

SIX HAIKU VARIATIONS ON A THEME

APRIL FOLLOWS MARCH,
HER TEAR DROPS WASHING AWAY
SNOWS OF YESTERDAY.

FORLORN DINOSAURS
ABANDONED IN THE GUTTER.
SNOW-BANK BEHOMOTHS.

NATURE'S DRESSMAKER -
MELTING SNOW ON GREEN VELVET.
BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

COLD - FOOTED SPARROWS
DANCING ON TOP OF THE SNOW -
BIRDLAND TWITTERBUG.

A STRAY CAT, WIDE-EYED
AND THIN, CLIMBS OUR SNOWY STEPS...
AND WE TAKE HIM IN.
(INSPIRED BY A THOMAS HARDY POEM,
"SNOW IN THE SUBURBS")

SURPRISED BY THE SNOW,
MY EARLY CROCUS STILL BLOOMS.
STIFF UPPER LIP, WHAT ?

WILSHÖ
MARCH, 1983

How to Atone for 'War Hysteria'

After Pearl Harbor, the United States rounded up 120,000 Japanese-Americans, most of them citizens, and shipped them to detention camps. The action, excused on grounds of military necessity, was rooted in "race prejudice, war hysteria and failure of political leadership," according to a report of the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians.

Congress created the commission to respond to decades of festering resentment and demands for reparations. On the moral question, the report's well-documented conclusion is not novel. Eugene Rostow wrote as early as 1945 that the internment program was motivated by "ignorant race prejudice, not facts." What is news, and important, is that an arm of Government has finally condemned this sad chapter of history.

The report points out that "not a single documented act of espionage, sabotage or fifth column activity was committed by an American citizen of Japanese ancestry or by a resident Japanese alien on the West Coast" before, during or after the internment. It also describes how no less a patriot than J. Edgar Hoover rebutted the military's assertion that it was impossible to separate the loyal from the disloyal. No such claim was ever made about Americans of German or Italian ancestry.

Initial overreaction might have been excusable, but the program lasted far too long. The Allied victory at Midway in 1942 removed any realistic fear of a Japanese landing on our shores. Behind the scenes, sobered officials questioned the relocation program throughout 1943, but President Roosevelt prolonged it past the 1944 election.

It seemed that national ideals of equality and justice had gone to war along with everything else. The Supreme Court deplored race prejudice but, over eloquent dissents, sustained the conviction of a loyal citizen, Fred Korematsu, for resisting internment. Justice Robert Jackson complained that the judicial blessing "lies around like a loaded weapon ready for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need."

Witnesses before the commission were split over the feasibility of individual reparations; it has deferred any proposals to a later report. In our view, symbolic atonement would be most appropriate — like a scholarship fund for Japanese-American students. An even more important way to make amends would be to set forth principles against a recurrence of the tragedy. These could hold the nation to an ideal for which many Americans thought they fought in World War II: that the rights of citizenship in no way depend on race or ancestry.

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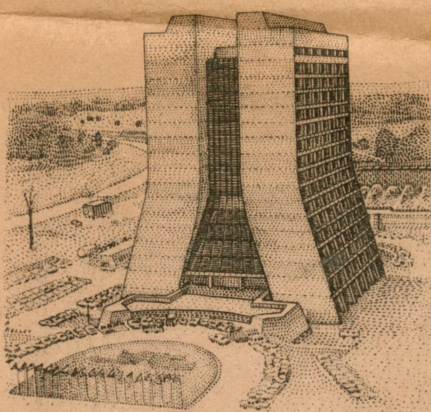
Fermilab: Utopia on the Prairie

2/12/83 By RAYMOND SOKOLOV

BATAVIA, Ill.—White-tailed deer bound out of the virgin stand of white oak. Buffalo thrive. Specially seeded, once-native grasses are spreading out over the prairie and restoring it to its pristine state. There are 6,800 acres of federal land here, an hour's drive west of Chicago, but this is no park. Towering over the former cornfields, 16 stories high, is a splendid modern building of textured concrete and glass shaped like an upside-down Y, its central atrium alive with trees and plants cascading from the upper levels.

Smaller buildings painted bright orange and blue pop out at you. Monumental sculpture dots the landscape. And a berm, a man-made earth wall, stretches away in an extraordinary circle that is four miles round. It and the Great Wall of China are said to be the only human constructions huge enough to show up on satellite photographs. This place could qualify as a sanctuary of contemporary art and architecture. But this is no museum. The Department of Energy funds it. A consortium of 54 universities operates it. They do physics here. This is the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory.

Without doubt, Fermilab, as everyone calls it, is science at its biggest, high tech



at its highest. Some 2,000 people work at this memorial to the nuclear pioneer Enrico Fermi—physicists by the dozens, from all over the world, including China and the U.S.S.R., engineers, computer whizzes, welders. Fermilab is our biggest atom smasher. Its annual electric bill has run as high as \$12 million, for the power needed to run the four-mile array of magnets under the berm, and the other devices that nudge subatomic particles to velocities approaching the speed of light, focusing them in a thin beam so that they crash with unimaginable impact and break apart into the building blocks of the universe.

Fermilab is turned off now, as it has been for months, while work crews install a second ring of magnets. These are superconducting magnets that operate without electrical resistance, because they are cooled to 452 degrees below zero with liquid helium. If the new magnets work when they are turned on this spring, they will double the potential power of the accelerator, to 1 trillion electron volts, making it by far the world's most powerful accelerator and doing so with notable savings in electrical consumption.

This is high technology with a vengeance. Superconducting magnets have never been used on anything like this scale before. To keep them cold, Fermilab has built the world's largest refrigerator, a facility that will double the world's capacity to produce liquid helium. Whole new technologies for extruding wire and winding magnets had to be developed. And all of this should be rapidly translated downward from the abstruse needs of high-energy physics to such practical work as electrical generation for utilities and high-speed rail transport systems. Meanwhile, Fermilab, under its current director, Leon Lederman, should regain the lead in particle physics lost for a time when the lab's funding was held back and the construction of the superconducting ring was delayed. Last month, the joint European accelerator, CERN, in Geneva, found the long-awaited W particle, a crucial component in proving that all fundamental forces in the universe are different modes of a single force. Properly funded, Fermilab might have got there first.

You don't have to care about any of this to love Fermilab. If you yawn at the thought that a neutrino experiment con-

ducted by the physics department head, Drasko Jovanovic, may establish firmly whether the cosmos is a finite or infinitely repeating mechanism, you should still think about visiting Fermilab. The grounds and the main building are open to the public with not even a guard at the entrance, only a sculpture. Fermilab is a utopia of architectural, industrial and environmental design conceived and controlled by a genius.

Robert Rathbun Wilson is a physicist, a sculptor and a man who gets things done. He signed on as director of Fermilab, its first employee, at the end of the 1960s and quit in 1978, when his budget demands for the second, superconducting ring were denied (he now teaches at Cornell and Columbia). With the help of two artists he had met while at Cornell, Kenneth Evett and Angela Gonzales, he adamantly foisted beauty onto the master plan at every stage and saved a fortune of public money into the bargain.

This is an old-fashioned American story of thrift and ingenuity. Robert Wilson seized control of Fermilab from the architectural engineers right from the start and knocked \$100 million off their original \$350 million cost projection. He then proceeded to build his gorgeous lab for a few million less than the \$250 million appropriated by Congress in 1969.

Mr. Wilson had seen a picture of the Ford Foundation Building in New York and admired the open, tree-filled space that runs up the center from ground level to the top floor. Thus inspired, Mr. Wilson went on to build a more interesting, much cheaper, far more human space for his central laboratory building. Where the Ford building is formal and cold, Mr. Wilson's prairie skyscraper has a cafeteria spilling out into the lobby. "I was worried about people communicating," he recalls. "I put the restaurant downstairs, instead of upstairs, so that everyone would have to go through the same place. You can see everyone while you're waiting for the elevator."

He wanted openness, which he achieved with two glass walls at the front and back of the building, the open atrium and its two side walls, which are a pair of unenclosed monolithic stairs. Because the working part of the laboratory is entirely closed off from the central atrium and the giant staircases, this enormous space qualified as a legal fire stairway, without any of the claustrophobic ugliness such places have in other buildings.

Outlying buildings had to be put together cheaply, but Mr. Wilson livened them up and unified an otherwise scattered and drab site with primary colors, walls and roofs of solid primary colors and supergraphic suns and moons. The magnets in the underground ring, which almost no one ever sees, are painted in bright colors that correspond to their functions but also turn a four-mile burrow into a colossal drama of gently curving hues. Even plumbing pipes in bathrooms, miles from the central lab, are gaily painted.

Mr. Wilson dug ponds to cool the ring. This passive system saved money. The fountains he put in the ponds aerated the water and also saved millions that might have gone for a purification plant. Eventually, he connected the ponds to make a canal that ran around the ring. Professional architects had planned to spread the dirt from the excavation evenly over the land inside the ring. Mr. Wilson used it to build the berm, so that his invisible ring would have a visible echo on the surface. Meanwhile, the water in the ponds and the canal stayed warm enough to attract a year-round population of ducks and Canada geese. Beavers build dams in the canal.

Mr. Wilson did so many things, sly and useful and pretty, hiding a pumping station with an Archimedes spiral in concrete, making a honeycombed geodesic dome out of a sandwich of plastic sheets and soda cans, corrugated roofs out of concrete culverts, a pair of circular staircases modeled after an interlocking set in the Vatican, but painted yellow to stand out against the prairie's plainness. This list only scratches the surface. Robert Wilson's Fermilab is simply one of the unsung wonders of the age. And it works.

Mr. Sokolov is the editor of the Journal's Leisure and Arts page.

Sharing Responsibility for Guatemalan Horrors

There were shouts of applause for the final report of the Israeli Commission of Inquiry into the massacres in the refugee camps in West Beirut last September. Editorialists here paid tribute to "exactingly standards of humaneness," "redemptive honor" and the like. One may, of course, feel that if the Israelis trained the Phalange, led them to the gates of the Chatilla and Sabra camps, ushered them in and

Viewpoint

by Alexander Cockburn

then supplied night lighting as the murderers went about their duties, perhaps some of those Israeli generals and politicians bore "direct" moral responsibility for what happened—a judgment shunned by the commission.

But even so, Mr. Sharon and others were censured for "indirect responsibility." We should take comfort from this, hope that Mr. Sharon's disgrace extends further than mere removal of his defense portfolio and note with interest the eloquent words of Commissioners Kahan, Barak and Efrat:

"As far as the obligations applying to every civilized nation and the ethical rules accepted by civilized peoples go, the problem of indirect responsibility cannot be ignored . . . if it indeed becomes clear that those who decided on the entry of the Phalangists into the camps should have foreseen . . . that there was danger of a massacre, and no steps were taken which might have prevented this danger or at least greatly reduced the possibility that deeds of this type might be done, then those who made the decisions and those who implemented them are indirectly responsible for what ultimately occurred."

These are irreproachable sentiments and they can be profitably applied to a country many thousands of miles from West Beirut, for whose bloodstained condi-

tion both the U.S. and Israel bear rather serious moral responsibility, namely Guatemala, where, as Wayne Smith, former head of the U.S. interests section in Cuba remarked last fall, "The government's atrocities make the Sabra and Chatilla massacres in Beirut pale by comparison."

That the U.S. bears long-term moral responsibility for the present condition of Guatemala can scarcely be denied by any objective observer. The U.S.-backed coup of 1954 against the legally elected Arbenz regime annulled the land reform and other modest social measures which might possibly have converted the country into a relatively stable (capitalist) democratic society. To those wishing to study subsequent events in detail I recommend the excellent

have been coexisting happily with tyranny for years. Some American businessmen on the spot have indeed openly called for martial law.

And of course with the coup of Gen. Rios Montt in March of last year businessmen got what they wanted: a state of seige, suspension of all constitutional guarantees, censorship and promised elections now postponed till at least 1985. Gen. Montt, needless to say, was trained by the U.S. in Panama and Fort Bragg, N.C., and has the requisite credentials to be a U.S.-backed leader of his country, to wit, the massacre of many peasants at Sansirisy in 1973 when he was Gen. Arania's chief of staff.

As a born-again evangelist and member of the California-based Church of the

gency fortress has now been rewarded with the reopening of the monetary and military spigots in Washington, closed under President Carter in 1977. U.S. investors have hastened to take advantage of tax incentives, a cowed and ill-paid work force and plans for military reorganization of the entire fabric of the countryside. One of the grimmest Central American tyrants in recent memory is now beseeching international lending agencies for the vast sums essential to his scheme. Those who lend should reflect upon their moral responsibility.

So U.S. citizens should, by analogy, feel no complacency on reading the conclusions of the Israeli commission. But that same commission should perhaps continue in session, merely turning its attention from Israeli responsibility for massacre in Beirut to similar responsibility for the carnage in Guatemala. Since the Carter ban of 1977, Israel has been Guatemala's major arms supplier, selling Arava planes, Galil assault rifles, Uzi submachine guns. As an Israeli minister put it, "Israel coveted the job of top Washington proxy in Central America."

Today Israeli advisers instruct Guatemalan police intelligence officers in surveillance techniques. Tel Aviv newspapers reported that Israeli military officers helped execute the Montt coup, and Gen. Montt himself has given Israel, along with God, much credit for his accession to power. In the wake of military supplies and trade and tourism agreements, Guatemalan rightists talk optimistically about the "Palestinianization" of Guatemala's fractious Indians: the *altiplano* becomes the West Bank.

The horrors of Sabra and Chatilla are being repeated, as I write, on the Mexican border with Guatemala. Is moral responsibility a potion to be administered once a decade, or is it something to be taken seriously in Jerusalem, in Washington and in every board room in America?

Mr. Cockburn is a columnist for the *Village Voice*.

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two-part profile of Guatemala now being put out by the North American Congress on Latin America (New York City), but the broad outlines are well known.

In the 20 years after the 1954 coup, the U.S. paid out \$50 million to train up the most efficient military machine in Central America. And from the late 1960s on, this machine repressed all opposition with breathtaking savagery: 8,000 peasants murdered by Gen. Arania in the late '60s, at least 10,000 under the abandoned terror of Gen. Lucas in the late '70s, many blood baths in between.

If the Israeli commissioners were seeking to establish moral responsibility, direct and indirect, for the horrors of Guatemala, they could scarcely omit to mention U.S. business, which in the form of institutions such as Bank of America, Coca-Cola, Reynolds and many other corporations

Word, he is greatly admired by the Moral Majority, who detect in him that firmness of resolve lacking in their own former hero in the White House. President Reagan hailed him as a champion of democracy and Gen. Montt amnestied any soldier committing rape or murder, saying, "Why should we kill people without legal backing? The amnesty gives us the judicial framework for killing. Anyone who refuses to surrender will be shot."

Under Gen. Montt's counterinsurgency operation Plan Victoria 82, very many people have been shot; around 10,000 in most estimates, with a million internal refugees and somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 who have fled across the Mexican border. Beans for those who submit; bullets for those who don't.

Gen. Montt's savage reordering of Guatemala into a fully fledged counterinsur-

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