THE LAUCKS FOUNDATION —

from time to time calls attention to published material that might contribute toward clarification or understanding of critical issues affecting world peace. The accompanying reprints constitute Mailing No. 22.

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ACTION OR GROWTH?

As preparation for war continues in the United States—and everywhere else--it seems a good idea to take another look at a little book published in 1944 and reviewed here during the first year of MANAS—in 1948. The book is *Why Don't We Learn from History?* (Allen and Unwin) by B. H. Liddell Hart. Hart is a historian and journalist of military affairs. As World War II wound down he asked the plaintive question of his title. Hart has plenty of credentials. He was a captain in the British army in World War I, a correspondent for the *London Times,* military adviser to the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* and consultant to the British cabinet. His book is filled with sagacity and common sense.

It is also filled with evidence that modern nations keep on making terrible mistakes, sometimes costing the lives of hundreds of thousands of human beings. In fact, after you read his report on the conduct of war and his generalizations about human nature at the "leadership" level, there remains little reason to *expect* nations to learn from history. Nations, it becomes evident, have no interest in learning much of anything. The real question, then, is why people entrust them with so much power. While institutions may be individual human beings writ large, and much that people do in person is reflected in national behavior, it is also true that the restraints felt by individuals, simply because they are human, are mostly absent in institutions such as nations. We establish nations with only a part of ourselves—by no means the best part—and then, having other things to do, leave the conduct of its affairs to elected and appointed officials. After a while they mistake sovereignty for welfare and build up behavior patterns that cannot be changed except by a major cataclysm—which is no way to make a new beginning.

If, while we are still in the twentieth century, we are able to learn that it is virtually impossible for *nations* to learn anything from history, the twenty-first may afford a chance to survive.

Mr. Hart shows mainly that individuals *do* learn from history, but remain unable to influence national affairs. We have selected some quotations to show the value of his book. In the first few pages he writes on the unwelcome character of truth.

> We learn from history that in every age and every clime the majority of people have resented what seems in retrospect to have been purely matter of fact comment on their institutions. We learn too that nothing has aided the persistence of falsehood, and the evils resulting from it, more than the unwillingness of good people to admit the truth when it was disturbing to their comfortable assurance. Always the tendency continues to be shocked by natural comment, and to hold certain things too "sacred" to think about. I can conceive of no finer ideal of man's life than to face life with clear eyes instead of stumbling through it like a blind man, an imbecile, or a drunkard—which, in a thinking sense, is the common preference. How rarely does one meet anyone whose first reaction to anything is to ask: "Is it true?" Yet, unless that is a man's natural reaction, it shows that truth is not uppermost in his mind, and unless it is, true progress is unlikely.

"True progress" seems least of all likely for nations. Why don't we face it and begin to devise some other form of human association? A few people are already working along these lines, taking back what responsibility they can and developing community-style social relationships as more important than "nationality," but to ween the great majority of their dependence on the state will take a particular kind of education.

The criticism of historians is a help. Barbara Tuchman has pointed out that the only thing you can be sure of in regard to national policy is that it will be stupid. She wrote in *Esquire* for last May:

> Why did Lyndon Johnson, seconded by the best and brightest, progressively involve this nation in a war both ruinous and halfhearted and from which nothing but bad for our side resulted? Why does the present Administration continue to avoid introducing effective measures to reduce wasteful consumption of oil while members of OPEC follow

a price policy that must bankrupt their customers? How is it possible that the Central Intelligence Agency, whose function it is to provide, at taxpayers' expense, the information necessary to conduct a realistic foreign policy, could remain unaware that discontent in a country crucial to our interests was boiling up to the point of insurrection and overthrow of the ruler on whom our policy rested? It has been reported that the CIA was ordered *not* to investigate the opposition to the shah of Iran in order to spare him any indication that we took it seriously, but since this sounds more like the theater of the absurd than like responsible government, I cannot bring myself to believe it.

The conscription of men for war was begun by Napoleon. The British were slow to adopt it, but, as Liddell Hart says, the Nazi system seemed to persuade many Englishmen of its value. But as a historian he points out:

> Such a system entails the suppression of individual judgment—the Englishman's most cherished right. It violates the cardinal principle of a free community: that there should be no restriction of individual freedom save where this is used for active interference in others' freedom. . . . It was an advance in British civilization which brought us, first to question, and then to discard, the press-gang as well as the slave-trade. The logical connection between the two institutions, as violations of our principles, was obvious. Is the tide of our civilization now on the ebb? In respect of personal service, freedom means the right to be true to your convictions, to choose your course, and decide whether the cause is worth service and sacrifice. That is the difference between the free man and the State-slave.
>
> Unless the great majority of a people are willing to give their services there is something radically at fault in the State itself. In that case the State is not likely or worthy to survive under test—and compulsion will make no serious difference. . . . We ought to realize that it is easier to adopt the compulsory principle of national life than to shake it off. Once compulsion for personal service is adopted in peace-time, it will be hard to resist the extension of the principle to all other aspects of the nation's life, including freedom of thought, speech, and writing. We ought to think carefully, and to think ahead, before taking a decisive step towards totalitarianism. Or are we so accustomed to our chains that we are no longer conscious of them?

The impression grows that the principles of a good life for individuals are the exact opposite of the rules adopted for the welfare of the State. War, as Randolph Bourne affirmed, is the health of the State. Force is its major tool. It is rather interesting to find a military scholar saying:

> The more I have reflected on the experience of history the more I have come to see the instability of solutions achieved by force, and to suspect even those instances where force has had the appearance of resolving difficulties. But the question remains whether we can afford to eliminate force in the world as it is without risking the loss of such ground as reason has gained. Beyond this is the doubt whether we should be able to eliminate it, even if we had the strength of mind to take such a risk. For weaker minds will cling to this protection, and by so doing spoil the possible effectiveness of non-resistance. Is there any way out of the dilemma? There is at least one solution that has as yet to be tried—that masters of force should be those who have mastered all desire to employ it. That solution is an extension of what Bernard Shaw expressed in *Major Barbara* thirty-three years ago: that wars would continue until the makers of gunpowder became professors of Greek—and he here had Gilbert Murray in mind—or the professors of Greek became the makers of gunpowder. And this, in turn, was derived from Plato's conclusion that the affairs of mankind would never go right until either the rulers became philosophers or the philosophers became the rulers. If armed force were controlled by men who have become convinced of the wrongness of using force there would be the nearest approach to a safe assurance against its abuse.

The only hope for the future, Liddell Hart concludes, lies with the spread of effective individual thinking. Here the use of compulsion is completely ridiculous. No one can force a human to think. You may, however, be able to weaken his thinking. As Hart observes at the end of his little book:

> For collective action it suffices if the mass can be managed; collective growth is only possible through the freedom and enlargement of individual minds. . . . Once the collective importance of each individual in helping or hindering progress is appreciated, the experience contained in history is seen to have a personal, not merely a political, significance. What can the individual learn from history—as a guide to living? Not what to do, but what to strive for. And what to avoid in striving. The importance and intrinsic value of behaving decently. The importance of seeing clearly—not least of seeing himself clearly.

Finally, there is this "counsel of perfection":

> He has to learn how to detach his *thinking* from every desire and interest. from every sympathy and antipathy—like ridding oneself of superfluous tissue, the "tissue" of untruth which all human beings tend to accumulate, for their own comfort and protection. And he must keep fit, to become fitter. In other words, he must be true to the light he has seen.

In other words, he must do what he can to realize an ideal that is quite impossible for States even to consider, much less to work toward. In our time, the State has become the "superfluous tissue," as anyone can see. Getting rid of it will be a project in which conventional politics will be no help at all.

NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND THE HOSTAGES

Pell: ...didn't you say to a group of Washington businessmen, quoted in the *Boston Globe* of Dec. 2, 1979, that in connection with the hostages, every option should be considered, including "even the unthinkable"? What did you mean by "the unthinkable?"

Haig: In the first place, Senator, I am not sure I am familiar at all with what you are referring to. In the *Boston Globe?*

Pell: The *Boston Globe* of Dec. 2....I am told this was a quotation.

Haig: Including "the unthinkable?" And it said, "including the unthinkable?"

Pell: Including "the unthinkable."

Haig: I don't even recall the incident. It does not sound like my language—"unthinkable." I would have been more precise if I had felt it was justified.

Pell: Somebody gave me the article.

Haig: I'm glad. He probably gave you the question too. So he's probably the expert on it.

Pell (quoting the article): "Perhaps the most startling aspect of Haig's Washington speech came in response to a question of how he would have handled the Iran hostage problem. After initially calling on Americans to 'rally round the President' Haig lowered his voice and said the Administration should consider every option. Then, after a melodramatic pause, he added, 'even the unthinkable.' "

Haig: Well, Senator, I don't recall that.

Pell: Well, good, I'm delighted. And I trust the story is inaccurate and I'm glad to assume it was.

Globe reporter David Nyhan contends the story "isn't inaccurate," noting that Haig "did not flat out deny he said it. He just said he didn't recall it and that, if he had used language like that, he would have been more precise."

THE NEW SELECTIVITY IN HUMAN RIGHTS

Senator Helms: All right. How much concern do you have about what has appeared to many to be selective application of human rights standards by the United States?

General Haig: Well, again, I touched upon this in my opening statement. I think it is presumptuous of me to go very much further than to suggest that I think the problem is not the principle of human rights, which I fully support—and I have reiterated that here today—but in the application of that principle I think we have made some mistakes.

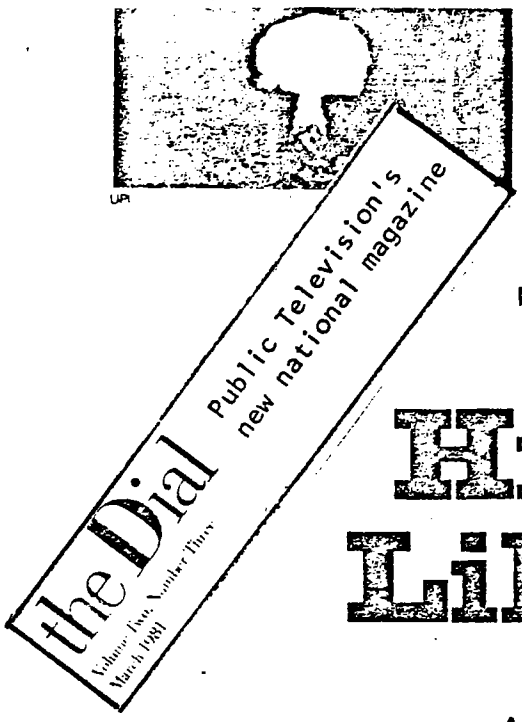
I do not like to think it is naivete or stupidity that caused those mistakes, but perhaps an excess of zeal combined with what is probably an inadequate mechanism for the application of it. Here I want to look very carefully at my own Department and the way that the human rights issue has been given policy consideration, to be sure that that was not the source of some of this excess zeal and distortion.

You know, I have spoken on philosophic terms to this question, and it is always dangerous, because it is when you get into those areas that people's sensitivities are irritated. But I have made the point, and I will make it again, that authoritarian or autocratic regimes generally derive their character, as unpleasant as it is to Americans, from environmental forces: a lack of political development, a lack of economic development, perceived internal or external threats, an historic legacy, as is true in so many of our Latin American countries.

But because the situation is the product of environment, it lends itself to an entirely different approach as you seek to move it toward a more moderate condition. On the other hand, a totalitarian regime by ideological conviction rejects the principles and values and ideas that you and I espouse.

It cannot serve the purpose of social justice nor meet the vital interests of this country to pursue policies that seek to drive, or have the practical consequences—no one seeks to do it—of driving autocratic or authoritarian regimes, some traditionally friendly to us, into totalitarian molds. Such a state is fundamentally antagonistic to all we represent and seek to achieve in the world.

THE NUCLEAR SHADOW 3



The question of a nuclear end to civilization hangs over the most confident and energetic actions of a newish decade and a new administration. The question invades public TV's news-analysis programs on defense and technology. As background, *The Dial* has asked why the Russians seem afraid of the bomb and why we seem not to fear it at all. The third and final question we ask is:

What's Hiroshima Like Today?

And what's Nagasaki like too? Busy, booming, bustling, but....

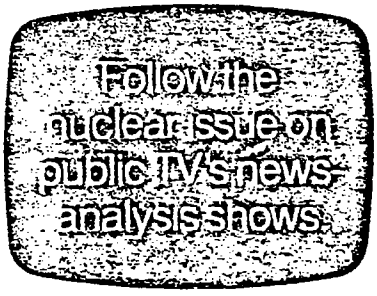
BY BARBARA REYNOLDS

It is not easy to find Hiroshima today—a huge rebuilt city, yes, that spreads across the Ohta River delta, pushing back up the valley, climbing the slopes of the surrounding mountains, and absorbing nearby towns and villages. Like the burst of wild flowers that, in the space of a few months, color "the atomic desert," the resurgence of this city seems almost abnormal, belying the prediction made after the bomb exploded that "nothing will grow here for seventy-five years."

As the nuclear threat mounts, more and more people are taking an interest in this birthplace of the atomic age. Americans go with anxiety and reluctance coupled with a desire to sift truth from legend, fact from propaganda. They scan the faces of passersby. Even after thirty-six years, they fear that they will come upon the maimed or disfigured in this city whose name has become synonymous with annihilation. With relief, they discover that this is not the case.

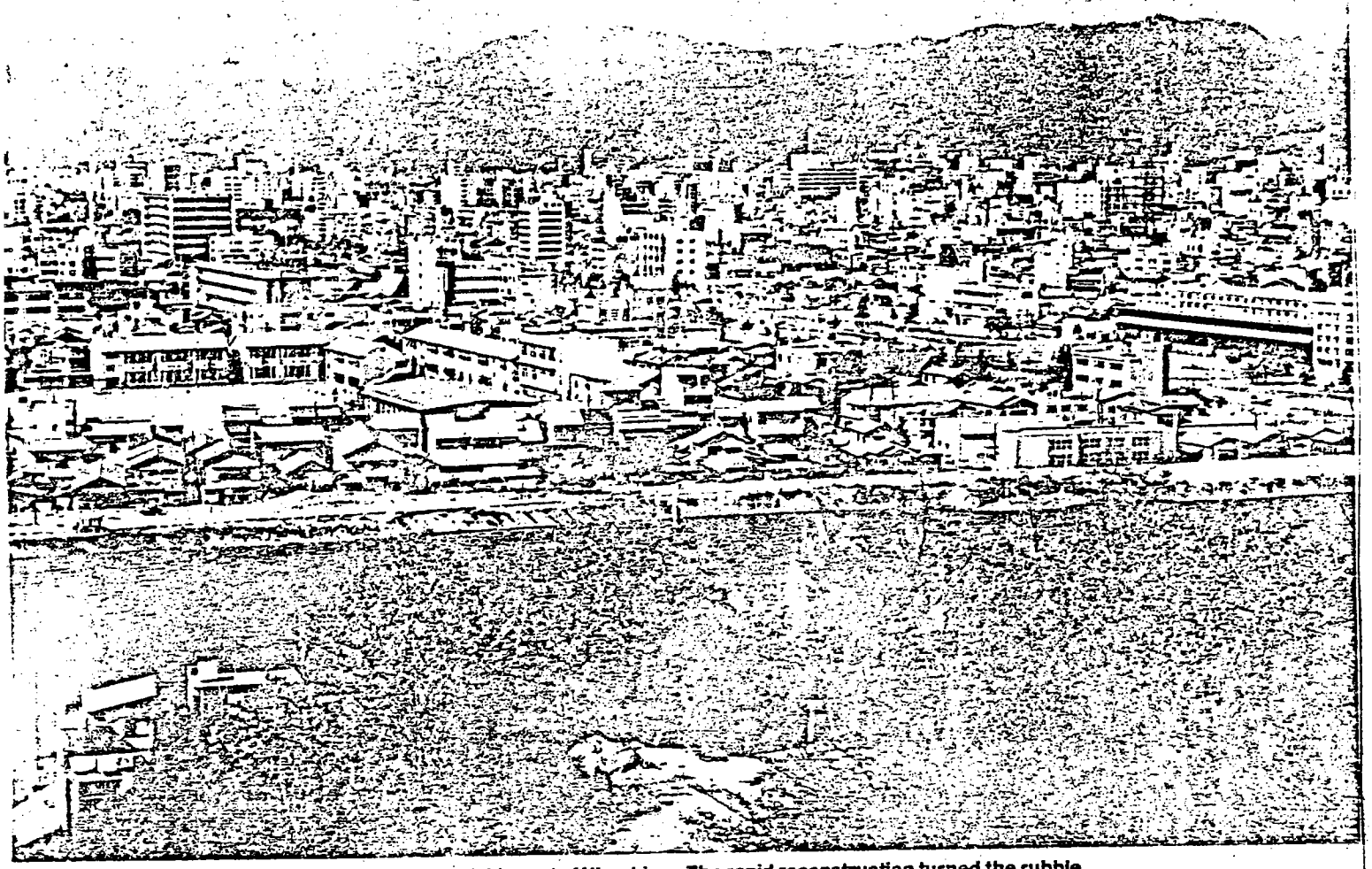
But visitors see what they want to see and avoid what they dread, sometimes unconsciously. It is quite possible to go to Hiroshima today and not see "Hiroshima," for *that* is not a city at all but an awareness, especially if the visitor does not know the language. (Those Japanese who don't wish to erase the memory of the atomic experience will write out "Hiroshima" in a syllabary reserved for foreign words, ヒロシマ. For them, "Hiroshima" has no geographical boundary; it is international and wide-reaching by implication. Otherwise, the city is usually designated by Chinese characters, 広島.)

Certainly it is easy to see that Hiroshima is conscious of its unique position as the world's first victim of a nuclear explosion. There is its Peace Memorial Park, and it *is* a peaceful spot. No evidence of horror is visible; rather, visitors will see children feed pigeons and pose for photographs in front of its memorial tomb. And there is the Atomic Bomb Dome, the skeleton of the former Industry Promotion Hall, the only remaining building in the city's center



that withstood the bomb's force. But now the ruin is bordered by the dark mass of the chamber of commerce, on the left, and the baseball stadium, on

Barbara Reynolds has lived off and on in Hiroshima since 1951 and is an honorary citizen of that city.



The bomb leveled almost 90 percent of this part of Hiroshima. The rapid reconstruction turned the rubble into a city that looks like many others.

the right. And there is the Peace Memorial Museum, full of the artifacts that immortalize that instant thirty-six years ago. But it is, after all, a museum, where display cases and labels suggest something that is over and done with.

Beyond these reminders of an uneasy event in the past, visitors can be fooled into thinking that Hiroshima is just one more modern city of almost one million people. It has an efficient transportation system. It has shopping arcades and office buildings and a glittering night life.

Many Japanese, even those who are able to speak English, will be as ignorant as anybody—a stranger who is visiting the city for the first time—about "Hiroshima." If they are residents, they may be quick to say that Hiroshima's no desire to dwell on the past. You will be told that the people of Hiroshima are proud of their city and wish only to encourage international friendship and a prosperous future that benefits all.

But these people do not speak for "Hiroshima." Many of Hiroshima's residents came to the city after the war, repatriates from territories formerly occupied by the Japanese. They flowed into the wasteland created by the atom bomb, carrying all their belongings, and squatted in areas from which survivors had fled. While the wounded and the bereaved were recuperating in the surrounding countryside, these newcomers, filled with energy and initiative, brought in construction materials, operated black markets, organized homeless orphans into groups, and helped to reestablish the city. It is they, together with the thousands born after the war, who are the majority in Hiroshima today. It is they who speak of progress and criticize those who cannot escape from the past.

Yes, it is possible to avoid "Hiroshima," to leave the city convinced that reports of the destruction, such as the prediction that nothing would grow, were grossly exaggerated or that human beings are capable of recovering and even turning to good account the worst that nuclear weapons can do.

It is also possible to find "Hiroshima." It is all around you, but you must look for it. It is small statues and markers in unexpected places—at the corner of a busy thoroughfare or in the lobby of a newly constructed post office. It is engraved on bronze tablets in almost every school yard and on monuments elsewhere. Ask someone to translate the inscriptions, and you will begin to know "Hiroshima."

On the Children's Peace Monument: THIS IS OUR CRY, THIS IS OUR PRAYER. BUILDING PEACE IN THIS WORLD.

On a peace statue showing a young girl with a fawn: OH, GOD OF EVIL, DO

NOT COME THIS WAY AGAIN. THIS PLACE IS RESERVED FOR THOSE WHO PRAY FOR PEACE.

On a monument at the site of a junior high school: HERE SEVEN TEACHERS AND THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE STUDENTS HAVE DIED IN THE ATOMIC BLAST AND [NOW] BECOME THE CORNERSTONE OF PEACE.

And on the Peace Park memorial itself, where the names of those known to have been killed by the atom bomb are added each year: LET ALL SOULS HERE REST IN PEACE, FOR WE SHALL NOT REPEAT THE EVIL.

However telling, this is only part of "Hiroshima." The heart and compassion of "Hiroshima" are the *hibakusha*, those who survived the bomb. There are over 100,000 of them, growing older in a darkening world. For them, "Hiroshima" is a memory that will not die, a tragedy that must never be repeated, a growing concern that will not let them be silent. In the Peace Memorial Hall, adjoining the Peace Memorial Museum, are hundreds of pictures painted by the *hibakusha*, who could not forget and who wanted to offer their view of the moments after the explosion. For them, the past is a threat blotting out the present and casting a shadow across the future of us all.

The *hibakusha* live also in Nagasaki, many more of them proportionately than in Hiroshima. Their message is not so difficult to find, for Nagasaki has not been forced to live with division and conflict. It has tried to recognize its past. After the bombing, the city never lost its identity. This was because it was not so destroyed as Hiroshima. Its residents took care of their own, nursing them back to life and guarding their property rights. While Hiroshima fought political battles after the war, becoming an exploited and misunderstood symbol in the international struggle for peace, Nagasaki—the forgotten one—was left to mourn its dead and to devote itself to the living. It has always been a serene city, with its narrow shopping streets in the old section and its ancient temples and churches. In the past, people spoke of "angry Hiroshima and praying Nagasaki." Still a gentle city, it is now, however, a more determined one.

For Nagasaki has its own anguish, quite different from Hiroshima's. If the atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima was sufficient, as history admits, to bring an end to the war, what can be said of Nagasaki? "Not only was our sacrifice unnecessary," the *hibakusha* say, "but our people were victims of a calculated and inhuman experiment to compare the effects of a plutonium bomb with the uranium bomb dropped on Hiroshima. Such things must never happen again anywhere—in war *or* in peace."

"We *hibakusha* must speak," an old man says. "It is our responsibility. If the bomb had been dropped on a deserted island, as some people suggested, the world would have learned nothing. No one cares what happens to palm trees, and the coral and the fish of the sea cannot talk. It had to be used on human beings because we can talk! It is because we *hibakusha* have not kept silent that atom bombs have not been used again in time of war. Yet even now, many will not listen. After we are gone..." He sits silent, staring into a future when the last *hibakusha*'s voice will have been stilled. "We must keep telling them," he repeats.

In Nagasaki, as in Hiroshima, records are gathered and preserved, and grim souvenirs are displayed. But in Nagasaki the emphasis is somewhat more upon the children and the education of future generations concerning war. Experiences of "the boys and girls of Nagasaki" have been translated, and many are exhibited in the International Cultural Hall. At the Shiroyama Primary School, the school closest to the blast, located within half a mile of the bomb's epicenter, a memorial service is held on the ninth day of every month for those who died. Students offer prayers and read peace essays of their own composition.

An association of *hibakusha* teachers prepares materials for teaching even the youngest pupils about the realities of nuclear war. When Americans object to exposing children to such horrors, the teachers reply, "If children do not learn in this way and dedicate themselves to seeing that it never happens again, they may have to learn as we ourselves learned. And then who will be left to pass that knowledge on?"

In the end, it is only by speaking to the *hibakusha* themselves that you will find what you both fear and need to know. Their gratitude toward those who will listen is touching, and they will bring you gifts. Gifts of trust. Gifts of painful memory. A ceramic doll, blackened and blistered by the atomic heat. "It belonged to my grandmother and my mother.... My little girl died on that day. Now I'm alone.... It is useless to save precious things for our children unless we get rid of the bomb." A prewar coin, once molten. "I found this where my parents had their shop," a forty-two-year-old woman tells me. "They were both killed.... I tried to protect my baby brother, but I couldn't find enough food, and there was no one to help.... How will I be able to apologize to my parents for being unable to keep my baby brother alive?" The woman dabs apologetically at her eyes. Tears come easily to the *hibakusha*.

They do not point the finger of blame, the *hibakusha*. Their hatred is for the bomb. A teacher, who was fourteen at that time, describes his experience: "It happened so suddenly.... It was so—so *complete*. I walked through the streets looking for my mother. I was like a camera. My mind recorded everything—everything—but I felt nothing. People crying for help. People begging for water. I could not respond. I was not even human. Something in me was dead.... For a very long time it was dead."

There is a poem by Sankichi Toge entitled "Give Back the Human." For a long time, I did not understand the meaning of the title, but now, thanks to the gifts over the years from the *hibakusha*, I do. I hope that others understand it. I hope that Ronald Reagan, Leonid Brezhnev, and the leaders of all countries with the capability of using nuclear weapons understand it. □

SIGNS OF WAR

IS IT TIME TO MOVE TO NEW ZEALAND?

I MET a woman, some years ago, who had a number tattooed on her forearm. She served coffee in her living room on a kibbutz near the Sea of Galilee. I didn't ask about the number. A relative had sketched in the story. Her family had planned to leave but didn't move quickly enough. History has a way of catching you by surprise. She turned sixteen in Auschwitz. I often think about her when I am talking with my friend R. in New York.

Early last year R. worried that things were slipping out of control. He thought he smelled war in the air. It wasn't just the hostage crisis in Iran, then in the first bloom of impasse, or the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. It was the little stories, some only two or three paragraphs long, which he read in the *Times*: a report of Russian troop concentrations on the northern border of Iran, American fleet movements, the basing of Russian aircraft along the southwestern border of Afghanistan, far from the areas where rebels were active, close to Iran, close to the Gulf. Worst was the story anonymously quoting U.S. military officials to the effect there was little the Americans could do if the Russians decided to move; the choices pretty much came down to acquiescence, or the use of tactical nuclear weapons. My friend R. got a passport and seriously thought of taking his family to New Zealand.

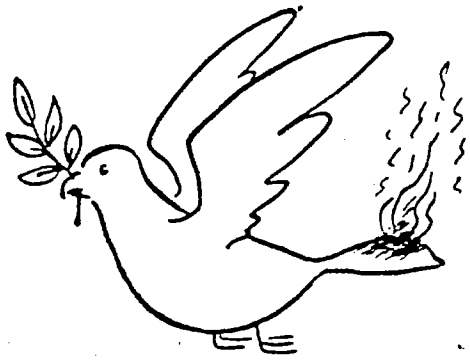
But this isn't the sort of move you can arrange in a day. It is very difficult to tell when a "critical situation" — an arena of danger bristling with chances for war — has reached a point where actual hostilities are imminent. Things which might lead to war usually don't. Things which do can be so inconsequential, at first, they escape notice. Before the shooting starts there is always a chance things might be settled peacefully. After the shooting starts, it's too late. I argued with R. that no one had more than one guess in him. If you guessed wrong and then spent three weeks at great expense cooling your heels in an Auckland hotel you'd never regain the confidence in your own judgment to guess boldly again. Odds are, the next time you'd be too skeptical, too hopeful, and too late. In the event, R. never went beyond getting a passport. He's still thinking about moving to New Zealand permanently, but for the moment is busy with other things. The air has cleared, and he feels safe.

But that leaves the problem of how to tell when a war is about to begin. This is not something which has been much discussed in print. The literature of war concerns itself, for the most part, with military history. The shelves of libraries are groaning with tomes recounting the progress of armies in minute detail. These books, however interesting, always remind me of E. M. Forster's remark that the appeal of novels is the implicit question: and then? and then? Military histories have a similar narrative line: first the generals did this, and then they did that, until finally the generals on one side could do no more. Such histories recount our collective experience of war, but they fail to close with war as a thing, war as a kind of behavior. In the spirit of Clausewitz they treat war as a rational endeavor (even when foolishly conducted) — the pursuit of policy by other means. They suggest that war becomes increasingly unlikely as sensible men see less and less hope of winning something worth the candle from a recourse to arms. It follows that when there is no hope of success there is no chance of war.

But the history of particular wars is replete with disastrous miscalculations, wars in which high feeling swept away all sense of proportion and restraint, wars blundered into, wars embarked upon in a mood of almost suicidal despondency. The thing which makes war possible is not reason for it, but capacity for it. Wherever we find armies we must assume that in some circumstances they will go to war. But which?

There is not much to be gained by describing all the situations which might lead to war — the mixture of oil and anarchy in the Persian Gulf, say, or the isolation of Berlin, or the great empty place where Russian and Chinese armies stare at each other across a mythical line in the earth — because there are so many of them, because each one is so factually complex, and because such situations offer only a possible occasion for war, without requiring it. There is too much variety and surprise in human affairs for us to predict the moment of war solely by examining in detail the sources of animosity. War is not what comes after the equals sign in an equation. What distinguishes war from peace is a sudden and dramatic increase in willingness to both suffer and inflict injury. Peace is careful, war profligate. The catalytic element, then — the thing one must watch for — is mood, a change in feeling, a conviction the only way out is forward. In our century — and especially in our half of our century — a decision for war must be a desperate thing. If we listen for that note, we may be able to hear war coming.

The theory I'm working from here is that a major war between great powers will be the result of a kind of self-entrapment. Nations are active creatures; they cannot sit still. When they are big enough to act freely they are continually seeking advantage — a new alliance here, the right to patrol an international strait there, the replacement of a hostile government by a friendly one, exclusive commercial rights, the military embarrassment of opponents with the aid of proxies, the intimidation of neighbors, the secret shipment of arms to the enemies of an opponent's ally, and so on. Peace is not the absence of strife, just strife of a quieter kind — a restless tugging and shoving. But these initiatives always run the risk of being too successful, and thus eliciting a response on a higher level, a kind of raising of the ante. Because power has an intangible side — the qualities of will which lend weight to words, the stuff of prestige — matters of small importance in themselves may loom suddenly large. It is only necessary for one side to insist things are going to be this way, rather than that. Once committed, great powers do not like to back down. Most of the important Cold War crises have been affairs of this sort — the



struggle of rivals over matters which would have seemed small, even trivial, if they had not involved questions of intangible will. This suggests that the essence of a war-precipitating crisis is a confrontation in which the possible outcomes progressively narrow to failure, or a step in the direction of war — a raising of the ante — as a sign of determination. It is the sort of thing, on an international scale, which we might describe, if individuals were involved, as getting into a pickle. This seems the most likely way a big general war might begin now, not only because we get about halfway into a pickle every few years, and sometimes oftener, but also because the weapons we have acquired for such a war are so frankly terrifying it is hard to imagine anyone deliberately choosing to use them, until he felt himself back flat up to the wall.

The first stage of a pre-war crisis, then, is closing — the coming together of two sides in a dispute. The point at issue might be one of either actual or symbolic substance. Western access to oil in the Persian Gulf (or Poland's allegiance to the Warsaw Pact) would be an example of the former, Berlin (or Cuba) of the latter. My own feeling is that the relative importance of the point at issue would not be as significant as the fact of closing, accompanied by an atmosphere of crisis.

The second stage would be deadlock — the announcement of mutually conflicting claims. At that point hopes for a peaceful settlement depend on one or both sides surrendering goals in whole or in part. Each side hopes the other will back down first. It is primarily danger which would make one or both sides think twice. This offers a risky opportunity to the more resolute of the two. Determination may carry the day, as it did for the United States over Cuba in 1962, but it also raises the stakes, for the simple reason that backing down gets harder to do (and costs more politically), the longer it is put off.

The third stage would follow the issuance of an ultimatum — a clear and unambiguous warning to the other side not to do something, or to do something. The latter, requiring a positive act, is inherently more provocative. One can always pretend to decline to do something for reasons of one's own. But to *do* something, to walk alone across the stage with the whole world watching . . . ! At this point those thinking about New Zealand would be wise to book passage. An ultimatum is equally hard to accept, and to take back. Issuing an ultimatum serves as earnest of implacable resolution, but it doesn't leave an opponent much room to maneuver. In the past an ultimatum was often little more than a formality, a kind of prelude to hostilities. In 1962 Kennedy issued an ultimatum to Khrushchev but he was careful to call it by another name, and he made it clear privately he neither wanted war, nor intended to exploit a Russian retreat. Even so, war, for a short time, was not far away.

The fourth stage would follow a shot fired in anger. At that point the planes to New Zealand would be filled.

It is entirely possible that all four stages of a war-precipitating crisis might occur in secret, making it difficult for an ordinary reader of newspapers to sense the growing desperation of the situation. Before Kennedy announced his blockade of Cuba in 1962 journalists had only the vaguest sense something was up, and no sense of its seriousness. Kennedy's advisers at one point favored a surprise attack on the Russian missile sites. If this advice had been accepted, the first sign of war would have been an act of war. Kennedy wisely shrank from so bold an initiative, and it is likely, but not certain, that future crises will follow a similar pattern.

In any event an ordinary citizen might see war coming only if he has a sensitive ear for that note of the desperate characteristic of a government under severe stress. Background stories in the media and wild fluctuations in the financial markets would tell us little. Reports of troop movements, especially those which close forces, would tell us more. But it is the small things which might tell us most. Complete isolation of the president and his main advisers would be an alarming sign, and perhaps the clearest signal of all would be any report of emotional agitation in public by an important official — a cracking voice, trembling hands, an outburst of irrational anger, weeping, etc. Reporters do not mention such things, even in the twentieth paragraph, unless they are dramatic and unmistakable. If I were planning on leaving for New Zealand, that sort of thing would probably send me to the airport.

But I am not at all certain we would see war coming, even if every step towards it were of the sort which in retrospect would appear to be clear, logical, and progressive. For one thing, it is hard to accept the imminence of an event which arouses deep fear. For another, things can happen so quickly. If the distance from the onset of crisis to deadlock were imaged as a mile, the distance from deadlock to ultimatum might be a thousand yards; from ultimatum to a shot fired in anger, 100 yards; from a shot fired in anger to the first use of a nuclear weapon, 10 yards; and from first use of a nuclear weapon to general war, three feet. This is only intended to suggest that tension accelerates the process. For those planning on refuge in New Zealand, it might be wise to anticipate — to behave as you would if a crisis had already proceeded to the next stage.

But there are arguments for another approach. When I talk about this with R., I remember the woman with the tattoo on her forearm. Her home in Israel was not far from the Syrian border. The sound of the guns had been clearly audible in 1973. The children of the kibbutz had been moved into a deep shelter covered by a great mass of broken rock held together by several layers of chicken wire. They slept there every night until the war ended. The woman with the tattoo had relatives in Canada; she might have left. But she had already been driven from one home, and did not intend to abandon another. It might be said that she had passed the point where she worried first about herself personally. There is sense in that, too.

THOMAS POWERS

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Corporations fear 'disarmament threat'

George Wald is professor emeritus, Harvard University; Nobel laureate in biology, 1967; member of executive committee, Federation of American Scientists.

By GEORGE WALD

IN 1961 — not all that long ago — something happened that has not only been forgotten but now seems unimaginable.

Top negotiators for the United States and the Soviet Union — John J. McCloy and Vladimir Zorin, who had been Soviet ambassador to Washington — brought before the General Assembly of the United Nations a complete set of principles agreed to by both governments for — guess what — general and complete disarmament: no more national armies, navies or air forces; only police forces for internal security; no more stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction, nuclear or "conventional."

The General Assembly received this document with joy, and at once established the 18-nation Disarmament Commission to implement it.

I think that in retrospect we can see that corporate America looked upon this development as the *disarmament threat*, and started then what Alva Myrdal calls the *disarmament game* we have lived with ever since.

The first casualty was the term *disarmament*. The trouble is that it means something: fewer arms. It has been replaced in virtually all official discussion by two essentially meaningless terms: *arms control* and *arms limitation*. Of course one can *control* arms up or down; so far it has always been up; and however far up they go, they will necessarily always be limited.

By 1963 we had the first arms control treaty: the Partial Test Ban Treaty. If that had been a comprehensive test ban treaty, we would now be living in a better and more secure world. What it did, however, was ban the testing of nuclear weapons only in the atmosphere, outer space and under the sea; testing continued unabated underground.

Since then we have had 10 bilateral and seven multilateral arms agreements — without even slowing the arms race. SALT II is number 18. Far from promising to slow the arms race, it is a license to go on with it.

All through this sorry experience, my physicist friends who are arms experts kept saying, "That last treaty didn't mean much in itself, but it was a step in the right direction." And what do they say now? "SALT II doesn't mean much in itself, but it's a step toward SALT III."

One might think all that diplomatic activity a waste of time; but no — it accomplished a useful purpose: it disarmed the disarmament movement. Always we were told, "Delicate negotiations are in progress. The negotiators know things that you don't know. Don't rock the boat!"

Where has that brought us?

The current stockpiles of just the "strategic" nuclear weapons — the big ones, many in the megaton range — in the U.S. and Soviet Union at present add up to the explosive equivalent of about 16 billion tons of TNT. There are slightly more than four billion persons in the world; so roughly on the average about four tons of TNT for every man, woman and child on the earth. In addition, each superpower has tens of thousands of so-called "tactical" nuclear weapons, and has already stockpiled the material to make hundreds of thousands more. . . .

Our nation has been making new hydrogen warheads at the rate of three per day for at least the past seven years. It seems insane; it *is* insane — unless one holds an arms contract. Then it's business, and the more of it the better.

Each year the Department of Defense (DOD) publishes the list of the "top 100" arms contractors. It is an interesting document. Every corporation in the country whose name I can recognize is on it: not only the aerospace companies one expects, but all the major oil companies, the auto companies, the telephone companies, the electrical appliance companies.

It is largely a hidden business. The companies' reports to stockholders make almost no mention of it; nor does anyone else. For example, we have in the past months been told in detail all about the finances of Chrysler; but no mention whatever of the fact that Chrysler, which makes the XM-1 tank, held arms contracts in 1979 of $809 million, expected to go to $1.2 billion in fiscal 1981.

Do the people in this business realize what it means? Yes, entirely. "The world doesn't look very safe out there," says a spokesman for General Dynamics (No. 1 in the top 100: contracts in 1978, $4.154 billion). "That makes the prospects for the industry look very good" (*Newsweek*, Feb. 4, 1980). It may be the end of the world; but they're making money.

Why do they continue in this suicidal course? Think of some chairman of the board of a major corporation faced with having to choose between a $500 million contract and the extinction of the human race. First thought: "That $500 million contract is here and now. We'll figure out some way to save the human race when the time comes." Second thought: "If we don't take that contract, someone else will. We'll be in just as big trouble, and we'll have lost that contract." They always take the contract.

The deception of the American public is endless. . . . The entire H-bomb enterprise, both research, development and production, goes not under the Department of Defense, but is in the hands of the Department of Energy. In fiscal 1980, out of a total DOE budget of $8.42 billion, by far the largest segment, $3.022 billion goes into nuclear weapons.

That helps explain how James Schlesinger, formerly our secretary of defense, overnight became our secretary of energy; and that he was then replaced by Charles W. Duncan who came, bringing most of his staff, directly out of the Pentagon. The reality is that the Department of Defense is not defense, nor is the Department of Energy energy.

What can we do?

First: realize that unless we can stop the arms race, and then go on to get rid of nuclear weapons, we are doomed as a species. In comparison with this, nothing else really matters.

Second: one isn't talking unilateral disarmament, but bilateral, indeed multilateral, worldwide disarmament. Not arms control, not arms limitation but disarmament.

Third: where to apply our energies: The Pentagon is not the master, but the servant. Our government is not the master, but the servant. Then who is the master? In our country, the major corporations and banks. We have to deal with the corporate state. We have to break the dominance of the arms business.

Fourth: where to begin? First and most: a comprehensive test ban treaty. That would stop the development of new weapons. Then cut the production of existing weapons, multilaterally. Then begin to destroy the stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction, multilaterally. We have been living for a generation in a balance of terror. All that matters is the balance. Instead of going up in balance, as in the past, we need to come down in balance.

That is the program: simple, but difficult — so difficult that if we had any choice, it would be prudent to do otherwise. But we have no choice; it's that or obliteration.

So we had better do that.

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