

Song of the Promised Land
by
Francis B. Porzel

Copyright 1960
F.B. Porzel

DEDICATION

Prayer for Peace

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred - let me sow love,
Where there is injury - pardon,
Where there is doubt - faith,
Where there is despair - hope,
Where there is darkness - light,
Where there is sadness - joy.

Oh Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled - as to console
To be understood - as to understand
To be loved - as to love. For
It is in giving - that we receive,
It is in pardoning - that we are pardoned,
It is in dying - that we are born to eternal life.

St. Francis of Assisi

Preface

August 1945.

The United States announced it had dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki!

No one is likely to forget the drama, the surprise and pride in achievement of that truly August day in 1945; the staggering comparisons that were made, a caravan of trucks a thousand miles long which would be required to carry the equivalent energy in high explosives.

Yet, before the public could grasp the meaning of these strange new words in the lexicon of the “atomic” age and the significance of these paralyzing numbers about the atomic bomb, something else happened. Although much more significant—and still happening—it seemed almost unnoticed, only a vague difference between kilotons and megatons, a sort of bigger and better king-size A-bomb in the H-bomb. Instead of a sense of terrible urgency, there seemed only a puzzlement over the pros and cons of fallout from tests, of disarmament versus security in the relative merits of test moratoria and underground explosions. Truth is always stranger than fiction until we have time and opportunity to understand it—take time, be given opportunity. Without these, I am afraid the best the layman can do is to underestimate what some words about H-bombs really mean or waste himself over other fears that have suddenly become—on a relative basis—trivial.

SONG OF THE PROMISED LAND puts thermonuclear warfare in the millennial—even cosmic—perspective where it belongs: humanity and the H-bomb and beyond. Nothing less will do.

We dare not let useless fears of our own inadequacy lapse into a false peace of oblivious indifference—as if we stood apart from humanity, the bomb or anything else. The dedication, written by a man who lived nearly a thousand years ago, gives much more eloquent proof for the power of faith in human nature than a twentieth century atomic weapons-effects scientist could give. For it proves, by your own response to it, a compassion you surely felt with the wisdom of this warming gentle man. Countless people share what he felt. Else you and I would never have heard of a once Francis, gentleman of Assisi, let alone quote him familiarly. You share it, else you would not be reading here. It illustrates a recognition—his, yours and mine—of whatever It is within us that makes us *care* about people, gratefully proud to be a human being, even when, as now, we feel most humble at our own inadequacy to measure up to the responsibilities we bear as human beings. Security, yes, but the need for acts of faith in and among human beings must be measured against the enormous effort the world expends—we expend—in reinforcing mutual mistrust by weapons of war. Trust is the crux. Time and opportunity are still with us. *SONG OF THE PROMISED LAND* is meant to give you a concise opportunity to understand what the weapons mean and much more, as you will see. Only you can give the time to read it – effort in turn for someone else. Nothing less will measure up. And time is short.

So much for why.

About the form. It looks like an epic poem. It is. As befits the subject matter. But

It was not intended to be free verse.
It just turned out that way.

The goals were condensation and clarity, short enough to be read by busy people, but long enough to explain what the words mean. After one has thought long and hard enough about an interplay of ideas trying to make the connections clear with the fewest adequate words, it is only natural that the sentences begin to resemble equations in words, much as any proverb or advertisement does. When the equations—in words or symbols—become complicated, mathematicians resort to grouping terms which play a similar role. Grouping of clauses, to subordinate the ideas, is often done here, and this is what gives the appearance of free verse. Many sentences are literally diagrammed out. As for the obvious alliterations and rhythms, well, I like it that way. Many of the facts here are brutal enough. When the world needs sincerity and compassion more than it needs more technical know-how, why should I pretend to be something I am not—cold-blooded and hard-hearted — affecting the insensate prose of a scientific robot for fear that some people might find poetry incongruous in a scientist—even one whose field of specialization lies in

Symmetrical waves,
And strong motions,
In the dynamics of fluid flows.

The SONG should not be read too fast. The composer's theme is lost when a high fidelity recording is played at five times normal speed.

The writing of SONG OF THE PROMISED LAND really began when an address “mike Shot—Crossroads for Mankind” was given to the American Military Industrial Conference in early 1956, a realistic appraisal of thermonuclear weapons, repeated at the invitation of the Army War College the following week. Many of the ideas were thought out in a detailed book “Humanity and the H-Bomb” written in 1956 and 1957. About 40 addresses of that general nature have been made since to a wide variety of military, civic and religious audiences, about half at the invitation of military people. The Song includes ideas from other short papers with titles such as: Walter and the A-Bomb; Atomic Blast—Patterns for Survival; Shelters; War and the Woman's Point of View; and Testimony of a Witness. This experience and much more reflects in the Song. Such condensation is another plea for not reading too quickly.

The “much more” would never fit into a preface. Rather than belabor the reader with a digest of what needs to be said in several much more technical books, some timely advice will be taken on excellent authority from a different Book:

“ . . . do not multiply words—as the disbelievers do—who think that by saying a great deal, they will be heard.”

“But let your speech be ‘yes, yes’; ‘no, no’, and whatever is beyond these comes from the evil one.”

To this, I am sure that every reader will add a fervent Amen.

The reader does not need me to see the world around him. He knows that too many—honest pagans and preachers alike—talk as if Whoever invented and passed the laws of nature did not understand fluid dynamics, probability theory, quantum mechanics, electrons, photons, thermonuclear fusion, fission, evolution, sex hormones, psychiatric confessions, all the other facets of earthly and red-blooded biology, and God only knows what else we don’t know that we don’t know. There is little point—to me—in plagiarizing old ideas with new scientific words. For everything I see in Science, see on the frontiers of idea space in Science, now see in all natural law put together, has already been adequately described by a Perfectly Good Word like God.

And St. Paul also saw—long before the author of SONG OF THE PROMISED LAND did—there is no need for blind faith in anything. Or against. One suspects that is why we have eyes, ears, noses, feelings, emotions, heads to think with, along with science and slide rules. “Blind faith in anything” includes the present author. Many of the reasons I believe as I do—in what I do—appear in the Song for the reader to accept or reject as he sees fit.

Many people have given encouragement, kind and helpful suggestions for which the author is deeply grateful. Any specific acknowledgments by me would be wholly inadequate to include all who are part of the Song, the data and theory in it, opportunities and inspiration given me, all with whom and for whom I have worked. My biography must speak for them. For such a list would have to include too nearly every fellow human being who ever lived, “but if everyone of these should be written, not even the world itself, I think, could hold the books that would have to be written.” The major references see clear enough.

“What can I do now?”—about nuclear war. That can be said in less than three dozen words. An hour or so from now, if you do not read too quickly, war—for you—can be over forever. That’s a promise.

But first, by my experience, actually seeing a bomb makes a great difference in what we say about it. Few, thank God, have actually seen a full-scale H-bomb in action. Of those who have, too few have written. You will see one here with me in a short time. We have time enough and need to describe the target and test area first, but can start the count-down now. Lots of time, yet. By my watch, the time is now: H hour minus twenty minutes.

H - 20 minutes.

What are Human Beings Really Like?

From the beginning, good men everywhere
 Have dreamed and sung of some Utopia
 That comes with a deep longing for peace,
 Where “peace” and “plenty” seem somewhere synonymous,
 In a land of “freedom from evil”.

This vision (prevision?) is the central expression
 In every religion, philosophy and great political theory
 That man has ever devised:

- The Republic of Plato
- The Theocracy of Saint Augustine
- The Age of Reason
- The Liberation of the Proletariat
- Liberty, Equality, Unions of States
- Shangri-Las in Golden Sunlight
- The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth itself!

In a thousand variations he expressed this theme:
 Of Olympus, Valhalla, Nirvana, and Paradise
 In all his songs for a Promised Land.

Some say Man was created in the image of God.
 Some say he creates gods in his own image,
 Sings hymns only for himself. NO doubt at times he does,
 But, like everything else we really want and *do*
 In our limited span of three score and ten
 These visions were mostly for the . . . Children.
 (Oh, that *taunting wanting* for the needs
 Of hungry young bodies and growing young minds!)
 Whatever he created to worship,
 This dream – for them – was the Fatherly Gift
 That each of his gods was *intended* to bring.

Slowly, at first, Man learned to protect himself . . . and them,
 From the nakedness and ignorance into which he was born,
 From cold and famine, from savage beasts-of-prey,
 From worse, those tiny beasts-of-prey within,
 That he had learned to call disease.
 Countless things men did for one another: freed each other –
 With wheels, sails and steam. Man gave himself wings,
 Soon will be free even from the plaguing loneliness of his own planet.
 He explored his world with all the tools his intellect could create,
 From electrons to galaxies, full of wonder and childlike awe
 At the wonderful handiwork of Creation.

Too seldom he paused to question and *weigh*
– The most intriguing puzzle of all:
Who put the hunger in us?
– To know if food *before* understanding the chemistry of body -0- and soul
– That impels all these curiosities.....hopes.....and dreams
– In our strange quests forTruth, Goodness, and Beauty
– And their deep subtle connections in.....Children.
That Haunting and Happiness, Wanting and Doing For The Children!

It IS the God in Man. (No wonder He likes us so.)

And one by one, Man learned in time to put down
The long and grievous list of great social insanities
By which he plagued his own history from the beginning:
Idolatry, human sacrifice, witch-craft and witch-burning,
Piracies, persecutions and slavery, sacred and scientific superstitions.
What men did to one another? We can speak of many things:
– of organized exploitations when cannibals are kings
– of wholly sacrificial rites some once called Holy Right
– of casting all these crosses down by crossing out the castes.
Man learns and matures. In time, he even let the women vote.

The time is too short to waste any of it
Proving a point that has been obvious
To sane and intelligent men
For thousands of years:
That war is such a plague on Man.
How to end war has seldom been a problem
Because the answers are too difficult;
Our troubles come in good part, as they so often do,
Because the answers are *too* obvious.

Yet, War remains.
The ancient paradox of good and evil is again
In humanity and the H-bomb.
Devils without and devils within, sowing suspicion, shaping submission
———Conquest by confusion ——
Creating gods that destroy – in him – th4e very God who created him.
Double think and triple-cross! like Crosses of Calvary

Of course, we could always quit.
But there is some innate urge within us.
– The part of God in Man I think –
By which we know that even war and death for us are preferable
To forsaking what we know is good,
And this, mostly for the sake of . . . The Children.

Yes, we could quit, abandon these dreams. But quitting itself
Is only the destitution of the defeated
We cannot sell our soul! Because our soul is *all*
That the fighting *back* has ever been fighting *for*.
And so be it, this plague too – of war – will pass.
No longer impotent
To Nature's ways against his body,
Nor to the ways of men against his mind,
No longer bound by these fetters to the earth,
He will reach for the stars at long last,
And sing in the Promised Land!

II

I Sing of My Native Land

I sing of America
Of a land I learned to love as a child,
Of a Promised Land
Born of the hopes and dreams
Of ten thousand generations of my ancestors

Who were my ancestors?
Scholars and saints, soldiers and statesmen,
Poets perhaps, but preponderantly paupers and peasants,
Plunged into poverty from the pelvic opening,
And parted from poverty in Potters' field,
Pawns in war and serfs in peace,
Hungry and cold, wracked by disease,
Plagued by vermin, famine and superstitions –
These were my ancestors and yours:
Mostly the Man with the Hoe.
How long has it been, but yesterday,
In the million year scale of geologic time,
Since the uncouth creatures who groveled for grubs?
Uncouth? Yes but *good* in heart and purpose.
Strong men and fertile women were my ancestors:
Grumbling, bitter, seldom-understanding-why,
But nonetheless *true* to the God within them,
Moved – as you and I – by luscious pine and golden clouds,
Seldom-questioning-shy it is that
Beauty is as *beauty* does – what it was intended for,
That a new generation might come to be –
That you and I might come to be,
And seek in turn for goodness, truth and beauty.

I sing of America,
Of a green wilderness from which freshened and blew
The refreshing winds of Freedom,
Of men created equal by their Creator
Of governments by the people for people
In freedom under God.

This idea glinted from the fire
 That science would glimpse again
 —How all the order in Nature comes
 But from the free will of the particles
 Under the laws – a fewest set—
 For, freedom without law
 But law without freedom
 To repeat yesterday, or with gears clogged
 Law of chance is the incredibly simple tool
 For all the universe, energy flowing outward
 Seems to proceed from a single stoke,
 In once dark oceans of endless deep
 —A miracle once of reversing chance—
 Draw together. Let light go!and Lo!
 Where smear once was
 In the geometric beauty of the atoms
 Galaxies marching grandly
 Of myriad inventions in life forms
 The law of chance means equal chance:
 From near-infinite collective ingenuity
 To move and to choose, or join together
 —Within the law – in its time and place
 Ever seeking the least possible pressure
 Conservation law justice—conscience within,
 The lightest burdens from the easiest yokes.

in the dazzling scheme in Creation Itself.
 two—or three—centuries later,
 not from immutable detailed law,
 —literally—and their equality
 conserving mass, momentum and energy.
 is endless confusion, getting nowhere.
 is a mindless clock, uselessly ticking ahead
 by a simple grain of sand.
 that defines Divine Genius
 in photons—like ideas—
 six billion years or so ago,
 a spirit of Movement on still waters,
 a gathering of the *light from dark*.
 is orderly optimum growth: in semi-stable patterns,
 —crystalline snowflakes to God—
 in steady cosmic explosion, the magnificent procession
 from spores and amoeba to Man.
 and all this growth springs
 when the particles are free
 as each sees best and fit
 in the history of the fluid,
 on particles and systems.
 maximum freedom from without
 Such indeed is government under God.

Forgive me, mes amis, amigos, comrades and Kameraden
But “this is my own, my native land”—what I want it to be.
We know how much your land means to you, Too,
Your Acropolis, your cradles of civilization
The burdens you *wanted* to carry, and did,
Over an empire on which the sun never set,
Your dreams of a better life for the common man.
Let us simply say,
“Our fathers came here to found a better life—
Yours stayed there to make a better one.”
Put in whatever names you see in what I say,
“A rose is a rose is a rose.”

Jefferson, Washington, Monroe—they were here
When my country’s government was born. Revolution, if you please.
But so were Plato, Aristotle, Augustine and Aquinas,
Rousseau, Locke and Mills, and all the ancient greats,
Machiavelli was here, that expert witness on what to guard against.
The embryos of a hundred more revolutions yet to come.
They were all here:
Every man who ever earned a living
By the sweat of his for somebody else,
Every woman who ever bore her children in travail.
And Christ was here.
All on behalf of the Man with the Hoe.

Hear how the words ring yet
After nearly two centuries of constant use:
“That to secure these rights
Governments are instituted among Men,
Deriving their just powers
From the consent of the governed,—
That whenever any Form of Government
Becomes destructive of these ends,
It is the right of the People
To alter or abolish it,
And to institute new Government
Laying its foundation on such principles
And organizing its powers in such form,
As to them shall seem
Most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness”.
You know how it goes, only the italics are mine.
“If this be treason, make the most of it”,
Our ancestors said, and knew whereof they spoke
“it is their right, it is their duty
to throw off such government
and to provide new Guards for their future security”.

Think of it yet! For it means
That opposition to tyranny is not treason at all,
But is a sacred obligation on the part of every human being
In loyalty to the rest of the people in the human race

That most of the people are women and children,
Good people don't have to mention.
They call it "Posterity".

They did make the most of it!
For a century and a half,
They fired the imagination of the world
With that universal symbol—strong young motherhood!
"The New Colossus", Liberty, "A Mighty Woman".
"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

All of our ancestors came by that door, and many more
Including East Indians who became West Indians by going east
Across the Bering Straits, some fifteen thousand years ago.
South to Laos or east to Taos? Who knows
How much of the pagodas of the Cathay
 are in the pueblos of San Ildefonso?
Galleys of Carthage, Welsh kings, Norse and Irish sailors
Blown westward across the Atlantic
 long before Columbus.
How much of the pyramid of Cheops
 is in the pyramids of Yucatan?
In turn, whose star-lore guided some Kon-Tiki expedition
Bringing royal blood of Babylon from Peru to Polynesia
Before He came to teach the brotherhood of Man.

Think of it yet!
 "The Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle ..."
 "All men created equal ... endowed by their creator"
"Firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence."
For all this still means:
That loyalty to one's people is a higher thing
Than loyalty to any man, or group of men,
And higher still is the loyalty to Man himself
If peace is to flourish,
This is the seed which needs to be sown in the world.

“You know that the rules—of the disbelievers—lord it over them,
And their great men exercise authority over them.
Not so is it among you. On the contrary,
Whoever wishes to become great among you shall be your servant;
And whoever wishes to be the first among you shall be your slave;
Even as the Son of Man has not come to be served but to serve,
And to give his life as a ransom for the many.”

Honest dissent is more than a mere privilege,
Granted by some benevolent despot.
It is a duty, demanded of people, as Jefferson swore it was—
The divine right of the people to condemn to hell
Tyranny, autocracy, deception, and exploitation in any form.

This was the challenge my country flung
To the princes, lords and rules of the world
On behalf of the Man with the Hoe.
These were the fires my country kindled anew
After the cold bitter night
A million years long,
Of men’s inhumanity to Man.

This was the promise of the land
That I learned to love as a child.

Mike Shot of Operation Ivy.

On November 1, 1952 – a predawn Saturday, I well recall
The United States detonated a nuclear device
On the island of Elugelab, in Eniwetok atoll, Pacific Proving Grounds,
Near zero latitude and the international date line,
Where time seems to jump ahead.
This was Mike Shot of Operation Ivy,
The first hydrogen bomb explosion,
A pacific dawn which could prove to bring
The most significant day in the history of the world:
The toys of our childhood wars put aside forever.
What was it like? ----- at H hour minus four minutes.

There is a simple scientific law
Which plays an important part in your life.
You may as well learn it “if it kills you”
Because it might, –in fact–do just that.
What will happen on Mike is best described
Through this “cube root scaling law” for blast.
Because ten is the cube root of a thousand,
Take the simple example of a bomb
A thousand times more powerful than another.
The scaling law then says:
The shock wave pressures will extend ten times as far,
The damage from them will cover a hundred times the area, at least
And–if we cared–cover a thousand times the volume.
Of course, if the pressures extend ten times as far
The shock wave will take ten times as long to get there.
So, viewed from afar
(And mine was the job to calculate–what is “far enough”)
The bigger explosion appears slowed down
By the same old factor of ten.

Of course, the real situation was somewhat more complicated
But this example is close enough
For what “We need to know”.

This simple example is also convenient
Because H-bombs are measured in megatons
Whereas A-bombs are measured in kilotons,
Which is only a scientific way of saying
That what is about to happen with Mike,
Will be a thousand times more powerful, hereabout,
(One has good reasons to believe)
Than whatever had happened at Hiroshima.

The time is now: H minus two minutes.

To a blast man, as my trade is called,
This scaling law and all its implications
Are the most fascinating things about Mike.
They are the most terrifying, too,
Because when it happens,
It will be essentially as it should be,
With a grim warning
How inexorable the laws conserving Nature are.
Terror! Not because the rules fail,
But because they **DO NOT!**

During this count down to zero time,
It would be nice to say one is reminded of a phrase from P.G. Wodehouse:
That "One is suddenly possessed of an overwhelming desire
To possess an immortal soul."
One doesn't worry about these things.
He is willing to pray, whatever gods may be,
That no one gets hurt
Because he slipped on a decimal point in the predictions.
He worries about imponderable "unseen giants",
That never were put into the calculations.

"H-1 minute. All observers put on density X dark goggles
Or face directly away from the firing point until H plus one zero seconds."

Out there, silent closing of switches.
Instruments poise and cameras stare.

The growth of the fireball on an "ordinary bomb" is so fast
That we know what is happening only through theory
Or can "see it" later on slow motion picture films.
By the time we are aware that the bomb has even detonated
The growth has stopped, and there is no Fear.
Mike will be a different world,
Slowed down to let us see,
For the first time,
What is happening.

"H-30 seconds", the voice intones.

Here in the darkness of black goggles waiting
(A blackness thick enough to mask a noon-day sun).
Waiting ... reminiscing ... in a dark, quiet, motionless void of night-
Only mind-stuff, and the silent flowing of time.

But somewhere,
Out there,
Faint stirring,
Whirring
Is Beginning
In anticipation.
Ten,

Nine,

Eight,

Seven,

Six,

Five,

Four,

Three,

Two,

One,

—

NOW!

HE BURSTS INTO BEING
A BEHEMOTH AT BIRTH!

How strange to see the familiar reactions happening –
What other equations are being written
In that mile wide ball of fire,
Among that incredible number of incredibly tiny nuclei
That we should feel the hot breath of Mike
Full upon our faces
Through all those moist miles of ocean air between us?
An infants breath still,
Growing hotter by split-seconds;
A brightness bursting unbelievably beyond the noon-day sun
To shatter the blackness of the night.

A sunrise far beyond what Man had ever seen before,
Or even imagined,
Except in the face of his God.

Once again, a smear of ocean air, energy released, and, Lo!
Sharp forms growing, racing outward, fireball driving shock wave ahead.

It
Is a
Short period
But harrowing, aboard ship
Waiting for the fireball to come to its maximum
Knowing full well that if it does not stop growing very soon IT!

It will be too late to jump.
Too late, from the searing radiation reaching out from those reactions.
Too late, from the tornado of compressed air
– Bearing down on us at a thousand miles per hour across the lagoon.
Too late, from the mountainous wave of sea water in its wake.
(One wonders still, has time run out?)

(I could already picture myself floating
Among the flotsam and jetsam of an erstwhile Task Force Fleet,
Floating among my erstwhile colleagues–if any be left bobbing–
Waiting for the chilling war whoop – “There he is!!
He’s the guy who said we were just far enough”.)

But now, Mike’s fire begins to wane.
And for the moment at least,
This giant is a well-behaved infant,
Doing as he had been told to do.
One feels a little proud of him:
He evidently knows all about conservation of mass, momentum and energy;
About the scaling law, too.
He seems to follow all the rules,
Including all the higher order terms in the equations
Our mathematics couldn’t handle
– and nobody else’s either.

Waiting now for the shock wave, with goggles off–
The furnace having spent its strength
Too many things to watch:High above,
Mushroom white, now embers cloud, rolling, convoluting upward
Thunderhead, dry lightning, white tinged with brown, rose and purple.
And below–chilling the moist morning air as it passes
The cloud chamber effect, a mile high bank of newly forming clouds
Racing ponderously after the shock wave across the lagoon.
Express train speed–we must– but that’s hardly the word
To describe the speed of sound.

And there, where the Mike device used to be:
In that mile-wide pillar of dust climbing into the wide spreading head-
Can there be come marvelous bucket elevator in it
On an endless belt, that keeps it climbing up and up?
Carrying upward some several hundred thousand tons of coral sand
Out of the hole that used to be, until a few moments ago,
The island of Elugelab, an island patiently laid down
By a million years of single-minded polyps.
The explosion was 35 miles away.
Many seconds later, the cloud covers the entire sky,
Starkly still now, blanched white, highlighted by dawn sun,
Majestic ... half a hundred miles across,
And reaching to 200,000 feet into a stratosphere
Empty of man-made things since the beginning of time.
Thus it is: radioactive debris becomes the harbinger
To herald the coming of Man to outer space.

(The light, of course, passed Alpha Centauri, our nearest star,
Several years ago, and is now beyond Sirius.)

When the shock comes
It is not much different from a rifle crack,
At first.

(An explosion resembles a sound – or water-wave, but surges out
With a steep great rise in pressure at the front, which is, in fact, the shock.
It would be true, but quite an understatement to say
We are talking of a helluva big sound wave.
The pressure pattern from an H-bomb is more like a breaking ocean wave
Four miles in length from crest to first trough.
Little fire-crackers crackle, but big cannons boom-
That's the scaling law, again, in the ripples left behind.
But we cannot hear a sound wave which is of longer duration
Than about one-sixteenth of a second-audio frequency.
Our ears can hear only the quick vibration at the shock front,
A whip crack of air as the blast wave races past and over.)

The basic pitch in Mike's wave is many seconds long.
(So long a wave, so deep a tone
Our ears were not designed to hear.)
The shock wave will go round the earth a couple times,
But unlike the musket shot at Concord
May hardly seem to have been heard.
Now one *feels* the long positive pressure wave, seconds long,

Not like the flick of a finger as on the ordinary A-bomb
But like a great hand that holds down and presses
The negative pressure phase in its aftermath is even more drawn out.
It pulls on our eardrums
With a sensation that makes us wonder –
Coming home at last to land as at an airport?
Or falling into a bottomless pit?

The whole atmosphere heaves with the shock wave.
A million cubic miles of air shudders slowly in its saturnine wake,
As if all of Nature is sighing at what has happened,
A long drawn out sobbing,
Like Rachel, weeping for her children
– And their Promised Land.

The main experiment having been successfully performed,
Now I could worry about scientific housekeeping.
I wondered if all the cameras ran.

Still, I have never seen a day seem more like Sunday.
There was an uncanny solemnity about preparations for that day:
Unspoken but unmistakable, an almost liturgical ceremony
Like some very special Easter Sunday sunrise service.

It could well be, as it seemed that day.
Redemption, Resurrection and the Transfiguration of Man
Could be in that blinding pulse of light
 one dared not look upon with naked eye.

The long agony of Man in his garden Earth,
Betrayal of peace by false-accusers, could be over.
Mars, like Judas, dead by his own hand,
From an overplay of his own hand.

No longer were the Pharisees safe in their cellars,
No longer could a Pontius kind of politics wash its hands,
–Yielding the peace-maker to the puppets of hate,
– Yielding to the expediency of power politics of the moment.
Now the miracles and the proofs had been wrought.
Mike would become a great leveller–
 elevating demagogues into democrats.
Now would courage come easy to men of good will.

Now would honor, and democratic strength everywhere
-Strike in "whirlwinds of rebellion" like the had of God
-On men who trade in the Temple with Soldier Love for Country
-On men who buy their own way with the blood of other men's sons.
Now would come the days of easy Judgments:
-To live and let live
-Preemptive wisdom in the rule "Thou shalt not kill"
-Laboratory wisdom in measuring the will of the people by vote
-Inevitable wisdom of government by the people for people.
It seemed so clear—once security restrictions were lifted—
That ll the people would soon be asking: "See how true it is!"
"Who is my neighbor now?"

All these analogies seem far too easy
To dismiss too lightly as coincidence, or as wishful drams of childhood.
One sees every semblance here of *order*, by something or someone,
of elaborate preparations for Some Test Plan perhaps,
Foretold in an ancient story of humility, hope and sacrifice,
Preparing a child for the obligations of maturity,
Compassion ... MERCY!
A long, long time ago.

How proud I was to be a human being!
How proud I was to be an American!
That these things should be fulfilled
As it had been written they would be fulfilled
By men who believed in freedom under God.

I understood!
In all humanity and awe,
I *know* that day we stood
Under the Awful Eye
Of some Kind, and Wise
But Just God
Looking in Judgement
Upon His people.

IV

Look into the Face of Mile!

November 1, 1952

Oddly enough, it had been All Saints' Day.
But few thought of this as a "Holy Day of Obligation".
Once upon a time,
When the people lived by more ancient ways,
The children of Mercy would have observed the following day,

November 2

As a day of compassion
For the poor souls in purgatory.
Now they were too busy.
Their science had unleashed the fire of the stars on earth
And they, themselves, could purge the sinners.

November 3, 1957.

The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics
Launched the second of two great satellites –
One big enough to carry the things
Big enough to destroy life on earth.
But they chose instead, for the moment at least,
To transport a living thing
On the road to the heavens.

What here trespassed
As years tread past
Gives pause to wonder,
As the ancients said:
"Curious are the ways of the Lord
His Wonders to perform."

It was high time for an examination of conscience:
– About Humanity and the H-bomb
– About Conscience and Science
– About People and Fire
– And a *holier day* of obligation.

What does Mike Shot mean?
There is no point in superlatives,
– They were used up on the A-bomb.
We have only numbers left – to measure obligation.

Obligation to whom?
To our intellect, in a science of pure numbers?
Look at the numbers!

How does one drive home the fact of a thousand to one?
 The kind of bomb we take for granted,
 The twenty megatons of energy in a nominal H bomb
 Against the twenty kilotons of energy at Hiroshima
 Is ten feet against an eighth of an inch!
 A hundred dollars against a dime.
 The height of this page to a single period.
 Perhaps a most frightful aspect of World War II
 Was our hundred plane bombing raids on German cities.
 Let us guess that a B-17 carries 20,000 pounds.
 This is ten tons of high explosives.
 So, a hundred planes can carry a thousand tons,
 Or one kiloton of “energy” a day.
 A hundred planes a day is a kiloton a day.
 No it is simple arithmetic.
 Twenty megatons is twenty thousand kilotons
 And so would require 20,000 days of such bombing.
 A hundred planes a day, for over half a century
 Would be needed to deliver the energy to a city like this –
 As in *one* nominal H-bomb.
 The caravan of trucks, loaded with high explosives,
 is no a million miles long, or forty times around the earth
 – Per bomb!
 Obligation to progress?
 Consider now a sequence of explosion sizes.
 The energy release – the capacity for destruction –
 (Expressed in terms of high explosives)
 Will be increased a thousand fold each step:
 A firecracker, around the time of Christ, measured in drams
 Heavy artillery shell ----- Civil War ----- pounds
 Blockbuster ----- World War II -----tons
 A-bomb -----Hiroshima, 1945 -----kilotons
 H-bomb ----- Eniwetok, 1952 -----megatons.

And now?
 Two hundred and fifty weapons, one factory per year, 1959, in the U.S.S.R.
 Three thousand missiles on a single set of buttons circa 1962, in the U.S.
 A hundred thousand caravans of trucks around the earth,
 Five tons of high explosive for every person on earth,
 Fallout enough to be lethal everywhere *on* earth in the first hour.¹
 BEGATONS!

¹These last five lines were: 1) Kruschew’s statement; 2) U.S. Project Minute Man; 3) A simple extension of President Truman’s original analogy; 4) Senator Kennedy’s estimate of world stock piles, and 5) An estimate made in “Humanity and the H-Bomb”, based on Appendix E, “Calculation of World-Wide Contamination”, Effects of Atomic Weapons, June 1950. “Lethal ... on” refers primarily to unsheltered life; the home do-it-yourself shelter would reduce this risk to a much smaller fraction.

Mike should have been enough!

A thousand fold growth every seven years,
In energy release – for blast, heat and radioactivity, roughly –
Makes the “nuclear threat” in 1959
A million times the “good old days” of Hiroshima and Nagasaki –
And growing all the time.

Look into the face of Mike!
It is not honor or pride
Or the Constitution or the Communist Manifesto
Which looks back,
But only the economy of Nature
In the good old scaling law.

– And the Awe-full Eye.

There will be no summit conferences with Mike.
What was measured, in area of destruction,
-by a few per cent of a square mile in World War II .01
- became square miles with the A-bomb 1.0
— became hundreds of square miles with the H-bomb 100
— becomes tens of thousands of square miles now, at least 10,000
What was measured
-by hundreds of people in World War II 100
- became tens of thousands with the A-bomb 10,000
— became millions with the H-bomb 1,000,000
— becomes hundreds of millions now, at least 100,000,000
———AND DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN!

We are long past the point, in the history of the world
Where we dare let any kind of war get started
It is not enough to say
— what we can do *now*
— It is what *can be done*.
It is not enough to say
— we know our intentions now
— and these are honorable.
— it is what *all* intentions become,
— including our own,
— When war starts.
The temptation is too great and too ghastly,
The possibilities are too many and too easy
Once either side starts to lose.

It is a different world from the one in which we were born.
There is no room left for indifference!

Survival in the Nuclear Age?
Evacuation, dispersion, more technology?
All, even shelters – not enough.
They are only stop-gaps.
We all know it.
The missile races, cleaner weapons,
Neurological, biochemical, neutron bombs,
The race to stall guarantees of non-aggression.
Dirty Ideological fighting.
The race to *reach* the push-buttons first.
What then? A race, one day, to *push* them first
Are we that oblivious of human mistakes?
How far will we go *beyond* the limits of reason
They are all only mileage markers,
And we all know it,
On a treadmill to oblivion.

Surely, there are better ways than this
To reach the Promised Land.

Sometimes it seems as if the Good Lord sees fit
To let us see for ourselves.
What monsters we would shortly make of ourselves
If left to our own devices.

It is much too easily overlooked,
That a thousand fold growth every seven years,
Is always an elusive rate, at the moment.
It is only 2.7 times each year.
It seems like “falling behind”.
Still, there is much consolation
That with each passing year
We all become 2.7 times easier to convince.

Let us relax for a moment with a puzzle
About a lily pad.
Imagine a pool of water, say a hundred feet across.
In it we plant a lily pad,
Which grows in such a way
That it doubles its size each day.
At the end of a hundred days,
The lily pad covers the entire pool.
The question is:
On what day,
Does the lily pad cover half the pool?²

² The size of the pool or the number of days having nothing to do with the problem, the answer is always: “next to the last day”.

The twist in this puzzle is nothing more
Than the property of geometric progression.
It is a most general kind of law of growth in Nature.
Whenever an effect is proportional to a cause driving it,
The result is a geometric progression.
That is why scientific formulae so often contain
“Exponentials” and “Power Laws”.
It is the law of population growth and the so-called population explosion.
(But one can't resist the comparison, that doubling population every fifty years
Is as standing still compared with a thousand fold growth, every seven years!)

Bacteria grow this way –
— We carry them in our blood stream for a long time
— While they grow 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128

- For a few weeks we are strong and healthy
- Their numbers are too small to matter.
- Then as all at once, comes the last few generations of growth
- And we suddenly break into a fever.
- Whether we live or die then depends
- Upon how well our bodies
- Had, long before, built up a resistance to that growth.

The chain letter is a geometric progression
— that starts with a dime and ends up in the Attorney General's office.
The chain reaction in a nuclear explosion is a geometric progression:
— that starts with one neutron and ends in a Mike.
The riot is a chain reaction:
— that starts with one moron and ends in a massacre.

Fire-cracker, shell, block-buster, A-bomb, H-bomb, Push-button war.
Destruction growing in chain reaction!
In thousand fold jumps, compounds interest,
Jumping faster and faster!
From an eighth of an inch – to ten feet – to a mountain ten thousand feet high.

Thus it is: the cosmic scale of our time in history.
The long, dreary and tragic farce of men and war
Suddenly explodes into unbelievable climax
In truths too overwhelming to grasp ... and face.

Please, don't turn away, face it!
No one can help us, until we face it!
Many earlier generations had a “rendezvous with destiny”
But in our hands may lie the beginning or the end
Of two billion years of life on earth.

Must some other hand than ours stay this growth – as aforesaid:
“Unless those days had been shortened, no living creature would be saved”?

The Law must forever be strong and be defended, no question of that.
The question is: "Whose Law?"

Our country has done great and wonderful things – we all know –
The bomb could well be such.
But why do men belittle and belie their Ideals
With no more god than threat?

Yes there are real problems in the world:
The Lawless.
Some believe in Supreme Law
— and some, only in their own law
None of us holds the brief to condemn
— or condone the *intent* of other men:
Look to ourselves first, after that
— it will be easier to look for wrongness elsewhere.
Who among us has not judged others?
how then should we expect the world to judge those who
— invented the A-bomb, used it not once but twice,
— invented the H-bomb, made clear for whom it was intended
— spoke openly of long lists of target cities, dams, harbors
— spoke of defense, and meant revenge
— in war of annihilation
— who see in other men's success only shattered pride, and Fear.
How does it weigh on the balances of offense and defense
— forty billions a year for methods of war, against
— forty millions a year for civil defense of people.
— This, a ratio of a thousand to one, like H-bombs to A-bombs
— In a people dedicated to the dignity of the individual?
Do these things – and hope to win the minds of men
In the holy name of democracy?
We all make mistakes, easy to see in hindsight
Human fallibility, yes. But where is foresight
— to tamper thus, going on and on to destroy
— the handiwork of Life
— in two billion years of Creation.

Why do men let themselves be paced
Even in talk of peace
By those who claim that history makes its own gods?

As for those who claim there is no God in them – well, we all know –
Their history will usually prove it well enough.
How can they know of saving a world worth saving?

Let us all be humble: we
whose science does not even understand what gravity is,
what electricity and magnetism are, and
for that matter, what “matter even is;
whose science does not know what “mind” is, let alone
the chemistry of love, compassion, duty, mercy,
all that makes the world the wonderful place it is;
whose science cannot yet ask intelligent questions
about 99% of the things around us
and if we do ask, “What makes the grass green?”
Think it is an answer to say “chlorophyll”.
Let none in the world risk the temerity,
to becloud the issues at stake here – Life itself –
with the petty relative merits – on these scales –
between political exploitation in state communism
and economic exploitation in capitalism.
Let none risk the pretension to omniscience
of hypocrites who pledge allegiance under God
yet cast their log with those
who claim there is no law beyond their own making.
Let us stand humbly before the facts:
– We have been gambling with the lives by the hundred million.
– We have not stopped a race for suicide that no one wants.
– The lives are not our own, and the threat goes from bad to worse.
– Having “our own way” has not worked.
We had better look for all the Outside Help we can get.
And admit we don’t know everything yet.
History – at least – will judge us both.
Our children – if any – will write it.
It will be based on childhood of fear or hope.
And whatever we give them – or don’t.

We were all taught better.
By theological, any moral argument, H-bombs are clearly immoral.
For, the simple technical fact is that military targets do not exist
Which justify weapons this large and in these numbers.
(Unless we, as a people, make them justifiable
By deliberate dereliction to parental responsibility.)
Whatever the exigencies of national defense,
Obligation forbids anyone
To deliberately punish the innocent to get at the guilty.

We knew better. Once upon a time
We were shocked in decent human revulsion
By Nazi nationalism in the wanton sack of Rotterdam.
We spent three hundred thousand of our best young lives, in World War II
and three hundred billion dollars of treasure,
Fought back, side-by-side, with most of the nations of the earth
Who, themselves, spent tens of millions of their own young lives
To put down that kind of infamy,
With "blood, sweat and tears."
Strange timing, at that.
Someone must be looking after the human race.
Suppose the Nazis had the bomb!

Man has the bomb, yes, and now the missiles to carry them.
Now the biggest and final experiment of them all
Is racing to its conclusion
Now there is no turning back
To the playthings of his childhood wars.
In two jumps, each a thousand fold,
He leaped this million times in fourteen years—
Farther than in the million years of his infancy.
Suddenly, perhaps much too early, he came of age
And came to demand as his legacy —
The possession of the earth.

But was he ready for the obligations of maturity?
Would he remember the Golden Rules he was taught in his childhood?
Or would he perish in a fiery Armageddon of his own making
On some last day?

Would Mike bring to him the golden vision of freedom from war?
Would he become like men of mercy and justice — — standing tall together in
the dignity of democratic strength
— where it had been ordained for him to stand
— on behalf of his women and children?
Or would he sell his birthright of freedom
— by failure to fight for right,
— and voting for might?

Would mankind, thus, at best, divide
— Unwittingly into two giant ant hills,
— Enslaved by their own fear *of* whomever,
— Captives *to* whomever
— Controls the push-buttons on either side?

No wonder his mother — Nature — sobbed
At these new and terrible obligations.

Would men remember their ancient codes of military honor:
—that men and soldiers are one thing
—but women and children are another
— that for these reasons, soldiers had always fought alone
—against machines and men, their own match
—and willingly died alone
—in the lonely deserts, oceans, and skies of the earth?
Or would he, like some selfish willful adolescent
—resentful of preaching, looking for plaudits,
—knowing better than "mother and father"
— become so enamored with his new found strength, that he
—squanders the patrimony of freedom bequeathed to him
—instead of enriching it and bequeathing it to his own children?

Would he become so mentally inert, so callous of heart
— that he numbed his mind to the meaning of numbers?

That a million times the energy at Hiroshima
—or ten thousand areas of Hiroshima in one day
—casualties by the hundred million
—in a totalitarian's war of retaliation
—means repeating
—a million times
—the anguish we saw
—and the heartbreak of
FIRE at our Lady of Angels school!
How many times the Agony - as a Gethsemane
—For *fire* on innocent children!

Blood and sweat, and fire we have.
But where are tears enough, for such a day?
For wombs that bore, and breasts that nursed
For *all* the daughters of Jerusalem.

Please, God of our Fathers, help us
To see what these weapons do to our souls
Weep for us! Mother of Angels,
When we don't know how, anymore
Obligation to whom?
—To a few men, to political parties or states
— To subscribe to material success in a common Denomination of greed,
pursuing a naive nineteenth century scientific dogma of dog-eat-dog,
(which they don't)
—To sophisticated scorn for the source of all virtue as a
"projection of the father image";

Or does Something really exist
–beyond the self, the state, and the test tubes of our present science,
–that innate, Something in the species homo sapiens
– to Whom our ancestors gave the reverence due
– and imaged their love in the Love of God for His Children.

How sure are we, casting lots,
Using people as mantles in war,
 About Obligation!
 Even to THE CHILDREN!
For who can say
 where God ends
 and children begin?

WHOM would we willfully destroy?
Look you now into the face of Mike.
 * * * * *

(Curious are the ways of the Lord!)
Let us be careful!

The light from Mike is now beyond Sirius
On its way to a million stars brighter than our own.
Did they learn there to live by loving one another
Into civilizations far beyond our own?
Or do radioactive ashes mark the monuments to their hate?
Careful, careful: The dead would be innocuous.
But those who lived would know what needs to be done
To insure the universal peace – among fellow-travellers in outer space.

There is even less comfort in the thought
That we may be the best, or all there is,
Of intelligent life, in a universe
That waited
Six billion years
For the coming of Man.
 * * * * *

Non of us intended it this way,
None of us want it this way.
Nevertheless It moves.
We can be grateful
 We do not always have our own way.
We can understand why
 Everyone has as much reason to be frightened as we are.
We can admit that total war is wrong
 As wrong as four hundred million people can be and still live.
No let's do something about it
Big enough to measure up.

Where Will We Seek for Counsel, Brothers, You and I?

On the plains of Poland and Hungary, for conquests there
 — Or on the plains of Texas and California a century ago?
 In hovels of the dispossessed, on the frozen steppes and mines of Siberia,
 —Or in hogans of Navahos on the parched deserts of our own Southwest?
 In the mass graves of 12,000 Polish dead in the Katyn Forest,
 —Or in the rubble of Hiroshima and Nagasaki?
 What could we learn there, you and I, in places we never were,
 That could tell us why it must be that the sins of fathers
 Should be visited by *us* upon our own children?
 On which side of the Iron Curtain shall we look for thermonuclear threats,
 — For warheads of ambition, spying, secrecy, and deception of peoples?
 — And look for forgiveness?

Oh, Brothers, Comrades! What have you and I to do,
 What did our fathers ever have to do,
 With all these ancient feuds and greeds and *frauds*,
 That always turned our fathers against each other in war,
 That spilled our fathers' blood, our brothers' blood,
 That we should slake the thirst of that evil lust anymore
 With the blood of our sons, and now, in supreme dishonor,
 With the blood of our women and our girl-children?
 Why should we hate each other, you and I, who never met?
 Why should I mistrust you,
 Whose trust I never asked and to whom trust I never gave?
 Still, as I know what is in my human heart, so I know what is in yours
 When you look into the faces of your children,
 The mutual children of ten thousand generations of our mutual ancestors.

Through your heart and mine flows a common blood,
 Bred and in-bred countless times since the dimness of that primeval day,
 When Homo Sapiens first raised upright in the central vastness of Eurasia;
 Went north to all the Russias, east to China, south to the Indies and Africa,
 Went west to Europe and thence across the seas,
 Fused again the millions of times by Ghengis Khan and Teutonic hordes,
 by trades and Crusades
 And by monumental migrations to all the American shores.
 Each bearing the blood of our common ancestors.
 Each carrying the ancient dream for his children.

Look at our blood-bonds, Brothers, Comrades!
Your daughters are fertile to my sons,
—And my daughters are fertile to your sons.
There is the irrevocable definitive test
That Nature specifies as one species: Homo Sapiens,
And the ordinance of our God: that we are One,
To shame the sham of archaic conceits,
To mock these myopic misanthropes,
Who can hear the lilt and lisp of a foreign accent
And be blind to the convolutions of the human ear.

VI

Where Will We Stand for Peace?

We have a covenant to make, you and I,
In the secret recesses of our own hearts
And in the windowed palace of the United Nations.

We believe, above all else in our politics,
In the right of a people to a government of their own choice,
We want peace: genuine democracy, good conscience, sincerity,
security from aggression, freedom from fear, something we can do now.

Controlled disarmament, too? Remove useless, infectious fears, by all means,
as fast as we *can*.
But the world had wars long before H-bombs and missiles,
They are frightening symptoms but not the disease.
Nor all that science has in store.

We best look for anti-toxins before the day of crisis,
Lest we be led into temptation,
Break out in sin, or lapse into coma
From treating symptoms, instead of disease.

Where can we stand together, American Brothers, Russian Comrades?
Well, every major government on earth claims:
To exist by the will of its people.
(Thanks to your ancestors and mine.)
And every major government on earth claims:
That its people sincerely want peace.
(Thanks to the *children* of your ancestors and mine.)
Very well then, Let us vote,
On peace or war. Yes or no?
What else is democracy?

Where shall we stand for peace?
This is where I stand if you care to stand with me.
I stand ready to vote: our nation
under God, hereby outlaws war on
any nation whose people can and
will do the same. Thus we make
good will clear by free open vote
What else is good conscience?

“I stand ready” gives something you can do now.
“To vote” puts teeth in the Law, a law that counts.
“Under God” states why our nation does it.
“Hereby” means we vote the Law now, as a standing offer.

“Outlaw war on” places aggression outside the law.
Wherever such a covenant will exist between two peoples, then
– Any act of war is treason to the nation in whose name it is committed
– And violence in murder to the nation on whom it is committed
– To be punished by law, like any other crime.
If such a switch over then does not control aggressors, what is it now.
When aggressors enforce compliance in murder penalty of treason?

“War” means any act of force, other than open discussion and vote.
“War on” means “on the other’s territory”.
There is no need for anyone to give up the weapons
To defend himself on his own land.
That is a sacred obligation to principles, country and family.
And surely, it is wish foolishness to throw away existing military strength
Against any who do not see fit to vote with us on *such* a question
– Those unwilling to do for us what we would do for them now.
And if they are unwilling? It is best we find *that* out now.
What else is security?

“Any nation” means a fresh start, burying past grudges.
“Can” requires that the peoples’ right to mandate be openly acknowledged.
The problem is real fear after real – and loud – mutual threats.
Any honest man can make this pledge. Yet,
If I were unable to give my open pledge to you,
Or you were unable to give your open pledge to me,
Then what good are the promises of statecraft?
Would you and I – our children – die any less surely
Than our fathers and brothers have always died
Through the failure of diplomatic promises?
To hell with silent-seeking-advantage.
Let us loudly silence useless fears.

“Will do” means our law becomes effective whenever they follow suit.
Until then – and elsewhere – the present rules of war apply.

Sincere statesmen have done for peace all that is reasonably dared.
But let us face an ugly reality!
“They” believe “our” statesmen to just about the same degree
As “we” believe “theirs”. For good reasons. Be that as it may.
How in the name of all that’s holy
Can they ever know where we stand, and for what
Unless we stand up and tell them where we stand
And ask if they will stand with us.
It is a simple test of sincerity, for statesmen and people alike.
Who will let the people speak and hear
And where will silence speak the loudest?

“The same” formula is clear enough:
It is what we want and need from them;
What they want and need from us.
Everybody speaks of peace. But he who truly seeks peace
Let him first make peace with himself – and his God.
Let us face an uglier reality:
If we do not *do* for others
What we sit and wait for them to do for us,
If we do not help – even ourselves –
Then who on earth could – or in Heaven should?

“Thus we make good will,” is clear as a Christmas bell.

“By free open vote” states what our weapons are for.

We are the strongest, Russian brothers, American comrades,
Who but us can lead the way?
We are the strongest, brothers everywhere
Fore we are *THE PEOPLE!*

Only the people have the power
To enforce the peace or submit to war.
Only the people *know* the burdens of blood, sweat and tears.
Only the people *understand* the Price in dead young lives,
and lives that never will be born thereby.
ONLY the people have the *right* to decide.
No one else has wisdom enough.
Before all the world, we will call the bluffs
And throw the cards face-up on the table:
Who would oppose *such* a plan, and why?

This stand clearly reserves the weapons for where they do the most good.
Courage and good will grow too in chain reaction.
How long could any area of dictatorial autocracy hold out,
Dwindling against such a challenge of the people,
As friend after friend takes courage,
As one nation after another takes courage from our example?

We, the people, are three billion strong in the world.
Who, will man the guns, once *WE* have put them down?
Who *dares* man the guns that we *put down* together?

There it is: the necessary and sufficient conditions for peace,
Under the easy yoke of honesty: Democracy, clear conscience,
security, sincerity, power, non-aggression, freedom from fear,
All in return for the light burden of voicing a simple statement.
You could do it yourself tonight.
All it takes is you.

A letter to the editor,
If he won't print it, another will.
A personal ad, alone or shared as a mutual gift among friends.
Letters to Congressmen, President, foreign friends,
As a Christmas card – to any body
Just do it.

Thirty-three words, for a Good Friend.
Will it do any good? Doing good is just the idea – His.
“How much?” depends on whether we try.
No one ever tried before
To wage a war where everyone wins.
Cold War! Hot war! What we need is Warmth.
And the government is *you*.
It is a simple case of stand up and fight
Just for the Children.

In a democracy, we are entitled to one vote, no more,
The question is not what others might or might not do,
Let each speak for himself.
The question is, “What will *I* do?”
Your stand will be the opinion of one man – yes – straight out of
The Declaration of Independence, The United Nations Charter,
The Soviet Constitution and the Sermon on the Mount.

We do not stand alone.
Every man on earth has asked the question,
“For whom is the war?”
He needs only to know he is not alone.
Whose fault will it be if sheep are set against each other like wolves?

Who cheats on my kind of patriotism?

Perhaps you are not yet ready for this step.
In time – some night – alone
When you think over for yourself
What you have read here today
And your heart begins to break
Over the inescapable reality
What all these numbers mean
In terms of women and children – .

How wonderful it would be if this ghastly threat of nuclear war
were to be lifted by so genuine a spirit of Christmas,
Of all religious ethics, of the universal instinct of the Golden Rule,
By so clear cut a proof of the power of the democratic method,
That these weapons should become the Advent which rallies mankind
To the fulfillment of his ancient dream to end war forever.
Fellow-soldiers! How wonderful it would be for us,
For all humanity, for our brothers who fell in countless wars before us
If such a stand for peace, with the honor of democratic strength
Were to find encouragement foremost among our group of men
Who have sworn to defend, with our lives if necessary,
The high principles upon which our country was founded!

Let me be proud of my America – and of your lands,
Of men standing tall in high strength of mutual honor.
When one day we lie down with our ancestors and fallen brothers.
Let it be in the sweet deep sleep of final fulfillment,
Proud of the lands we bequeathed to our children.
Lands our children's children can learn to love
And live in without fear.

VII

Tomorrow?

Put aside our fears for a tomorrow too narrow.
“For you know that a woman in labor
Hath great sorrow, because her hour has come.
But when the child is delivered,
She remembereth no more the anguish
For joy that a man is born into the world.”

“Man does *not* live by bread alone

Every place on earth, wherever you see the picture
Of a grown man looking kindly upon a child
You know that you share with him
An Instinct
Which is just as universal as hunger,
More universal than sex,
And far more powerful
–than a code of strength over weakness,
–or a drive for self-survival, ever were.
For, people have died by the millions
As in countless wars
For the sake of a Cause –
Such as a Child represents to them.
And you have yet to see one,
In his right mind, let alone heart,
– Any one, any place, the facts seem to be –
Who will willingly do *that* much, as to die
For himself alone or for money for himself alone.
Mutants might, or those who have
Mutilated their own souls beyond recognition.
But whenever a human being willingly dies,
There is always a good ... “For whom?”

“Oh, the folly of it,” Cervantes says through Don Quixote,
“To see the world as it is, and not as it should be.”

Take my hand and look with me
Across the barren wastes of our Western deserts,
Across the treeless steppes and unbroken forests of Siberia.
Across now empty lifeless space.
See the vision of what can come to be
As far as the mind’s eye can see.
See what science and conscience can bring
The *Con*-science of living together:

Trim white houses and neat green lawns;
Schools and churches and concert halls,
Books and laboratories, clinics and super-markets,
All filled with super-things too much to dream of now;
Playgrounds and polling places;
Christmas trees and Easter parades;
Youngsters – dreaming what they will be

Cities of God in golden sunlight.
Men grown old in peace, whose grandfathers never knew war,
Incredulous of the records in their history books
Of the wild warring adolescence of the human race.
No more, the shadow of Mars over the playgrounds,
No more, the beasts who prey the mind with fear.
No more, the mumbling of Moloch in muted militant measures,
Grumbling for sacrifice of boy-children
Of still another generation
– When Our Lady weeps no more.

Only the music of childish laughter,
Only the music of celestial spheres;
In them, the hopes and dreams of all our fathers,
Flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone,
Youngsters dreaming what they will be, and do
To make the burdens still lighter,
And the yokes still easier,
As the ever-reborn God awakens from infant sleep
And stirs the ancient dream within them.
When the Word is again made flesh
And comes to dwell amongst us.

Oh, United States, Separate Republics,
Oh, Union of Socialist Soviet Republics,
Oh, common people of a common ancestry!
U.S. is *us*.
And peace is freedom from war.

We give, by our promise, a land for – Our Children.
Only *willing* our wishes can make it so.
Let us vote then, brothers, comrades.
Let us free each other from war.

Let us reach to the stars with open arms –
Sing our prayer for the Promised Land!

We do not stand alone.

Though we have to walk
Through this valley of Death
We need fear no evil
If we are with Him

We looked into the Face of Mike.
Sunrise, too, was there;
A brightness far beyond
What Man had ever seen before
Or even imagined –
Excepting what he
Expected to be
In whatever God
He chooses to see

Curious are the ways of the Lord,
Seated in Judgment.

“Come unto *Me*, all ye that thirst”
For consummate kindness, divinely promised:
“Behold! I am with you all days
Even unto the consummation of the world.”

The Idea “Alone” is Wonderful! To consummate
Perfection!

He needs only to knowHe is not alone
As before the Beginning must have been
In dark empty oceans of endless deep
In His Utter Aloneliness
With *no one* there

To Love

* * * * *

*Lest we overlook politeness
In what may be too obvious
Would it be all right with you,
For Old Time's sake
If we start calling Mike Michael?*

* * * * *

I stand ready to vote: our nation, under God, hereby outlaws war on any nation whose people can and will do the same. Thus we make good will clear by free open vote.

Transcribed by Stephanie Cardwell February 2003 from the October 1996 reprint of "Song of the Promised Land", rights granted by Leah Ruth Dinnison Porzel, in memory of her husband, Francis, for their Children and Grandchildren. Any grammatical errors are most likely those of the transcriber; however, the heading for Section III is missing from my copy of the poem (published in book form) and I believe that Section III starts on page 12, Mike Shot of Operation Ivy.

Francis was my mother's cousin and remains a family legend. Following is some biographical information which I found online.

From the University of Idaho

<http://www.uidaho.edu/alumni/awards/hallfame/1981.htm>

Francis B. Porzel

Francis B. Porzel has been instrumental in developing ways to calculate the hydrodynamic yield of nuclear weapons. He earned his bachelor's degree in metallurgical engineering from the University of Idaho in 1940. He obtained his master's degree in nuclear physics from Princeton University and was a doctoral candidate in dynamics at the Illinois Institute of Technology.

A waste heat concept for blast shields developed by Porzel was used in the first ten power reactors built in the United States. He also is credited with inventing the method for calculating the hydrodynamic yield of hydrogen bombs. Tactical employment of these weapons as well as defenses against them, ultimately rest on this method. He has written two books, "Height of Burst for Atomic Bombs: Part I, The Free Air Curve" and "Part II, Theory of Surface Effects." These can be found in the Library of Congress.

He is the recipient of many honors and awards, and developed the technology base for the Navy Explosive Safety Improvement Program that consists of an organized set of 60 novel theories, codes and equations

From the Conroy Chronicles

Schrepfer family, February 1, 1942

L.to R. Magdalene (Schrepfer) Conroy, Barbara Schrepfer, Ann Conroy (Erwin) held by Aloysius Schrepfer, Michael J. Schrepfer (in wheelchair), Lt Col. Francis Porzel, Ann Schrepfer Brefka, Alex Butterworth, Jr. held by Alex Butterworth, Sr.

Magdalene, my grandmother, was Francis' aunt.

