Good, much on T. E. Lawrence here

McNeece here

(4)

TRANSCRIPT OF TAPED REMARKS
OF RADM JAMES B. STOCKDALE
AT THE ARMED FORCES STAFF COLLEGE
9 APRIL 1975

(A Part of the "Art of Command" Lecture Series)

Thank you Jerry. It's a pleasure to address the staff, to welcome so many of my old prison friends who have gone out of their way to be here and particularly to address the Class of 57.

I was never fortunate enough to go to a service college. The closest I came, I suppose, was when I was going to post-graduate school at Stanford University. There I met, among others, a senior professor by the name of Tony Sokol. Tony Sokol was on the outs with the faculty. He was a man, at that time, of about 65, I expect, bless him. He's still alive up in Palo Alto. He was on the outs with the faculty because he was considered a militarist and this was back in the years '60 - '62.

Tony was a German. Tony was a great scholar. He spoke numerous languages. He had served with the Dutch Navy in Indonesia and he loved classic, military scholarship. He was my advisor the second year I was there and at one of our meetings he asked, "What are you studying this term?" I explained that I was taking Comparative Marxist Thought upstairs from Bob North and Russian Foreign Policy from Jan Triska. He said, "I know, but what are you reading?" I said - right now I'm in the midst of a lot of books on military strategy. Books written by those thinkers who are the experts in your field. Books by men like Thomas Shelling, and Brodie and Kahn. Men who are experts in deterrence. Men who are experts in the mechanics of war. I said, "That must please you, as a military scholar and old friend of Arlie Burke." Tony scowled and he said, "I do not read those books." He said, "Those men are all economists, they do not know about war." He said the primary assumption of an economist is rationality. The whole discipline depends upon it. If you give a person two items of equal merit, two loaves of bread of the same quality, it is assumed that a rational man will buy the one with the lower price. This drives their profession. He said, "They will get us in trouble; they want to play games with people; people get mad in war. Remember Clausewitz" - and I can remember how he mouthed that name - "Clausewitz always said there are two sides to war. There is the objective side: that is the rational side; the planning, the deployment. But there is an equally important side: the subjective

side. That side which deals with psychology, with emotion, with morality and they have completely forgotten the subjective side. I warn you that you can be led down a primrose path by the logic that is in those books you are reading."

Well, of course, those were the only modern books available on the subject of deterrence. Professor Sokol was old, he was out of favor and I thought, well, poor old Tony. He just isn't in tune with modern civilization. But I swear that that came back to haunt me in my years in Hanoi when I saw a people that I detested, a people I didn't admire, but a people coping with seige. We POWs here, if we have any relevant military insight not commonly held by most people in the country, it is the firsthand observation of the power of united emotion. Admittedly we observed from a poor vantage point, from a cell - but we heard noises in the streets and we knew. Many rode to Hanoi as I did, on the top of trucks in huge caravans, bumper-to-bumper for miles, completely blacked out. I had flown at low level night after night down the same roads. Couldn't see a thing. But on the ground I could see that plenty had been going on down there. Those people moved the trucks in a hayride atmosphere, and we could now see how much spirit affected their performance. And I can remember lying in a cell and hearing the Vietnamese broadcaster in pigeon English, on our prison public address system, ridiculing the escalation offers being made by President Johnson. I can remember specifically in '67 wherein the offers made, if you listened through the contemptuous language, weren't really a bad deal for them. In fact, it was as good a deal as we thought they were ever going to get, yet how it was ridiculed. How preposterous the idea of playing games with people when their honor, as they saw it, when their emotions were at stake. So I guess the message as I open, is that I am in this talk going to present a thesis that stresses Tony Sokol's subjective side of the Clausewitz War Theory. That the <u>sine qua non</u> of the art of command is philosophical consistency: to be in tune with the nature of your profession, the nature of war, the nature of fighting; that is to say, to be at least equally attuned to the powers of charisma, comradeship, spontaneity, instinct, personal honor and commitment as to the rational powers of management and statistic keeping. As Admiral Tom Moorer said a year ago in describing officer attributes that he considered admirable, "management is important, but leadership is indispensable."

Well with that thesis as a kick off, of course I provide myself with a vehicle for some POW sea stories. But I think

that I can direct this in a way that the point that I'm trying to make is not one which is instructive only to people who are going to be prisoners of war, but rather, generally instructive for all fighting men. The points are based on impressions of American men seeing and hearing from a unique vantage point. Prisoners who were in probably more bombing raids than any Americans have ever experienced. Men who saw the eye of the enemy under stress, under the stress not only of the conventional raids to which the enemy, I'm grieved to say, learned to accommodate, but also under the B-52 raids when their eyes had a completely different look; when the ground shook and America evidenced a commitment of the sort that would warm the cockles of the heart of not only Clausewitz but Tony Sokol.

Speaking before an academic audience I took the precaution to base my remarks not just on our experiences but I'll have you know, Jerry, I read some books - re-read others - not only the modern strategy books that are currently on the street, but I chose books with a more historical context from previous wars written by men who had the following combination of characteristics:

First of all they are educated authors. They are sensitive to men, all of whom have known war in the form of hand-to-hand combat. From World War II, I will quote from a book called The Warriors, by a man named Glen Grey. I learned of this book at my second son's college when at a convocation the President praised his previous faculty member Glen Grey as one of the few educated and sensitive men who have ever addressed the real feeling of men under stress in combat. Grey got his Ph.D. from Columbia the same day he got his draft papers in 1940 and spent the whole of World War II as a combat soldier in Europe.

For World War I, I chose what might be considered a rather odd selection but one that enthralled me; that is the story written by T. E. Lawrence, The Seven Pillars of Wisdom. If you remember, T. E. Lawrence was a British foreign office diplomat, an Oxford scholar, a man who knew military history better than most of us, but was a civilian through and through. He mastered all the Arabic dialects and almost single-handedly over a period of years in conjunction with and sometimes in opposition to the British military and diplomatic corps organized the whole of that part of the world to assault the eastern flank of Turkey. He lived a tough life, often on long day-in day-out, camel caravans. He was an expert at placing explosives under railroad tracks and so forth. It's a thrilling tale by a sensitive, intelligent, and experienced man.

And, of course, for the Napoleonic Wars I reviewed On War, by our old friend Clausewitz. It's interesting to note that both the latter two authors, Clausewitz and Lawrence, claim to have gotten the inspiration for their books during reflection as POWs.

Clausewitz probably makes my point best:

"If war is an act of force, the emotions are necessarily involved in it. If war does not originate from them it still reacts upon them and the degree depends not upon the stage of civilization but upon the importance and duration of the hostilities."

Well that though should hardly be controversial after our experiences of the last years. But strategic literature of today is strangely reminiscent of the literature of the defense economics of the 60's. The most modern book I read was one by the '74 Brookings Institution called U.S. Tactical Air Power, by a young Ph.D., William D. White. I noticed that Dr. White received his Masters in Economics in the year '68. That was the year Bryon Fuller and Al Brady were in Las Vegas and Ed Schuman and Al Carpenter were at the Zoo, and Jerry Denton, Jim Mulligan and I were in Alcatraz. Dr. White says:

"Waging war is no different in principle from any resource transformation process and should be just as eligible for the improvements in proficiency that have accrued elsewhere from technological substitution."

Clausewitz -

"War is a special profession, however general its relation may be and even if all the male population of a country capable of bearing arms were able to practice it, war would still continue to be different and separate from any other activity which occupies the life of man."

White -

"It is better that wars be fought as much with dollars and as little with lives as technology will permit. There is strong evidence to suggest the ascendancy of weapons over warriors."

Clausewitz -

"It is not the loss in men, horses, guns, but in order, courage, confidence, cohesion and plan which come into consideration whether the engagement can still be continued. It is principally the moral forces which decide here."

Well anyone can play games, read two books and pick out quotes and ridicule one man. But I think that I have a point that may be self-evident. I sense in intellectual, political, and even military circles a feeling now-a-days that somehow history is beginning today or maybe began last week. That we're at some sort of magic take-off point, that the lessons of the past are no longer applicable. Of course, in a minor way, I notice this in my job mainly by virtue of the nature of its orientation. I am ramrodding the S-3 into Fleet. It's really basically involved with untying bureaucratic management tangles. The vocabulary in use bears little resemblance to that of the classic military writers. I'm not complaining; we all have to take our turns with the bureaucracy of management, but it is depressing to see how that culture has turned its back on the past. Perhaps I can better say what I mean by noting the contents of a recent monthly magazine put out by Stanford University in which they described a new course or history battery for freshmen. Previously they had an extensive Western Civilization Battery, but now they have only three professors who teach the whole freshman class a series of three courses in history. I know two of these professors; one is Gordon Wright, a French historian, another a man named Craig, a German historian. Craig, in his remarks, seemed to be obsessed with the idea that although it's a good intellectual exercise for young people to study history, by no means should history be taken as a source of instruction for the future because, as he said, we are in a period of "dynamic change."

I noticed this same attitude last spring when I went up to the Naval War College. They had a battery of speakers, many of whom were prominent in military and civilian life during the past ten years, but they avoided any mention of those years with obvious care. The implication being that that war was unique and that the times were unique. I say what's unique about unpopular wars and inflation.

The Vietnam War, I would hazard to say, was not nearly as unpopular as our Revolutionary War in the late 1770's. Only one-third of the people ever backed it. One-third of them were neutralist including some of the most prominent names in American society today, and one-third of them were

Royalists. I read an account in a magazine article not long ago, an authentic article I think, about the situation in York, Pennsylvania in the spring of 1781. The Commanding General of the Pennsylvania Line Division stationed there was a man named Anthony Wayne. He got orders to go down to Yorktown to provide forces in opposition to Cornwallis. His troops were in disarray. He was in the midst of his third mutiny since the first of the year and this was only March. There was worry about inflation. At that point in time a new suit of clothes cost $2,000, a riding horse $20,000. Some of the troops were saying that the war was unjust. It was an unfair war. They didn't want to march. They weren't getting proper treatment and so they were at the point of strike. Wayne handled it in a way that I don't think would do today. He paraded all troops into the courtyard. He had already isolated four troublemakers. He ordered a court-martial. They had a public trial. He acquitted one, found three guilty, called out the firing squad, shot them dead, said, "We're packing up and going south," and there wasn't a dissenter in his army. Yes, sir. Times have changed in 200 years. We now have to deal with dissent and inflation.

My recognition of the validity of historic perspective was strengthened by another Stanford experience. I ventured, against Tony Sokol's advice, incidentally, over to philosophy corner and I took a few courses over there. I was fortunate because I met as my first professor a man named Phillip Rhinelander. Phillip Rhinelander is a magnificant human being. He is a music composer, a Harvard lawyer. He's been a dean as well as a professor of philosophy; he is a man of many facets and an ex-naval officer, by the way, during World War II. In order to bootstrap the old man that I was in those student years up to par with the other graduate students in philosophy, he had to tutor me, which he willingly did and which I dearly appreciated, an hour a week. We would have long sessions in which he would lead me by the hand down the path of the classics. As I left the last session he reached up on his library shelf and pulled out a book and said, "You and I have had a long and happy association. You're a military man as I recall. I'd like to give you this book. It's a good book on military philosophy." Well I thanked him and was duly impressed.

I went home that night and started to read the book. The book was called Inchiridion and it was by a man named Epictetus. Epictetus as I knew by that time was one of two major writers in the philosophy or religion, as you see it, of Stoicism. Epictetus was a Roman slave. The other writer was a Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius. As I read this book I heard Epictetus drone on and on about not worrying about matters over which

you have no control; to do your job, to live in harmony with your profession, to play your part well and, again, as I had with Tony Sokol, I thought, poor old Rhinelander. He's out of date. Doesn't he realize I have been a squadron commander in modern airplanes, that I am a master of technical programs, I drink martinis, I play golf, I'm an expert in resource management, I manage by objective, I do all those good things? And here he gives me a rag written by a Roman slave 2000 years ago that talks about living in harmony with your profession. Well of course I thought better of old Epictetus later in Hanoi. He anticipated our predicament. He gives the best explanation of the military ethic on record:

> "Remember that you are an actor in a drama of such sort as the author chooses. If short, then in a short one. If long, then in a long one. If it be his pleasure that you enact a poor man, see that you act it well, or a cripple or a ruler or a private citizen, for this is your business, to act well a given part, but to choose it belongs to another."

You know back in '64 and '65, we used to have in the Navy the requirement to send in "Lessons Learned in Southeast Asia." The idea being, I guess, that as long as we had an operation of projected short duration we might as well learn as much out of the miserable little exercise as we could. So I learned and reported several lessons in '64 and later in '65 before I was shot down. But I learned, or rather more properly re-learned, several more on the other side of the fence. I've selected five of those lessons which will form the framework of my talk about the POW situation.

Lesson One: It is my view that leaders are born not made - that there are men who can make 2 + 2 = 5. We shouldn't be embarrassed about this as I think Americans generally are. The Communists are strangely unembarrassed about it. I think we should acknowledge the fact that a few people just naturally have clout with others. The Communists identify them and use them. So should we.

Now I have to give you a little background on a sort of Communist game plan in the prison. You have probably heard most of this, but I'll be quick. It was very simple. They brought the full power of the camp system or government system to one end: to break our will. I quote Clausewitz: "War is an act of violence to break the enemy's will." Their

violence consisted of torture. We have very strict definitions in our community about what torture is. It's the intentional application of pain over a well defined, finite time span for a desired end. Some people went through this two and three times, some ten and more. Irons - sometimes this was pain, sometimes it was inconvenience so we had to learn to distinguish between them and base our response accordingly. Some people months, some people years. Cuffs - that's a science in itself. Sometimes inconvenience, sometimes very painful. Again the spectrum varied from weeks to months. Finally, a special kind of violence, if I may use the word, isolation or solo. I won't differentiate between the two here. (There are those in the audience who know the difference.) The basic idea of both is that you were not permitted to communicate by any means.

On top of this violence were rules stressing the perils of communication and other things and once you broke these rules then the method was very simple. It's the same used by them on their own people I think. First, the attempt to impose on you the feeling of guilt, then punishment, then apology, then atonement, in that order. Atonement usually was a forced statement of an anti-war nature. So propaganda had a high value, a very high value. But the highest value was the prevention of our organization. The charge as it was quoted was "inciting others to oppose camp authority." So that's the name of the game. We had organizations in almost every prison and inevitably they were periodically broken down by some sort of an inadvertent compromise. A purge followed, people were sorted out. They pieced together under torture enough information to destroy the regime and then we would rebuild knowing full well that a future purge was inevitable.

One such organization was in the prison we called Las Vegas in '67. Like all others it got its momentum from a few drivers; most of them senior but not all certainly; some were junior. That purge was a bad one like several others and I was the focal point at the end, having been the boss in that case. I hope that I can make it clear that in the purge I gave it a good go because I'm going to tell you about some things that I was forced to do.

After several weeks of pretty tough living, I was about to run out of gas as they bored down on me for more and more information. So I had to deflect the argument or spill my guts. I was at that point. Now what they wanted was a list of my central committee. I was being interrogated not by the top guy, a man we later knew by Major Bai, but by a third echelon and so I would be tortured and then they would take what I had said or written back to the hierarchy. Hours or

days later it would come back and either it was blessed or it was not. They were very particular about this documentation. They were talking about war crimes at that time and I think that may have been part of it. This is summer - fall of '67, August, September, October. But I knew what I wanted to do last of all was to give them the names of those key men who would not ordinarily be key suspects, in many cases Air Force captains and Navy lieutenants - the junior people who were frequently the key communications men and often the most innovative people within particular cell blocks. So they kept this central committee thing up. They had no idea of the scope of our communications or the refinement of it. At that time we had about 200 prisoners' names. Most of us had memorized them. Maybe 50 of them were in this camp and many had been moved to others. So I took a calculated risk. I said okay, I'll give you the central committee (although they must have known we didn't have such a thing). I'll give you our organization. They were pleased that I finally "bowed down" and left paper. I wrote 200 names in a row. I knew this was going to blow it because they would be shocked to realize that we knew who was in all their camps. I put them in order of seniority and I said that's our organization. It's like a worm that goes back together. You cannot defeat us because always the top man will take charge and there's no committee. It's an autocratic system. Well they didn't like that. They came back and I persisted. The said, "Our senior officer says that is unsatisfactory but we won't pursue it farther provided you show where your central committee stops.". So I drew a line under the junor Navy commander and said okay that's my central committee, from here on up.

Now back again to the torture because the next requirement was that I write down what each "committee" member did. So again it came time to act and I again tried to think the best way to do that, so I used their words. I said so and so - senior officer in such and such a cell block -- followed out my orders to incite others to oppose camp authority and that he was very effective in this and communicated and relayed my orders. What I wrote sounded like a citation for a medal. I wrote that one after another down this rather short list, same words in each case and they didn't like it at all. There was no dirt in it, you know, there was nothing they could get their hands on. But they came back and said you forgot a very important element. You must put in there in addition that each "had the innate ability to do so." I thought that was rather odd. Then I remembered a conversation, a very animated argument that I had had with an infamous

interrogator named Rabbit some months before when I said to him, "You're so proud of being a party member, what are the requirements to be a party member?" In the heat of that bygone argument he stepped outside his cautious pre-coached script and replied that "there are only four. First you've got to be 17 years old. Secondly you've got to be smart enough to understand the theory. Third you've got to be selfless" (as a missionary might be selfless) "and fourth and most important you have to be a man who has the inborn ability to influence others." And it came to my mind that all this time that was the thing they were really trying to find out about us. They were no master psychologists. They were just practical, often very ordinary men. But they were looking for this spark because that's how you get nominated to be a party member. And I could surmise who were party members and I'm sure my prisonmates could too. As we'd peep out of holes we could see these meetings of a few key officers and enlisted men. Those were the guys who could control the emotional climate of the North Vietnamese command. The Communists make a profession of identifying these people. Those were the men who "ran" their system; those were the men, regardless of rank, who "ran" our system, and they knew it. In their own ranks they institutionalized the charismatic power by party membership. In the enemy ranks they kept them in solitary confinement and branded them "war criminals."

One add-on here. It was late in the afternoon and they were griped in general because I had been able to squeeze through the crack there on a solution that was satisfactory to neither of us. They said "hurry up, hurry up" as I was adding this innate ability remark and as I picked up one sheet they said, "Don't bother with him, he's harmless." The guy whose name they threw out was a perfectly honorable officer who rigorously self-disciplined himself to the Code of Conduct. But I thought about him, he just had no clout with the others and he was what you would call a man who did not like to make waves. He just wasn't the kind of leader the rest were and this they already knew. They learned this in the stress situations of long interrogations. That was what they were interested in. Is this guy a threat? Can he stir up trouble? Or will he just mind his own business? Lesson: You can't tell the players without a program and a smart fighter knows his men, and as best he can, his enemy, not only by rank but by charismatic clout.

We learned lessons about the power of comradeship. Lesson Two: Glen Grey, the World War II combat infantryman, discusses the nature of fighting on grounds that modern angels fear to tread.

> "War reveals dimensions of human nature above and below the acceptable standards of humanity. In the end any study of war must strive to deal with gods and devils in the form of man. It is recorded in the holy scripture that there was once a war in Heaven and that the nether regions are still supposed to be the scene of incessant strife. Interpreted symbolically this must mean that the final secrets of why men fight must be beyond the human in the nature of being itself."

And I talk in many cases here about men who fought from the nature of their being. And I'm talking about comradeship. Grey again:

> "The feeling of belonging together that men in battle often find a cementing force needs first to be awakened by an external reason for fighting but the feeling is by no means dependent on this reason. The cause that calls comradeship into being may be the defense of one's country, the propogation of one's true religious faith or a passion of political ideology. It may be the retention of honor or the recovery of a Helen of Troy."

And that power of comradeship brings to me flashbacks of 11 of us who spent a couple of years in a little prison called Alcatraz, where the strength of the whole as a result of this comradeship greatly exceeded the cumulative individual strength of the members. We who were there possessed first of all, I think, mutual respect. Most of the members were those whose names I just told you about writing about (the only others were recaptured escapees). It was a rather unpleasant period of solitary confinement in which we were all in leg irons 15 hours a day with intermittent purges. One trip out of those dark cells each day to dump your bucket. Occasionally a bath. But in Alcatraz we had the best morale I have ever experienced in military organization. Because of this mutual respect and comradeship we had intricate communication systems.

We were in touch with each other. We did as all prison camps grew to do. When we came back from an interrogation, we ridded ourselves of guilt. We always leveled with our shipmates. Told them what had happened to us and what information we had lost in torture. We knew not to be ashamed as long as you did your best and told your friends the truth. Nothing shocked us because we'd all been there. Under the press of circumstances we often said things to a man under

pressure or pain like "I love you." Now that's and odd thing to say and I can't conjure up my saying it at work these days but that was the feeling. The conditions were terrible, the morale high. But the fact was that we had been put there and there was no worse place except total isolation for the Vietnamese to put us and they were stuck with us and they knew somehow of our high morale. It was a completely stultifying experience for the Vietnamese because of that key of comradeship. We were winning and we knew it.

We grew to have competition for absorbing pain. There were two major purges there. I was only there for the first, Jerry being in charge for the second and the more serious purge. There was competition to see who could stay in the torture room the most hours. There was compassion, as in a riot which caused my demise there. One of our members had terrible stomach pains from worms. Lots of people were ill. One guy died, an Air Force captain. The man in pain yelled for the guard during the night and the guard refused to help him and so we stood up at the doors with our leg irons on cursed, banged, and caused a general disturbance in the neighborhood. We were strong and when I left them and I was alone, really alone for over a year after that, I prayed daily for each one of those guys. I want to tell you I probably had more affection for those guys than I had for my family and I hope you appreciate it when I say that. I love my family.

We had among our identification methods an individualistic whistle or hum. Each guy picked a song that would represent him and I remembered one every day as part of my ritualistic life in later isolation, remembering the Alcatraz cell block and humming each guy's tune and trying to think a pleasant thought of him or about him. We hadn't seen each other very often and then only surreptitiously but we 11 guys knew everything about one another, their kids, their wife's family, their birthplaces, their birthdates and so forth. So the power of comradeship is strong. To prohibit it is an enemy's strongest weapon.

Three: We relearned lessons of the power of spontaneity, instinct. As our old friend Clausewitz said:

> "In action most men follow a mere instinctive judgement which hits the mark more or less successfully according as they have in them more or less genius."

Planning has its limits in other words. T. E. Lawrence, as he describes his leadership problem with those heroic and flamboyant Arabs. He came to a frustration point.

> "So I sheared off the mathematical element and plunged into the matter of the biological factor in command. The 'felt element in troops' not expressable in figures. It had to be guessed at by the equivalent of Plato's 'X'." (One of those very specific and sensitive Greek words which has no equivalent.) "And the greatest commander of men was he whose intuitions most nearly happened."
>
> "Nine-tenths of tactics were certain enough to teach in schools, but the irrational tenth was like a kingfisher flashing across the pool and in it lay the test of generals. The instinct of the irrational tenth."

I have an example of that. It was when an instinct, an irrational one I'm sure, precipitated a riot. At the time there were those among us preaching a philosophy that I've seen the limitations to time and again: "We stand to lose more than we stand to gain." The event occurred in 1971 and was known as the Church Riot. Ironically, I was one who was saying , "We are fat. Although all are not communicating, things will work out well. Wait." But somehow there was a wisdom in the group - that even though we'd never had it so good it was time for a challenge to the authorities. It was a time when after the Son Tay raids we'd been put in big cell blocks - the only time some of us were ever in them. Communication between the blocks was "prohibited," but the blocks ringed a prison in the center of Hanoi. We had everybody there; the first time, thanks to the Son Tay raids and those Army troops, because the Vietnamese were afraid and brought them all in from outlying camps. But we were in search, I think subconsciously, of an issue and the issue became a golden one. They prohibited church services. The sense of our cell block's mood was "damn logic." "We'll have church and we'll see what happens." And so we had church. And so the door burst open and the guards with the rifles came in and hauled out those men who were leading in prayers and so on. And somebody, again this kingfisher flashing across the pool on a Sunday afternoon, ~~started singing the Star-Spangled~~ Banner and everybody joined in and we had more patriotic songs. This was a confrontation of unprecedented audacity. Then somebody down at the end of the cell block remembered an old chant that we used to yell in the Naval Academy messhall the night before the Army-Navy

game. "This is table #7, this is table #7. Table 8. Table 8, where in the hell are you?" And they yelled it to building 8 next door and they started singing. Finally this went on all night - all blocks singing - and the guards were in the windows with their guns and tear gas and so forth. The next morning they marched us seniors off and put us back in irons. Of course a rationalist would have said we lost more than we gained. But when I looked back in hindsight, we gained the greatest of all things. We gained unity. We gained a tradition, we brought almost everybody in those cell blocks, some containing men previously too shy to communicate, aboard and into our organization. So we gained - not because of but in spite of "reason."

This is not unique in history and I again quote Lawrence talking about instinct:

> "The Arab leaders showed a completeness of instinct, a reliance upon intuition, the unperceived foreknown which left our centrifugal minds gasping, like women they understood and judged quickly, effortlessly, unreasonably."

He talks about one of his favorite guys, Feisal, a cousin of the man who was killed recently.

> "Feisal seemed to govern his men unconsciously, hardly to know how he stamped his mind on them. Feisal was born to it."

Instinct has its place. Don't be afraid of it is my message.

Four: We learned some lessons about the exemplary power of personal honor, the power of example. T. E. Lawrence described in some detail how the Arabs had no traditional discipline in the way we know it. That doesn't mean they weren't effective.

> "Any of our Arabs could go home without penalty whenever the conviction failed him. The only contract was honor."

Well it's not well known but individually in Hanoi, the staying there of a particular man, the one man, you, your only contract was honor.

The Vietnamese had a program the inception of which we perceived in 1967 when they gave a series of broadcasts about how generally the Americans were unsat in their attitude

and how they were going to take the most reactionary and put them in permanent punishment and how those who repented and truly repented would go home before the war was over. The way they handled this, it was obvious that it was the early release program, the Fink release program as we called it. There were certain requirements. One was that you had to attract their attention and give them reason to believe you would behave in a "reasonable manner" when you got home. You wouldn't tell all the bad things.

Well, almost to a man the whole idea was repugnant to us. For two reasons. One was you had to say things detrimental to your government. There were four propaganda requirements somebody told me. It was a pretty bad scene, particularly the tapes you had to make. But secondly, you were taking a special favor. Both concepts were against the Code of Conduct and the thing was repugnant. In 1967 we put out orders against accepting a Fink release for the few who needed orders on the subject. The idea of the counter-spy tactic was frequently discussed from the time the program started. Why not take a man and tell him, order him to go home, whereupon he would play games with the Vietnamese and say yes I have repented, I truly repent and I think the United States is full of baloney and so forth and woo himself into their favor and go home with some American peacenik crowd and then be our emissary in Washington, our agent.

Well this had a lot of drawbacks. One, it was not probable you'd get a man with enough information from one of the harder camps who could ever win favor with the Vietnamese. But even if you did, by some grand act he would put on, his reputation would be severely damaged. You just could never explain to everybody, unless he was a well known standout prison performer, that he came home correctly with orders. So we let that ride until we had a very strange occurrence about six months before we were released. A man with a reputation of wide and great stature was called to a quiz unexpectedly. One of his relatives had become anti-war and was apparently influential enough so that even this guy was offered a chance to go home by the Vietnamese because the word had been put in through the American Left Wing that it would be good to get him out. They were willing to take a chance on his intimate knowledge of torture, I guess. They thought the war was soon to end so they'd spot him what he had for information. Well a message was formed to try to order him to go home. We asked him to go home as our hero. The reputation problem was solved. The problem of a man like that hooking up with the Vietnamese on a mutual basis was solved. So it wasn't too bad an idea but we felt it necessary to leave him a loophole. We said,"If this is morally offensive to you, you can refuse to obey our order." We sent the

proposition to his cell block. In the next possible communication period, his answer was, "I'll go over the wall or I'll go out with all of you, but that's the only way I'll leave this place." We all gained strength from our shipmate's self-respect. Lesson - moral strength rubs off.

And finally, number five: We relearned lessons about the power of commitment. Of not retaining your options, of intentionally limiting them, of burning your bridges behind you and the prosecution of the right as you knew it to be. The North Vietnamese highest value was the destruction of our unity and our highest value was that unity. To have it required one thing: leadership. To take that leadership required a person to commit to torture. Now there's a couple of things you ought to know about this. I think I've already explained one - that torture for leadership, which is the worst sort, had to be volunteered for. You had to have made a deal with yourself knowing full well that it was going to occur. So it was an intentional act. It wasn't just a case of a man being inadvertently caught because there were just so many ways for them to get information that eventual compromise was inevitable.

Secondly, the ultimate risks were higher than most appreciate. Of course, there's the risk to life and limb but that, in some ways, is the easy part. There was a risk to your reputation because if you were taken far enough and had to make a tape that didn't say exactly what you felt, you would probably be stashed somewhere else and you had the fear this would be played before your best friends and you wouldn't be there to defend yourself. So you were risking your reputation. Furthermore, by being stashed alone and without the ability to get rid of guilt feelings by communication with a friend you also risked a lack of self-respect. You were hit where you live. And that's a harder cross to bear than losing the use of your arms and legs. You had to stand up and be counted. You could never issue a cover-your-ass policy because it was <u>you</u> who had to take your prescribed measure of torture first. You could never issue a simplistic bureaucratic order like, "Obey the Code of Conduct." Nobody would ever pay any attention to you. "What do you mean? How/when do we take torture? What do we do? How do we do it?" You had to say it and you had to know you were going to be the test case.

Well there were many cases of this being done but none is more vivid in my mind than one that now I will describe briefly. In New Guy Village, which was a sort of holding point in an isolated part of Hoa Lo Prison, in the spring of '66, a new shoot-down by the name of Mulligan who had been

there in great pain and injury for about a month moved out. The next day I heard the cell door slammed shut. (I was two doors down and there were Vietnamese civilian prisoners in the cell between us and there were guards lurking here and there). But we could risk occasionally whispering out in the passageway and I knew a guy was thrust in there and I could hear them clamping him in some contrivance, at least leg irons and probably more. When things got quiet and I knew I had a new friend, I whistled softly and muttered my name and I got a familiar tune back: "Navy Blue and Gold." That guy was of course your boss, Admiral Jerry Denton, classmate of mine and friend of, as he says, at least 33 years. He had committed himself to leadership at a camp called the Zoo and he had led at this point in time and as he was to do time and again. He had been apprehended and he had been tortured there for doing the very thing I'm talking about, organizing and creating the spirit of comradeship.

But at the Zoo they had not earned satisfaction from him and they had brought him back to Hoa Lo Prison where the real torture experts were. This day was his Last Supper, really. They had said, "You know how the ropes are. Tomorrow you will bow down. Tomorrow you will confess your crimes. Today you stay in the cramped position with arms and legs bound and think it over." So we talked under those conditions. At this point I think it's appropriate to interject a quote from Lawrence about torture of the sort Jerry was doomed to undergo. He talks about how you leave the active role and become an observer. In this condition he says:

> "Somehow I found myself off the bench, lying down, dazed, panting for breath, but vaguely comfortable. I had strung myself to learn all pain until I died, and no longer actor but spectator, not caring how my body jerked and squeeled. Yet I knew or imagined what passed about me."

Well our conversation on that last day was framed in the context of total commitment. (There was no doubt in my mind we were talking about Jerry's imminent death.) This was only '66 and we were so new in the system then that we were ~~naive~~ enough to think a human being had the power to remain silent and die. It was like going through his personal file, what messages he had for each one of his children and what messages he had for Jane. And the last one I'll repeat with care. He said, "Tell Jane that I want her to have a father for my children and I want her to get married and I'll love him as much as I love her." There's commitment.

Glen Grey:

"Nothing is clearer than that men can act contrary to the alleged basic instinct of self-preservation and against all motives of self-interest and egoism. Were it not so the history of warfare in our civilization would be completely different than what it has been."

And I say without Jerry's selfless commitment and example that the history of our record in Hanoi would have been completely different from what it was. Later at the Zoo, Las Vegas, Alcatraz, he never bought off and one of the very few men that I can say never did what we call "roll." He never let up on himself. He never dodged an issue.

Well, I have tried to say that an important element of the art of command is philosophical consistency and that if you are to avoid the cover-your-ass syndrome, writing orders nobody can obey or what my wife has identified as the chicken-hawk syndrome, you must listen to the poets as well as the scientists. Sybil knows hawks and she knows doves, but the worst of all in her mind is the chicken-hawk, that's a hawk that turns chicken, who wallows at the mercy of his chess-like grasp of options and backs down under pressure. He suddenly gets "rational." There's a time when you can't afford to do that.

Cowper:

"We men are rational but we are animal too and especially in war."

Clausewitz:

"If we take a comprehensive view of the four components of the atmosphere in which war moves; danger, physical effort, uncertainty, and chance, it is easy to understand that a great moral and mental force is needed to advance with safety and success in this baffling element. A force described as energy, firmness, staunchness, strength of mind and character."

And I would add my selected six powers that I enumerated at the beginning of this talk, the powers of charisma, comradeship, spontaneity, instinct, personal honor and commitment.

So what does this all practically mean to you? To some of course, nothing. To the romanticists among you, you may see some future application of this case I have made for the unrational if not the irrational in this computerized, super-sophisiticated, "rational" world of ours. But I warn you, unrational generalizations are not popular in polite conversation. The busy work life in the particular, has always held sway in the street. To make this a call to action would be to doom you to a life of frustration. Speaking of lifetimes of frustration, I have one more prison story and this came from a very bright fellow named Bob Schumaker who had been solo for many years and had remembered every good joke he had ever heard. When we finally did one day get together in face-to-face contact as cell mates he had them coming so fast, I gasped. He has a good storytelling ability and one he told with a Scottish accent. It was about an anatomy class with a tough professor. The question he asked Miss MacCracken to answer was, "What organ of the human body upon excitation expands to five times its normal size?" Miss MacCracken blushed and started to giggle and had to sit down. Then he asked Mr. MacTavish, "What organ of the human body upon excitation expands to five times its normal size?" Mr. MacTavish replied, "The iris of the human eye," and he was correct. The professor went back to Miss MacCracken, shook his finger and said, "Miss MacCracken, I have but three things to say to you gal. First, you didn't read your lesson. Second, you've got a dirty mind and third, you are doomed to a lifetime of disappointment." I say to you, don't fight 20th century bureaucracy and methodology head on. Try to bring them back to basics with an oblique approach and save yourself a lifetime of disappointment.

That, of course, is easier said than done. After a prison life of monasticism, introspection, of constant generalization, of seeking universals in particular, I found my homecoming frustration best summarized by a poet I had read years before named Louis MacNeice. Louis MacNeice, known as a brash Oxford poet of the '20's and sensitive observer of the intellectual scene, put out a piece called Autumn Journal upon leaving the classical life of scholarship. In this rather humorous poem he states his predicament which is not too different from the one with which I, and possibly you, contend. He's in dispair because he's back in life on the streets "surrounded by barbarians always."

"Life in the particular always,
   dozens of men in the street.
And the perennial if unimportant problem
   of getting enough to eat.
So blow the bugles over the metaphysicians,
   let the pure mind return to the pure mind;
I must be content to remain in the world of apperance
   and sit on the mere appearance of a behind.
But in case you should think my education wasted
   I hasten to explain
that once having studied the classics
   you can never really again
believe anything that anyone says and that of course
      is an asset
   in a world like ours;
Why bother to water a garden
   that is planted with paper flowers?
O the freedom of the press, the late night final,
   tomorrow's pulp;
One should not gulp one's port but as it isn't
   port, I'll gulp it if I want to gulp
But probably I'll just enjoy the colour
   and pour it down the sink
For I don't call advertisement a statement
   or any quack medicine a drink.
Good-bye now, Plato and Hegel (and I would add Epictetus
      and Clausewitz and Lawrence and Grey),
   the shop is closing down;
They don't want any philosopher-kings in England,
   there ain't no universals in this man's town."

Thank you.