schools with the Nuremberg defense: "I said I did what I believed was necessary for the preservation of the human race, and it worked; we got the judges to agree that the prosecution has to prove beyond doubt that Ender would have won the war *without* the training we gave him. After that, it was simple. The exigencies of war" (*EG* 305-06). Graff is excused, because he was resolutely motivated to save Earth, to stave off humankind's annihilation. Nevertheless, we are wont to say that although imbued of noble motives, this force's—Graff's—acts remain bad with worse consequences.

Motive utilitarianism seems to be the normative ethic which Kessel is describing, although he gives Card's "intention-based morality" no formal name. Motive utilitarianism diverts the onus of murder from Ender to present him blameless before the reader, innocent of the deaths of Stilson, Bonzo, and "ten billion buggers" (*EG* 309), as he, possessed of only "singlemindedly optimific motivations," wanted just that which is

most right and good. And motive utilitarianism fits exactly into Blackmore's idea of the "twentieth-century military paradigm" as a type of utilitarianism (124).

Neither critic, however, explores whence this ethic arises—in or out of a military paradigm. Kessel notes that the ethic is one Card himself actively endorses, extracting such from given statements as:

> I don't really think it's true that "the road to hell is paved with good intentions." Good people trying to do good usually find a way to muddle through. What worries me is when you have bad people trying to do good. They're no good at it, they don't have any instinct for it, and they're willing to do a lot of damage along the way. (qtd. in Kessel 87)

In other words, "'Bad" people can't do good, and 'good' people can't do bad" (Kessel 87); Card takes a Calvinist view of the predestination of human nature. Blackmore himself merely comments on the pervasiveness of this utilitarian bent, to note, as stated above, its more unsatisfactory consequences of promoting "a mechanistic view of humans, who are to be shaped to the purposes of the machine" (126).

Card's motive utilitarianism can be, in fact, traced to some tenets of his Christian faith. Biographer and critic Michael Collings has noted that Card, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (LDS), "writes with religious fervor, but without the surface elements of Mormonism. Instead, he infuses the narrative with the 'substance' of LDS thinking, the intensely held complex of beliefs that acts as foundation for the superstructure of his fiction" (60). In this, *Ender's Game*, he says, is "LDS at heart" (60). Thus, delving into the particulars of the LDS faith, the motive utilitarianism which anchors *Ender's Game* and to which Card subscribes can be located. Specifically,

it can be found in a well-known and much discussed passage of *The Book of Mormon*: 1 Nephi, chapter 4.

Nephi, the prophet-historian whose account opens *The Book of Mormon*, records this significant event of his flight from Jerusalem: Nephi and his brothers Laman, Lemuel, and Sam have returned to that city under the command of God, whence they and their family had fled originally under the inspiration of their father Lehi, who preached it would soon be destroyed due to its wickedness. They are after the plates of brass, "a record of the Jews and also a genealogy of my [Lehi's] forefathers" (1 Ne. 3.3). These plates will enable Lehi's family to "read and understand of his [God's] mysteries, and have his commandments always before [their] eyes" that Lehi's posterity should not dwindle in unbelief (Mosiah 1.5). Twice Nephi and his brothers have been thwarted in their attempts to retrieve the brass plates from Laban, their current caretaker and a wicked man: Laman had, first, simply requested them of Laban, only to have his life threatened; and the family's gold and silver, offered up as an exchange for the plates, was seized from them, their lives again threatened, in a second attempt. Nephi has now undertaken to venture into Laban's house, alone, under the cover of darkness, where he has stumbled across the drunken, stupefied figure of Laban himself. Nephi is commanded by the Spirit of the Lord to slay Laban, don his armor, and by trickery obtain the plates. This he does (1 Ne. 1-4). Here he recounts his inner turmoil at the Spirit's direction to slay Laban:

> And it came to pass that I was constrained by the Spirit that I should kill Laban; but I said in my heart: Never at any time have I shed the blood of man. And I shrunk and would that I might not slay him.

> And the Spirit said unto me again: Behold the Lord hath delivered him into thy hands. Yes, and I also knew that he had sought to take away mine own life; yea, and he would not hearken unto the commandments of the Lord; and he also had taken away our property.
>
> And it came to pass that the Spirit said unto me again: Slay him, for the Lord hath delivered him into thy hands;
>
> Behold the Lord slayeth the wicked to bring forth his righteous purposes. It is better that one man should perish than that a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief.
>
> And now, when I, Nephi, had heard these words, I remembered the words of the Lord which he spake unto me in the wilderness, saying that: Inasmuch as thy seed shall keep my commandments, they shall prosper in the land of promise.
>
> Yea, and I also thought that they could not keep the commandments of the Lord according to the law of Moses, save they should have the law.
>
> And I also knew that the law was engraven upon the plates of brass.
>
> And again, I knew that the Lord had delivered Laban into my hands for this cause—that I might obtain the records according to his commandments.
>
> Therefore I did obey the voice of the Spirit, and took Laban by the hair of the head, and I smote off his head with his own sword. (1 Ne. 4.10-18)

Verse thirteen ("Behold the Lord slayeth the wicked...") is the key to a Mormon-derived motive utilitarianism, but all the events of the passage are significant. This verse is

severely consequentialist: it weighs the loss of one man's life against the generations of Nephi's posterity who will waste away in unrighteousness, taking away each other's lives in wars and unending bloodshed (which is how *The Book of Mormon* closes) have they not the brass plates. Since the many outweighs the one, by strict numbers, Laban should die. Beyond this, however, to move into the realm of motive consequentialism, Nephi hasn't the stain of a man's blood upon his hands as his *motives* are ever pure. He doesn't desire to kill Laban; he simply must. Furthermore, his extensive recounting of each and every reason which validates the murder gives him just motivation to accomplish the deed required by God at his hands.

This event proceeds exactly by that same sequence through which Card puts Ender to similarly exonerate him when he himself is constrained to commit murder (not by God, but in self-defense). This sequence is described in detail by Kessel below:

> Ender is resented by others for his skills, honesty, intellect, superiority—in fact, for simply being who he is.
>
> The others abuse Ender. They threaten his life.
>
> Ender does not or cannot ask for intervention by authority figures.
>
> Even when authority figures know about this abuse, they do not intervene. In most cases they are manipulating the situation in order to foster the abuse of Ender.
>
> Ender avoids confrontation for some time through cleverness and psychological cunning, but eventually he is forced, against his will, to face an enemy determined to destroy him.

> Because he has no alternative, Ender responds with intense violence, dispatching his tormentor quickly and usually fatally. Ender engages in this violence impersonally, coolly, dispassionately, often as much for the benefit of others (who do not realise or admit that Ender kills on their behalf) as for himself. Onlookers are awed by his prowess and seeming ruthlessness.
>
> Ender feels great remorse for his violence. After each incident, he questions his own motives and nature.
>
> In the end, we are reassured that Ender is good. (83-84)[14]

As with Nephi, Ender is absolved most prominently of blameworthiness by his motives—his desires: first, to avoid confrontation; second, merely to protect himself once inside it; third, to preempt reprisal. As a case in point, Kessel reviews the encounter with Bonzo Madrid. The scene is brutal, painful. Ender describes it thus: "I knocked him out standing up. It was like he was dead standing there. And I kept hurting him" (*EG* 222). And Ender does kill Bonzo. Card writes it all off, however, with the boy's troubled conscience, "I didn't want to hurt him!" (213) and Graff's reaffirmation, "Ender Wiggin isn't a killer. He just wins—thoroughly" (226). Once again, "we are urged to judge a character's actions not on their effect (even when that effect is fatal) but on the motives of the person performing the action" (Kessel 86).

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[14] See Appendix for table comparison. Although beyond the purview of this monograph, Ender is figured quite extensively after Nephi of *The Book of Mormon* according to other significant events Nephi records of his history in the first books of that scripture, particularly as Nephi notes that "it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things" (2 Ne. 2.12). This LDS doctrine is "symbolically fundamental to Ender's larger story as...*Ender's Game* concentrates on Ender's systematic isolation from the rest of humanity. He is deliberately separated from everyone, beginning on the first page of the novel with the clearly stated argument that he must be 'surrounded with enemies all the time'" (Collings 58-59).

Carte blanche, then, is for *Ender's Game* motive utilitarianism. Ender can innocently kill (anything), because he intends it only for the good. Motive utilitarianism begets preemption. It permits any act as per moral intent. As Ender wishes to merely end the war with one single battle minimizing long-term damages—a moral motive—he preempts. He eradicates the enemy before they can cause (him) harm. And preemption cyclically begets carte blanche. Preemption emanates from desires of security; any hint of threat legitimizes a violent lashing out in armed conflict. One must do whatever it takes to sustain the bottom line.

If the underlying normative ethic for *Ender's Game* is motive utilitarianism, then as a paradigm of preemption, it must also be for the *NSS*, itself a doctrine of preemption. And motive utilitarianism does function within the *NSS*. So long as the United States is motivated solely from the desire to protect itself, to defeat the "shadowy networks of individuals [which] can bring chaos and suffering to our shores for less than it costs to purchase a single tank," it gains Just Cause in unilaterally promoting open warfare without provocation (United States *v*).

As with *Ender's Game*, the Bush Doctrine develops its motive utilitarianism from a pervasive Christianity throughout the text. Der Derian severally notes the Bush Doctrine's extensive religiousity:

> In short shrift (thirty pages), the White House articulation of U.S. global objectives to the Congress elevates strategic discourse from a traditional, temporal calculation of means and ends, to the theological realm of monotheistic faith and monolithic truth. [It relies] more on inspiration than analysis, revelation than reason.... (20)

> What ends not predestined by America's righteousness are to be preempted by the sanctity of war. The *NSS* leaves the world two options: peace on U.S. terms, or the perpetual peace of the grave. The evangelical seeps through the prose of global realpolitik and mitigates its harshest pronouncements with the solace of a better life to come. We all shall be—as played by the band as the *Titanic* sank—"Nearer My God to Thee." (24)
>
> After September 11...the United States chose coercion over diplomacy in its foreign policy, and deployed a rhetoric of total victory over absolute evil.... (25)

If Christianity births motive utilitarianism in *Ender's Game*, then it does as well for the *NSS*. Undoubtedly not rooted in the *The Book of Mormon*, the normative ethic here does extend most definitely from the Bible, to which the above rhetoric of the Bush Doctrine assuredly links for this historically Christian nation where "God is near" (Bush, "State of Union"). Jesus himself teaches preemption and motive utilitarianism, when, in the Gospel of St. Matthew, he preaches this directive to his disciples:

> Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire. (Matt. 18.8-9)

Naturally, no man wishes to self-mutilate or even figuratively cast off his friends and household—whatever the prize awaiting him. In order to maximize utility, however, the true Christian will do so. Yet he will ultimately be exonerated of such awful abandonment; he can guiltlessly forsake himself and his family, whether rightly or wrongly, as only he intends it for good cause, in God's name—God and Jesus do not typically condone such actions otherwise. Thus, the practitioner of the Bush Doctrine can, like Ender or Nephi, as a good Christian, perpetrate all ends by any means, guiltlessly.

These religious overtones to the *NSS* remake the document's motivations of self-defense over into that of divine mandate or Manifest Destiny. In this, man finds his greatest use and fulfills his destiny only when he is at war (crusading in the name of God). Thus, President Bush reiterates that notorious exclamation of General George S. Patton, Jr., "Magnificent! Compared to war, all other forms of human endeavor shrink to insignificance. God help me, I do love it so" (*Patton*),[15] when in his 2002 "The State of the Union Address," a corollary to the *NSS* as concerns preemption, he states:

> September the 11th brought out the best in America, and the best in this Congress. And I join in applauding your unity and resolve. Now Americans deserve to have this same spirit directed toward addressing problems at home.... Homeland security will make America not only stronger, but, in many ways, better. Knowledge gained from bioterrorism research will improve public health. Stronger police and fire departments will mean safer neighborhoods. Stricter border enforcement will help

[15] Benito Mussolini himself shared this sentiment, believing that "war alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the people who have courage to face it" ("41003").

> combat illegal drugs. And as the government works to better secure our homeland, America will continue to depend on the eyes and ears of alert citizens. ("State of Union")

War correspondent Chris Hedges names this attitude with the title to his memoir: *War Is a Force That Gives Us Meaning*. Like Ender—he a lowly Third for which he is often persecuted until he saves the world—America has no worth until she fights. Her value and all that is good about her is in warmaking.

Thus, the U.S. rides the warpath and militarizes habitually to prove herself. However, if the motive is good, then such is permissible; indeed much is permissible—too much—including preemption. But with God on your side and the supposed defense of a nation—or planet—at hand, what is to stop you from striking at any perceived opponent or danger imminent to your survival? Nothing. That's why Ender can commit xenocide guiltlessly. And that's why Bush can invade Iraq justly, even in the absence of WMDs.

CONCLUSION

Jutta Weldes observes that "Popular culture...helps to construct the reality of world politics for elites and the public alike and, to the extent that it reproduces the content and structure of dominant foreign-policy discourses, it helps to produce consent to foreign policy and state action. Popular culture is thus implicated in the 'production of consent...'" ("Popular Culture" 7). Thus, in three popular novels, *Starship Troopers*, *The Forever War*, and *Ender's Game*, we have seen science fiction herald Pyrrhic victory and preemptive war that utopia or total national security might be realized, it ratifies such policies as the Powell or Bush Doctrines, making them more palatable for U.S. politicians and citizens alike.

Nevertheless, as these novels' and diplomacies' militant ends are bleak, it is time now to "reimagine" war, as Eric S. Rabkin says, both in tale and truth, that we might be able to survive our present and redirect the oncoming future (13). Otherwise, suddenly, the familiar and safe, too, will become "strange" and alien, as the futures these stories portend already are, "and ha[ve] to be confronted in the only well-known and seemingly reliable way: with guns"—exactly as these science fiction novels advocate (Lipschutz 91). For this seems to be of what our reactionary politics is composed, as Ronnie D. Lipschutz avers: "we don't know what to do, except use guns and sell them, at home and abroad" (91). And thus it is that "The appearance of aliens"—the unfamiliar, the strange—"whether of this Earth or not," whether terrorists or mutated insects, "inevitably draws out the military power of the state (usually the U.S. armed forces). Local authorities [or average citizens] are never smart enough or strong enough to take on the alien challenge and, who knows, they might be aliens, too!" (84) This preposterous and

disastrous overconfidence of the military and its commanders is that same which leads not only to armed and social conflict, but to such virulent diplomacies as preemption which threaten destruction of the Other upon the basis of its very difference. No, we must seek to realize science fiction's great boon, that it has "been trying to create a modern conscience for the human race" (Scholes vii); not its uglier pronouncement as "the modern equivalent of Biblical eschatology—'the apocalyptical literature of the 20th century,' as [J. G.] Ballard himself has termed it" (Pringle 17). We need to make military science fiction—to imagine military science fiction—real in ways which are good.

The BBC aired a documentary entitled *Louis Theroux's Weird Weekend* in which the program's host interviewed a group of UFOlogists gathered out in the American Southwest desert. These UFOlogists were attempting a "hands across the universe" or "diplomatic effort" to welcome extraterrestrials to planet Earth (Neumann 48). "This was needed," one UFOlogist insisted, "not the least since it was the military that was in charge of these things on the state's side, and they were not necessarily the kind of people with the right skills to communicate with off-worlders: 'we don't think they are the best representatives of humankind'" (48). Although this may be, shall we say, a bit over the top, it is a start. It is a start at the reimagination of war, of the Other, of our world.

Kessel's *Commentary on Ender's Game* (83-84)	*Commentary regarding passages from The Book of Mormon*
Ender is resented by others for his skills, honesty, intellect, superiority—in fact, for simply being who he is.	Nephi himself is resented by his elder brothers, Laman and Lemuel, for his righteousness and his faith in God. Their fear is that he, a younger sibling, might seek ultimately to usurp power from them both through the favor of God and that of their father Lehi (1 Ne. 3.5, 28; 4.4; 2 Ne. 5.3).
The others abuse Ender. They threaten his life.	Laban threatens Laman's life, as well as that of his brothers, after Laman initially requests the plates (1 Ne. 3.13). Laban also covets the treasure they offer him as an exchange for the plates. He steals the treasure, and threatens their lives, once again (1 Ne. 3.25-27). Laman and Lemuel themselves abuse Nephi following these two attempts at retrieving the brass plates (as well as in numerous other instances recorded throughout the opening books of The Book of Mormon), as they smite him with hard words and a rod (1 Ne. 3.28-31). They wish to return to their father Lehi in the wilderness (1 Ne. 3.14).
Ender does not or cannot ask for intervention by authority figures.	
Even when authority figures know about this abuse, they do not intervene. In most cases they are manipulating the situation in order to foster the abuse of Ender.	God continually commands Nephi and his brothers to re-enter these dangerous situations. Nephi asks God—the ultimate authority figure—for assistance, but God does not intervene. Even as He dispatches an angel to ward off the abuse of Laman and Lemuel against their younger brother, God does not overcome Laban with an angel. Nephi himself must do the dirty work alone (1 Ne. 3.2-7, 15-21, 29; 4.13, 10, 18).
Ender avoids confrontation for some time through cleverness and psychological cunning, but eventually he is forced, against his will, to face an enemy determined to destroy him.	Nephi and his brothers, upon being commanded by the Lord to get the plates, attempt several non-violent strategies: first, they simply ask for them (1 Ne. 3.10-14); next, they try to bargain with Laban, offering up gold, and silver, and other precious things for the plates (1 Ne. 3.22-27). However, when none of these strategies work, Nephi is driven to sneak into the city under the cover of darkness whereupon he stumbles across the inebriated Laban, and, at the Lord's command, kills him (1 Ne. 4.5-18).
Because he has no alternative, Ender responds with intense violence, dispatching his tormentor quickly and usually fatally. Ender engages in this violence impersonally, coolly, dispassionately, often as much for the benefit of others (who do not realise or admit that Ender kills on their behalf) as for himself. Onlookers are awed by his prowess and seeming ruthlessness.	Because he has no alternative, Nephi turns to intense violence, smiting off Laban's "head with his own sword" (1 Ne. 4.18). He came to this action by a rational evaluation of the necessity of doing this, by enumerating the reasons. Once convinced, Nephi acts without hesitation for the good of his descendents (1 Ne. 4.11-7). When he returns with the plates, Nephi's brothers, and later his father and mother, are awed that he was able to accomplish the immense task set before him at God's hands (1 Ne. 5.1-10).
Ender feels great remorse for his violence. After each incident, he questions his own motives and nature.	Although justified in the killing of Laban by God's command and therefore unremorseful after the plates have been retrieved, initially Nephi shrinks from slaying Laban because he had never before killed a man (1 Ne. 4.10).
In the end, we are reassured that Ender is good.	In the end, this passage reaffirms that Nephi is good. He has acted on God's command, and is therefore not only blameless but heroic and righteous (1 Ne. 3.7-8, 29; 4.17-18; 5.1-10, 20-22).

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