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## How Not to End a War

The United States became involved in the Vietnam War because of a fallacy. The fallacy was our belief that the government of Ho Chi Minh in North Vietnam was in danger of becoming an instrument of Chinese Communist policy, if, indeed, it was not such an instrument already. Out of this fallacy was born the U.S. decision to eradicate or contain Chinese influence in Vietnam in particular and Indochina in general.

The same fallacy that brought the United States into the war is now apparent in the American effort to end it. It is evident from talk in Washington that one of the purposes of President Nixon's projected trip to Peking is to get the Chinese leaders to pressure Hanoi into breaking the deadlock at the Paris negotiations. If such in fact is the administration's hope, the attempt is likely to be no more successful than the effort to win the war by bombing North Vietnam into submission.

What Washington has yet to learn is that Hanoi not only does not seek instructions from Peking but actually resists and resents any pressure from that direction. Historically, the people of Vietnam—and, more generally, the people of Indochina—have been apprehensive about cultural, political, and territorial expansion by China. It is significant that Hanoi has depended far more upon the U.S.S.R. than upon China for military assistance.

A member of the Japanese Diet, Mr. Kanichi Nishimura, recently met with Xuan Thuy, chief of the North Vietnam delegation at the Paris negotiations. Mr. Nishimura has reported his impression that North Vietnam is deeply

apprehensive about any Chinese-American conversations that bear on the future of North or South Vietnam. The United States would be making a serious mistake, Mr. Nishimura said, if it believed that Hanoi would be responsive to pressure or even advice from the Chinese leaders. The ideological coloration of the government in Hanoi has not erased all other distinctions or differences with larger Communist nations, any more than a common ideology has prevented Yugoslavia or Albania or Rumania from having serious differences with the Soviet Union.

Mr. Nishimura's observations take on added force in view of his previous experience in Hanoi. Early in 1966, Mr. Nishimura had extensive private conversations with Ho Chi Minh. The thrust of those conversations was directly opposite to the view expressed by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who had declared there was no indication Hanoi wanted to negotiate with the United States to end the war. Mr. Nishimura was told by Ho Chi Minh that North Vietnam was prepared to start talks with the United States and that its central policy was to bring about effective restoration of the Geneva Agreements of 1954, which called for the right of self-determination of the peoples of Indochina and for the end of all foreign intervention.

Despite Mr. Nishimura's report, which had been conveyed to the U.S. government, the White House repeated there had never been the slightest hint or indication from Hanoi of a willingness to come to a peace table. The recently published Pentagon papers provide the key to this contradiction by

revealing that, whatever its publicly stated position, the United States had no genuine interest in negotiations.

The present position of Washington on prisoners of war is bound to suffer because of the disclosures made in the Pentagon papers. It is inevitable that people will wonder whether our announced position is an accurate reflection of the government's policy. In any event, it is difficult to believe that the prisoners-of-war question is as complicated and difficult as the government has made it appear to be. The United States has said it will not announce a date for the withdrawal of its armed forces from Vietnam unless it has assurances from Hanoi concerning release of all American prisoners. North Vietnam has declared it will not release American prisoners until the Americans withdraw their forces.

The argument is an insult to the intelligence. It smacks of the debate over the shape of the table that delayed for many weeks the beginning of the Paris negotiations. Are we seriously to believe that the stated positions of both countries represent matters of towering principle? Is the key to a reasonable resolution really that elusive? If the United States is genuinely serious about tying a withdrawal date to assurances on the release of prisoners, then we should propose a phased withdrawal of armed forces concurrent with a phased and proportionate release of prisoners.

In the absence of such a proposal, one naturally wonders whether the present policy has any more substance to it than the various pronouncements several years ago about a non-military settlement, or pronouncements about the principle of self-determination—pronouncements that, in the light of the Pentagon papers, were designed for public consumption only.

Not long ago, following a lecture at Washington University in St. Louis, a student referred to a news item that said I had undertaken a mission in 1966 on behalf of President Johnson to convey assurances of his sincerity in seeking peace talks with Hanoi. The student asked whether I felt I had been party to a deceit, in view of subsequent disclosures showing that Washington had no serious intention of pursuing talks at the time. I replied that my main feeling was less resentment than deepest sadness that our own government should have attached so little value to its good faith and good name. Ultimately, whether in Vietnam or anywhere else, the security of the United States depends less on sheer force than on its standing in the human community. Any government officer who does not understand this basic truth puts the American people at a severe disadvantage. —N.C.

international law to the training of teachers in a global point of view.

Here in Helsinki, immediately before the resumption of the SALT talks, something else was added—an international board of directors consisting of three Nobel Peace Prize winners and representing the East, the West, and the Third World in the first International Peace Academy. This is an institution designed not only to study and act on the issues of peace and war but to train professionals in the field of non-violent settlement of international disputes and internal wars.

The academy held its first program in Vienna in the summer of 1970, its second in Helsinki this past July. In seminars and training sessions on the international control of violence, the mediation of international and national conflicts, and the problems of peace-keeping and non-violent social change, 140 participants from fifty countries last year—seventy-five from thirty-four countries this year—settled down to work on the question of what to do about the problem of preventing war.

A range of expert practitioners took part, from General Indarjit Rikhye, former military adviser to U Thant and the United Nations and chairman of the academy, to Danilo Dolci, the Italian scholar and activist in the field of non-violent social change, Silviu Brucan, former Rumanian Ambassador to the United Nations, and Johan Galtung of the Peace Research Institute in Oslo. They and others joined forces in Helsinki, under the direction of Arthur Lall, with diplomats from the foreign services, journalists, officers assigned to U.N. peace-keeping forces, members of international organizations, and students and scholars in the peace research field.

When the issues of the Middle East, southern Africa, Indochina, the SALT talks, colonial wars, wars of liberation, or Cyprus were studied, they were dealt with by representatives of the contending parties and by others with direct experience in U.N. peace-keeping and peacemaking missions, peace negotiations, or political and social research on the issues themselves.

In the entire operation and management of world society, with its hundreds of military programs for wars now under way and others being planned for, an International Peace Academy is a small institution in the total scale of things. But so were the first laboratories for the study and treatment of cancer. There is now at least one place in the world with direct and indirect connections to the world's decision-makers where the study and practice of peacemaking has been raised to the level of a moral and professional enterprise.

## Inside the Gyroscope

(for Debra)

by Laurence Lieberman

Daughter, this is our laughing-box:  
a gyroscope orbiting us  
two ways at once—  
top to bottom, left to right. I try to relax  
and enjoy the scares, to roll  
with the machine's laughing gears—the computerized gentle  
terrors, but shock kills my cackles:

I freeze like a funnybone  
when the bumped elbow's burning nerve tickles  
the length of your arm, and the skin—  
pricked with a thousand  
pins—tingles. As we sail  
through the wider arc of the tilting Great Wheel,  
our eggshell cage, an ellipsoid  
spinning on its axis, hurtles me  
upon you; my weight—  
stone in a sling—pinning you sideways against our satellite's  
grillewire, your legs tangled under,  
frail wings flapping: "Daddy,  
you take the steering bar,  
give us a rough ride, make us twist

and twist." Now we halt,  
trapped in the middle of a reverse somersault,  
careening, heels over heads,  
rocking on the base of our skulls. We are staring straight  
up, fifty feet to the ground,  
into three ovoids—family faces—high overhead  
and directly below us:

mother and sister O-mouth gapes, the wailing face  
of your brother, whose helium  
balloon has fallen  
up, up, up (I nearly capture the string,  
its lifeline, poking  
two fingers through the wiremesh  
grate) and drops skyward  
under our legs, shrinking  
to an agate, a green pea, a pinhead  
trailing a hair; it sails into a cloud, vanishing. . . .  
I waken from a whacky dream. Stepping from bed  
in the dark, I slip on the soft  
bumps of my daughter's hips and head.  
Must I walk on walls to spare her pain? When I lift

her to carry her back  
to bed, the chill of the floor  
passes from belly to belly. She is winning her war  
with sleep—a rage to stay awake!  
A little past midnight, she embarks on nocturnal tours:  
I hear a soft pitter-patter like a mouse  
under floorboards. She cartwheels

from room to room—practices  
handsprings, headstands for Saturday tumbling class.  
Like a wind-up toy, its spring coiled to the snapping point,  
she never unwinds.

She rummages about the great toy-bin  
of our house, moony-eyed, alchemizing our leaden nights  
into goldened lonely second

days. She never lies down.  
Sleep must overtake her in mid-play, standing up.

I find her in odd corners at sunup:  
on the second shelf of the linen closet, half-awake,  
buried in washcloths, towels; under the sofa,  
the face of the lion rug curled over her ear, its sunflower  
yellow whiskers licking her cheek.