As a public service,

THE LAUCKS FOUNDATION

from time to time calls attention to published material that might contribute toward clarification or understanding of issues affecting world peace. The accompanying reprints constitute Reprint Mailing No. 59.

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The following is quoted from "What We Can Do To Avert Nuclear War" by William L. Ury, in Parade Magazine, March 25, 1984:

> "Fascinated by the awesome destructiveness of a nuclear bomb, we have focused on the weapons themselves. Should we freeze them? Should we reduce them? Should we even increase them? Yet, with 50,000 weapons in the arsenals, even a radical reduction to half would not save us if war broke out. It would take only a few hundred to destroy America, if not the world.
>
> "The greatest danger now is not the weapons, but people making mistakes. We can stabilize the weaponry so that no sane leader deliberately starts a nuclear war, but, in times of intense crisis, can we control the human factors of miscommunication, miscalculation, stupidity, panic and organizational snafus?"

The following segment was excerpted from the MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour aired February 24, 1984. (Reproduced by permission of Mr. Drew Moseley, Rights and Clearances, MacNeil/Lehrer/Gannett Productions):

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The MacNeil/Lehrer NEWS HOUR

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MacNEIL: We close tonight with another of our essays from Roger Rosenblatt. Every day people in the news business, reporters, editors, news producers, ask themselves, what shall we lead with? Meaning, what do we put first; what matters most? It's a question we all ask ourselves.

Looking at recent events, Roger Rosenblatt has been thinking about that question.

ROGER ROSENBLATT: Newsmen put the question in practical terms. What should we lead with? The rest of us ask it more generally. What matters most? It comes to the same puzzle. Survey events in a given period of time and try to come up with a single moment, the headline by which the world may be characterized, stopped in its spin.

In the past couple of weeks we have stood chest-high in choices. In Lebanon, one more last battle for Beirut, the collapse of the Gemayel government, the pullout of the U.S. Marines. In the Soviet Union, the death of Yuri Andropov and the succession of Konstantin Chernenko, a funeral in red. In Iowa, the small beginnings of an American presidential election, the first funny hats and toots of the horns. In Sarajevo, one more winter Olympics done; memories on videotape. The ice dancers Torville and Dean synchronized as if accidentally like birds in a wind. Four major acts then: war, ceremony, process, grace.

What should we lead with? What matters most? Let's concede from the start that the problem is subjective, that whatever choice we settle on it is bound to be formed more by habit than by a command of history. We're not in control of history.

Getting bored with Beirut? It's not unheard of, if you don't live there. Every few weeks another upheaval, another onslaught, the familiar pictures of crushed Mercedes, balconies split open like stale cake, here a distraught mother, there a distraught maniac. Polls show that the American people are growing tired of Lebanon, of the Middle East as a whole. Too bad. The region matters. It's a lead. Boring or not, Beirut may be the center of the world, the place where everything comes together or apart.

So, too, for Moscow these past two weeks. After the obsequies and the miles of citizen mourners, after the visiting dignitaries have filed past a dead man's medals, half the world closes ranks behind another mystery. Who is this Chernenko, Brezhnev's former water boy turned master of the house?

After Iowa, who is Mondale? Walter, we thought we knew you, but now we'd better look a bit closer at him, who may become the leader of the other half of the world.

Which leaves us with Sarajevo, the least important place on our current events map. Perhaps. But before we say so definitely, play it again, that ice dance performed by the two Brits. I don't think that I caught it all the first time. I think I missed one of the turns of her head or an extension of his arm, the way they came together or apart. Here is what one would like to say. The Torvilles and Deans routine was more important in its sublimity than all the shootings and elections time can muster, that life is short and art is long, and that the skating dance, brief and evanescent as it is, represents a perfection in which the entire universe may be encompassed.

Theodore Roethke described such an effect in a poem. "A ripple widening from a single stone, winding around the waters of the world." Nice. May even be true. Yet we have no sure way of making such a judgment. It is just as likely that Beirut is the widening ripple by which everything is framed. What we confront in making such choices is not the events alone but ourselves, and it is ourselves we are not able to place in order. The mind, fickle as a southern belle, swishes rapidly from battles to dances, enthralled equally with every suitor, enthralled with itself.

Tell me a story about my mind, Mister News. Did I overturn a government this week? Did I come to power? Did I win an election? Did I skate flawlessly again? Was I murderous, decorous, triumphant? Beautiful? And if I was all those things, how should I order my priorities so as to know what is truly human? The essential prevailing act. The question is us. What should we lead with? What matters most?

In another poem Roethke suggested that the widening ripple is ourselves. "I lose and find myself in the long water. I am gathered together once more. I embrace the world." We do that every week, cursing and awestruck at all we are.

MacNEIL: Thoughts by Roger Rosenblatt. Good night, Charlayne.

Gary Wills

KATALLAGETE

WINTER 1981

THE DILEMMA OF DEADLY FORCE

We have Acton's word for it that power tends to corrupt—a truth not very startling anymore. But behind that axiom lies a harsher truth, harder to grasp, that power tends to enfeeble. Strength weakens.

Take, as parable, the schoolyard bully. His power, if daily exerted, is wasted. One battle just earns him another. His supremacy is never established because it is always in the process of establishment. On the other hand, if his reputation for preeminence allows him to boss others around without actually fighting out each concession, his power tends to atrophy, even as the demonstration of it fades in the minds of his "subjects." While they grow more willing to call his bluff, he becomes less able to back it. Yet this condition must be extended as long as possible. The first law of conservation, so far as power goes, is to achieve the effect of using it without actually using it.

For political leaders that often means, "Don't dispute your mandate." To which critics respond, "If you don't use it, it can hardly be called a mandate at all." President Eisenhower was condemned for not risking his popularity by doing anything beyond being popular. Yet many believe true power is power held in reserve; it must contract itself to preserve itself.

Still, once self-preservation becomes the rule of power, that priority enfeebles its holder, who becomes so afraid of losing it that he ceases to use it. Power contracted is, in the long run, power diminished.

If contraction of power enfeebles, then expansion of power must be its proper use. It must exert itself outside itself to be a power in more than name. But here, too, there is a logic that makes power undo itself. Power expanded becomes, at a certain point, power diffused.

That paradox intrigued Edward Gibbon in his study of the Roman Empire. He came to believe, of the whole imperial effort, what he observed in the career of the Emporer Maximus: that "his success was the immediate cause of his destruction." As Rome pushed onto the rim of empire, her resources were spread ever thinner while "the increased circle must be involved in a larger sphere of hostility." The empire is challengeable around its wide perimeter, where a small concentration of alien power can break the circle, puncture myth. The entirety is at stake at each isolable point along the rim.

America gave us an example of that quandry at the end of World War II. Having fought a total war to conditional surrender, we hoped to impose total peace on our terms, rectifying our remiss conduct after World War I. (We had demanded total surrender to give us a "clean slate" for remaking Europe.) It was a proud dream, and it seemed realizable. After all, we were the most powerful nation in the history of the world. We had cracked the universe's secret of power, the very structure of matter. Our enemies were crushed. Our allies (including Russia) were crippled, invaded, indebted. Who could defy us?

Yet two years later we were so fearful that President Truman imposed more severe security restrictions than had existed during the war itself. The CIA was created to do secret war where our overt mandate was defied. Someone was "losing" China, as we had lost Eastern Europe—surely by foul play, since no one could resist our power's eminence in a fair contest. A panic set in, and grew steadily through the late '40s and early '50s, to reach its climax in McCarthyism. And the panic had its origin in power.

Our very existence was not challenged in the '40s. We were not going to be invaded, conquered, dictated to. But our will was being defied in distant corners of the globe. Our claim to total ordering of postwar politics was not respected, here and there, on the perimeter of our wide concerns; and any attack was a total attack, where total *control* was the point. We were hostages to our own broad claims. Our power, in expanding, was evaporating—which gave us a hideous sensation of weakness precisely when we were at the summit of things with a monopoly on atomic weaponry.

If power enfeebles both by contraction and by

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expansion, it does so equally in simple or complex forms. Power that simplifies makes itself vulnerable, as we see in a country with a one-crop economy. Failure of that crop, or of its delivery or of its customers, is the failure of everything. But diversification, the apparent cure for that disorder, produces its own vulnerability. It is easy for the complex to break down or to be interfered with. It is a proof of the mind's power to order multiple things that a jumbo jet can lift hundreds of people into the air and fling them halfway around the globe. But the greater that power, the greater disaster occurs when an engine falls off, or a private plane hits the jet, or a hijacker blows it up.

It is a source of peculiarly modern frustration that "conveniences" discommode. A telephone in a distant cabin or in an old person's apartment reduces the dangers of loneliness. One can call for help. But it also makes one prey for threatening or obscene phone calls. Our new power to communicate becomes a weapon of intrusion for those who wish to remain "incommunicado" or at least anonymous. The taking of hostages shows how television can be used to hold an entire society captive to the intrusive demands of those who have learned to use the gadgetry of pleasure as a weapon for annoyance. Those who lament America's decline in power because embassy personnel can be seized before the whole world's watching cameras are describing a weakness that is systemic to power. The children of the rich are kidnapped, precisely because their parents have power to pay. There has been a heavy rate of kidnapping among top executives of multinational corporations. Does that prove the corporations have no power? Quite the opposite. The seizures are a kind of indirect tribute to their power, and to the exposure of executives that derives from convenience of travel to many nations.

There is, then, something slippery in the very nature of power, something that skews from the hands of its user. It is a sword that cuts with its hilt as well as its blade, and wounds its owner. Few wars have accomplished anything good for mankind, or even for the victors. War aims are forgotten in the war's frenzy and disappear from the final accounting.

Take that last of our "good wars," World War II. It did not rescue the imperiled Jews in concentration camps; it accelerated their deaths. After Roosevelt's unilateral proclamation of the unconditional surrender policy at Casablanca in January 1943—a declaration opposed by allied intelligence and military authorities—all hope of internal overthrow of Hitler disappeared, the Armageddon frenzy was given free rein in Germany, the need for scapegoating the Jews was increased, and the day-and-night stoking of the kilns became feverish. No plotters against Hitler could offer the German people a better deal than absolute humiliation; no one, anymore, had anything to lose. So the mad masters tore down everything in the vengeful last period of resistance.

We had wanted a clean slate, remember—what Roosevelt called the absolute "destruction of the philosophies in those countries." It is hard to kill a philosophy, and his approach to that goal probably killed several million more Jews. It also prolonged the war, and gave Russia the chance to advance deeper into Europe, onto our "clean slate."

Power so easily backfires. We had demonstrated our power to make an extreme demand which did not inhibit but incited madness in our foes (something we should remember whenever we are told that the way to make others capitulate is to get tougher with them). Power more often crazes those it is used on than makes them cringe or cower. Study after study has indicated that the bombing of civilian populations, even to the saturation level, stiffens morale instead of breaking it. That was true of Hitler blitzing London, of the allies blitzing Dresden, and of Nixon blitzing Hanoi. Indiscriminate death rained from above sows a prodigious harvest of hate which rarely makes for quicker or more useful surrender terms.

Ah, but did not our great bombs bring Japan to her knees? Not really. We know now what Truman knew then: that Japan was already on her knees. Her war machine had no fuel to run on after we interdicted the routes carrying Japan the foreign oil she relied (and relies) on. The thin wave of kamikaze flights was thrown at our advancing ships because their tanks could be filled with the thimbles of gasoline that remained.

We *wanted* to use the bombs, and needed little excuse. We obliterated two cities of living men, women and children—did so with orgasmic suddenness; without warning; without pause, between the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but what was forced on us by delivery logistics. We had the power—it must be good, as we were; we would use it as fast as we could. If we had possessed more than two, we might well have dropped a third or a fourth. It was virtue riding triumphant in the heavens, a crashing coda to our glorious demonstration of power. Power tends to corrupt, all right—only a corrupt nation could drop those two bombs in that way, and applaud a President who boasted he never lost a minute's sleep over that decision.

But power enfeebles as well as corrupts. What did we get for our display of might? I am not talking in moral terms now—whether we proved ourselves morally superior to the kiln-stokers when we

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became the city-erasers. What did we get, even in the cruder sense of practical results?

A quicker end to the war? That is questionable. Truman's daughter argued in her book that we dropped the bomb to keep Russia out of the Asian theater. If so, we failed—and we certainly did not prevent Russian expansionism in Europe by showing off what we possessed.

Did we help our effort to control a total peace? We seemed to hope so; but it was a superstitious hope. Like Philip Marlowe muttering, "When a man has a gun in his hand, Doc, you're supposed to do what he says," we hoped that having the bomb would make everybody do what we said. Part of the American panic came from the shrug the world seemed to be giving to that ultimatum. We had, for a while, the only bombs; for a much longer while, the best bombs, and the most, and the most easily delivered. Yet McCarthy and others said that the communists were taking over the world. How could that be?

That could be because power enfeebles—because the world was not as ready to believe that we proved our love for others at Hiroshima as we thought, for some reason, it might be; because death rained indiscriminately from the heavens rarely endears; because a promise not to use the thing, coming from the only people who *had* used it, made as little sense as did the *deterrent* possession of it ("Obey us so we won't have to use it; not that we mean to use it; but you better act as if we meant to use it; because if you don't, you might force us to use it"). The intricate scholasticism of our academicians of destruction translated most readily to others as, "Hold me so I won't go crazy." Power does not automatically lend a pose of dignity.

Use of the bomb did not really end the war and certainly did not build the peace. Neither has nonuse of the bomb. Yet we staked a great deal on our possession of it and on our improvement of it from atomic to hydrogen staus.

And we thought we could maintain a monopoly of it if we just spied on ourselves assiduously enough. No one else could ever figure the thing out, and our security arrangements would keep them from stealing it at its single source.

Actually our failure could not have been more complete. Some did steal atomic secrets, despite all our precautions; but that did not help the Russians by more than a few months, if at all. The main thing we accomplished was the intensification of suspicion and fear among ourselves.

If keeping our beloved bomb a monopoly was silly, there was only one other course that made sense. We could have said to the world: "This is an instrument no human being should possess or use" (a claim we could not very well make because we *had* used it; power had crippled us). "We hereby dismantle all our ability to make further bombs. And we invite everyone to join us in opposition—by embargo, nontrading compacts, expulsion from the civilized community—to any nation that attempts or succeeds at construction of a single other bomb."

It is all very well to offer that plan in hindsight, now that we know our monopoly was doomed to be short-lived. But, we are told, the chance for such a stand disappeared forever once we lost that monopoly. Now we must maintain parity (at the least) with Russia's nuclear capacity, reducing our arms (if at all) only *pari passu* as they verifiably reduce theirs.

After all, if they once get nuclear superiority, the world will be at their disposal. The very people who tell us Russia's nuclear superiority would put the world at her disposal were those who said our nuclear monopoly had not prevented Communist "takeovers" in the '40s. The world didn't do what we said when we held the bomb; why should it do so for Russia? Because, we are told, Russia is evil enough to *use* the thing whose use we only threatened. But once again, the unwillingness to use the bomb on moral grounds looks unconvincing when voiced by the only people who have ever dropped it.

To those who say the time has passed for surrendering the bomb, I answer: What if we could magically remove all our nuclear capability overnight—this very night? What would happen tomorrow? Would the Russians blow us up? They could do that now, if they wanted to. But what good would it do them today *or* tomorrow?

Or would they "take us over" tomorrow? And what does that mean? Send occupying troops? Administer Amtrak?

Sending tanks into Prague is one thing. Occupying America has been a tough enough assignment for Americans. And what would they get for their pains? Would the drain on their manpower and resources be repaid in the reluctant labor and black market and sabotage of America's free enterprise system of gangsterism? Could they control the Mafia, or even New York's street gangs? We can't. And where would their manpower come from?

We neglect the helot problem, the reason Sparta could not fight far from her territory for any length of time: the helots would rebel. Russia has trouble enough holding her present satellites, and has failed to hold some. She is, in fact, the only country in the world surrounded by hostile communist governments: China, Yugoslavia, Romania. Gibbon could tell them much about the point where further expansion becomes evaporation.

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KATALLAGETE

Perhaps the immediate threat would not be against *us* (as it was not in the 1940s) but against our allies, or our holdings elsewhere—our oil, perhaps. Russia would not have to take America if, America once neutralized, she could take Europe.

That argument supposes that the *nuclear* deterrent has checked Russia in that endeavor (I said nothing of unilateral disarmament in other than nuclear terms). But nuclear war in Europe makes little sense. The NATO countries do not want to be rescued by instant incineration. Neither does the conqueror want to inherit a "hot" continent. The deterrent in Europe has always been political in the first place, conventionally military in the second. If saturation bombing rarely leads to capitulation or to successful occupation, nuclear bombing is unacceptable *a fortiori*—the real reason we did not use the bomb in Korea or Vietnam, despite frequent consideration of that alternative.

What good has possession of the bomb—at terrific peril to ourselves from accident, theft, sabotage, wreck—done for us?

Some say that the bomb made Krushchev back off in the Cuban missile crisis; and that may be true of the way he backed off, the terms he had to accept—which just shows that the bomb imperils us, that power enfeebles. If removal of the Russian missiles were the main consideration, we could have accomplished that by the quid pro quo of removing our obsolete Turkish missiles in an overt deal. But President Kennedy thought that might mean losing face for America, and he wanted to humiliate the Russians as well as reach an accomodation. So he refused the overt deal, imposed an arbitrary deadline, and forced Krushchev to lose face sufficiently to contribute to his downfall.

What was the lesson America taught by its power, then? That cooperation with Americans is useless, that overtures lead to humiliation, that any Kremlin leader who wants to avoid Krushchev's fate better not back down anywhere. The Russian defiance of President Carter's spasm of concern over troops in Cuba was dictated by the experience of Krushchev. President Kennedy bought an easy "victory" at tremendous risk, and sowed later hatred. The power to issue demands makes the wielder of power feel good at the moment. But in the long run, it undermines power itself.

We have not wielded the bomb; the bomb has immobilized us. We have been chained to it, in a worshiping attitude toward our icon-captor. We thought it would do wondrous things, but it has done nothing useful. It has been an expensive cult object, guarded, hidden, given rich sacrifices of time and money. We keep fissionable material scattered all over the globe. We build new warheads literally every day. We have a new generation of bright youngsters who can activate any warhead that comes into their possession. We have not prevented proliferation of the bombs into "less responsible" hands. We have tied our own hands in a gesture of captive embrace around the thing that was to be our instrument of power and has become, instead, a drain on our strength, physical as well as moral.

The only way we could have used the bomb fruitfully, when we had it, was to give it away. For the other side of the paradox that power enfeebles is this: yielding empowers. It sounds crazy to say that, though our experience daily confirms this upside-down truth. The parent who exerts his or her power most drastically over children loses all power over them, except the power to twist and hurt and destroy.

The power to destroy—to wound, to sever bridges, to end lives—is easily wielded. We can all smash a TV set, a computer, a transistor, a friendship, a marriage. Few of us can build a workable computer or a rewarding marriage. Any idiot can wreck what only a genius can make.

That power to destroy, easy to come by, also destroys itself. And the instruments of such destructive power are rarely if ever useable for construction. Saturation bombing does not build peace. The person who would influence others constructively cannot achieve that influence by punishment, by threats, by vengeance. The colleague, the leader, the teacher who builds does so by deferring to others, by yielding to their efforts, by encouraging instead of browbeating.

The ultimate expression of this is the freedom of the saints, whose influence is so great because they have given up so much. A Mother Teresa cannot be "got to" through her power over weapons or goods or material advantages, because she has renounced them all. The saints "win" in power plays because they are willing to lose more than others are.

The 1960s were obsessed with power—the power of the system, or of working outside it; the power of insurgency and counterinsurgency. President Kennedy epitomized an ideal of power, and proved the random power of sheer destruction when a lone crazy killed him. (The very denial of the possibility that a lone crazy could blot out so much, so fast, so easily, explains our fascination with conspiracy theories, no matter how farfetched.) Kennedy's power was that of social position, brilliant rhetoric, the Green Berets, the televised showdown, the willingness to risk nuclear war to humiliate a foe.

Another man was also killed in the 1960s, but the lone crazy did not accomplish nearly so much in his case, since Dr. King had already surrendered his

life. He wrought large social changes, constructive, not destructive—he forged new ties of friendship and racial bonds—because he did not try to force change by violence practiced on others. He could not, and did not want to, outlynch the lynchers, outjail the rednecks, outclub Bull Conners' men, outbite their dogs. His only power was the power to suffer, and that is the only invincible power. The man who overcomes himself cannot be overcome; his truth goes marching on. That kind of feebleness empowers.

That is not simply a mystical axiom, making sense, of an obscure and private sort, to the saints. Friends of mine argue that no country has a right to possess instruments of nuclear destruction, even if they help that nation: *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*. They may be right. But I make a more modest claim here, entirely practical and political: that nuclear weapons harm us, even on the practical scale, instead of helping us; that they are a parasite feeding on our life and wealth and prospects; that they threaten to bring down the heavens on our head.

Large social "blind spots" bewilder us in past civilizations. How did moral philosophers in ancient Rome condone and defend infanticide? How could our own beloved forefathers practice (and apologize for) slavery? (Some thought slavery evil, but believed America would weaken to foreign enemies by giving up the economic advantage of the slaves' labor—though nothing has weakened America more, in her history, than our two centuries of slaveholding.) Future students will be even more puzzled at the continued possession and extension of dangerous and expensive weapons that menaced all life, promised no security, and undermined the very bases of a rational polity. How, they will say (if we let them exist), could they not see what they were doing? Well, it is a hard thing to see—the mystery that power enfeebles—though we have evidence for that hidden truth lying all around us every day. □

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Election '84

MEDIA DEMOCRACY

THE HUCKSTERING OF THE PRESIDENCY

JUST TRY to follow the quadrennial presidential horserace: Last year it was Mondale with Cranston moving out of the pack. Cranston fades. It's Glenn; Glenn's moving up. Only he can go the distance. Hart's about to fold. McGovern's a spoiler. No, wait a minute, wait a minute. Glenn is fading back. Jeez, McGovern's a statesman! Is Hollings coming on? Nah, that's only the columnists and Republicans. Here comes Jesse. Jesse's gaining on Fritz; they're coming 'round into the stretch. Wait, wait a minute; it's . . . it's Hart! Hart in the stretch — he's pulling out! *Way* out. It's Hart by a length!

Ever get the feeling the presidential race is like that famous broadcast Dutch Reagan did back in Iowa years ago? You know, the sound went off, and he had to improvise to keep the attention of the listeners, and to stop them from touching that dial?

We got the inevitable two-man race between Mr. Mondale and Mr. Hart — after exactly one primary. I don't know if this is purely because TV covers no sport well with more than two sides, or whether for this particular sport "one-on-one" is simply better video. In any case, the print media has obliged (His Eminence David Cardinal Broder says the Hart-Mondale race is "exciting" and that we will learn "a lot.").

We can, of course, also depend on two — and only two — candidates in the fall. Media democracy is too important to allow false spoilers in the final stretch. Only heretics like Gene McCarthy or John Anderson fail to understand the grave danger of choice in a game so sophisticated and charged with such electric suspense.

I'm sorry about that. I don't like either major party. The Republicans frighten me most, but the Democrats offend more. I don't expect much of Republicans. They are *supposed* to be corporate apologists and militarists. But the Democrats do poorly on either score, too; the debt, when examined structurally, is as much or more their heritage as Reagan's. The Republicans may be, by turns, stupid and cold-hearted, but the Democrats are the biggest phonies since Clifford Irving. All that hand wringing about the poor and the downtrodden, all that talk about compassion — when the party establishment is controlled by corporate lawyers, lobbyists, brokers, and real estate developers. And all those D.C. superlawyers, the Clark Cliffords and Harry McPhersons, and who-have-you's, gathering in elegant dining rooms and discussing nostalgically the Great Society's war on poverty.

Walter (Fritz) Mondale, the quintessential veep, is now one of them, a "Washington lawyer." Mondale is also a faction Bionic: pieces have been gathered from nearly every pressure group headquarters along K Street or Connecticut Ave. in Washington, D.C.

I don't know whether Gary Hart has new ideas or not, and I don't know if his ideas are any good. (I'd settle for old tried and true "ideas.") But I do know he is not currently running on ideas; he is running on the symbolism of ideas.

We have gone from the passions and the interests to the media and the lobbyists. The Democratic choice is between two kinds of selling of the presidency: old-fashioned retail huckstering à la Humphrey. And mass marketing à la Kennedy.

Which brings us back to the media.

Political parties are dead. The smoke-filled room of a Mayor Daley is gone forever. Though some journalists and political scientists dream of resurrection, I think they are sentimental and mistaken. As a nation, we were never much on political parties. This means a new elite must filter out candidates and issues. In democracy, an elite is inevitable. The new one is unquestionably the press — with broadcast media dominating. They set the agenda, pinpoint crises, determine the standards for deciding which candidates and what issues may be dubbed "real." Nixon was the first (in 1968) to clearly enunciate post-party politics as an appendage to advertising. John Kennedy (in 1960) was the first to sense and exploit it. Mr. Hart, whatever the merits of his platform, has understood the new game and the new elite, and played them as Carter and Reagan did.

There is nothing inherently wrong with elites. But there *is* something wrong with unaccountable ones. As corporations the networks pursue money and power as voraciously as other conglomerates and monopolies do. Their reporters, playing the role of kingmakers, mostly pursue sarcasm and success. Truth is left to Bill Moyers, who is occasionally banished to P.B.S.

"Number One" — that ought to be the key buzzword for the reigning sportscasters in the news booths. That alone is their primary interest: being Number One. The Number One news organization. Number One in ratings. Number One network. Their second interest — a distant second — is in the *candidate* who "emerges" as Number One.

I do not know an easy way out. Certainly declarations of the outcome of elections before they are fact, i.e. held, is absolutely without justification and an assault upon the franchise. Congress is obliged to show a small morsel of courage here, and prohibit the pre-vote projection. What is at stake is not freedom of expression or investigation, but full reign of greed as against the modest amount of power still retained in this country by ordinary citizens.

Beyond this, we cannot and should not expect restraint upon the political power of the press. American political tradition never — from James Madison to Teddy Roosevelt — expected the powerful to restrain themselves. The networks will not stop selling time to candidates (except third and fourth party ones). They will not stop commentating. But we ought to be able to demand less verbal and analytic nonsense and more respect for voters, if not for "truth."

MY OWN FAVORITE Democrats this year were McGovern and Hollings. I doubt I agree with more than 50 percent of what McGovern says, or more than 30 percent of what Hollings advocated. But, like Goldwater, one senses that both are real persons — of flesh and blood, conviction, prejudice, pride, and even (imagine!) political experience. Watching Hollings withdraw the other day, I had a sense of an unprogrammed and honorable man. Rather like old Sam Ervin, Hollings seemed to have *character*, and though much dedication to what he regards as the good work of politics, some kind of reserve — an inner life as well. Hollings said he will stay in the Senate which is where independent and competent men of his stature should be, and where not enough are! Perhaps his message of sacrifice will get a better hearing there now, or in the next session. Perhaps the Democrats will one day elect him floor leader.

Aside from ideals and ideas — genuine, personal, old, or new — the real test of a presidential candidate may be wit, which McGovern and Hollings in this campaign seemed to have, and which all the interesting losers of the last thirty years (Goldwater, McCarthy, Stevenson) seemed to possess. I personally prefer the current two Democratic frontrunners to President Reagan because as governors either would, I believe, do less harm. Yet, one imagines Hart or Mondale on the morning after an electoral defeat waking to ask, "Where's the rest of me?"

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The following is quoted from "Mondale and Hart Are Courting Victory—by Reagan" by Morton M. Kondracke in The Wall Street Journal, April 5, 1984:

"...The Democrats are fighting phony battles about which of three certified arms control and civil rights enthusiasts is the most enthusiastic.

"Not only are the topics of Democratic debate growing ever more irrelevant to the real world, but the tone is becoming ever more personal, spiteful and divisive, and the terms of debate are becoming ever more extreme.

"At the rate things have gone in the first half of the Democratic nomination struggle, by convention time the nominee—if it is Mr. Hart or Mr. Mondale—may not be able to put the party back together, Ronald Reagan will have the center of the political spectrum all to himself and a Republican landslide will be in the making."

*The following is excerpted from "Building Real Security", the speech given by Amory B. and L. Hunter Lovins upon accepting a Right Livelihood Award in Stockholm, Sweden, in December 1983. (Reprinted by permission of the authors)**

"...Deterrence requires, among other paradoxical things, that each side be rational enough to be in fact deterred by the threat of mutual annihilation, yet also appear to the other side to be irrational enough to carry out that threat...

"...The spread of nuclear bombs is motivated by the prestige attached to them and the domineering capacity derived from them—notably by the United States, which is the only nation to have exploded them in anger, the only one which refuses to promise not to use them first again, and the main one basing its foreign policy on threats of nuclear violence (such threats having been made, on average, about once a year since 1945)...

"...Of course, making bom[illegible]res not only motives but also means, which nuclear po[illegible]ams have exported around the world. The materials, knowl[illegible]lls, equipment, and organizations used for nuclear power are so unavoidably usable for bombs that it is impossible to have one without the other, notwithstanding efforts towards unachievable 'international safeguards'. Ultimately, the only effective safeguard would be a denuclearized world. A way to get there begins with civil denuclearization. In a world without nuclear power, the means needed to make bombs by any known method would no longer be items of commerce. They would therefore be hard to get, conspicuous to try to get, and politically very costly to be caught trying to get, because for the first time one's purpose in wanting them would be unambiguously military."

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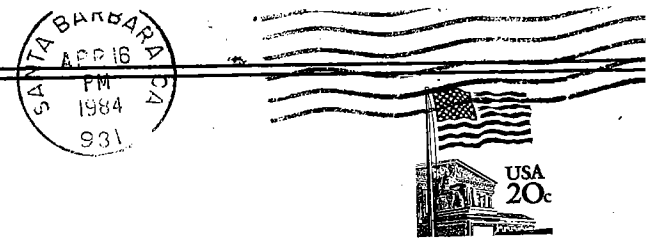

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