

PEACE



PEACE

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A UTOPIAN NOVEL

BY

DAVID ADAMS

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How long have we to wait before the rest of men turn pacifist? Impossible to say, and yet Perhaps our hope that these two factors - man's cultural disposition and well-founded dread of the form that future wars will take - may serve to put an end to war in the near future, is not chimerical. But by what ways or byways this will come about, we cannot guess.

Sigmund Freud
to
Albert Einstein
September, 1932

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Prologue

This is the story of my relationship to two men, Daniel Buchanon and my brother John Boyd, and what they did.

You need no introduction to Daniel since he is a hero of our times. There are many books and stories about him which you may have read, but none of them tell the story as I knew it. Some were written by people who never met Daniel at all, others by people who only saw him speak or interviewed him for the press once or twice, and they are full of inaccuracies and sometimes even untruths. Since I knew him about as well as any man alive now, I have decided to take up my pen and try to set some of the record straight.

In telling you of Daniel I cannot in all honesty escape telling it through my own eyes, and I will not try to pretend otherwise. If you feel I have exaggerated my own importance in what Daniel accomplished, then I apologize. Let me at least make it clear from the beginning that Peace News and all it accomplished was his inspiration and his alone. The rest of us simply followed him.

I also decided to tell you something of my brother. In his own way John was perhaps as courageous as Daniel, and what he did was almost as important. His story has not previously been known by anyone except me, and even now, were he alive, he might not want it told. But our history books, as Daniel pointed out to us again and again, are written about men of war, and we must now turn to heroes who stood against war instead, or else we will soon return to the arms race from which we have just begun to escape. It is in this hope that I write this book, that Daniel and John may serve as examples for the coming generations and that man may turn without the fear of war to wrestle with the great tasks of life.

Berlin

I was three years younger than John and according to my mother I was always the good boy while he was the bad, at least while we were growing up in Cascade. After we left home it changed somewhat, however. Since our father had been killed during World War II and our mother made little money in the bank, it was necessary that we make our own livings as soon as we got out of high school. John found his place early as a career officer in military intelligence, while I started off with a church scholarship to college to become a missionary doctor. While John's position was stable, I quit school in a religious crisis, turned Catholic for a while, and then just bummed around. When the army caught up to me and I was drafted, my mother was clearly relieved. "I don't know what got into you," she said. "I know you're just as bright as John and your intentions were always twice as good, but you just got to taking things too seriously, I guess."

It's difficult for me to remember exactly how I felt in those years. I do know that up until the age of nineteen I was the one who was absolutely certain of everything, of God, of the nature of man, of my career as a missionary, while John was the cynic who told me once he didn't believe in anything except what he could get his prick into - that at the age of sixteen when he still hadn't even seen a woman naked let alone slept with one.

It was only after I left home and went to college that life suddenly turned sour. I read and thought and prayed harder than I had ever done in my life, and yet I could feel God constantly slipping away like water through my fingers. Once that year I went to a revival meeting and got the spirit for a month or so, during which time I didn't touch on the questions that had troubled me. But after that the doubts returned; I wrestled with sin and atheism until I thought I was going crazy. The memory that returns to me now is a picture of me sitting in my dormitory window over the main court yard of the campus and hearing the click-click-click of girls' heels as they passed beneath, each click like a spike driving into my chest. I left school.

I didn't tell my mother I was gone, but I went up to a Catholic monastery for refuge, a place up in the mountains above Boise not

too far from home, but very quiet, a place where no one could know I had gone. For a few weeks there I was happy and I even started studying to become a Roman Catholic, but I just couldn't quite make it. One day I left and started hitchhiking west to the coast and down towards San Francisco. It was in that city that I wired my mother for money and found out I had been drafted. To this day I'm not sure but what my mother had a hand in the draft board's decision.

After basic training I managed to get myself shipped to Berlin where John was stationed, and we were there together for two years I looked forward to the relationship we had while we were growing up, but it never became like that. When we were younger we had had many fights - I had even broken a tooth in one of them - and. Our ideas and beliefs had been different, even opposite, and yet there had always been a deep and basic respect between us. Now in Berlin we had no fights and few arguments, but we didn't have the closeness either. Perhaps the main reason was the officer - enlisted man distinction. Whenever we were together in public, and even when we were alone I could not help but be constantly aware of our different uniforms. It was necessary for us to be out of uniform to be brothers again, and even then it was difficult. After a year John went home and married his high school girl-friend Joannie and brought her back to Berlin. Sometimes they invited me over to the house, but now John never went out with me, and I felt like an intruder if I went to visit without an invitation.

At the end of my tour of duty John and I had been engaged in an argument about communism, an argument which, though it was often interrupted and never very vehement, still carried us back to the times we had been able to talk to each other. I argued that pure communism was a beautiful idea and that Jesus himself had been leading a revolution against an exploiting class, while John insisted that I was only being idealistic and didn't know what it was like in practice. Out of our argument grew the idea that as soon as I was discharged I would take a day's trip into East Berlin to see for myself what communism was like. The day of that trip, in the summer of 1962, is etched in my memory like a dream that cannot be shaken off.

I sat in an outdoor cafe that morning on the Kurfurstendamm, the main street of the West Zone, where crowds of shoppers and tourists flowed around me like a river. The sun was bright and already warm, and the glass and steel buildings reflected each other like mirrors. On the surface the city seemed like a modern American city, rich, clean, constantly in motion but not quite frantic.

There was a tower in the middle of the intersection where a policeman guided traffic. His uniform was white and the tower was spotlessly clean like everything else in that city. He blew a whistle and the traffic changed. A jackhammer near me started up with a roar and a huge Negro held onto it and drove it down into the street. Two boys stripped to the waist, their white backs streaked with sweat and dust, shoveled broken stone into a truck. Long new cars maneuvered by the construction area.

For two years I had watched the clean, rich surface of the city, and sensed that beneath the polished parquet floor was the smell of death. Beneath the picture of an easy life was the haunting, spoiling nightmare. For around the city, on all sides, was the Wall. And on the other side, every minute, the eyes of the enemy were watching, the triggers of machine guns waiting.

I took one last look at the surface of the city, the shining towers, the river of people, and then I stepped down into darkness.

We waited somewhere deep underground, strangers, brought together for a moment by the accident of time. Dim yellow light seeped through the cavern from old bulbs hanging by drops, into a hidden pool. Then from the recesses of the silent darkness, a noise began and grew and finally with a great roar a train rushed in and stopped and we went aboard.

The journey seemed long at the time. There were long waits at each stop, and waits in the tunnel between stations, and sometimes the train simply moved ahead slowly, cautiously. At each stop a few passengers left and no new ones entered. Finally I remained alone.

Then I was out of the train and walking alone down a long dim corridor with narrow walls and low ceilings, my footsteps echoing against cold stone. The corridor turned. Once there had been a choice here, but now only one way was open; the other was barricaded with wooden beams and barbed wire. In the quiet of the tunnel beyond I could almost hear the distant rattle of machine gun fire cutting off escape routes, herding prisoners down the labyrinth. But when I stopped and listened I heard nothing. I walked on, hearing only the echo of my steps from dead stone, seeing only the empty tunnel and at each turn only one way open.

Then I was in a brightly lit room hung with paintings of country houses and blue skies and horses in fields between mountains. Others sat waiting with me on upholstered couches, reading magazines and whispering in their strange language. From time to time others came or a uniformed official would enter the room, call out the number of the next in line and take him into another room. The entire process was very quiet and very orderly; no one spoke above a whisper. Once a child pointed at a picture in the magazine in his lap and began to laugh, but his father slapped him sharply and the room returned to silence.

Finally my own number was called. I followed the guard into another room and joined the end of a line next to a long high counter. On the other side were uniformed officials and their desks and behind them a wall perforated with slots and windows. An official took my passport, looked it over and then fed it into a slot in the wall. Then the wall deliberated. We waited. Passports were released by the wall through another slot towards the other end of the room and dropped into a bin. Only then were they ready for the officials to stamp them and return them to their owners.

Most of the people in the line before me seemed to be approved, although some finished sooner than others. One man left the line and went with an official through a door in the wall. He did not return while I was there. Finally my passport was returned by the wall and I was approved. I climbed up a long series of stair-cases, past soldiers armed with submachine guns, up into the sunlight again.

The city lay in ruins. Around the station it had been rebuilt but down side streets where I walked only a few buildings seemed to be inhabited, their windows hung with dirty curtains. The others were heaped with broken brick and stone and splintered planks sagging down from what once had been solid floors, spilling out through doorways into piles of rubble. Windows were shattered and empty. Long stemmed weeds hung out of doorways. In one ruined passageway stood a little girl, naked, her eyes deep and fixed on me as I passed. I could have counted the ribs standing out on her naked chest. Her eyes burned into me; I walked more quickly. She followed, slowly, patiently. I turned a corner. Still she followed. I began to run and came face to face with a squad of enemy soldiers, their heavy boots stamping in unison, eins, zwei, drei, vier, coming straight towards me, marching, marching, until I could see them drop to their knees and shoot me down. They passed me as if I did not exist.

I was facing the Wall. It blocked the street between two abandoned buildings, high concrete with barbed wire and broken glass embedded upright along the top. A guard leaned against one of the buildings, eyeing me, his submachine gun draped across his arms. Only a few weeks ago I had been on the other side, my own rifle ready, perhaps only a few blocks away.

Later, I was crossing a stagnant stream on a footbridge. A woman leaned over the railing, her disheveled hair falling towards the water where a green scum rocked slightly on the surface. At the other end of the bridge was another woman sitting on an upturned crate in the weeds, elbows on her knees, head in her hands. She did not move as I passed.

Painted across crumbling buildings, hung in tattered banners across streets and alleys, were the slogans of the "new Communist society," high sounding phrases--"onward and upward for the father-land" and "head, heart and hands for the revolution." The slogans were everywhere; everywhere they clashed with the ruins.

At the top of a hill I came upon a little park with shrubs and grass and flower gardens. In the center of the park was an old church, its great wooden doors nailed shut with huge rough planks, its windows

shattered and broken. Around the church on park benches sat old men and old women speaking together in low tones, as if they had come to worship and found it locked. But the planks were old and the building was shabby and it could not have been open for years.

Later, I saw another church, once a great cathedral now a hollow shell of destruction. Sections of once beautiful stained glass were scattered on the ground. Through the broken windows I could see the remains of icons and smashed altars and pews. Bomb craters and broken walls remained unchanged from the time of war.

Across the street in a wide square were stacks of bricks and rusting scaffolds and signs proclaiming this was to become Marx-Engels Platz. But the cranes were rusting and nothing moved among the piles of building materials except one rat which meandered fearlessly in front of me. Here, as in the rest of the city, were banners and signs proclaiming the victory of Communism and the new society.

I entered one great building through marble pillars into huge empty rooms and hallways and an elegant staircase. At the end of a hall were rooms of relics, dusty glass cases of pottery and jewels and inscriptions: "I am Nebuchadnezzar, king of kings, ruler of all Babylon, king of kings, Nebuchadnezzar am I." Then I was beneath the walls of Babylon, transported brick by enameled brick from the ruins of the East. The great blue gate of the city, decorated with curious animals and symbols arched overhead. and standing near me, alone, quiet, was a girl. I tried to speak to her in German but she didn't understand me. instead, she replied in a soft, accented English. She was small, almost frail, the top of her head reaching only to my shoulders, and she was pretty. It was her eyes that were most extraordinary, very dark, ringed in darkness. They seemed sad and deep, yet at one point when I made a funny mistake still trying to speak German, she laughed and suddenly they were very beautiful and not sad at all. Her hair was short and dark like her eyes, her face oval, and when she smiled her lips seemed to take on a life of their own. We walked through the museum together and then out under the trees of the Avenue of Lindens, talking.

She told me she was a medical student at the University, and I, being afraid to admit I had been an enemy soldier, said I was a student of theology. I began to tell her my impressions of the ruins, contrasting them with the prosperity of the West Zone, and about the wall. I went almost to the point of asking her if she ever wanted to escape, but stopped short realizing I couldn't help her escape even if she wanted to. "Have you ever wanted to go to visit West Berlin?" I asked instead.

"No," She stepped back away from me shaking her head. "You understand nothing."

For a few minutes we walked on in silence. We had returned to the entrance of the building and stood there together. Then, without speaking we began to walk further, out of the entrance onto the boulevard of linden trees. The air was warm and heavy with the honey of their blossoms.

She began in a low soft voice. "Some things you must understand. It is true that your side of the city is more rich. America sends money every day just to make it look rich. It is true that the Russians took everything away from our city and send no money. It is true that our people escape and they have built the Wall. All this is true. But that is not enough to understand. We do not want Russians here. But you must understand more. You must understand that we do not want your American money and your American guns either. We are tired of war. We want our own country without your war and without your money."

"But if we leave then all of Germany will be under Communism," I said. "You will have no chance for freedom."

"Talk to me of freedom," she replied angrily now. "You bring no freedom. You bring soldiers. You make the West government buy airplanes from you. You give them nuclear weapons. What are they for?"

I started to try to explain but she continued.

"What are they for? For war only. You talk to me of freedom and you bring us war. When you go home again, you remember one thing. This is our country, it is not yours. It is not Russian and it is not American. It is ours. We don't want your war. We don't want your kind of freedom.

"So now you can understand why we have got to be over here defending freedom," John said to me that night after I had described to him what I had seen in the East Zone. Only one thing I had not described to him, and that was the girl. Now her words still rung in my memory, clashing with John's.

"Those ruins you saw today are worth a thousand words," John went on. I was powerless to stop him without telling about the girl, and that I was ashamed to do. "I wish every American could see what you've seen. Now you can understand the job we've got to do. I don't like it anymore than you do, but we've got to keep our guard up or else we'll be fighting the Commies on our own beaches one of these days. It's all a question of power."

I remembered a time when I was still at home in Cascade and John had come home on leave, having finished his officers training school, when the two of us had gone up onto West Mountain together and talked of power and talked of love. We had crossed the lake from our house, the house our father had built with his own hands before he went off to the Pacific.

We had followed the ravine of a snow-fed stream up onto a ridge overlooking the lake and the town below. Now the house was like a toy by the water.

"Power," John had lectured me, "that's the stuff of the world. and if you want it, you've got to be in the military. it's as simple as that. That's the way its been throughout ' history, and that's the way it's going to be as long as we're around.

At that time it was a change for John to be the one of conviction instead of me. I had replied then quite easily that I believed in the power of love and not the power of the sword. Now, once again we had the

same discussion, but now I had no faith of my own to counter it. I wanted a faith. I needed it. But John's was not sufficient. I had the feeling that he didn't really believe what he was saying, but that they were someone else's arguments he had taken up as his own, that he was trying to convince me in order to convince himself. Basically, we were not so different after all. Each of us was still groping for a faith, and sometimes we tried on one and exercised it, tested it on someone else or tried to rely on it. But beneath the surface, it seemed to me, John was no more certain than I, and I, years ago, had been no more certain than he.

The next evening was to be our last together before I left Berlin. John invited me to dinner with he and Joannie, and afterwards he and I went out to a beer hall where the officers hung out. John was trying to convince me that I should go to officers school as he had done. he even hinted that he had some connections which might enable me to get in without going back to college. Then he checked himself. "What do you really want to do?" In his voice there was suddenly a tone of true interest.

"I haven't made any plans yet," I replied. "I guess I'll stick around here a few more days and then head back to the States and find a job."

"Have you thought about going back to college?"

"Not really." Getting out of the army had left me vague and rootless. All I knew was that I didn't want to re-enlist.

"You really should go back to school. If you don't go now, you may never get a chance. And I hate to say this, Alan, but without more school you're going to end up being a nobody. You've got a lot of potential. You'd make a good officer. Think about it."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I know what you always say about power and maybe there isn't any other way. But I want to know what I'm doing. I just don't want to follow orders." The girl's words were still in my ears.

"You don't want to follow orders. Now you listen to me, Alan." His voice was edged with annoyance now. "If you're so damned allergic to order, just forget about everything. Go off and herd sheep somewhere. You'll never amount to anything."

"But don't you ever ask yourself, is this order right or wrong?"

"If I did that all day long I'd be crazy. And what if I find some little order that I think is wrong? What am I supposed to do? Disobey it? Look, Alan, I've got responsibility now. I've got Joanie and the Kid. I've got a position. I've even got a little power. What do you want me to do, give it all up just because I don't like an order? What you need is a little responsibility yourself." I nodded over towards a group of Germans arguing boisterously over their beers. "Their fathers just followed orders."

The Germans had been getting louder and louder as we talked. John glanced at them and then turned back to me in anger. "Don't you go comparing us to them. As far as I'm concerned its a tossup which ones of them will start the next war, the Commies or the Krauts. But we're here to stop the Commies and we'll use the Krauts if we've got to. That's our job and we're going to do it. Either you're with us or you're not, Alan. That's what it's all about." At that point I couldn't argue further. I saw my brother turning bitter and there was nothing I could give him to save him from it. When we left the Germans were singing their own war songs at one end of the smoke filled bar, while at the other end a group of American officers had started up the Battle Hymn of the Republic in opposition.

We said goodbye since John had to go to Bonn the next day.

His last words to me were, "Think it over. One of these days you'vegot to decide, and if you really want to accomplish something you'vegot to be an officer. If you want help just drop me a line, and I'll do what I can."

The next day I didn't leave Berlin as I had originally planned. Instead, I went back to the East zone. I didn't go back for an obvious reason, at least not one I knew of at the time. I was searching for

something, an understanding, a faith, or maybe just time to think things over. I didn't speak with people, but just wandered in the ruins, exploring and thinking. The Vopos fascinated me especially. They stood guard and hung around their barracks and walked on the street just like my buddies and I on the other side. Once I tried to make conversation with a kid who couldn't have been more than 14 though he stood guard at the Wall with a submachine gun almost as large as himself. He could not speak English, so I left, but as I was leaving a woman who looked like his grandmother came up to him and began to scold him as if he had failed to run an errand for her.

Day after day I returned to the East Zone and wandered through the city. I discovered the ruins of an old castle on the edge of the forests with one turret still standing from which I could look back towards the city beyond abandoned orchards and pastures filled with white and yellow flowers. There in the heart of the Communist's own country, I sat alone and pondered the fate of man. I thought of the fervor of communism and fascism and religion and democracy and how men hate and destroy for such ideas. And I thought how much alike soldiers were on every side of every wall and how their officers followed orders. And there in that tower, surrounded by fields of daisies, civilization and war seemed so distant that I could see them all objectively. I was above them, looking down. Then came evening and I would have to run back to the tunnels of Friedrichstrasse before my day pass expired so I could return to my room in the West Zone.

In a crowd along Friedrichstrasse, just after I had come to the East Zone one morning, I saw a girl who looked like the girl from the university. I followed her for several blocks until she went into a store. But when I went inside, I was disappointed; it wasn't the girl at all. For the rest of the day I was troubled and I pondered this and I began to realize that I was searching for the girl I had met that day.

I found her again in the medical wing of the university. She was sitting half-way down one of the large lecture halls listening to one of the professors. As she took notes, she leaned over her desk, her hair braided, rimless glasses perched on her nose. When the lecture was over I waited outside for her to emerge.

"Hello."

For a moment she did not seem to recognize me. Then she paled as if frightened to see me again. She led me away from the other student into another room where half-dissected corpses were laid out on tables, reeking of death and formaldehyde. "What do you want?" she demanded.

"I just wanted to speak to you again," I said weakly.

"I am sorry," she replied. "I am busy now."

"When can I see you?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Six o'clock." I suggested. "Do you know Zionkirche?" That was the church in the little park.

"Ja. I know Zionkirche," She replied. "Why want you to meet me?"

"I must talk to you once more." I heard myself pleading.

She looked down at her watch. It was still morning. "I don't know," she said slowly. "Now must I go."

"Six o'clock." I repeated. But she was gone.

Why should she come? I repeated to myself over and over as I wandered through the city that day. What had been for me just a thought that I might see her once again now grew and transformed itself in fantasy. Probably she would not come, but there was a chance. What more were girls than that, chance and fate. Linda was like that in high school. We had met by chance at a picnic. Our stars had crossed. We were happy sometimes and I can never forget the way she kissed me. But she always wanted to dance and I wasn't any good. In the army there had been girls, but they were whores, easy to arrange in Berlin and they were nothing more than sex. But this was different now.

At first the sun was bright at Zionkirche and the old people sat on the benches around the church, but as I waited the sun went down and shadows fell across the park and the old people drifted away and left me alone. Finally, when I had given up all hope she came, practically disguised by a black kerchief around her head. I stood up to greet her and she motioned me to keep walking with her.

"It is not good for me to see you again," she began. "People are suspicious."

"I'm sorry."

"Why do you ask me to come?"

I had known she would ask me and I had tried to think of the proper reply, but thought of none. "I just wanted to see you again," I said finally.

"Why came you to East Berlin?" she questioned.

I tried to compose an answer. The sun was gone. Darkness sifted through broken walls. Windows shone here and there where people still lived. I thought of John and my army sergeant and our mother and the letter from my father. I thought of West Mountain. Why had I come?

"I was in the army," I began for her. "I was on the other side of the wall and we were always ready to go into battle if you attacked. I would have been shooting at you and I didn't even know who you were.. Do you know what I mean?"

"You are in the army?" There was an edge of fright in her voice.

"No, not any more. Don't worry. My tour of duty is over. I just wanted to see for myself."

She waited for me to go on.

"It's as simple as that, I guess. I was just curious. I knew I could come with a civilian passport, so I did. Then I met you and you showed me around. You were the only person here that I could talk to."

"You came to see," she said softly, "and now you have seen."

"Yes."

"What is it you see?"

"I see two cities like night and day. West Berlin is rich and free. This zone is poor and the peOple are afraid and want to escape except you, perhaps, and you are different."-

"I am not different." She spoke quickly, defensively.

"Then why is it you don't want to escape?"

She stopped and I could see her face in the lamplight. She looked troubled. "It is not good to escape. These are my people here. I am doctor for them. This is my country. Perhaps you are rich in America, but you kill in Vietnam. Perhaps I would be rich in West Berlin, but that is not love. Capitalism and communism are nothing. They are economics; they are not love. If you live in a capitalist country, you must still make it a good country. I live in a communist country and I must make it good. If I escape, I do nothing. I only run away."

"Yes." I said.

"Then you should not tell me escape, escape! I have friends who escape. But what have they now? Perhaps they are rich. But have they love? Escape! Escape: That's all they have!" Her voice broke with a sob and I realized she was crying.

We were walking in front of the university and the fragrance of the lindens came back to me floating in the night. It seemed as if we had been here many years before.

"You must understand," she said finally. "My brother and my mother escaped."

At Friedrichstrasse I had to leave. The day pass would soon expire. "I would like to see you again," I said. "Could you meet me at Zionkirche again tomorrow?"

Again, as I waited for her reply, it was chance and stars and loneliness, but stronger than I had ever known. "Say yes," I said.

"Ja," she answered. Our stars were crossing.

"Goodnight," I said, taking her hand.

"Goodnight," she replied, withdrawing it.

"Alan," I added.

"Ich bin Katerina."

"Katerina, Katerina," I was haunted by her name. It was a fragment of melody as I waited the next day. I did not go to the East Zone until evening. It was no longer meaningful without her.

Why had she agreed to see me again? I wondered all day. And in the evening I learned. She had brought along photographs of her mother and her brother.

"Can you help me to find them? Mutti is Rosa Valenov or perhaps Rosa Küchel. And my brother is Frederick. They promised to write to me, but I received no letters from them. In West Germany you can find out about them and write to me. Perhaps they even went to America." Her voice was soft with pleading, her eyes deep and beautiful.

"Of course," I replied. "I will try."

Again that evening we walked together and talked and she asked me about America and if it was like the movies?

"Are there cowboys?"

"Yes," I laughed. "There are some cowboys where I live in the mountains of Idaho."

"Idaho?"

"That's right. It's a state in the Rocky Mountains."

"Idaho," she rolled the word on her tongue.

"It's an Indian word."

"And are there still Indians?" Her eyes grew round like those of a child at her first Western movie.

"A few."

"Were you ever a cowboy?"

"When I worked on a farm one summer I would round up the milk cattle with a horse, so I guess you could have called me a cowboy then."

"And you had roundups."

"Not for dairy cattle, but for beef they do sometimes."

"And sheriffs and posses?"

"Sheriffs, yes," I laughed, "but posses are just for the movies."

I told her of the mountains where I had passed my boyhood, of hunting elk in the wilderness areas, of shooting rapids in the Middle Fork Canyon, and climbing the Sawtooths and the Wallowa—Whitmans and of Steel Mountain, where the mountain goats still live. I told her of forest fires and how the Ponderosa Pine look at night against the sky. "It's like a cathedral with each tree climbing hundreds of feet straight up with branches until the top, pointing straight to the stars, so

that only a few stars show between the trees at the very top. And it is all clear and cold and still."

When we parted that evening and I took her hand and said "Good-night, Katerina," she left it in mine for just an instant and did not pull it away. I went home with the feeling of her hand imprinted in mine, warm and soft and very delicate.

And the next evening and the evening after we met again and walked through now familiar streets in the twilight and talked together. And something held us together now, something unspoken and patient.

And one evening, I came early and we went to her home so that she could make dinner for us.

Katerina had never mentioned her father to me and I thought that I would be meeting him at her home. I asked about him before we entered her building, one of the few new apartment buildings in East Berlin.

I "My father was Russian. He was killed in the war," she answered sadly.

"Mine was killed at Bataan," I said.

It was a solemn beginning, but as Katerina prepared our dinner and I looked around her apartment and we shared a bottle of wine which I had bought on the way home, we relaxed and were comfortable together.

"Do you mind if I call you Kate?" I yelled to her in the kitchen.

"Kate?"

"Yes, like in Taming of the Shrew. Did you ever read that play?"

"In Shakespeare, yes." I was proud enough myself to have read the

play and surprised that she, in Germany, should have read it as well. Kate shared her apartment with another girl who was a medical student but the girl was out for the evening and we could be alone. The rooms were dark, decorated in burlap, draperies, chairs, covers, all in dark greens and maroons and black, coarse, but warm and comfortable. Her bookshelves were full of medical tomes, thousands of pages of pathology and physiology and anatomy. Looking through them I was amazed at how much she must have to memorize. Scattered among them were a few worn slender volumes of poetry. Instead of paintings on the wall there were drawings of the human body, intricate etchings of muscle and bone laid bare like lacework.

While I sat in the living room, she went back and forth between me and the kitchen finishing preparations for dinner and bringing me things to look at, a copy of Walt Whitman dating from 1897 and published in England, photographs of her family, including grandparents from Russia, cousins, baby pictures and a beautiful portrait of herself painted, she said, by her younger brother before he fled to the West Zone. The painting captured her in an air of wistfulness, the lashes of her dark eyes and her dark hair curving shyly down and the perfect curves of her lips caught between smile and sadness.

"He must have liked you very much to have painted such a picture," I said tenderly.

"Ja." There were tears in her eyes and I felt a great desire to put my arms around her and kiss her tears away.

That evening was the most elegant evening I had ever spent in my life. We ate together by candlelight with graceful goblets and silver that caught and reflected the flicker of flame. These things her mother had left behind for her. Soon the rich food and red wine went to my head and the room shrank around us until we faced each other in a world of our own. Light and shadow from the candles played across Katerina's features, which softened and ripened into rich beauty. Time itself was enchanted.

Afterwards we sat together and she took the old volume of Walt Whitman that she loved and asked me to read from it. "Like an American," she insisted, as if I could have read it any other way.

I read her the poems I had read in high school and new poems, her favorites. "Out of the cradle, endlessly rocking, out of the mockingbird's throat, the musical shuttle." And finally I read to her about America, "starting from Paumanok where I was born." "Chants of the prairies." "Land of coal and iron! land of gold! land of cotton, sugar, rice." "See in my poems immigrants continually coming and landing."

"You see," she said, "there was a vision in America of all men working together from every race and religion and country. And that was a beautiful dream."

"I know. I grew up in that dream," I said. "America was to be the example of the whole world. And everyone would be free."

"And that's what I believed about the Soviet Union," added Katerina. "There no man could exploit another man. No man could own the labor of another man. And there should be no more wars."

"But now..." I did not finish.

"But now," she finished for me, "men have lost love."

"The church at least still talks about it," I mused, almost nostalgic for those hundreds of times I had suffered in boredom and wool pants through Sunday school and church.

"I have a friend who was once a priest," added Katerina. "And he has read to me from St. Paul about love. There were somethings that the church knew that were true and they should not be forgotten. We must learn them again. That is where communism is wrong to try to destroy religion. Some things they knew. The law is not enough. Love must we have and without love it is not good to give to poor people. Without love there is no good ideology, American or Russian or Chinese or anything. Love is above economics and freedom and democracy and all those things."

"You don't have to believe in God to believe in love."

"No," she smiled. "You do not?"

"No."

"If everyone was like us there would be no wars."

"But it is just lucky that I met you," I said. "How can people love each other if they have not even met. Maybe someday men will be able to travel so much that they can meet people from every country. Then there will be understanding."

The two of us sat cross-legged on the floor now, toying with the candles from the table as they burnt low. And our two flames danced together and the light warmed our faces and bonded us together. We talked on and on and, as I remember, it was as if we could see all of life itself, its sorrows and tragedies and joys spread out like rich robes around us. There seemed no knowledge we could not have known and no understanding too deep for us.

At midnight we awoke from the dream and realized that my pass had expired. She wanted to come with me to the station, but that was impossible. If I were arrested it would be better to be alone. The Communists would only deport me. Katerina, they could throw into prison. I left quickly. There was no time for a long goodbye.

I ran through the dark streets of East Berlin, past old warehouses and ruins and government buildings. Once I thought I saw a police car coming after me so I ducked down an alley, crossed to another street and ran on. My shoes clacked hard against the pavement and echoed from sleeping buildings.

I was exhausted by the time I reached Friedrichstrasse. It was one in the morning and the station was eery with silence. Ticket offices were locked and dark. I ran past them to the checking station itself. There was one light inside. I didn't know whether to be glad or afraid.

The guard detained me for a long time while he made telephone calls. But finally he let me through and I descended into the tunnels and caught my train for the West Zone.

It was in the West that I ran into trouble. Three policemen boarded the train and interrogated me. Since I could not speak German, they took me to American authorities. American MPs stripped and searched me completely. And at three o'clock in the morning, they woke my brother out of bed and brought him down to headquarters.

John was furious. "Do you realize what could have happened to you? You're just lucky the Commies let you off. What if they'd known you'd been a GI? What if they knew I was your brother? They could have arrested you and thrown you in a jail where you'd have rotted for years. Don't forget we don't even have any diplomatic relations over there. They would have accused you of spying. What would you have done then?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought about it," I had to confess.

"Well, you're just lucky and don't forget it. What the hell were you doing over there, anyway?"

"I met a girl..." I began and hesitated.

"You idiot! I should have known better than let you go over there. For Christ's sake, aren't there enough girls for you at home? I could have introduced you to a girl at the bar the other night. But no, you've got to go off to the East Zone and get into trouble!"

"That's not fair." I felt hurt, thinking of Katerina. "You said it was a good idea for me to go over there yourself."

"Sure, it was a good idea to go over once. But who would dream you'd go back again. You didn't tell me that. I thought you were back in the States. Who would dream you'd get involved with a girl? And even that would have been OK, but to get caught by the police, that's incredible. It's just incredible! Do you realize what could have happened to me?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean my security clearance, that's what. I mean my position, my power. Go somewhere else and get in trouble, OK? But don't ruin my life: What kind of security can I get if my brother's in prison in East Berlin? The Commies would send somebody over here every day to try and bribe me to get you out. Did you ever think of that?"

Finally John let me go and I got my sleep. I was so exhausted that even with Katerina and John whirling in my head and two armed guards at the door, I slept and dreamed about other things.. But when John returned later in the day, he began again just as he had ended before. The only difference was that this time his anger was more controlled, more rational, and he began to convince me that I had been wrong and that I could not return to East Berlin.

"Just because you're out of uniform yourself doesn't mean that anything has changed. Those Commie divisions are still over there ready to fight. Last night they shot one of our boys by the Wall. we can't let down our guard for a minute. You know that. What did you think you've been doing for a year?"

"I know." I had seen the Vopos from the other side and it had been different, but they were still carrying those submachine guns, and they were still ready for action.

"You can't fool around with this stuff, Alan, you know that. We have a delicate balance of power here and each side has to respect the other. World war I began because one man was shot. Who knows what incident could set off World war III? It could all be over in half an hour, everything up in smoke."

I nodded my head. Two years of the army had taught me little, but it had taught me that.

"Tell you what," John's face relaxed. "Why don't we go down to headquarters and look at the plotting boards. That'll scare the shit out of you, but after that, at least, you won't be tempted to go back across the Wall."

John and I hopped a military plane out of Berlin to headquarters and got clearance to the boards. We passed a security check and went down an elevator shaft far underground. The room down there was like an amphitheatre, dark except for the boards and with rings of desks where various officers and aides had their seats. The boards were eery. They were lighted from behind and across their expanse spread the world. One by one John pointed out to me the deadly symbols of the Polaris submarines and B-52 squadrons and minutemen missiles, each one ready to destroy cities and whole countries at a minute's notice. They were on constant alert. One could even watch the progress of the bombers aloft as they moved slowly across the screen. Then, John pointed out to me the same weapons of the enemy, but in different colors, and their destinations, New York, Detroit, Seattle. The whole thing seemed almost unbelievable. It was like playing God, looking down on the universe and wondering, what city shall I destroy today? The officers sat calmly behind their desks while symbols of death marched across the world. Millions of people in the world were going calmly about their lives while planes flew far overhead and submarines moved under the surface of the sea, ready to destroy everything. Who was I, Alan Boyd, to trifle with this?

As we flew back to Berlin, though I could not yet fully admit it, I knew that I would have to leave Berlin and Katerina. But I also knew that I must see her one last time.

"Just give me a night to think," I requested.

I was guarded again that night, though I had not been formally arrested. But it made no difference. The battle was not outside me; it raged inside. We had made such a beautiful thing, Katerina and I, only last night, or was it years ago? And now, it was ended. Where was she tonight? What was she thinking? How could she know if I had been arrested or even killed? I had to go back to her.

But as I dozed off fitfully, Katerina was joined by John and the bombers and the missiles in nightmares, half in dream, half in waking-I was caught between all the forces of the world. I was powerless.

I was overwhelmed.

Morning came and John, and I was no happier. "I have to go back just once more," I insisted.

"You can write her a letter."

"No. That is not enough. You must understand. I have to see her just once more. Then I'll leave, I promise. I'll take the first plane out of here."

"No. It's not worth the risk."

For a few minutes we sat in silence, unyielding. "Look John," I finally said. "I know we haven't been very close and all, but we are brothers and I haven't forgotten the pact we made. But there's something else I've got to tell you."

I was embarrassed. I had never said before what I was about to say, much less to John, who had always teased me.

This girl I met. Her name is Katerina. I really love her, John. I mean, I really think I do. Do you know what I mean?"

He nodded slowly.

"I can't just leave her. I've got to see her just once more. You can trust me."

John and I looked into each others eyes and we were brothers.

"OK," he said. "I'll trust you." 'Then, after a long pause, his voice soft and different, he added, "Sometimes I really wish that love was stronger than war. I really do. Maybe someday things will change." Then he stood up brusquely. "But nothing is changed now. War is power. Love means nothing."

I worried that the East Germans might not let me enter again, but there was no difficulty at the checkpoint. When I climbed the stairs out of the tunnels and burst forth into sunshine I began to run. I don't think

I have ever run so fast in my life. My shoes were wings. I flew. Streets, people, buildings were only scenes flying by.

I was so breathless that Katerina was frightened by me. "Where were you yesterday? I worried and worried."

"Come away with me," I could only say, "and I will tell you."

She put away her books and followed me out into the sun under the linden trees. Holding hands we walked down side streets and out away from the center of the city. I had not meant to tell her much at first, but to spend a beautiful day with her, before we had to say goodbye. But it was no use. She knew from the beginning that something was wrong. "What is it, Alan. Tell me what happened at the border." She was holding my hand very tightly or, perhaps, it was I holding so tightly.

Slowly I told her about what had happened, beginning with the border guards, then telling her about my brother and finally about the plotting boards and what John had told me. Never did I say that I must go away, but she understood. I saw in the mist of her eyes that she was drawing away from me, withdrawing so that she could not be hurt too much and I knew instinctively that it must be that way.

On the edge of the city we came to the ruins of the old castle, and I led her by the hand across the fields of daisies yellow and white, through the tall grass still wet with dew, to the steps of the vine-covered tower. We climbed to the top and sat on the highest stones, dangling our feet over the edge, looking misty eyed across the fields and the wild orchards and the houses and city beyond. In our hearts were the words, "Escape and come back with me to America. Stay with me. Stay with me here." But we dared not utter them. We could not speak at all that day. Instead we looked out silently across the world and held our hands tightly together, and were afraid to look at each other because of the tears. But the sun took pity on us and wrapped us warmly and the world floated before us like a painted dream, flowers and clouds and birds, and we alone were real. We alone were life and love. We alone....

When it was cold we found a place under the trees and at last I wrapped my arms strongly around her. The mist parted in her eyes and she trusted me. I had never known what love was like, but she trusted me and we were alone. I pulled her against me, her hips, her thighs, her breasts, her lips. We kissed on and on, our bodies entwining and she opened to me, and for one brief exquisite time we became one hot, living body.

Then, as we wandered hand in hand, back to the city, the mists gradually returned to her eyes and I knew it must be so. The words were like stabbing fires of pain, but I knew we must say them.

Goodbye. Goodbye.

The Station

As years passed I was able to forget Katerina most of the time. At first, when I had tried to search for her mother and brother and we had exchanged a few painful letters, it had been difficult. But as I settled into a routine of life in New York City, I gave up trying to find her family and we stopped sending letters to each other. Only during the first warm days of spring would the memory of her face and her voice come back to me in sweet fiery pain and I would have to bury myself in work to escape. One spring I almost went crazy. After that it was not so bad.

I had worked around at various jobs and finally stayed with one on Madison Avenue which paid well and gave me security. I often worked on Saturdays. The office was empty and there were no interruptions. I would go through the stack of papers that I had allowed to accumulate on my desk all week, answering letters, writing memos and notes to my secretary, arranging everything neatly until the desk top was clean and ready for another week. Once in awhile I might look up and gaze abstractly at the one picture on the wall, a map of Berlin, and sometimes I might daydream of Katerina. But mostly I worked and went home again, took in a movie or walked around in the Village and got ready to go to work on Monday.

One Saturday it was spring, but there had been a shower early in the morning and the air was colder than the forecast had predicted. There were police barricades outside my office building and a cop explained that they were preparing for a parade. Then, in the afternoon I was interrupted from my work by a distant murmur of voices.

I looked out the window and watched a parade below, with flags and floats, banners and columns of people, marching to end the war in Vietnam. We were fighting a war in Vietnam then.

For a while I watched them go by beneath my window, their sound only a dull murmur insulated from me by the glass of the windows. Then I went back to work and finished clearing the desk for Monday. When I went outside later, they were still marching. Thousands of faces swept by me slowly, each face caught for one moment by my

eye and then swallowed up again and gone. They reached my mind, half-evoking the images of people I have known, and gone before I could tell for certain. I had never believed that so many people could march for peace in America. A girl came by carrying a Sign "Make Love Not War." She looked so much like Katerina that my heart jumped. I climbed over the barricade and walked along the edge of the march near her. Her dark hair was pulled down along her face like Katerina's and her lips were drawn down the same way. She turned and her eyes were like Katerina's, but this girl was a little taller and she limped slightly. Someone stuffed a handbill in my hand and I put it in my pocket. I walked along for a while. A girl handed me a daffodil. Then a few blocks later it began to rain and I took the bus home.

I went to the meeting of the peace group advertised on the hand-bill and after that I went occasionally to various meetings. I made a few slight friendships and became familiar with several organizations, but I was always on the outside. Most of the people were students or old Leftists and I found little in common with them except a certain instinctive aversion to war. Some of them even seemed to mistrust me, as if I were spying on them, although there was nothing illegal about what they did. In fact, their leafletting and demonstrations seemed not only harmless but ineffective. I did not find any answers in the peace movement. But I did meet Daniel.

Daniel Buchanon gave a speech to one of the larger peace groups in New York trying to raise money for a project he was beginning, a radio station to coordinate the peace movement. He was about forty years old, slightly stooped, with bright red hair, as unruly as a bird's nest, and one bald Spot in the center which you could see when he bent over to look at his notes. He was a psychologist.

"Nations are like neurotic patients," he spoke in a strong, certain voice. "Over the years they build up self-images and defend them even when they must distort the world in order to do so. So we in America believe that we stand for freedom. And like the neurotic, we act blindly, saved from self-criticism by our distorted news and threatened if someone says that we are wrong, that we have repressed freedom somewhere rather than supporting it. The same is true of other nations.

"The Soviet Union says it stands for peace and freedom. Try to tell them they have done something warlike and they will be threatened. Then fear and mistrust work their vicious circle. Each nation fears the other because the other fears it. Each government prepares for war because the other prepares for war. I see these vicious circles every day in my patients and there is only one way they can be broken. One man, or one nation, must take courage and open to the other with out fear. Then the other is free to trust and the vicious circle can be broken. But before this can happen the man or nation must know himself. He must face reality, realize his mistakes, adjust his self—image to be realistic. Only then can he open himself to another. This is the prerequisite for a therapist and it is what we need in the world. If one nation would open to itself, know itself, take courage to face the other nations of the world without fear and defensiveness, but with empathy and understanding, then and only the could peace be possible."

Only once before in my life had I heard such absolute certainty. Just after John had gone off to college, an evangelist had come to Cascade and preached the Bible like I had never heard it preached before. There had been no trace of doubt in his voice, but only truth, every word certain and perfect. So now with Daniel every word, derived from the science of psychology, aimed at the problems of the world, seemed to me right and true and certain.

"America alone among the nations of the world has the power and the means to bring about this change. Every four years every American votes and in so doing he opens America to the eyes of the world, he forces America to reveal its true self. Now Americans vote for defense. But if America would vote for peace, it would open itself, it would reveal itself and the rest of the world could begin to believe and trust. The peace movement must change the American vote. It needs the mass media, the communications, the means to talk with every American before he votes, to tell him to vote for peace. We need not one radio station but a series of radio stations arpund the country, and not just radio but wire services and newspaper services for peace. But we must make a beginning and I believe our station in Missouri is a proper beginning. In this belief I ask you to support our work."

If I had been rich I think I would have given him money, he had so convinced me. But all I could do was put in a dollar when they passed the hat asking for pledges.

"It may seem to you that our task is impossible," he concluded. "It may seem to you that the world does not change. But I tell you that the world moves smoothly for a while and then it changes swiftly, abruptly and it changes course completely. Those who rule are overthrown, systems fall into chaos. Old ideas are replaced by new. The people mill around, searching for a leader. Those who are ready can grasp the power. If good men are ready then they seize the power. But if good men are silent and unprepared, then men of fear and greed take power. The times are coming when the world will change. All men must know us and what we stand for. We must be ready. We must be ready for men when they are ready for us."

I never went back to my office. After the speech, my face burning as if he had spoken to me alone, I went up to talk with him. There was a crowd around him and someone was arguing about details of his analysis. He seemed to be tired of their talk when he turned away and saw me standing there. I don't remember exactly what I said, but I recall he asked me what I did and I replied that I worked in public relations. "We need you in Missouri," he said simply. Perhaps it was the simplicity of his demand and the way he just stood and watched me as if waiting for an immediate answer that made me stop and answer, still wondering at myself as if I were crazy, "Yes, I'll come."

I left New York without remorse. Life had closed in around me in that city. I had no love, no hope, no dreams. There was no one thing I would miss. There was not even one person to whom I said goodbye.

During the next few weeks, Daniel and I and his other assistant, a girl named Anna Hjelm, toured around the Northeast where Daniel gave speeches trying to raise more money for the station. Always Daniel spoke with the same authority that had first gripped me. When we were alone he was moody and hard-driving.

"I began simply as a clinical psychologist," he told me, "but many of my patients were afraid of world destruction and I could not simply tell

them that it was fantasy. So I began to study the psychology of war. From social psychology and attitude change research I learned the importance of mass media on opinions, but nothing of the basic instincts of war. In Freud I found a vague reference to aggression and self-aggression, but nothing more specific.

Finally, I went all the way back to brain research here at the Brain Research Institute of New York. We were able to localize two brain centers of aggression in the cat and to understand the basic pathways to some extent, but in the process I became convinced that war is no more the fault of the aggressive drives than cannibalism is the fault of the eating drive. It is now possible to kill millions of people simply by pushing a button and that has nothing to do with the basic drives of aggression. It just requires the ability to follow orders. In fact, if a few more of our army draftees would use their aggressive instincts to rebel against induction, we might be closer to peace. No, war is a cultural phenomenon, a tradition like slavery or witch hunting that should be outlawed and forgotten."

Anna Hjelm, like me, had not known Daniel long, but was caught up and believed in his vision. She was from Minnesota, a veteran of the peace movement, and she considered herself a member of the "New Left." Their credo was "participatory democracy," and opposition to all forms of bureaucracy. Anna was tall and blonde and big-boned, slightly awkward, and her voice was deep and almost masculine, but she was attractive in an open fresh kind of way. She and I quickly became friends. Daniel, on the other hand, was harder to know. Despite his gospel of the "open personality," he did not reveal very much of himself to us beyond his ideas for peace.

Anna went out to the station in Missouri and then I followed soon after when Daniel had to go to Washington to obtain our broadcasting license. My bus was crossing the George Washington Bridge and I was looking back at the city rising out of morning mists before I began to worry. Everything had happened so quickly that I had not even told the office I was leaving. I had called them once to say that I was ill and would be absent a few days, but I had not told them I would never return. But now as my bus left the city behind and started across the swamps of New Jersey, through the smoke and smell of oil refineries,

I began to fear how much I had out myself loose from the past. I had staked my future on a man I hardly knew. Perhaps he was a Communist. Perhaps he was crazy. I looked around at the other people on the bus, going about their ordinary lives, visiting relatives, returning to school, taking vacations, and I felt isolated and weak. I was sitting next to a Navy captain going home on leave. I told him about Daniel and to my surprise he reacted not only calmly, but also without much interest. "There are a lot of crackpots in this world," he said to me. "I just hope he isn't one of them." The Navy man did not seem at all interested in peace or Daniel's ideas, however, and preferred to discuss the baseball season instead.

In a small Pennsylvania town, an old farmer, dressed stiffly in a black suit smelling faintly of manure, climbed onto the bus and sat next to me. He was going into Pittsburg to visit his daughter. We talked about the weather and his farming and he said it was difficult to make a living on the farm anymore. He listened sympathetically when I told him about Daniel. "People on the farm don't have much time to worry about these things," he confessed. "We start milking at five in the morning and get done at nine at night. There ain't no time for reading newspapers and such. But I'd reckon it takes somebody to do the worrying, and I'd just as soon it was folks like you."

Across Ohio I found myself in the midst of a group of students who had just finished school for the year. For a while they listened to popular songs on a portable phonograph, but then an old woman asked them to turn it off. One boy started talking authoritatively about the atomic bomb. "I could make one in my backyard. I read all the details in a book last year."

"I don't believe it," a girl objected from across the aisle.

"That don't mean nothing to me," he replied. "I talked to a physics professor at the University and he agreed with me."

Their talk drifted from the bomb and back to music, Beatles versus Bob Dylan, and which would last the longest. For them the bomb seemed a fact of life, no more, no less important than their dancing

and their portable phonographs. If men could adapt to war so easily and take it for granted, how could it ever be ended?

One evening in Indiana I sat next to a pretty blonde girl who had lived in New York near my old apartment. She seemed sympathetic when I told her about the station, but then she began to talk about how all the troubles of the world were the fault of the Communists and there could be no peace until we had killed them all. She had not really understood at all. I tried to explain Daniel's philosophy to her, but she was so certain in her own ideas that nothing I could say could change them.

If these were the people of America, what hope did we have? Some were already so anti-communist that they would always vote for their holy war. Some took war for granted. Some didn't care. Some were too busy. Where were the people who cared? There were the marchers, of course. I had seen them by the hundreds of thousands in New York, but compared with America they were still so few. And there was the girl who looked like Katerina. Perhaps we could not win and it was only a dream. But for Katerina and the girls who looked like her all over the world, wasn't the dream worth trying? Even for John, it was worth trying. "Sometimes I hope," he had told me. "Maybe someday things will change." Even so, I wondered what he would say to me if he knew what I was doing now. He would probably have called me a fool. And what would Katerina have said? She, I knew, would be proud.

The bus line ended at the city of Joplin in Southwest Missouri and from there on I had to hitch-hike. I walked out of the city past mountains of slag and gravel and broken stone and old mine shafts. Once, I had been told by a man on the bus, Joplin had been twice as large and a rich city, in the days when iron was galvanized with zinc and plumbing was made with lead. But now the old railroad spurs that wandered among the mines were falling apart, the rails were rusted or missing, the cross-ties and beds eroded and scattered. Finally, I caught a ride to Spruceville with a man named Zeb Long.

"My folks named me Zebulon," he explained, "because they expected to have twelve sons, one for each of the tribes of Israel. But they

only got up to six." He talked steadily in a backwoods drawl that seemed slightly affected. He was a well-educated man, a lawyer, and involved in politics. He was tall and skinny, about forty, with an owlish pensive face behind large, horn-rimmed glasses. When I told him I was going to the radio station, he warned me that I was getting myself into trouble and that we might even get run out of town.

"As communists?" I asked.

"More likely for blasphemy," he drawled. "Folks down here are most sensitive to blasphemy, and like as not they won't take to anyone but preachers talking about peace. And who knows what they might do about it. I don't mean to frighten you off, but when I was prosecuting attorney I convicted more than one barn burner."

I was feeling a little sick so I decided to change the subject. "What's bringing you to Spruceville today?"

"Well, it's a long account," Zeb drawled, "but we've got the time for it. By the way, that's Shoal Creek we're just passing over there. Some of the best fishing in this part of the country. Do you fish?"

"Not for years," I answered.

"That's a shame." His mind seemed to wander for a moment and then he began again with renewed vigor. "Seems like a couple weeks ago two old boys named Leon Raskin and Pappy Jefferson, living down at Kings Holler, decided to celebrate Pappy's birthday. So they bought a bottle of wine and got out some moonshine, I guess, and set to. Well, they got to celebrating a little too hard and one thing led to another and pretty soon Pappy celebrated by clobbering Leon over the head with a hammer and Leon followed through and first thing you know Pappy was lying out cold, so cold he was up yonder with the Maker. Now, just how it was that Leon followed through is a matter for me and my witnesses who I'm going to see today at Spruceville since I agreed to take his case. I'd reckon it'll be a rip-roaring case, so I've had to take it out of MacDonald County and set trial for Joplin or else he would never get a fair trial down at Spruceville."

"It sounds to me like you don't stand much of a chance," I said.

"Well, you've heard only a part of the story. There's plenty I can't tell you yet without prejudicing my witnesses. For example, there's the fact that Pappy was living with Leon and his wife as a guest for nigh on two years before the birthday party. To attack your own host, and most especially with a hammer, why that's not a very Christian act. Which is not to mention the fact that Leon was fighting in self-defense, which is, of course, allowed, up to the point, that is, of pursuing your attacker, and the trouble here is that Leon signed a statement to the authorities about pursuing Pappy after he got hit. thinking, I suppose, that it was after all the manly thing to admit to even if you didn't do it. But he says that he pushed Pappy away and Pappy fell and hit his head on the table. Well, if you're around, come up and see the trial next month."

"I probably won't be able to," I said, "but it will certainly be interesting."

"It's not the only story like that you're going to hear down in these parts."

"I don't mind as long as I'm not directly involved."

"You will be if you're at that radio station for long."

"What do you mean?"

"Your spiritual godfather down there, old Willy Richardson, has a chain of stories behind him as good as any you're likely to be hearing. You know why the station went on the auction block, don't you?"

"The radio station?"

"Yes, old Willy ran a pretty successful operation. with it for quite a few years. I guess he put Spruceville on the map more than anything else in its history. With his radio station it was like to becoming the Jerusalem of America with Kingpin Hill as Mount Zion. I don't know how many millions listened to his gospel broadcasts, but I'd reckon it

was somewhere up there. Anyway, finally the Internal Revenue Service got a whiff of him and looked him up on the tax books. Old Willy may be written on the Lord's heavenly guest book, but his name hadn't yet appeared in Washington. So Willy went to court and quoted the Bible most eloquently and his lawyers quoted the law books and many converts were made to the faith, but in the end Willy had to sell out to pay Uncle Sam.

I hear he's down in Florida now with only a couple of Cadillacs and a house trailer left. He had an office up in Joplin, you know, where he'd been a used car salesman before he saw the Light. One of these days, I imagine, Willy's bound to make a comeback. I'm told he's preachin' over some station down at Pensacola now, where it's warm all year. But he'll be back and when he is you fellows better watch what you say over your radio station so he doesn't catch you at blasphemy."

From the relatively flat country around Joplin, we had begun to climb into rolling hills with limestone bluffs where streams had undercut the cliffs. The hills were clothed in lush green tangles of scrub oak and bushes, out here and there by pastures and poor-looking farms.

"Take good notice of that sign," Zeb pointed in front of us.

It was a large billboard announcing "Welcome to MacDonald Territory." It seemed that the county we had now entered, of which Spruceville was the main town, had seceded from the state of Missouri a year ago and was considering marriage with Arkansas. "But don't worry," Zeb added, "It's just for publicity. The county needs welfare and welfare's a lot better in Missouri than it is in Arkansas."

The city limits of Spruceville stood before a couple of frame houses, a Purina feed mill and a pig pen with a considerable population of pigs. Further were a few more houses and then a little sign pointing to the left, "Business District." Zeb had known about the turn and slowed down, or else we surely would have missed it. Two blocks later we came to a little square with a half dozen stores and a two story stucco courthouse proudly proclaiming across the doorway that it had been built in 1858.

Zeb pulled up at the courthouse and promised to be back in a minute to drive me up to the station. There was not much to see while I waited, a few houses, a school and the square. Two farmers, dressed in dungarees and heavy leather boots came out of an I.G.A. Store opposite me. All of the stores were under two long facades with raised wooden walkways, one on each side of the courthouse.

"Have you noticed the tower yet?" Zeb asked when he came back out and started driving me to the station.

"No."

"Well, you should see it as soon as we pass the school. Now look up to your right."

There, at the top of a high hill, overlooking the town, stood Willy Richardson's radio tower, hundreds of feet high with a long cross arm, rather skinny by day, "but just like Calvary when it's lit up at night," Zeb assured me. "Hey, what in the name of Jesus!" Zeb looked at the tower again. The cross arm had just moved and now dangled loose from the tower threatening to come crashing down.

Zeb swung the car into a narrow dirt side road and pulled up to the top of the hill with grinding clatter of loose rock under our wheels. At the base of the tower, a boy held a long rope descending out of the air from the crossarm far above. As we approached and got out of the car I saw that he was older than I had thought at first, in his twenties at least, though he could not have weighed much over a hundred pounds.

"What's going on here?" Zeb demanded, towering over the boy.

"Ssh!" The boy put his hands to his lips. "This is a holy time!"

He said this with such reverence that I was completely astonished. He pointed up to the crossarm of the tower and we saw then the outline of a man secured to the main tower and working on what must have been the last attachment of the crossarm.

"I suppose you've come to see the body, but I am afraid it's too late. He was buried yesterday," the boy spoke. "Have you traveled far?"

"From New York," I answered.

"Oh, that is sad," he said in a tone of infinite regret. "I fear that your journey is fruitless. Unless, of course," and at this point he crossed himself, "he could come again. But that would be too much to hope."

The man on the tower shouted down something which I could not understand and the boy moved back pulling on the rope.

"Look here, boy!" Zeb said in a voice of authority. "I hope you realize that there is a law against taking down crosses on the Sabbath day."

"It's not the Sabbath, it's Saturday," the boy replied as he concentrated on pulling the rope and watching the man on the tower.

"The Sabbath is Saturday," Zeb boomed out.

"Ah, so it is, so it is, my brother." The boy genuflected slightly. His glasses seemed almost as large as the rest of his face.

"The fine is up to two thousand dollars and a year in jail under Title 16, paragraph 3 of Public Law #,386 of the seventy—third state legislature. Removal of crosses without cross removal license."

The man on the tower yelled again and this time I could understand him, "Hey Butch, what the hell are you doing?"

"Just a minute, Mickey," Butch yelled. He turned back to us. "Where can I get a license?"

Zeb scratched his head slowly and seriously. "I think that I just happen to have one with me today." He took from a briefcase in the car a very official looking document, crossed off "fishing permit" at the top and wrote in "permit to remove cross on Sabbath." Butch signed it and he signed it and I signed it also as witness.

"Hurry up," the voice cried from the tower.

"My fee is twenty-five dollars," said Zeb.

With this, Butch calmly pulled out a checkbook and wrote Zeb a check. Zeb pocketed the check without even looking at it. "I'll be seein' you boys," he said and got into his car and drove off in a clatter of stones.

Butch turned back to the tower. "Ready?" cried the voice from above.

"Here, grab hold behind me," Butch directed and the two of us held onto the rope. "OK," he called back up and the cross arm was turned loose and we lowered it by means of a pulley higher up on the tower.

When we had finished Mickey took off the pulley and climbed down. He was about my size, medium height and deceptively strong. He picked up the crossarm by himself and hoisted it onto the bed of an old pickup truck. He had the handsome features of an Irishman, broken only by a premature baldness extending back most of the way along the top of his head and a slight crookedness of the nose.

"Who was that?" he asked Butch.

"Just the sheriff. He wanted twenty-five dollars for a permit to remove the crossarm."

"What?"

"Don't worry. He won't be able to cash the check. I made it out to Judas Iscariot."

That was my introduction to Mickey Harkins and Butch O'Hara who, along with Anna and me, were now the staff of the station. Butch came from Boston originally, where he had gone to a Catholic school and begun to study for the priesthood. "But then I had a conversion and I joined the army instead." He had learned more than I in the army, having become a radio broadcaster. After his discharge he had

become a disk jockey at one of the big New York stations. "You mean to tell me that you lived in New York for five years and you never heard of the 'Earthy Angel?'" I had to confess that I hadn't. Daniel had literally drafted Butch for the Station. He had heard Butch over the radio commenting on a rock and roll song which was anti-war. "He just walked into the studio one day," said Butch, "and asked me if I wanted to work on this station. I'd never met him before in my life. But I believed in what he wanted to do and it sounded like a good idea. Besides, how many times in your life does someone just come up to you and say, 'I need you Come with me.' I felt like Saint Peter and the call of Jesus." For Butch religion was part real and part mockery and it was never easy to know where one ended and the other began.

Mickey, like me, had met Daniel after one of his talks and asked if he could work on the station. He had been wandering around in the peace movement, involved in various little groups in New York City. "When I heard him, I saw that this guy had more on the ball than anyone else," he said. Mickey seemed to have done everything at one time or another: factory worker, longshoreman, bar tender, army sergeant, nightclub bouncer, welfare case worker and even playwright. His last regular job had been as a radio technician on a freighter.

"I got that one by faking completely," he confessed. "At least now I have a little experience with it." He had prepared the radio equipment of the station.

The F.C.C. inspectors had already come and gone before I arrived and as far as we could tell the station was technically ready for broadcasting. Butch had helped Mickey with the electronic work, although, thanks to Willy Richardson's dream of converting all of the heathen Middle West, the station was already well equipped before Daniel bought it. The power source and power tubes of the station were of tremendous size, twenty-five kilowatts strong, which, according to Mickey, was enough to reach four states during the day and most of the Midwest after the sun went down.

The control rooms and the electronics of the station were now ready to go, but the rest of the studios still reflected the taste of Willy

Richardson and his disciples. Anna directed us in a complete redecoration. The huge fireplace in the main room had been studded with semi-precious stones and had once looked quite magnificent, I am sure, but fire had so cracked and crumbled and blackened the stones that they had to be removed completely. Butch and I learned masonry from Mickey in order to fix that.

The stained glass windows at the entrance, which showed Christ saving his sheep on the one side and Moses descending with the Ten Commandments on the other side, were composed of good glass, but the windows in other rooms were ordinary glass painted over to make colored scenes. There was one of Jesus grinning at his mother and another of Jesus grinning at the money changers and another of Jesus grinning while he carried his cross. Those windows had to go. Mickey and I scraped each one of them clean. Many was the time I was tempted to heave a brick through a window and start with new glass, but Butch warned me that I would have committed a sacrilege in doing so.

One could only guess at the religious paintings that had once decorated the walls, but Willy had found those removable and spared us their sight. One painting he could not take, however, since it was painted directly on the bathroom wall over the sumptuous walk-in bathtub, which had apparently served as an immersion baptismal font as well. The painting, what might be called a "primitive," depicted Jesus being baptized by John in the river Jordan. Before we finally painted over it, we had ample opportunity to study it every day, the grinning Jesus, the derrick-like arm of John and the grinning crowds. It was opposite the only toilet in the building.

Willy's finest contribution to our studio was an enormous electric organ complete with bells, whistles and all possible accessories which Butch soon mastered. I am not sure that his jazz would have quite suited the Willy Richardson style, but at least it filled our house with music while we waited for Daniel.

We had expected approval for the station by the F.C.C. Within a short time, but weeks passed without any word from Daniel. Finally he

wrote to say that our local Congressman, a man named Toder, was holding up approval by accusing us of being Communists. The four of us were required to sign affidavits that we had never been communists and send them to Daniel. Mickey and Anna objected on principle.

They did not want to give in to this demand because it was unconstitutional, but Butch reminded us that if we took it to court, it might be years before we could open the station. The affidavits were sent. Then we waited again. Under Anna's direction we made the station into a comfortable home, cleaning, painting and furnishing it. There was no further word from Daniel and we did not know if we would ever be able to broadcast, yet those days were among the happiest that we ever spent together. We had time for card games and Butch's stories and classes on non-violent resistance from Anna and even time to watch the local minor league baseball games which I drove us to in our battered old pickup truck. As yet there were no pressures on us from the outside world, no need even to program the next day's broadcasts, although we had begun to prepare some of the programs we would be using. We knew almost no one in the community except for Zeb Long with whom I had visited several times.

Butch had put together a tape and record library of folk music and rock and roll, which would supplement our peace news. "We want people to listen to us, don't we?" Butch replied to our skepticism. "Well, we won't get listeners unless we've got music and we won't get any advertising either. Do you think I should keep the name, the Earthy Angel," he added, "or can you think of a better one?" We all learned Anna's work as well, the research behind the peace news. She kept up with all regular news services and magazines and some scholarly journals about peace, but, in addition, she had to read Congressional and United Nations reports and, perhaps most important, dozens of irregular newsletters and publications from some of the thousands of peace groups around the country. "Even so, we have only begun to tap the sources in the peace movement," she would say.

Butch was growing very fond of Anna, but he seemed too shy to approach her. And Anna was obviously lonely. She was open and

friendly yet somehow sensitive. She seemed full of her sex, but not yet aware of it. Her woman's body, still awkward, asked for stroking and soothing and love. Mickey and I were alone, too. But I had been lonely for years and Mickey was still entangled with a wife from whom he was separated so, instead of competing with Butch, we seemed to have an unspoken agreement that we would encourage him. One time, I insisted that Butch should take Anna out for a date. He drove her to Joplin in the pickup and they went dancing. For the first time she was really dressed up and wearing makeup and lipstick. She was really lovely. But Butch still seemed afraid of her.

Weeks passed and still we were waiting for Daniel. We were ready to broadcast, but the license was still blocked by Toder. We did not always speak of it directly, but questions of Daniel and when he would come and whether or not he could get us the license were always lurking in our conversations. Butch and Mickey and I had only met him a few times and that was months before. Sometimes, I had the fantasy that he was only a legend and that we would continue waiting forever. Even Anna did not know much about him. "I think he was once married," she said to me once, but even that we did not know for certain.

Finally, in June, Daniel called and told us to get ready to broadcast. He had the license and was on his way to Spruceville.

He arrived the next day for a victory celebration. I drove him down from Joplin, the nearest airport, in the pickup and we entered the station to the sound of Butch's organ trumpets and even the sound of a drum as managed by Mickey. The station was decorated with crepe paper and a huge sign, "Welcome home, Daniel." We'd even provided champagne for the occasion. After the champagne toasts and a feast made by Anna, Butch rose and proposed a speech by our leader.

As the rest of us had relaxed and become gayer under the influence of champagne, Daniel, who had already been tense when I brought him down from the airport, had not relaxed. He stood up in response to Butch's introduction, but it was not in the spirit of fun. He looked down, frowned slightly, and then, slowly, in an apologetic manner, he said, "I cannot celebrate today. We're lucky that we can even

begin the station. It took me three lawyers just to get our license cleared and I don't know how long it can last. Toder has even threatened me with Congressional investigation. I just want us to get started and do what we can, while we can. If you don't mind, I'm not in the mood for speech-making. In fact, I'm a little tired." He wiped his hand across the furrows of his brow. Then he looked over to Mickey. "Are we ready to broadcast?"

"Yes."

"Then let's get started."

"All right," said Mickey, pushing his chair back from the table.

"Let's get started then!" Butch echoed loudly and brought his hand down on the table with a bang. "As chairman pro-tem of this committee, I'd like to open the meeting by calling for reports from the standing committees. Mr. Mickey Harkins, committee of technical preparations. I turn the chair over to you."

From that time on, there was no more relaxing. Daniel, himself, did not drive us, but his presence did. We pushed dishes to one end of the table and planned our first day's broadcast.

The next morning Butch settled into the swivel chair in the broadcast booth surrounded by the complex instruments of radio and turned us on the air. He swung around checking dials and switches and meters on the rack behind him to monitor the transmitting tower itself. Mickey nodded. The carrier signal was OK. Butch swiveled back past commercial tape recorders and telephones and automatic tape controls and record turntables to the control console itself, with its own rows of switches, buttons and colored signal lights. Switch after switch he checked or changed. He took a tape out of the rack to his left, turned a page in the notebook before him, checked the clock, placed the tape into its machine and took one last look around. Anna and Daniel stood watching us in the next room through sound proof glass. Butch grasped the microphone, threw a switch and his voice went out across America. "This is radio station WPAX in Spruceville, Missouri, broadcasting at an assigned frequency of 557 kilocycles, on

the air." The Star Spangled Banner began to swell up behind his voice, and we had begun.

For an hour Butch played the latest tunes from the rock-and-roll distributors. Then, on the hour, I began our first newscast.

"For the next five minutes, we will bring you the latest news on war and peace as taken from the Associated Press and News York Times news services and the Peace News Service.

"Washington, D.C. At the top of the war news this morning, the United States Pentagon has just released the latest figures on American and Russian nuclear power, better known as the missile race. According to this latest report, the United States now has 500 bombers in the Strategic Air Command on constant alert, 750 operational inter-continental ballistics missiles and 192 Polaris missiles in submarines. The Pentagon stated, and I quote 'Our superiority has been increasing, and we intend that it shall continue to increase. They also released figures for the Soviet Union which has 120 heavy bombers and as many as 150 medium bombers which can bomb the United States with enough range to return home. They have 188 inter-continental ballistic missiles and an unknown number of submarines with missiles. It is also understood that they are building a defense system which will include several hundred nuclear-tip missiles designed to explode over their own country in order to intercept attackers.

"We have done a little arithmetic of our own here at the station and we come up with a total of 1290 nuclear delivery vehicles for the United States and 458 nuclear delivery vehicles for the Soviet Union. Since each missile is capable of destroying a city, each country now has the capacity to destroy all the major cities of the world.

"Saigon, South Vietnam. The United States bombed power plants, factories, railroads and trucks in North Vietnam today. One of the power plants was in a dam which protects thousands of acres of low-lying farms from floods. In ground action there was fierce fighting today along the Cambodian border, in Zone D near Saigon and along the demilitarized zone between North and South Vietnam. The American and Vietcong casualty rates which number in the thousands each

month are regularly reported by the American military; civilian casualty rates are not released. A recent estimate, based on hospital admissions in South Vietnam, suggests that the civilian casualties of this war are far higher than the military. This estimate includes only civilians wounded in South Vietnam. It does not include civilians killed or not reaching hospitals, civilians killed or injured by bombing of North Vietnam, nor does it include the one million refugees made homeless by the war, according to official statistics.

"San Francisco, California. A new voice was raised for the war in Vietnam yesterday as the Air Force Association held its annual national convention in San Francisco. General Curtis Lemay, retired chief of staff of the Air Force reported that committees of "Citizens for Victory in Vietnam" were being formed in Southern California and Colorado to press for escalation of the war. General Lemay proposed the following slogan for these groups: "Let's clean up in Vietnam and get out of there." The Air Force Association has more than 85,000 members, mostly businessmen and military men, and is a non-profit, tax-exempt, educational organization.

"Washington, D.C. Congress again voted to support the war when the House passed yesterday a military appropriations bill to finance the war. The vote was 317 to 12.

"Vietnam is the hottest war at the present time, but there are other wars threatening to recur or begin. India sent a notice to Pakistan today protesting border violations which could set off a recurrence of the war between those two countries. Both sides are armed primarily with American weapons. Also, Israel and Jordan exchanged diplomatic notes this week warning of retaliation if border incidents do not stop. Both of those countries are armed primarily with American weapons, although Syria and Egypt, which also oppose Israel, are largely armed with Soviet weapons. The situation in Cyprus, where Greece and Turkey have threatened each other, remains relatively calm at the present time. Both countries are members of NATO and armed largely with American weapons.

"That's the news of war for today. Now let's turn to news for peace.
"New York City. U Thant, the Secretary-General of the United Nations

conferred this week with the United Nations ambassadors from the United States and the Soviet Union and the three members of the International Control Commission, Poland, Canada and India, in an effort to begin negotiations towards ending the war in Vietnam. Mr. Thant has said that the North Vietnamese would begin negotiations only if the United States stopped bombing the North. Meanwhile, Great Britain has attempted to persuade the Soviet Union to reopen the Geneva Conference on Vietnam, but they have so far refused. "Geneva, Switzerland. Representatives of the United States and the Soviet Union at the United Nations disarmament conference defended their proposal for a treaty to end the spread of nuclear weapons today, saying that it would not stop the peaceful use of atomic power. West Germany and India have threatened that they might not sign such a treaty.

"Washington, D.C. The United States Foreign Relations Committee heard testimony today from the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency of the State Department that ten million dollars was not enough for the agency to use for research on peace. The director said that military intelligence agencies receive billions of dollars while his agency cannot afford to keep more than a few dozen employees on the payroll.

"New York City. A three day conference will begin at Columbia University tomorrow on the topic of 'Our Cold War Society: The Student Search for Alternatives.' Among the groups to be represented are the YMCA, the YWCA, the National Student Christian Federation, the National Federation of Temple Youth, Massachusetts Political Action for Peace, the American Friends Service Committee, the United States Student Press Association, the United States Youth Council, the Students for a Democratic Society, the youth division of Turn Toward Peace, the Student Peace Union and the youth division of United World Federalists.

"Hanover, New Hampshire. The city of Hanover, New Hampshire will vote on a referendum as to whether or not they support the Vietnam war. Local peace groups in Hanover have succeeded in getting the question included on the ballot in the forthcoming city elections there.

"Washington, D.C. A letter from 800 former members of the Peace Corps was given to the President today, opposing the war in Vietnam.

"These are the headlines in the peace news at this hour. A half-hour of peace news, including the news from groups in various cities around the country, will be heard at 6:05 and again at 10:05 this evening."

Most of the broadcast day was filled with music as played by the Earthy Angel or one of his assistants, namely Mickey or me. And in the evening came two half hours of peace news. Now there was time for the minor news, a dinner for the Fellowship of Reconciliation in Hollywood, an address by Linus Pauling in Seattle, a meeting of a peace research organization at Colorado State, the publication of an economic study of disarmament, the progress of a peace march through Georgia, and so forth.

At midnight, when Butch finally signed us off, we just sat around, exhausted, looking at each other. Zeb Long had listened, but had anyone else? Our words drifted out into Space on stray radio waves, mingled and combined with myriads of others and faded into the past.

We had begun; it was good, but it was also frightening. Would the world ever listen to us?

America

In those early days of discouragement, when no one seemed to be listening to us, Daniel held us together. Every morning, before preparing the day's broadcasts, we held a team-group meeting with him. The rules of the team-group required us to express our thoughts about each other and the station and the peace movement as openly and frankly as possible. According to Daniel's psychological theory, before we could expect others to trust us and open to us, it was necessary that we trust ourselves and open to each other. At first we were stiff, but we loosened up as time went on. We learned to shout in arguments, to say that we loved each other, to doubt our work or to fantasize the wildest possible success. We did not have to fear that others would laugh at us or attack us, for if they did we would soon have a chance to laugh or attack back in the same way. Butch and Anna opened up the most. Behind Butch's humor was an insecurity, but he grew stronger through our meetings. Although Mickey told us much of his checkered past, a certain subtle aggressiveness remained untouched. Daniel opened up the least of all; behind the mask of being the group leader he remained aloof. For me the meetings were often difficult, but in the end I gained confidence in myself as a person, in the group and in what we were doing.

Late that summer I left the group. We had intended to become the national center of communications for the peace movement, yet much of the peace movement had not yet even heard of us. Our contacts in New York and San Francisco were not enough, so Daniel and Anna prepared me to tour America and make contact with the movement. "You don't have to convince them of anything or sell them anything," Daniel briefed me. "Just make us known to them. Set up some communication. Subscribe to newsletters. Arrange for people to write to us. When you get back you will be handling the peace news from these people. Get to know them personally."

Anna prepared a list of organizations and contacts for me and I set forth in search of the peace movement by bus and train and hitch-hiking, from Little Rock to Oklahoma City, from Austin to El Paso, from Phoenix to Reno, back and forth across the face of America.

Southwest

Students for a Democratic Society, Tempe, Arizona

Committee to End the War in Vietnam, Austin, El Paso, Dallas, Texas; Stillwater, Oklahoma; Phoenix, Tucson, Arizona; Boulder City, Reno, Nevada

Gould Citizens for Progress, Gould Arkansas

Arkansans for Peace in Vietnam Little Rock, Arkansas

Houston Citizens for Action, Houston, Texas

Student Action Committee on Foreign Policy, El Paso, Texas

The War Rejector, San Antonio, Texas

Action Study Center for a Governed World, Enid, Oklahoma

World Neighbors, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

World Constitution Coordinating Committee, Phoenix, Arizona

All around me they lounged in the sun, long-legged women with full hips and robust bosoms. A girl poised on the end of the diving board dove cleanly into the green water, curved up and emerged, shaking her face and skimming her dark hair out of her eyes. A woman in a bathing suit herded children around at the shallow end of the pool. A girl in her early teens pulled herself out of the water and lay down near me to warm herself in the sun. She was flat-chested with a pretty face and long slender legs. Water streaked off her smooth skin in little rivulets onto the warm stone pressed against her and left droplets on her thighs and calves, which stood and twinkled in the mid-afternoon heat. Near me a cluster of full-bodied mothers gossiped in husky tones about their fellow "Wispers" as they called themselves. And I, the lone man among this harem, sat stiffly to one side, uncomfortably well dressed, embarrassingly proper, keeping as quiet as I could.

It was so hot in L.A. that the Women Strike for Peace had scheduled this meeting at the home of one member with a swimming pool. Her house had turned out to be modest, but the pool where we sat was sumptuous.

"Let's begin girls. I still have to go shopping before dinner," one woman with short blonde hair piped up from one of the gossiping groups to the other.

A dark haired woman with a strong handsome face rose and struck a table with her pencil to call the meeting to order. One girl continued to swim and one mother continued to herd children in the wading pool, but the others pulled up their chairs and seated themselves in a circle in the patio. I pulled my chair closer but stayed outside the circle, hoping that they would pay no attention to me. A girl glanced at me shyly and smiled slightly. I smiled back, embarrassed.

A quick, slender woman jumped up and began. "I would like to know what has happened to the telephone tree. I don't know about the rest of you, but I just found out about this meeting by accident and I wasn't even called." She looked around the group for the answer.

"I was called," One woman replied. The circle broke into confused discussion.

"Who's in charge of it?"

"Gail, but she's not here."

"Where is she?"

"Her boys have had the measles."

"Well, Esther, you just give her a call and take it over for a while," the dark-haired, strong faced chairman suggested.

"All right," the first woman sat down.

"Now, I think we should talk first about the war toys. Did you all see the last issue of the bulletin? Well, in case you didn't, Marsha is opening an exchange at her house for toys so that you can trade in war toys for constructive toys. And we're mimeoing a letter to be sent to toy stores. We should have copies available at the meeting next week."

War toys, telephone trees, a shop-in to protest the war in Vietnam, a joint meeting with women from an organization in Watts, and a speaker from the University of California were the main topics and then, it was my turn to speak. Every one of them turned around and stared at me when I stood up and I have no idea what I said. It must have been all right, however, since there was no objection to an arrangement by which we would get regular news release from them.

"You see," Georgiana, the shy girl, told me later, "we do not worry about what organizations we cooperate with. We're a non-organization ourselves. Each chapter is autonomous and there is no membership list and no bureaucracy. We have different names in different parts of the country. We're simply mothers concerned about a world for our children."

"You're not a mother, are you?" She seemed so young and fragile. And she wore no wedding band.

"No," she blushed. She was timid but graceful in her timidity and I liked her.

"Can't I drive you somewhere," I asked. I had rented a new convertible for my work in L.A. since there is no other way to get about in that city.

"No, thank you."

"Really, I can drive you. I'm not going anywhere," I insisted.

By now all of the other women had left and the two of us remained alone in front of the house. If she left, too, I would be alone and for some reason it frightened me that day.

At last she consented and I drove her towards her home which was half way across the city. "What are you doing this evening?" I asked.

"I really should study. There are exams in a couple of weeks." She had told me she was a student in a junior college.

"Why not have dinner with me?"

"Oh no, I really couldn't."

I insisted and finally she agreed. The restaurant that I chose was terrible and the food was hardly edible, but we stayed and talked and drank cups of coffee until late in the evening. At one point when she left to make a phone call home, I picked up a scrapbook which she had been carrying around all day. Inside was the typed manuscript of a play.

"Did you write this?" I asked when she returned.

"Oh, you mustn't look at that!" she cried and grabbed the book out of my hand. "Do you always look into things that belong to other people?"

"No," I objected. "I didn't think you'd mind."

"Yes, I wrote it."

"May I look at it?"

"No. Plays are not meant to be read. They're meant to be acted."

"Then we can act it out," I said, half facetiously, not thinking about how late it was and how sleepy I had become.

But she took me seriously. "All right, if you wish, I'll act it out for you." For the next two hours, as if dreaming, drugged with innumerable cups of coffee, I listened to her act the play.

First she was an American girl whose husband had been drafted and sent to fight in Vietnam. "Husbands may come and go," she replied, "But my child must inherit the world." She was unmoved by one threat after another, by the draft board and the war protesters, the Air Force generals and the war profiteers, but finally she was visited by a young mother from Vietnam. Now she became the Vietnamese mother.

"I, too, was not worried when the village elections were abolished, she said, "and I went on living when the American soldiers came and when they made a general into our dictator and I could do nothing when they took my husband for the army and when the American soldiers paid me to be a prostitute and used my own house. But I began to talk to my child when they burned the fields and houses, and when they began to spray the trees and kill them, and then the bulldozers came, the American bulldozers, and leveled the villages. Now they talk about a new thing called nuclear weapons and how the rain from them will make the land into a desert. So I have come to you. Where is a world safe for my child? And I come to you with a warning. Where will the world be for your child? The children of destruction are born to destroy. I have talked to my children now and your children will not be safe from mine."

Georgiana had blossomed as she read her play to me. She became her characters and lived her scenes. The play was her child and the children of her women were the children she had borne.

As I drove her home she fell asleep with her head resting against my shoulder. I drove around and into the hills above Pasadena and parked where we could look down over the lights of the city.

"Are we home?" she mumbled, waking up and rubbing her eyes.

"Not yet," I said, reaching my arm around her and pulling her towards myself.

"No, Alan. Take me home!" She sat upright, fully awake.

I started the car.

Seeing that I was hurt by her flat rejection, she said softly, "I'm sorry, but you must understand."

"Yes," I said, lying.

When we reached her home and I walked her to her door, she reached up quickly and kissed me, then turned from me and said "Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Georgiana," I said sadly.

Southern California

East Los Angeles Peace Center

Ad Hoc Committee for Peace, Santa Barbara

Women for Legislative action, Los Angeles

Women Strike for Peace Education Clearing House, Downey

Echo Park—Silverlake Emergency Committee, Los Angeles

University Committee on Vietnam, Santa Monica

West Coast Council of Peace, Los Angeles

Valley Peace Center Pacima

Emergency Council, Los Angeles

Los Angeles Women Strike for Peace

Los Angeles Students for a Democratic Society

Freedom Fights, Compton

Peace Action Council Los Angeles

San Fernando Valley Students for a Democratic Society, Sherman Oaks

Los Angeles Committee to End the War in Vietnam

San Gabriel Valley Emergency Council on Crisis in American Foreign Policy, Alhambra

Southern California SANE, Los Angeles

Southern California Universities Committee on War and Peace, Los Angeles

UCLA DuBois, Los Angeles

UCLA Vietnam Day Committee, Los Angeles

Southern California Students for a Democratic Society, Venice

It was raining in Berkeley. Thousands of summer students had jammed into the open space in front of the university's administration building to decide how to retaliate against the administration's latest refusal to let them organize a peace rally on the campus. Many shared umbrellas, but the rest stood in the open with cold rain in their hair and rain-streaked faces. On the steps of the building, one of the student leaders was speaking through the public address system. "There has been no word from the administration. As far as we can tell they have not changed their position." Above and behind the speaker, members of the administration stood out of the rain in between the pillars along the entrance to the building. Other officials stood at the windows above them.

The crowd changed in composition but not in size as students came and went for their lunch hours. The rain came down steadily on them all. One speaker had finished and another took the microphone.

"That's Mario now," Cybele nudged me, as applause broke forth from the crowd and a tall, angular guy with curly hair and a fair, not very handsome face took the microphone. "Apparently they're never

going to learn," he began, turning towards the administration building. The crowd cheered. "I see that one of our liberal professors on the faculty committee has just written a scholarly paper analyzing the trouble with modern American politics. It seems that our trouble is that everyone is apathetic about politics." The crowd laughed, needing no more allusion than that. For years now the university administration had done everything in their power just to keep the students from doing their own political organizing.

"But now, seriously," he went on, "I'm going to have to ask that when we vote, we vote by holding up our reg cards. OK? And those of us who are not students won't vote. Is that all right with you?" He turned to the group of cameramen and reporters gathered at the front of the crowd. "Did you get that. Those of us who are not students won't vote." He spoke slowly and sarcastically, making certain that they would write it down. The crowd shouted its approval. The press had been emphasizing that since he, himself, had not been allowed to register, the student rallies were organized by "outside agitators." "And while you're taking notes," he went on, "you might take note that I'm being careful not to use any filthy speech today." This gibe also drew a laugh from the crowd, and the reporters hunched over their notebooks to write it down.

These were the students of the famed "filthy speech" movement which had been headlined across America. "Of course, that was not the main issue at all," Cybele explained to me, "but that's how the press tried to discredit us. What really happened was that the administration got scared of the campus political organizations and revoked our privileges to set up organizing booths along Bancroft Way. That's why we called it the Free Speech Movement, after the Bill of Rights."

"All in favor of sending this petition to the chancellor, raise your reg cards." Registration cards rose into the rain, borne on thousands of outstretched arms. "All those opposed?" A few cards only were raised. The students had voted again to oppose the administration.

"One of these days the state legislature will probably close down the university altogether," Cybele said to me as we left the rally and

went back to her apartment. "I don't think there is any other way they can keep the students from organizing."

"What will happen then?" I asked.

"Then we will all have to go to other campuses in the country and make new Berkeleys, I guess," she replied. "And in the end it will be the state that loses. We can always move to another state, but once they fire us they won't be able to attract good faculty here and the school will go downhill." Cybele was an instructor in mathematics on the campus, as well as working for us as our West Coast peace news correspondent.

Cybele had been my guide to the peace movement for a week now, since I had first arrived in the San Francisco area. She was tall and athletic, and she walked with a slightly provocative move, just enough to make you aware of her sex all the time. She was attractive, but not pretty. And she was very aggressive. Practically her first question to me had been "Do you take acid?"

"What's that?"

"Oh, you're not a hippie, are you," she had cooed, and laughed at my innocence. "It's time you began to live."

Her introduction to "living" included acid, which is what she called LSD, pot, happenings, beat poetry, the Beatles, Zen, politics in the ghetto and fucking. "Have you ever fucked before, Alan?"

"Yes."

"Really? Very much?"

"Yes."

"Tell me the truth." She moved close to me and pushed me slightly, teasingly, backwards. We were alone in her apartment.

I spun her around and grabbed her from behind in a bearhug, playfully.

She broke away, crossed the room, and sat down. She took out a cigarette calmly. "No, I don't believe you," she continued, smiling a slight, teasing smile. She lit her cigarette. "And you don't smoke either. That I know."

"How can you tell?"

"That's easy. Anybody can see by the way you took a drag on the pot yesterday. You don't know how to smoke at all."

"I never have smoked," I said. "That came from my training in track."

"Were you a star runner?"

"No. Maybe I could have been, but I never trained enough. And I didn't stay in college."

"I'd like to see you run. I'll bet you're graceful."

"You're kidding."

"No, I'm serious. You have a nice body. I'll bet you run gracefully."

I sat down across the room from her and picked up a copy of the "Thoughts of Mao Tse Tung."

"Have you ever read them," she asked.

"No."

"I'll bet you'd be shocked."

I glanced through the little book, noticing the prediction of the downfall of the West, "Either the East wind prevails over the West wind or the West wind prevails over the East."

"If someone like Toynbee had written what Mao writes, then you might believe it," Cybele noted. "But it will be more difficult for you just because it's Mao. You know, Alan, you don't really believe in freedom of speech."

"Yes, I do," I insisted.

"Oh no, you don't. Or else it wouldn't bother you so much to find that I own a book by Mao Tse Tung." I had not said that I was "bothered" by the book, but she had read my thoughts anyway.

"Don't tell me about freedom of speech," I countered. "There isn't any freedom of speech in China." That silenced her a moment. "I read the cultural revolution was even trying to do away with Confucianism," I went on.

"But that does not make the United States any less hypocritical," she said, slowly. "Does it?" She picked up a book next to her and threw it at me. I threw Mao back at her and soon we were engaged in a wild throwing match, emptying the book shelves and hurling books at each other, until we swooned down onto the floor, laughing hysterically and falling over piles of books.

I reached out to pull her towards me and she rolled over me, pushing me down against the floor and then slipping on books and falling herself. We wrestled against each other, laughing hysterically by now. She had torn my shirt. I quit laughing long enough to pin her to the floor and unzip her dress. She pulled me down and my lips pressed against hers in one long, grinding, passionate embrace.

"I want you," she whispered huskily, between kisses.

That night we wrestled and sweated and rolled and fucked until the bedclothes were wet with us, and we slept, embracing each other in one long, delicious dream. When we woke the next day, the rain had ended, the sun was high and a cool breeze played a bright clear melody in green leaves of the tree outside our window. It was good to be alive.

Northern California

Committee for International Peace Action, San Francisco

Californians for Peace in Vietnam, Stanford

American Society to Defend Children, San Francisco

Religious Society of Friends, Palo Alto

Opposition West, Stanford

Contra Costa Citizens against the War in Vietnam, Walnut Creek

Northern California Students for a Democratic Society, San Francisco

Ad Hoc Committee on Vietnam, Berkeley

Institute for the Study of Nonviolence, Carmel

Bay Area Coordinating Committee, Burlingame

Vietnam Day Committee, Berkeley, San Francisco

Stanford Committee for Peace in Vietnam

Bay Area Inter-University Committee on Foreign Policy, San Francisco

Turn toward Peace, Berkeley

CNVA West, San Francisco

Committee of Concern, Chico

Haight—Asbury Vietnam Project, San Francisco

Medical Aid Committee for Vietnam, Berkeley

High School Coordinating Committee, San Francisco

Concerned Citizens, Palo Alto

Western Addition Vietnam Peace Committee, San Francisco

Marin County Vietnam Committee, San Rafael

Mendocino Committee of Concern

San Jose Peace Center

Sonoma County Committee for Peace in Vietnam, Cotati

San Francisco Women for Peace

I left Berkeley wearing a black beret and a neat blonde beard along the edges of my face. "Now you look groovy." Cybele stood back and admired her handiwork. "You're all right."

I wore my beret at a jaunty angle and kept my beard through California and Oregon and Washington, and I carried the joy of our times together. Then I went home.

From Boise northward, the road was a road into memory. I had caught a ride in an old pickup with a farmer going from one ranch he owned in the desert up to his other ranch in the mountains. We crossed the first pass above the desert and descended into the hidden valley of Horseshoe Bend. Here were the deep waters of the Payette, a strong river now. We climbed out of the valley into its winding canyon, following it back to its source in eternal snows of the mountains. This water grew turbulent and rapid; it pushed great boulders and ground them around; it carved into sheer cliff. The road could only follow its tortuous path through the mountain canyon where the walls grew steeper and steeper. The air was cooler now. Dry grass yielded to low pine and then to the tall green trees, the tamarack and fir and finally the giant Ponderosa itself. And still the water roared and tumbled between the mountains. At Banks the river split and the road split with it. We took the North Fork and climbed higher

into the mountains, the pickup churning along and overheating. Finally we emerged into a broad green valley and the water slowed and meandered in deep pools below Cougar Mountain. Once more we left that valley and climbed and finally emerged in Long Valley, now a mile high. On my left were the silhouettes of West Mountain, the long ridges from Tripod to Collier Peak to Snowbank Mountain, and on my right the lower ridges of East Mountain. And then I saw the smoke from the lumber mill and the town of Cascade and the lake and I was home.

"Alan, you get that thing off your face right now, or you're not coming in my house!" It was my mother.

It took me a long time to convince her that I really wasn't going to shave off the beard, and certainly not before I came in the house. And when I had convinced her of that, I was faced with other similar obstacles. "How long is this new job going to last you?"

"Oh, a year or two," I teased.

"And then what?" She did not try to hide the exasperation in her voice. "All you do is hop from job to job. Aren't you ever going to settle down?"

"Maybe," I replied. "If I meet the woman that can hold me."

"Whatever happened to Emily?"

"Oh, come on, Mother. I haven't seen her since she went to college. Did you think I'd been writing to her all these years or something?"

"You can never tell. How am I to know anything? You never write to me. At least John writes once in a while. I wouldn't even have known you were in Berlin if he hadn't written to me. And I want you to tell me about this new job of yours. I don't understand it."

I told her about Daniel and the radio station.

"You know, I told Arthur all this one day and he told me you'd probably turned into a 'commonist.' That's not true, is it, Son?"

"Don't worry Mother, It's not just communists that want peace. A few Americans do too."

"Well, I don't understand it, but I don't like what Arthur says." Arthur Sontag had been my mother's best friend in Cascade since my father died. He was the banker in Cascade and his own wife was an invalid.

The gulf between my mother and me had developed during high school when she despaired that I would grow up "no good" and when I had left home it was just in time to avoid an open break. Now, the gulf was deeper, if anything, and my mother seemed resigned to it, and I felt sorry that she should be ashamed of me. I wanted to explain to her that I had become a man, that I knew what I was doing, and that she should be proud and not ashamed, but whatever I told her she would interpret to match her suspicions and the suspicions that Arthur would cast upon my mission. So it was better to keep quiet and explain as little as possible, and let her be ashamed. As far as she should know, the radio station was simply another temporary job and someday I would find myself.

There was one man in Cascade to whom I could talk. That was Doctor Baldwin. He was a father to the entire valley, doctor, psychiatrist, confidante and friend. He was a good man and a strong man, and he knew about the world beyond the mountains. That evening we sat up late talking of that world, which he saw so rarely anymore. Only once in a while, he and his wife would fly his private plane to San Francisco for a weekend to attend a medical conference. But the rest of the time he could not leave. There was no one else to man the hospital and there was no other doctor for fifty miles around. I told him of my trip to Europe, and of Daniel and the station, and of my mission to the peace movement.

"What do you think? Can we have any effect?" I asked him. We sat on the front porch, looking out over Lake Cascade. The last red glow of the sky had faded beyond West Mountain and the lake was dark. A

few campfires had begun to show on the other side.

"You want to prevent another war, I take it," he mused, chewing on his pipe. "I assume that you have already decided that it is worth it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you must assume that man is worth saving from war, you know. I'm not always so sure that is a good assumption." From some men that statement might have come as bitterness, but from this man, I knew it was more. These were his people in Long Valley and he loved them. Yet, he also knew every family secret and every human weakness. And in his mind he could weigh the strengths and the weaknesses. "But, let's assume that man is worth saving," he went on. "I can see that that is not your question. You want to know if your radio station can save him."

Doctor Baldwin puffed on his pipe and looked up at the stars and slapped a mosquito and thought about it. "Well," he began. "I have had two paranoid patients in the past couple of years and they're both back at work now. I am never sure, of course, whether I had any part in helping them recover or whether they simply needed the time that I could keep them going in order to get over whatever it was inside of them that was the trouble. But they seem better today at any rate. Not perfect, you understand, but they can function. You must know one of these patients, I'm sure. Remember Dan Castle?"

"I'm not sure."

"He's the Swede that worked as a sawyer for Boise Cascade. A huge man, over two hundred fifty pounds."

"The one we kids were always so scared of."

"Yes, that's the one, I'm sure. Well, he was falling Ponderosa up around Roaring Lakes. Remember, those are the little lakes on the way back from the Middle Fork country where we went fishing."

"Yes." I recalled that time with vivid happiness. The doctor had taken me salmon fishing with him once, flying me across the mountains in his little plane to get there.

"Dan came in off the job one day," he continued, "and he asked me what I could give him for bug poison. It turns out that some airplane had buzzed him up there and he thought it was the Forest Service spraying bug poison. So I gave him something and sent him home and told him not to worry. But things got worse and he went around telling everyone that the Forest Service was after him and that they kept track of where he was cutting and sent their spray planes out into the timber just to get him. Finally he quit his job and just sat around home, threatening to get his revenge on the government. I can tell you, the ranger was pretty scared, and his wife was ready to call the governor to get Dan locked up. I worked with him a long time, and he's better now. But anyway, the moral of it is that it seems to me this whole country is a lot like Dan Castle. They see a plane and think it's communist and they get scared."

"That's true even in the peace movement," I added. "Half the peace movement is completely paralyzed because it's afraid of being associated with communists."

"Precisely. And the Russians and the Chinese are the same way about us. If anything they may be even worse."

"Then, what do we use for therapy?"

"Well, it didn't do any good just to tell Dan Castle those weren't spray planes. He knew they were spray planes. It didn't make any difference what you told him. Instead, the only thing you could do was to ask him why he thought they were spray planes and why he thought they were out to get him. And then, eventually, he would talk about them, and talk himself out, and he wasn't so afraid anymore. He may still think they are spray planes, for all I know, and he may get scared whenever a plane flies overhead, but at least he manages to keep living under them. And the longer he lives, the more he realizes he can survive their "bug poison!"

"So we're trying to get the country to talk about disarmament and peace," I said. "We would like to it into politics so that it can be openly discussed and voted on."

"You run a risk that way," he mused. "What if the people talk and decide the wrong thing? What if they vote for war? I am always amazed that democracy works as well as it does. But then I suppose it's true, that if you don't like what you've got, you might as well try something different. And I don't like what we've got."

"Remember once, after you'd gone to college, you came home and told me you were going to quit and we stayed up all night talking about it and what you were going to do instead?"

"Yes." It had been an important time in my life.

"I said to you that I thought it would take you a long time to find yourself, remember?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think you're beginning to find yourself now."

There were tears in my eyes when I left his house that night.

Northwest

Seattle Women Act for Peace

Committee to End the War in Vietnam, Seattle, Pullman, Washington; Salt Lake City, Utah; Corvallis, Portland, Eugene, Oregon

Vietnam Day Committee, Seattle

Missoula Peace Group, Missoula, Montana

Seattle Youth for Peace in Vietnam, Seattle

Committee to Resist the Draft, Bellington, Washington

Students for a Democratic Society, Vancouver, Ellensburg, Washington

Seattle Dubois

Thurston County Committee for Peace, Olympia, Washington

American Friends Service Committee, Portland

Fellowship of Reconciliation, Salem, Portland, Aberdeen

Women's Strike for Peace, Seattle

Philip Greeley's house was set on the first range of mountains west of Denver. Eastward it overlooked valleys and foothills and finally the Great Plains and the city of Denver, enshrouded in a pall of industrial smoke. "Air pollution has just caught up with them," Philip explained. "And they're really upset. They've always claimed to have the cleanest air in America. Of course, up here in the mountains there isn't any problem." Westward from his house we looked into high mountains, snow-capped peaks and finally, Mt. Evans, the king of them all.

Philip was head of the World Committee for a World Constitutional Convention, and he was careful to make me understand that "we are not a part of the peace movement at all. The peace movement will never succeed as long as there is national sovereignty and nationalism." Nevertheless, his group was listed in the directory of peace organizations.

"I have visited a number of people down in Denver who are in the peace movement," I began, "and it seems to me they are doing a good job. Do you know any of them?"

"No," he replied, quite bluntly. "I don't maintain any contact with them, except what I read in the newspaper or in their own literature which I receive now and then. First the people from SANE moved in. They didn't get anything done. Then came Turn Towards Peace. Denver was going to be a model city for the peace movement. Then I

didn't hear anything more about that. Then the American Friends Service Committee moved in. They haven't accomplished much. The peace movement only attacks the symptoms instead of the cause. It's countries that make wars, not individuals."

Philip was boyish looking with blonde hair sticking straight out, soft and neat, for an inch or so in all directions from his head, with eyes, a piercing blue from beneath heavy brows. He called himself an "integrative engineer" and he ran a health foods store down in the city.

"Maybe you shouldn't be too skeptical of the peace movement," I argued. "After all, your own preparatory congress did not fully succeed last year."

"That wasn't our fault. We would have had official delegates from Brazil and India and Pakistan and Costa Rica and a couple of African countries, along with the unofficial delegates, but at the last minute something happened and they couldn't come. You can guess what happened."

"I have no idea."

"The American embassies put the pressure on them; that's what happened. Of course, I can't prove it, but there's plenty of evidence."

"I suppose they feel that you are competing with them for their own power. If that's true, the stronger you get the more they're going to oppose you. That's not very optimistic."

Philip avoided my argument and went back to criticism of the peace movement. "Half of the organizations in the peace movement are communist-run. They don't really want peace. They want communism."

"I don't think that's true at all," I argued. By this time I had visited a lot of people in the movement and I had seen their motivations. To be sure, a few of them believed that American industry should be taken over by the workers and a few believed that Russia and China were always peaceful nations, but most of the people simply wanted peace

instead of war. and were not ideological beyond that. "Name me what groups you think are Communist."

"All the student groups are communist. And the Women Strike for Peace is communist."

"Do you know that for a fact?"

"I know it by what I read. There are Congressional hearings on the Women Strike for Peace. I have a copy of it here. Take a look at it."

Later in the evening, while Philip was outside repairing a tree-house with one of his five boys, I picked up the Congressional Hearings and read through them. They were put out by the House Committee on UnAmerican Activities, and they purported to prove that eight of its members (out of how many tens of thousands, I wondered to myself) had once been communists. And the proof that they had been communists was in the fact that several of them had once signed petitions to place the name of a communist on the ballot in an election. For that act they were accused of conspiracy to overthrow the government by force. I tried to point out the irony of this to Philip, but it meant nothing to him. Dan Castle came to my mind. He knew those were spray planes. It did no good to tell him otherwise.

Philip and his wife and five boys had only a small house, yet they were gracious hosts to me. Not only did they feed me a delicious, meatless dinner, introducing me to health foods, but they also gave me a room to myself. And when I left the next day, they sent along with me a bag of sunflower seeds to keep me healthy on the long journey. They warned me to maintain my "endocrine balance" and avoid fluoridation, and to work with them for the day when all men would live under one World Constitution.

Great Plains

Colorado State University Committee for World Peace, Greeley

Committee to End the War in Vietnam, Lawrence, North Newton, Kansas; Kansas City, Missouri; Des Moines, Grandview, Iowa

Stop the War Committee, Denver, Colorado

Students for PoSitive Action, Manhattan, Kansas

Students for a Democratic Society, Lincoln, Nebraska; Columbia, Missouri; Ames, Iowa City, Iowa

World Committee for a World Constitutional Convention, Denver

Committee for Informed Opinion on Nuclear Arms, Columbia, Missouri

American Friends Service Committee, Des Moines, Iowa

Intellectual Pacifists Coordinating Organization, St. Ann, Missouri

Iowans for Peace, Des Moines

National Unity for Peace, Oskaloosa, Iowa

State College of Iowa Discussion Group on Vietnam, Cedar Falls, Iowa

Womens International League for Peace and Freedom, Denver

Fellowship of Reconciliation, Columbia, Missouri

Committee for Nuclear Information, St. Louis

A few people in the peace movement had strong, unshakeable convictions that they alone knew the way to peace. But most of them were not so specific. They were idealists, but their dreams were vague and they had little ambition for their own ideas. These were the middle-class professionals who made up the majority of the peace movement. Once, in a group of them at Des Moines, I asked them "What are your dreams?"

There were eight of them at this meeting of the Des Moines Committee on World Peace, a psychologist and his wife, an economy professor, an retired woman, a high school teacher, a minister's wife, an

other psychologist's wife and a social worker. They were respectable, middle class people, belonging to the old, respectable organizations like SANE and United World Federalists and Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. We crowded together in the living room on a shady suburban street. "

Bill, the psychologist, launched seriously into my question.

"I would like to see a time when we could discover the distortions in our language and recognize war propoganda and realize the hidden meanings in our words that we use to attack our enemies or else hide behind." He was a stocky man with a dark shadow of unshaven stubble and short cropped dark hair.

"And I would like to see," said the economics professor, "an international second language and a significant proportion of national income spent for translating and teaching it." He lounged next to me, smoking his pipe. He was a tall man, handsome, with gray hair, dressed neatly in a gray business suit. "And an international currency," he went on, after a pull on his pipe. "Call it the unipeso or some such thing. And instead of gold, back it with Strontium 90 so that people will remove it from the atmosphere."

"How about an international calendar?" put in the older woman. "I don't think they all have the same calendar now, do they?"

"No," answered the economist. "An international calendar would be fine. And then, too, I would like to see a world history book without an emphasis on war. And for another thing, it would be good to have a standardization of shafts and bearings and of sewage disposal systems."

Lenore then spoke. She was the wife of another psychologist who had brought her to the meeting, but then left to visit a patient. She was a beautiful girl with soft brown eyes and soft brown hair and a smile that flashed like sunlight. She was crippled. "I would like to see a world in which all men have enough to eat and in which there were schools and houses for everyone. And most important of all, where people need not be afraid of war!"

"People down through the ages have found war necessary," said the social worker. He was young, blonde, and crew-cut, with a slight furrow between his brows which made him look older. "And it would require a change in human nature to change it now."

"If hate and fear come from the way children are raised," said Lenore, "then maybe we ought to raise our children some other way." She had three children of her own.

"God preserve us from new child-raising," the economist spoke cynically, taking his pipe from his mouth just long enough to speak. "There are enough methods going around already, without making things more complicated." He paused. "No, we won't have peace until peace is profitable, until the economy demands it."

"Then God help us!" concluded the minister's wife. :

While the others spoke, one man was silent. He listened carefully, it seemed, but he did not tell us his dreams. He was the school teacher, a large man, thick-lipped and round-faced, with a slightly sour expression. His dream was the committee itself, which he had brought together. In later years I would meet him again, as the peace senator from Iowa.

North Central

North Dakota Committee Valley City

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Minneapolis, Minnetonka, Minnesota; Madison, Wisconsin

Student Religious liberals, Minneapolis

Committee to End the War in Vietnam, Coquet, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Kenosha, LaCrosse, Madison, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Peace Education Committee, Minneapolis

Peace and Social Concerns, Minneapolis

National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam, Madison

Students for a Democratic Society, Madison Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Student Committee for Alternatives to War in Vietnam, Duluth, Minnesota

Central Minnesota Committee on Vietnam, St. Cloud

SANE, Milwaukee

LaCross Humanist Chapter

Fellowship of Reconciliation, Minneapolis, Milwaukee

Women Strike for Peace, Minneapolis

Students for Action, St. Paul

World Affairs Center, Madison, Wisconsin

Milwaukee Organizing Committee

Turn Toward Peace, Milwaukee

One day, in Chicago, while I was having lunch with the director of the Hyde Park Peace Center and a woman from the Fund from the Republic, the name of Alfred Kaufmann arose in conversation. I had heard of him before, yet he was not on my list of contacts in the city.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Oh, don't get involved with him?" warned the director of the peace center. "He's just a nut."

"He sounds interesting."

"He's interesting all right, but he's crazy. He used to try to hand out his leaflets at our rallies, but eventually we managed to discourage him."

I had not yet met anyone in the peace movement whom I would have called crazy, so when we left the meeting I proposed to Joan that we go to see Mr. Kaufmann.

"Yes, I'd like to," she replied. Joan had been sent by the Fund for the Republic to solicit support from the peace movement for their program called the "triple revolution," guaranteed annual income, civil rights and peace.

Since the two of us were both visiting all of the peace groups in the city, we had combined our schedules and traveled together and we had quickly become good friends. She had a strong, rough textured face with deep set eyes, the color of sky on a summer day.

To reach Kaufman's address, we drove into the slums in the South Side of Chicago and then deeper and deeper into those slums. We finally found the address on one of the most unkept streets, a low storefront with the windows painted solid green except for places where it had peeled off. The building looked absolutely deserted. There was a screen door, rickety and hooked from the other side. But the glass door was open. I knocked. No one answered. Inside it was dark and dusty. I waited. A group of kids passed on the sidewalk and threw a rock at our car.

I knocked again, and just as we were about to give up, a man emerged from the darkness of the building. His face and his eyes were sensitive and handsome and his hair, neatly clipped, was turning at the edges from brown to a beautiful, distinguished silver gray. He opened the door and then stood back, fidgeting with his hands.

I introduced Joan and myself and he seemed only slightly less nervous. "Come in," he motioned us past him into the interior. We passed through a labyrinthine canyon formed by cardboard cartons of merchandise stacked all the way to the ceiling. The canyon was just wide enough for one person to go through at a time. We passed cartons la-

belled in crayon: "letters, 1959, "clippings, 1953", "peace directory." In fact, when I checked, every one of hundreds of huge cartons was neatly labeled and every one of them seemed related to the peace movement.

"This," said Mr. Kaufmann quietly, "is my peace library. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to keep up with it as I should. I need someone to help me index it, but I can't seem to find anyone who will work with me. There is so much being printed these days, and so little time."

"Yes," said Joan sympathetically, "I know what you mean."

"I used to write over 200 letters to the editor every year, but I won't be able to do more than a hundred this year," he said sadly. "If only someone else would join me in this valuable work." He looked at me almost pleading and I avoided his eyes and looked away.

The rear of the store, where we now sat, was little more than a wide space among the boxes. His bed rested on boxes. The table around which we sat was surrounded by boxes. His food was stacked on boxes. There was a hot plate on the floor under my chair.

"If only I had some money, I could pay someone to work on this with me," he was saying. "I work during the spring as a tax consultant, but it doesn't pay me more than enough to keep up what I have." He paused and looked away from us, as if forgetting that we were there.

He was a lonely man, a man who loved the world and feared for its safety and yet a very lonely man. "I have concentrated on writing letters to editors." He reached into a stack of papers behind himself and handed us each a mimeographed sheet listing newspapers across the country, their addresses, letters to the editors information, names of syndicated columnists, circulation, and maximum number of words that they would print. Following that sheet he reached back into another box and pulled out other sheets, mimeographed on colored paper, "letters to the editor by Alfred Kaufmann."

"I specialize on violations of international law," he said.

"Here you will find quotations from Air Laws and Treaties of the World concerning violations of Chinese and Cuban air space by American planes. And for Vietnam, I quote Recognition in International Law. The people of this nation should know that its officialdom is continually violating the laws and international agreements which have been standing for centuries. If our government leaders, our President and Secretary of State, were to be tried before an international court on charges of international delinquency and judged guilty, then they could be penalized by exclusion from the international society."

He spoke to us about international law, not as something hypothetical, but as something real. His world of international courts and international society was a world of illusion, but it was a beautiful illusion where all things were ordered and lawful. It was madness, but the madness of prophets and poets. When we left him that day, I wanted to try to tell him that I had caught a glimpse of his vision and that I wanted him to continue working, but I could not think what to say. We left him and went back to our world and he stood in the entrance watching us leave, and then slowly turned back to his cardboard cartons and his dreams and his loneliness.

Chicago

A.C.T.

Veterans for Peace in Vietnam

Northside Committee against the War in Vietnam

Workshop in Nonviolence

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

University of Chicago Students against the Bank

Turn Toward Peace

Voters for Peace

Artists for Peace and Freedom

American Friends Service Committee

Chicago Peace Council

Chicago Anti-Draft Committee

Hyde Park Committee to End the war in Vietnam

Chicago SANE

Committee for Independent Political Action

Joint Council #25

Chicago JOIN

National DuBois Clubs Office

Roosevelt University Students Against the War in Vietnam

Most of my time in Chicago was spent in the area around the University of Chicago campus. I stayed in a brownstone that had been converted into the headquarters of a student peace group. And one day I walked across the midway to the fashionable faculty club to have lunch with Ruth Evans of the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists.

She strode across the lobby to meet me and, though I had never met her before, I could recognize her perfectly from the descriptions that other people had given me. She walked like a man, she was smoking a pipe, and yet she was a beautiful woman. Her hair was bleached blonde and cut short and her eyes were unforgettable green. She was very deeply tanned.

"You look like you just came back from Florida," I ventured.

"Oh, no," she laughed. "Iraq. As you may know, my husband is an archaeologist, so we've been over there digging in the ruins." The im-

age flashed briefly before me of what I had seen the museum of East Berlin: the great blue gate of Babylon and the inscription "I am Nebuchadnezzar, king of kings." The image transformed to a new one when she led me to the faculty dining room, elegant with carved gothic décor and leaded windows. She continued speaking to me, "On the way back I stopped in Yugoslavia for the Pugwash Conference." I must have given her a blank stare, for she hastened to explain. "I guess you know that the Pugwash Conferences are annual conferences between Russian and American scientists who are interested in disarmament."

"How did it go?"

"Very well. I think that the Russians are finally beginning to understand what we mean by arms control. You see, they've always insisted on complete disarmament, down to the last rifle, which is terribly utopian. Arms control at least seems feasible in this world of ours. Leo would have liked this meeting. I wish he were alive, Leo Szilard, you know."

"I'm sorry."

"He was a very great man," she said, her eyes glistening with a sudden sadness. "Did you ever meet him?"

"No, but I have heard of him," I said. He had been an atomic scientist who grew worried about the nuclear weapons he had helped to create, so he founded an organization called the Council for a Livable World. It turns out that Ruth was a member of its board of directors.

"Did you notice the stadium across the street when you came in?"

"Soldier Field?"

"Yes. It was under the bleachers there in 1942 that Leo and Enrico Fermi placed Uranium 235 among graphite blocks and produced the first atomic chain reaction. Leo had a golden touch. Everything he tried, he accomplished. After the war he became a biophysicist. I think he felt that by working with life he might be able to atone for the de-

struction his bomb could cause. He was a writer, too. Have you ever read his book, *The Voice of the Dolphin*?"

"Yes," I lied.

"Everything he tried was crowned with success. It was the same with the Council. But now..." she stopped.

"But now, you have to take his place."

"Oh no! We could never take his place. But when we met, the Council, I mean, after he died, we decided that he would want us to go on without him and carry out what he had begun. But none of us can do it alone. There isn't a man alive that could take his place. It's funny but Leo used to say the most important thing in a man was not his abilities with people or his intelligence, but his sense of humor."

I told her about Daniel and our radio station. "I'm afraid the one thing he lacks is a sense of humor," I added.

"Yes, I've heard of your man Daniel. He's quite a good psychologist. I suppose you wonder how such a small thing as your radio station can ever grow, but you shouldn't worry. Take the Pugwash Conferences, for example. They began with one wealthy man like your Daniel, only in this case it was Cyrus Eaton. He invited a group of scientists from the Soviet Union and the United States to meet at his estate at Pugwash in Nova Scotia. The first meeting was quite small and over the years they have grown larger. I think it is safe to say that those meetings have changed the course of history. Most of our ideas on arms control have come from there."

"And Szilard himself, didn't he get involved in peace by a round-about way?"

"Yes. He had cancer and it was diagnosed as incurable. But he invented a radioactive treatment to cure himself, using the same rays as destroy in an atomic bomb. He swore that he would do something for peace if he survived. And the Council is the result. When you're in Washington, you really should visit our offices. I don't know if you've

seen the figures, but the Council was the second largest lobbyist in Washington last year. Our members pledge two percent of their incomes to congressional candidates who work for peace."

On the way out from our lunch together, we walked by the place where the atomic bomb had been developed. The old bleachers and the field lay empty, soon to be torn down and replaced by new buildings. "I think," said Ruth, "that Leo would have wished that his experiment had never worked."

Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee

Peace Society of Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana

Committee to Oppose American Participation in Vietnam War, Evans, Indiana

Committee to End War in Vietnam, Bloomington, Richmond, South Bend, Indiana; Nashville, Tennessee; Mt. Carroll, Illinois

Students for a Democratic Society, Lexington, Kentucky; Muncie, Notre Dame, Indiana; Champaign, Evanston, Illinois

Womens International League for Peace and Freedom, Indianola, Indiana

Louisville Peace and Freedom Center, Kentucky

Southern Student Organizing Committee, Nashville, Tennessee

Disciples Peace Fellowship, Indianapolis

Deep in a piney woods, in an old Ohio house built so long ago that its ceilings were suspended on adz-hewn beams and secured with square nails, I sat and talked with the Reverend Samuel Emerson, a distant relative of the famous essayist, and a Quaker. His eyes twinkled from a face that was lined and crinkled by many years of work and suffering. At the age of sixty-five he had been imprisoned for refusing to tell McCarthy the names of people at a seminar he had con-

ducted on world peace. "I told them my views were quite simple," he said. "I think that war is wrong and weapons of war are wrong and that we should disarm and that any man who believed that was a friend of mine."

We looked out clear picture windows, the only modern part of the house, into a clearing in the trees filled with bird feeders and birds. The summer was over now and the migrations had begun. First a chickadee fed just beyond our window. Then a blue jay arrived and frightened it away.

"But what if we disarm and the other side doesn't?" I asked.

"Christ turned the other cheek," he answered me obliquely. There was a twinkle in his eye that suggested he might enjoy an argument.

"Christ was only one man," I countered.

"But he would leave the ninety and nine to find one lost sheep," he replied. Outside, with a flash of orange, a Baltimore oriole swung into the feeder.

"There is not enough time to convert everyone in the world, one by one."

"And what kind of world do you wish? If the hearts of men do not change, then what has been gained?" He seemed to enjoy speaking with me, as if he missed his youth. "What gaineth a man to find the world, if he should lose his soul?"

"But what kind of world would you find under unilateral disarmament?" I asked. "What if the Communists invaded and all the churches were destroyed? What would you do then?"

"You mean, what would God do?" he corrected me. The oriole, bright orange, flashed away into dark green pines.

"What if all the Bibles were destroyed?" I continued, pressing him, "and if all the pulpits were destroyed?"

"And the very name of the Lord our God was forgotten?" he concluded.

"Yes, exactly."

"So?"

"What then?"

"Then man would suffer, just as he suffers now because he has forgotten God."

"But he has never completely forgotten God before."

"But he has. Time and again the Israelites forgot their God and went a—whoring after other gods, graven images and idols of the hand." His voice, usually a bit quavery, gathered strength. He was standing on a pulpit once again, reading from the Holy Book. "The temples are filled with gold and strange figures. The people have fallen upon evil ways, usury and corruption and war. And God looks down upon their evilness and he cries out to them. And they do not listen. So he finds one man, one lonely shepherd in the wilderness. 'Go, thou, and tell my people to return. Prophecy and bring them back to my house.'" The old man ran his hand through his white hair and leaned back in his chair and smiled at me. "Yes, there is no need for you to worry about God. He can take care of himself. He needs no churches or Bibles or trained preachers. A hillside is good enough for his church, and a shepherd or fisherman can be the preacher. If you don't believe that, you don't really believe in God."

His wife brought us tea in delicate China cups, with red enameled flowers like the needlepoint embroidered blue and red and green on the chairs, like the yellow warbler in the green tops of the pines. And for a moment we sipped our tea quietly, and I was a boy again, and my father had taken me out under the stars one Christmas evening and pointed to one star which shone for the birth of Love.

Ohio and Michigan

Baldwin Wallace Peace Forum, Berea Ohio

Toledo Committee for a Reasonable Settlement in Vietnam

Catholic Peace Fellowship, Detroit

13th Congressional District to End War in Vietnam, Detroit

VOICE, Ann Arbor, Michigan

War/Peace Committee, E. Lansing, Michigan

Committee to End the War in Vietnam, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Yellow Springs, Youngstown, Granville, Kent, Ohio; Detroit, Warren, Michigan

Ann Arbor Women for Peace

Ann Arbor Student Faculty Committee

Detroit Northern Student Movement

Wilmington College Committee for Peace and Freedom, Wilmington, Ohio

Detroit Dubois Club

Peace Education Committee at Columbus, Worthington, Ohio

Trade Unionists for Peace, Detroit

West Cleveland Area Peace Committee, Olmstead Falls, Ohio

Citizens for Peace in Vietnam, Detroit

Students for a Democratic Society, Toledo, Athens, Ohio

Dayton Area Coordinating Committee, Yellow Springs, Ohio

University Circle Teach-In Committee, Cleveland

Columbus Vietnam Day Committee

Students to Educate and Act for Peace, Oxford, Ohio

One quiet evening I walked along the streets of York, Pennsylvania. The houses which formed one long solid facade to the street had been built for factory workers decades ago. Each had the same bay window and same doorway and little stoop. I stepped through hopscotch squares and avoided a tricycle left on the narrow sidewalk. The buildings were so close to the street that I looked in through curtained windows at old ladies at their sewing machines and old men watching television. From one window came the sound of rock and roll. From another, the sound of gunshots from the TV.

I turned a corner in the quiet evening and came upon the lighted windows and the mingled noises of typewriters and telephones, teletypes, shouting and the clanging of presses and linotypes. I climbed a rickety staircase and entered the newsroom, full of men and women in shirtsleeves, pounding on typewriters, turning through pages of notes, shouting across the room, clipping, cutting, pasting, writing. Long yellow sheet of paper came rolling out from the continually clattering teletype, news from around the world, from Laos and Moscow, Washington and Texas, tomorrow's news, tomorrow's wars.

I asked a young man if Mr. Wilkins was in. Instead of replying he picked up a telephone. It rang on the other side of the room and a short stocky man with red crew-cut hair picked up a phone and answered. He turned and beckoned me to him. The talking and shouting and typing and clanking went on without change.

After he had finished at the typewriter and helped put the paper to bed, he and I, his wife, and another couple named Morgan sat over home-made beer in their living room. Bruce Morgan was now chairman of York Action for Peace. At first he seemed like a beatnik from the Village in New York. He was young-looking, barefoot, in blue jeans, and sported a handsome beard. His wife was older and plainer

looking, not at all what I would have expected of a beatnik's wife.

But Bruce was no beatnik. He ran a floor-polishing business. He seemed embarrassed when he told me, apologetic. I tried to explain that I was a college dropout myself and that the degree meant nothing to me. Wilkins, who had a degree, and at one time had done some teaching before he went into newspaper work, was less interesting to me now. No one had taught Bruce about the peace movement. No one had convinced him at the university. Alone and unread, outside the intellectual circles of our times, he had found his own truth, a truth born of reality itself, of birth and sunsets and pines and "good morning." He had read his Bible, he told me, and he and his wife had talked. And in that way they had come to believe that they should do something about peace. No, he had not started their group. It had been started by some women associated with the Women Strike for Peace and he had read their ad in the newspaper where Wilkins now worked.'

Wilkins was the active man. He had published a directory for the peace movement which was used by every organization. His eyes were sharp and his speech quick and cutting. He had done the important work. He was the famous man. Yet my heart did not go out to him. He was a bitter man and self destructive in some fearful way. One could see it in his conversation as well as in the story of his life, his hopping from job to job and place to place.

Morgan was the quiet man. His eyes were deep and almost shy, his voice quiet and unassuming. He would have been handsome with a little more dash. Yet it was to him that my heart went out. He grew beautiful to me, with his deep eyes and his quiet voice and his truth that could not be taken away. I wanted to shout his name from the house-tops, to make him a leader of men, to give him power and authority, an army of men to save the world.

All this time Bruce had been showing me his scrapbook: their demonstrations downtown, their march to Gettysburg, the surprising people that had joined them. His voice took on a harsher tone as he spoke of the policemen who had come to write down all their license numbers at Gettysburg, as if to carry a sign for peace might be a crim-

inal act: I started to tell him, "That's nothing. Who cares if they have your license numbers?" but something made me stop and look at him instead. He was looking down at his scrapbook with pride. This was his world, a little world, not one of power. Of truth, perhaps, but not of power. Of a few men, perhaps, but not of many. No, he could never take power. In my heart I sang a quiet lament for a world where truth and power are so rare that they are almost never found together.

Pennsylvania, Virginia, Washington

Germantown Peace Council, Philadelphia

York Action for Peace, York, Pennsylvania

SANE, Washington

Richmond Council for Peace Education, Richmond, Virginia

Council for a Livable World, Washington

Committee to End the War in Vietnam, Gratham, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Lancaster, Wallingford, Pennsylvania; Washington

American Friends Service Committee, Philadelphia

Veterans March to End War in Vietnam York, Pa.

Central Committee for Conscientious objectors, Philadelphia

Womens International League for Peace and Freedom, Philadelphia

Liberal Education/Action Project, Washington

High School Students for Peace in Vietnam Pittsburg

Washington Area Committee on Vietnam, Washington

Swarthmore College Peace Committee, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Washington Peace Center, Washington

Women Strike for Peace, Washington

United World Federalists, Washington

Friends Committee on National Legislation, Washington

Adult Peace Action Committee, Philadelphia

Catholic University Movement for Peace and Freedom in Vietnam, Washington

Philadelphia Committee for Nonviolent Action

National Dialogue on Vietnam, Washington

Harrisburg Area Peace Center, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Mr. Ross was dressed like all the other businessmen in the Boston restaurant where we had gone for lunch. His face seemed a little more frank and receptive. He was deeply tanned, almost freckled by the sun in Florida where he had recently vacationed. His features were large, his forehead high and balding.

"I hope you'll excuse my crutches," he said and I held open the door to another dining room. "I sprained my ankle playing tennis in Palm Beach." The room we entered was more subdued than the one before. There were only a half dozen tables where prosperous looking men sat and talked quietly over their meal.

I had met Mr. Ross at his envelope company down the street and he had suggested that we have lunch together and talk over how Peace News might be relevant to his own organization, Massachusetts Political Action for Peace.

I began by telling him how we wanted to coordinate groups in the peace movement.

"I hope you have better success than we have had in working with peace groups," he responded. "I think you'll find that each group has its own ideas and its own way of working. For them cooperation is very difficult."

"Yes," I admitted, "we are also hoping that we can break into the media with our radio coverage." For a moment the old Madison Avenue jargon was on my tongue.

"I'm afraid I must discourage you about that, too," he replied. The most effective means of changing minds is by direct contact between people, not by radio advertisements or newspaper stories. We found that out in the Hughes campaign in '62 and again in the Adams campaign in '66. We spent over a hundred thousand dollars for Adams and we had his face all over television. I guess you know about those campaigns."

"Yes," I lied. I had heard of them, but only vaguely.

"Well, we ran Hughes as an independent, you know, but I don't think it's possible to win as an independent in this country. At least not in most places. So then we ran Adams in the Democratic primary."

"We hope to be able to help stimulate political activity like that," I said.

"How can you take part in politics over a thousand miles away?" he objected. "Any effective political action can only take place in a local area among people who know the problems of that area. Political power comes from direct knowledge, like businessman and client, for example. Do you see those men over at the table by the front window?" Three well-tailored men, one with a trim mustache, were seated around a table talking earnestly. "I know each of those men," Mr. Ross continued, "and I know their businesses. I know their profits last year. I know their customers. And I know their politics. Some of it is so corrupt and illegal that I could not tell you. These are the men who control your politics, they and thousands like them across the country. If you can prove to them that peace is profitable, then we can

get peace overnight. If you can't, then you might as well quit now."

"That's one of the things we'll try to do."

"Yes, but it's not enough for political action," Mr. Ross continued, lecturing me. "You take our organization, for example. We work in politics all year around, not speaking from the outside as you plan to do. Last year we sponsored four bills in the state legislature, two of which were passed into law. Then, too, we do regular research on where our action can be most effective. We analyze each election race in the state, where we can win and where we can't. We have no desire to lose. We only run where the previous election was within a 55-45 split. We are ready to offer money and campaign people already organized and ready to go. So when we find a candidate who will run for nomination against a weak incumbent, and run on a platform which we feel contributes to peace, then we stand a good chance of winning.

"Now you run into another major concern, how to choose a candidate." Now, caught up more and more in excitement as he spoke, Ross had stopped eating and was punctuating his points with the fork in his hand. "Not only must you choose your races carefully, but you also must find good candidates, candidates who can run on solid ethnic and domestic policy platforms as well as disarmament. And that is only the beginning of the battle. You still have yet to run an actual political campaign, to mobilize your people, to raise money, issue press releases, and so on. And while you are educating the people on peace issues you will find it necessary to be continually educating your candidate as well...."

It was not an easy task the peace movement was undertaking. If only there were a substitute for electoral politics, I thought to myself. If nothing else, Mr. Ross had convinced me that it would be nice if there were an easier way.

Boston Area

Massachusetts Political Action for Peace, Cambridge

Committee to End the war in Vietnam, Boston, M.I.T., Harvard-Radcliffe, Cambridge, Brandeis

American Friends Service Committee, Cambridge

Committee for Nonviolent Action, Boston

Unitarian Universalist Assembly Boston

Students for a Democratic Society, Cambridge, Boston

New England Voice of Women, Cambridge, Newtonville

Letters for Peace, Cambridge

Greater Boston Coordinating Committee to End war in Vietnam, Cambridge

Turn Toward Peace, Cambridge

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Cambridge

Dudley Street Action Center, Roxbury

DuBois Club, Cambridge

Women Strike for Peace, Cambridge

Physicians for Social Responsibility

Society for Social Responsibility in Science

World Peace Foundation

The Navy had its Polaris submarine launching base at New London, Connecticut, and one organization of the peace movement, the Committee for Nonviolent Action, had its own Polaris Action Farm nearby, in nearby Voluntown. Whenever a new submarine, equipped with nuclear missiles, was launched from the harbor, christened with

innocent sounding names like Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, the CNVA was present with its pickets.

Winter had come by the time I arrived in Voluntown and there was snow on the old farmhouse and its three stories, with dozens of roofs added at different periods in its history, each at a different angle from the last. Behind the house were some cars swept bare of snow, driven in from Hartford and Providence and Boston for the monthly New England meeting and other old cars under snow, some without tires or windows, strung out towards the back acres in order of disrepair until, at a distance, they fell into a jumbled boneyard of bodies and chasses and rusting engines. Alone with the cars were out-buildings, a barn, a chickenhouse, old stables and sheds, the ones nearer to the house renovated with windows and curtains, those further back tumbling in until all that was left was scattered foundations and piles of rubble. Inside the house it was chaotic as well. Each room opened into others added at a different time, with a ceiling of different height and a floor level higher than the last. Doors and passageways led in every direction so that a half dozen small children, pursued by mothers and dogs, could run completely around the house and through most of its rooms without retracing a single step. Periodically they would race through the front room where the meeting was taking place.

But they weren't the only ones who came and went. "I thought that I knew everyone when the meeting began," one woman quipped, "but so many people have come and gone that I don't know half of you now." I, too, came and went from the meeting, and talked with people in other parts of the house.

A boy named Tom with a freckled, friendly face and a shock of brown hair falling across his forehead was operating a mimeo machine in an adjoining room. He had but a few months left and then would go to prison on charges of refusing to submit to the draft. "But there is just enough time for me to take one more draft caravan through New England," he added. He had his panel truck and his literature against the war and would travel from school to school and campus to campus across the countryside. "And while I'm here, Kay is teaching me how to repair cars."

Kay was preparing dinner in the kitchen and coming in from time to time to talk with Tom or to join the main meeting in the other room. She was small and dark and moved with the quick smooth quietness of a wild animal. In her dark eyes and her furrowed forehead were the expression of a child. There was something vaguely familiar to me about her face. I had seen her somewhere before.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I lived in the Village."

"Of course," I said, in a flash of remembrance. "You had a store near Houston Street."

"Yes."

"And those were your children?"

"Yes." One year when it had snowed in the village, there was a girl and a shop where all the children went to fix their toys. It was an art shop, not a toy shop, but the girl was kind and she helped the children.

"What happened to your shop?" I asked.

"I sold it," she replied, and a frown like a shadow darkened her eyes. "It was too much for me. I tried to find someone else to work with me, but I didn't find anyone, so I came here and I'll wait here until something calls me."

She did not explain any further than that. She possessed the magic of childhood and of wild animals and of broken automobiles. Perhaps she had some magic for peace as well.

The meeting itself was full of strange people like Tom and Kay. There was an old Black man, like a patriarch, with a huge, impassive face and bushy white hair, and a long white beard, who never said a word while I was there. There was a Japanese girl, A Hibakusha, Kay explained to me, which meant a survivor of Hiroshima. She was pale and shy, with a plain face. Her arms and her face still showed the scars of the fire she had borne. There was a university professor who

ran a printing press for peace and a minister and boys who were refusing the draft and girls from a nearby college, and always the children and the dogs and cats running in and out. Presiding over the meeting were a middle aged couple who spoke with the authority of a mother and father. This was their home in which we met and this organization was their family. The "father" would leave the next day for Mississippi. A church had been bombed and he would go to help the people rebuild it.

A major decision at the meeting concerned whether or not CNVA should participate in a peace march in New York. The organization had sponsored many small peace walks of its own, "but in the past we have not wished to cooperate with the large peace marches sponsored by other organizations," one of the older women said.

"Why not?" asked a young girl.

"Once we did before the war," explained another woman, the "mother" of the group. "But when the Germans and Russians broke their treaty, all the leftists in the peace movement were suddenly in favor of war. And we don't feel like being sold out that way again. I must say," she added, "that this particular march is a little different, however, since it is being organized by civil rights people as well as by the Left. I've always said that only when people learned the value of non-violence from the Civil Rights movement and used it in the peace movement as well would there be hope for peace."

Perhaps someday, the Gandhis and the CNVA people will change the world and it will be nonviolent, but in the meantime it will not be an easy process. During dinner after the meeting I sat between two CNVA mothers discussing their children.

"What do you do when your children misbehave?" one was saying to the other.

"I generally scold them."

"Do you ever strike them?"

"Certainly, if nothing else will work."

"Oh, that's terrible!" the first woman's voice rose in anger.

"Well, what do you want me to raise, a bunch of little monkeys like those kids of yours?" At this, had I not intervened to ask for the salad, I might have found myself in the midst of a non-violent fight.

Another woman leaned across the table and joined in the conversation. "You know I tried to take my boy Billy away from the television and put him to bed the other day and his response was to go limp. What can you do about that?"

New England

World Fellowship Center, Conway New Hampshire

American Independent Movement, New Haven, Terryville, Connecticut

Women Strike for Peace, Glastonbury, Hartford, Connecticut; Concord, Hanover, New Hampshire

Rhode Island Committee for Peace in Vietnam, Providence

Promoting Enduring Peace, west Haven, Connecticut

Committee to End War in Vietnam, Bangor, Maine; Storrs, Connecticut; Medford, Worcester Massachusetts

DuBois Club, Bridgeport, Hartford Connecticut

Fairfield County SANH, Fairfield, Connecticut

SANE New Haven, Connecticut- Springfield, Massachusetts; Hanover, New Hampshire; Kingston Rhode Island

American Friends Service Committee, Hartford

Campus Peace Committee, Worcester, Massachusetts

Committee for Nonviolent Action, Voluntown, Connecticut, Durham, New Hampshire

World Affairs Center, Westport, Connecticut

Students for a Democratic Society, Amherst, Massachusetts; Hartford, New Haven, Middletown, Connecticut

Connecticut College Peace Club, New London, Connecticut

Hartford Committee for Peace in Vietnam

Committee to Stop Escalation, Westport, Connecticut

Independent Political Action Committee, New Haven, Connecticut

Champlain Peace Council, Burlington, Vermont

Peace Concern, Montpelier, Vermont

Brattleboro Peace Center, Brattleboro, Vermont

Many groups that I visited, especially student and independent political groups, were spending most of their energy working with the civil rights movement. On the one hand, they believed America could not have peace abroad until it had ended oppression and violence at home. On the other hand, they believed the civil rights movement was the most vital and important new political force in America and that it could give political strength to the cause of the peace movement. "The civil rights movement of today has as much power as organized labor was developing fifty years ago." And then there were also a few skeptics who worked with the civil rights movement "because I feel it's right," but who felt it was irrelevant to world peace. "If they get their proper power, just like the labor movement, they won't care about peace anymore."

Many peace groups seemed to contribute relatively little but others, such as the American Independent Movement of New Haven, had become closely connected with successful civil rights organizations. AIM

had shared their electoral ticket with a young Black man, Freddie Johnson, who was defeated for State Assembly, but was continuing his work of community organization.

"I'd like to clear up a few things for you people about our welfare march to Hartford," Freddie's voice was projected clearly and positively from the loudspeakers on the back of a truck. He was a short, handsome man with a neat black mustache and quick dark eyes. A crowd of Negro slum dwellers, a few white students and Puerto Ricans surrounded the truck, behind them the dilapidated brick tenements and the littered sidewalks of the ghetto. "Number one is this. We don't make any bones about it, we did try to force our way into the office of the welfare commissioner. Now the reason we tried to force our way into that office is because the office is a public office and we came on public business and if an office is public it's open to the public."

"That's right," answered an elderly Black man, while the crowd mumbled its agreement.

In the background, behind the tenements and a space of cleared ground, I could see the high rise apartment buildings of urban renewal, housing that could be afforded only by the rich and the middle class. Every day these people could awaken to see those new buildings and wonder why they were not sharing in the new wealth of their city.

"I requested permission for us to enter the office. The permission was denied. So we then pursued trying to get into the office. We managed to push by some of the policemen. Well, they actually opened the door, but before we tried to get into the room, they circulated policemen through the crowd surrounding the leaders, so that when the door was opened they pushed the leaders in. The police pushed us. I was the first one in and as I entered, somebody hit me on the head with a blackjack. I was knocked to the floor. I think about six or seven plainclothes policemen were kicking me, hitting me with blackjacks.

"I have scars all over my head and on my ear. I was lucky I have long hair or otherwise I would probably look like Willie there. Willie, would you show them how you look?"

A tall Black man stood up on the back of the truck and leaned over to show the stitches across the side of his head. "Ooooh, Lordy!" exclaimed an older woman near me.

"This is the work of your police department."

"That's right," someone exclaimed.

"Now, once I was on the floor I was handcuffed and I couldn't see too much of what happened. I had blood in my eyes, all over my face. we were just covered with blood. I was pulled from the first office to a larger office by my hair. In this room there were about thirty plain-clothes policemen, all laughing. They were saying, 'Don't you feel stupid in here?' and 'Why don't you people get out and work.' But see, the problem is, most people don't understand the problems of welfare. They think that all people on welfare are lazy and do not want to work. But as we know around here, there are some people that managed to get off, but it's such a hangup, it's hard to get off. That's why we went to talk to the commissioner of welfare in the first place."

I was handed a mimeographed sheet listing the demands they had meant to give the commissioner: general increases in welfare payments "so that people could live decently," a sliding scale based on a cost of living index, protection from unwarranted search and seizure by the police, and more neighborhood control of welfare planning.

"And there is one more thing I'd like to say. My life is for my people, and my people are right here, Black, White and Spanish."

It was a small crowd but they cheered him lustily. And the small kids playing along the side of the truck stopped their play and cheered and whistled, too. A white policeman near the crowd turned and looked away.

"I am putting my life on the line. I'm willing to die for it. But the thing is this, you people that are on welfare, when we go again to Hartford, I'm not going to be taking bumps for people that aren't going to come on out there. We're not asking you to take the bumps. I'll take the bumps. But you give us some support and show that you're unhappy about your conditions."

"Yeah," a woman yelled near me, and the crowd took up her cry and echoed it from the tenements.

"Now for you people who have not registered to vote, we have the Prince Street School open all day today for registration. If you are not yet registered, go to the school right now and get registered."

He then began to talk about their housing and their landlords. "Some of you people have been moved three or four times now, and each time they move you into a new slum. Now the welfare people are telling us we have to move out of the city to Bridgeport or Waterbury. Well, this is our city, and if there's urban renewal, it ought to be for us. "I was going through an apartment in that building yesterday, and here's a woman with broken windows. All these windows happen to be in a room where the baby is sleeping. OK, now it was warm yesterday, but the snow is coming. And like we're tired of having winters go through without heat. So we're going to get heat this winter. Are we going to get heat this winter?"

"Yeah!" The crowd cheered.

"And if the landlord don't fix your apartment, don't pay him no rent! That's all. We'll get a lawyer and we'll send the money to the lawyer."

Later, when the crowd was gone, I lingered to talk with him about world peace. "Look man," he objected, "don't ask me about world peace when my people haven't even got a decent job or a place to live. I'm not going to get hung up on international relations or whatever you call it. I can't see going off to Vietnam to fight for rights we haven't got here, but that's not what I'm mostly worried about."

He seemed ill at ease with me now and relieved when I said good-bye. But when I left I took with me the vision of him speaking to his own people, and the sound of his voice, exciting and eloquent. And the way the kids were cheering.

New York State and New Jersey

Fellowship of Reconciliation, Nyack N.Y.

Kingston Community Action Project, Kingston N.Y.

Students for a Democratic Society, Albany, Stony Brook, Poughkeepsie,
Hollis, Ithaca, Binghamton, Buffalo, Yonkers, N.Y.

SANE, West Nyack, N.Y., Belleville, Dumont, Red Bank, Morristown
Maplewood, Wayne, Highland Park, Newton, Elizabeth, Verona, N.J.

Committee to End the War in Vietnam, Millburn, Hillside, Newark, Nutley,
Teaneck, N.J.; Westburg, Liberty, S. Kortright, Syracuse, East
Williston, Hamilton, Poughkeepsie, Mt. Vernon, New Paltz, Rochester
N.Y.

Student Medical Committee against the War in Vietnam, Jersey City

South Jersey Peace Center, Morristown

Rochester Citizens against the war in Vietnam

Women Strike for Peace, New Brunswick, N.J.; Rochester, Monsey,
N.Y.

University of Rochester Student Peace Union, Rochester

Rockland Veterans for Peace in Vietnam, Stony Point, N.Y.

Syracuse Peace Council

SUPA, Oswego, N.Y.

Catholic Worker Farm, Tivoli, N.Y.

Orange County Emergency Committee of Citizens concerned about the war in Vietnam, Central Valley, N.Y.

Campus Committee of Concern on Vietnam, Troy, N.Y.

Peace and Equal Rights Committee, Red Banks, Toms River, N.J.

Westchester Coordinating Committee for Peace, Elmsford, N.Y.

New Jersey Committee for Independent Political Action, New Brunswick

Westchester Students for Peace and Civil Rights, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Newark Community Union Project, Newark N.J.

New Brunswick Community Action, Bound Brook, New Jersey

Students for Peace in Vietnam, Hillside, N.J.

Veterans Committee for Peace in Vietnam, Hillside, N.J.

In New York I found a world reflecting all I had seen in America. The city came alive for me as I had never know it before, infinite varieties of people with different motivations and different ways of working united only by the one word, peace. From Rockaway Parkway to Riverside Drive, from Macdougall Street to Union Square, I searched them out and met with them in homes and offices and political club-rooms. In Riverdale, on Long Island, in New Jersey, the Women Strike for Peace. At Columbia and CCNY, the radical students, the Vietnam committees, the tenuous alliance with the ghetto. In Harlem, Bedford Stuyvesant, Red Hook, the Freddie Johnsons of Black Power. Within the Democratic reform clubs, politics like Mr. Ross of Mass Pax. World government believers, a half dozen organizations, capped

by the largest of all, the United World Federalists. Organizations of scientists, ad hoc committees, national chapters, lobbying groups. And always the CNVA pacifists, the religious pacifists, the simple believers in peace, and the crackpots.

New York even had a few types of its own, like the national bureaucrats of SANE, once the most powerful peace group of America, but torn by anti-communism and compromise and now mired without power; like the true communists, who still believed in their party though it had been almost completely destroyed, and who were trying to grow again with the banner of Peace and Freedom; like the radical labor leaders whose unions had once stood for peace, but whose workers had lost their idealism as their pay increased. The city had so many peace groups that it took me a month just to see them all, but now I had finished and it was time to return to Daniel. I had come to the end of my journey. I felt a sadness at leaving the city again, much more of a sadness than I had felt the other time. Now it seemed like my city and my old home and that we were a part of each other.

I could not sleep my last night. Finally, I got up in the early morning and took the ferry across to Staten Island and back to watch the city awaken from darkness. Only a few people were on the boat with me. On the way across a group of high school students returning from a dance, the girls in rustling formal gowns, the boys in tuxedos. At Staten Island, they left while workmen came on to take their place, wearing coveralls and boots and carrying lunch pails.

We moved out into the harbor past a sister ferry just docking and a freighter heading out to sea. The ship blew a lonely call on its horn. Its lights were still bright beneath a sky spangled with stars and bright Jupiter, but in the east one band of color was heralding the sun. One long cirrus cloud came down from the North over Brooklyn, tinged with pink along the sun side, fading the gray and black above. I leaned over the front of the ferry and watched the colors grow, reflected in the harbor. Red and gold and black shone and shifted on the waves, reflected on a million mirrors.

I had gone forth to America on the faith of a single man, his dream and his vision of peace. But now, as I returned to him again, I would

return with a new vision and a new strength shared by hundreds and thousands of people I had come to know. We were not alone anymore. From California to Massachusetts, from cities and towns and villages, from rich men and poor men, the ideal of peace was moving and inspiring. America itself seemed to come alive, to stretch and begin to move. America could lead the world to peace.

Rising out of the dark mists were the towers of the Battery, straight ahead, yet far away. It was like a city emerging from a dream, its shape still vague but becoming real. The cranes and shipyards of Jersey were silhouetted on the left, the fading lights of Brooklyn on the right. Then, before me, lifted out of the mists, the torch of the Statue of Liberty, America extending its hope to the world. Was it a true hope? Could we succeed? I had learned the vision from Daniel and I had seen it spread out across the nation. I had seen the truth.

But could we grow? Could we attain power?

We slid through the water past the Statue and beside another island and the city began to unveil from night. One steady red light flashed from the peak of the towers. Along the water a necklace of lights was strung along the park. And on one side the intricate meshwork of the Brooklyn Bridge was entwined with jewels of light. As the sun rose, silhouettes of the towers came alive, emerging into gray stone and texture, still mysterious, one great range of castled peaks and hidden canyons. Colors came out, green shrubbery, brown stone, gray stone, steel and sky reflected from windows. The boat slid sideways along the island; buildings shifted and turned; canyons opened and closed. Then, as if with one last crashing chord the symphony closed. Our boat jammed into the pier and I was within the city itself. Most of the workmen descended into the subway but I, instead, crossed the street and the little park which was empty except for one group of derelicts around a bench, and turned into the city beneath high buildings, still quiet with morning. These were old buildings of solid stone, high but not as high as the newer towers further on. Their windows bore the names of banks and export lines and shipping companies in gold letters, with flagpoles and false pillars in the stone for decoration. Here was the world's center of commerce and trade.

At the crest of the first little hill, Wall Street itself opened like one little canyon among the tallest towers on the right hand. The street seemed harmless now. But later, I knew, it would be filled with taxis and limousines and men in conservative suits clutching briefcases of the world's financial secrets. Martin, Douglas, Chrysler, Firestone, Boeing, Avco, Philco, Hughes, Sperry, Raytheon, stock quotations would soar like the missiles they made. "If you can prove to them that peace is profitable then you can get peace overnight. If you can't then you might as well quit now." I stood gazing at the empty street as if expecting it to make its reply, but the stones were silent. A mail truck passed in front of me and two women, finished with their cleaning for the night, emerged from opposing buildings and went to the subway. I wanted to cry out to it. Wall Street! You could do so much for the world! Or you could destroy it!

Three homeless men stood along the sidewalk further on gazing into a small window of the A.T.&T. building. I looked over their shoulders at a row of clocks. London: 10:30, Los Angeles: 3:30, Rome: 11:30. What did the men see in those clocks? Could they see the world itself turning on its delicate pivots! One of them turned around and gave me a scornful look and I walked on, the balloon of fantasy pricked. Change Wall Street? Change the world? Who are you to change the world? "Upset the balance of power," the voice was warning, "and the whole weight of war will come crashing down." And the voice was the voice of my brother, and the empty street was the plotting board of war. If we let our guard down for one minute, they'd be all over us and set off World War III." My heart fell and for a moment I was completely disconcerted. Perhaps all our dreams were completely crazy.

City Hall was quiet. Pigeons swarmed around an old woman distributing bread crumbs. I sat down on a parkbench and let my eyes wander over the storefronts: Keuffel and Esser, Discount Center, Toiletries, Stationery, Cafeteria, Bowling, Judo, Paperback Books, Matchmaker, Shoes, Barbership, Employment Center, sign after sign and door after door stretching down to the approach of the Brooklyn Bridge. Above the Judo were the offices of various peace groups, in rooms one could only reach by a special staircase, a series of small rooms littered with old mail and publications scattered in anarchy on

tables, chairs, mimeo machines, a printing press, and the floor itself. There were the CNVA of New York and the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the War Resisters League. Suddenly their offices seemed very small and lost among the offices of the city. And the few beatniks and young girls and old men working there seemed swallowed up in the vast numbers of people rising to begin work for the day.

At Canal Street rows of trucks were coming out of the tunnel under the river and up into the City. A driver came out of a restaurant near me and started his huge tanker truck with a deafening roar and a cloud of fumes. He joined the lines of trucks turning north and south to feed and fuel the city for another day. I went into the restaurant he had come from, lured by the smells of coffee and bacon. The room was smokey. On one side were empty wooden booths and on the other a shiny counter and stools filled with truck drivers, and behind the counter a Greek and a boy flipping eggs and pouring coffee.

"Jose! Jose!" A man stuck his head in the door behind me and yelled.

"Si." A Puerto Rican boy gulped the end of his coffee, slapped a coin on the counter and left. I took his place between a burly Negro in grease-stained clothes and a shabbily-dressed, fast-talking Jew.

"Two scrambled," I said to the Greek.

"Two scrambled," he relayed to the boy.

"It's getting so you can't trust a man down there," the Jew talked on beside me. The man on the other side of him responded too softly for me to hear. "Best bet is not to trust nobody until you know for sure," he went on.

"Daniel Buchanon for President," I thought to myself and blushed at such foolishness. They wouldn't trust him. "Disarmament? What kind of line is that? Sounds like surrender to me." Even within the peace movement people did not trust each other. How could we expect other people to believe?

"Fifty cents," said the boy at the cash register and I escaped from the smoke of fried bacon back out into the fresh air of morning along Canal Street.

In the lower part of the Village the tenements were low and crowded and dirty, not unlike the ghetto of New Haven where Freddie Johnson had spoken, but compared with the office buildings of Wall Street, they were warm and alive. Flower pots were set out on fire escapes with geranium leaves. Dogs lingered in doorways. Cats stretched in the windows where the sun would enter. An old woman leaned on her elbows looking out her second story window. A man appeared from a doorway and climbed into the cab of his milk delivery truck. A butcher shop had just opened its doors for business and received its first customer. Each door was different, some painted, some with brass knockers, others unpainted without handles, boarded shut. "FUCK FUCK" was scrawled across one door. On the sidewalk in large black letters was "Bat Man and the Astronauts." And on the other side of the street, "Sir GeWayne and the Black Knights." Will there ever be heroes of peace?

It felt like years since I had been in the Village though I could count only months. Its narrow disordered streets had always seemed like another world from the one in which I had worked all week, Fantasticks, Peter's Punjab, Cafe Rafia, El Gitano, Cafe Bizarre, shops, sandals, antiques, coffee houses, art galleries. I had not usually gone inside of them but wandered, mingling with the crowds outside. The sun struck me for the first time as I crossed a street to Washington Square and suddenly my memory was flooded with Katerina. For a moment it was spring again and all the hurt came back and there was nothing I could do. In the empty fountain, a few beery homeless and beatniks and a boy with hiking shoes and a knapsack were waking up from their cold, hard bed, oblivious to my suffering. A well dressed Black man carrying a cello sat dangling his feet over the edge, talking to one of the beatniks. I felt very very tired.

Katerina and I were back in the tower again, dangling our feet over the edge, her hand laid softly in mine and for us there was a dream of peace and a day when we could be happy together. And suddenly I knew that even if all that I was doing with Daniel was no more than a

dream, it was still worth the effort. I felt deep down that the dream itself was enough. It was not an exciting feeling, but it was deep and calm. All the doubts were still there, swirling around outside, but somehow they could not touch the dream itself. The people of the peace movement had their weaknesses and were only a small part of America, but they were my people now; they were a part of the dream. It was Daniel's dream, but it was more than that. It was Kate-rina's and mine, and even if Daniel were to fail, the dream itself was still worth fighting for.

When I stood up from the park bench where I had been sitting I was still tired, but in a different way, and when I walked on I walked with a certain step. I passed under the arch of triumph and onto the beginning of Fifth Avenue. At 15th Street I could almost see the office building where I had found the Spring Mobilization Committee and the Trade Unionists for Peace, small offices at the end of dark hallways. 18th Street. Far down towards the river would be the brownstone and the home of the New York Friends Group and their Peace Information Center. 26th Street. To the left, the Chelsea Women's Association for Peace. 27th Street. Students for a Democratic Society. All of us dreamers perhaps, but caught up in the same dream.

Groups of early shoppers passed me on the street. Soon there would be thousands of them, suburban women looking for bargains at Gimbel's, Macy's, largest store in the world. Men in the windows were changing the mannequins into the latest styles.

"And I told her, you know what I told her, Helen. I said..." two women and a little girl.

"Est-ce que vous avez vu les chapeaux la.." Two men, elegantly dressed.

And always, now, the continual hum of voices and traffic. A taxi blasted his horn at me as I found myself in the middle of the street against a red light. Yes, America, remind me that you run on business and you work only for profit. Peace? What's in it for me? A window of fashions in white. Another window in black. America danced away from me in nylon stockings, roared away in high power cars, raced

around from shopping center to shopping center. America! I wanted to cry out. Where are you going? You have so much to give the world, if only you would, you Wall Street, you Macy's, you strong rich people. Above me towered the Empire State Building, tall, strong, silent. The crowds were growing now and the noise of traffic increasing and there seemed no pattern in the chaos.

Here you are, Folks, step right up and see for yourself, Extra, Extra, the greatest show and read all about it in the Times, Register, Figaro, Welt, and Police Gazette, latest edition from Kalamazoo, like nothing you've ever seen before ADAM and EVE, seventy five cents before noon or else MALE and FEMALE with TARZAN in the JUNGLE CITY with shoes best brands here FLORSHEIM BOSTONIANS HICKEY FREEMAN closing out sale half off everything goes watches trinkets dollies genuine necklaces rings keys mugs charms, there he is Marlon Brando in person just strolling along by the Hotel Astor's plush bars, nightclubs, hoods, junkies, prostitutes stand around outside to jostle with the rich and quiet curtains up on Lerner and Lowe Eugene O'Neill best play of the year Critic's Choice at Billy Rose Henry Miller Music Box with letters in gold and red and green and neon and waterfalls and smoke-rings six feet wide and double CASTRO CANADIAN CLUB BOAC CAMELS MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY seats reserved for CLEOPATRA and ELIZABETH TAYLOR buy in advance SOLD OUT making as much as it cost for GIRLS DANCING BEAUTIFUL HEY there buddy want a girl just go to the corner and wait for me I'll be along sure I'm on the level what do you take me for anyhow other side of BRASS RAIL GOLDEN EAGLE CALICO KITCHEN FRANKFURTERS HOWARD JOHNSON ORANGE JUICE papaya believe it or not the skinniest man in the world with a three headed tortoise woman with skin of elephant METROPOLE LATIN QUARTER coats please pay the girl there cigarettes whiskey sour scotch on the rocks make it Chevis Regal.

I stood on the corner of 50th Street looking back at Times Square. America, I salute your energy. I walked on through Radio City and the flags and the spray from the fountain of Prometheus beneath great shining skyscrapers. Here were travel bureaus for the world, Quebec, Sweden, Mexico, Japan, Grace Lines, TWA, American Express. America, I salute your greatness. I was born in your rich land and you

have sustained me for twenty five years. From you I have received my hopes and my joys. And now in the greatest of your cities, I make a pact with you. You gave me life, now let us give you meaning. You are like a great strong child without direction. Listen to us. Listen to our radio waves flying across the land. You alone can break the world's circle of vicious war. You alone have the strength and power. You alone must lead the world to peace.

With sudden ritual passion I entered the quiet nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral and knelt and looked up through the rising columns to the stained glass and back to the deep blue window above the doors. "Oh Lord, if you exist, be with Daniel and help him and help America!"

Behind the church was my old office. Today, Saturday, it would be empty. I looked up at our window and thought abstractly how easily I could still be there working my Saturday shift. The street itself seemed cold and impregnable. The last time I had seen it hundreds of thousands of people were marching here for peace, but they had left no print of their march. The street still seemed cold, still spread the same consumer advertising, still seemed false and inhuman. I quickened my steps, walking back up the route of the marchers, escaping from the cold buildings and the expensive shops into the trees of Central Park. I was very tired.

I sat down on a bench across from apartment buildings of Fifth Avenue. Even they seemed cold and dead. No one appeared in the windows. There were not even flower pots or cats or FUCK on the doorways, but simply "875 Fifth Avenue" in little black letters. This would be our final challenge. The truck drivers, the old ladies at their windows, the beatniks in the park, even the Times Square hawkers might come to believe in peace, but only a miracle could move these solid, cold, lifeless buildings. My limbs felt very loose and my eyelids were drooping. A taxi honked. I opened my eyes long enough to see a woman emerge across the street through glass doors held by a doorman, get in the taxi and drive away.

Wall Street and Times Square and Macy's and St. Patricks danced before me. Radio waves were flying across America. The peace movement stirred, stretched and began to grow. The people were vot-

ing. They were voting for peace. Congressmen were winning. From Des Moines and Denver, from New haven and Berkeley and Chicago and Pennsylvania and Missouri, and even Idaho, the returns were rolling in, and peace was winning. Daniel was radiant with joy. We returned from the West with victory. New York awaited us with cheering crowds, arms outstretched, confetti and tape falling about his shoulders from the buildings above and children running before him crying, "Peace: Peace! Mankind will live and wars will cease!" Fifth Avenue came alive with flowerpots and cats and dogs and men and women and children, holiday dressed, dancing, singing, shouting, And Daniel turned atop his car and looked for me. I was lost in the crowd. I could not get through. I was falling behind and the crowds were surging. "Hurry, Alan," he was shouting.

"Yes, Daniel," I cried. "I'm coming. wait for me. I'm coming."

The Radio war

While I had been gone, the station had established itself as a popular rock-and-roll station and the Earthy Angel had become well known among the local teenagers. As a result, Daniel had been able to obtain a certain amount of advertising although we were still not financially self-sufficient. People listened to us for our music, but there was no indication that they were listening because of peace, and our broadcasts as yet had had no effect on local politics.

I took up the work that would keep me busy for years to come, the broadcasting of peace news. Each day I carried on the dialogue I had started with the people of the peace movement. They would speak to me, writing a letter or sending a newsletter about their work, and I would reply over the radio, fitting their news into the picture of peace action across America. I tried to make my broadcasts as personal as I could. I spoke to them directly, as real people with emotions and dreams and prejudices. They were the hope of America for me. They were the men and women of courage and dream. Sometimes now I found as many as a hundred pieces of mail waiting at the post office. People were beginning to listen. The broadcasts grew from half hour to an hour and three instead of two times a day, and Anna had to help me get them out. The work was often tiring and sometimes I grew discouraged when nothing seemed to change, but basically I was happy in it.

In the autumn Rouse came and I nearly quit because of it. Daniel had found him and hired him in New York to come work for us as a political organizer. "He's had a great deal of experience and he's very capable," Daniel told us upon his return. "There's only one difficulty, his connections with the Communist Party."

I wasn't the first to object. Anna began to question Daniel closely about Rouse's connections. "You know that my father was a communist in the thirties," she said, "and you know how we were hit when McCarthy had power. I'm not talking about ideology. I just want us to learn from the past. We can't afford to have Communist connections. It's just not practical. We'll be smeared. We'll be ruined."

"Even if we could get away with it, that doesn't make it right." I cut in. "I've always assumed that we are not communists here. I've always assumed that we are not just dupes. I don't think there can be any question about it. We can't hire a communist!"

"Why not?" Daniel defended.

"How do we know he isn't working for disarmament just because he wants the Russians to come in and take over?"

"You sound precisely like what we're fighting against!" Daniel jumped to his feet angrily. "Do you mean to say you really believe that?"

"You're damned right!" I, too, was on my feet facing Daniel across the table. Mickey and Butch were trying to calm us down again.

"Where do you stand?" I turned on them. "Are you willing to work for the communists? Is that what you want? Maybe I've been fooled. Maybe that's what you all want!" Suddenly I felt weak and lost, sucked into a monstrous conspiracy.

Then Anna intervened. "Sit down, Alan. We are not all communists. Don't be silly."

"Then why am I the only one objecting?" I looked around at the rest of them. "Don't you care?"

Mickey shrugged his shoulders. Butch looked at Daniel. "There are two questions:" said Daniel. "First, are we in danger of being smeared; and second, are we ideologically correct? Let me try to answer them one at a time. First of all, I think it is unlikely we can be smeared. Rouse has no public record which would be available to anyone out here. He has never been arrested on a political charge and he has never been a member of any organization listed as subversive. Now I am sure that the FBI has a file on him, but the information is by innuendo and association only, and is probably from wire-tapping and other illegal means. Only McCarthy tactics could implicate him that way."

"Toder has already threatened to investigate us," Butch reminded us.

"I know," replied Daniel. "But they can investigate us with or without Rouse. Anna's father was communist. Some of the people Alan visited were probably former Communist Party members. And I've given money to organizations which are now listed as subversive. They could smear us anyway. It doesn't make any difference that we have Rouse. It doesn't make any difference what we believe in. If they want to smear us by McCarthy tactics, they can do it. That's the risk we run by working for peace."

"Let me ask you one thing," I said, still seething with anger and fear. "It may seem like a naive question." I looked at Daniel. "Are you communist?"

"After all our talking together, I am really sad that you ask me that question." Daniel leaned back and sighed. "Perhaps I have not always been open enough with you. I'm sorry. No, Alan, I am not communist. I have friends who are communist, but I am not. I have tried reading Marx and I find it dull and obscure. Much of what the Marxists say is true. I think there is such a thing as imperialism and I think the United States practices it. I also think that there is such a thing as exploitation and the United States practices that as well. On the other hand, I do not think that the men of the labor unions in the United States are likely to overthrow the government and bring about a nation devoted to nothing but peace and prosperity. I do not believe in dictatorships of the proletariat or anyone else, for that matter. But, I will tell you this, Alan. Someday, we have to learn to work with communists or else we are all doomed to destruction."

"This is hardly the way to begin," I countered. And Anna nodded in agreement with me.

"We have to begin sometime. If we can't trust a man like Rouse, how can we trust Russians or Chinese?" Daniel was acting the role of group leader again, soothing our passions, his own having subsided quickly. But this time I would not let myself be soothed. This was no petty problem to be brushed aside.

"How can we trust him? He will be trying to convert people to communism under our very nose?"

"He will not be hired for that. He will be hired to do a specific job for us, and if he doesn't do that then we won't keep him. I did not approach him for his Marxism but because he's one of the best political organizers around."

"But he is a communist," I whipped back. My words hung in the air for a long time unanswered.

Then Daniel began to speak, quietly, slowly. "I have said this so many times. But I will say it again. War feeds on suspicion and mistrust. Until we are prepared to trust each other there can be no peace. Before other nations will trust us, America must trust itself. Before America will trust us, we must trust ourselves. So Rouse is Marxist. So what? Let's say he would be a communist if communists were allowed. So what? He can still work for peace. He wants to change the American system, but that doesn't mean he is in favor of war or civil war. That's a fiction of the FBI. The Communist Party in this country has tried to make changes through electoral politics.

It was McCarthy who forced them underground. You speak of communism as if it were a contagious disease. That's the kind of paranoid suspicion that we're trying to fight against."

I disagreed, but this time I did not speak. Daniel looked at the others. "Anna, I value your opinion very highly. What do you think?"

Anna frowned. "I'm not convinced either. I'm afraid that we'll be smeared. We will ruin ourselves and hurt the peace movement." "We have an historical precedent."

Daniel countered. "Compare SANE and the Women Strike for Peace. SANE purged its communists and the women refused to. And which one is the stronger for it now?" This was a story that I had learned on my tour of America. SANE had been attacked by Senator Dodd and had given in and purged itself. From that time on the orga-

nization was dissipated by feuding and went downhill. The Women Strike for Peace had been investigated and smeared, but they had refused to give in and from that time on they had grown. "Anyone who will join our demonstrations for peace is welcome," they had said.

"It's not practical politics for Southwest Missouri, not now and not here," replied Anna.

"But it is good psychology," Daniel countered. "And until we can use this psychology, we have not even begun. As long as we feed the mistrust and suspicions of this country we can do nothing. Don't you see?"

Anna opposed the decision, but she did not object further. Butch and Mickey were not arguing. I was faced with the choice of agreeing or leaving the group completely. I believed Daniel when he said he was not a communist himself. He was a psychologist above all and he was convinced of his own ideas, even in the face of political reality. Perhaps he was foolish and I was foolhardy to believe in him, but I had come far and I did not want to turn back. Rouse was hired and I did not quit.

Jay Rouseman III was nothing at all like what I had expected. He arrived one morning in a red Mercedes convertible with leopard skin upholstery and wood-paneling. Anna and I were in front of the station when he careened into the driveway, slammed to a stop, and jumped out of the car to meet us. He was huge with a craggy face and a mane of hair and powerful legs bared beneath short leather pants he called "lederhosen." "OK!" he cried out. "You must be Annie."

Annie put out her hand, but instead was greeted by a bear hug from which she emerged flushed with embarrassment. "I've waited a long time to meet you," Rouse declared. He then shook my hand with the grip of a lumberjack and quickly looked over the station. "Nice layout you've got. Love that Jesus." Stained glass windows still flanked the front door. He strode back to the car, or ran, I should say, since I would have had to run to keep up with him, and returned with a handful of red wildflowers. "These are for you, doll," he said, handing them to Anna. With that he kissed her on the cheek.

Everything Rouse did consumed the same enormous energy. He ate enough for two men. He wanted every woman he saw. When he asserted himself he seemed unreasonable, egotistical, even insulting, though when he apologized his apology was profuse and disarming. When he worked he put all his energy into it, seemingly without control. I dreaded the inevitable conflict we would have about his ideology.

At first, however, there seemed to be remarkably little difference in our politics. On strategy we might turn out to disagree, but on tactics we seemed quite similar. When a small group of students at the local junior college wanted to protest the war in Vietnam and asked us to send them a speaker, Rouse and I went together and said practically the same things.

"Thank you so much for coming, Mr. Rouseman and Mr. Boyd," a young co-ed greeted us in a very earnest voice. "We don't know what we want to do yet, but we thought you might be able to help us decide." Rouse and I packed into a dormitory room meant for two students and filled with thirty. They seemed unbelievably young, from high school instead of college. The walls were decorated with posters of Batman and Snoopy and the Beatles.

"We talked about picketing the draft board," said one of the boys.

"That's a stupid ideal" interjected another boy. "They'll just draft you. And besides, it's not their war. They're just doing their job, that's all."

"But everybody does his job. That's the trouble," objected one of the girls.

"Anyway, we decided not to do that. Mr. Brewster said that we'd get kicked out of school if we did any more picketing," the first boy continued. He seemed like one of the leaders of the group. He was slight, with horn rimmed glasses and long, dark hair. He had sideburns and a mustache, but no beard. Two students had been expelled a year ago for growing beards.

"We are all writing letters to our Congressman," said the earnest, pretty girl, "but you know how much good that will do with that old fogey Toder in there."

"We don't understand too much about the war," said a boy shyly. He had a long shock of blonde hair falling across his eyes and his hands were rough and strong, as if he came from the farm. "Maybe you could tell us more about the history."

We took turns in discussing the war. No one side was completely blameless. The French had been the original colonial power in Vietnam and had fought the first war against the nationalists and Ho Chi Minh. They must share the blame. When the United States took over from the French, university professors wrote a beautiful constitution for South Vietnam but Diem, the man we brought in from New York to run the country, disregarded it. With the help of the CIA he rigged the elections for President, refused to hold elections which had been promised to reunify the country, abolished traditional village elections, and took back a land reform that had been begun by Ho Chi Minh and the Vietminh. We must take the blame for Diem. Then the Communists had taken their part in the violence. They had systematically assassinated the officials that Diem had sent into the provinces to replace village leaders. Then both sides had shipped in weapons and soldiers in violation of agreements and the war had escalated stage by stage. I blamed North Vietnam equally for that. I could see that Rouse disagreed, but he said nothing.

Rouse was very effective with the students. He was relaxed, free and even flamboyant, but he did not try to dominate them. "They will work something out," he said later. "They have to develop their own leadership."

A few days later Zeb Long came to visit us and he and Rouse talked about the student group. "I'd be glad to put those kids to some good work," said Zeb. "How about if you set up a date for me to talk to them?"

"I don't trust you," Rouse replied.

"Why not?" Zeb took on an air of innocence. "They don't have a chapter of Young Republicans on campus yet."

"I knew I couldn't trust you," Rouse laughed. "Once a party official, always a party official."

"And what's wrong with the Republican Party?" Zeb argued. "If it was good enough for Lincoln it should be good enough for us."

To my surprise, Rouse not only set up the appointment, but he went along as well. Both of them had their schemes. I didn't trust Zeb; but I didn't trust Rouse any further. Within a month there was a chapter of Young Republicans at the junior college and there were no further plans to protest against the war in Vietnam. It seemed to me that we had lost a great opportunity. At the same time, however, Zeb, who was a layman in the local Baptist Convention, began broadcasting a program for us called the "Gospel and Peace" every Sunday morning.

It was in arguments with Zeb and Daniel that Rouse's communist beliefs came into conflict. "World peace is necessary;" he argued with Daniel. "But it is not enough. There was peace when the Romans ruled the world, but there was no freedom. The same could be true if the United States conquered the world. That's why we should work for the national liberation movements. Peace is not enough in itself. As long as there is imperialism there must be war."

"If you believe that, why work for peace?" Zeb objected.

"Because a nuclear war would destroy everything," came the reply. "But you notice that I wouldn't support a peace at any cost in Vietnam. America should be driven out of there."

"No," Daniel said. "War is war. If you believe in one war, you are accepting all war. Until war itself is outlawed, nothing else can be accomplished. Little wars will escalate into larger wars. The freedom of one people will be destroyed by the wars of others."

"And until we believe in God, there will be nothing to replace those wars," Zeb added his own interpretation of history.

And so they went, around and around, Rouse the communist, Zeb the Baptist and Daniel the psychologist. Rouse could be eloquent when he talked of what he had seen in Cuba, how they had liberated themselves from the rule of a few rich men and now worked to build schools and hospitals and homes for everyone. He could criticize Russia for not allowing freedom of speech, and he believed that the American revolution was a model for the world, and that far I could agree with him completely. But he still justified war. Zeb, too, could be eloquent in his Biblical prose and his certainty of religion. But it was only Daniel with whom I could agree completely. What good was freedom if we still made war? What good was heaven if earth was hell? For Daniel, war itself was the problem we must solve and I believed with him. And with Daniel it seemed a problem that we could solve. The odds were against us, perhaps, but Daniel had a plan and it seemed a good plan, a possibility, a dream worth fighting for.

That fall Willie Richardson made his return to Southwest Missouri. He appeared first in Joplin on a program with Congressman Joe Toder and a faith-healing evangelist from Tulsa. And soon after that it was announced that the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade had bought a station in Joplin and its manager would be Willie. "That can only mean trouble," warned Zeb.

By the end of the year, the radio war had begun. For every broadcast which we made of peace news, Willy and his Anti-Communist Crusaders made a broadcast denouncing the Godless and Communist and Anti-American traitors who would ask us to unilaterally disarm and let the Russians take over. "Those so-called peaceniks would tell us that we must surrender to one world government," Willie would preach in his gravelly, hoarse voice, "yet they fail to tell us just who would run that world government. They fail to tell us that just like the so-called United Nations that we have now, it would be simply a nest of spies in our own country and a front for the world-wide Communist conspiracy which is overrunning the world before our very eyes. These appeasers, whether or not they are intentionally working for the communists, and there is some reason to think they are, are playing into the hands of the Communists. They want us delivered to the hands of the atheist Communists without a drop of blood being shed. They use smooth talk and big words and complicated plans, but don't

be fooled by them! For if you are fooled and follow them, you will wake up to find troops in our streets from China and Russia and even niggers from the Congo, representing the so-called United Nations and UNESCO, ready to massacre our people and loot our churches and burn our precious flag!"

It seemed to me that we should ignore Willie Richardson and hope that he would have little effect. But when the group of us met to plan a counter-strategy, there were other ideas as well. Anna and Butch agreed with me that we should not reply to Willie and that we could only lose if we tangled with him. Daniel had a different idea.

"If you look at this in terms of our long term strategy it may not be to our disadvantage to have a Willie Richardson. he is a perfect caricature of the mistrust and fear which paralyzes America and makes it so reactionary around the world. He carries it to such an extreme that it is ridiculous, but what he carries to extremes, most people use every day in their own political thoughts, whether or not they are aware of it. Even you, Alan, could be afraid that disarmament must automatically invite a Communist invasion. Years and years of conditioning through the newspapers and magazines and government statements; people have come to believe that the only future for the United States is anti-communism. And to have a Willie Richardson to show them how ridiculous they are ought to be a good thing for us. We just need to take advantage of it."

"Alan, when is Zeb Long coming down next?" Rouse asked me. "Let's sit down and have a chat with him."

Rouse opened the conversation with Zeb the next evening by suggesting that maybe it was time we began to fight against Willie's broadcasts.

"I'm not sure that you can," replied Zeb.

"What about waging a political campaign against Toder," suggested Rouse.

"That would be ridiculous."

"Toder's in your party, isn't he? Hasn't he made any enemies?"

"Sure, he's made plenty of enemies, but you don't go unseating incumbent Congressmen in their own party.

And besides, he has the party chairmen behind him and the Bulls of the Woods. He has money of his own, and now, with Willie's station, he has plenty of publicity."

"But hasn't he made any real enemies?" Rouse insisted.

Zeb uncrossed his long legs and crossed them again nervously. "Well, yes. I think there are a number of businessmen in Springfield that he stepped on when he had his newspaper there."

"That's not what I had in mind," said Rouse. "What about you, Zeb. You're a good Republican and a church man. Do you like supporting a man like Toder?"

Zeb looked up at Rouse suspiciously. Rouse was staring at him. "You know," Rouse went on. "It would be awfully good to see someone oppose Toder, someone whom we could support here at the station, someone whom we trusted and believed in."

"Oh no, you don't. Not me!" Zeb exclaimed, startled.

"Oh, I didn't necessarily mean you," said Rouse, leaning back and stretching nonchalantly. "Besides, I'm not so worried about finding someone as I am about how such a campaign should be conducted. How would you conduct a campaign if you were going to run against Toder?"

"I wouldn't."

"I'm not saying you. I mean, if you were."

"Well, let's see." Zeb raised his hand to his chin and stroked a moment, as if he had a beard like Lincoln. "Well, now the first thing I'd do

would be to go and see every county chairman and try to get him onto my side. And if I could not persuade any of them, then I'd give up."

"Say you got a few of them to support you."

"Well, say I did. Hmmm." Zeb took up the problem. "Then I'd set up a personal organization, I guess, and begin to capitalize on grievances against the incumbent, you know, such as people that have lost out on appointments. The incumbent is always at a disadvantage on an issue like this. Every time he makes one appointment to West Point or the Post Office, he has to turn down a number of applicants. He makes several enemies for every friend. And, needless to say, I'd have to raise money, maybe about a thousand dollars. Twenty dollars a day for drivers at the polls, and then I'd have to pay off the card passers and the Bulls of the Woods. They've lost some of their influence in recent years, but you still can't afford to reckon without them. Four years ago, when I was county chairman, the Bulls of the Woods objected to one of our candidates and we almost lost an election on account of it. I think probably one thousand isn't enough, in fact. It would take a pile of money and, of course, I wouldn't get it from the party as you do in November."

"Let's just say you could get the money," said Rouse. "Then what do you do? What about campaign issues?"

"I would try to avoid major issues as much as possible. Don't forget the voters are all registered Republicans. I'm not going after Democrats or independents, although, of course, there are a lot of Democrats registered Republican since a Republican primary generally decides the results in November, although that's not so true as it used to be. The only issues that are worth campaigning on around here are anti-big business, anti-communism and anti-atheism and Toder has those all wrapped up. I could call for prayers in the public schools. How's that?"

"How about arms control?" asked Daniel, joining in the conversation.

"Oh no! That's out of the question." Zeb replied vigorously. "Around here that's seen as the same thing as surrender and appeasement. After I got to Washington I could talk about it a little, so long as the word never got home, but I could never win an election on it. Toder would take me over the fiery coals of communism. Look, everyone knows I've associated with you and you're all known as communists now that Willie Richardson is on the air."

"What about the war in Vietnam?" asked Daniel.

"Well, you'd be on better ground. Folks here are pretty sick of the war near as I can tell. Most of them think it was a mistake for us to get involved. You see, this has always been isolationist country. But I'm not sure that it would be a good idea to make a frontal attack on the war since Toder and Willie Richardson would be sure to cry "communist" and get you bogged down in that argument."

"What kind of reputation does Willie have?" asked Rouse.

"Well, everyone knows he's a liar and a crook, if that's what you mean, but that doesn't make people any less anti-communist."

"What about the churches? What do they think of him?"

"He's not exactly popular, as you can understand."

"What I have in mind," said Rouse, "is that maybe Toder could get associated with Willie Richardson and in that way it might be possible to get at him. Then, at least, if Toder began to yell communist it would sound like just more of Willie Richardson's rhetoric. After all, according to Willie, General Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles and John F. Kennedy were all Communists. That's not bad company to be in if you're running for office."

"That would be a good trick if you could pull it off," mused Zeb. "But it's what I'd call fishin' in troubled waters."

"Isn't there any peace issue that you could use?"

"Well, there is one. Did you hear my broadcast on the Bible and Peace last week?"

"I have to confess that I didn't."

"Well, I just pointed out to the farmers that might have been listening that most of the government's money goes to big business and big agro-business and very little of it goes to the small farmer. And if the government really wanted to work for peace in the world they could pay the farmer to raise all the crops he was able and then send the surplus overseas. Now, it's true that a bit of that is done now, as you know, but not very much. Farmers are still being paid not to plant and harvest, which rubs the wrong way for a farmer. You'd know if you'd grown up on a farm like I did. And besides, folks should know that when our government sends wheat to places like Korea it sells the wheat at market prices and gives all the money to the Korean army so they can buy American weapons. That's not exactly what I would call 'Food for Peace.' "

"You see, there's one thing folks have down in this part of the country that you folks don't have back East and that's the missionary spirit. We've sent more missionaries from this part of the country to the rest of the world than practically any other profession, except maybe the law, and it's a shame we didn't make missionaries out of some of these damned lawyers around here, there's so many of them doing the devil's own work.

"But anyway, these people down here are all against foreign aid now because they see that it's just a big profit deal for Wall Street and the monopolies of the East, and the small farmers and the little people don't get anything at all and the countries we help don't want what we give them, which is mostly guns and tanks anyway. But foreign aid would be OK if it was just food. Of course, you folks back East probably worry about balance of payments problems and undercutting our own exports and such but that doesn't make any difference to the folks around here. All they want to do is to stop communism and convert the world to freedom and Christianity, and it's clear from the Bible that the way to do that is by Christian charity. And, of course, farmers

wouldn't object if somebody was willing to pay them to plant for a change instead of paying them not to plant.

"Yes, that's one issue you could play on. That would be mighty good. Yes, sir." Zeb lay back against his chair and uncrossed his long legs and looked down at his hands, his owlish face excited and pleased."

"So," said Daniel. "That sounds like a good campaign."

"That might be!" replied Zeb. "But not for me."

After Zeb left, Rouse came over to me. "What would you do if you were Zeb Long and the Young Republicans came to you and asked you to run against Toder? Wouldn't you feel obligated to them for that request? After all, if you turned them down, it would be particularly embarrassing, especially if you were endorsed publicly at the party convention."

I did not attend the next series of meetings, but the first one occurred between Rouse and the Young Republicans and the next several meetings after that occurred between the Young Republicans and Zeb. But there was still no formal announcement of his candidacy. It was now the end of February and a declaration to run for office was required by law by the end of April. "Before then," said Rouse, "we've got to trap Toder with Willie Richardson."

The occasion of Toder's entrapment was the annual Spring convention of the Southwest Missouri Baptists. A friend of Zeb's was the chairman of the program committee and he had arranged a debate for the final day of the convention. Willie Richardson was invited as one of the debaters and then, after a proper delay, the announcement was made that his opponent would be Zeb Long.

"Of course," Zeb explained to us, "this is not to be construed as a political debate. If there's one thing we believe in down here, it's the separation of church and state. So, I don't want anyone thinking that I'm going to be a political candidate." Then Zeb grinned slightly and

winked at me. "Of course, if Willie Richardson makes me angry enough, I might be forced to reconsider."

The Willie Richardson-Zeb Long debate was billed as the debate of the decade by the local press. The radio war itself had stimulated the greatest discussion ever seen in the area on the issues of war and peace, Vietnam and communism. Newspapers and other radio stations, which in the past had ignored these issues and simply carried syndicated columnists and press service stories, were forced to discuss these issues themselves in order to compete with Willie and WPAX. As a result, the debate was the hottest topic of local conversations. As the date drew near, there was a rush for seats at the convention and Baptist churches reported that they were actually gaining membership, since only Baptist laymen could obtain seats at the convention.

The scene for the debate was the largest auditorium in the area, the basketball gymnasium of one of the Joplin high schools. Seating capacity was twelve thousand and every seat was taken. Most of the important people from the Congressional district were there. This was the only time in the year that all the various Baptist denominations gathered under one roof. Leading laymen of other denominations had been given special invitations as well and, of course, those highly important opinion makers, the clergy, were all in attendance. In addition to them were thousands of middle aged Baptists who had come to see the show. The crowd was not really partisan although if anyone was favored it was probably Zeb. Zeb was one of their own, a Baptist, and a public official. Willie, by contrast, was a renegade Christian and his history in Joplin was one of automobile selling, debts and shady business deals. Nevertheless, he was the leading spokesman for anti-Communism, and he was leading the fight against the "appeasers", as he called us.

The stage looked like a prize fight ring. There was a raised square platform at one end of the gymnasium floor, just in front of the basketball goal, on which were seated several dozen church officials, Zeb and Willie. And the audience was arranged on every side in tier after tier of bleacher seats extending high into the rafters.

Willie was the first to speak. I was surprised to find that he was a very ordinary looking man in his forties, with wavy dark hair and a rather florid complexion. At first his voice did not seem as strong as I had remembered it over the radio. He began by thanking the Baptists for letting a renegade preacher address them. "Some folks just don't seem to make it to church on Sunday morning," he said, "so I just try to give them a little of God's word in their own home." Then he apologized for his own "meagerly" speaking abilities and said that he would do some reading from the Bible instead. "I'm shore that I have no need to introduce you to these passages but perhaps we can shed more light on them as we read them together.

"This is from the Holy Book of the words of Christ, the gospel of Luke, chapter 21, verses five through ten:

"And as some spoke of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts, as for these things which ye behold, the days will come, in which there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.

"And they asked him, saying, Master, but when shall these things be? And what sign will there be when these things shall come to pass.

"And he said, Take heed that ye be not deceived; for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and the time draweth near: go yet not therefore after them. But when ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified, for these things must first come to pass; but the end is not by and by. Then said he unto them, Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom!"

Willie closed the book. "These are the last words of Christ, before he was betrayed and taken to his death." He paused, dramatically.

Then he shouted: "And today we see them coming to place before our very eyes! Wars and commotions, nation rising against nation, kingdom against kingdom, are these not the very times of which he spoke?" His face was seized with red fury and he pounded the rostrum. "Christ said, 'I am come to send fire on the earth.' He said, 'Suppose ye I am come to give peace on earth. I tell you, nay, but

rather division; for from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided three against two, and two against three.' My brothers, are not the times of division at hand today? Do we not see them? The world is torn with division and house is set against house. Even within our own land there are riots now and always there is the threat of war. And brothers out of the same house are divided. Look around! Look around in this very room and you will see division among us!"

His voice had grown in strength and power and now, suddenly, he stopped and paused, and began again in the hushed tones of conspiracy. "Take heed that ye be not deceived: for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and the time draweth near: go ye not therefore after them.' Even today there go among us, yes within this very room, those who are crying, 'Peace, peace: when there is no peace.' They are false prophets among us, deceivers, claiming to bring us the word of God.

"There will be not peace in the world until man has made peace with his Maker!" He shouted again, bringing his arm down across the pulpit. "There can be no peace without God: There can be no peace with atheists and Communists and Marxists: 'My peace is not of this world' the Lord has told us, but these men would persuade us we can have peace without God: They have sent their appeasers among us, trying to persuade us to disarm until the day when we wake to find our streets filled with Communist soldiers and African soldiers and Chinese soldiers and our government has given up to the so-called United Nations which is no more than a front for the world-wide Communist conspiracy. I ask you, my friends, think upon that day! Consider it in your hearts! Christ has warned us. The temples will be destroyed! Where will all our Bibles be? They will be burned. Where will all our Christians be? The brave will be martyrs, but the cowardly will shut their mouths and learn the sayings of the false god Karl Marx and his prophets Lenin and Stalin and Mao. It will be a sad day for the Lord! The churches will be burned and the people will be quiet!

"And I am sad, I am very sad, that the time has come when our own little hills, our own sweet hills of the Ozarks, where some among us had thought we would always be safe, are now the home of enemy appeasers, Communists and fellow—travelers, trying to soften our will

and our conviction and bring on the day of our doom! There is one man among them, a man who sits in this room today, whom you may not even know by name, but he is the mastermind of their conspiracy. At first you may not think he is a Communist. He is from the East and the colleges which are filled with beatniks and drug addicts and fornicators, the breeding ground of the disease of communism. He was a teacher of the heresies of the Jewish doctor whom we know as Freud, the man who wrote that belief in God is like a disease of the mind. And in his laboratories were carried on experiments of terror and torture on innocent animals, especially cats and dogs which were stolen off the streets for use in their experiments. Out of that breeding ground he learned the anti-religion of communism and he has come here to spread it among us. And do not think that he will be completely unsuccessful. Our own young people are susceptible. They have been listening to the music that he gives them, music of lust and sin. Perhaps you think that the rock and roll music that you hear is innocent, that it will not hurt your children. But I tell you, listen to the words of some of those songs. I heard one the other day which was about how it feels to take drugs, and another one about how the Vietcong were heroes. That, my friends, is blasphemy, and it is time we took action against it!"

Willie was remarkably effective during the fifteen minutes allotted to him for his opening remarks; so effective that I even began to fear that the convention might be led to take action against our station.

But his effectiveness was dulled a little when his sermon outlasted the fifteen minutes and continued another fifteen minutes. He had repeated almost everything he had said several times when he finally sat down after almost an hour of talk. Many of the convention delegates had walked out towards the end of the speech and bought refreshments in the lobby and stood around talking until it came time for Zeb to speak. It was not that they disagreed with Willie, but that they had heard it all before. It sounded like his regular Sunday sermon of the radio war.

Zeb took the rostrum quietly. "I could preach you a sermon," he began, "but I am not a preacher. I'm a deacon, and my job is not to preach. I could slander some among you if I wished, and I could de-

fend others against slanderous charges. After all, I was prosecuting attorney of this county at one time and prosecuting attorneys get to know quite a lot of slanderous information." He paused and I had the feeling that some in the audience shifted in their seats uncomfortably. "There is one remark, however, that I would like to make in response to what Willie has said and then I will go on to what I have prepared. It seems to me that there is something mighty strange about a man who reads the same Bible that I read and yet finds nothing in it except violence and war, and who does not find the parts about the power of love and of forgiveness and of Christian charity and hope.

"My message to you today is short and it is a message of love and hope and pride. I have no hatred or fears to spread. I do not claim to say that the world can have perfect peace without God, but I do not believe that the world is doomed either and I do believe that it makes a difference what we do in this world and that with God's help there is some hope. That is why I am very proud to have served you in this organization as chairman of the Foreign Missions Committee for the last two years. I want to say that I am mighty proud that the Southwest Missouri Convention now has thirteen missionaries across the ocean, serving in the most dangerous parts of the world. These boys and girls are not afraid. They have no hatred and suspicion to preach. They went out from our own families, bravely and courageously, armed with nothing except the word of God.

It is my privilege and my sacred trust that I have corresponded with these boys and girls about what they are doing and about what the world is like where they are stationed. You know these boys and girls. There is Fred England in the Congo, the son of Jesse England from Sarcoxie. I'm mighty pleased to see that you are here today, Jesse. You can be proud of your son. There is Clarence Evans from Mt. Vernon and he's in the jungles of Vietnam right now with war raging around him. Let us pray that he should not be killed. And there is Claude Roark of Joplin in India and Sadie Woodard in India and Mr. and Mrs. Denzil Chadwick in Thailand and Floyd Sellars in Kenya and Leroy Williams in Vietnam and Gary Rushmore in Chile and Marvin Teagarden in Venezuela and Smokey Sturtevant in Brazil and Frank Stratton in Brazil. Now I know that some of the parents and kinfolk and friends of these sons and daughters of our people are in the audi-

ence with us today and we should be mighty proud of them. Let's give them the applause that they deserve."

There was a prolonged applause from the auditorium. It was the first time that day that the Convention had really been united.

"I am concerned," Zeb went on, his tone quiet and conversational, "that our newspapers and radio stations may not always give us the proper perspective about what is really going on in the world, and I thought to myself that here we have thirteen reporters from among us who are out in the world, in its most dangerous places, and these are honest men and women, and intelligent and above all, God-fearing. So I did not go to the radio or the newspapers for my source for this talk to you. Instead I wrote letters to all of our thirteen missionaries, and I asked them to write back what they thought our Christian nation should be doing to help the other peoples of the world. Most of them found time to answer me. They are all very busy as you can understand, so a few of them could say very little. But a number of the letters were long and detailed and I would like to read to you from one of them today, which is typical of what was said.

This letter comes from Leroy Williams who is in the mountains of Vietnam, right in the midst of the war.

"Dear Zeb, Thank you so much for taking an interest in our work over here, and we do appreciate all the help that you and the association has given us this year.'

"I will skip over a few lines where he talks about some supplies that he needs, though I assure you that we are seeing to it that those supplies are delivered as he requested them. Then he goes on to talk about my question about what we should be doing as a Christian nation.

"I know there is a lot of talk about the war back in the states and that the country is losing a lot of men here in the fighting, and that the war is very expensive, but I think that the war doesn't really have much to do with the real problems these people face. Most of the peasants here have no idea what the difference is between the United

States and Russia. What they do know about is their own farms and disease and exploitation and what they need is fertilizers and sewers and books and doctors and teachers. Vietnam probably would have been better off if we had never sent any weapons over here in the first place. I don't know if you are aware of it, but until recently, at least, both sides were fighting with American weapons. It seems to me that the country ought to learn that its real weapons ought to be books and wheat and fertilizer and doctors. Those things no enemy can turn against you. Instead, the enemy just turns each weapon to its own use, and the country is going to be destroyed. We can never really make up for the damage that has already been done. I am not saying that the war should be stopped, or we should give up, or anything like that, but that it should never have started in the first place, and that we should be careful not to get involved in wars like this. The proper sword is the sword of the Spirit and the word of God, as St. Paul has written for us. The true battlefield is within each man and it is a battlefield of ideas and not of guns."

Zeb set the letter aside and looked up. "These letters have made me do a lot of thinking." He spoke softly and quietly. "And I am afraid it has made me very critical of many things which are being said in the Christian World in these times. Some men seem to have given up hope and fallen back on fear and prophecies of destruction. And I don't mean just sermons like the one you just heard before me. No, I mean all the people that are putting their trust in war and weapons.

"I think they've given up. I think they don't trust the sword of the Spirit any more. I think they are afraid that God will lose on the battleground of ideas, as Leroy has put it for us so beautifully. But, if we truly believe in the word of God, and if we truly have faith in his power, then I think that we will go on about his business, just as Leroy is doing, not in despair, but in hope; not in fear, but in love. In the days ahead, let us think together if there are not new ways in which our Christian nation could bring hope and love to the world, instead of fear and despair."

Zeb sat down quietly and calmly and the audience was in his hands. When he rose again, after Willie's rhetorical reply, he changed his tactics and swung into direct attack. The debate grew hotter. "You

give us an enemy to hate. You give us devils and wars and negative thinking. But do you give us any hope? Do you give us any positive program? Nothing! Nothing positive!"

Willie was vague in his reply, but Zeb did not let him go. He pressed him again and again to give something positive. He was the prosecuting attorney now, relentlessly pressing the defendant. His attack was sharp and Willie's attempts to evade were obvious. He tried to link Zeb with communists, but Zeb replied, "Anyone with whom you disagree is a communist. It doesn't make any difference who that person is or what he does. If I disagree with you, then I must be a communist. I've heard you call President Eisenhower and President Kennedy communists. I have even heard that you have called our own Congressman a communist."

"That," shouted Willie, "is a lie. Congressman Toder is one of the most principled and Christian men I know and I have never said anything against him!"

Zeb had shifted his attack subtly and caught Willie off guard.

He pressed further. "But didn't you once charge in one of your broadcasts that Congressman Toder was soft on communism?"

"I have never done so," Willie charged back vigorously. "In fact, I have made available evidence from our own files to help Joe in his work with the UnAmerican Activities Committee. He has found more Communists in this country than most other Congressmen put together."

Point by point, Zeb went into the record of Congressman Toder and Willie took up his defense. When the meeting ended no one had won the debate, but Willie had identified himself completely with the policies of Toder, while Zeb had not yet taken his position.

A week later Zeb announced his candidacy for Congress, opposing Joe Toder in the primary. He explained that the policies of Willie Richardson and Joe Toder did not seem to him to be a positive program for the Christian World, and that he had been urged to run by

two local county chairmen of the party and a local branch of the Young Republicans.

Congress was still in session and by the time Joe Toder could return to Missouri, Zeb had already been campaigning for a number of weeks. As yet, Zeb had no advertising, no office, no staff, and only a few volunteers, but he had personally visited almost every Republican leader in the district and had already lined up considerable support among the Bulls of the Woods, the country storekeepers and farmers who traditionally could deliver the rural vote which was mostly Republican.

Unlike Toder, Zeb had grown up with the farmers and he spoke their language. Many of them he already knew from his work as a lawyer and prosecutor and from his work in the party. He appealed to farmers directly; he wanted a new role for them in American society, a Christian role, and a role for peace. He wanted men to produce all they could from their land and be rewarded accordingly.

Once it would have been enough for Zeb to carry the rural vote, but the small towns had grown in population as young people had left the farms and they had become crucial. When Joe Toder returned from Washington the battle began for the town and city vote.

Zeb insisted on raising his own money completely independent of us at the station, but we served as his staff and Rouse became campaign manager. Zeb opened an office overlooking Main Street in Joplin and soon it was a frenzied center of activity. Most of the campaign volunteers were teenagers, kids who were fans of the Earthy Angel. Politics and peace were a game for them and they played it with an unpredictable enthusiasm. One moment they were working at an incredible pace, and the next they had completely disappeared. But during the course of the summer, organized on a ward and precinct level, they collected far more than the thousand signatures required to put Zeb on the primary ballot. And they carried the campaign literature into practically every city home in the district. We were kept incredibly busy, but it was a vital time. Zeb's office was in continuous chaos, mimeo machine clacking away, typewriters clattering, political arguments raging, commands being shouted across the room,

telephones ringing, and always the sound of rock and roll from some volunteer's transistor radio. The station in Spruceville seemed peaceful by comparison.

Anna and I did most of the research for the campaign, working out Zeb's position papers on his food for peace plan, on the war in Vietnam and some more local issues. There was only one paper about arms control itself and it did not play a very large role in the campaign. Instead, it became important later on. What we did was to gather together statements, by famous scientists and military experts, that at the rate we were going the world would soon have a nuclear war, if not by intent, then at least by accident.

"If we are to reach the year 2000, or even 1975, without a catastrophe of some sort, we will almost undoubtedly require extensive arms control measures." That had been written by Herman Kahn of the RAND corporation and Hudson Institute, policy advisers to the Air Force.

"If the great powers continue to look for solutions in the area of science and technology only, the results will be to worsen the situation. The clearly predictable course of the arms race is a steady open spiral downward into oblivion." That had been written by Jerome Wiesner and Herbert York from M.I.T. Wiesner had been Kennedy's chief scientific advisor. York had been Eisenhower's chief scientific advisor.

"A poll was taken of scientists at the Pugwash Conference. Their average estimate of the world's chances of surviving the next ten years, given a policy of deterrence, was only 50-50. That's in 1960-1970. After that it must be less." That had been written by Linus Pauling, the only man in history to win two Nobel prizes.

"We know, with the certainty of statistical truth, that if enough of these weapons are made, by enough different states, some of them are going to blow up, through accident or folly, or madness – the motives don't matter. What does matter is the nature of statistical fact." That was said by C.P. Snow in his major address to the AAAS, the largest and most important science organization in America.

And so the quotations went on and on, from General Omar Bradley and President Kennedy and Bertrand Russell and William O. Douglas, and even from the advisory committee on science to the Democratic Party.

Never had the people of Southwest Missouri heard such a debate on war and peace. Zeb made stinging speeches against the foreign aid which sends guns and tanks to prop up failing dictatorships; against the whole concept of nuclear deterrence, whereby we hold the world by the blackmail of nuclear weapons; and against wars like that in Vietnam, where we fight against independence movements, communist and non-communist alike, playing the same role that the British played against our own revolution. Zeb's speeches were clothed in the language he learned from the farm and the Bible and the law. They were simple and direct and powerful.

Willie Richardson attacked Zeb constantly, leading his side of the radio war, and while we did not go as far as Willie in our editorials, we gave Zeb all the publicity we could. Willie continually linked Zeb with us and called us communists, but by now, as Daniel and Rouse had hoped, the people of the district had heard this so often that it had lost some of its power. Willie had no more to say than he had said at the Baptist Convention and he had not been convincing then. In August, however, Willie found a new line of attack.

Anna and Rouse had been dating and it seemed that they were having an affair. One day Anna came rushing in, cursing Rouse, tears streaming down her face. She threw herself onto a couch, sobbing.

"What's he done?" I kept saying, but she would only shake her head and sob.

Finally she stopped sobbing and dried her eyes. "I don't know why I should trust you, either." She turned away and began to inspect the mail, as if she hadn't already seen it once that day.

"Come on, kid, what's happened?"

Suddenly she turned on me, pointed her finger straight at my face and exploded, "You men are all shits!"

"But Annie," I objected. She didn't usually speak that way. "What are you talking about?"

"Willie Richardson, that's who I'm talking about, and Rouse, too. And all you god damned men!"

"What about us?"

"Go listen to Willie., You know that girl in Spruceville, Linda, whatever her name is, the one Rouse was with last night?"

"Yes."

"Well, he knocked her up, that's what he did. He screwed her. He fucked her. Understand now? And now, and now she's going to have a baby. And Willie Richardson calls it rape, and they've got it broadcast all over the country and they're going to take him to court, and, and...." Anna broke into sobs.

"Maybe it's not true," I tried to console her. "Willie has been telling lies long enough now. Maybe no one will believe him."

"Oh no! They'll believe him. The girl's father is on the radio. It's true. Oh, that bastard Rouse. I hate him: I hate him! I hate him!"

It was hard to tell which had hurt Anna the most, Rouse's infidelity or his endangering the station and Zeb's campaign. There was little I could do about the politics of it at the moment, but I could try to soothe her wounded pride.

"Annie, you knew Rouse was like that, didn't you. What did you think you could do, reform him or something?"

"Yes," she looked up at me, as if surprised to have said it. Suddenly she smiled through her tears.

"I'm afraid he's a lost cause," I continued, "even for you. He's too old to be reformed."

"But what are we going to do about Willie Richardson?" she began to sob again.

"I guess we'll just be philosophical," I said, not able to come up with a better reply.

"Alan," Anna tilted her head back. "You wouldn't do a thing like that, would you?" I could have pulled her to me and kissed her. For a moment I had the feeling that if I were to kiss her and promise her that never, never would I do a thing like that, that I would love her and be faithful, then she would have been happy and loved me back and we would have lived happily ever after.

"I don't know," I said quietly. "I don't know, Annie."

She pulled herself from me and went over to the table and sorted through the mail again. "So," she said emphatically, "you are all shits, after all."

Spruceville and Joplin and Neosho and Springfield did not take Rouse's adventures in a philosophical spirit. For them it was rape. Willie himself could not charge Rouse with rape, nor file a paternity suit against him, but the girl could or the father, a local tavern keeper. And it was no secret that Willie was pressing him to file such a suit.

But Zeb also paid a visit to the father and reminded him of the gambling upstairs over the bar and of the prostitution charges against his daughter which had been quietly dismissed a year before. He also reminded him that if Rouse could prove that the child was not his, a countersuit could be brought and that such suits have a habit of involving large sums of money. Then, miraculously, the girl became frightened by the publicity and ran off to Texas with a salesman and that, too, was added to the public's knowledge. Willie dropped the subject from his newscasts and the father announced that he would not file suit.

The scandal ended as soon as it had begun, but while the effect upon the election could not be predicted, the effect on the reputation of the station was not good, and the effect on Rouse was sad. First, he had offered to resign and we had refused to let him. Then his exuberance and energy were dulled and turned inward. He began going to St. Louis or New Orleans for weekends, shirking his responsibility to Zeb and the campaign. He did not even speak to Annie now, and he avoided Daniel. Finally it was I who went out with him one evening and sat and talked and persuaded him that he must go back to the campaign and the station, that he could not quit now. I had come a long way in trusting him.

Election day required the greatest mobilization of the campaign. Rouse had every ward covered by Zeb Long volunteers, some working as checkers in the polls themselves, others as drivers, other just outside the polling area greeting people as they came to vote. Our organization was far larger than that of Toder and the volunteers were younger and more enthusiastic. Zeb took an early lead in the city and widened it with rural returns, and that night the office turned into a rock and roll party. Toder was defeated and Zeb would face the Democrat in the general election.

Zeb wasn't the only peace candidate to win in a primary. The candidates of the Council for a New Politics had won the Democratic primaries for three seats in California. In Washington, there were two candidates running on peace tickets and in Oregon, three others. Most of them were independents, but two in Oregon had won Democratic primaries. And so it went across the country. We could count over fifty candidates for Congress running on peace platforms and almost half of them had won primary victories, mostly in the Democratic party. Zeb was one of the few Republicans among them. Daniel borrowed money against our success in Missouri and he extended the teletype network of peace news so that we now sent our news directly to over a hundred radio stations and newspapers across the country, including most of the districts where peace candidates were running. The peace movement had never been so unified and it had never received so much publicity.

Peace news was now a constant excitement of new candidates and successes for those who had already entered the race for Congress. The peace movement had moved into politics and we were in the midst of it.

The right wing responded to peace news as had Willie Richardson, and the radio war which we had begun now spread across the country, constantly debated, even though neither major party, and only the peace candidates, would take a stand against it. Arms control became a household word. There was talk in Washington that the radio war violated F.C.C. regulations about impartiality of the air waves and we were constantly afraid that our peace news would be banned. We laid plans on how we might go underground and broadcast from illegal short wave stations, but that seemed an impossible task. Besides, it might have discredited the peace movement entirely, so we abandoned it after all our planning. As it turned out, the government was much too crafty to declare us illegal. They were planning another fate for us.

Ordinarily, by winning the Republican primary, Zeb would have been assured a seat in Congress since Southwest Missouri is traditional Republican country. But in recent years, with the migration of young people from the farms to the cities, the urban Democrats had captured more and more of the vote. And this year, with the Republicans split by the bitter primary campaign, they expected to win. The Toder Republicans were threatening to boycott Zeb at the election, or even to support the Democrat who wanted to escalate the war in Vietnam.

The Democrat, a state senator with a reputation as a "liberal", attacked Zeb on the issue of communism, but much more insidiously than had Toder. He referred to Zeb as "my utopian opponent," and said that "others have accused my opponent of being a communist, but there is no proof of those charges and we believe here in this country that a man is innocent until proven guilty. He is misguided and utopian and his plans would play into the hands of the communists, but we have no proof that he is a communist himself." Each self righteous denial contained its own subtle innuendos which seemed even more effective than the accusations of a Willie Richardson. This cam-

paign was much quieter than the primary and we had the uneasy feeling that it was not going well for Zeb.

In November, three days before elections, the government struck. The head of the FBI called a special press conference. He announced that Jay Rouseman III was a communist and that it had turned over its file on him and the rest of us at WPAX to a subcommittee of the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC). Zeb lost and all other peace candidates were defeated in the elections. Hearings of the HUAC subcommittee were scheduled for December 19. Joe Toder had lost his election but he was still in Congress until January 1 and he could still gain his revenge. He was Chairman of the Investigation Sub-Committee.

Daniel drove on, tight lipped, across the cold gray fields of Missouri winter, through small towns where the houses were quiet and life went on as it always had. I asked if I could drive, but he shook his head, "Maybe next time we stop." I tried to make conversation. We would talk a little, but after a few sentences Daniel would lapse into silence and pull back into his shell of isolation.

Daniel had taken our fall harder than anyone else. Rouse had claimed the guilt and had broken down and wept, but Butch and Anna and I had gathered around him and shared the grief with him. Mickey was gone. As soon as he had realized what had happened, he had left, claiming that if he was ever going to get another job, he had better begin before we were all blacklisted. But Daniel bore a burden of guilt and would not share it. He stayed aloof and would not speak to us. Then, one morning, he broke his silence to announce that he was going to sell the station. "We are in debt by ten thousand dollars," he announced, "and it's not worth trying to raise it anymore."

We objected, but we didn't have the money and Daniel refused to listen to anything else. We even said that we would stay in Spruceville and find jobs to pay off the debt if he would keep the station running. But he only shook his head. Two days later the F.C.C. revoked our broadcasting license and we were completely isolated.

Rouse and Anna and Butch and I clung together. When Daniel announced that he was driving up to Chicago, I was delegated to ride along with him and to convince him not to sell the station. We were not yet ready to give up.

Daniel had often gone to Chicago and always referred to it mysteriously as a "business trip." We had assumed that it was connected to finances, which he would never discuss with us. This time I told him I wanted to visit friends in Chicago and asked him if I could come along. We drove out of the foothills of the Ozarks and across the farmlands of Northern Missouri, gray stubble and straw after harvest, under the low gray skimming sky. Daniel hunched forward over the wheel. There were the same penetrating eyes and the red nest of hair I first met after the peace march. He looked a little more tired now, but

his features were the same. Only his voice was gone. The depth and strength, the fire and conviction that had first inspired me with the faith in his dream, they were gone now. Rather than speak without that power, he refused to speak at all."

The first half of our trip had passed and we had hardly talked at all. "What made you decide to buy the station in the first place?" I had asked at one point.

Daniel did not reply at once. "Because the station was for sale," he replied finally, bluntly.

Dusk came, and we had crossed Missouri and come to Hannibal and the Mississippi. we ate dinner in a roadside cafe. "You know," I said, breaking the silence across our dinner, "I have no idea why I came to Spruceville myself."

Daniel continued eating. It must have been obvious that I was trying to get him to talk.

"I mean, I had no idea what I was doing at the time.' I was probably a good case for a psychologist, in fact."

"Really," he spoke almost mechanically, as if I were his eighth patient of the day.

"Yes," I continued, spurred by his reply. "It was really a crazy idea. I met Anna by accident. I didn't even know about the peace march. Did I ever tell you about my experiences in East Berlin?"

"No," he said. There was a note of interest in his voice.

I began to tell him about Berlin and my brother and Katerina and growing up in Idaho, and my years in New York. I played the role of patient and gradually he became the psychologist again, and although it was I who talked, he came out of his shell enough to play the game with me.

We paid the bill and went back to the car. "Did you have private patients in New York when I met you?" I asked.

"Yes," he responded vaguely.

"What ever happened to them?"

"You never know," he paused and sighed. "Of course, some of them had to be shifted to other doctors and termination had already been achieved for others. "But then, the psychologist rarely knows what eventually happens to most of his patients. That's one of the reasons there is so little good evaluation of therapy."

"Do you think you helped them?"-

"Yes, in a way. But there are limits to what therapy can accomplish. It is possible to give a patient insight and in many cases the overt symptoms can be changed or ended, but without a prolonged analysis lasting many years and costing tens of thousands of dollars you can't really change a person's personality. And even then I'm not sure it's possible. If a patient is nervous or anxious, the chances are he will always be nervous or anxious and he just has to learn to live with it better. If a woman is lonely and wants to get married, what can the therapist do about that? Therapists can't be marriage brokers. If a man is married to a bitch of a wife and he doesn't want to go home, what should one tell him to do, get divorced?"

"But you could help some of them?"

"Yes, some. The worst ones for me were the students. At one point I had a large number of referrals coming to me from Columbia and City College, kids who had tried to kill themselves or threatened to, or who had run naked in the street or some such bizarre thing to show they needed help. One boy kept breaking clocks.. They were neurotic, sure. There was considerable anxiety. But most basically they were anxious about life itself. They wanted to be told that the world was sane and that everything would be fine as soon as they grew up and found their profession and their family and their house in

the suburbs. They wanted to be told that the world was not going to blow itself up. What do you tell a kid like that?"

"I don't know."

"I didn't know either. It's not the job of the therapist to tell his patient about the doctrine of massive retaliation; that he and the entire population are being used as hostage for the foreign policy of their government; that tomorrow, because Standard Oil is miffed at the government of Iran, we could all be blown into nothingness. That's not therapy, that's the world."

"Are you planning to go back into therapy now?"

"I don't know." Daniel fell silent again. I tried to get back to the subject of therapy, but our conversation had ended. Nightfall came and we drove on, he on one side of the car and I on the other. He had given me one slight glimpse into his shell and closed me out again.

When we arrived in Chicago that night, I did not ask him to let me off. Finally, when we were all the way downtown and he asked me where I wanted to go I said that I had no plans until the next day and maybe we could stay at the same hotel.

He seemed very hesitant. "I have an appointment now in Evanston."

"That's all right," I answered. "I could go along and wait for you."

"I guess that would be all right," he said finally.

It was late when we turned off a wide boulevard near Lake Michigan into a driveway on the grounds of a large estate. Set back across lawns and drives from the main road stood a huge Victorian mansion, lights burning here and there in its towers.

Daniel got out of the car. "You can wait for me inside," he said.

I followed him up across the driveway and onto the high-pillared entrance. A sign above the bell said "North Shore Sanitarium." Daniel rang and we waited. At length, a nurse opened the door. "It's past closing time."

"I'm Daniel Buchanon," he said slowly. "I called yesterday."

"OK, yes, Mr. Buchanon, come in."

I followed Daniel into the building, past a front office, a nurse's station and to the foot of a huge carved staircase leading to the upper floors. The nurse showed me to a waiting room, a high ceiling library on one side, and then she and Daniel went upstairs.

The room, still and dark as a tomb, was lit by one lamp in the corner and the ceiling and the upper book shelves filled with leather covered volumes reached into darkness. The library seemed unchanged from the days when it had been a wealthy home. Most of it was unused, though on one shelf near the door was a row of dog-eared paperbacks, mystery novels and romances, the favored reading of patients. I walked around looking through the glass cases at leather-bound volumes, Voltaire and Hugo and Trollope and Goethe and Emerson and Shakespeare, complete sets, undisturbed.

Later, there came a sound of footsteps on the main staircase and voices, one of them Daniel's. Three people entered the library, Daniel, the nurse and another woman.

At first I thought the woman was quite old, but then I wasn't sure. She was fat and she waddled next to Daniel. Her face was round and her chin was double and her eyes seemed almost buried in flesh. Her dark hair hung down in loose disheveled bunches and she wore a huge gray robe like a tent. She was barefoot.

"Alan, I would like you to meet my wife, Rosalind," Daniel said.

I was stunned.

She understood my hesitation and retaliated, looking me up and down like a prize animal. "So you're the famous Alan." Her voice was husky.

"I'm pleased to meet you," I managed.

"Are you?" Her voice seemed distant, sarcastic. She continued to look me up and down.

"We drove up from Spruceville this afternoon," said Daniel. He seemed as embarrassed as I by her manner.

"You know," said Rosalind, ignoring him, "I think I like him. I think you should keep him around. He would be good for me, Daniel."

"Perhaps it's time we should say goodnight," Daniel said, trying to get her away from me now.

"Yes, it's really time we were leaving," I added. I could see that any further talk was only going to make matters worse.

But Rosalind did not want to leave. She pulled her arm away from Daniel. "I know you are going to spend all my money while I'm in here," she insisted. "Why don't you spend it on him?"

"Let's go." Daniel had grasped her arm and was drawing her away.

"Why not? Answer me." She insisted more sharply. The nurse took her other arm and Rosalind was led away between them, waddling, still insisting on an answer from Daniel. Then they were gone. I dropped into the chair.

When Daniel and I returned from Chicago to Spruceville, there was no need to draw him out. This time he began to speak. "I'm sorry that I've never talked to any of you about Rosalind, but I didn't really see the point of it. But you asked me why I became interested in peace and you have to understand some things about me if you want to understand. One thing you must understand is her."

"Yes. She is your wife still. I mean, you're still married."

"Yes," replied Daniel. "we're still married. I can't really divorce her."

"And, it's her money in the station?"

"Yes, it's her money."

"Of course, there's no money left now."

"Now, but that's no reason for me to divorce her. I'm not that bad a husband."

When I said nothing for a moment, Daniel began to speak in a low soft voice. "We were married in 1961 in the summer. I was getting my degree at the University of Chicago, about a year from the end. We had known each other about three months. We met by accident. She called at my apartment one day looking for someone else and we got to talking and became friends. She was a strange person. She had very little education; she'd quit college after a year or so. But she was very talented. She was writing poetry then, really very good poetry. Perhaps I'll show you some of it sometime."

There was rain on the highway and we drove slowly. Trailer trucks droned past us in the night. Daniel reached in his pocket as he drove and handed me his wallet. "There's a picture of her in there." The photograph showed a neatly dressed girl, rather heavy set but nowhere near as fat as Rosalind was now, with a rather handsome, not pretty face. I could hardly tell it was the same person.

"She's changed a lot," I remarked.

"Yes. She's put on almost a hundred pounds. She uses her weight as a weapon. That's the kind of person she is. I suppose I knew that when we were married. Or at least I should have known it. I probably should not have married her at all. But then there's no use asking that question now."

The windshield wipers punctuated his words rhythmically, slapping back and forth, clearing streams of rain from the glass, letting the lights of the road come through.. "It was really she who arranged the marriage. Almost from the beginning she was bent on marriage. I was afraid of her from the beginning and it must have been two or three times we broke it off completely. There were violent arguments. She could be extremely violent. Once she came at me with a butcher knife."

"So why did you marry her?"

"That's it. I'm not really sure. I guess I loved her. Who's to say what brings two people together? When we were happy together we were very happy. Marriage is a very cruel thing. It is consummated on the happiest moments and it condemns you to the unhappiest. After we were married the arguments got worse. She went back to school to finish up her degree and for a while that went all right and we were pretty happy. Then she flunked a course and ran into trouble and she became very upset. She went into therapy. By this time my degree was finished and I had gone up to work with Carl Rogers at Minnesota to learn his therapeutic techniques, but Rosalind refused to leave her own therapist, so I had to commute back and forth from Minneapolis to Chicago."

Daniel spoke in a peculiar tone of voice, detached, cold and slightly strained. He sounded as if he were describing the case history of a patient rather than his own life.

"The tension became greater and greater. The anxiety in Rosalind was getting worse instead of better and it was obvious that sooner or later something had to go. I was in Minneapolis the day the Russian missiles were put on Cuba and the Cuban crisis began. There was a call for me at the clinic from the Chicago hospital. The number was in the psychiatric unit and I knew instinctively what was wrong. I didn't need to call. I knew it already. Rosalind had an acute psychotic episode and she was on the locked wards under heavy sedation. She had been taking tranquilizers all the time, actually, so that wasn't new. That was, let's see, almost ten years ago, wasn't it. Well, not quite. It's

amazing how long it's been. Sometimes I feel like it was only yesterday."

So far his voice had remained completely detached. The only sign of his feeling was the increased speed of the car. The Speedometer was approaching eighty. "Slow down," I warned.

"Oh, yes." He lifted his foot off the accelerator. "Maybe you should drive next time we stop."

"When I got to the hospital," he began again, "when I got there and I went to see her, she...She... I really have a hard time thinking about it." The careful exterior shell was cracking. I could hear the feeling in his voice. "She didn't recognize me at all," he blurted out suddenly, and swallowed back a sob. "As a doctor you get used to these things, but sometimes, when it happens to you, when it's your own wife, you can't help feeling it."

"Of course," I replied, watching the road as he passed a car. "Of course you should feel it. There's no need to be ashamed."

"Then, once she was in the hospital she let herself go. She was as heavy as she is now within a matter of months. It was her way of getting even with me because I had gone up to Minneapolis and left her alone so often. I hadn't realized how much that affected her. Then she refused to even recognize me. That's the ultimate blow. She must have hated me intensely."

"And loved you at the same time."

"Of course. She was ambivalent. That's just it. She was delirious at first and under heavy sedation. Those were the early days of the use of tranquilizers and the ones she had put her to sleep for most of the day. When she was awake she kept saying that the world was destroyed and she was dead. She thought that I had once been Daniel and I wasn't any more, that I had been transformed by radiation and that I was coming to her now to take away her soul. It was really very frightening. It was months before we could talk at all rationally. I had her transferred up there to the sanatorium where we went last night."

"And she's been there ever since."

"Yes, she's been there since 1963."

"Was it then that you became interested in peace?"

"No, not exactly. I suppose that the most acute phase of my interest came at that time, but really I had been thinking about it for years. I had my own psychiatric problems years ago, before I went into psychology at all, and at the time I decided to become a therapist I also became very interested in world peace. It seemed to me that the problems inside myself were related to the bomb and war, if you know what I mean."

"Yes," I replied. "I don't think any of us worries about the world in the abstract. It has to have personal meaning to us."

"Exactly. It had some personal meaning to me. Why should I struggle to make my own life sensible and find some good place in a world that was about to be destroyed. That's the way I felt. That's when I was first interested, but I did very little about it. Then, when I met Rosalind we began to talk about what we could do together. She encouraged me to believe that I could really do something about the World. It was she that first thought up the radio station and she had enough money. We weren't even going to get married then but she was going to give me the money for the station. Later, when we were married, I was going up to see Carl Rogers to learn his therapy but when Rosalind had her breakdown I stopped studying and went into private practice. It took me years to come around to the position that the radio station should really be tried out, and that's when you met me."

I felt as if Daniel had told me only half of his story, yet he had stopped as if finished. What was Rosalind's side, I wondered.

And what was the reason for his therapy? "You said you were once in therapy yourself," I began.

"Yes, many years ago," he replied and stopped, indicating that he didn't want to continue. We drove on in silence, the rain beating hard

against the roof of the car. Spray was blowing in the fly window. I closed it and cut off the noise of the rain and the engine. we were sealed and insulated from the world outside.

"I suppose that therapy was very successful for you," I said. "And that's why you became a therapist yourself."

"No."

"Did you feel it was successful?"

"The human machine is not made for what we try to make it do." He answered me obliquely, in a low careful voice, but with obvious tension. "Sooner or later we must all come to realize that we are no more than animals with animal drives and animal needs. If we cannot see that, we are lost. Sometimes we can harness the drives and make them work for us, but that is not easy and it doesn't work forever. Therapy is never really successful. Guilt and anxiety are never gone. we can learn to live with ourselves and our anxiety. We can understand it. We can try to harness it. But we can never get rid of it. We can remake our self image. We can see our own lies, but we still have to live with them. We have no other choice. What I am, what I do, what I have, they are all sublimation, they are all hunger and sex and fear and anger, and nothing more."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more," he replied.

"I don't believe that."

"Why not?" He seemed suddely angry. "Why not?" he repeated, his voice strident, his hands gripping the wheel tightly, his face drawn and tense, the car speeding faster and faster. "What I am is guilt! Look at me! Do you see my power. It is guilt and nothing more. For years I have harnesssed it and used it and now it's over. Now I have to live with it again!"

"Take it easy," I warned. "Maybe you should let me drive."

Daniel pushed the accelerator down and suddenly released it. The car sped forward and dropped back. We were alone, tunneling through the fog and night.

"It's not over yet," I said quietly. "You're not alone any more. Maybe you have your own guilt but the rest of us don't, and we're not working because of it. And we haven't quit. You know that, don't you? we need you to keep working with us."

Daniel rubbed his eyes and his forehead and hunched forward and then sat up straighter again. "Why don't you let me drive now," I suggested again. "You look tired."

"I am tired," he replied, his voice slightly tremulous. "I guess you're right." Gradually the car slowed down and finally he pulled us off to the shoulder and we got out of the car into the cold rain and changed seats. I pulled out into the road and continued our journey.

"You've always taken the whole thing on yourself," I started again, "and it's too much for one man. You have to share the responsibility with the rest of us now. I know, we don't have any money now. But we all know that and we haven't quit. We all decided that we're going to stay with the station. We'll get jobs ourselves to pay off the debt if necessary. We can do it. They've tried to kill us, but we're not going to die. We'll start again after the hearings, either in Spruceville or somewhere else, but we need you to help us."

Daniel said nothing, but when I looked over I could see that there were tears in his eyes.

"Sometimes we can forget how important it is that we have faith in each other," I continued. "But isn't that what it's all about? Isn't that what you've tried to teach us about nations? We have to trust each other. We have to hope for the best in each other and work together. That's the only way we can live. We can never really know what's going to happen next. Maybe we can't keep the station. Maybe it doesn't do any good to keep going now. But it's worth trying and hoping and, who knows what will happen? Maybe it's all a dream that we're living

and war is going to come anyway. But let's not give up. We have our dreams. Let's at least try to work them out."

"Yes," replied Daniel quietly. "Yes."

When we returned to Spruceville, we had no more money. The hearings were only a month away. We remained isolated from the rest of the people of Missouri. But the five of us stayed together, Butch and Anna and Rouse and I, and Daniel.

On one of those days, stranded in the station, an island in the midst of a hostile world, I wrote to Katerina in Berlin. I said that I would like to see her again.

Trial by Accusation

No American, I suppose, will ever forget what he was doing on the morning of November 16. I had driven into town through light rain to pick up the mail at the post office. Anna and Butch were at the station. Daniel and Rouse were in New York trying to get a lawyer to represent us at the hearings. I had just parked the car and was going into the post office when I felt the earth tremble. It was not a true earthquake, but a tremble just strong enough to make one aware that the earth was not completely solid. Then nothing happened for a few minutes. I opened the box and took our mail and was just leaving when a man dressed in a business suit came running into the building screaming incoherently.

Only when he had calmed down enough to make his words understandable to the clerk of the post office did I realize what had happened. I ran outside to the car radio. At first I thought that it wasn't working since there was no sound from most of the stations, but I soon located a frequency of the Emergency Broadcasting System. "All citizens progress to assigned bomb shelters. Repeat. All citizens progress to assigned bomb shelters. Follow instructions of Civil Defense workers. This is an Emergency Broadcasting System alert. This is an Emergency Broadcasting System alert." By this time, news had spread through the town and the fire bell was ringing. I jumped into the car and drove quickly out to the station. The rain continued to fall steadily and the sky seemed strangely bright in the north.

In New York, Daniel and Rouse saw the scene I had witnessed in Spruceville, but magnified a million times. In Spruceville, it had simply been strange and uncanny, but in New York it was horrible. Thousands of people, hysterical, trampled each other, blocking the streets and tunnels and bridges with their wild rush to escape the city. There was never a chance for any cars or even subways, for people had abandoned their cars and fled on foot, blocking the way for other cars. Hundreds of people were electrocuted on subway bridges before the entire system was shorted out and shut down. Then the entire power system of New York broke down. Elevators stopped and the staircases of tall buildings became death traps. The few civil defense workers and policemen who tried bravely to maintain order were swept away by people for whom the law no longer mattered. Daniel proceeded

calmly, or at least so he claimed, to a basement which had been marked "bomb shelter". Later he could laugh about it to me, but at the time he said he was completely frightened.

"I don't know why I went to the shelter at all. I should've known better. It was filthy and dark and jammed with so many people that you couldn't move. If there had been any bombing whatsoever, that basement would have been a mass tomb, oven and gas chamber. I don't know which would have killed us first. When the building caved in it would have been a tomb. The firestorms would have made it into an oven and finally, the smoke would have made it a gas chamber. But when the sirens had started blowing, you didn't have time to think of that. We all left the office and followed the crowd down to the basement."

Thousands of Americans were killed by panic alone and, ironically enough, the only cities that escaped deaths were the cities where the civil defense sirens did not work and people retreated more slowly. Some people were shot when they tried to enter bomb shelters belonging to their neighbors. The most terrible deaths were those of the people beneath the actual nuclear explosions. In Sedalia, Missouri, the first city destroyed, thousands of people were immediately killed by the blast. It was the tremor from that explosion that I had felt in Spruceville. The towns of Sedalia and Warrensburg were leveled as if by tornadoes and then swept by firestorms. And many who were not killed then soon began to die of the disease called radiation sickness.

When I returned to the radio station and joined the others around the teletype machine, the Sedalia explosion was the only one yet reported. The United States was on war alert; the fate of the world awaited one final word from the President. Some United Press reporters had not fled Washington and had remained there at the risk of their lives, but they could only report that the President and Congress had been taken from the city by helicopters to a secret base. Then, what we took to be the national radio station, came on the air to say that the President and the Congress were safe in an underground shelter immune to attack. It was announced that all American missiles were in position to fire and all SAC bombers were being ordered aloft to proceed towards their rendezvous. There was only one thing they

did not announce. Who had attacked us? The Soviet Union had denied that they were the source of the missile. The American Air Force announced that they had picked up the missile on radar but that they were still determining its origin.

Then came the next explosion, a gigantic airburst over Lake Champlain in northern New York State. The city of Plattsburgh was gone. Burlington Vermont had burned to the ground. Buildings were demolished as far as Montreal and people had been blinded in Albany because they had been foolish enough to look at the fireball soon after the explosion. As far away as New York City and Boston, the fireball was distinctly visible as a brilliant orange and black cloud, what had once been the city of Plattsburgh. From the national radio station, now broadcasting from somewhere near Washington, the President's secretary could still give us no word on whether or not we were at war. There were rumors of nuclear explosions on the West Coast and Russian submarines off Nantucket, but so far they were unconfirmed. Still we waited. Two explosions had occurred. How many more were coming?

Those hours seemed like a lifetime. Four of us sat around the teletype and a radio receiver in the station, transfixed with disbelief. It seemed as if the world outside had been completely destroyed and we were left completely alone. Strangely enough, it was not only frightening, but also exhilarating, as if this were the most important time of our lives and we were witnessing history itself. All other details of life, eating, sleeping, love, meant nothing compared to the words which came ticking off the teletype and from the radio. The radio itself was calm, with announcers telling people to obey civil defense workers and police. But the tickertape told a different story. We could pick up the tape and read yard after yard of stories of disaster in city after city.

Night fell and we still did not know if we were going to war and, if there was a war, who it would be against. There was now a rumor that Chinese troops were invading Vietnam and bombarding the American bases there but that, too, was unconfirmed. Radio Moscow had broadcast that the explosions were accidental American explosions at the missile and bomber bases in Sedalia and Plattsburgh and that the

United States was just trying to blame them on its enemies. Then it was announced that the President would address the nation at 11 o'clock.

He read slowly, in a deep, grave voice.

"It has been determined from the radar trackings of the missile which landed in Sedalia that it was fired from a submarine off the western coast of Canada and that it evaded most of our radar defenses. The Navy is making an intensive search of that area and it is believed that the submarine was one of a small fleet of Chinese nuclear submarines which have just been completed. We have warned the Chinese in a diplomatic note that we are prepared to go to war with them if they desire it and that we will allow no further provocation. As yet they have not replied. I have asked the Congress of the United States to meet with me tomorrow, and give me the power to declare war on Communist China if there is further provocation."

Anna fell asleep, but Butch and I stayed up to hear what might happen next. One light burned in the ceiling above us and everything else was in darkness. Perhaps our world would soon be over. At least we would be together. Sometimes strange coded messages came across the short wave radio, signalling events which we could not understand. The Emergency Broadcasting Service had no more news, but instead there were hours of tedious instructions from civil defense officials on care of the wounded, precautions for water and food and waste disposal and frequent warnings to be wary of sabotage. We would learn later that a number of people were shot or killed simply because they had wandered near water reservoirs or power stations. Meanwhile, the wire services continued to transmit account after account of death and destruction, largely from Sedalia and Plattsburgh where the explosions had occurred, but also from city after city where panic had killed and injured by the thousands. A call was now going out for volunteers to come to certain cities and work with the wounded. At some point I finally fell asleep. When I awoke the next day Butch told me that the government had admitted that the Plattsburgh explosion was caused by two of its own SAC bombers taking off in quick succession from the base near Plattsburgh. They stated that the formation in which they had taken off, the red alert, was something

that had never been practiced before by these pilots and that it was especially dangerous since the planes all had to get off the ground together within a matter of a few minutes. But the Sedalia explosion they now felt certain was due to a Chinese missile.

The United States Senate voted that afternoon to give the President the power to declare war on China if there was further provocation. The chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee voted against the measure, claiming that the government had not yet proved that the missile was from China and that Congress was abdicating its own Constitutional power to make war, but he was voted down. Now only one man had the decision in his hand. The President alone could now initiate war. He alone could order the end of civilization.

The Soviet news agency broadcast that their Premier had spoken with our President over the hotline and warned that the Soviet Union would consider itself at war with any country that attacked China. World War III seemed only minutes or hours away.

We turned on China. That nation, the largest in the world, remained silent. They neither denied that the missile was theirs, nor admitted it. The world hung on their reply.

We were helpless. We could only wait while the monstrous war machines of the world deliberated and calculated. We could only hope that they would be rational, that they would not miscalculate, that they would not escalate. I saw the stupidity of war more clearly than I had ever seen it before. It was just like Vietnam all over again. There had been an attack on an American ship which was protecting other ships shelling the coast. Then a second attack. North Vietnam denied it. The Congress passed a resolution allowing the President to retaliate and he used it to escalate the war. A few Senators had protested; one even claimed that the second attack may have never taken place, but it was too late. War had begun. So, now, who could prove that there had been a submarine and, if so, what nation was responsible? And once war was declared, what difference did it make? Perhaps it was just a miscalculation or accident. We might never know.

Communist China did not break its silence for two days. Then a letter was brought by way of Poland to the President saying that they did not wish a war with the United States and that they had no submarines near the American coast and that they had not fired any missiles.

There was little we could do in Spruceville, so in answer to the Red Cross call for volunteer aid in treating the injured, Butch and Anna and I drove that day to Sedalia, or at least as close as we could come to what had once been that city.

Daniel and I had driven this same route only a week before and then the towns had been quiet, their people living as they always had. Now at the little town of Clinton, instead of being quiet the streets were full of disaster workers wearing arm bands and ambulances coming and going in a steady stream, many of them in makeshift vehicles, trucks and station wagons fitted out with the red cross of disaster. Every building in that little town had been converted into hospital space, warehouses, business offices, stores, even the courtroom, anything that could be heated and had a floor. Anna and I stayed in Clinton to help care for the injured, while Butch drove our pickup back and forth between Warrensburg and Sedalia and the hospitals in Kansas City as an ambulance.

All day long the dying came streaming in, thousands of them, many dead by the time we ever saw them, their faces burned and broken beyond recognition. In one truck I saw six little girls naked, their clothes burned off and their skin as well, lying like six peeled onions.

Sometimes I would work with the doctors. Other times I would risk the radiation and go with one of the ambulances into the remains of the city to bring back those who were dying there. What I saw was beyond belief. Here and there a wall remained standing or a telephone pole to show where the city had been. And all the rest was rubble with fires still burning. Bodies lay half covered in broken beams and bricks and glass, many charred black with fire like burned meat instead of people. All the bodies were naked, the clothes burned away, and often the skin too. Sometimes we could spot movement in the rubble

and find another half-surviving victim, nameless, faceless, hanging on by a slender thread to life.

After a while in the unending horror of it all, I became used to it and the bodies seemed more like pieces of wood than people. I could not have borne it any other way. Bulldozers cleared a path now so we could get through, pushing before them stone and brick and wood and glass and flesh in one inextricable tangle. It was hard to believe that this had once been a city. Sometimes I felt as if the whole world had been destroyed and I was never quite sure whether or not even I was alive. For even when we left the rubble with our load of bodies, we traveled through a landscape where there were still fires burning through the trees and great clouds of smoke like a volcano around and above us, and we came to a town where moans and screams were constant like a background of static so that one always had to shout, where even the doctors and the disaster workers had the look and the smell of eath about them. Rooms were so full of writhing screaming bodies that there was hardly a place to walk without stepping on them. People cried for water. Their urine ran across the floor mingling with blood and oozing serum. We worked incessantly just trying to bandage the wounded, half of those working being wounded themselves and working simply to keep from thinking. As much as possible one did no thinking at all, and as little speaking as possible, just working, working, working, hour after hour, day after day, without sleep.

Yet, even without thinking, one could not escape the terrible eyes of the dying. Even in the dark they seemed to glow beseeching us for help or death, whatever relief we might give.

Sometimes I would go for coffee and meet Annie and just sit and hold her hand for company, just to prove that we were the living and that only others were dying. I did not even stop to wonder how much radiation I had gotten myself in the rubble and whether or not I, too, might eventually die of radiation sickness.

Broken bones and brain concussions and paralysis from severed spines, they were all easy to care for compared to radiation sickness. These were injuries that could be seen and felt and understood. One

still had hopes for life, even if it were the life of a cripple. Their eyes, I could look into. But more frightening were those with the mysterious radiation sickness. They vomited or bled slightly from the bowels. They were slightly feverish or nauseous. Their hair came out in handfuls. Slowly, bit by bit, they were degenerating. Slowly, bit by bit, they would die. Many of them still worked as doctor's aides, trying to forget their own plight. But after a while, they too became patients, too inflamed and feverish to work any longer. Then the dreaded purple spots began to appear on their bodies, and they began to vomit blood in great clots. They died a hundred ways at once. I began pulling at my own hair nervously, Wondering if it, too, would begin to feel the effects of the radiation I had undergone, if I, too, might begin to die.

The bodies of the dead were buried in great pits with lime and covered by bulldozers working all night long amid the screams of those still dying. Sometimes I felt I was crazy. Annie told me that once I had run to her crying that Hitler was burning the Jews and we must escape or be killed ourselves. And I had called her "Katerina." I do remember seeing a little girl whose face was burned half away, crying tears from one eye only onto a cheek where every nerve was raw and following me around like that little girl in Berlin. That must have been when I went to Annie. And I do remember seeing little blue flames rising from the dead bodies in the night and watching their eyes still glowing.

The next thing I remember was waking in bright sunlight and most amazing was the silence around me. There were no screams any more, no sound of bulldozers. Instead I could hear the quiet sound of a woman's voice somewhere and somewhere the sound of children playing and the noise of automobiles. I felt greatly rested, yet still drowsy and I fell back to sleep again.

When I awoke again I found myself in a ward in a hospital surrounded by other patients. Two of them were talking about the symptoms of radiation sickness, the purple spots, the hair falling out, the bleeding from the gums and the nose for which there could be no cure, and more subtle mysterious effects, the deformed children that would come of marriage and some strange slow sickness of the mind as well. I was gripped with an incredible fear that I was about to die

and that no one would even know who I was. I shouted for a nurse. No one came. Then, trembling so hard that my hand beat like a drumstick against my head, I grasped a handful of hair and pulled.

A nurse came and gave me pills and I went back to sleep.

When I awoke for the third time I was in a small room and someone was holding my hand. I looked up and it was Annie. Suddenly, the fears and the horrors of those days that I had stored by inside of me just burst forth and I wept like a child. I wept for the thousands of children burned and maimed, I wept for the mothers dead and the fathers crippled. And Annie stayed by my side and calmed me. She stroked my head and told me I would be all right. She told me I had seen too much, that I was merely afraid, that I had no sickness and would be all right. And, slowly, after she had told me again and again and promised every sweet promise she could think of, picnics and sunny days and swimming and laughter again, slowly I came to believe her and my trembling ceased and I stopped my crying and I began to return to life.

The first question that I asked Anna once I was really myself again was, "Are we at war?"

"No," she replied, with a distance in her voice and in her eyes, "but I'm afraid that we soon will be. The press is playing it up now, and everyone is waiting for just one provocation from the Chinese and then we will destroy them. People don't even ask if the Russians would intervene."

"What do you think?"

"I think they might." The distance remained in her voice and she spoke quietly, ironically. The disaster we had seen might be only the beginning.

"Do you really think we'd start a war with China?"

"I think so," she replied, still quietly. "It's just like it was before we bombed in Vietnam. The President has his document from Congress

and the press is starting to whip people into a war frenzy. All it takes is one more provocation, and we could invent that if we wanted, just like the Gulf of Tonkin."

"And I suppose our hearings are to be part of the war frenzy,"

I replied. It was the first time I had really thought about the hearings since I had come to the hospital. Somehow, they seemed distant after what we had been through.

On the day I was scheduled to leave a tall, strange man entered my room without knocking. Impassively, frighteningly, he came to the bed where I lay. "Are you Alan Boyd of Spruceville, Missouri?"

"Yes," I uttered.

He handed me an envelope.

"Are you Anna Hjelm of Spruceville," he repeated to Annie in the same mechanical, frightening voice.

"Yes." In our envelopes were identical documents, our subpoenas for the hearings of the House UnAmerican Activities Committee. The man turned silently and left. I can still picture him stalking us down, step by step, through the smoking ruins of Sedalia, to the hospital, cornering us finally so we could not escape. The hearings were to begin in four days at Joplin.

Daniel, Rouse and Butch were waiting for us in Spruceville with a lawyer from the American Civil Liberties Union. The lawyer had already gone to court trying to postpone the hearings as prejudiced by the newspapers, but his petition had been denied. The hearings were already in the headlines, treated as if we were on trial for the destruction of Sedalia and Plattsburgh.

Daniel drew us together to plan our strategy. "We can only be on the defensive," he warned us. "There is no jury and we are allowed no defense. Even the charges are vague. Our lawyer can't speak for us;

he can't cross-examine the government witnesses; he's not even allowed to cross-examine us. The only thing we can do is answer their questions. If we lie, and they can prove it, we can be charged with perjury. If we refuse to testify, except under the grounds of the Fifth Amendment, then we can be convicted of Contempt of Congress. The only grounds that the Supreme Court has recognized for refusal to testify is refusal because of self-incrimination. In other words, if we don't testify it implies we are guilty.."

"We have one hope. Somehow or other we must make ourselves believable. If we stand up to them honestly and openly, perhaps people will be able to see how unfair and unconstitutional this is. Perhaps they will sympathize with us as underdogs. It's just a chance, and it won't be easy, but we represent the whole peace movement now."

We worked together to plan our testimony. Each of us was allowed to make one statement of our own, but it had to be filed at least 48 hours before the hearings. If it was approved by the committee, then it could be inserted in the record. "And even then," the lawyer warned us, "it does not have to be read out loud. They may just insert it in the published version of the hearings which won't be printed until next year. By then the newspapers won't pay any attention to it anymore."

We also had to decide which questions we would and would not answer. We did not know what they would ask, but we had to be prepared for the worst and we had to be certain that we did not contradict each other.

"They will have no difficulty in proving my communist connections," Rouse began. "I'm sure my phone was tapped in New York and I'm sure that a number of people in the movement were agents. I've never been a member of the Communist Party, and nothing I've ever done has been illegal, but they don't care about that. All they need is my connections and the people I've worked with. Once I start answering questions they're going to make me implicate everyone I've known, one right after the other, and I'm sorry, but I just can't do that. If they get me that's enough. There's no need to ruin other people's lives."

"Then you take the Fifth Amendment," Daniel replied and it was settled. "Should the rest of us admit that we knew about Rouse's connections?"

"Maybe they can prove it anyway," said Butch.

"Probably not," Daniel replied. he looked at each of us.

It was I who replied.

"We decided to hire Rouse as a matter of psychology, not politics, and I don't see that we should back down now." When I prepared my written statement later, I emphasized that we had known all along about Rouse's ideology. "He was a Marxist and I did not always agree with his ideas, but his ideas were his own and they were honest. He did not try to overthrow the government by force; he tried to convince men with ideas. I grew up believing that America was not afraid of that, that in our country a man was free to say what he thought and what he believed. Why should we be afraid of a man's ideas? If they are bad, I should be able to find out for myself. If they are good, then I should be allowed to believe in them. If we are going to be afraid of ideas and punish men for them, then there will never be any peace, but only suspicion and war and all men will be the losers."

I had learned a great deal from Daniel and Rouse.

Rouse was not the only one of us who could be hit by the committee. Daniel, too, had connections which they could attack and even I had made contacts in the peace movement which they might use against me.

And Anna's father had been a Communist.

"But I don't want to talk about it," Anna said with a shaky voice. "He suffered so much. I just can't bring it up again. I just can't..." She could go no further, but burst into tears.

It was Daniel who went to her and put his arm around her and comforted her. "We are all in this together now." We had never needed each other more.

Anna and Butch and I, along with fifty million other Americans, watched the first day of hearings on television. Only Daniel and Rouse had been called to testify on the first day. They sat with the ACLU lawyer and with Zeb. He had not been subpoenaed, and to be seen with us now would completely ruin his career as a lawyer and as a politician, "But I can't deny you now," Zeb said. There was no one else on our side in the courtroom.

Congressman Toder presided over the hearings from a raised platform in the courtroom. He was a distinguished looking man with white hair, a kindly handsome face, and an amiable smile for the television camera. America sat back and watched his show.

"None of us need reminding," Toder began, "that there is a communist conspiracy to subvert the democracies of the world and to replace them with a Godless society, where freedom is to be replaced by subservience to the state, democracy replaced by dictatorship, and a free economic system replaced by state monopoly and bureaucracy. And where Marx and Lenin are to take the place of God. And as we all know, the communists will stop at nothing to achieve these aims. Bit by bit they have nibbled away at the free world. In Greece and Korea they openly invaded free countries. In Hungary they suppressed the strivings of a captive people. In Vietnam and Cuba they worked by guerilla warfare. Year by year they draw closer to us. First Korea, then Vietnam, then Cuba. Where will they be next year? I say it is time we drew the line."

The audience cheered and applauded. There was no doubt where they stood. As the camera was swept around the audience I recognized no one but Daniel and Rouse and Zeb.

"Now, my friends, the communists have struck into the heart of our great nation, into this heartland state of Missouri, where we in fitting salute to the great tribulations of this great state, now hold our sad in-

vestigation." Toder was beginning to flourish his words. He held all of America enthralled.

"Here in Missouri, the communists do not work by open invasion or guerilla warfare, but they work by infiltration and subtle subversion. They would attempt to lure us into a false unilateral disarmament, until that day when our guard is down and the communist ambassador hands one little note to the American ambassador which will say, we have one hundred missiles with hydrogen bomb warheads which are aimed at your one hundred largest cities, just as that one missile was aimed at Sedalia."

Toder had risen to his first crescendo and he paused to let it take effect.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is no wild fantasy. It is the explicit stated policy of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and of Communist China and of the Communist Party of the United States of America: I shall now read to you from a speech by Nikita Khrushchev, made on January 6, 1961 as a major strategy for the communist conspiracy around the world. Khrushchev said, and I quote, 'Every day bigger sections of the population should be drawn into the struggle for peace. The banner of peace enables us to rally the masses around us. By holding aloft this banner we will be even more successful.' And now I will read to you a major policy directive by the leader of the United States Communist Party, Gus Hall, dated January 20, 1961, just two weeks after the Khrushchev party line was dictated to all Communist parties around the world. I quote, 'It is necessary to widen the struggle for peace, to raise its level, to involve far greater numbers, to make it an issue in every community, every people's organization, every labor union, every church, every house, every street, every point of gathering of our people...'"

Toder took off his glasses and looked into the camera with an image of great honesty and candor. "I regret to say that the Communist Party line has extended as far as this, my beloved home district of Missouri. I am sorry." He wiped his perspiring face as if he were suffering. "I feel that as your Congressman I have failed you in letting things develop as far as they have. Perhaps, if we had taken action

sooner, we might have prevented communist infiltration and it might be that we could even have prevented the destruction of Sedalia."

I could almost feel sorry for this man whom we had defeated for re-election. This was his last scene before the public, and I suppose he really meant it when he said he had failed his constituents. Perhaps he really did hate us in Spruceville. I had never thought about him as a person before. But now, his personal hatred had become the vengeance of the entire nation against us.

Toder's opening speech was long. Not only did he continue to lecture on the evils of communism, but he called us traitors to the country and he continued to hint that somehow we were to blame for what had happened in Sedalia. There was no doubt now; we were to be the scapegoats.

Finally he finished and turned the show over to his prosecutor, a short man with a horsey face. "Jay Rouseman, come forward please," the prosecutor called out. His appearance was almost comical, but his voice was as sharp as a cutting tool.

Rouse came before the camera. He looked very tired and pale. Unlike Toder, he wore no makeup and the bright lights made him look vague and disconcerted. They showed bags under his eyes that I had never seen before.

"Mr. Rouseman, will you please be sworn. Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do," replied Rouse, his voice sounding flat and colorless.

"Would you state your full name and residence?"

"Jay Rouseman, Station WPAX, Spruceville, Missouri."

"What is your marital status?"

"Single."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a political organizer."

"Would you explain that, please."

"I am just that; I am a political organizer. I talk with people. I make them aware of their own power."

"And who pays you for this, Mr. Houseman?"

"At the moment I am under the pay of Peace News, Incorporated, as you well know."

"And in the past?"

"I have worked for various organizations."

"Would you name them for us please, beginning with the most recent and working back towards the past."

"No, sir, I will not. I do not believe that my past occupations are relevant to the purpose of this inquiry."

Toder interrupted. "Witness, perhaps I should remind you about the purpose of this inquiry. As I stated in my introductory remarks, the committee has been authorized by Rule X of the House of Representatives, section 121, number 17, Rule XI on the powers and duties of committees, section 2, 'the committee is authorized to make investigations of the extent, character and objects of un-American propagan-da activities in the United States,' and the question you were just asked is pertinent to that authority."

Rouse turned to the lawyer, and they conferred. The camera zoomed in on them and the microphones were so powerful that we could almost understand their whispers over the television.

"I refuse to answer that question on the basis of the Fifth Amend-ment," he replied.

The prosecutor cut into him. "When you state that you are invoking the Fifth Amendment, do you invoke the self-incrimination clause of that amendment?"

"If that is required, then yes."

"The question is, are you presently invoking it?"

"Yes, I am."

"You must make the decision as to whether it is needed."

"Yes, I am. I feel that to list my organizational affiliations requires me to involve the good people of those organizations in this illegal and immoral star chamber and..."

"We will allow no attacks upon the authority of this body!" Toder shouted down from the podium and banged his gavel. "Such attacks will be considered as grounds for Contempt for Congress. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir." Rouse seemed beaten. His face was pale and tired. The strength that I had always known in him, even when we most strongly disagreed, was dissipated now and he seemed helpless.

"Do I understand that you have invoked clause of self-incrimination." the prosecutor continued.

"Yes, sir."

"You understand that that indicates if you were to answer this particular question it might subject you to a criminal prosecution?"

"I understand, sir, that there is no other grounds on which I can refuse to answer your question, that's what I understand." Rouse flashed back and for a moment there was strength in his voice.

"Next question," said Toder. He sounded almost bored. They were just playing games with Rouse now.

"Were you the editor of the magazine 'Active' when you were a student at Columbia College?"

"Yes."

"Would you tell the committee how you attained the position of editor?"

Rouse conferred with the lawyer. "I refuse to answer that question. I do not feel that my personal connections at that time were related to the subject of this inquiry."

"I believe, Mr. Rouseman," Toder leaned over towards him and his face loomed on the television screen, "that we have already indicated to the purpose of this inquiry and that it is the privilege of this committee to decide what is relevant and what is not relevant. We don't need you to tell us how to conduct our hearings. Now answer the question."

"Would you tell the committee how you attained the position of editor?" the prosecutor repeated.

"I refuse to answer that question on the grounds of the self-incrimination clause of the Fifth Amendment." There was no other way for him to go.

The prosecutor took out a newspaper. "I wish to show you the following issue of the magazine 'Active,' dated April 4, 1957. This particular article from which I will read opposed the continued testing of atomic weapons by the United States. It did not take a stand against testing by the Soviet Union, however." The prosecutor read from the article in a dry voice. Then he read another statement quite similar in content. "The second statement," he said, "is a statement from the official Russian news agency, Tass."

"I object," Rouse shouted. "The fact that I arrived at the same ideas as a communist newspaper does not prove anything. Nuclear testing was..."

"Next question," Toder said smoothly and the steamroller ran over Rouse's objection.

Each set of questions was simed to show a new circumstantial link between Rouse and some communist or subversive organization. And each time Rouse refused to answer a question, they struck him down harder and deeper.

"Did you or did you not attend the Eighth World Youth Festival held in Helsinki, Finland, during the summer of 1962?"

Rouse consulted with the lawyer. "I refuse to answer that question on the grounds previously stated."

"The Preparatory Committee of the Eighth World Youth Festival, as was the case with prior festivals held periodically, was dominated and controlled by communists. The investigations of this committee have previously shown that, although the World Youth Festivals are ballyhooed as democratic forums for advancing the aspirations of young people everywhere, they have been, in reality, devised and used as a medium for disseminating Communist propaganda. Were you aware at the time of your attendance at the festival that the festival was organized for the purpose of advancing the objectives of the world communist movement?"

"I refuse to answer that question on the grounds previously stated."

To millions of listeners, these words were enough to prove his guilt. No doubt Rouse had gone to the Festival honestly but if he answered "I went because I believed in it" they would have pressed him further and further, making him responsible for every real and imagined communist plot or challenge to the United States. No matter what he said he would be found guilty and the more he said, the wider would grow the bounds of their accusation. Once the stone of their charges struck home once, the rings in the water grew and grew and each new splash began new rings.

"Did you or did you not deliver a speech to the People's Club of West 83rd Street in New York City on April 2, 1964, entitled, 'How American Imperialism Effects the Working Man and the Underdeveloped Nations'," the prosecutor was asking.

"I refuse to answer that question on the grounds stated previously."

"Were you aware that it is the same address as the one previously occupied by the West Side Communist Party before the Communist Party was officially labeled by the Attorney General of the United States as a subversive organization?"

"I refuse to answer that question on the grounds stated previously."

"I would like to insert into the record exhibit number 20 against Jay Rouseman, the issue of the Worker for March 25, 1964. There is an advertisement in this paper, the official organ of the Communist Party in the United States, for a talk to be given by one Jay Rouseman, entitled 'How American Imperialism Effects the Working Man and the Underdeveloped Nations' at the People's Club of New York. What was the purpose of that talk, Mr. Rouseman?"

"I refuse to answer that question on the grounds stated previously."

"Were you asked to make that talk by any member or functionary of the Communist Party, official or unofficial?"

"I refuse to answer that question."

"Was the topic or the contents of the talk given to you by any Communist Party official or any other agent of a foreign power?"

"I refuse to answer that question."

Rouse, whom I had always known as a strong-willed and invincible man, not always sensitive to the needs of others, not always ob-

jective in his politics, but strong at least, was now reduced to the state of a defenseless idiot, mouthing the same words over and over, while the prosecutor threw one stone of accusation after another.

"Mr. Rouseman," said the prosecutor sarcastically, "here's a question which you ought to be capable of answering. Do you believe that the capitalist system of the United States should be overthrown?"

"It depends upon what you mean by overthrown," Rouse replied weakly.

"Changed. How's that? Can you understand that?" he said sarcastically.

"If you mean changed, yes. But I have never advocated overthrow of the government by force, if that's what you mean. In fact, the Communist Party of the United States, as you well ought to know by now, advocates change by electoral politics."

"I am not asking you about the Communist Party," the prosecutor laughed nervously, "although if you would like to tell us more about your connections with the Party, please proceed."

"I do believe that a socialist society in the United States would be preferable to a capitalist society because it would enable workers to work for themselves rather than for an owner who profits off their labor and because it would allow us to treat other countries as equals instead of as markets or sources for raw materials."

"That's quite enough, Mr. Rouseman," Toder interrupted. "I think it is clear to all of us that you are a communist. We need no doctrinary lectures from you on the writings of Mao Tse-Tung or whoever you read."

"Proceed, counsel."

"When you joined the staff of WPAX in July of this year, were you requested to do so by any member or representative of the Communist Party?"

"No."

"Did you speak with any members of the Communist Party about whether or not you should take the job?"

"I refuse to answer that question on \ grounds of the Fifth Amendment."

"Did they indicate to you that if you were to work for station WPAX you might be enabled to achieve a position of importance in the American Peace Movement from which you could influence the disarmament of the United States?"

"No, that is not true at all." Rouse's voice took on sudden strength. "I went to work with Peace News because I believe in world peace, it's as simple as that. If there is a World War III then neither communism nor capitalism will survive. Nothing will survive. This country is the one country in the world that holds the key as to whether that war will occur. That's why I..."

"That's enough," interrupted the prosecutor.

"No, that's not enough," Rouse continued. "I asked you earlier if I might read a statement about why I work for the peace movement. That's the beginning of it and I would like to continue reading it now."

Toder took over from the prosecutor. "Did we not tell you earlier that your statement was deemed irrelevant to the proceedings of this court, I mean, irrelevant to the proceedings of these hearings."

"An interesting slip," Butch whispered to me.

Rouse replied quickly. "It seems to me that it is quite apparent now that my statement is relevant. I wish to read it in answer to the last question, my reasons for working for world peace."

"Relevant or not," Toder said, slightly flustered now by his slip of tongue, "no statements may be allowed at these hearings unless they have been approved by a majority vote of the committee and the com-

mittee has not yet voted on your request. If it votes in your favor, then the statement will be inserted in the published record of the hearings."

"I insist that I be allowed to..."

"Out of order!" Toder slammed his gavel down hard on the podium. "Next question please, counsel."

When Rouse left the stand, he was a broken man. He was surrounded and hidden by crowds of newspaper men. The television camera could not even get at him. I could see a glimpse of Zeb trying to hand out copies of Rouse's statement, 'Why, as a Marxist, I believe in World Peace', but it did no good. It was not even mentioned in any of the press coverage that evening. The reporters ignored it. Instead, each one vied with the other to find out one further piece of dirt, one further accusation, so that their newspaper could have a longer list than the next.

Daniel was next.

Daniel also had bags under his eyes from the television lighting and he looked older. The prosecutor fired the opening questions at him. Then Toder took the initiative. He spoke more mildly and his face seemed kind by contrast. No doubt he had already won the hearts of millions of listeners.

"Mr. Buchanan, when you hired Mr. Rouseman at your station, surely you were not aware of all his communist connections, were you?" His voice was dangerously sweet.

"Would you define what you mean by 'all his communist connections?'"

"I mean, Mr. Buchanan, that surely some of the testimony which you have just heard must have been rather a shock to you. You know, we have not accused you of being a communist but rather, I suspect, you have been duped by them, as are millions of Americans every day."

"That is not an accurate statement. I do not feel that I have been duped," Daniel replied. "I was aware of most of the things which you have accused Mr. Rouseman about this afternoon and, may I say, that although I do not share his view of economics, I agree with him that this country holds the key to world peace and that no matter what your political and economic beliefs..."

"Did I understand you correctly, Mr. Buchanon, that you say you are not surprised by Mr. Rouseman's testimony?" Toder looked stern.

"That is correct."

"Then, I may assume that you willingly hired a communist to work for your station."

"I do not believe that you have shown or that he has stated he is a communist."

"I think it is quite evident, is it not?" Toder replied, more sharply now.

"He has informed me that he is not a member of the Communist Party."

"But that is only a formality, Mr. Buchanon. Surely you are not so simple. I believe that it has been obvious to everyone else at these hearings that the man you hired is a communist infiltrator and if you are not surprised by his testimony then we must assume that you willingly hired him as such. Counsel, will you proceed please."

"Mr. Chairman," Daniel interrupted, "as long as you make your own rules as to what is a communist and what is a subversive, then the peace movement can always be smeared anytime you please."

"You are out of order," shouted Toder.

But Daniel continued. "I prepared a statement and submitted it to the committee 48 hours in advance and I would like to read that state-

ment. It concerns why we hired Mr. Rouseman and why the peace movement..."

"Your statement, Mr. Buchanan, has not been approved yet and it is not on the agenda for today's meeting. Counsel, will you please proceed."

The prosecutor cut in now with the next question. "Will you explain to the committee why station WPAX has repeatedly called upon the United States to take the lead in disarmament and has never called upon the Soviet Union or China to disarm?"

"Our station took no formal policy stands except for world peace," Daniel replied. "we never advocated unilateral disarmament and most of the organizations represented in Peace News do not advocate unilateral disarmament but rather mutual disarmament under strict international supervision."

"Then can you explain to us why your newscasts often criticized American policy and rarely or never criticized the policies of China or the Soviet Union."

"Yes. We have never offered apologies for the conduct of the Soviet Union or China and we have not criticized them either. we are in no position to try to change their policies. We are American citizens and we are in a position where we can try to change our own country's policy. Besides that, any criticism of communist countries on our part would only add to what is already a pathological fear of communism in this country, as exemplified by the paranoia of these hearings."

"Are you accusing this committee of mental illness?" Toder spoke sharply from the podium.

"Insofar as you share in this country's irrational fears, yes."

"Any attack upon this committee will be considered grounds for Contempt for Congress," Toder warned. Daniel had really angered him now. "Next question, counsel."

"Mr. Buchanon," said the prosecutor. "Did you or did you not authorize the publication of the following news release entitled 'the Probability of Nuclear War by Accident?'" The camera shot a quick exposure of the paper that Anna and I had prepared. Toder handed it to his prosecutor who handed it in turn to Daniel with the words, "Buchanon exhibit No. 1."

Daniel looked it over. "Yes," he answered. "This was written upon the request from Mr. Zebulon Long as a background paper for his candidacy for Congress."

"And does this document not suggest that the probabilities of nuclear accident are very high?"

"Yes, it does."

"It quotes from many sources, none of which come from the authoritative US government sources on the subject?"

"I would say that our sources are authoritative. Most of them are recognized scientists who have worked on nuclear problems at one time or another, or who have an expert knowledge of probability mathematics."

"I repeat the question. Please answer it directly. Did you quote any United States government authoritative sources in your paper?"

"No."

"Would you care to tell us why you did not quote such sources?"

"I did not do the actual research on the document."

"Would you tell us who did that research?"

"I believe that was done by Alan Boyd and Anna Hjelm."

"Was it under your direction?"

"Yes."

"Then, you are responsible for its contents?"

"Yes, you could say that."

"Does it not seem strange to you that you should not have quoted the sources which are most recognized on the subject, members of the United States Air Force and the Atomic Energy Commission, men who have made it their life's work to protect this country, not only from enemy nuclear weapons, but from accidental explosions of our own?"

"No, it does not seem so strange. The government generally suppresses any information which it feels contradicts their own policy. For example, during the negotiations on the Test Ban Treaty the Atomic Energy Commission suppressed the most vital information...."

"You are out of order, Mr. Buchanan. Answer the question directly. Does it or does it not seem strange to you that you should have deliberately avoided using official Government material?"

"No."

"Are you aware that there are documents and releases issued by this government which show that the chances of an accidental nuclear explosion are practically nothing?"

"They are practically nothing for any given one minute of time, but over time even the smallest probabilities become almost certainty," Daniel argued back.

"You will agree that you deliberately avoided using official Government material?"

"No. The relevant material is not available from the government. It is kept top secret."

"But you will take responsibility for that publication?"

"Yes."

The prosecutor reached out and took back the document and then went on to the next question.

"Have you ever been approached, either in person or by mail, from the communist Party or any foreign agency with suggestions about what you should say and how you should conduct your station?"

"No."

"I hand you a copy of the Worker, the official publication of the Communist Party of the United States, dated June 7 of this year, with an article about your station suggesting that Peace News, Incorporated was making possible a successful coordination of the peace movement in America and urging support of the organization by all Communists. This is Buchanon exhibit number 2. Are you familiar with this article?"

"No."

"And yet you must admit that your station is on the regular mailing list of the Worker?"

"We probably are. we have a very large number of periodicals arriving at the station. But if you are inferring by that remark that I should be familiar with the regular mailing list of the Communist Worker then that is a mistaken inference."

"Will you admit that your station regularly receives mail from Communist China."

"I don't know. We may receive periodicals from there. I don't think that proves anything."

The prosecutor continued linking us at the station with communism in every conceivable circumstantial way. He sited articles about us in communist periodicals applauding our work. He listed organizations

for which we had broadcast news and called them subversive organizations and finally he attacked the financial base of the station.

"Your income tax returns from the station last year showed an income of one hundred fourteen thousand dollars. Will you itemize the origin of that money?"

Daniel colored. He had run through the entire fortune of his wife in two years. Would he tell this in front of fifty million people? He murmured an answer too softly for us to hear.

"Answer the question directly! I cannot hear your reply!" Toder interjected.

"I say, I prefer not to answer that question." Daniel looked away from the camera. He seemed very tired.

"On what grounds do you refuse to answer?" the prosecutor challenged.

"I refuse to answer on the grounds of the Fifth Amendment."

"Would you tell us if any of that money came from communist organizations?"

"No, as far as I know, none of it came from communist organizations."

"But some of it was in the form of contributions."

"Yes."

"How do you know whether some of these contributions originated from Communist sources?"

"Not as far as I know, I said."

"But you do not know for certain."

"No, I guess not."

"Will you make available to this committee a list of contributors?"

Daniel conferred with our lawyer.

"No."

"On what grounds do you refuse?"

"On the grounds of the Fifth Amendment."

"The Fifth Amendment is not applicable for this," Toder interrupted again. "If necessary we can subpoena those records from you and if you refuse you can be found guilty of Contempt of Congress."

Once again Daniel conferred with our lawyer. "I decline to submit that list on the grounds of the husband and wife privileges as guaranteed by Rule XII of the rules of this committee, as well as by Federal Statute."

Daniel had lost. He had not mentioned his wife directly at the hearings, but when the reporters crowded around afterwards, their questions were only about his wife and now it would be only a matter of time before one of them could track her down and bring her into the public spectacle. Once again Zeb tried to hand out copies of Daniel's statement and once again the press ignored it. The news reports on Daniel mentioned only his refusal to answer questions, his connections with Rouse, and his mysterious wife. There was even speculation that she might be subpoenaed to testify.

Anna was the last witness of the day and they attacked her in the same manner as they had attacked Rouse and Daniel. Only at the end did she try to fight back.

For some time they had questioned her about her father, who had appeared before the committee as an accused communist in 1953. One by one they reviewed the charges against him and tried to get her to testify against him. On many of the charges she pleaded that

she had been too young at the time to understand what her father was doing. Finally, they came to one secret meeting which had been held at their house. "Surely you must have had some idea of what your father was doing. Even eleven year olds can see and hear things."

Annie began her reply in a very quiet voice. "The FBI probably told you many things about my father, but there is one thing that it appears that they neglected to mention. After I was ten years old I only saw my father three times, because you were hunting him down and all we knew was that my father was like an animal to be hunted and so we only saw him when we took a train one Way and got off where no one could see us and went back another way and met him in somebody's car in a back alley that smelled like garbage and ..."

"That is sufficient," Toder was shouting.

But Annie would not stop. She rose to her feet and out-shouted Toder, "and my Daddy would kiss us and say he loved us and someday maybe people who wanted peace in the world might be free and speak what they believed in without being hunted down by animals..."

"Contempt! I charge you with Contempt!" Toder was shouting and Annie was dragged from the stand into a wild melee of guards and audience, and the first day's hearings were over. For a while Anna was lost and then the camera zoomed in on her and she was being taken out the door by the guards and there was another man being taken out with her with blood on his face and his shirt torn with the fighting. I got one glance at him as the camera swung around. It was Bruce Morgan from Pennsylvania. One man, at least, had come to support us.

A second day of hearings were held the next day. Butch and I were not scheduled to testify until the following week, but they asked us to attend just in case they decided to call us early instead.

The first witness was a man I had never seen before. He was tall, rather good looking, middle aged and dressed in a business suit. In

response to questions he said that he had a law degree and that he worked as a coordinator of Civil Defense in the Middlewest region.

The prosecutor turned rather obviously to face the camera. "Last January the Attorney General issued an announcement concerning the attempted enlistment by two Soviet consulate employees of one Herbert Phillips in a Soviet intelligence and subversion apparatus. This was widely reported in the press at that time. You are the Herbert Phillips to whom the Attorney General referred, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," he answered quietly.

"When you were first contacted by a Soviet agent in 1964, according to reports, did you not, as a loyal and patriotic citizen, report the incident to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and thereafter cooperate fully with your Government in this matter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Phillips, the committee realizes from prior contact with you that you possess considerable information of interest to us and the American people concerning Soviet espionage tactics and infiltration of American institutions. That account, however, is not directly related to this inquiry and we need not pursue the matter in any detail now. But you did learn from Soviet agents Lishukov and Mitsev other things that are pertinent to this hearing and it is about these matters that we would like to receive your testimony. Will you tell us the nature of the information they wanted you to obtain?"

"After our acquaintanceship had been established, Mitsev hinted to me that I was in a position where I could obtain a great deal of secret information from the United States government concerned with our radar net and its areas of least effectiveness, and he suggested that if I were to obtain such information that he would see to it that I was paid a large sum for it."

"What was the amount of money."

"They promised me a thousand dollars for the first information and more for additional information."

"And what was this information to be used for?"

"As far as I could tell they wanted to be able to send a missile into this country without its ever having been detected on a radar screen."

The courtroom broke into a clamor, and reporters rushed to grab the telephones first. It was a major story already. "One further question on this topic, Mr. Phillips. As far as you know, is it possible for the enemy to do this, to send a missile into this country without being detected?"

"No, sir, I don't believe that it is. I believe they tried that at Sedalia and they were unsuccessful!"

Toder looked particularly pleased. He had now furnished headlines to the nation and his picture would be known to every American as the defender of their liberty. I shuddered to realize that I could be the next called and my name would live in infamy.

"Next witness, counsel."

The prosecutor stood up. "Mickey Harkins, come forward please."

A side door opened and Mickey appeared, flanked by two guards.

It was the first time I had seen him in a month. He seemed healthy, but very nervous. The preliminary questions were quickly finished and he was asked if he had worked at the station and if he had known Rouse and Daniel well.

"Yes, sir." There was no hesitation in his reply.

"Would you tell the committee why you left the station."

Mickey looked around at us, nervously. "Because I realized that they were following the communist line and that I should not be associated with them."

"And then, as was your patriotic duty, you volunteered to this committee all information which you had available on the work of that station, is that not correct?"

"Yes, sir." He avoided our eyes now. I was so furious that I had to restrain myself from assaulting him right in front of the cameras.

"According to what you have told us, Jay Rouseman was hired by Mr. Buchanon and his staff in full knowledge of his past connections."

"Yes, that's right. I was at the meeting when we considered hiring him. And we were fully aware of it. At the time I was doubtful that I should remain in the organization at all, but I decided to stay until after the election campaign was over."

"Did the station take a particular interest in accidental nuclear explosions?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact they did. I remember that Alan and Anna did a lot of research on that topic, although I did not understand exactly why at the time. They put together a long list of famous scientists who said that war could be started by an accidental nuclear explosion."

"Why do you think they were interested in that subject?"

"I object," our lawyer jumped up.

"On what grounds do you object?" Toder asked quietly and confidentially.

"The opinions of the witness are not relevant to the inquiry."

"I believe sir," Toder rebutted him quietly still, "that the committee is the sole judge of what is relevant in this investigation and we don't need you to tell us how to run our proceedings."

"Do you recall if the station received mail from Communist China?" the prosecutor returned to Mickey.

"Yes, they did."

"What did the mail consist of?"

"Mostly it was propaganda. I know that they read the propaganda and that it had some influence on them, but they did not broadcast it directly on the station. But I have reason to believe that they received other information as well, though I never saw the originals."

"What makes you suspect that they received other information."

"About two weeks before I left the station I heard Alan Boyd talking to Anna Hjelm about what would happen if there were an accidental explosion in the United States and if that might not be sufficient to convince the American people that they should have disarmament."

"And what was their opinion about that?"

"They said that they thought that it could be done providing they could mobilize public opinion quickly enough after the explosions. They thought that if enough people were killed in such an explosion the nation might reject nuclear weapons as a means of defense."

I searched my memory trying to recall any such conversation but I could not remember it at all. But it would only be our word against Mickey's and the public might never hear our word.

"And what connection does that have to mail from China?"

"Well, you see, I didn't understand it at the time but now I do. The conversation they had was in response to a letter they had received

from China about the possibility of smuggling a bomb into the United States or else slipping a missile through radar defenses and making it look like an accidental explosion. And now that I look back on it they were getting ready to mobilize a public outcry against that explosion so that the United States would come out for disarmament. If this committee had not investigated the station and closed it down, I think that they would have led the Chinese propaganda drive in this country for disarmament, as a part of the bombing of Sedalia..."

By that time I could no longer even hear what he was saying but the flood of fury was pounding at my ears and my fists were tight and I was up and shouting, "That's a lie! That's a lie!" And the guards were carrying me out of the room struggling while I was struck and spat upon by the people of Joplin who had come to see our trial.

The Defense

At two o'clock on Saturday morning I was awakened by Butch.

"There's a call for you from Germany."

"What?" It was pitch black in the room and I was still immersed in a dream about Toder and staircases and a nameless fear that I could not escape.

"Wake up, Alan. The operator says its costing fifteen dollars a minute."

I pulled a blanket around me and went to the phone.

"Hello."

"Tonto, dis ist die Lone Ranger. Remember me?"

"What?" I laughed, waking up slowly.

"Tonto, dis ist die Lone Ranger. Write what I say on paper."

The voice was thick with a German accent and muffled, and yet it sounded familiar, as if it came out of my dreams.

Obediently I picked up a piece of paper and a pencil.

"Please write yourself carefully," the voice continued. "Patterson, Chelsea, Singer, V.A., Patterson, Smith, Hisaw, Singer, Summers, at time Smith, Jenkins, Summers. Did you write that please?"

"What?" I had written only a few words in my surprise.

"I will read once further. write now. Patterson, Chelsea, Singer, V.A., Patterson, Smith, Hisaw, Singer, Summers, at time Smith, Jenkins, Summers. Read to me now please."

I repeated the names to the voice. "Gut," he replied and the receiver clicked down.

"Hello?"

There was no further word. I started to run in to show the message to Butch and then I hesitated. The voice was familiar. The Lone Ranger? Yes. Hisaw, yes. Chelsea, Jenkins, Patterson, yes. Yes.

I ran to Butch's room. "Listen," I whispered. "I've got to get out of here. Never mind why. But whatever you do, don't leave this telephone. I may need you later." I started to leave and then, as an afterthought, "and get ready to put the station on the air if I ask you to. Is that all right?"

"Can't you tell me what's happening?"

"I'm not sure yet myself."

I took what money I could find in the station and the keys to Rouse's Mercedes. Then, as swiftly and silently as I could, I went out under the cold starry night and climbed into the car. There was no noise. I started the engine on one turn, gunned it and shot out of the driveway of the station onto the road, my lights still off. A moment later, two headlights appeared behind me as the FBI car pulled out to follow.

In Spruceville, at the main intersection, the other FBI car was just starting. If I had been a second later they would have blocked the entrance to the road, but as it was I beat them to it and got the jump on them, and turned the corner, my lights still off and the tires screeching. I pushed the gas pedal to the floor and accelerated down the first straight stretch of road. Rouse's car responded like a dream. The speedometer climbed to ninety. I could feel the power pushing me back in the seat. The road was a faint white strip in the starlight and I knew that somewhere ahead there would be a curve. I turned on the lights just in time, hit the breaks and then went into the curve. The car was riding on only two wheels, but it was low and strong and I gripped the wheel and pulled it through. The lights of the FBI were well behind me now. At the first dirt cross-roads I turned the lights off, slowed down slightly and swung into the side road just enough to kick up the dust. A half mile later I looked back and saw that they had stopped to

investigate. I stopped at the next dirt road, turned carefully, raising no dust, and followed it back into the hills. I was free.

Then, slowly and carefully, I began a journey that took me along every back road across the corner of Missouri and into Oklahoma, past dark farmhouses and across main road junctions, through the night and into the morning. At Bartlesville, Oklahoma, I chose the place to make my phone call. At the main hospital I went into one of the wards and spoke to a nurse.

"Where can I make a phone call to another part of the hospital?"

She pointed me to a booth. I dialed "nine" on the phone and got the outside operator.

"Operator, I'd like to place a long distance call on this phone and bill it to my phone in Joplin, Missouri. Is that all right?"

"My name is Zebulon Long, Jr. and my number is GL 1-2583. I'd like to place a station to station call to West Germany. That's right. No, there's no one at our house now to answer the call, since I'm over here on business. Yes, I'd appreciate it greatly. I waited while she checked Zeb's number. "The number I'm calling in Germany is 342-VA—3—5728. No, I don't know the city, I'm sorry. Thank you."

There was a long pause, then the sounds of dialing and another pause. A voice answered with a British accent and my operator repeated the number. There was a click and a change in tone and another click. Connection after connection fell into place and went ringing out wires, across the ocean and country after country. Then a phone was ringing and someone picked it up.

"Hello," I said, "this is your brother Billy the Kid. How the hell are you?"

"Hello," came the reply, in perfect English. There was only one trouble. The voice was that of a woman.

"Hello, Betty," I said. I was frightened but I tried to sound casual. "I expected to talk to Jim."

"Jim's not here at the moment, but we can still talk for a minute. Where are you calling from?"

"Bartlesville."

"Oh really. You know while you're there you really ought to talk to a couple of friends of ours. Do you know Colonel James Dixon and General Michael Snow?"

"No, but let me take their names down."

"Come to think of it, I guess they must be in Omaha, in the Air Force there. You know I never can get those things straight."

"Colonel James Dixon and General Michael Snow," I repeated.

"Yes, that's right. They're good friends of ours. They have some connections with the people we knew in Sedalia. Very interesting connections. Sort of by accident that we know them, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah. Sort of by accident. I know what you mean."

"Well, I'm sure Jim will be sorry to have missed you but I'll tell him you called. That's all I can think of now."

"Thank you a lot Betty. Goodbye."

Then I was on the road again. After Bartlesville as I headed north, I stayed on the straight, unpaved side roads that border the original township lines of Oklahoma and then Kansas. I knew that by now there would be a manhunt going and every police car was a potential enemy. The sun was high and I was driving across flat wheat lands. I crossed highway 40 without being spotted and then there was only one more main highway to cross before Nebraska. I was counting on the manhunt not to extend that far.

There was a car behind me, traveling fast, but still obscured in the dust I was raising. I slowed down to within the speed limit and watched it gaining on me. I held my speed, afraid to race. It was the police.

I waited until they were right up behind me. Then their red light was flashing and the siren started up. "Let's go, baby," I whispered to Rouse's car and floorboarded it. We shot away with a cloud of dust. "That ought to slow them down a little," I patted the dashboard.

There is one problem with the township roads of Kansas. They are straight along the edges of the township, but they make right angle corners at the corners of the township. When we came to one of those corners going ninety miles an hour the car just jumped up into the air and came down, still racing, in a field. The whole thing happened so fast that I had no time to be frightened. Instead, I just continued driving across the field and up to the edge of a forest, abandoned the car and took off running into the trees.

The minutes seemed like hours that I used in order to make my way through briars and thickets and swampy ground until I came out on the first road, and I did not dare take that. I continued across fields and another woods to a second road and hitched a ride going east into the town of Blue Rapids. The first car picked me up. Kansans are friendly.

In Blue Rapids, instead of trying to stand out on the highway hitching, I waited at a service station, struck up a conversation with a truck driver over a pinball machine, and caught a ride with him into Omaha. Now that the car had been discovered, I knew the manhunt would extend into Nebraska. Only Snow and Dixon must not hear of it.

The stores were still open that afternoon when I arrived in Omaha.

I bought a briefcase and a tape recorder and tapes and then, as I was leaving, I thought again and bought a second tape recorder. "Now what would capture the interest of a general?" I thought to myself. How about first aid? The Red Cross office was closed, but I found a number of first aid books in a local bookstore.

I started to register in a hotel under a phony name, but then I thought better of it and called up an old peace movement contact in the city, a young minister named Dave McIntyre. "Listen, Dave, could you harbor a fugitive for the night? I guess you know there's a man-hunt out for me, but if I'm caught no one need know where I spend the night." Dave hesitated and then agreed. He was a preacher, but he was a great guy.

There were two other phone calls to make. One was to the number listed for Colonel James Dixon.

"Hello, is the man of the house at home?"

"No," the woman answered.

"When do you expect him in?"

"He should be home from work in about an hour."

"Can I reach him in the morning?"

"Yes, he should be here all morning."

"I'll call back then, thank you."

The other call was to the number of General Michael Snow. Again I was lucky and the general was not yet home, so I spoke with one of his children.

"When do you think your Daddy is going to come home?" I asked.

"Mommy, when is Daddy coming home," I could hear over the line.

"Mommy says Daddy won't get home until late tonight. He's going to a meeting for supper and then they're going to play bridge at the Whittleseys."

"What?" the little girl yelled back to her mommy.

"She wants to know who is calling?" she repeated to me.

"Tell her this is the man from the Red Cross."

"Thank you."

Dave seemed to be a bit annoyed that evening when I accepted his hospitality but spent the entire evening reading about life-saving and refused to tell him why I was running from the police. But he and I had become good friends when I had toured America and I trusted him.

The next morning, Sunday, while Dave went to church, I borrowed his car and drove out to the suburban address listed for Colonel James Dixon. I could only hope that he was home as his wife had said. His house was a long, ranch style building, identical to those of his neighbors, with a large lawn no trees, one picture window and a two-car garage. I gripped my Red Cross briefcase, the tape recorder running inside, and went to the door.

Dixon answered the bell. He was wearing baggy trousers and an old flannel shirt, relaxing on his day off.

"Good morning," I said, trying hard to keep from showing my nervousness. "I am working for the American Red Cross and we are trying to determine the first aid abilities of Americans. May I ask you a couple of questions?"

"Red Cross" must have been the key word. Dixon ushered me graciously into his home. The living room was long and sumptuous with pine paneling and thick green drapes and carpets. At one end of the room was a glass cabinet filled with old rifles polished for display.

I had prepared a questionnaire and I went through it slowly, observing him carefully as I went. He was a large man, heavy set and florid, beginning to bald. He looked as if he had once been in excellent physical condition but had let his muscle go to fat around his belly. He was smoking a cigar and lounging comfortably while I talked.

"The next question has to do with radiation burns," I said, watching his face closely. So far no sign of emotion. "This question has particular relevance these days what with the accidental explosion in Sedalia and everything."

Dixon reacted perfectly. His face turned bright red and I knew that I had struck home. "What do you mean accidental explosion?" he blustered. "That missile was no accident!"

"Do you really believe that the Chinese meant to fire it?" I asked innocently. "I mean I sort of assumed that they let it get away."

"Didn't you read about new evidence in the paper yesterday?"

Dixon fetched a newspaper from the other side of the room. He seemed very nervous now. He showed me the story about our hearings and Mickey's testimony. "You see, the whole thing was planned by the Chinese to test our nerve. But it's going to backfire on them. We're going to wipe them out. You know what I mean?" "He swept his hand across an imaginary space, through air in front of me, as if to destroy everything in that space. "We're going to wipe their country clean."

I finished our interview quickly and rushed back to Dave's apartment. The tape had picked up our conversation, but it was muffled because the microphone was in the briefcase. There seemed no where else I could put it, however.

I called General Snow's house next and found him in. I told him I was the man from the Red Cross that had called the day before and that I would like to interview him that afternoon. He sounded suspicious that I wanted to see him on a Sunday, but I responded that I had tried to reach him during the week and failed. "Not today," he said. I pressed him, trying to keep him from hanging up, telling him that this was the last week of the survey and I thought it would be good for him to check his life-saving abilities. Finally, he agreed to see me for a while at three o'clock.

At two thirty I called from a phone booth to Butch, in Spruceville. The FBI was listening, I knew, but I was gambling with time now. Only an hour and everything would be over. "Butch, I want you to broadcast this information over the radio beginning at three o'clock and keep it on once every five minutes for the next hour. Colonel James Dixon of the Strategic Air Command has just called a press conference for tomorrow morning in Omaha to announce an important breakthrough in the explosion at Sedalia. He declined to state the exact nature of the breakthrough, but hinted that it may not have been due to a Chinese missile. Got it? Excellent. And use auxiliary power. I want to hear it clearly throughout the Midwest."

At three o'clock I was in Snow's living room. As soon as I entered the house, I said to him, "Did you hear the news bulletin on the radio a minute ago?"

"No," Snow seemed cooler than Dixon. He was small, with a black mustache and sharp, black eyes.

"It's something about the Sedalia missile. A Corporal Nixon is going to make a statement."

Snow examined me, visibly troubled, "Are you sure it wasn't a Colonel Dixon?"

"Turn on the radio and you can hear it," I said.

Snow turned on his radio and dialed through the stations, but, of course, there were no bulletins. "Here, let me," I said. "I had it on the car radio." I dialed carefully through the position of WPAX. Butch was playing music. I played around with the other stations. "I know I was listening somewhere around here," I said, dialing at the other end from WPAX, "but maybe it will be on another station." I set the dial at WPAX and let the music continue. We sat down to begin the interview. Snow was obviously nervous. He drummed his fingers on the chair.

"We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin," Butch's voice broke into our interview. "There is a major breakthrough in the Sedalia missile explosion. A Colonel from the Strategic Air Command

in Omaha, Colonel James Dixon, has announced that he will hold a press conference tomorrow morning to announce important new information about the explosion..."

Before Butch could finish the news bulletin, Snow had already left the room. He said nothing to me at all, but simply left. I sat and awaited his return. I switched off the radio. I had hoped that he might react in front of me, but he had been too cool-headed for that.

There was no sound in the house. I moved my briefcase over near the telephone, took out the microphone, shielding it from view with my body, slipped my fingers under the telephone to hold the button down and placed the receiver next to the microphone. Then, slowly, gently, infinitely gently, I released the button.

Snow was on the phone and he was practically screaming. "You idiot!" Inside the briefcase the quiet tapes revolved slowly and the amplitude needle jumped back and forth. And the words of Snow were reproduced precisely.

It wasn't until I was safely back at Dave's apartment that I could listen to what was said in that conversation.

"You idiot!" Snow was shouting, "What do you mean, you don't know what I'm talking about. If I was over there, I'd take care of you for good. And I'm warning you, you're not going to get away with this. They'll hang you, Dixon! They'll hang you from the nearest tree. And they're not going to touch me, do you hear that!"

Colonel Dixon kept trying to break in, but Snow kept shouting without giving him a chance. "That radar was yours and there's no way to prove that I knew about it at all. as far as I'm concerned I never knew anything about it. Do you understand? And as for Martin, don't forget that you're the one who's responsible for getting rid of him, not me. They can hang you for that alone."

By this time, Dixon was shouting also. "You can't fink out like that, Snow! I don't know what you're trying to pull, but don't forget that you were the one who faked those records. You were the one who went to

Ablemeyer or whatever his name is. You're not clean and don't you forget it!"

It was Snow's turn. "You can't prove a thing on me. Ablemeyer is my man and he's going to say it was you that came to see him. Do you understand that Dixon. I say that if you call this press conference of yours, I'm going to see Ablemeyer. You'd better call it off."

After the names Martin and Ablemeyer, there was no further information that I could use. Instead, Dixon tried to convince General Snow that he had not called a news conference and that Snow had been fooled. Even at the end of the conversation, Snow was not completely convinced; he warned Colonel Dixon that if he betrayed their secret, he would have to take the blame himself.

By using both tape recorders I made several copies of the tape and boxed them and sent them to Cybele in Berkeley and the psychologist in Des Moines and Zeb in Joplin, with instructions that they were not to be played, but held in case I needed them back. In the note to Zeb, however, I told him to listen to the tape. I planned to pick it up from him. Also, I played the tape over until I had memorized the contents. I could not afford to let the FBI get hold of them now. I left the tape recorders along with a note for Dave and went down to the bus station to return to Spruceville. Within the hour I had been arrested and searched, but all the tapes were now safely in the mail.

Only after my arrest did I relax enough to realize how frightened I had been. My mind was so jumpy that I was startled by the slightest noise.

My imagination raced into every possible trap and failure. What if no one would believe the tapes? What if Zeb's mail was opened? What if Colonel Dixon were not called to testify? What if Snow and Dixon got together and figured out what happened? All the fears that I should have had while I was racing the police and facing Snow and Dixon caught up with me now and shook my confidence.

I was taken to Kansas and charged with resisting arrest, but Butch drove up with enough money for my bond and we returned to Spruceville a day before I was scheduled to testify. Everyone at the station thought that I had gone mad. We had been badly beaten in the hearings and there was no sympathy at all for us in the press; my madness seemed a symbol of our utter failure. I wanted to reassure them, immediately, especially Daniel, but we were being watched almost constantly and there was no way to be certain our rooms were not bugged. Finally, by indirect assurances and a few whispered comments about the tape, I managed to give them some idea of what had happened.

Daniel and I considered the possibility of releasing the tape to the press just before I was called to testify, but how could we prove that the tape was valid? Snow and Dixon would deny the charges and our credit was already so bad that the press would probably not believe us. Instead, we agreed, we would try to lure Colonel Dixon into the hearings and confront him with the tape there, if possible.

I went to see Zeb. He had received the tape and listened to it and understood its significance. When I testified he would try to sneak a tape recorder with the tape into the hearing room.

That evening I called a press conference and announced to the reporters that I had had an interview with Colonel Dixon on Saturday evening at his own house and that he had confessed to me that the explosion was an accident and promised that he would call a press conference on Monday morning.

By Monday evening my claims were headlines. Colonel Dixon naturally denied that he had ever met me and stated that on Saturday evening he had been out playing bridge at the Whittleseys. The Whittleseys and two other couples were available for corroboration. The newspapers felt that they had my case wrapped up now: having failed to rouse the country against the Sedalia explosion because our station was shut down, I was supposed to have made one last ditch suicidal effort by going to Omaha and issuing a fake "confession" from a SAC colonel.

The newspapers compared my charges to those issued after the Kennedy killing, claiming that Johnson had had a hand in the assassination.

"Even though the charges were obviously false," wrote the New York Times, "they achieved a certain credibility by their logic and by their repetition, so that in the end they did a great deal of damage."

Toder postponed the hearings "in order to gather new evidence of communist involvement with WPAX," and they set up their case against me. By the time the hearings resumed a week later, they had scheduled two FBI agents, a Kansas policeman, the man named Whittlesey to whose party Dixon had gone and finally, as I had hoped, Colonel Dixon himself.

When the hearings finally opened, two things went wrong. First, Zeb came without the tape recorder; it had been confiscated at the door. Also, Colonel Dixon was not in the room. Toder began with a long speech reviewing what the public already knew, that I had evaded the FBI and run from Spruceville, that I had wrecked the car and resisted arrest in Kansas, and finally was captured in Omaha after telephoning to Butch and giving him the bulletin for the radio broadcast. The first witness, an FBI agent, was sworn in and he described my escape from Spruceville. The Kansas policeman was then sworn in and he described the chase there.

A tape of our radio broadcast was played and condemned by Toder as being "not only a libel and a slander against the name of a great officer of the United States Strategic Air Command, but which was made illegally, without license and, in fact, in defiance of a specific court order in function which the committee helped obtain to keep that station and its communist propaganda off the air." Then Dixon was called to testify and he entered the room. There was one chance left.

The scene was set. Colonel Dixon was sworn in, and he was seated directly opposite me, in the full view of America. At first, perhaps because of the bright television lights he didn't seem to recognize me.

But then, as I stared at him, suddenly he stared back. I smiled grimly and confounded his fear. Only at that moment, obviously, did he realize I had been his visitor from the Red Cross.

"Colonel Dixon," Toder was saying, "I am sorry to bring you forth in front of the eyes of the entire nation. The work which you and men like you have done to preserve this country from attack is best done in silence and secrecy and it is the tactics of the communists to make you known. The man opposite you has claimed, as you just heard in that transcribed radio broadcast, that he obtained a confession from you that the explosion in Sedalia was an accident. Is that true or false?"

"That is false, sir." Dixon seemed to be laboring. It was time for me to strike.

"Have you ever seen this man before?"

"No."

I stood up. "Mr. Chairman!"

"Out of order!" Toder slammed the gavel and shouted.

"I saw..." I tried to continue but I was being pulled backwards by two guards and Toder was saying, "If there is any further disturbance, you will be removed from the hearing room." They had acted so quickly that I was completely powerless.

Toder asked a few more questions of Dixon, establishing the claim that he had never seen me before and that there had been no "confession" nor grounds for one. And all the time, the two guards stood on either side of me, prepared to carry me out at the first sign of Toder's command.

The questioning was quickly ended and Colonel Dixon was dismissed. Instead of remaining opposite me, where I might yet have a chance to confront him, Dixon left the room entirely and the hearing proceeded.

Mr. Whittlesey was called to testify and he swore that Dixon had been at his house at the time when I claimed to have obtained the confession. He even named another half dozen people who had been at the house and who could corroborate his testimony.

"Thus far," said Toder into the cameras, "we have simply confirmed what you all know, that having failed to stir up the nation against our nuclear defense after the Chinese destroyed Sedalia, Mr. Alan Boyd took it upon himself to spread the seeds of doubt by faking a confession from Colonel Dixon, a brave and loyal American. In this process, he not only attempted to mislead and ultimately destroy our country, an enterprise as foolish and impossible as it is evil, but he also attempted to drag the name of an American patriot through the dirt of his own filthy fabrications." Toder turned towards me and I could hear the cameras grinding, and the light was indicating that I was facing fifty million Americans. "You are a shameless man, Mr. Boyd, that you could sit across from this great defender of America and slander him. You make me ashamed myself that you were born and raised in my beloved nation. What is it that has so twisted and distorted your mind? What brainwashing? What drugs? What doctrines? My fellow Americans, I only hope that this man is not a sign that we have gone wrong in the raising of our children. I only hope that his disease is isolated and curable and that the anti-religion of communism has not spread from him and his kind to the youth of our Great Nation on whom the world waits for leadership in times to come. Let us all ask ourselves. Have we been sufficiently proud of our heritage? Have we done our part to guard it, as have brave men like Colonel Dixon, hundreds of brave men who for the sake of security must remain anonymous heroes?"

Toder's voice climbed, exhorting America to higher levels of patriotism. "My fellow Americans, we have lived through twenty-five years of relative peace in the world and we have turned back communism at the gates and rolled it back to its sources but the time is coming when they will make their last desperate stand and we must be prepared for the challenge of that time. The Chinese have served warning on us that they are preparing for war against us. Let us not be vulnerable to their Pearl Harbor. For Sedalia is only the opening shot. What will be their surprise attack? California? New York? Florida? We must keep

our guard up. We must prepare for the war which they are beginning. We must not let them drive us to the wall before we strike back. One Sedalia is enough. One more and we must fight."

He stopped and let the climax of his speech take its effect. The hearing room was hot with television lights streaming through cigarette smoke and loud with the noise of whirring cameras. The live audience sat in relative darkness. Most Americans would be watching us in the light of their own living rooms now. And most Americans would believe him and prepare themselves for the war he predicted.

Toder turned back to me. "We have uncovered two further pieces of evidence concerning Mr. Boyd and the reason why he went to Omaha. We have reason to believe now that he did not make that trip spontaneously but that he was under orders from Chinese Communist agents in Europe. As you know, the FBI does not usually record private telephone calls, but in this case, since the actions at the station in Spruceville were considered to be threats to the security of the United States, we did record from their telephone and at two o'clock in the morning, immediately before Mr. Boyd began his trip to Omaha, he received the following call from communist agents in Germany. Counsel, will you play the tape recording, please."

The nation listened to my caller saying, "Tonto, di ist die Lone Ranger," and to the code words, "Patterson, Chelsea, Singer, V.A., Patterson, Smith, Hisaw, Singer, Summers at time Smith, Jenkins, Summers." Once again Toder was presenting the evidence to America and he presented it in the most dramatic form possible.

"Security agents were unable to crack that code," he explained, "But after the broadcast from Spruceville that mentioned Colonel Dixon, we were able to pull the following conversation out of recordings of trans-atlantic telephone calls from that day. In this call you will again hear the voice of Mr. Boyd, calling this time from Bartlesville, Oklahoma and speaking with another agent in Germany. Counsel, will you play that tape please." The tape was played and Toder drew his conclusion. "This is how Mr. Boyd knew who he should contact in Germany. That caller was a communist agent in Germany who gave Mr. Boyd the names of men who were responsible for the Air Defense

system at that time, those anonymous heroes who went to work immediately to establish that the missile originated from a Chinese submarine. They were anonymous to us but the communist agents already knew their names. They picked out the two men closest in the chain of command and gave their names to Boyd. Do not underestimate the powers of the communists. They are clever and they are dangerous!"

I was called to take the stand and sworn in and the television cameras were on me constantly now.

"Do you admit to the charges that have been made against you today, that you esriaped FBI surveillance in Spruceville and resisted arrest in Kansas and went to Omaha to deliberately slander Colonel Dixon?"

"I admit that I went to Omaha to see Colonel Dixon and General Snow and to obtain their confessions," I answered. Their case seemed stronger against me, but at the same time I had gained on Dixon. Now he would know that I had been to see Snow.

"Do you admit to having received those telephone calls from Germany?" The counsel drilled into me.

"Yes."

"Mr. Chairman," I objected, "I have something that I would like to say to Colonel Dixon. Could he be asked to return to the room please?"

Toder looked disconcerted by my question. "That is not in the established procedure of this hearing," he responded. "That is not in order. Proceed with the questions, please."

Somehow I had to get Dixon back into the room.

"Answer the question. Would you tell us with whom you were speaking in those telephone conversations?" repeated the counsel.

"It was not a communist agent, if that's what you mean," I replied. "But I cannot tell you who it is. I refuse."

"On what grounds do you refuse?"

We went into the legal semantics for refusing to testify while I tried desperately to think of a way to get at Dixon.

"Are you the Alan Boyd who made repeated trips into East Berlin during the summer of 1962 and who was arrested for failing to return during the period of your day pass?"

That question caught me off guard. "Yes," I answered too quickly.

The counsel continued pressing me about Berlin, establishing that I had made those trips that summer. "Would you tell us why you returned to East Berlin over twenty times?"

"I had a girl friend there," I replied. The audience laughed. I could hardly expect them to believe that.

"That's all," said Toder and to my shock, I was off the stand. My chance to speak had passed and Toder was making his concluding statement. "The American people will not be fooled by this kind of infiltration and subversion from within and we will not stand still while we are attacked." Once again he issued the call to prepare for war with China and, once again, he closed by returning to the shame which I ought to display. "You have taken the flag of American liberty and defense and you have dirtied it with your lies." And once again, the little lights of the camera were on in front of me and I knew that my face, the face of a traitor, was displayed across the country. In the confusion and the frustration and the heat from the lights and Toder crying "shame" upon me, I could take it no longer. "Mr. Chairman," I cried out, "I confess. I confess." And to my own surprise there were tears running down my face and my voice broke into sobs.

The room was absolutely silent except for the whirring of the cameras.

Even Toder seemed taken aback. He had expected to prove my guilt, but surely he had not expected to obtain a confession as well, and right at the peak and climax of his trial.

"I would like to confess that I have lied," I repeated, wiping the tears out of my eyes. "But I would like to confess to Colonel Dixon, man to man. It's his patriotism I have slandered."

I had caught Toder in a moment of weakness. Patriotism was his word, not mine. He consented and Dixon was brought back into the room.

When Colonel Dixon entered and was seated across from me, where he had been before, he seemed more nervous than ever, but by then I was so nervous that I was shaking myself and I had to fight to keep down the quaver in my voice. "In a minute," I began, "I am going to admit that I have committed perjury before this hearing, but before I do that, I want you to understand what has driven me to do this. I want you to understand the frustration and despair that I had from Sedalia."

"You see, I went to Sedalia after the explosion. I went there because thousands of people were dying and I wanted to help and I lived with their suffering and their pain, the rotting of their skin, the burns, the purple spots, the slow creeping death of radiation sickness. Unless you were there you cannot imagine what it was like." I described scenes and drove them into Dixon, trying to arouse the guilt in him.

"Will the witness come to the point." Toder interrupted.

"And then I was told that all this had been an accident and that it had been covered up by just a handful of men who were responsible for all of it. Just a handful of men responsible for killing and maiming thousands and thousands of innocent people." My words were taking effect on Dixon. I was driving them home.

Toder rapped the gavel. "Come to the point!"

"That's why I went to Omaha" I said. "To see these men. And I did not go to see Colonel Dixon. I lied about that, I confess. I put the story on the radio and I went to see General Michael Snow instead. And it was he who confessed and we have his tape recording to prove it." Suddenly I was shouting. "You see, it wasn't Snow's fault. This man here blackmailed him. This man here got rid of Martin. This man here faked the records with Ablemeyer and we have the proof. This man is guilty." I drove each accusation with all my force and watched Dixon crumble. Before I had finished Toder was yelling and the guards were pulling at me.

In front of fifty million listeners I was pointing my finger at Dixon's face and thanks to television, that eye that can zoom down on the smallest detail and that ear that can hear two men alone in a sea of confusion, the American people saw and heard Colonel James Dixon fighting back, his face contorted and crimson with fear and anger, "It was not my fault: It was all of them! It was all of them!"

Arzeutskov

We did not go to war with China that year. The crisis of war fever subsided after our hearings and America returned to its steady state of paranoia. The Air Force and the Strategic Air Command lost six of its officers, Snow and Dixon and four others involved in the conspiracy, but they lost no bombers and no missiles.

The United States and the Soviet Union each remained poised to destroy the world at a moment's notice. The House UnAmerican Activities Committee was given no money for hearings by Congress that year, but they continued to keep their files on "communist subversion" and to operate by distributing those files as blacklists to various groups in the country. And WPAX survived. Daniel was now able to get money for us and we won a court case against the injunction which had closed our station. We were now famous across the country, but we were not exactly heroes. Instead, I think, we were an unsettling influence. We reminded people that the world they lived in was not solid, and that it could not be taken for granted. Instead, at any moment, war could break out and America itself could be consumed just like Sedalia and Plattsburgh.

In one respect we had gained, however. The issue of world peace, and its details, arms control, international law and peace-keeping forces, were now regular topics in the nation's major magazines and newspapers. Articles about our work at WPAX appeared in magazines like the Saturday Evening Post, in women's magazines and in Sunday newspaper supplements. Both Newsweek and U.S. News began to carry a regular page devoted to arms control and disarmament. The peace movement had not actually grown in size, but the Peace News service was now used by a growing number of newspapers and magazines around the country. People were aware of us and they began to discuss the possibility of disarmament.

The trial had made me into a public celebrity. I received dozens of speaking invitations and, in order to take advantage of them, we decided that I should take another tour of the country. Once again, in each city I visited the people of the peace movement and found with them some privacy and friendship and quiet times. But most of the time I was rushing to meet schedules, and I was speaking publicly to

thousands of people who were strangers, who were not necessarily committed to peace and many of whom were only curious or even hostile.

All my life, I had fantasied the life of a public celebrity. I had fantasied the speeches I would make, the impressions I would give standing alone on a stage before the people of my country. Now those fantasies were fulfilled. I tried to inspire the people I talked to.

I tried to tell them that our age was the age of a new challenge; that our heroes should be heroes of world peace; that our patriotism should be world patriotism; and that the fight for peace was more difficult and required more courage than fighting in war. Everywhere I spoke about Daniel, using him as the example. In some of the young people who came to talk with me afterwards I had managed to kindle some sparks of inspiration. But most of the people who had come to the talk and listened quietly went away again, quietly, with no sign of change, strangers to me and strangers to what I believed and had wanted to say. There was no way to know what I had accomplished, if anything. My mood swung back and forth between discouragement and elation. I repeated the same speech so many times that it began to seem like no more than a pattern of words. I was no longer certain that I believed it myself. All my life now seemed on display and I no longer knew what was good and what was bad, what was truly mine and what was public property.

Finally the tour ended and I returned to Spruceville and rejoined the group with a great feeling of relief.

I had not been back in Spruceville for long, however, before I found a new problem. We were losing Daniel. Once before we had almost lost him and we had realized how much we had taken him for granted and we had fought to keep him from selling the station. Then it had been a clear problem: Daniel was ready to give up; we persuaded him to stay. But this time the problem was more difficult to deal with. Rosalind had come to Spruceville.

Daniel was still with us; he was not threatening to quit. But he was not working. He would call a meeting of the group, and when the rest

of us arrived, we would find only a note from him or a memorandum from the secretary. Daniel was at home with Rosalind and could not come; Rouse or I were appointed to chair the meeting. If it had happened only a few times, then we could have managed without him. But it occurred time and time again, and we never knew when he might be available and when he would not be. Once we had held an absolute faith in him and that, perhaps more than anything else, had kept us going. Now it began to erode. Luckily there were no crises and we continued the work of Peace News, gradually expanding, and the world did not know how we were only limping along.

At first I saw only from the perspective of the group. We were drawn together in one common feeling of jealousy. Our cause was the just cause; our work was the most important; yet Daniel was forsaking us. In that sense our jealousy was right and proper. Yet, the intensity of our emotion went beyond that and colored our thoughts and feelings. When we were together there was constant speculation about whether or not Daniel would be available for whatever we were planning. There were little nasty remarks about Rosalind. And always, just beneath the surface, there was a feeling of impending tragedy, the possibility of complete destruction. Rosalind became for us a kind of unmentionable demon, fat and nasty and possessive, who pulled Daniel away from us and drained him of his strength. Her money had built the station; now she would pull it down. She had Daniel under her power and would use her power to destroy him and the station and us, everything. None of this was spoken, but the group was floundering and struggling and this became its image of the enemy.

Daniel suffered the most and when I went to talk with him I began to see the problem another way. He was torn between us, he was tired and ground down by conflict, but he would not abandon us. We did not need to worry about that. Our work was still his first love. But he would not abandon Rosalind either. "Once before I left her and it almost killed her then. I can't do it again. Besides, what good is it for me to work for a better world, if I cannot have peace and love in my own family?" He assumed that Rosalind could not live without him, but perhaps he was wrong. Perhaps she was simply using him. But I did not suggest that to him. Perhaps I should have but, instead, I tried

to help by understanding and staying by him. He invited me home with him and I came to see him and Rosalind more clearly.

Rosalind was far more complex than I had expected. In some ways she was a charming woman. She had lost weight and she dressed well now. Though she was still a vary large woman. She wore just a little too much makeup and her clothes, even though they were probably expensive, had a certain quality of cheapness, but otherwise she was rather attractive. The most striking thing about her now was a certain quality of her imagination. It was fertile and bizarre. She wrote poetry and she told lies. I could never completely believe anything she said for it always included at least one impossible thing. She told of having sex with the mayor of Chicago when he came to visit the Sanitarium. She told of Daniel inventing a famous new sleeping pill. Her poetry, which was laced with rich images and such bizarre situations, was truly remarkable. When I told her I liked one of the poems that she had showed me, she gave me a whole set of love poems, which were so vivid and real that they made me uneasy.

I was walking towards the station from town one spring day when Rosalind drove by and offered me a ride. I got in and we drove towards the station. Rosalind was particularly quiet and her eyes were bleary, as if she had not slept enough.

When we came to the station she did not stop, but instead drove up the hill towards the radio tower. "Where are we going?" I asked. "You'll see," she replied with a mysterious smile. "Just hold on to your pants."

I had not been up on the hill since the first day I had come to the station and Butch and Mickey had dismantled the cross. Rosalind pulled the car around in high grass to a point on the hill where we could look out over the lush green valley and the buildings of the station spread out below. For a moment we just sat there in the car without speaking and I was intensely aware of her sex. I could feel her breathing and sense the movement of her body.

"I wrote another poem for you, Alan," she said huskily. "Would you like to see it?"

"Yes," I replied, rather coldly. She frightened me.

She took a sheet of paper out of her purse and handed it to me and waited for me to read it.

It was the best poem that I had yet seen. It was a tree, a weeping willow that was lonely, waiting for her lover, the heavy booted storm, to come and rape her violently.

As I read it, Rosalind slid over the seat next to me and I began to realize what she wanted. I looked up from the poem and into her eyes. She wanted me. Her face had softened and her eyes shone. Her hair fell in streams across her coat and just touched me. Her knees were bare and almost touching mine. Her fingers trembled next to my hand.

"No," I said. My mouth was dry and hot.

"Alan?" she said huskily.

"No."

"Ever since I first saw you," she said.

"But Daniel," I objected. Below me I could see the building and his office where he would be seated at his desk, working.

"Daniel is nothing!" Her eyes narrowed to slits as she hissed those words.

"He may be nothing to you, but he is something to me!" I exclaimed and recoiled from her words, moving to open the door.

Rosalind slid across the seat towards me, pleading, capturing my hand. "Alan?"

"I told you. Daniel means too much to me!" I opened the door and for the first time, she seemed to realize that I was really leaving. The softness and the warmth of her face slid away like a shadow, and she

was transformed before my eyes, her face hardened and her voice lowered to a hiss. "You think he's a man, don't you. You think he's wonderful. But I will tell you something. He is no man at all. He had no sex. You, Alan, you have sex!"

"No!" This time I stepped out of the car. "Not for you."

"Then go and be damned!" she cursed me. She slammed the door and slid over and started the car, revving the engine like a racer. I stepped out of the way as she backed around in a reckless turn, or else she would have struck me. A moment later she was gone in a clatter of rocks down the road and I stood alone on Kingpin Hill, overlooking the valley and the station where Daniel would be working in his office. I had withstood Rosalind's temptation, but I had paid a price.

"You at least have sex," she had challenged me. Had it not been for Daniel, I would have taken up her challenge and gone to the bushes with her and laid her down in the warm spring grass. I had not taken up the challenge, but I had wanted it and I still wanted it. And after that day, Rosalind did not let me forget. She flaunted her anger at me with secret smiles and hints. She lured me again and again, or was it my own desires now that made me so aware? She and the spring had stirred my spirits and they burned without control. Would I like to see a new poem, She tempted me. She triumphed in my rejection of her. And I suffered. Had I seen a place in the woods where there were jack-in-the-pulpits?

I could hardly look Daniel in the face now. Didn't he realize by now what Rosalind was doing? Every time I saw her in his presence, I could see her driving a knife into Daniel by making up to me instead of him. Finally, I could take it no longer. I left the station, telling Daniel that I needed a vacation.

"All right," he had told me reluctantly. "I know your speaking tour was difficult, but we need you here. The elections next year are going to be crucial and the important work must be done this year. We're going to have to map out a strategy this summer. Will you be back by then?"

"Yes," I promised.

There was no one to whom I could go. I had seen Georgiana and Cybele recently and I could not go back to them. Georgiana still rejected any sex and Cybele was living with another man. I could have returned to Idaho, but there was no one there for me to look forward to seeing. I had still not received any letter from Katerina, but I took the money that I had saved at the station and I sailed by freighter to Europe.

I had left Spruceville without direction, but now as the ship moved out into open water and the rhythm of the sun and sea, I began to feel the excitement of my direction back towards Katerina and John.

Katerina had never answered the letter I had written after Daniel and I returned from Chicago. So much had happened since then that I had found little time to worry about her, but now as the time drew near for me to see her again, I began to be tortured with reasons why she had not responded. Perhaps she was married by now. Or perhaps she had changed, or had moved away from Berlin. Perhaps I would not find her again. All I knew was that I must search for her and try to see her once again. When I had left her before, I had been confused, powerless, without meaning to my life. Now I had found my meaning and I wanted to share it with her. I wanted to say, "Look, we have made a way towards peace. Let us hope and dream and work together."

John and I had never corresponded very well. He had written to me once since the trial, to congratulate us on our success, but he had mentioned nothing of the phone calls or anything else and I could hardly wait to see him again.

Towards John, too, I had changed. In the past, he had always been the one to give me advice. He was the older and wiser one. But now things had changed for me. Now my own work seemed more important and I felt I knew what I was doing even more than he. His work, if anything, was opposed to mine. I wondered how he would react to this. Would he accept it? Would he discuss it with me at all?

I believed in Daniel now. I was completely committed to him and I had no doubt that I would return to work in Spruceville. But we still had no certainty of success. We had won a victory, but it was small and nothing like the victories we must win if we were to bring peace to the world.

I questioned people on the boat, acting out with them my own inner hopes and doubts, looking for answers that I knew they could not give me. Most of them knew about our work and agreed with what we wanted, but they did not think we could succeed. In fact, several young "hippies" were leaving the country forever, convinced that America would soon fall victim to its own violence and be destroyed. They were good kind people but they made me sad. For them, there was no hope for America.

Then I began to talk with Cybald. He was from Nigeria, had just finished college in Pennsylvania, and was going back to his own war-torn country in Africa. "Yes, America is going to fall," he would say. "But it doesn't make any difference what peace you make with Russia. That's not your problem. For us, in Africa, you and Russia are just alike. Soon, you will see, your real enemy will be Africa and Asia and South America. The Chinese are correct, even if you succeed in destroying them. We surround you and we will overthrow your power. The days of 'White Power' are numbered, even in America. Someday we will give your land back to your Indians and your Negroes." There was something frightening about Cy beyond his words, beyond his coal-black skin. He spoke with a quiet intensity and when he was excited his brown eyes flashed green.

Many evenings, Cy and I sat out on the upper deck watching the sun make its circuit over the empty sea and beneath that sun and upon that sea, I had no power that he did not have. And his people numbered more than ours. And they had been waiting for centuries for their turn of power.

John had been transferred to a new post in Southern Germany. He and Joannie seemed unchanged, though their little boy was now old enough to go to school, and they had a cute little girl, as well, who

looked just like her mother. John still did not seem completely at peace with himself, but seemed happier with his family than before.

"How did you know about Snow and Dixon," I asked as soon as I knew we were alone. I had waited six months to ask him that question.

"I didn't know for certain," he replied, "but I knew that they were in the chain of command. If anything was faked, I knew that they would have to be involved. You see, I was at headquarters that day and there wasn't any missile warning before the explosion. I knew that either the system had been sabotaged or else there hadn't been any missile at all. In either case, Snow and Dixon had to know. Then the whole business about the submarine was far-fetched. There was no way to prove if that submarine had launched a missile or not. And by the time it was spotted it was far from where the missile had been fired. Everyone knew it, but nobody dared to talk about it. After all, we couldn't prove anything. All we could do was suspect. And it was our duty to keep our mouths shut."

"But you didn't," I added, "and it's a good thing."

"I don't know if it was or not." John looked away from me with a distant expression. "I'm still not sure. I did it because of you, you understand. I couldn't see my own brother being strung up for something that someone else had done."

"Thanks."

"Yeah." John laid his hand on my shoulder and smiled briefly. "At least I had to do that much." Did you have any trouble with the code?" "Not really," I laughed. "Who could forget Mrs. Hisaw? But you made one mistake and I had to figure that one out. I don't know who Patterson was, but my third grade teacher was Mrs. Williams. I've never heard of Patterson. It was all right though because I could remember your teachers from the eighth and ninth grades and I knew that they weren't named Patterson. So the third was the only one left. It was Hisaw that gave it away. Do you remember the time she threw me out of class?"

"And I had to go in and apologize for you?"

"Yes, that's the time."

"You were a real pain in the ass, did you know that, Alan. I was always running around trying to get you out of trouble."

For a moment John and I were one blood again and our childhood of the Lone Ranger and Tonto returned and we were racing each other up the fields on the side of West Mountain above the lake and the town and the lumber mill.

Then John turned serious again. "You have to realize that it took me a long time before I decided to call you. I had know all that time that it was probably an accident, yet I couldn't call. It was only when I realized what they were going to do to you..."

"Yes, I understand."

"I couldn't let them do it to my own brother, I just couldn't."

"I understand."

"No, you can't really. You don't know what its like to commit your life to a system and then have to go against it. Most military men don't even ask questions. We all knew that the explosions were probably accidental, but we kept our mouths shut, even knowing that it might lead to war with China. That's the only way you can function in the system. If you really believed that it was wrong, all you could do would be to quit. You can't buck the system from within. The system perpetuates itself. It's almost frightening. I suppose I always had my doubts, but I kept them quiet. I didn't always like what we were doing but I felt that basically it was necessary, that we had no alternative except to stop communism. But once I called you, I had broken the system. I could no longer just repress my doubts. You had given me an alternative and I began to doubt. I don't know if its good or bad."

"I think it's good," I responded quietly.

"Anyway, I have started to look at things I never really faced before. Do you realize how many weapons we have made and shipped around the world? We have equipped both sides of a dozen wars. Even the Vietcong were using American weapons. And not just ordinary weapons either. We send so many nuclear weapons around the world that nobody knows where they all are. I was down in the supply room under the commandpost one day and ran across, completely by accident, a whole shipment of atomic warheads for artillery shells that have been misplaced. There they are, hidden among the emergency rations, looking harmless and as far as I could tell nobody even knew they were there. We must do this all over the world. After a while it's going to backfire, that's what I'm really afraid of."

"Why don't you come back with me," I said. "Quit this stuff and come back to Spruceville with me. I'm sure Daniel will put you to work with us."

"Thanks, Alan," John smiled back at me; but his smile was mixed with sadness and uncertainty. "But I can't come. I've made my life and I have to stay with it now and hope that somehow I can make some good of it."

I flew from Bonn to Berlin and took the train to Fredrichstrasse in East Berlin. The city had changed since I had last seen it, but it was still depressing. Many of the ruins had been cleaned and new apartment buildings and office buildings stood in their place, but the wall was still there as insurmountable as ever and the vopos still carried their machine guns.

Katerina's building was the most modern at the time when I was there, but now her building looked old in contrast to the new buildings that had gone up around it. I mounted the staircases, familiar after years of absence, with a swelling of hope and fear. I had almost forgotten what she looked like now. I tried to imagine her. In only a moment.... I looked at the door of her apartment: "Schweitzer." I knocked fearfully. A strange man opened the door. "Was suchen sie?"

"Katerina Valenov?" I said.

"Nein," he replied. "Ich ken keine Katerina Valenov?" I knew enough German to know that he was claiming that he had never heard of her. I tried to say to him that she had once lived there, but he did not understand and finally he slammed the door in my face and I went away discouraged. I left the building, trying desperately to think where I might find her, when I thought of her friend, the old woman who went to church. I went back into the building and sought out her apartment. She answered the door. At first she did not recognize me, but when I mentioned Katerina, she smiled and invited me in. We could speak only a little to each other, because of my poor German, but she hustled about and brought me cake and tea and talked on with words I could not understand. Yes, she had known that I had liked Katerina very much and Katerina had liked me, too, and she had been very sad when I did not come back. "But where is she now?" I kept asking. Finally, she seemed to understand my question. She went into the other room and returned with a letter and gave it to me. It was the letter I had sent to Katerina, still unopened, unreceived. She shrugged her shoulders sadly. Katerina had left no forwarding address.

There was one last chance, the medical school. I went from one official to another, trying to find out where she had gone and each time they checked their records and said they did not know and sent me onto another official. I plagued them. I returned to the same officials over again, having been sent from a new person each time. Some of them spoke English. Others had to find translators. But finally, after an entire day searching through their bureaucracy, I found out that she had been given a fellowship to do medical research in a new city in the Soviet Union, a city which was devoted completely to scientific research, Arzeutskov.

I would have written her a letter there, but in the time that she would have to reply I could travel there myself. In Vienna the Russian embassy gave me a visa and took most of my money in advance. I was required to travel by their own travel agency and pay for a guide to accompany me. But they did not object when I said that my first destination, after a few days in Moscow, was Arzeutskov and that I did not yet know how long I would be staying there.

Moscow was a surprise to me. I had expected it to be very dark, and perhaps it is in the winter time, but I arrived in their late spring and the city was filled with flowers and the people were cheerful and friendly. Somehow, in my education on communism, I had come to assume that communism really did not work, that its cities would somehow be failures as cities and its people failures as people. But Moscow was strong and busy and successful. It is true that there were not as many new cars as in America and the people were not as richly dressed, but no one seemed to be terribly poor. In fact, unlike New York, there were no bums to be seen. My Intourist guide ran me around the city showing me monuments and buildings and quoting me Russian history until I was quite sick of it. One impression I could not escape, however. Communist Moscow, like capitalist New York, was not going to die out and disappear just because one disagreed with the ideas of its rulers. And, like New York, it did not seem ripe for revolution.

Arzeutskov was a different kind of city. It was built in rolling hills at the headwaters of the Volga River west of Moscow, and unlike Moscow, all of its buildings were new. Only three years before, the guide explained proudly, the land had been pasture and farms. Now it was already a city of 50,000 people, all of whom were connected somehow with its medical laboratories.

In one modern building at the end of the city, at the end of a long corridor, in a sunlit room, among white-coated scientists and technicians and huge electronic machines and counters of beakers and test tubes and instruments, I found Katerina.

She left her work and came outside with me and we walked and looked at each other again. The way she walked, the sound of her voice, the very physical presence of her near me seemed familiar and yet changed and different from what I had expected. Her hair was shorter now and cuter. Her eyes were dark and spoke of sadness and wanting, as I remembered. Her face was beautiful, yet not so perfect as I recalled. We were happy to be together again, but there was a reserve and a caution between us now.

"You're not married, are you?" I asked. She wore no ring.

"No," she answered. "I have a friend who is a doctor and perhaps we will marry. You can meet him tonight."

"Yes," I replied, not pleased at the prospect.

Then we walked on, talking a little further, to the breast of a hill and as if with one thought we stopped and looked at each other again. "It is really you, Alan." She reached out gently and ran her arm along my arm and my shoulder, testing, was it really me? She smiled with bright tears of belief. "Jah."

In reply I took her hand and held it warm and soft and then we walked on together, her hand living again within mine.

That evening, as Katerina had promised, I met her boyfriend Vassily and her group of friends, "the circle" as they called themselves. Most of them were young doctors and researchers, more women than men and only a few were married. They were relaxed and free with each other, drinking brandy and playing card games or watching television shows which were no better than the average television shows in America. Most of them could speak some English and I could talk with them a little. Vassily, like the others greeted me warmly, but as the evening wore on and Katerina spent most of her time with me, I could see that he was hurt. He was about my own age, rather handsome, and shy. Katerina had told me that they had dated now for two years, but that they were not formally engaged. I rather guessed that he had asked her at some point and she had refused, though I did not know it then.

The next day I met Katerina at lunch and again we walked together. "Why don't you arrange for a vacation from work," I suggested, "and we can travel together."

"No, Alan. This is my life here. If you want to visit me, you must stay here with me and live the way I live." I explained about Daniel and my promise to return by summer. It was already summer in Missouri.

Katerina replied with sadness. "Please, do not leave me now. I understand the hurry for you, but if you leave me now, we will never meet again. I know that is true."

"I won't leave yet," I promised.

We had left the city now and walked along the dikes of the river. Katerina took my hand gently in hers. "When you came yesterday, Alan, you told me that you thought you still loved me. Now you want me to come away with you quickly. If you really love me, you will have patience. I do not know you now. We have changed. We must come to know each other again. If you really love me, you will love me here where I work and here with my friends. If you do not love me as I am now, you will not love me in future. Perhaps, someday I will come to America to look for Mutti and Frederick, but perhaps I will not come. I have fears that I will never see them again."

She was almost in tears. I put my arm around her. "I know that we need time and I want to take the time with you."

I remained in Arzeutskov with a divided heart. There was work to be done in Spruceville and my own country and my own people called to me. Katerina was torn by the same conflicts. She loved her friends and her work and she felt the pressure from me to renounce those friends and that work, and renounce even her own country to come to a new one. Sometimes the conflict erupted between us and we were irritable and unpleasant with each other, and once I even considered leaving. But goodbye now would be forever and when I returned to America I would return with nothing but memories. I would have to begin all over again, looking for a new Katerina. So I stayed on and June turned into July.

I spent much time with Katerina's friends, but I was never comfortable with them. They never completely accepted me and I did not completely accept them. I felt a subtle pressure from them and even from Katerina, trying to draw me into the Soviet society and away from my own homeland. It was not that Russia was such a bad country that I resisted those pressures, but simply because America was my home.

The Russians are not as rich as Americans, but they are strong and not unhappy. They have less freedom than Americans, less freedom to change jobs and less freedom of speech, but they have advantages as well. They are more relaxed. Their jobs are more secure and their medical care is free and modern. And about some things, such as economic planning, they seemed to be just as free to criticize as Americans.

There was one thing about Katerina's friends which bothered me greatly. They would talk about domestic politics and debate and argue, but they would not debate foreign policy at all. It's not that they were afraid to discuss it, or that it was illegal or forbidden, but that it simply did not occur to them that their country could possibly be wrong about its foreign policy. Their newspapers gave them one view of the world and it was not questioned. I tried to raise arguments about the war in Vietnam, and they could easily list the crimes of the United States, but they could not even consider that their own country might have made mistakes, like vetoing UN resolutions and failing to call peace conferences. I questioned them about their new anti-missile system and they could not seem to understand my argument that it had accelerated the arms race. "America has missiles aimed at us," they would reply, "and we must defend ourselves."

It was not that they did not want peace. In some ways they wanted peace more than Americans. In two world wars they had lost over twenty million people and now their population was more women than men because of it. But how to achieve that peace, they did not seem to have any idea. I had the feeling that, though they didn't express it to me, they expected the United States to crumble or turn Communist. That seemed very foolish to me until I realized that it was the same attitude as millions of Americans have about Russia; the attitude that if military pressure is kept up long enough, someday the enemy simply folds up and disappears.

Even more important than anything else, I learned that peace was up to America. The Soviet Union was not going to alter its policy. Gradually, over many years, it might mellow and soften, but there would be no sudden change. These people would not override their government's policy. They would not rise up and speak directly to the

people of America. If any people were going to rise up and speak for peace, as Daniel wished, it had to be the people of America. No other country except the Soviet Union had enough power. And the people of the Soviet Union would never seize that power. If their government told them they should have disarmament, they would obey, but they would not initiate it.

Only when I came to realize these things, that the decisions are up to America, did I realize completely how I had to go home again.

I described the peace movement and Peace News and WPAX to Katerina. "You must come with me across America and see the peace movement for yourself and get to know them. They're just ordinary people, but they want to do something for peace."

"Why do you make your station long wave," she asked. "We can listen to short wave from America and we would hear your Peace News here. We listen to Voice of America sometimes, but it is only propaganda."

For me, the excitement of life was now in politics, but Katerina had never known that excitement. Politics for her had always meant the bureaucracy of the Communist Party and she did not want to get involved in that. Instead, she had found her excitement in medicine and research. She liked her work and our time together was often interrupted by trips to the lab so that she could take a tray out of the incubator or add one chemical to another or check the readings on some instrument. She tried to explain her research to me, but I could not follow very much of it.

"You know about Lysergic acid diethylamide, don't you," she asked.

"No," I answered. It wasn't until she began telling me how the students of the Soviet Union were taking it illegally that I realized she was speaking of LSD.

Katerina was putting LSD on tissue cultures of brain cells in glass dishes lined up in rows on trays. "By doing research," she said, her eyes sparkling and her voice sharp with enthusiasm, "I can really know something. I can know how a chemical acts. I can know how the cell uses it. It's the rest of life that is more difficult. I wanted to be a doctor to help people, and perhaps I should have a patience, no, what do you call it, a practice?"

"Yes, a practice."

"Perhaps I should have a practice. Then I would help people. But it is possible to help people only one at a time. And a doctor does not really know what he does. That is only in research. Medicine is like love. I do not understand them really. Vassily tells me that he loves me, but I do not know what that means. I know he is angry with us. That I know. What does it mean when you say that you love me?"

We stood together alone in the laboratory, among the certain instruments of science and between us was the question of uncertain love. I had no certain knowledge either. Did I love Katerina? What did it mean?

"I don't know," I could only answer. "All I know is that I want to be with you."

The tension of her work and me and Vassily and all the uncertainties of life overcame her then and she began to cry. I put my arms around her and she wept against me, but she would not stop. "I want to be with you too," she sobbed, and her words were drowned out and her body shook against mine.

"I don't know what it means," I said, lifting her face and trying to kiss away her tears. "But if it means that I want to be with you forever, then I love you." She pressed her face against my shoulder and dried her tears and looked up at me with shining eyes. We drew together and in our embrace were years of wanting and hoping and waiting.

That night, for the first time since I had come to Arzeutskov, I went home with Katerina, I did not leave. We did not talk or promise. There

was no tomorrow, no proof that this was love or this was not, but rather the fulfillment of desire, the now and here and today of it. Our lips that had wanted found each other. My arms that had been empty surrounded her and held her and were filled. Our bodies that had been so long estranged began to know each other again. That was our knowledge. Perhaps it would only last a while, but while it lasted it was stronger than science, stronger than politics, stronger than any other knowledge.

One night was not enough, for once having tasted each other we could not live apart. I had not known really how much I needed her until now and she, too, gave up her independence in my arms. That month was more than sex, I'm sure, but all else seemed unimportant. There was the time that Katerina persuaded me to try LSD with her and there was the ecstasy of love with drugs, the body's secrets in a million ways half prophesied before in sex and dreams, but now fulfilled, speaking with clear tongues. There was sex all night and sex in the mountains, and there was sex in the way we spoke to each other and the way we saw each other when we met and parted. There was sex, but still there was no commitment.

I had not intended to ask Katerina to marry me that day in August. Sometime, I knew that I would ask her, but I had not yet decided when. The sun had come out after showers that morning and we went together to the public gardens, a park filled with exotic plants and wandering walks. We found a flat rock at the top of a grassy hill among dark red flowering shrubs.

"I have to go back soon," I told her. It was already past when I had promised Daniel I would return.

"Not yet," she replied, her eyes downcast.

"But soon," I insisted.

She said nothing.

"Will you come with me?" I asked simply.

She said nothing.

I put my arm around her and pulled her towards me and kissed her gently on the cheek. "Sweet," I spoke quietly, "You knew that I was going back. I want you to come with me."

"I know." She did not raise her eyes.

"I love you, Kate."

"I know." Her voice choked slightly.

"I want you to marry me."

She said nothing.

"Kate, I want you to marry me, to come back with me."

"Why, Alan? Why should I come with you? Why should I marry you? This is my country here and these are my own people. I must lose everything to come with you. I will have nothing left except you."

Years before, in Berlin, I had had no answer, but now I knew it. "The whole world will be our country and our people. But we must work for them and the place to work is in America with Daniel. That is our place."

Katerina continued to look out over the city and she did not answer me.

"And you will have me. Everything of me. We will share our lives and work together."

Katerina looked up at me and we gazed at each other a moment, straight into each others eyes, searching for truth and belief. "I must trust you completely," she said softly.

"Yes. I want you to."

She smiled slightly and looked down again. Her face was radiant and soft. She took my hand and lifted my fingers one by one as if counting my fingers that would be hers. She took my ring finger and made a ring of her hand around it and looked up with a smile to see that I had seen what she had done.

"I'm sorry," I blushed. "I did not buy you an engagement ring."

"Then we cannot be engaged," she said in mock seriousness. "At least there must be a stone."

"What kind of stone."

"The right kind." Katerina looked around with a slight grin on the corners of her lips and pointed to a colored pebble on the other side of the path. "Like that one, maybe."

I jumped up and took the stone and ran quickly to the bottom of the hill and washed it and rubbed it in the little stream until its grain and colors shone. I presented it to her. "Katerina Valenov, with this stone, I ask you to marry me. Keep it with pride for it is a sign that your man loves you."

Over the grassy hill and the path and the bench, over the park and the laboratories and the new city of Arzeutskov, only the sun saw our joy. And he was our witness.

On September 4, Katerina left Arzeutskov to go to a scientific conference in Vienna and I ended my travel in the Soviet Union and flew from Moscow to Stockholm and then to Vienna. We were married in a little chapel with John and Jeannie as witnesses.

I returned to Spruceville with my wife.

The Scientists

Our time had come. We had money and fame. We had good communication, not only with the entire peace movement, but also with newspapers and radio stations around the country. America seemed ready; peace was the topic of interest. And we had a year to prepare for elections. When would our position be better? How many more elections could the world afford to wait?

That summer in Spruceville we began to plan our strategy in debates and talks that went on through many nights. From Zeb's campaign we learned much of our strategy: to work in primary election campaigns in the party out of power; to keep peace the issue of priority, but to face all political issues; and we had learned that the political organizing must come from within. We could only coordinate; each local peace group must do its own political work.

From Spruceville, all that fall and winter, Anna and Butch and Rouse and Daniel and Katerina and I conferred and went forth to organize and returned to confer. And slowly, in our comings and goings, we organized the peace movement into a vital, as yet unpublicized political force.

Some organizations already were using our strategy: Mass Pax in Boston and the GNP in Berkeley and reform Democrats in New York and the New Jersey Democratic Council. "Things have never looked better," Mr. Ross told me in Boston. We had come a long way since he had first described primary election politics to me.

A few groups, such as the Council for a Livable World, acted as fund raisers rather than direct political organizers. Ruth Evans promised us a million dollars for peace candidates within the year.

Our greatest immediate effect was on the Women Strike for Peace and various student groups who reorganized their own priorities in order to work within our strategy. Women and students became the backbone of political workers.

Dozens of local groups that I had met on my first trips across America began to lay the base for local candidates. In Des Moines, for instance, the peace committee would work in the Democratic primary, hoping to oppose the Republican incumbent. In the eastern part of the state, however, another group was working in a Republican primary. In some cities, local groups began with independent committees before deciding which candidate to put

up and in which primary. Bruce Morgan was the leader of one such group in York, Pennsylvania.

In a few larger cities, like New Haven where Freddie Johnson had formed a powerful third party with a strong constituency, the strategy was altered to favor independent candidacies, but if a third party was not already strong, our races would be run in primaries. We did not have time to wait.

Not all of the peace movement responded. Some groups, like the CNVA in Connecticut, claimed that politics was a "sellout." They insisted that non-violence was the only way. There were all kinds of objections. "I don't believe in a national sovereignty, so why should I work for national elections?" Philip Greeley objected from Colorado. "Politics is not the work of God," said Reverend Emerson from Ohio. "We are a non-profit educational institution. We can't afford to risk our tax-exempt status," explained the National Committee of SANE in New York, but many local SANE groups broke from the national committee to join in our strategy.

"I fear that there is little I can do for you," replied Albert Kaufmann from among his boxes in Chicago. "I have no constituents and no influence in politics." Outside his door the SNCC workers were organizing the Black and Hispanic slum dwellers to vote for their independent candidate and the SNCC candidate was anti-war.

From each meeting we returned home to Spruceville and strengthened each other with our enthusiasm. As I had promised her, Katerina, too, was caught up in our excitement. Whenever I went forth to the peace movement now, she was by my side, patient, loving, and closely observing. She was a sharp judge of the people and groups we met and could guess with amazing accuracy who would be effective and who would not. I had expected Rosalind to be jealous of Katerina, but instead she taught Katerina English and helped her adjust to American life, as if she were her best friend. Not only did Katerina and Rosalind become close but with their friendship, Daniel and I also drew closer together.

As our strategy began to bear fruit, each news of a new candidacy or a new movement flashed to the peace movement by our news service, served to reinforce each other group. Groups traded tactics and ideas and learned from each other. With our coordination they were growing as never before. But the peace movement was not enough. They were growing, but they were still but a small portion of America. Alone they could not win.

The university revolt began that fall at Berkeley. In the past the state had often struck at the students, but this time they made the mistake of striking at the faculty, requiring them to sign loyalty oaths for the war in Vietnam. The professors formed a union and went on strike and the students came to their support with massive demonstrations. The jails of California were filled with them.

The revolt spread across the country, not just in support of California, but for a complete revision of student-faculty power. The professors' union organized hundreds of campuses and joined with the students in special committees, demanding final power in choosing curricula and determining faculty tenure. Some demanded course credit for community organization and political campaigning. Butch and Anna and Rouse and I must have talked to hundreds of student-faculty committees and almost without exception they were sympathetic to our work. They became a vital part of our growing power.

On one of the occasions when I saw Ruth Evans in Chicago, she told me about a project of scientists, led by the nuclear scientists of Pugwash to get the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) to support political candidates favoring arms control. The AAAS, with over hundreds of thousands of members, was the most powerful scientific organization in the world.

At their upcoming convention in December in Chicago, there would be many workshops and discussion groups devoted to the debate about arms control, involving their various affiliated scientific organizations.

The American Physical Society and the American Chemical Society would debate the various problems of verification and control for weapons systems such as nuclear weapons, chemical weapons, etc.

And of special interest to us, the various associations concerned with the human sciences would discuss the causes of war and potential solutions. These included the American Anthropological Association, American Political Science Association, American Sociological Association and American Psychological Association. It was especially interesting to us because Ruth was arranging for Daniel to take part in a debate at the American Psychological Association concerning ways that psychology could contribute to arms control and disarmament.

Daniel worked on his speech harder than on any single thing I had ever known him to do. The final manuscript was like an iceberg with simple statements on the surface, but beneath them months of reading and thinking and research on animal behavior and brain research and social psychology and the sociology of war.

In December all of us went together to Chicago to attend the convention. Daniel was as nervous as a child. These were his own people, the scientists, and before them his language must be completely precise and his ideas correct and clear.

Daniel was strategically placed in the final position in the debate. Those before him had raised many questions but provided few answers. Is war the product of instinct or social learning or both? Arguments were made in all three directions, and Daniel would have to address them. But most important, he wanted to provide an approach based on psychology could provide a roadmap for the work to come.

He started with a confident voice: "I am greatly honored by the invitation to address you today. It is, I believe, the greatest honor I can ever receive. Although, as many of you know, I have not undertaken any scientific investigations in recent years, but devoted myself to working for world peace, my training is that of a clinical psychologist and it is from that background that I want to speak today.

For the first part of his talk Daniel addressed the questions of instincts and social learning, clarifying how the aggressive instincts are not useful for soldiers, but more useful for peace activists who harness righteous indignation as a fuel for their peace advocacy. In its evolutionary origins, he pointed out, aggression is a behavior that occurs between individuals rather than groups. As such it is not useful in the modern military where the soldier does not meet the enemy face-to-face, but only through a gun-sight or a radar screen. Instead the soldier is in constant inter-personal contact with his commanding officer and the soldiers under his command. In both cases, the good soldier must maintain a cool and rational attitude so that the military chain of command can function correctly.

He showed how the evolution of primates had led to a special kind of inter-group aggression in some species, although they are not on the direct evolutionary line as our own species. "These behaviors are more complex. Basically they are still forms of defense against an attacker, but they are social rather than individual behavior. The behaviors in this case are much

more varied than those of the simple instinct. For example..." The lights dimmed for a brief film.

We were transported to canopy of trees in a jungle. The film was silent for a moment and then, suddenly, a thundering cacophony filled the hall scores of screeching howls each rising above the other and we could make out in the trees two groups of monkeys facing each other. Then the hall was silent again. "That's what you will get if you invade the territory of the howler monkey," Daniel explained. "And if you think that's bad, try going under a tree inhabited by these monkeys. Their particular technique is to throw feces."

The audience stirred uncomfortably.

"Group aggression is more variable than individual fighting because it is learned behavior. Some troops of primates are territorial, others of the same species are not. Some species are territorial, others are not. In fact, some troops may be territorial one year and not the next.

"In any case, no one is hurt in these displays. If anything it is akin to the cheering that we see from fans in opposing sides of a football match."

"An exceptional case has been seen in a few chimpanzees, where at the boundaries of a territory, there may be fights, even to the death, between residents of one territory and those from another. There is no indication, however, that it is organized like warfare. Instead, it corresponds to the attacks between individuals that are strangers coming from other territories that we see in many animals, ranging from rats and mice to wolves and lions."

Warfare and inter-group aggression, he showed, are learned behaviors, as one must learn who is the enemy and join with others in opposing them.

The key, he insisted, is the idea of the enemy. "If you have no enemy, you can have no war!" Patriotism, my country right or wrong, and the fear of foreign enemies is something taught by governments and opinion makers and reinforced by our educational systems and the mass media. It is not in our genetic code or the instincts we inherited from our animal ancestors. Depending on the country in which they grow up, children learn who is the enemy. And this may change from generation to generation. Yesterday's enemies may become our allies and yesterday's allies may become our enemies."

As a result of this social dynamic, mistrust, suspicion and defensiveness in one country breed mistrust, suspicion and defensiveness in the other, making a vicious circle of escalation. In the behavior of human individuals and nations under a condition of mistrust, each side distorts its experience to make itself appear right and the other side wrong. Each interprets any statement of the other as threat or lie. One side may even impute evil intentions to the other for no other reason than projection of its own aggressive intentions, which it refuses to recognize. When that point is reached by an individual we call him paranoid. Among nations it is common in the preparation for war.

"The picture I have painted is vary pessimistic, but there are grounds for some optimism, however. In psychotherapy, we have learned how to break the vicious circle and get around the defensiveness of the person protecting his or her self image. I believe that it is possible to apply the same techniques to nations, to break the vicious circle of mistrust between them.

"The system of psychotherapy in which I was trained, a system founded by the psychologist Carl Rogers, is one which I found to be successful with my own patients. The, therapy goes like this. A therapist, whose self-image is realistic forms a relationship with a client whose self-image is unrealistic and threatened, and the therapist provides the client with unconditional positive regard and empathy. In other words, the therapist communicates to the client that he approves of him no matter what evil-sounding thoughts or expressions the client may have. If this communication takes place between the therapist and the client, then the barriers of mistrust will gradually be overcome and the client will begin to see himself as he really is. Then he can afford to drop the defensiveness with which he has protected his self image. He becomes an open-minded person, capable of change and growth and meaningful relationshipS.

"I believe this same process can take place between nations. First, one nation must come to know itself so that it can be the therapist. That is not easy. It takes courage to know yourself. You may be afraid to find out what you really are. You and I might be afraid that if we really found out what America wanted, we would find out that our people really don't want peace. But we must risk that. We must work to make America know itself; that means that elections must be held on the issue of peace. The nation itself, through elections, the traditional means by which democracies speak, must bare its soul to the world as it really is. Those who truly oppose peace must be forced out into the open. Those who have not yet known their own thoughts must be forced to decide. The true self of the nation must emerge.

"Then one side of the world must communicate to the other side that it accepts and understands it. This also requires courage. If you really try to understand another person or another point of view, without rejecting it, then you run the risk that you may be changed yourself. You run the risk that you might find the other person is right and you are wrong. This is a frightening possibility and it requires faith in yourself and courage to face it. But I have faith in America. If America voted for peace I believe that America is strong enough to understand communism and accept communism without fear of losing her own identity. I believe that Americans are wise enough and courageous enough to understand the defensiveness of communism in turn and to break down the barriers of mistrust with acceptance and understanding.

"Then, and only then, could America become the therapist of this sick and suspicious world. In its strength it could afford to look positively on all other nations. In its wisdom it could afford to understand the defensiveness of those nations. And over time a relationship could develop among nations that would make world peace possible.

"Once peace has been achieved, I believe that it can be made permanent. We should remove the social learning upon which war is based. We now teach that the army is a good career and that generals are heroes. We now glorify war in television and movies, in novels and newspapers and children's toys and history books. Instead, we should treat war as a ritual of the past that has become outmoded. Such a change is not new for civilization. Witch-hunting was abolished. Cannibalism was abolished. Slavery, too, was abolished. The time has come to abolish war.

"I know that in ordinary times this organization does not involve itself in politics, but I plead with you that these are not ordinary times. The nations of the world are digging further and further into defensiveness. The vicious circle of mistrust grows stronger and stronger. There is no sign that any other nation can act as therapist and break the vicious circle. And there are many signs that the escalation points are expanding and increasing, that there are more and more ways that war can begin, more and more nations building nuclear weapons, more and more nations building missiles. Over time, with the fluctuations of politics within nations, the probabilities of war mount higher.

"I believe that this organization alone can make the difference between war and peace. If you will undertake to educate the American people on how a safe and secure mutual disarmament can be achieved, and you will

empathize with the American people and understand them and be patient with them, but above all, talk to them over and over again, telling them how peace may be achieved, then I believe we can vote for peace in America, and that we can be therapist for the world and the vicious circle of mistrust and war can be broken. Thank you."

As Daniel neared the end of his speech, his voice had grown stronger and stronger, and the room was completely hushed.

Someone raised a motion from the floor that a committee be appointed to study Daniel's analysis and draft a resolution on it that could go into the final decisions of the convention.

It was the first time that I had ever seen Rosalind proud of her husband and I think it was very good for her. She seemed more relaxed than I had seen her before. She and Katerina even embraced each other.

The three of us followed Daniel through a maze of conversations and meetings with many of the leading scientists of America. All around us they were debating the call to take up political action. Many were enthusiastically in favor. Others questioned the ethics of the idea. "Just as the church and state were separated," said one man to Daniel, "So, too, the organizations of science must be separated from the state or else we will end up as societies like Brave New World with science in command and human nature distorted." Others believed that arms control or disarmament would lead to communist world domination. They were a minority, however. Scientists, more than any other group in America, had worked with communist counterparts over the years and had developed a trust in them. A few of them had actually traveled to communist countries on exchange programs or had attended conventions with communist delegates. And many of them had utilized Russian, East European and Chinese publications in their field.

Ruth Evans led the lobby at the convention to adopt the proposal for political action. On the last day of the convention, a proposal was reported out to the floor in the form of a cautiously worded statement. It called our times "unusual" and said that scientists had a moral obligation as citizens rather than as scientists to work for peace. But it did suggest that the AAAS should officially endorse any candidate whose primary campaign platform rested on arms control and if he or she took a well-reasoned stand on methods of achieving arms control. In order to determine whether or not a candidate's stand was well-reasoned, it proposed that a permanent committee be appointed by the convention to analyze the stands of all Congres-

sional candidates and publish an official evaluation of them. All of those achieving a certain high standard would then automatically be endorsed by the AAAS. In conclusion, they reasoned that "It is worth the risk that we may support some candidates who are not as good as their opponents in matters other than arms control, because we believe that support for arms control is the single most important political problem of our time."

Then came the heated debate. The first speaker in favor of the resolution was the psychologist whom I had visited years before in Des Moines. He told something of the history of scientific work for peace in America and ended up with the famous letter from Freud to Einstein hoping that all men would become pacifists as they. "Freud and Einstein," he said, "as always were far ahead of their time. And they are still far ahead of us. We cannot as a group yet claim to be pacifists, though individuals among us may be. But by the support of arms control in these troubled times, we can be leaders of America and of the free world and, at least, close some of the gap between ourselves and these great men. Perhaps men may someday look back on us and say 'they were slow to see the light, but when they saw a glimmer at least they made a movement towards it.'"

The speaker who followed, a retired army officer and now a research chemist, spoke sarcastically of "phototropism" and called it a "genetic liability", saying that arms control was a false light. He pointed to the broken Russian treaties on German partition and claimed that there could be no trusting the Russians.

It was obvious that the prevailing view was for more trust of the Russians rather than mistrust among the scientists, but the chairman wisely asked that debate be stopped on that issue or they would have continued all night. "Besides," he said, "the resolution calls for determining if candidates' stands are well reasoned and that, I believe, should include a healthy skepticism of international agreements unless they are suitably inspected and enforced." The chairman's words were then cast in the form of an amendment to the resolution by one of the delegates to the convention.

Last to speak, after a long and spirited debate, was Ruth Evans. Speakers before her had questioned the desirability of allowing the AAAS to become involved in political action. One man had even claimed that passage of this resolution would ring the death knell of the organization. "Many AAAS members such as myself will quit rather than be a party to this action," he said. "The AAAS has always stood for the entire scientific community. You would make it stand for only a few."

Ruth had obviously prepared her speech far in advance. One by one she pointed to the great men of science and pointed-to their achievements. Galileo and Newton and Pasteur and Linnaeus and Darwin and Helmholtz and Freud and Einstein. Then, carefully, she depicted a world where all their effort was wasted, where all they had built was destroyed by war. "Is it not our duty to these men and to this, our profession," she exclaimed, "to preserve what they have accomplished?"

The charm that I had felt in Chicago now pulled these thousands of men together. Rather than sandals and a sweater and skirt, she was clothed now in black with one pin, green and gold. her pixie hair and her blue-green eyes and her strong voice magnetic with the message that she brought. Her audience sat silent, charmed.

"And finally," she said, "it has been suggested that if we pass this resolution and if we act upon it, only one half of the scientific community will help bring about the revolution of arms control and the other half will rise to obstruct it and form a rival organization equal in strength to our own. There is, Gentlemen, one way to preclude this possibility. Let us require a two thirds majority for adoption of the resolution. Then, if some are dissatisfied they can begin a rival organization no more than half the size of our own."

Ruth's plan was adopted and the final vote came. It was a brave gamble. The resolution was read again and then the vote. "All those in favor of the resolution supporting political action by the Association, please stand." A great wave of men and women, stood in a great victory, I felt, for us and for Daniel . It took ten minutes for those standing to be counted.

"All those opposed, please stand." To my dismay, another wave, thousands, it seemed, stood in opposition. Had the gamble failed? Again, minute after minute passed with the head count alone. Kate and I stood by Rosalind for the final announcement, my Kate holding my hand on one side and Rosalind's hand on the other.

"I am pleased to announce," said the chairman, having called the meeting back to order, "that the two third's majority required for passage of this resolution has been attained."

This time the applause was not polite. Rather it was boisterous, cheering. The greatest scientists of America rose and thundered their approval. Daniel, his red hair flying and unruly as ever, seemed so small far up there

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on the stage along with Ruth Evans and others who had managed this victory. It was, I think, his proudest hour.

Elections

For years, Congress had been urged by the American military to build an anti-missile system in the United States. The old Secretary of Defense had been against it and had argued that it could not really work. An enemy could always evade it by building more missiles and using decoys and such a system could only increase the arms race one stage further. But the Secretary had died that winter and was replaced by a new Secretary who favored it. In the spring the bill was brought to Congress again and bitterly debated. Some brave Senators argued against it, but they were in a minority. This time the bill was passed and America committed itself to fifty billion dollars worth of anti-missiles and civil defense.

Anti-missiles are useless unless your cities can be moved underground, since they are designed to intercept enemy missiles above the city and explode in the air there. By passing the bill, Congress had decided to move America underground.

The peace movement was ready to take action. Peace candidates were entered in hundreds of Congressional primary elections running in opposition to moving the cities underground, demanding a new initiative for peace instead.

Student faculty committees and the professors' union took up the cry. Tens of thousands of students were mobilizing for political action now.

Civil rights organizations joined us. They demanded that the fifty billion dollars be used for urban housing and jobs instead of bomb shelters. "Why should we move cities underground when they're not yet decent above ground?" they demanded. The role of the Black voter in America was changing. Rather than simply demanding what they had been denied in the past, where they were now a majority, they were assuming political power and taking what was theirs by right. And with the inheritance of power came the inheritance of responsibility. They joined the fight against war.

The professors' union had joined with the United Auto Workers and several other national unions that had split away from the AFL-CIO and moved against the bomb shelter and missile program. The labor movement was split down the middle and could no longer give solid support to the establishment.

Congress itself was split. There was only a minority of opposition, but it was vehement. For the first time, there was serious questioning of national defense itself as the top priority for tax money.

In city after city, scientists, urged on by the AAAS, were appearing on behalf of candidates who stood for world peace and against the bomb shelters. Newspapers and magazines and television were filled with the debate and all America was caught up in it.

One force, however, perhaps the most important single force in America, had not yet spoken. A few fundamentalist sects had come out for or against bomb shelters and the National Council for Churches had issued its annual call for world disarmament, but the vast number of ministers of the major faiths scattered across the country in every town and city and village had not yet committed themselves at all.

One day in April, a month or so after Katerina and I had finished our tour and returned to work with Peace News in Spruceville, a very tired and beaten looking Mickey Harkins walked into the studio. We had not heard of him at all since he had betrayed us at the hearings and year and a half before.

"I had to come back," he told us. "I know you all must hate me now. If you want to kick me out in the street, go ahead and I'll understand. But I came to you for a reason and I want you to listen. Will you listen to me, please?"

He looked around at us pleading, as if we were arguing with him.

We were all hostile, yet none of us had spoken. I suspected that we were being tricked, but I did not understand how. Mickey looked strange. His clothes were ragged and his eyes were watery. He looked as if he might be drugged.

When none of us replied, he plunged on into his story. He admitted that he had lied at the hearings, but he claimed that he had been working for the FBI since before he came to Spruceville in the first place and that they had made him lie at the hearings. Otherwise, he said, they told him they'd see to it that he never kept a job again in his life. "And they can do that," he added. "You may not believe me, but I've seen them do it to people before. Look at me now. Where do you think I've been sleeping? I wanted to quit when I was working here, but they wouldn't let me. They told me that if I talked at the hearings they'd let me go. I should have known they wouldn't do it, but I believed them. Besides, I didn't tell such a great lie. You know that you received mail from Communist China. You couldn't say that I was lying about that. And I didn't really say that I'd seen any letter. I just said that I'd thought I overheard you talking about one. Do you see what I mean?"

Rouse, Daniel, Butch and I just sat there and stared him down. We didn't say a word, but inside I was boiling with anger. I had managed almost to forget how they had tried to smash us, and only now did the whole impact of it return.

"Look, I see you don't want to listen to me," he went on, more nervous than ever since we would not respond. "But just hear me through what I have to say. They came to me again last month. I hadn't seen them for over a year. I'd met a girl down in Georgia and I was trying to make a new start. Really, I had a chance. They had let me go and I thought everything was all right. But then one of their guys showed up one day, or maybe it was the CIA, but anyway I knew something was wrong. They wanted me to write a book about you. And they gave me all sorts of things they wanted me to say. I told them to go to hell!"

Mickey stopped and looked us in the eyes for the first time. Then he whispered, "But they came back and they came back and I couldn't get rid of them."

"What's in the book?" asked Daniel.

"I don't remember much," Mickey sounded pathetic, almost whining. "You see, they wanted, they said I should write more about what you had going with the Chinese. They're going to get you again. I know you don't believe me on anything else. But you've got to believe me on this. They're going to get you this year, before the elections. It's orders from the top, all the way from the top. They're going to prove you're communist, one way or another, and if that doesn't succeed they'll get rid of you some other way."

"Like what?"

"Like you'd better be careful for your lives. I know you're not going to believe anything else, but I've come to warn you about that. My life's not worth a damn anymore. I've had it with them and you're not going to take me back, but you've got to believe me. They're out to get you. One way or another they're out to get you." He was like a ghost, his face gaunt and tragic, his clothes worn and ragged, his voice hushed and foreboding. "They're out to get you the same way they going to get me now. But I see you're not going to help me. I guess I can't blame you."

None of us would encourage him and soon he said a fumbling "goodbye" and left. We never heard of him or saw him again. Is he still alive? Was he paid by the FBI to scare us? Was he on drugs? Had he come to hurt us or to help us? Sometimes I think perhaps he was telling the truth and that we were too harsh on him, that perhaps he really did believe in us and wanted to help us and wanted us to protect him in turn. But then again, we'll never know.

If he had been paid to frighten us, he did a good job. The country was in ferment, the peace movement was expanding daily and gaining power, yet for weeks at the station we did not recover from the pall of fear he had cast over us. Finally Rouse announced that he was leaving.

"I've hurt you once," he said, "and there's no need for me to hurt you again." He told us that the Communist Party, which had been ruled off the ballot for years, was going to try to put up a candidate in New York and take the issue to the Supreme Court if necessary. He

had been asked to serve as their campaign manager. At first we tried to object, but we quickly realized that he was determined to go.

Katerina and I had become good friends with Rouse since we had returned to the station. For Katerina, Rouse was the only Marxist she knew in America and they spoke the same language of "imperialism" and "proletariat" and "exchange value." For Rouse, Katerina was a Marxist but, perhaps most important, she was a beautiful woman and Rouse could never stay away from beautiful women. It might have made me jealous, the way he hugged her when he came to visit and called her "doll," but he shared his warm affection with me as well, so I could not really object.

Besides, I had come to like him as well. His dreams and his desires were strong and he pursued them with enormous openness and energy. It was impossible not to appreciate him.

"Can you win as communists in an election?" Katerina asked him innocently one evening when he had come to dinner at our house.

"No," Rouse laughed bitterly. "Even if we get on the ballot we don't have a chance. The Party doesn't have strength any more. Oh, after the war we might have won in Brooklyn, but the government smashed us then and once you're smashed, you can't just recover. People aren't like that. It's really sad. If you go to a Party meeting now there's no one there except old ladies and tired old men. All these years the Party has been underground, it's kept the illusion of strength, and now that it tried to come above ground, it's afraid to look at its own shadow. It's afraid to see how weak it really is. But then," he added, "you can't go on hiding forever."

Rouse spoke wistfully. For years he had carefully avoided associating with the Communist Party, although he agreed with their basic ideology. Now that the time had come for him to join it, he was not even sure that he wanted to try.

Katerina shook her head in disbelief. "Strange to me that the Communist Party is so weak. For me it is very strange."

The two of them were crossing paths. Katerina had left her communist country to come with me and she had left the only political party she had ever know, a political party that had no opposition. And here was Rouse who had always believed in that party, now hesitant to join because it was so weak and so vulnerable. For each of them it was a time of change and uncertainty.

It would be so much easier, I thought to myself, if we could work for ideas only and not for political parties, for peace itself and not for an ideology. But I knew now that we cannot afford such luxury, that power, itself lies in organization and one has to choose sides to get that power. For us it was the Democratic Party or the Republican Party. We had no time to wait for the doubtful possibilities of other parties. At least, I consoled myself, we had not confined ourselves to one party, but were working in both.

What happened with Rouse's work was quick and spectacular. Within two days after the Communist Party had begun circulating petitions to put their candidate on the ballot, the police of New York had arrested their workers en masse, including Rouse, and locked them in jail.

But they had expected that and their lawyers quickly called for a court injunction claiming that the arrests and the law were unconstitutional. A special three man Federal Court was convened because it was a constitutional claim. They ruled against the Party and upheld the law. Quickly the case was appealed to the Supreme Court.

By now the country was sharply divided. The new university professors' union quickly came out in favor of the communist's right to run candidates and the labor movement split on the issue, as they had split on bomb shelters versus arms control.

The decision was close, five to four, but it was final and it was very important. The Supreme Court ruled that the Communist Party had the right to run candidates for public office.

As Mickey had warned us the government did try to smash us again by linking us with the communists. Once again, the House Un-

American Activities Committee subpoenaed all of us to appear on charges of communist infiltration and this time we refused to go. For a few days there was the threat that we might be arrested, but our lawyers from the American Civil Liberties Union fought off the arrests and kept us free. Our trials, for contempt of Congress, were tied up in legal technicalities and would not be held before the election. The FBI released a thick book documenting our alleged-communist connections, most of them concerning Rouse who was no longer even with us. There was no new testimony from Mickey, however. Maybe he really had told us the truth.

This time we were not smashed by HUAC. Our cause was taken up by scientists and teachers and political candidates across the country. HUAC, already discredited by us two years before, stirred up the right wing and no one else.

By the time the hearings were to have been held and the FBI report was released, a change had come over America's attitude towards the Communist Party. Communist Party candidates were running openly in several major cities now, and as Rouse had sadly observed, they showed how weak they really were. The only following of any consequence were among university students where a few students on many campuses were organized. But among labor unions and teachers and Black voters, large groups of the population, they made little or no impact. The great fear of communist takeover which the right wing had been purveying for years failed to materialize. And the myth that all communists wanted to overthrow the country by violence was contradicted by the peaceful nature of their campaign oratory. Finally, the myth that the peace movement was mostly communist was more difficult to believe now that one could see most of the Communist Party hiding "in the open" as one comic strip character parodied the idea in those days, and one could see that they were a vocal but small minority compared to the peace movement itself.

At the same time, as if to heighten the absurdity of their position, the right wing undertook a massive campaign of billboards and full page newspaper advertisements, scattering communist accusations like birdshot. According to them, the professors' union was communist. The Supreme Court was communist. The peace movement was

communist. Negroes were communist. Anyone who opposed moving our cities underground was communist. Anyone who wanted world disarmament was communist. Scientists were communist.

In June, the Secretary of the Air Force resigned in order to lead a bipartisan organization called ALERT, the American League to Ensure our Rights and Traditions. The organization included as sponsors one former President and two former candidates for President and it could count on two out of every three syndicated newspaper columnists in America to print what they had to say. They were more shrewd than the House UnAmerican Activities Committee and the right wing. Instead of attacking us directly, they began to line up support in the business community and among organizations such as Lions Clubs and Chambers of Commerce, as well as the American Legion and V.F.W. to finance the campaigns of Congressman who had voted for the anti-missile and bomb shelter program.

Peace News was in the thick of the fight. Our news service was now competing with the main press agencies. Daniel had expanded our corporation and we had hired full time reporters in many cities. Our press service was received by over half the newspapers of America now, as well as television and radio. Our own peace news programs were reproduced on dozens of radio stations across the country in addition to WPAX. The right wing, which had always been heard on hundreds of radio stations in American, stepped up its attacks on us and we were locked in a radio war of gigantic proportions. Anywhere in the country, any evening of the week, you could turn on your radio and hear programs from several stations on disarmament and appeasement, bomb shelters and the psychology of peace. The right wing still had many more programs than ours, but we were being heard by almost everyone.

Willie Richardson and Joe Toder returned to battle against us. Willie worked with a fundamentalist preacher in New Jersey whose program was broadcast on five hundred radio stations in America. At one point in the campaign he accused us of conspiring to overthrow the country by force, and we sued for damages but it did not stop him from repeating his charges night after night across the air waves of America. Meanwhile, Joe Toder had returned to politics in Southwest

Missouri and was challenging Zeb for the Republican nomination for Congress.

For almost a year now the people in the peace movement with whom Katerina and I had spoken, those who shared our strategy, had been working carefully within their local political parties, making personal contacts and talking and persuading, and without fanfare or great publicity they had succeeded in getting peace candidates into primary elections for hundreds of Congressional races. By July and August the results of those primaries were starting to come in. From New York and Oklahoma, Tennessee and Alaska and Connecticut and Texas, the strategy was bearing fruit and our candidates were winning. University students had rung doorbells and canvassed for them. Housewives of the Women Strike for Peace, now numbering half a million in membership, had staffed their offices and served their coffee in neighborhood meetings. Scientists from the AAAS had spoken for them over television. Their races were close and sometimes bitter. The political opposition poured millions of dollars into public relations against them at the last moment, but the important work, the door to door canvassing and person to person contacts had already been made and we had the jump on them.

The opposition to us was split and confused. We were bipartisan so the existing party apparatuses could not mobilize against us. In fact we were working with half the party against the other half of the party in each district and our allies were all kinds of people, farmers and scientists and professional people and students and businessmen.

As our power grew, a change came over incumbent Congressmen. Some were more outspoken in their opposition to any talk of peace, but most of them, including many who had voted for the anti-missile program, began to equivocate and modify their stands. It was no longer so certain that it was politically advantageous to stand for anti-missile systems and bomb shelters. It was not yet clear how the American people were going to vote. Some who would not be opposed by peace candidates could afford to duck the issue now, but others were being forced to take positions and they were put on the spot.

In early September Daniel went out one morning and started his car. He turned on the ignition and the car exploded.

He was burned and cut by flying glass, but he was still conscious when we found him. I was afraid mostly for his eyes, but miraculously they had escaped damage. he had lost the hair from his face and would be scarred, but he was alive and his spirits had not been killed.

They put him on tranquilizers as soon as we got him to the hospital in Joplin and by that time I think the rest of us were more frightened than he was. Rosalind and Katerina and I and Butch and Zeb and Anna stayed with him all day and all night, as if the spell of our being together must not be broken. Perhaps if we had not stayed together with him, Daniel could not have held his nerve. He had come so close to death. All of us were close to death. We held onto each other and would not leave. And Daniel did not lose his nerve. When he came out of the hospital a week later, he had a new resolve and new strength.

When he gave orders, he gave them with more certainty than ever. Before, he had talked to us of going back into scientific work if we succeeded in electing our Congressmen. But now there was no talk of that. We must begin planning for what we should do after the elections, how government policy should change, what reorganizations should take place. He called together a conference of political scientists and government people to talk about expanding the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. There was talk of how Congress might set up its own agency. Before we had talked of whether we could win some elections. Now we talked of what we would do after we won.

The bombing of Spruceville was only the beginning. During September and October, the peace movement and peace candidates, as well as Communist and other leftist groups, were repeatedly robbed, attacked, fired upon and bombed. America could not remember so much violence.

In the South where the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party was running ahead with two Congressional candidates, three party organizers were killed by gunfire from a passing car. In Southern Califor-

nia, one peace candidate, a woman whom I had known from the Women Strike for Peace, was shot and killed and the killer had not been found. The headlines were filled with violence. Some people on the left were proclaiming that a revolution was at hand and conservative newspapers took up the cry, claiming that we had brought the country to the gates of violence. But in every case it was the peace candidates and the leftists who were bombed and beaten and shot, not the rightists, though they all seemed to escape without being caught.

Perhaps there have been times and countries where bombings could begin revolutions and threats could silence the people who were threatened. But not in America and not in our times. There was one great moral force stabilized America. It was slow to waken and slow to act, but once it acted, its power was enormous. Slowly at first, then more quickly as the violence mounted, the church began to speak. Beginning with a few national groups, such as the Methodist church hierarchy and the National Council of Churches and the American Jewish Congress, they condemned the violence and sided with peace candidates. But these groups were not alone this time. From a thousand pulpits across the country, the ministers of religion broke their silence and began to preach for peace. Just as it had been for Zeb, it was the last force to awaken, but the most powerful once it awoke.

November 4 dawned cold and cloudy down in Spruceville; the sky seemed heavy with anticipation. Rouse had flown in from New York to watch the returns with us and we were all together.

In the morning we went down to the court house in Spruceville to vote for Zeb. Despite the drizzle the courthouse and the stores around the square were filled with farmers dressed in their holiday finest. Katerina and I stood a little apart from the others and listened to one group of farmers in the doorway of the feed store discussing the prospects for the crops next year. I had not farmed with them, but I voted with them and I had begun to feel a part of their traditions.

An old bearded farmer nodded and smiled at Katerina as he passed, for Kate was surely as pretty as any farm girl around, her eyes bright and her cheeks rosy in the cold air.

How many of them would vote for Zeb and his plan to use American farm surplus for foreign aid through the United Nations? Two years before Spruceville had given him a majority despite his loss and this year his campaign had been warmly received.

Rosalind and Katerina prepared a feast at the station that evening, just like the one with which we had begun the station. For the first time in over a year all of us sat down together and relaxed. Most of America had already gone to the polls by now and made their choices and all that remained was the counting of votes. On the wall above our table was a huge scoreboard with hundreds of boxes of candidates, hundreds of stars by those who were peace candidates.

Rouse and Anna and Butch sat together talking. Rouse had put his arm around Anna, though she was speaking to Butch. I watched her push her blonde hair aside at one point and caught a glimpse of sadness in her eyes. I remembered her weeping against me when Rouse had betrayed her. I remembered her bravery at Sedalia and the way she had come with me when I thought I was dying and held my hand and brought me back to life. After all these years she was still alone. She had found no strong and constant lover, no man to give her the love she deserved. Rouse had been away now for the summer and this was the first day he was back, but it was clear he could still not give her what she really wanted. Butch had never been away and they had always been friends, but he, too, did not seem to be the man she needed.

Katerina sat between Rosalind and me. She was the only one of us at the station who had come to know and like Rosalind. The jealousy and antipathy between Rosalind and other members of the group had become worse over time and though it remained beneath the surface, it kept Daniel uncomfortable whenever he was with both her and the rest of us. Katerina had tried to explain Rosalind to me before. "You will never understand women, Alan. That's her way of loving Daniel. She presides over him."

We were all exhausted by the work of the last few months and Daniel seemed more exhausted than anyone else. He had hardly spoken at all throughout our dinner. Rouse and Anna and Butch continued their discussion. Katerina divided her conversation between Rosalind on one side and Zeb and me on the other.

Butch brought out a bottle of champagne from the kitchen and filled our glasses. "I would like to propose a toast," he said. He raised his glass just as he had done years before when we had just begun the station and Daniel had returned from New York.

"The first returns are in from Massachusetts," he announced.

We're ahead in eight out of fourteen races."

Our glasses raised, we cheered our first good news.

"I would just like to say," Butch went on, "before we get carried away by the return that no matter what happens tonight, we have done well and it's all because of Daniel. I am proud to have worked with him and proud to have worked with all you."

"Hear! Hear!" The glasses went up together and Daniel, with tears of pride in his eyes, bent over humbly.

One other glass was not raised. Rosalind stared straight ahead and did not move.

"Come on," Anna said to her, with a touch of sarcasm. "At least you can join us in this."

"I will not," Rosalind replied stubbornly, her voice raised in response to Anna.

"Then don't!" Anna practically shouted back. "You never helped. Everything Daniel has done has been in spite of you. If you could have had your way, he would never have done a thing. You and your own little selfishness. Well, I want you to know that we're sick of it. Daniel is a hero, but it's not because of you!"

Butch and I jumped up and tried to intervene, but it was too late. "Oh, you all think you are heroes, don't you!" Rosalind had gotten up and backed away from us, her voice now heavy with sarcasm. "Don't flatter yourselves! I know why you're here. You may think Daniel is a hero, but you just don't know. Let me tell you what kind of a mess he's made of his own life, how he can't stand it anymore and how all this is nothing but a substitute life. You think he's a good man, don't you. Ask him. Go on. Ask him. What kind of man are you, Daniel? What kind of manhood do you have?"

We stood tensely in a circle around Daniel now. He sat unmoving, his head bowed, his fists clenched white. He did not speak. He did not move to defend himself. He seemed paralyzed between us. "It's you that has done all this!" Anna hurled at Rosalind.

"And you," Rosalind hissed back. "What about you? I know your father was a communist. So you thought you could make Daniel like your father. Well, I'll tell you something. Your father was a fool, and Daniel's a fool to listen to you. All communists are fools, and if you think I'm going to let Daniel be communist, you've got another think coming!"

"That's enough!" Rouse brought his huge fist crashing down on the table and glasses spilled and crashed onto the floor. "One more remark out of you, Rosalind, and you're out of here if I have to carry you out. I don't care if Daniel's your husband!"

Daniel's head was in his hands now and he was shaking it back and forth in anguish.

Rosalind was backing away from us, at bay, the rest of us attackers now. For a moment I thought she would turn to leave. But then, in a voice low and intense she hissed, "I'm not going to be thrown out of here by any communist. If anyone's going to leave, it's going to be you. Who do you think owns this station? Do you think you own it? Do you think Daniel owns it? Well, I'll tell you something. I own this station. It's my money and it's my station!"

Anna jumped into the fight again. "It's enough for you to try to destroy Daniel. But you can't destroy what we have done."

Suddenly my Kate was in the midst. "Enough! Enough!" she was demanding. "Anna, you are wrong. Rosalind has not tried to destroy Daniel. She loves him and she wants him. It's not right of you to say she hates him."

Then the deep quiet voice of Zeb came from the other side of the room and all of our quarrels were drowned in the slow words he was reading from the teletype machine of Peace News.

"As of six o'clock, it would appear that Reed Cornell, the peace candidate is leading Blaine David, his Republican opponent 267,000 to 145,000 for the Congressional seat from the fifth district of Pennsylvania." That was Bruce Morgan's district. "In the fourth district, the peace candidate Warren Dugan is leading the incumbent Christopher Donalds by a close two thousand vote margin. That means that over half of the peace candidates from the state of Pennsylvania, including the incumbent senator endorsed by the AAAS, are leading in their races...."

Butch went over to the scoreboard and Zeb continued to read.

From Pennsylvania and North Carolina, from Ohio and Iowa and Maine, the returns were rolling in and we were winning.

Rosalind had left the room and Daniel had followed her, but the rest of us remained, shaken, but also excited, caught up in the constant clatter of ticker-tape and the train of bulletins over the radio.

Across America millions of people were caught up in those numbers and scores. It was the World Series and the playoffs and championship. It was favored and underdog, home town and opponent. It was the last of the ninth and the final quarter. It was the good game and the close fight. For one day all America was in the game and fighting, all men were in the game opposing each other. Tomorrow the game would be over. The winners would take all; and people would relax and wait for the big game in another year.

But for us, there might not be another year and another game. Our future hung on every race. In the South the bid of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party was going to fail. There were still not enough registered Black voters. And the white peace candidates from the Deep South were going to fail as well. From the cities the peace candidates were winning. From Northern California, Cybele's candidate was winning. From Southern California, the candidate from the Women Strike for Peace, who had taken the place of the candidate who had been killed, was going to win an upset victory. From New Haven, Freddie Johnson was going to win. From Des Moines the school teacher was going to win. From Chicago our favorite was losing, but the Illinois Senator backed by the Council for a Livable World was now far ahead.

Even from Idaho, where my mother and Doctor Baldwin had gone to the polls this morning, there was going to be a winning candidate.

Then Butch put in a telephone call to Zeb's campaign office in Joplin. Zeb was far ahead. We congratulated him and persuaded him that we should take him up to his campaign headquarters to make his acceptance speech. Anna and Rouse stayed back to staff the station along with the other, more recent, Peace News personnel who worked there now.

The campaign office in Joplin was in complete chaos. Banners and balloons and confetti were scattered over everything. Music and shouting and someone trying to speak over the public address system and crowds of milling people caught us up in the spirit of victory.

Zeb was practically carried to the rostrum and the crowd quieted long enough for him to thank them and tell them that he was very pleased and that it looked like he was going to win but that it was not yet certain enough for a formal announcement. Flashbulbs popped and newsmen scurried out. The noise and movement of the crowd swallowed us up again.

Butch and I returned to the station and were told that Daniel was on the phone to New York. A ticker-tape parade was being planned

by our people in New York to honor Daniel and New York's peace candidates, most of whom were winning.

None of us slept at all, but we stayed at the scoreboard, filling it in. Over half the peace candidates in the country had been elected, more than 150 altogether, and although that would not be a simple majority there were other winning candidates whom we had not endorsed but who were sympathetic. In addition, over half the Senatorial candidates running for election or re-election on a peace platform were newly elected or returned to office and we could be sure that many incumbents would now join them.

The last close elections were still being decided at five o'clock the next morning when we all drove to the airport in Joplin, met Zeb, and climbed into a plane which we had hired for the day. We took off into the darkness, heading eastward for New York City.

As the plane droned into the darkness, Anna fell asleep behind me with her head on Butch's shoulder. His arm was around her. Katerina leaned against me quietly. In the back of the plane were Zeb and Rouse. Across from me was Daniel and Rosalind. Rosalind was asleep with her head on his lap. Daniel looked more tired than any of us, yet he, like us, remained awake.

For a long time the two of us looked out the windows, Daniel on his side and I on mine, the engines droning away, the darkness slipping beneath us with the scattered lights of farmhouses and little towns. And it was as if all the others were gone now and we two alone, as if in a dream, were driving into the darkness. And though we did not speak, and though our eyes did not even meet, yet something passed between us, an understanding and a bond between us. You are a good man, Daniel, I thought, and it has been a good dream. And then, as if he had actually heard my thoughts, I saw him on the other side, rise slowly from his slumped position, moving Rosalind's head across his lap. And for the first time that night he took a deep breath and raised his chin and sat back tall and strong and proud.

"Are you ready?" I whispered across the plane.

He started as if unaware that I had been awake, "Yes," he answered me, "I am ready now."

Our plane flew on into the east, where storm clouds broke into brilliant red and the sun rose on our greatest day. And the great city, herself, awoke and prepared to welcome her favorite son.

Canal Street would be busy by now, the first trucks rolling in through light rain and the little Greek restaurant filled with drivers. One would be turning from his morning paper to another, "Are you going to the parade today?" In the Village the butcher shop would be open and the first dogs of the morning at its back door. And the milk delivery man would be leaving work. But Wall Street would still be empty and in Washington Square it would be too wet and cold for sleepers on the benches and the fountain would be empty. A few workers would be entering offices, but my old office would still be closed until eight o'clock. Maybe Jim would let everybody off for the parade. At 42nd Street, the great Square would be quiet, still recuperating from the night before, but truck after truck would be leaving now with the latest edition of the Times, headlining our election victories. And Fifth Avenue would still be asleep, except for a few rain-coated policemen setting up barricades and preparing for the crowds that would finally awaken and fill the avenue with cheers and music and showers of ticker-tape for peace.

Soon our plane was circling over New Jersey, the spire of the Empire State Building rising out of the mists to the east, and we were landing at Newark Airport.

In the crowd that met us for an escort were dozens of notables, including the Mayor of New York and both New York Senators, all of the newly elected peace Representatives and dozens of photographers and newsmen, and then just thousands of well wishers. And among those thousands who came to cheer us, to greet us, to bestow upon us, and most of all upon Daniel, the sweet prize of victory, there came one man with strange violence in his heart.

I will leave it to history to condemn that unspeakable perverted man of hate who hid among thousands in the crowd until just the right

moment, and then raised from his side a pistol and fired two shots into the head of my Daniel.

Song for Daniel

There, Daniel, where the mists are rising, there is our city. Come, take my hand. Let me show you. There, on the right, that is Brooklyn. And if it weren't for the rain, you could see the Bridge. It would be right over there. And on the other side, that's Jersey. And there, see that figure, the torch uplifted, the light, the hope of the world, you called us, Daniel. I shall not forget. But there, straight in front of us now, the city. It's everything we wanted to save, the buildings, the parks, the art, the books and the people, Daniel, the people. There on the shore, see how they are waiting for you, waiting to greet you, to give you the prize of victory. See, there, standing in the rain, the open shore, the new land, the people waiting, the cold towers, waiting for the sun. See how even Wall Street Welcomes you, with bunting and the people in the windows. See how they are moved, Daniel. You have won their hearts. Even Wall Street, Daniel. You have won their hearts. Come, once more, let us journey together. Listen, listen to the music for you.

The drums, the drums, the cold rain beats, the slow rain, the black rain wails, Kate, Kate, hold my hand! Where is the journey? Where is the sun? Hold my hand now. Why is it so dark?

Someday, Daniel, we must climb West Mountain together, you and I, up, out of the mists of Long Valley, through the great pines and the tamarack, past the last snowbanks of winter, and out into the sun. John must come, too, and we will talk and reminisce. And then behind us will come our women, happy, beautiful, Katerina, Rosalind, Joanie" all of them. We will be all together. We will not look long at the valleys we have left, the crowds, the cities, and the wars of men, but we will look onward together, to the farther mountains, to the endless sea. Rosalind, you will be with us, too. Come, you are too pale, now, too quiet. Weep with us. Your eyes are so dry. Katerina, take her hand. Teach her how to weep. I am afraid for her.

And someday, Daniel, when the crowds are gone, we will come back to this city and walk these streets together. There is so much we have not yet done. The sun will be shining and the grass will be green in the park and there will be water in the fountains and beatniks and cellists and children playing. The children will all be happy again. But

now, it is time to begin the march. Under this arch we pass together. Look, as far as I can see, your people are waiting for you, millions of them, lining the streets to wait for you, Daniel. This is Fifth Avenue. We've made it, Daniel: The parade is for you. The music is yours.

The drums, the drums, the cold rain beats, the slow rain, the black rain wails, Kate, Kate, hold my hand. Where is the journey? Where is the sun? Hold my hand now. Why is it so dark?

Beat rain: Crash, you thunder: Drown these people in sweeping rage. I hate them, their stupid city, their stupid tears, their stupid violence. Look at them now, weeping too late. he was nothing to them when he lived. They will weep today and forget him tomorrow. They will forget him completely. And their children will forget how wars were once waged, how close the world came to destruction, how one man came to show the way. But I will not forget you. I will be your poet. I will sing your song that no man may forget. My voice will rise above the crowds and the city, above the rain, breaking forth into the sun, Daniel, Daniel, journey with the sun. Journey in song from mountain to mountain. Journey in praise from man to man.

You are not gone. Your power will grow with the years. We will make you more alive, more powerful in death than you ever were when alive. Your dream of peace has just begun, and we will carry it forward. That is our task!

The drums, the drums, the cold rain beats, the slow rain, the black rain wails, Kate, Kate, hold my hand. Where is the journey? Where is the sun? Hold my hand now. Why is it so dark?

"Alan, it is all over now," a voice was saying. And it was Katerina holding my hand and kissing away my tears. The rain was gone and the drums and the crowds. Now we were all alone.

May 19

The song of Daniel did not end when his funeral procession reached the little graveyard in the Bronx less than a mile from where he was born. His heart was still, his body cold, but his ideas were only beginning to grow and bear fruit. In January, a new American Congress convened in Washington with a mandate from the people to bring peace to the world. And those of us who had learned from Daniel went to Washington to work for that Congress.

In the notebooks which he had left behind and which were entrusted to me by Rosalind, we found a broad outline of the path to follow.

"The same psychology applies from nation to world, as from peace movement to nation," he had written at one point. "1) know yourself, 2) set up communications, 3) establish credibility and trust, 4) talk and bargain with patience and understanding and whenever possible without criticism." He sketched out a rough plan for a chain of short wave radio stations around the world to broadcast the news of peace, translating WPAX to an international scale.

The Congress did not wait for Presidential action, but set up its own study institute and Butch was hired to plan a complete revision of America's international radio stations. The group was reunited under his direction and Katerina and I found our new home in Washington.

In some ways the work of those years was even more difficult than the years before we had power. It was as hard to change the tangled bureaucracy of big government as the minds of American voters. We were constantly caught between the indecisions and contradictions of the Congress that had hired us and the defensiveness and jealousy of the government agencies we wanted to revise. Seemingly simple problems became enormous battles. Even to get information on government operations was sometimes almost impossible; for example it was a year before we learned that the CIA was running secret radio stations in Asia trying to instigate rebellions against neutralist governments. Finally, however, we were ready to propose the World Peace News to the Congressional committee. And eventually, after the usual behind the scenes compromises, a law was worked out, introduced by the President and passed by Congress.

All of us then moved over to the revised United States Information Service and worked to establish the new chain of radio stations in Seoul, Bangkok, Teheran, Quito, Capetown, Beirut, Washington and Berlin. No longer did the United States broadcast propaganda on the Voice of America. No longer did it try to instigate rebellions in Eastern Europe and Asia, but now, instead, the latest news of progress toward peace was sent out in dozens of languages reaching into every corner of the world.

Daniel had often said that once the United States had made up its mind to work for peace there were many ways in which it could bring it about. So now, while we worked with World Peace News, Zeb was working with a group of Representatives on a new kind of foreign aid, similar in many ways to the proposals he had made when running for Congress. With the new laws it was illegal for the United States to send military equipment to other countries and, instead, most aid was based on farm surplus and industrial goods. Another group, at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency began planning for the technical aspects for disarmament. The agency had been around for many years since it had originally been set up by Kennedy, but now, for the first time, they received enough money from Congress to hire more than a few dozen staff members and to carry on serious research and planning.

The United Nations and the Geneva disarmament talks continued as they had for years, but became more serious now. The government of China was invited to join and finally accepted after the United States publicly declared that it, rather than the army of Chiang Kai-Shek on Taiwan, was the legitimate government of the mainland.

History is so complex that it is impossible to say just how large a role we played in the first major disarmament agreement, that of Central Europe. Our radio station in Berlin broadcast the progress towards that goal and every European was aware of it. After peace candidates again won their second straight American election, Europeans, made skeptical for years by Vietnam, began to believe once again in the sincerity of American desire for peace.

The Russian plan, based on the 1957 proposal of Adam Rapacki of Poland, was presented with great publicity and the American proposal, as drafted by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, was not very different, though it asked for greater measures of inspection and control. But the most important factor, no doubt, was one that we could not have planned. The West German government had delivered an ultimatum: if Soviet troops were not withdrawn from East Germany within one year, they would develop their own nuclear weapons. With fear of the Germans at their backs, the disarmament negotiators worked feverishly and within one year agreement was reached. Central Europe, from the Germanies through Poland and Czechoslovakia to Austria and Hungary, would be disarmed and free from all foreign troops. Elections would be held under UN supervision. That was the background for the events of May 19.

It was a Saturday afternoon, bright with sunlight and the Potomac was filled with sail boats. Kate and I had gone for a picnic in the park with Butch and Anna, and we were listening to Bach on the radio.

It was a time to relax, to be happy, to forget about the world. Butch had noticed that the traffic was particularly heavy on the highway leaving the city, but "What do you expect on a spring weekend," I had replied. But then the Bach was interrupted and the strange voice, out of the past, cut into our lives. "This is the Emergency Broadcasting System. This is the Emergency Broadcasting System. All citizens remain calm and disregard messages from the unidentified radio station. There is no emergency. There is no call for the evacuation of cities. we repeat..."

At the other end of the radio dial came the voice we were to hear again and again in the hours to come, "This is Radio Freedom. The forces of NATO and the Strategic Air Command have joined in this day of grave national crisis to confront the communists openly. If we do not act now the appeasers of disarmament will have us surrendered. The time has come to act. At midnight tonight we will launch an attack on China and the Soviet Union, to destroy the menace of communism forever. We call upon the American people to join us in this Holy War. American citizens, prepare to evacuate your cities and fight!"

Once again, our lives and the world itself hung upon the decisions of a few men and we were completely powerless. We could only listen to the radio and wait.

Finally the President came on. "This is the President of the United States," he announced. The voice seemed familiar, but how could we be certain it was really he? "I am broadcasting in safety from the emergency White House west of Washington. We are presently locating and will attempt to destroy the radio station somewhere in Kentucky which is broadcasting the false claims that they represent the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the Strategic Air Command. I am in personal contact with both Omaha and Brussels and I remain the supreme commander of all American armed forces."

"Then why the emergency headquarters?" we asked each other. And America waited.

An hour later he was back on the air. "I regret to inform you that we must order the full and orderly evacuation of all American cities by midnight tonight."

The roads from Washington were so crowded that it was dark before our car reached the outskirts of Washington and we could have walked as fast as the traffic moved. The lights of cars stretched as far as one could see and all entrances to the highways were lined up as well. Some drivers, in desperation, literally rammed their way onto the main road. As we made our way slowly northward the radio continued. "The military command post in West Germany has revolted," the government station announced, "and they have made contact with the dissident units in Kentucky."

"The patriot officers of the United States Air Force and West Germany," announced the Kentucky station, "call upon all other American military forces to join with them tonight in the attack on the communist nations. In Germany alone, we now have twenty four intercontinental ballistics missiles, armed with hydrogen warheads, to begin the attack at midnight. The Soviet Union will retaliate in any case, so you in America might as well join in the attack. If you evacuate your cities and launch your missiles simultaneously with ours, we can destroy

the entire communist world before they can retaliate. If you are afraid to act now you can only lose."

The mutineers were right. We could only lose. The Russian premier was on short wave by now. "The Soviet Union will consider the United States responsible for any attack from NATO or United States installations, and will destroy one American city for every Russian city destroyed."

Our car crawled on in darkness following a thousand others, helpless in the traffic. Where were we going? how far must we go to escape destruction? At ten o'clock the Kentucky station went off the air, but the Germans continued to broadcast. They would launch their attack at midnight and if any attempt were made to destroy them, they would launch it earlier.

The President came on again and made his unforgettable address to the nation. "Perhaps we will cease to exist tonight, but we will live forever in the pages of history as the nation that would not seek war. We will not launch an unprovoked attack against the Soviet Union as long as I am commander in chief. I am in constant communication with the premier of the Soviet Union and we are combining our forces in every possible way to head off conflict. I regret to say, however, that they continue to insist upon the right of retaliation city by city and we have no choice but to warn them that we will respond with force of our own, perhaps full scale destruction, should that occur."

Somehow we came to Gettysburg. Our line of cars turned off into the park there and we sat in our cars, thousands of us, and waited for the last two hours to pass.

Butch and Anna and I said nothing about it, but I knew that we were all thinking of Sedalia and what we had found there, the smoldering ruins, the hospitals, the purple soots, and always the sound of the dying and the bulldozers outside. But it was Katerina who first began to weep. She started to tell me she was afraid for her people in Germany, but she could not finish and instead she wept against me quietly.

Then a strange and wonderful thing came to pass. People began leaving their cars and going towards a bright glow at the other side of a hill. After a while we, too, got out and walked past the parked cars and arriving cars to a great bonfire where people were singing and where a portable kitchen had been set up by the people of the nearby town of York. People were gathering now by the thousands and there were new bonfires scattered across the hill. And passing from fire to fire, inviting people to eat, like a barefoot Jesus feeding the multitudes, was Bruce Morgan.

Radios were turned off and people began to talk to each other. And slowly, an indistinct murmur at first, then growing louder as if some great spirit had settled upon those hills, hundreds and then thousands of voices began to sing together, over and over echoing from the hills, through the trees and up into the starry night, "We shall overcome, we shall overcome. Deep in my heart I do believe that we shall overcome some day."

It was while we were singing that night that the news came: the mutiny headquarters in West Germany had been destroyed by a nuclear explosion.

The newspapers could not say how the station had been destroyed. Both Moscow and Washington, as if by mutual agreement, declined to comment on how it had been done. Only I knew why my brother was among those listed missing in action and why the bodies of his wife and children were found at home, shot and killed by his military pistol.

Peace

As I write this we are celebrating the first anniversary of the World Peace Treaty. There are holidays and celebrations around the world, including a parade in New York to which we were invited as guests of honor. But instead, Katerina and I spent the day in a field of daisies by an old tower where we have bought some land and are building a house. We live in Berlin now where I am managing the European station of World Peace News.

We had visitors from Washington, R. G. O'Hara, whom you know as Butch and his new wife, the former Anna Hjelm. The day passed in reminiscences, of Daniel, of Rosalind, whom none of us have seen for years, of Rouse, still working as a political organizer, and of a radio station, deep in the Ozarks, broadcasting revivals and square dance music now, as if it had never done anything else.

And as we talked the topic turned to how close we had come to failure. And how even with success, a few years' delay could have cost us everything. China, like the rest of the underdeveloped world, receives large scale economic assistance in terms of the treaty, but it is generally assumed that they only signed after being secretly forced into it by the United States and the Soviet Union. A few years more and they would have had the capacity to wage full scale nuclear war. Perhaps, they would not have signed the treaty then; certainly they could not have been forced to do so.

We can never know for certain how much a role we played in bringing about the final agreement, but I, for one, believe that our radio stations were crucial. After the Rapacki plan disarmed Central Europe and its countries prospered without need for military spending, it was our stations that broadcast news of the success around the world and made it a model for world disarmament. And when each election brought victories to peace candidates, first in the United States, then in England and finally in France, we were the ones who broadcast the news constantly into the communist countries. Surely we helped to develop the grass roots movement among the Russian people which finally pressured their government to accept arms control even though it meant accepting strict inspection as well.

But one thing, at least, we can be certain about; none of this ever would have happened had Daniel not gathered us together at Spruceville.

Butch and Anna and Katerina and I talked and relaxed as if our work were finished, but peace is a tenuous thing and our work goes on. The Soviet Union and the United States maintain fifty nuclear missiles each as blackmail insurance, enough to destroy a good part of the world. And the standing armies of Russia, America and China are still larger than that of the United Nations forces which are now stationed in Vietnam, Korea, Taiwan and the Middle East. Armies are confined by the treaty to their homeland, but they are still ready for war. They cannot be fully abolished until a system for world government and justice can be agreed upon, and although there is much talk and planning these days, final agreement still seems far away.

But even if war is abolished forever, civilization is still not safe. It faces new and more subtle dangers. Daniel had already seen this before he died, when he wrote in his notebooks: "War is only a special case of a more general problem. Man's desire to destroy remains constant, but his power to destroy increases with time. Every year, as science gives us new ways to control our environment, it also gives us new ways to destroy it. Thirty years ago no nation or individual had the power to destroy civilization. Today, two nations and perhaps hundreds of men have that power. With passing years and the progress of science, more nations and more individuals will be able to get such power and control will become more and more difficult. We have entered an age of fear and an age of controls. Disarmament is but the first of many such controls which will be necessary if civilization is to be saved from the powers of destruction unleashed by science."

Several years ago, in *World Peace News*, we took Daniel's warnings seriously and we fought for an inspection and control system which would control science as well as the military. The International Disarmament Organization now inspects not only military bases and transportation and industrial facilities, but it is also the largest scientific research organization in the world, keeping track of all research with a series of giant computers here in Berlin. Its scientists alternate between research and inspection. For example, a physicist might be

one year in Italy working on rockets to Mars and the next year in Japan inspecting missile launchings against possible military use. A chemist might work one year on new drugs in Connecticut, and the next year inspect laboratories in the Soviet Union against bacteriological warfare. Katerina is now doing medical research, here in Berlin, but on alternate years she works in the computer center which digests the reports of the disarmament inspections.

But Daniel was talking about more than war and last year the world saw what he meant. A new virus was created by scientists at a cancer research laboratory in China, and before a vaccine could be developed and administered around the world, the epidemic had killed up to a million people. Just as Einstein did not realize what he was creating when he first started dreaming of his formulas, so we cannot predict what dangers lie in our scientific progress. We have only begun to wrestle with what Daniel called the "general problem."

Sometimes I would like to retreat from the world, to take Katerina back to Cascade and relax, but the world has taken us into its grasp now and there is so much to do and always so little time. "We still haven't taken our honeymoon," Katerina complained after Anna and Butch had gone on to Greece. "You promised me a trip to Cascade." Soon, I hope, we will take that trip. I will show my mountains to Kate and she will meet my mother and Doc Baldwin.

But the first thing we will do when we get to America will be to take a subway out past the crowded tenements of the Bronx and seek out a quiet graveyard. With my little boy on one hand and my sweet Kate on the other, I will lay a wreath on his grave. And I will turn to my boy and I will say, "His name was Daniel, too."

