

reached prior to launching the general assault.

Marshal Ogarkov's argument is obviously sound war planning, within the limits of certain assumptions. The chief assumption is, that since Moscow will start the war with its launching of its prepared offensive, the only defense Moscow will require will be a combination of general air defense and strategic ballistic missile defense—both measures Ogarkov et al. are planning to have fully deployed, under *perestroika*, by about 1992. Moscow is still operating on the same general "theory of the offensive" on which Trotsky focused his attention over 60 years ago.

As I have noted, this "offensive" doctrine governs not only military posture and planning, but also cultural, economic, and political conflict actions. In all these dimensions, Moscow is repeating the same potentially devastating error it committed during 1935-41. Ogarkov has addressed a significant aspect of Stalin's policy errors, but has overlooked the most fundamental of those errors.

Moscow's predicament, in seeking to discover an effective response to the unblemished persistence of the present U.S. military policies for Chad and the Persian Gulf theater of operations, is symptomatic of that crucial vulnerability in Soviet strategic planning and operations.

### The effects of Pavlovian conditioning

The general flaw in Suvorov's book is that he is a Russian who thinks like a Russian; he is a Russian military intelligence specialist, who wears his old Soviet officer's uniform with pride, as he writes to advise his former adversary today.

Although he has come over to the opposing side, he effuses the greatest, Russian veteran's admiration for the qualities of the Soviet military intelligence's (GRU) spetsnaz (special forces) troops. The impressionable layman might almost reach for his telephone, to warn President Reagan to surrender at any price, rather than subject the United States to invasion by these terrifying Soviet supermen, the spetsnaz as Suvorov describes them.

From Suvorov's own description of the training of those spetsnaz, I draw a different estimate of their capabilities than he does.

In short, any victim of present Muscovite culture—Dostoevsky-Gorky culture, whose training is conducted according to brutishly Pavlovian rules, is intrinsically inferior as a human being to the normal officer or infantryman of the West. He can be very clever, and a very effectively trained killer, but he can not think in the real sense of the term. He has a resemblance to those military dogs which Suvorov says the Red Army uses so abundantly.

Pavlovian, or Skinnerian conditioning is not good training for dogs, either; a dog will do better for love of its master, if the master recognizes what this involves, than a dog tortured into a specifically conditioned response.

The rules for dealing with the spetsnaz problem are chiefly two. 1) Do not allow the legalized proliferation of those "radical counterculture" strata on which the Red Army today depends chiefly for inserting spetsnaz infiltrators and their prepared bases in the West. Dry out the sea in which the spetsnaz are trained to swim like fish; cut the available water

## The offensive culture of the Rodina

*On August 21, the Soviet daily Pravda carried a full-page tract by Vera Tkachenko, entitled "The Motherland Is Given to Us Only Once and to the Very Death." Rodina may be translated Motherland, Homeland, or Birthland.*

A person is born into the world and inherits, with life, perhaps his most priceless wealth: the Rodina.

The Rodina is a given. She is not chosen according to one's taste and desire—just as one doesn't choose one's own mother. . . . The Rodina, like the birth mother, is your fate, bestowed on you for joy and for grief. . . .

In reality, for us, a multinational people, there is one common Rodina, stretching its boundless reach from the Barents Sea to the Pacific Ocean. But each of us—the Russian, the Ukrainian, the Byelorussian, or the Kazakh—preserves in the depths of his soul the image also

of his little Rodina . . . the village where he was born and ran as a barefoot boy in the morning dew. . . . And when, in 1941, the hour struck and the Rodina called him to the battlefield, he fought above all for the Fatherland, for the freedom and independence of his Soviet people. . . . And very far from last in his mind, more likely foremost in his mind, for his home, his family, and the quiet little stream he remembered. . . . The big Rodina, the Country of the Soviets, took no offense for the "preference" given to the little Rodina, and did not grudge her sons the soldier's love for his native patch of earth. . . .

Why does the heart of an emigré . . . yearn, in the twilight of his life, for his native place. . . . For only one thing not only pulls him, but torments him with consuming longing—the thirst for forgiveness and something more, to breathe with all his chest the air of the Rodina, before he closes his eyes. . . . Such is the magic of the Rodina . . . irrepressibly, with magnetic force attracting her sons to herself. From the first cry of the newborn to the last, difficult old man's breath, the umbilical cord binding a person with the mother-Rodina is not torn. And woe unto him, who tears it by his own will.