

## Editorial

### *What Shultz wants from INF Treaty*

On Dec. 2, Secretary of State George Shultz delivered an exceptional speech at the World Affairs Council of Washington, exceptional not for its quality, but for its candor. That speech disclosed the ultimate purposes which motivate the Secretary's actions and policies and thus, the "hidden agenda" which animated his efforts to bring about the INF Treaty and the spectacular extravaganza of the Washington summit that went with it.

Actually, a few days later, on Nov. 9, after the signing of the INF Treaty, while a guest at one of those awful television shows of those heady few days, upon being asked by the host to say what he thought about the freshly signed treaty, Shultz responded by saying that he had said it all at that earlier, World Affairs Council speech, which, he bitterly complained, had been completely ignored by all the media, and had not been accorded even one line of acknowledgment. "Maybe I should have classified 'top secret,'" he said half-jokingly, "and then the press would have been all over it."

That World Affairs Council speech, which *EIR* intends to publish in a future issue, with our own remarks and comments in some detail, succeeded not only in revealing the "philosophical," as it were, musings of the Secretary, but also the fashion in which the Secretary believes he is applying those musings to formulate and execute the present foreign policy of the United States.

At the outset, Mr. Shultz confidently proclaims the world to be in the midst of great, sweeping, epochal transformations, a grand revolution of sorts, on a par with, if not more exalted, than the Agricultural Revolution, the advent of the Bronze Age, the Industrial Revolution. He exempted, however, the Chlorophyll Revolution, of some two billion years ago, from his grand vision of things. Sincerely concerned with the possibility that simple, ordinary humans, might miss the enormity of the event, as they had, he assured us, missed the significance of those earlier, cited revolutions while they were in progress, he ably outlined some awesome examples: breakthroughs in biotechnology; dizzying developments in global communications; the

emergence of global markets which dwarf the budgets of whole governments, including our own; incredible advances in superconductivity; breathtaking discoveries in high-energy physics.

All this "gee whiz" stuff, which reduces our great thinker to humility, is supposed, we are told, to have sounded the death-knell of the nation state and other such old fashioned and outlived institutional relics of the distant, naive Renaissance, which did not have the great fortune to be graced with the likes of Shultz's genius.

Nowhere does it occur in the philosophical excursion of our good Secretary, that all these, rather modest scientific advances of our days, do not simply happen upon people; they are not the awesome gifts of some lofty *Zeitgeist*, some "New Age," which benevolently, like Santa Claus, bestows its largesse upon a grateful, dumb mankind. Our advances in our present-day scientific potential—still, unfortunately, only a potential—are the modest fruits of the quiet, loving creative work of millions upon millions of scientific workers who, animated by hopes, aspirations, moral impulses, every day of their lives labor with problems great and small, and are driven to create. And they make their contributions to us all, for the most part unimpressed by the fruit of their work, which so much tickles the imagination of our Secretary of State, the great, quintessential bureaucrat who has yet to learn that the work of science today is what it has always been, namely, an endless, laborious, relentless problem-solving.

If there have been the advances which so awe the Secretary, they were possible because gifted men and women have had their moral drives and aspirations nurtured and sustained by the great edifice of the Golden Renaissance, the republican nation state whose early demise the Secretary advocates. Our Secretary, echoing Madame Blavatski, Marilyn Ferguson, and the pathetic Ralph Waldo Emerson, firmly hopes that the demise of this nation state will commence with the "New Age," which, he reckons, will begin with the INF Treaty. To him, the treaty has assumed a symbolic, almost liturgical meaning.