

Letter to World Citizens

7/9

The Anatomy Of Peace

Garry Davis

I flew to New York last month with my partner Robin Lloyd to attend a UN symphony concert at Carnegie Hall. My friend, Joseph Eger, was conducting Beethoven's Ninth with its magnificent choral accompaniment and a new symphony by Marvin Hamlisch (of Chorus Line fame) called "*The Anatomy of Peace*." The title was one I knew well. Emery Reves' 1945 bestseller on world peace was entitled "*The Anatomy of Peace*," becoming the world federalist's bible. I devoured the book in 1947. Its main theme was that we think "nation-centrally" rather than globally. Every nation, wrote Reves, thinks the world revolves around it. And we are all educated to that nation-centric view. Peace, he claimed, could only be achieved *after* we recognized that the world was one. As you know I took it to heart in 1948 by legally renouncing the nation-state system and claiming to be personally global, i.e., a world citizen. So when I received the invitation to attend the Carnegie Hall concert to hear "The Anatomy of Peace," I couldn't resist the chance. (Besides as a former "gypsy" on Broadway, I had seen Chorus Line seven times!)

As I flew the single-engine Navion Rangemaster of the World Government Air Force from Burlington to New York, I tracked 8 satellites tuned into Teterboro Airport with an instrument called the Loran. On a tiny screen, it revealed the bearing to Teterboro, my track, the distance, the ground speed, and time of arrival. The readings constantly changed as we sped over the ground at 6500 feet, the satellites faithfully following the plane's every movement. A simple turn of a dial would have permitted me to take the same information from over 3,000 airports in the United States. The global service was free. As the satellites are in geosynchronous orbit and instantly available to one and all, any pilot with a Loran can avail himself or herself of it. As I flew, looking down on the panorama of multi-colored trees, I thought that Emery Reves would have appreciated the ease by which one could navigate when satellites tracking the earth itself electronically linked every pilot to the one world.

After the magnificent concert dedicated to Bosnian refugees, leaving the plane at Teterboro, my partner Robin Lloyd and I amtraked to Washington the next day where I was invited by Frank Bourne to address the D.C. chapter of the world federalists at the Cleveland Park Club. Though I had worked for the federalists in 1947, I never joined the organization. It didn't equate with the complexity of the problems facing humanity in my opinion. A strictly mechanistic political strategy, it lacked heart and soul. Besides, the individual, I felt, was left out of the total peace equation. A true peacemaker was not simply a member of a national organization.

A note to Infosetters: Please write WCN of your experience in the WSP.

See you next month.
