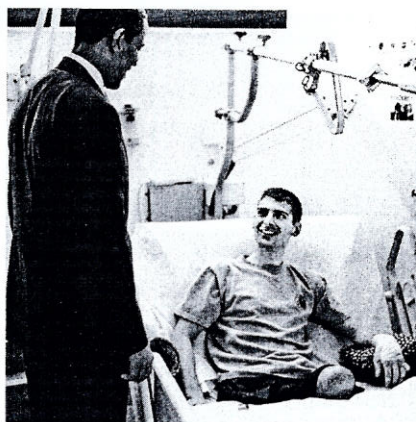




Dan Berschinski leading troops in Kandahar in July 2009

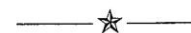


President Obama visits Dan in fall of 2009 at Walter Reed



Dan with new legs in summer of 2012

CHAPTER 6



HOPE AFTER WAR

DEFIANT HOPE

I begin with an example that is from war, but is not about its combatants. It draws from the documentary movie, *Defiant Requiem*, about the Nazi camp of Terezin (in Theresienstadt, outside Prague), which portrays the Jewish inmates singing for their life through performances of Verdi's *Requiem*. The movie follows conductor Murry Sidlin's recreation of that *Requiem* performance recently in the extant walls of Terezin.

As is well known, many of the inmates at Terezin were accomplished artists and musicians, performers, conductors, and composers. And one, Raphael Schächter, a talented pianist and opera-choral conductor, captured by the Nazis in 1941, brought with him just one piece of music, Giuseppe Verdi's demanding choral work, his 1874 *Requiem*. During the internment and with complicity of the guards (for Terezin was a "show" prison and central to the Nazi propaganda machine), the prisoners gathered nightly in the dank basement of the compound, around a piano, and learned the complicated Latin choral parts of the piece, with Schächter holding the only copy of the score. They sang, with hope against hope, to change minds, to have the Nazi leadership hear the humanity of their voices and rescind their death sentence. That hope became increasingly futile, as one death train after another rounded up Jews and took some of them on death marches or to Auschwitz. And when that happened, they would reconstitute their chorus, over and over, with winnowed

and frail population, and repeat the defiant act of hope. The Nazi brass eventually did come to hear the chorus in a culminating performance on June 23, 1944; it was entertainment for them, but for the singers and Schächter, it was survival of the soul. And as Sidlin implied in remarks at a showing of the documentary in Washington, D.C., the sequence in the *Requiem*, “Dies irae,” that the “day of wrath” would come, was ironic for these Jews, unpracticed in the rituals of Latin Masses, a moral protest that they could deliver face to face to their torturers, concealed through art. It was their retribution.

But singing the *Requiem* also expressed their hope. And it was hope with two interrelated facets. The prisoners sang to express hope *for* a future outcome or eventuality—to be saved, rescued, and redeemed, whether by God’s hand or human hand. And that hoped-for outcome nourished some as food, despite desperate hunger, as one survivor of the chorus recalled. Singing to be saved brought back to life near-corpses.

But another aspect of their hope, far more galvanizing, I suspect, was the hope they had *in* each other and the aspirations they placed in their humanity. By singing together, after backbreaking days of labor and beaten servitude, they raised their voices and followed an extremely complex musical score. They worked on their parts, put them to memory, and saw mirrored in each other their high humanity. They kindled hope in each other and in themselves, in their potential to rise above the most subjugating circumstances, and to not just survive but also to thrive, in a sliver of a way, for a sliver of time, as artistic and spiritual souls. In the very act of choral singing, in answering a soloist’s vocal call with responses and intricate recants, they reciprocally addressed and recognized each other, and in this context, *acknowledged* each other’s hope in humanity. Moral address was woven into the interaction and was communicated as part of the choral activity. Perhaps, too, they had hope in the Nazi leadership that their art would awaken their own humanity. But I can’t imagine that this energized as much as the reciprocal hope they placed in each other, a calling out to each (through music) of the potential of the other’s humanity, and an echoing back, in acknowledgment, that each has been appropriately recognized. Singing Verdi’s *Requiem* to each other, night after night, was an act of defiance, but also was an act of resilience, a way of being buoyed by a commonwealth of humanity, at work in

recreating a piece that must have been appreciated by the performers as itself an exquisitely fine and noble expression of humanity.

This is a powerful example of the promise of *interpersonal* hope, even in futile conditions. Hope can be about eventualities—“nonnormative hope,” following Adrienne Martin’s usage—but it can also be about aspirations we hold on behalf of persons—“normative hope,” as she calls it. And in some cases, though not all, part of the point of addressing others with hope is that the recipients might take up the values or principles deemed worthwhile and aspired for on their behalf. Hope can “scaffold” normative change.

Aristotle makes clear this last point in the *Ethics*. His remarks also go some way toward showing the intermingling of normative and nonnormative hope. He reminds us that we don’t accurately attribute happiness or flourishing (*eudaimonia*) to a child; but in calling him “happy,” we invest hope in him that he will become that: “It is natural, then, that we call neither ox nor horse nor any other of the animals happy; for none of them is capable of sharing in such activity [of reason and its excellences]. For this reason also a boy is not happy; for he is not yet capable of such acts, owing to his age; and boys who are called happy are being deemed happy by reason of the hopes we have for them.”

Calling the child “happy” *misattributes* to him the developed rational capacities requisite for character excellence (or virtue) and that, when exercised properly, with the experience of years and adequate external goods, constitutes happiness. But the misattribution can be pedagogic: “deeming” or “congratulating” the child as happy sets a goal worth aspiring to and begins to “bootstrap” (or “scaffold”) the requisite development and behavior for it. It gives the child “a job” and the parents a job, and encourages a two-way set of emotion-inflected behaviors that will communicate assessments in making progress on completing that job. Hope and disappointment, the parent’s and the child’s own—and, in turn, responses to each other’s reactive uptakes and “updates” in the face of various interim goals—will populate the path. These are back-and-forth volleys—mirrorings and challengings—that are the familiar stuff of interpersonal engagement from childhood on up.

Given that hope for happiness in Aristotle’s lexicon is not just hope for successful outcome (to conceive of happiness that way would be “a very defective arrangement,” he insists, that would mistakenly “entrust to chance

what is greatest and most noble”), the hope he points to here is *primarily* normative—that is, hope *in* the child that he will undertake the right “kind of study and care,” as Aristotle puts it, requisite for realizing a flourishing and happy life. To be sure, the Stoics will press Aristotle on just this point, arguing that he has fudged on the issue and still left too much to externals and luck. Virtue is sufficient for happiness, they insist, following Socrates. There is something to this charge, and perhaps for our purposes what it shows is that *hope for* happiness, for an Aristotelian and probably for most of us, slides between *hope in* one’s agency and reason (and in that of others) and *hope that* the world in which we exercise our individual and shared agency will be hospitable. Normative and nonnormative hope mix and mingle.

The point is a familiar one, especially in war. Good commanders place express hope *in* their troops that they will embrace the rules of engagement and have the skill bases necessary for good and just fighting. But they also hope *that* they will fare well in addition to do well. And the wisest among them will hope that in doing well, they will have the resources to accept and internalize judicious discriminations of responsibility.

This is background for a number of themes I explore in this chapter, among which are: how to conceive of hope in persons as something like a reactive attitude; what the relation of that kind of hope is to hope that a particular outcome will eventuate, as in the case of a soldier’s initiative to relearn how to walk after losing both legs and a hip in a mine blast in Afghanistan; how nascent self-hope, as in the case of a young injured Marine, can be bootstrapped by others hoping in the Marine. The narratives are based on extensive interviews with individuals. They are not meant to yield easily generalizable lessons for all to follow. But they are intended to open a conversation and begin the call and response of moral engagement within relationships and communities.

POSITIVE REACTIVE ATTITUDES: SOME BRIEF BACKGROUND

As we have been saying, one way of thinking about expressed reactive emotions is as a means of calling out to another that you are holding him to

account, and thinking you are owed an appropriate reply. In expressing reactive attitudes, we are not making detached appraisals, but we are engaging the other, calling out, with the presumption of some kind of connectedness and shared community. We’re addressing him (and, in reflexive cases, us) with the demands, expectations, or aspirations implicit in those emotional expressions. And we are looking for an appropriate response to our call.

Until fairly recently, the focus on reactive attitudes has been on the negative ones—such as resentment, indignation, and guilt. But in the original articulation of reactive attitudes, positive emotions were always meant to be an important part of the continuum: “In general, we demand some degree of goodwill or regard on the part of those who stand in these relationships to us, though the forms we require it to take vary widely in different connections. The range and intensity of our reactive attitudes towards goodwill, its absence or its opposite vary no less widely. I have mentioned, specifically, resentment and gratitude; and they are usefully opposed. But, of course, there is a whole continuum of reactive attitude and feeling stretching on both sides of these and—the most comfortable area—in between them.”

A number of philosophers have been exploring of late just what kind of demand or looser notion of expectation or aspiration is involved in various positive reactive attitudes. The details of that work are not our immediate concern here. What is important for our discussion, and what is implicit in the *Defiant Requiem* example, is the structure of reactive attitudes as a call-and-response, and that hope preserves that structure. Hope in another, like resentment toward another, is an address to another that we are holding him to account. But crucially, in the case of hope, we are doing it in a way that is aspirational rather than binding. As one philosopher has put it in original and important work on normative hope, hoping in someone is investing in a norm or principle on his behalf; it is a way of “treating a principle as worth aspiring to, without *insisting* on compliance.” The fact that it is not a demand shows up in the sequel of appropriate reactive attitudes. In the case of someone hoping in you, you might be praised if you succeed, but not blamed if you fail. Disappointment is not the same as reproach, even if it sometimes has that flavor.

In lived life, hope in persons, in their agency and effort, is tangled up in hope for outcomes. Still, it's important to try to distinguish these two facets of hope. We shall come to hope in persons shortly. First we turn to hope for outcomes and its role in moral recovery after war.

WEARING LEGS, AND WALKING AGAINST THE ODDS

Returning service members sometimes tell me that they feel like they have lost meaning and purpose in their lives. Some desperately miss the sense of being part of something much larger than themselves in the way that a war effort is; others miss the fast operational tempo of missions that can intensify that sense of purpose and belonging. Some long for the respect and status earned in uniform, as Eduardo ("Lalo") Panyagua does. The twenty-something Marine corporal we met in chapter 3 rose out of the L.A. barrio and its gangs to serve three deployment in Iraq and Afghanistan, his last as a platoon leader in charge of thirty-five Marine and Afghani National Security forces outside Marja, in extremely dangerous and demanding engagements in November 2009 to June 2010. For his "outstanding leadership and tremendous patience" in twenty-seven partnered combat patrols often under small-arms fire, he received a Navy and Marine Corps Achievement Medal. Though a corporal, he often filled the billet of a sergeant. Lalo is just not sure he can find that kind of standing in civilian life. In his case, the loss is profound, the despondency at times unbearable, and the hunger for replacement meaning palpable. Others come home missing limbs and some with severely disfiguring facial scars or brain injuries that severely challenge a notion of good functioning after war. For some, unhappiness as despair—the sense that reality falls short of longed-for ideals and that one can't close the gap—descends. Recent spikes in suicide rates within the military point to real and urgent concerns here.

This is where hope can get a foothold. Paradigmatically, hope—substantive hope—looks with desire (or perhaps with its own special kind of motivation) to the future, with its possibilities but also its uncertainties, and in

normative cases, to self and others, and to positive differences each can make in a life. Hope presumes that possibilities—however bare—(and people) are *open* to one, and that prospect can galvanize energy. Hope presumes a kind of "possibilism," that can stabilize focus and fortify resolve.

One prominent philosopher develops the idea this way: "To form the hope that something is the case or that I or someone else will manage to make it the case, I have to invest that scenario with a level of confidence" that may exceed "the confidence of my actual belief in the prospect and with a degree of stability that will certainly exceed the stability of my actual belief." In this sense, hope is a *pragmatic* rationality. It redirects attention and desire and imaginative planning to possibilities that a more fact-processing, probability-assessing, evidence-seeking mentality might reject: "Forming the hope that a particular scenario will eventuate, or at least eventuate in the event of your taking a certain initiative, is a way of handling the hurly burly of belief. It frees you from the bleakness of beliefs that wax and wane unpredictably in level of confidence. It gives you firm and friendly coordinates in an uncertain and uncompanionable world. To have hope is to have something we might describe as cognitive resolve.... Without hope, there would often be no possibility for us of asserting our agency and of putting our own signature or stamp on our conduct. We would collapse in a heap of despair and uncertainty, beaten down by cascades of inimical fact."

Hope, on this picture, is deeply connected with practical agency, or as it sometimes put, is a form of "agential investment." In this regard, it is distinct from *mere* or *idle* wish, such as for the impossible or near impossible—"for immortality," as Aristotle says. And, too, it is distinct from wishful thinking—at least in the way Freud sometimes understands it, as a "turning away from reality" with wishful fantasies "regarded as a better reality." For similar reasons, the notion of wish fulfillment, in the sense of satisfaction fully hived off from the constraints of reality, does not capture the meaning of hope, either. To be sure, substantive hopes typically involve a kind of ego satisfaction, in the sense of a desire for one's own thriving, or *eudaimonia*. And these kinds of hopes may be expressed in the constructions of fantasy and its narratives, as vehicles for practice and for trying out future possibilities. I expand upon this shortly. But the point for now is that fantasy can be

an important way of *engaging* reality and, not of retreating from it, in a fully separate, disconnected track.

It's hard not to think about hope when you meet Dan Berschinski, a young Army veteran from the war in Afghanistan. On August 18, 2009, Dan, then a twenty-five-year-old first lieutenant from West Point, in command of an infantry platoon in Kandahar, Afghanistan, stepped on a bomb while trying to retrieve the remains of his unit observer. A botched-up medevac left Dan bleeding profusely, and his family was pretty sure he was not going to make it out of Afghanistan alive. In the end, he was stabilized enough to be put on a plane to Landstuhl Regional Medical Center, though too fragile to actually leave the plane. Within a week, he was flown to Walter Reed, where his parents awaited him. Bob and Susan Berschinski were warned that if Dan somehow pulled through, the hemorrhaging would likely result in severe brain damage. Dan miraculously did pull through, with no trace of traumatic brain injury. As Susan said to me, "once they brought him out of the coma, it was rapidly apparent *he* was still there."

But his body wasn't all there. He had lost nearly half of his skeleton and the joints that held it together, now so much dust in the Afghani desert: "My guys found a boot ... mostly intact actually, and they said to me later that they played rock-paper-scissors to see who would have to stick their hand inside the boot to see if there was any flesh inside. But there wasn't. It was empty.... I don't know what happened."

When Dan came to, he knew much of his body was gone, but under a protective white hospital sheet he couldn't really take in the damage, and his parents kept up a brave face. "He was a mess ... There was not a place on him that you could touch that didn't hurt," said Bob. After more than a dozen operations, and being pinned together by an exoskeletal frame to stabilize his remaining limbs, Dan officially became a double above-the-knee amputee, with a reconstructed left arm and hand, minus a pinky. But critically, he was missing a right hip joint. With that much skeletal damage, and profound socket challenges for a good-fitting prosthesis, it was fairly clear that Dan would never walk again. Without sit bones, he even had trouble sitting in a wheelchair without sliding off.

The evidence confirmed that prognosis. Others in the Army had suffered his kind of injury, but no one had walked again. Walking wasn't just about ambulating. As I learned from other amputees, walking was about standing, and being eye-to-eye with others.

In Dan's case, a shard of hope emerged. Dan soon learned of one "successful" (i.e., ambulatory) missing-hip, above-the-knee amputee. Andre Kajlich, a civilian living in Seattle, was hit head-on by a train while studying chemistry in Prague. Ten years later, Kajlich now walks with two prosthetic legs and a single cane. A YouTube video shows his jerky movements and his falls going downstairs without quadricep muscles. But it also shows that he clearly walks. And he not only walks, but he is a world-class paratriathlete.

Kajlich soon became an emulatory model for Dan, and was evidence that walking with his meager skeleton was humanly possible. And that possibilism set in a motion a *project* of hope not unlike a complex master plan with embedded initiatives, both collaborative and individual. Those initiatives included consultations that brought Kajlich to Walter Reed Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland, to discuss his case with Dan and other similarly injured vets. But gruelingly, for Dan, it involved two and a half years of intense physical and occupational therapy at the rehabilitation gym on Walter Reed's campus, and a deep immersion in the mechanics, fit, and usage of prosthetics. Dan became expert in the metrics of gait, stride, and balance and, more basically, in "wearing legs": how to keep stumps comfortable inside a silicon sleeve and carbon socket all day; how to get a good fit in the morning, when the stump is thin and not yet swollen from rub and wear; how to maneuver and feel comfortable wearing the heavy belt needed to hoist up the leg that is missing its hip bone and socket. All this was in aid of making possible an independent and ambulatory lifestyle.

Dan's case illustrates well how hope can be pragmatically rational. We can speculate that, in the course of his recovery, Dan puts the counterevidence and low probabilities—the examples of "unsuccessful" similarly injured military guys that would stand between him and ambulation—to the side. They become background information, though presumably still accessible at some level. True, in taking up this stance of hope he restricts exposure to evidence, but does that much in the way that we do many emotions—by

narrowing our focus to certain patterns of salience that then dispose us to building ways of seeing, or “epistemic landscapes,” that cohere with those patterns of salience. In this sense, hope is not systematically different from other emotionally laden ways of seeing. Dan, like many vets, carries a mental calculation of where his war injuries fit relative to those that others suffer. He has it easy, he thinks, compared to arm amputees or veterans who suffer severe brain damage. But he has it a lot harder than below-the-knee amputees: they’re mere single or double “paper cuts,” as he affectionately calls them! Also, he doesn’t take for granted that he is a veteran with a college education *behind* him, and that he has had strong resources in a loving and upper-middle-class family and supportive friends. “All that helps,” he says. “Others aren’t as lucky.” These considerations factor into Dan’s hope. His hope is ardent, but it isn’t blind.

It is also not entirely different from a more common, pragmatic stance of *confidence*. A philosophy colleague who works with surgeons on medical ethics issues reported a view of the ideal surgeon as one who has a ratio of confidence to ability that is slightly higher than 1. The idea is that the good surgeon gives himself “a little boost” before going into a difficult surgery; he “psyches” himself in the way an elite athlete does before a race. He has a kind of *confident anticipation*. Hope involves that kind of pragmatic boost, and perhaps even a stronger dose of it. But it also involves something we haven’t yet explored and that’s not typically an element of confidence. And that is imagination and fantasy.

I suspect, at some level or another, Dan fantasizes that he is like Kajlich, and that some day he will be able to do the things that Kajlich can do. He “trades places in fancy,” as Adam Smith would say, with Kajlich. And in the space of imagination, Dan is able to practice and anticipate constructively, to “pre-rehearse,” to use a Stoic term, what a possible future reality might look like, and so avoid the paralysis of idle fears and the futility of empty hopes. Kajlich’s precedent means that Dan does not have to have *radical hope*—imagination from scratch. Here, I have in mind the concept of transcendent hope as one philosopher has developed it in his portrait of Plenty Coup, the Crow leader, who must and does imagine (through the interpretations of dreams and fantasies) a totally novel way of thriving for himself and

his people in the face of the annihilation of Crow culture that comes with the death of the buffalo. Crow concepts of courage and virtue that depend on the warrior life of hunting buffalo no longer have application; radical hope and radical fantasy are required to create new, thick content for virtue if a people are to flourish again. Dan’s conceptual and moral challenge is not as great. Still, in a related way, imagination, fantasy, and interpretations make concrete his hopes and help to shape and revise plans that are expressions of his hopes.

Dan trades places with Kajlich, but I suspect Kajlich also “trades places” with Dan. Through a biographic, retrospective narrative of what it was like to take his first, post-accident steps, he puts himself in Dan’s “shoes” and comes closer to Dan’s current frustrations and challenges. This also puts him in a position of investing *hope in* Dan (aspiring on his behalf), which presumably helps inspire Dan’s hope in himself.

HOPE IN OTHERS

Dan’s hope, in this reconstructed narrative, is for an eventuality when he can walk. But that hope is interlaced with normative hope. He invests hope *in* the medical and therapy staff at Walter Reed and in the institution that supports its remarkable, rehabilitative gym—the MATC, short for Military Advanced Training Center (and affectionately referred to by another double amputee, Army Lieutenant Colonel Greg Gadson, as the “Gold’s gym of guys that are missing things”). Dan puts hope *in* the civilian contractors who make and fit prosthetics for veterans; he puts hope *in* his immediate circle of family and friends, including his new “family” of injured veterans at Walter Reed, like Tyson Quink, whom I met, a West Point football player who lost both legs three months into his deployment to Afghanistan; he puts hope *in* Congress in myriad ways: to authorize adequate allocations for veteran spending, to deliberate wisely about future military and humanitarian engagements, to support worldwide rights for persons with disabilities. And he puts hope *in* the American electorate to elect the right people to office who will make these decisions. Equally, he puts hope *in* American business and education

leaders to create opportunities for veterans, like himself, to be re-integrated into the workforce and to return to school and training programs. And others invest hope *in* him—his therapists, coaches, mentors, fellow amputees at the rehab gym, his family, peers, and so on. And he invests hope *in* himself in ways that are mutually reinforced by his investments in others and their investments in him. Normative investments underlie his hopes for himself (and others) to be able to function well after military service in war.

As in the earlier *Requiem* example, to expressly communicate hope to a person is to morally address that recipient, to call her in a way that normatively anticipates a response. As with trust, the anticipation falls short of confident belief and involves exposure to vulnerability and risk-taking. The “caller” could be disappointed; the “target” might not take up the call. Or she may recognize that she is being hoped in, counted on, so to speak (to use the language of trust), and acknowledge that she has been appropriately recognized; but still she may not fulfill the aspirations invested in her or wholeheartedly take up the challenge. As Aristotle implies, our sons and daughters may not do what is required of them to meet the challenges implicit in our hopes for their happiness. We may hope in them on credit, but then be disappointed.

In *De Beneficiis* (*On Benefits*), Seneca, the first-century Roman Stoic and tutor to the Emperor Nero, rehearses a colorful example of the call-and-response trope of recognition and acknowledgment in gift-giving and gratitude. His example is prescient as a sketch of the reiterative looping characteristic of reactive attitudes and the need for good attunement for successful uptake. Doing a kindness returned with gratitude is like a game of catch. You should know to whom you are throwing the ball. The passage bears a close look: “I would like to take up an analogy which our own Chrysippus drew with a game of ball. It falls to the ground through the fault either of the person throwing it or of the person receiving it, while it only remains in play by passing, properly thrown and caught, from one pair of hands to the other. A good player needs to send it off differently to a tall partner than to a short one. The same principle applies to a favour. Only if properly accommodated to both the persons involved, bestower and recipient, will it leave the one and reach the other as it should. Again, if the game with a trained and practised player, we shall be bolder in throwing the ball. No matter how it comes, his

hand will be ready and quick to drive it back. Against an untrained novice, we shall not throw it so hard or so vigorously but be more relaxed, aiming the ball right into his hands and simply meeting it when it comes back. We should use the same procedure when doing favours.... As it is, we very often make people ungrateful and welcome the idea that they should be so, as though our favours could only be great if we cannot be thanked for them.... How much better and more considerate it would be to see to it that recipients too have a part to play, to welcome the idea that you could be thanked.”

Obviously, doing someone a good turn is best geared to what that recipient needs and is capable of using. As Seneca goes on to tell us, giving books to a country bumpkin or a heavy coat to someone in summer is probably not a well-placed pass likely to be returned with much gratitude! Similarly, trust given to someone who has signaled no competence or interest in the domain in which one is asking her to be trustworthy is not a wise exposure of vulnerability, nor a likely way to scaffold deeper trust in that person.

But hope in others is somewhat different from trust. We may not fully trust persons and their readiness to receive us appropriately, but we still may hope in them; and in an even more robust way than trust, hope that our hope in them makes them responsive to our call. Thus, hope in others can presume a clearly developmental stance. We want to move a recipient along and hope she will rise to the challenge and catch the ball. Still, we are often willing to accommodate somewhat—throw the ball, with the recipient’s limits in mind—all the while still trying to get her to catch. And where we simply can’t engage the other properly (or are met with deep resistance), we may enlist others’ help to throw the ball for us.

To make this concrete, consider the following narrative of a service woman I interviewed. “Roberta,” with a distinguished record of academic laurels and military awards, is told to her face by her new commander that, despite her promotion to a highly coveted senior job on his base, he “fought against” her going there and would continue to do everything he could to undermine her appointment. As she put it, miming the lingo of her “brothers” on base, her very presence was “disrupting the status quo” and “tearing down heritage and tradition.” In her case, she turned to a male mentor to help break into the “bro network,” and plead her cause. There was no way that her new

boss could recognize directly from her that her hope in him to accept her on an equal footing with her male peers was legitimate and something he had moral reason to commit to. He had to hear that through different channels. It is not even clear that he recognized the moral call in the end, and may only have felt pressured for political reasons to act in conformity with regulation and policy. To revert to Seneca's metaphor, this is a case where an individual (Roberta) is already in a game of ball, but can't get successful uptake from the recipient. And when she finally does, only through the intervention of another player, the "successful" catch may reflect changed behavior more than changed attitude.

In this case, Roberta's hope presumably devolves to disappointment. And her disappointment in the commander is compatible with any resentment she might feel toward him, or indignation her mentor feels toward him. The resentment or indignation has as its evaluative content that she has been demeaned and degraded by her commander, forced to work in a hostile environment where he encourages sexist values protective of the old military as a male-only club. Any resentment, were she to express it directly to him, would hold him strictly accountable for his wronging her. Her disappointment, in contrast, has as its evaluative content that she is let down by his impoverished leadership and by his failure to recognize her bid to him (or that made on her behalf) to take her military service seriously and on an equal footing with any male's. Her disappointment, in part, is that he doesn't invest hope in her.

One more caveat is important here. We might think of this normative disappointment as a tamped-down or suppressed version of resentment. We hold back, suppress the full force of our blame or resentment, and feel only a milder version of it. But I don't think this gets it right, even though on occasion we may *replace* our resentment with disappointment, in deference either to the youth and inexperience of the moral "progressor" or to the difficult challenges, external or internal, the target faces in meeting aspirations. But even in such cases we are taking up a different normative stance in disappointment than we are in resentment. In the first case, our aspirations on behalf of someone are frustrated and we feel let down; in the second, we feel violated, transgressed, toyed with, and we hold the target responsible for the transgression. We blame him in a way we don't in the first case. (That

is, the counterpoint to praise, in the first case of meeting aspirations, is not blame when there is failure.) Moreover, disappointment, in others or in oneself, needn't be inherently a mild emotion. It can be felt as profoundly and intensely as the most bitter kind of resentment or guilt. It can cripple and paralyze and lead to the bleakest kind of despair. Again, Aristotle's remarks about parental investment in a child's happiness (however guided or misguided) makes this all too clear. The difference between disappointment and resentment is qualitative, not scalar.

HOPE IN ONESELF

We have been focusing on hope and disappointment in others. But many who return from war are dogged by profound disappointment in themselves and the sense that they have fallen short of ideals of what it is to be a good soldier. Sometimes the disappointment stems not from wrongdoing or evil, but from an over-idealized sense of good soldiering, or an intolerance for good and bad luck in war. In a related way, some may feel (subjective) guilt that doesn't track culpability or wrongdoing. In some of these cases, there may be causal but not moral responsibility at work, such as when an individual is the proximate cause of a nonculpable accident. In other cases, merely surviving when a buddy doesn't, without any sense of being the agent or cause of that buddy's death, unleashes deep guilt and despondency.

Hope in the face of evil is another matter, either when one is the victim of evil or when its perpetrator. There is no shortage of evil in going to war and killing and maiming for a cause that may not be just or at least is imprudent, as many in the public increasingly regard the wars in Afghanistan, and—especially—Iraq. This has not been my central focus, largely because the soldiers who are my focus have not made it theirs. This may speak to all sorts of issues, including an enlisted military and not a drafted one, a conservative-leaning military, a military that swelled in the wake of a patriotic surge after 9/11, or wars that have wound down only to be reignited. I suspect there will be far deeper disillusionment as the experiences of investing \$2 trillion and

too many lives in Iraq and Afghanistan leave little lasting impact in those regions.

The experience of some of the Marine veterans of the bloody Fallujah invasion of the Anbar region of Iraq in November 2004 may be indicative here. The battle that wrested the insurgent-held city was fierce and costly, and for the Corps a defining moment of the twelve years of war in Iraq and Afghanistan, with nearly 100 Marines killed and hundreds wounded. When the city fell back to insurgent Sunni forces with Al Qaeda links in January 2014, shock waves of disbelief ran viral through the close-knit Marine community who fought in that battle. With the fall came a lost sense of the mission and what they took themselves to accomplish. As Kael Weston, a State Department political adviser who worked closely with Marines in Fallujah and later Afghanistan put it, "This is just the beginning of the reckoning and accounting." The reckoning will come, and with it the shifting grounds of hope or despair. This is a future story to be told for these veterans and for many others who have served in these wars.

But for now I want to focus on a different reckoning: hope in the face of accident and the hope one should have. That is, hope that is appropriate and fitting, and that can update and correct earlier reactive uptakes. That hope can also be therapeutic—literally, life saving, lifting one from suicidal self-rebuke and despair. But coming to that self-hope is not easy. And it often requires the hope others invest in us.

Self-hope is self-address. But first, it might seem a stretch to think of *self*-reactive attitudes as moral addresses. After all, in the *self*-reflexive case, we don't have to *express* the attitudes to *disclose* them to ourselves. And so, if address is primarily *expressed* attitude, then the idea of moral address to one-self seems strained. Moreover, the background notion of call and response in speech acts, or in Gospel music of the Church and later absorbed in rock and roll patterns (stereotypically with a solo woman or "girl group" chorus answering the call of the male lead singer—think of Lou Reed's "A Walk on the Wild Side" and the controversial call line, "and the colored girls sing" with the reply, "Doot, doo doot, doo doot, doo doot doo doot"), makes vivid that idea of public and, paradigmatically, oral address and response. The vocal model isn't an easy fit for private, normative self-review.

But this is too literal and restrictive a read of moral address. Even in second-personal cases, we still may hold each other *responsible* without holding *accountable*, where additionally the latter involves imposing sanctions that only make sense when our blame or reproach is expressly communicated. Moreover, insofar as evaluative attitudes are *emotions* that draw us in or rivet attention, an important part of expressed address, which is to get someone to pay attention to you, is already at work in the *self*-reactive case. All this of course is to put aside the fact that we often do openly express emotions to ourselves—in talking to ourselves, in singing to ourselves, in journaling, in screwing up our face muscles, and in scores of other communications. Some of these communications may need decoding and unmasking, but when they are, they are the beginning of interpretive narratives, again, that we *tell* ourselves.

But to return to the question I began with, in what sense can self-hope act as a corrective update on harsher reactive attitudes we hold toward ourselves, particularly when those attitudes—of guilt, shame, or self-disappointment—are not entirely apt and are the cause of deep anguish? Self-forgiveness, self-empathy, and self-compassion all can play a role, as we have seen in earlier chapters. But so, too, can normative hope. Insofar as hope invests aspiration rather than normative demands for strict compliance, we begin by giving ourselves some latitude in the face of significant internal and external challenges we may face. We take up the "progressor's" stance, not the perfectionist stance of a "sage," to deploy Stoic idiom. For some, this will involve recognizing the limits of agency in the face of luck and embedded existence. And this willingness to tolerate luck may combine with the resources of hope to engage imagination in order to rethink and renarrate the traumatic or nagging scenarios in a less "stuck" and less self-punishing way. So, in time, a Marine may come to imagine those who have died under his watch as *in fact* not condemning him. Or he may no longer imagine himself exposed, under another's critical gaze, in a way that compromises self-presentation and brings on shame. In short, new possibilities open up in how he holds himself responsible and how he views others as holding him responsible.

With this in mind, let's revisit Marine Corporal Lalo Panyagua and his wife, Donna Hernandez. Recall that Lalo had sustained multiple injuries—traumatic brain injury, nerve damage in his arms, some vision, speech, and memory impairments, severe posttraumatic stress, and chronic insomnia. But what anguishes him the most is moral injury—in particular, the guilt of losing three Marines. One incident, which we've already detailed, keeps eating him up. It is the loss of Corporal Justin Wilson in Marja. It was bad luck. Wilson had to take a shit at the wrong moment and got blown to pieces. But Lalo didn't remind him to watch his step. That was Lalo's fault, and not a matter of luck, thinks Lalo. The citation on his achievement medal, "Corporal Panyagua adapted and overcame any challenge," offers little comfort in facing the self-rebuke and the suicidal fantasies that come with it.

Donna, his wife and my former student, is a powerful mix of sass, humor, dark beauty, street smarts, and academic sophistication. She is on an even keel, and while fiery about her interests and academic independence, she is a devoted partner, endlessly patient and empathic. Early on at Georgetown she decided on a career in the Foreign Service, and won a prestigious Pickering Foreign Affairs fellowship to do her master's at Yale in security studies, as part of her preparation for postings abroad.

All this is important background to Lalo's project of self-hope. Donna brings to bear her exceptional gifts and personal resources in her relationship with Lalo. And they have been critical for his recovery back home. Lalo is a "progressor" in her eyes, and his own project of hope in himself depends in critical ways on her hope in him. Still, the journey has not been easy.

To recap, with next to no transition time, Lalo returned from war to a stateside base where he became a combat guy at a desk job, surrounded mostly by those who had not gone to war and a commander who viewed him as a malingerer for taking off time for his medical appointments. It was Donna who got him to seek psychotherapy (to see "the wizard," as he puts it), two years after his return and after a pile-up of frightening incidents, where he flung her out of bed across a room as he relived a flashback, held her to knife point when she came up on him from behind during a thunderstorm, and nearly killed others on street corners in D.C. in attempts to protect her. She took away his knife. He took up archery in its place. "He can't really hurt

me with a bow and arrow!" she laughs. The bow and arrow have now been confiscated, too. "No weapons," she told me. "It's too dangerous." 4.

Donna is herself good at compartmentalizing, and since childhood, academic study has been her sanctuary and salvation. It's her safe retreat. Nourishment. But as separate as her bookish world is from the Marine Corps, Lalo has always been a part of it. In part, it's through her vision. She has a sustained vision of Lalo as someone who is absolutely winning and loveable—"everyone falls in love with Lalo," she has said to me on several occasions, meaning not just that he charms but also that he is *worthy* of her love and that of others.

Estimations of worth and goodness, of course, needn't have anything to do with estimates of a person's psychological capacities to overcome crippling and harsh guilt, or to accept the limits of agency and what is beyond one's control. But *admiring* another's goodness or capacity for hard work in the service of important and worthwhile ends *may* have such an influence. And Donna knows well and deeply, in a way that Lalo can forget, just how good a Marine he is and how he surpassed expectations in every mission he was assigned. When he wears his regalia, at her request, such as at their wedding when they eloped when she was a freshman, and at her graduation from Georgetown, she is reminding him of his honors and his capacities. She is trying to reconnect him with his capabilities and his confidence in them.

These are public addresses of sorts *to* him of her hope *in* him. They are nudges, offerings of content for introjections that will renourish his own self-images. They are attempts at tempering and updating his self-blame for being a leader who lost troops. Of course, uptake, especially in this kind of case, can be partial and primarily a performance, outer posturing of normative hope, perhaps in showing up for psychotherapy appointments, say, but also in resisting the hard work and trust alliance with a therapist required to really invest in the possibility of therapeutic change. But just as a therapist's finely expressed trust in a patient can elicit trustworthiness, so, too, can a partner's artful and finely attuned hope in one bootstrapping one's own. Donna is able to do this for Lalo.

Lalo's nascent self-hope, in this case, mirrors Donna's hope in him. Early on in the philosophical record, Aristotle invokes that image of a friend as

"another self," a "mirror," not for narcissistic reflection, he insists, but for self-knowledge "when we wish to know our own characters ... and direct study of ourselves" is near impossible. The background assumption in Aristotle's claims is that we are not empty vessels for others' aspirations, but we are aspirants who can't do without others' support, trust, and compassionate critique in articulating how to live well and then trying to live that life.

It would be hard to spend any time with this couple and not pick up on this dynamic in their relationship. Donna's hope is neither sweet, nor supine, nor Pollyannaish: She has lived war and knows too much about the war that keeps going on. She is a survivor of war no less than he. But he is also now a student, at a community college in New Haven, where he takes classes four days a week, with one day free for himself and VA appointments. And he's enjoying being the student again. Each has invested in the other's future. Donna and Lalo partner one another by "trading places in fancy," and sometimes, in fact.

We human progressors engage in complicated moral and psychological interactions. We elicit change in response to each other's investments in us, as well as in our own. For a returning veteran, recognizing that another has invested hope in you can be profoundly transformative. It can nourish hope in oneself and sustain hope for projects that rekindle a sense of meaning and purpose after war. It is an important moment in healing.