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SPECIAL ISSUE:

SALT DEBATE IN TRANSITION

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AUTUMN WASHINGTON WITH A GRAIN OF SALT

Nothing of any significance about today's arms race can be understood in a civics book framework. The political universe is relativistically curved in upon itself, and in it paradoxes abound. The character of the political structure of the superpowers, and even the character of that atomic structure, the individual, can be crucial. Or can it? The reader will be asked to decide.

In autumn, the first important leaks about the SALT II negotiation began to emerge. Like particles in a warming gas, concerned individuals began to ricochet, and political catalysts to function. The dim outlines of an emerging pattern of struggle could be divined.

The debate began on October 11, long before the treaty could be signed, when the *New York Times* disclosed, and the *Washington Post* subsequently confirmed, broad outlines of a U.S.-Soviet compromise on a new SALT II agreement. It is not known from whence this leak arose.

Senate Aides Meet at Lunch

With superb but coincidental timing, a group of Senate aides with intense interest in SALT met the next day over lunch. The group, by design, crossed the standard ideological barriers and contained key figures on both sides. It was chaired by Senator Jackson's aide Richard Perle and myself — a forum previously organized at my suggestion to encourage a certain civility and communication in the upcoming SALT debate. It was immediately evident that there were going to be certain problems over ratification.

Underlying the specific problems there were the standard differences in approach. Doves, for the most part, think the arms race has reached a point of insanity in which weapons imbalances are likely to have only marginal political and strategic significance. SALT treaties are, they usually think, alliances between dovish impulses on both sides of the world with useful political consequences.

The hawks, however, are predisposed to believe that treaties mean detente, and that detente means loss of vigilance. Concerned about Soviet weapons advances, they assume that the U.S. would do more to redress these imbalances in the absence of agreement than in its presence.

Thus both sides sit to discuss technical matters which, in general, are much less decisive for them than their political analogues.

From verbal exchanges, it appeared that Senate offices concerned with defending NATO against a continuously modernized Soviet threat wanted to ensure that the Ground-launched Cruise Missile (GLCM, pronounced "glickum") would be available to U.S. forces when it was developed.

True, the proposed SALT compromise did not preclude



Senator Henry M. Jackson

this availability. It simply announced that the GLCM, along with other weapon systems on both sides, would not be deployed during the first three years of the eight-year treaty. And since the GLCM would not be ready in three years, the protocol had no binding significance. The problem was that items to be limited for three years in the protocol provided, so to speak, an agenda for further negotiation. Would a precedent have thus have been set to restrict the GLCM in future?

True, also, that the range restriction was only to 600 kilometers. But NATO defenders considered this range entirely inadequate. Even if the GLCM were placed on the West German frontier, it would only reach into parts of Poland. What was desired was a range of 1500 kilometers. While this would reach part of the Soviet Union (and hence have strategic significance), it would, it was alleged, reach no further than existing U.S. theatre weapons.

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SALT VIEWED UP CLOSE

Discussing SALT without politics is like discussing space without time. Rather than glaze the eyeballs of readers with a technical assessment of the still-changing details of SALT, your correspondent, who is himself a minor participant in the SALT struggle, has attempted to provide you with a glimpse at a reality which may be, at the same time, smaller and larger, less and more significant. Important aspects of the treaty are herein described. But you will find them easier to grasp, we think, enmeshed in that political reality without which they have little significance. A later spring issue will analyze the final treaty in the traditional analytic fashion. JJS



Richard Perle

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There were other objections concerning number of bombers to carry the air-launched cruise missiles.

One Republican aide said that the treaty would unify the Republicans against it and that it was "worse than Kissinger would have done". There were also what might be called "insatiable" objections — complaints that the treaty would not limit certain factors which no treaty yet proposed could limit (e.g., warheads). There were also "second thought" objections that the treaty would not rectify differences that were not rectified even by the initial March proposal of President Carter, a proposal generally accepted by hawks (e.g., throw-weight).

One participant warned of impending Soviet boasting of strategic superiority. But another replied that the Russians were characteristically, and correctly, afraid to make such boasts. With provocation of that kind, they knew that America invariably leaped into a lead, as in the missile gap and as in the space race. Russia was a country whose leading newspapers systematically denounced as provocateurs all who suggested that the U.S.S.R. had achieved more than parity!

Hawks Better Informed

On the bare facts, as opposed to the geopolitical realities, it was evident that the hawks were being kept better informed, as usual, than the doves. They knew what they did not like. The dovish participants were unfamiliar with the details of the agreement, hence with the arguments, and had, in addition, the burden of not being able to argue for the treaty as a whole, since it was not yet finally negotiated.

The next day at lunch in the White House with a National Security Council (NSC) aide, I complained about the imbalance of hawk-dove information and, especially, about what we considered inept administration lobbying over the B-1 bomber. We were at that time worried that the B-1 would be foisted on the President by die-hard supporters in the House. Later, to our surprise, the administration won the vote — FAS analysis showed that a dozen southern Congressmen had reversed their positions.

Beginning to inquire intensely into SALT, I lunched with an old friend and arms race veteran who was now newly ensconced in the upper reaches of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA). He solicited and collected a long list of suggestions from me. But it was done in a fashion that somehow suggested that few, if any,

would be acted upon. ACDA seems less than transformed. Compared to the intense purge of doves carried out under the Ford administration, the Carter administration has changed a minimum of positions in ACDA. And it is divided by SALT secrecy into those who are *engagé* and those who are generally left out.

Talking to a well-informed Senate aide, I divined the hopes of the Senate moderates. The primary issue seemed, at this time, to be the survivability of U.S. missiles. True, the treaty would permit the Soviets enough warheads to attack Minutemen, but this they obviously would have in any case. The question was, he felt, whether the Soviet warheads would be able, under the agreement, to acquire the requisite accuracy to attack our 1,054 land-based missiles with sufficient effectiveness to reduce their number

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to tens of survivors, rather than to hundreds. There was hope, he felt, that qualitative limits still under negotiation would achieve this result. This was explained to me with the air of a magician taking a rabbit out of a hat, but it turns out, as becomes evident below, to be quite wrong.

Still, I learned some answers to debating points. Why limit air-launched cruise missile range? Otherwise there would be no SALT agreement! The problem was long-standing. In the 1974 Vladivostok Agreement, Henry Kissinger had agreed that the U.S. would limit air-launched "missiles" to 600 kilometers. There is some evidence that he failed to distinguish in his own mind between ballistic air-launched missiles (like the SRAM) and cruise missiles.

The U.S. had been trying to work its way out of this oversight. But since that time, the Soviets have been adamant about some limitations on cruise missile technology. They had apparently weakened to the point of permitting 2500 kilometers rather than 600 on the air-launched cruise missile, and this limitation for only three (irrelevant) years.

Armed Services Committee Bought Off

As for the numbers of bombers carrying cruise missiles, it was not felt to be necessary to arm more than 70 to 120, since the Armed Services Committee and the Pentagon had agreed that the U.S. should have a mix of bombers. Some would carry cruise missiles, and fire them from a distance (stand-off), while others would penetrate carrying bombs rather than cruise missiles. Thus all targets would be covered and the Russian air defenses confronted with a more complicated problem. It was, in fact, this commitment to *some* future penetrating bombers — I later realized — which had persuaded the Senate Armed Services Committee bomber advocates to make their peace with the termination of the penetrating B-1 bomber. Recognizing the Phoenix-like qualities of the B-1, they had acquiesced in its death in exchange for promises of its future life.

In any case, the outlined agreement permitted *all* bombers to have cruise missiles if the U.S. wanted to dismantle some MIRVed missiles, since it simply provided upper limits on total weapons of various kinds with "freedom to mix".¹

Interviews with a number of dovish aides revealed a rather barren landscape of preparation. But from one who was well prepared, a number of arguments in favor of the agreement emerged. The overall limits proposed were to be between 2160 and 2250. Since the U.S. has 2100 vehicles and the Soviets 2500, they were being required to cut their aggregate force, while we were required to make no cuts at all. Second, the reported ceiling of 800-850 in land-based missiles with MIRV would prevent the Soviets from emplacing MIRV on all of their 1400 land-based missiles.²

1. In particular, 1320 was the limit on all MIRVed missiles added to all bombers with cruise missiles. All missiles with MIRV were further restricted to 1200 to 1250, leaving by implication room only for the 70 to 120 bombers with cruise missiles. But, since 1200-1250 was an upper limit, bombers could be armed with cruise missiles at the expense of missiles with MIRV. The 70-to-120 figure had been placed in the agreement, it later would become evident, because we had 90 B-52Hs and 150 B-52Gs and we would put cruise missiles on one model or the other.

Moving to the House of Representatives, it appeared that Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee Clement Zablocki, well disposed to arms control, would support the agreement, but only after some study of it. Of course, the Senate would have the sole role in treaty approval; still, Zablocki's opinion would count. There was some uncertainty about just what the qualitative bans would amount to.

Costs of Ratification

We discussed a major FAS fear — the cost of ratification. If the vote were close and the administration had to buy off the critics with new weapon systems, how far could they go without having the treaty cost more than it was worth? Here again politics and strategy were inseparable.

Other dovish Senate aides were worried about what seemed to be veiled threats from Senator Jackson's office of moving to open hearings. They were unsure how to argue against it. I suggested that open hearings would be a misuse of the consultative process. It was legitimate for the Senate to ask to be informed and consulted, but not to use the information to scuttle the treaty by embarrassing it in open hearings. This brought a sigh of satisfied relief — another trench dug in a war of words.

On the twentieth, I lunched with Robert Kaiser of the *Washington Post*, who was being shifted to Capitol Hill to cover the legislature. After a stint in Moscow, he was well positioned to cover SALT and Congress, and I told him all I knew about the situation, and also who was who among the aides and Senators.

The fastest and most unequivocally successful way to send a message to official Washington on any particular subject is to inspire a suitable story in the *Post*. At this point, I was unsure what message to send and, trusting his instincts more than my own, simply described my apprehensions and hopes and told him whatever I knew. Subsequently, and after talking to many others, Bob produced an excellent story headlined: "Arms Pact: Oppo-

2. A critic's response to this was that they could hardly MIRV much more than 800 and still have MIRVs for their sea-based force, so long as they continued to accept the earlier limit of 1320 MIRVs on each side. Still, it restricted their freedom to mix and was a great improvement on what they might have done with no SALT limits at all. For our part, the 800-850 figure permitted us to maintain our 550 MIRVed Minutemen and to add to it in future, if we wished, 270 of the proposed 300 MX missiles, should MX be built.

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Robert G. Kaiser

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sition Stiffens; Approval in Doubt". It sounded the alarm without conceding the case.

That afternoon I successfully urged a key dove aide to show some alarm about the potential cost of ratification, lest we find that the administration had bought SALT II with MX. MX was a \$40 billion mobile ICBM system that could cost more than the treaty was worth in a number of ways.

Shuttling from NSC to Senate

The next morning I laid out my apprehensions on treaty passage to a slightly startled NSC aide. I began to realize that my fears that SALT would do little to decrease Minuteman vulnerability were probably warranted. (Later a key Pentagon official confirmed this flatly, as did a key State Department official a few days later.)

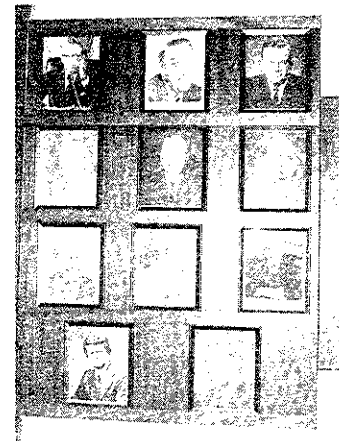
Returning to the Senate, I waited for Secretary Vance to emerge from his second closed inquisition by the Jackson Subcommittee. First out of the hearings was Senator Thomas J. McIntyre (D-N.H.), who told the press that Senator Jackson was always "consumed by the numbers game" but that the important thing was "quality". McIntyre was "very encouraged" by the package and thought a stable balance might be possible, but the details were critical. A treaty critic muttered to a *New York Times* reporter, "He's getting himself out on a limb".

Senator Jackson then emerged with Secretary Vance and they faced the reporters together, neither revealing anything. Senator "Scoop" Jackson is an unusual figure, a smart hawk, and his power derives from that uniqueness. The Senate has a number of intelligent doves. But most of the hawks are on a level of enterprise, ingenuity, and intellect that keeps them following each other rather than leading. (Indeed, it is the despair of all liberal political organizers that the doves have more leaders than followers, while the hawks have a cohesion that permits not only unity but complicated political maneuvers.)

The Senator prides himself on toughness and has clearly learned, over the years, that muscle-bound bureaucracies are no match for a small but determined opposition. With his long-time national security assistant, Dorothy Fosdick, and Richard Perle (only formally her subordinate), they make a Faulknerian trio. Ms. Fosdick is tiny but infinitely feisty, compulsive in action, and absolutely sure of whatever it is she believes. Richard, whose stooped posture seems increasingly to resemble the Senator's, shares also the Senator's proclivity for comparing the Russians



Senator Thomas J. McIntyre



The Armed Services Committee Democrats

to the Nazis. The Russians are both worse and better than they imagine, but in ways they do not fathom.

Vance Is Patient

Secretary "Cy" Vance is a patient and decent man. He decides bureaucratic questions with dispatch, speaks cautiously in public, tries to paper over wounds and problems, and has a hell of a difficult job. He emerged from the ordeal looking somewhat the worse for wear, but not out of countenance. After he rushes to a plane, Senator Jackson remains, answering wide-ranging questions from newsmen as if the Secretary of State. It is only too obvious that he has nothing to lose — whatever his ultimate intentions — from maximizing his power over the details of the SALT Treaty and keeping everyone guessing as to his ultimate intentions.

The consultation hearings are themselves the result of a Jacksonian show of temper at the White House. Now that the SALT details are going into his Committee in closed hearings, he has the further power to find small objections. This is never a problem in his office, which has a capacity to magnify small molehills into large mountains. (I learned later, for example, that they were asking whether the B-1 prototype in a museum would count as a heavy bomber.)

At State the next day, a middle-level bureaucratic Caesar hectoring me over lunch with the abrupt assurance that one finds in new Harvard men. He was particularly incensed at the suggestion that SALT could exacerbate the arms process (and referred to it contemptuously as the view that arms control is worse than no arms control.)

Of course, SALT *can* exacerbate the process. The last refuge of weapon systems that cannot otherwise be decisively justified is as a bargaining chip at SALT. Doves and hawks agree readily that such systems should be bought if — but only if — SALT cannot reach agreement. And then, SALT being what it is, a collection of weak restraints, the system is bought.

His parting lecture was the comment that SALT would surely not pass if FAS sided with the conservatives and that I should therefore think hard about my worries over the price of ratification.

The Political Nerve

On the morning of the first, a newspaper reporter called to get my reaction to a denunciation of SALT which was, he said, about to be released by Paul Nitze for the Com-

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mittee on the Present Danger. I learned the press conference was closed but sent for the materials.

They arrived as I was leaving for lunch with another Senate aide, so I gave them only a glance. At lunch, I learned with dismay that even some doves thought the Joint Chiefs of Staff had not been appropriately consulted at some point. Procedural problems might therefore be devil ratification.

Perusing the Nitze material upon my return, I found the expected highly technical analysis and outrage. But coupled with it was seven pages of the most detailed material on the existing SALT posture released so far. Nitze, I felt, was moving beyond criticism to sabotage. Thus began an illuminating Washington vignette.

If current U.S. strategic policy is imagined to be Moby Dick's white whale, then Paul Nitze increasingly is the obsessed Ahab. One conservative editor had just complained to me that Nitze precluded dialogue by assuming that if one did not agree then one simply did not understand. Another recent report indicated that he had been gavelled down at a private meeting on foreign relations for a series of interruptions.

If Paul were now releasing classified information, then he was getting his harpoon into the whale, as did Ahab, only at the fatal cost of forgetting the attached rope.

The hawks clearly wanted to get as much public material out of the talks as possible, so as to blow the treaty out of the water early.

I called the *Post* to register my view, and found the story assigned to a new reporter — Robert Kaiser being in Europe. Expressing the view from FAS that the release was a "shockingly precise" description of SALT negotiating problems and that a continuation of such leaks would undermine SALT, I found the reporter strangely silent.

It turned out that she had told her editor that Nitze opposed the SALT talks and he had said, "That's not news . . ." She was about to fold up her tent when I called. Drawing her attention to the precision and scope of the material provided, I found myself inadvertently persuading her to give coverage to the Nitze press conference. Her piece appeared under the title: "SALT Critic Reveals Details of Arms Talks".

Calling the *Times* with the same complaint, I found the reporter uninterested. He had a SALT story already completed that gave only a paragraph to the Nitze press conference. His reportorial interest was, I sensed, in finding leaks, not in condemning them. (At lunch the next day, FAS urged his editor to find a second reporter to balance the paper's coverage by describing whether and how the leaks were sabotaging SALT. This turned out to be Bernard Gwertzman.)

I had earlier arranged a 5:30 appointment with a high ACDA official and decided at 4:00 to carry the Nitze material to State. Emerging from an elevator on the seventh floor, I ran into my friend Leslie Gelb, now the high-ranking Director of Politico-Military Affairs. He had just emerged from the Secretary's office and, seeing this material, turned on his heel, and walked back in to see Mr. Vance.

As I walked around to strategic locations handing out copies, the building began quietly to fume. Within a few

minutes, while one aide xeroxed the material, others were rushing up and saying, "Did you see the Nitze release?" In State and ACDA, one senses increasingly the helpless feeling of pioneers with circled wagons. The wolves are gathering; but what to do? (This may turn out to be the story of the Carter administration.)

The ACDA official had earlier grandly offered me ten minutes but his garrulous non-answers took 90 minutes and left me, at 7:00 p.m., struggling to escape. No one seemed prepared to make an organized defense of the treaty, even on the grounds of what had already been disclosed. Instead, interview after interview was being perverted into pointless discussions of optimism versus pessimism.

An Unbound Catalyst

At home that evening I reflect on my own good fortune. To remain in the public interest sector during a friendly administration is, in government, to be somewhat out in the cold. But at least I am not — as so many of my friends seem to be — helpless to inquire and to act, or used up pointlessly in internal chemical reactions. Lo, the modest life of an unbound catalyst.

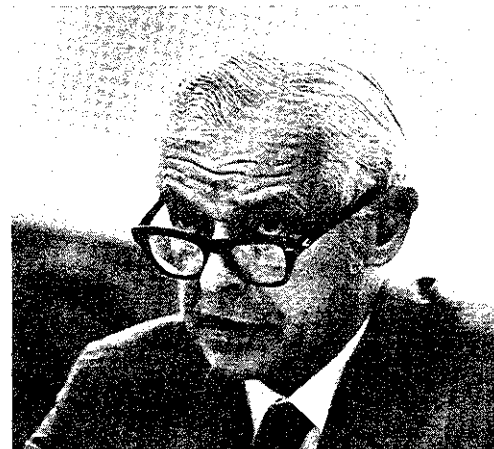
The next day the *Times* carried a few paragraphs quoting Carl Marcy, former Chief of Staff of the Foreign Relations Committee, denouncing Nitze for release of classified information. A related release by Senator George McGovern, calling Nitze's behavior "reckless", had not been mentioned but had influenced his Senate colleagues when read on the Senate floor. Nitze was not quoted in the *Times*. But the story said he "indicated" that the material was extrapolations of material in the press.

After a morning spent talking to the Washington Office on Latin America, about the November FAS newsletter on Brazil, I continued to talk to various Senate aides.

It seemed that a number of Senators were ambivalent about challenging Senator Jackson. They hate to be shown up. He knew more about the subject than they, had more sources, and was a tough man in a shouting match. I began to understand how he keeps so many Senators in thrall. I made a suggestion as to how an important Senator might position himself to challenge this hegemony without exposing himself in advance, and the aide's eyes lit up.

Meanwhile, I had been urging the administration to give some other smart hawks opportunities to compete in knowledge of strategic arms control. Senator Sam Nunn

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Paul H. Nitze



Secretary of State Cyrus Vance

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(D-Ga.) was a possibility. Another possibility was Senator John Glenn (D-Ohio), former astronaut.

On the third of November, after working a few hours at home, I decided, on impulse, to stand around and wait for Vance to emerge from a morning hearing, this time before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Waiting with the camera crews for the closed hearing to end, one participates in the Washington web. Aides, Senators, newsmen, interested Executive Branch officials, and security guards mingle watchfully.

The Washington Web

During a 90-minute wait, I wave at, or chat with, Senators Cranston and McGovern, aides to Senators Kennedy, Javits, and Sarbanes, Executive Branch officials from ACDA and State, and so on.

One close observer advises that the treaty will pass in the end, but laments: the ebbing usefulness of the failing Humphrey; the inexperience of the Georgian lobbyists ("Government being run by teenagers"); the state of shambles of the Foreign Relations Committee; and the inadvertent building up of Jackson by catering to him ("the Administration is like a mongoose being attracted to a cobra"). He observes that Senator Church is trying to do more to the treaty, but comes from a very conservative state. Anyway, because the administration is not building Church up, he is less enthusiastic about helping than he would otherwise be. (This is especially important because Church is smart and tough — hence badly needed — and will be chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee after the next election.)

A friend from State advises me that I have figured in an interagency discussion, to wit: "We must get more information out; take the case of Jeremy. He is writing a newsletter, and we are precluded from giving him material to help make our case."

Inside the closed meeting, Senator McGovern has asked Secretary Vance whether Mr. Nitze's release was classified, saying that this has been raised with him by "a member of the Federation of American Scientists". Mr. Vance allows as he has not read it. But, upon emerging, he answers a question of UPI's Nick Daniloff by saying that, obviously, any material giving precise numbers and the form of exact proposals is classified.

As he leaves, followed by a sizeable interagency entourage, I see friends among them and exchange glances. One high official calls me aside and, to my surprise, says,

"We need your help, can you come talk to my assistant tomorrow?" I agree. It turns out that they want advice on how to put their arguments in a more persuasive fashion. I flatter myself that I could do it better than they, and even prepare a few pages overnight to help them out. But probably it seems to them not in the vernacular of the high official who needs it.

The banal and unpersuasive structure of a high official's statements is really the product, I reflect, not of inept drafting but of committee smoothing. The smoothing is induced, in turn, by the prospect of multiple audiences, each with its own ox to protect.

Rumors Mislead

During this day and the next, I am given to understand from a number of sources that Mr. Nitze's material is likely to have come from a single document, tightly held, called the "Joint Text". It is further suggested that this document was out of the hands of the Executive Branch only for seven hours, and then in the hands of the Jackson Subcommittee. Further, I learn (incorrectly) via a General in the Pentagon that the FBI is looking into the Nitze matter. But one editor with whom I share these possibilities says, "Are we not meeting ourselves coming the other way on this?" He means how can doves support Ellsberg in leaks and denounce Nitze, or condemn the investigatory methods used by Kissinger and then look for Nitze's sources? I observe that even Ellsberg did not release the diplomatic sections of the Pentagon Papers. And the right wing knows even better than the left that negotiations must be secret.

During this period, I send a robotyped (i.e., personal, first-class) letter — very politely couched — to each of the 100 members of Nitze's Committee on the Present Danger, asking whether they really approve of these kinds of disclosures. Since the Committee is, above all, establishment, including Secretary Rusk, Generals Maxwell Taylor, and Ridgway, etc., I assume they do not. Presumably, this will prevent a repetition. (General Taylor promptly calls and says he asked to be dropped from the Committee months ago.)

On Sunday, November 6, the *Post* carries a report of a backgrounder given at the Pentagon defending the proposed treaty. It indicates, in particular, that Minutemen would be vulnerable with or without a treaty. The dilemma of the hawks, who consider the U.S. to be in a position of inferiority, is underlined by a quote from Nitze:

"I believe we're locked into inferiority and I don't know how you get out of it."

Basically, the proposed treaty sits on top of the arms race like scaffolding on a building. It restricts few planned programs. Thus the hawks are really trying to figure out whether the U.S. will buy more with, or without, the treaty scaffolding. The hawks fear that less might be bought within the treaty context, and it is ironic that the doves sometimes fear the opposite.

On Sunday, fairly useful stories appear defending the treaty; these I later learn represent a series of backgrounders by Brown and Brzezinski.

On Monday, Vance appears from the third session of the Jackson Subcommittee. But now advance rumors from friends wandering out have indicated that things are going well — and apparently they have. Jackson has put out a tiny press release "deeply regretting" an Evans and

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Novak column which had described Vance's performance in an earlier meeting in derogatory terms. But in it, Jackson denied responsibility for the leak.

Culver waits until Jackson and Vance have had their say and then, almost booming, applauds Vance, defends the treaty, and condemns leaks as a "systematic effort to intimidate and to undermine agreement". He urges that the Senate SALT Advisory Committee (25 Senators not yet used for much) meet to hear these consultations in future, and that "no staff" be permitted in. It appears later that in committee he attacked the anomalous role of Richard Perle. Richard was the only staff member in some of the hearings, and a staff member who is, formally, not even assigned to the Armed Services Committee but rather to Governmental Affairs. Apparently other Senators supported Culver.

Doing Reporters' Work for Them

Neither the *Post* nor the *Times* was represented there. I reach the appropriate reporters and read them my notes, and both are immediately responsive. That evening, one calls me and says that for the first time, Jackson is on the defensive and he senses things are changing. Could it be?

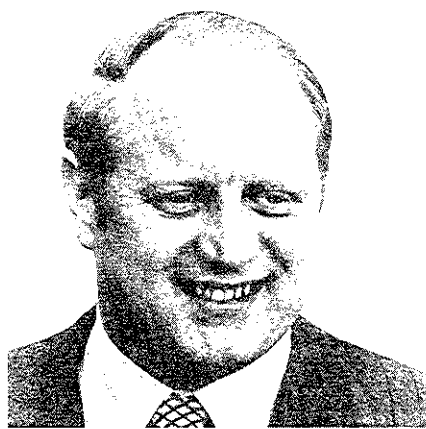
The next morning's *Post* story by Robert Kaiser is headlined, "Culver Challenges Jackson, Blasts Leaks on SALT". It suggests that "guerilla war" has broken out between supporters and critics. It describes the high-handed way in which Senator Jackson had been running the hearings. Even State Department officials had not earlier been allowed to see the transcripts of Vance's appearance.

A last paragraph in the story observed that "a source on Jackson's staff" had earlier given the *Post* an account of Vance's first appearance that "closely paralleled" the Evans and Novak column. Washington sophisticates avidly discussed this disclosure. It seemed to confirm that Jackson's office had leaked the material to Evans and Novak — but this was a foregone conclusion in Washington, which has so often seen that column reflect the Jackson office views. More amusing, it seemed to suggest that a paper might only protect its sources if it used the information offered. One conclusion for leakers: only give the papers good stuff, because only if they use it will they protect you as their source.

That Tuesday the doves, buoyed by the story, radiate real relief and optimism. One reports his phone has been humming with calls from aides conveying widespread satisfaction and he is not even directly involved. An aura of Jacksonian invincibility has been challenged and, as with other auras, it may turn out, in retrospect, to seem ephemeral.

I lunch with forty reporters at a meeting of the Arms Control Association. They give the impression that a magic wand has transformed your average high school class into the Washington press corps. A few of them are highly skilled, disciplined, and brilliant, but most of them are not. Three strategist doves say a few things in support of the treaty. None is particularly well prepared. The *Times* does not cover the event, but the *Post* runs a lengthy report indicating that the first flowers of dovish support are rising.

Back at the Senate, Senator Culver is plowing ahead. During the day, he signs up the other four Armed Services Committee doves and moderates on a letter to Chairman



Senator John C. Culver

John Stennis calling for an investigation into the leaks. A bear of a man, there is little Culver is afraid to say or do. He has the humane instincts of a dove, but the combative style of a hawk and great tenacity. In playing a leadership role on the defeat of the B-1 bomber, he fought off a number of last minute efforts to cheat him of that triumph.

Culver had apparently been encouraged to take a stand by the Nitze affair, by knowledge of the FAS letter to the members of the Committee on the Present Danger, and by our appeals to his office that someone had to take a dovish leadership role in SALT in general. But, characteristically, he had designed his tactics himself and moved without warning.

The next day, Gwertzman has written a new piece, "Jackson, Critical of Arms Pact, Rejects 'Leak' Charge". Apparently Jackson, irked by all this, has permitted himself statements more openly critical of the SALT treaty than heretofore.

One aide, party to our luncheon group, nudges me to set up another meeting since, he feels, Richard has been hurt by this more than he will admit and needs succor. I place a call to Richard. Moving around the building, I discover the dovish aides all "in meetings".

After lunch with the Counsel to the Armed Services Committee, who is preoccupied with Panama, I return to my office to find a few letters from members of the Committee on the Present Danger, and one from Paul Nitze.

Nitze Response Well Composed

Paul's letter is well composed and belies the rumor that he is reaching a certain age. The critical paragraph says the information in his paper "had previously been briefed to a number of people, not only within but also beyond the bounds of Government". He had seen "no classified papers dealing with the current phase of the SALT negotiations". My interest in pursuing this matter had long vanished.

As Paul vanishes from the political horizon, Richard calls. I find myself relieved to confirm — in the metalingual ways humans have of gleaning fundamental information from pleasantries — that he is only winged. I increasingly see him as a fellow political warrior, perhaps even a counterpart. A small internal voice keeps reminding me of that comment of Spartacus, "Gladiator, befriend not gladiator" — a point of view that unquestionably inhibits a number of Washington friendships. But issues are no longer so simple as to justify the conventional ideological barricades.

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Also, I know from existential experience what he is suffering. The injury will diminish steadily but never disappear. And the cumulative effect is such that he will never be the same again. In affairs like these, something enters the political bloodstream never to vanish completely. As by a smear, he has been tagged.

There is still the possibility, always latent in such affairs, that his days are now numbered. But this is unlikely. Jackson is too dependent upon him and, though most people tend to forget, Dorothy Fosdick is intimately involved in these matters as well. Jackson will never part with her.

We arrange a luncheon date and discuss details. I mention that FAS might make a Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request for Vance's statements so as to read his declassified summary. He responds with a quick but friendly professionalism that, in that case, they might press to have the questions and answers declassified. Since this might embarrass State before it has its case together, my enthusiasm for the FOIA is diminished.

Dovecotes All Aflutter

I walk back the two blocks to the Senate and talk to some of the doves who had been in meeting. To my astonishment, the dovecotes are all aflutter. Meetings are taking place. Plans are being made. An air of constructive optimism has replaced what had been, just two days before, a desultory scene.

The dovish forces are charging ahead. I view this with the slightly mixed feelings of a mahout who sees his elephantine wards charging ahead. They no longer need the prod, but, by the same token, they have less need of the mahout.

A cycle of activity having clearly ended, I go home to walk the dog. And in the autumn woods, I decide to let our members hear the untellable. Once every seven years, perhaps, they should be given some sense of what, besides the newsletter, their dues are supporting, even if the cost involves minor breaches of the Washington circle of silence.

* * *

What then is the shape of reality? One hundred men, elected for diverse reasons, and sharing various human foibles and limitations, will be asked to determine whether a treaty — of marginal military significance, involving



Jeremy J. Stone

technology largely beyond their ken and turning on details they will ignore — should be approved or disapproved with political implications which they can only dimly foresee. Hovering over their deliberations is the specter of general nuclear war and the fate of civilization.

Inevitably, a classic Washington struggle opens. The ghost of the conscience of the WW II atomic scientists still lingers in Washington. Its representative first touches a political nerve, and then solders a few political-journalistic connections. Combined with latent forces, much greater pressure, and influences aplenty of which he (and therefore you) are not aware, a political tide is turned which may, or may not, stay turned and might have turned anyway later. Has everything happened or nothing?

In science fiction, travelers return in time determined to change an unsatisfactory future. They look for that minor fourth-order event, unnoticeable by ordinary standards, which is somehow pregnant with possibilities for eventual change — like the mountain whisper that creates an avalanche. Does reality permit such events? Or is there a temporal inertia such that the consequences of whatever is minor invariably peter out? Does *anything* that happens in Washington really matter in the global scheme of things? Or are we, like lemmings, set on a path from which there is no turning?

God only knows.

And for this, I am grateful.

— JEREMY J. STONE

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