

CHAPTER 8

Jump-Starting FAS

Finding his niche as the chief architect of FAS's renewal, the author becomes, for his initial five-year period, its only real staff. Accordingly, its agenda is shaped, in good part, by his interests and limitations. Membership grows rapidly and then reaches a limit to growth. FAS buys a headquarters building and divests itself of its two remaining chapters. FAS remains an organization with a minuscule staff through the 1970s but in the 1980s begins to grow and by the 1990s has a stable staff of about a dozen.

Although founded on October 31, 1945, and hence twenty-five years old when I became its steward, the Federation of American Scientists had maintained a full-time office only for its first three years, after which it was run by part-time staff and volunteers, with the help of various chapters, through the fifties and sixties. In June 1970 I became the first full-time employee of the federation in twenty-two years. My first task was to replenish and reinvigorate its membership.

To accomplish this, I undertook to write and publish, single-handedly, an attractive newsletter that grew, throughout the seventies, into a monthly periodical of several thousand words.⁹⁵ Of course, I had experts to rely upon inside or, when necessary, outside the federation. Some of the ideas came from them. But the buck stopped with me, and I did 95 percent of all the drafting.

One totally inexplicable thing happened during this period, sometime in 1971, as my father's career as a journalist was coming to an end and before he became a Greek scholar. He telephoned and, without much in the way of introduction, asked if I had any interest in taking over *I. F. Stone's Weekly* on his retirement.

"EVERY MAN SHOULD TRY"

I was incredulous. As he well knew and had told his intimates, he was a radical, while his son Jeremy was a liberal. (Just as the children of tall parents regress toward the mean in height, so also, I suppose, are the political views of both radicals and reactionaries watered down in their progeny—if, indeed, they are not, as often happens, quite reversed.) How on earth could he expect me to satisfy the political preconceptions of his constituency or to function at his journalistic level?

Also, I did not consider myself a journalist or a political pundit; I was functioning as a scientist and my interest was in saving the world, not in commenting on the passing scene. It was always an embarrassment when people seemed to see some connection between my (FAS) newsletter and *I. F. Stone's Weekly*.

But most of all, he had never wanted to take over *his* father's business; why would he think that I would want to take over his? I did not feel that I was living in the shadow of a great man because I. F. Stone was not *that* famous, but I did feel in the penumbra of another person. And, really, I strongly preferred to create my own identity. Put another way, I did not really know what to say when Senator Thomas Eagleton once said, "You are a good man, but your father is a great one."

So I immediately said no and declined to discuss it—how to explain to someone that one did want to be known only as that man's son? He was hurt; the *Weekly* was his baby, and he considered it a great sign of his respect for me that he would be willing to put it in my hands. And, later, he indicated that he felt I was put off by the challenge of it all—which, indeed, I would have been had I even entertained the notion.

My grueling schedule at FAS was made more exacting by the fact that I wanted our newsletters to be substantive and accurate and because they covered such diverse issues. Of special importance in shaping them was the bottom-line fact that I was not an all-purpose scientist but only a mathematician. I was a graduate of the Bronx High School of Science in New York city. Indeed, I had fin-

Jump-Starting FAS

ished its ninth through twelfth grades in only two years, on an accelerated schedule designed to make up for my having lived in France from 1950 to 1951. Despite the rigors of the accelerated schedule, I ranked in the top quarter of my class. So I was a reasonably good student. But this did not mean I loved physics or chemistry or had any aptitude for science.

As a freshman at MIT, I was so demoralized by the extensive memorizing required in freshman chemistry that I wrote a long poem, in the style of A. E. Housman, for the MIT *Voodoo* humor magazine. It began as follows:

*Say, Lad, have you chem to learn?
Blot then for the Quiz to bluff
Blot, and if your memory burn
Write the answer on your cuff.
Blot it now and you shall pass;
Write it, it will help you blot.
Try you not to comprehend;
Better men than you could not.
Memory is as memory does;
'Tis now the mind grows cold
For man and boy will soon be mad
Before the night is old.
And what are we to do here
If blotting stays the thing,
And Robots have it easy
And Eniacs are king
Why, nothing to be very sure
Is left for us to do
But Housman-like to slip away
Our Throat and Wrists slit through.⁹⁶*

In general, the overly technical curriculum turned me off and exhausted me. MIT freshmen had an exam every Friday, alternately

"EVERY MAN SHOULD TRY"

in mathematics, physics, or chemistry. This made my nervous system feel like a bridge whose structure was being shaken by the rhythmic marching feet of soldiers. I was close to becoming your average freshman suicide, as the poem indicates. I was, accordingly, extremely grateful when, in late summer of 1954, Swarthmore College permitted me to transfer there to major in mathematics with minors in philosophy and economics.

At the end of that summer, my father took me and my siblings to Albert Einstein's home. He looked much older on this occasion than he had when we had visited him four years earlier, on a similar visit; he died eight months later, on April 18, 1955. Of my decision to become a mathematician, he said that unlike physics, which was based on a community of shared knowledge, mathematics was a "tower of Babel" in which the finest mathematicians could not understand more than a fraction of the papers presented at international conferences.

Of my tribulations at MIT, Einstein remarked, "Well, you cannot stuff a full horse," and of Swarthmore, which he had visited to get an honorary degree, he said it was a "place where one can reflect."

My preference for the political and philosophical over pure science must certainly have shaped FAS's agenda and the subjects of the newsletter. In any case, it meant that I had to work especially hard when the newsletter touched on complicated scientific issues. I fell into a certain pattern. Each eight-page newsletter (about six thousand words) contained an editorial that had to be approved by the Council of the Federation or at least the Executive Committee. And to give the editorials more bite, there were often two to four experts who would affix their names under the boilerplate "reviewed and approved by X and Y, this editorial has been approved by the FAS Council."

I left my name off the editorials (except through the quiet reference to approval by the Executive Committee, on which I sat) to try to make FAS seem larger than it was and to avoid the dreaded

Jump-Starting FAS

charge, often whispered about, that FAS was a “one-person” organization. (For some reason, which I have never fully understood, this was a special obstacle to getting grants from foundations. Like a man who is told he would be hired if only he had experience—and wonders how on earth he is going to get experience without ever being hired—I wondered how one ceased being a one-person organization if this was a bar to getting funding to hire staff.)

In fact, on arms control issues, we did indeed have a core group of very well informed experts with high status off the staff. But otherwise we did not. I wanted FAS to be broader than just arms control and thought the members would be bored if we were no more than specialists on arms control. I had visions, which proved largely unworkable, of expanding our operation into other fields—like an all-purpose Academy of Public Interest Scientists. To prime the pump and show that we could do something in those fields, I would, quite often, adopt some other issue and get several feet of material to take home.

In evenings and on weekends—since the days were spent running the federation—I would digest this cellulose, boil it down into a (hopefully interesting) newsletter with some conclusion. The conclusion, which I would invent, draw from the literature, or have suggested to me in some phone call with an expert, would then be the subject of the editorial. This would take three weeks of each month. In the remaining week of the month, I would walk the newsletter around on Capitol Hill to what seemed the appropriate offices and committees. And I would then mail it to the press and try to get some resonance.

It was an exhausting routine, made more difficult by the absence, at that time, of computers and desktop publishing, and frankly speaking, I can no longer even remember how I was able to keep it up—although I did for about ten years.

Ralph Nader once advised me that the FAS’s chief virtue was its ability to run issues up flagpoles. On issues outside arms control in which I had, personally, no great interest or expertise—and so long

“EVERY MAN SHOULD TRY”

as I had few independent staff—that was about the limit of what I could do. I would draft a newsletter, try to draw attention to it, and then move on to something else. (Of course, on arms control issues, we pursued them over time.)

For example, the February 1973 issue, entitled “FAS Calls for Energy Reorganization,” asserted that “energy seems to be the concern of every agency and the responsibility of none.” In a separate statement, the FAS Council called for “cutbacks” in the operating levels of reactors along with a crash program of stepped-up reactor-safety research. (On these energy issues especially I got a good deal of help from FAS officials, since we had energy experts, and I knew nothing about the topic of each issue until I wrote the newsletter.)

We got some press. *The New York Times* covered our call for cutbacks,⁹⁷ and *The Washington Post* covered our call for a coordinated energy policy.⁹⁸ In July the Nixon administration proposed an “energy czar” in the White House. No doubt many others had greater responsibility for this shift, but surely we were in the mix of influence on this issue.

In May 1973 the issue was “FAS Proposes Further Legislation on Automobile Emissions”—a highly technical editorial on oxidation catalysts, carbureted stratified charge engines, and the Clean Air Act.⁹⁹ I think my knowledge of this topic was about a month old at the time. If anyone followed it up, it would have been the “consultants.”

When the Arab oil boycott occurred, I began collecting books on oil and wrote a special January issue: “Arab Oil Boycott: A Blessing in Disguise?”¹⁰⁰ For the energy experts, it was—since it brought the higher prices they needed to force conservation and planning.

I was, as always, nervous about the newsletters concerning subjects I knew little about. I felt like a reporter without a beat working on different issues all the time. Worse, I was required to write at some length for a specialized and highly picky (scientific) audience who considered “error” to be a reason for intellectual hari-kari.^[101]

But sometimes I did surprisingly well, as do many reporters. One

Jump-Starting FAS

day I received a letter that Harvey Brooks, the distinguished dean of Harvard's Department of Engineering and Applied Sciences, had sent to S. David Freeman, head of the Ford Foundation Energy Policy Project. Reviewing a draft interim report, he referred Freeman to our oil newsletter: "It covers almost the same ground as your section I, but is much more sophisticated, contains many more facts, and seems to refer to many studies that your staff is apparently unaware of. It has a much more authoritative ring than your section I."¹⁰²

That this highest brahmin of the scientific community should consider my thirty-day wonder report on oil more authoritative than that of the world's biggest energy project struck me as a triumph of Parkinson's Law.¹⁰³ There is a moral here somewhere, and I think it is that a good reporter (which is really how I was functioning) with good sources (which I certainly had) can get to the bottom of things from a standing start. In later years I felt that FAS might do better hiring science reporters than scientists.

All these newsletters outside our areas of specialization were available to other groups who were championing and specializing in the specific issues involved. The other groups had the time and motivation to press them home. I was too busy. But by helping other groups I hoped that the special cachet of scientists and the endorsement of the FAS Council and the experts would pay some dividends.

During each summer from 1970 to 1978, during the two-month break from writing a monthly newsletter, I worked hard at preparing direct mail fliers, of great complexity, and filling them with such hard evidence as could be found to show FAS's effectiveness. Fractions of our budget as high as 20 percent would then be thrown into the mails in the hope of getting new members and getting the money back. Besides the fliers, the mailing would be hitched to some specific issue: Sign this petition and, if you like what we are doing, join up.

I did all this work with the help of only one secretary, and we had no other substantive staff. This worked for at least the first five

"EVERY MAN SHOULD TRY"

years. FAS's membership grew 60 percent per year for a few years, rising from its low base of fifteen hundred until it reached about seven thousand.¹⁰⁴ But this process relied upon getting large mailing lists. The AAAS list of the hundred thousand subscribers to *Science* magazine was a staple. With a 1 percent return, it would provide a thousand new members. And if the costs of direct mail were only twenty-five cents and each new member provided twenty-five dollars, the money would eventually return and the members would be stockpiled to provide some profit in a second year.

There were, however, limits to growth. The AAAS list became overused, and the rate of return dropped off. The costs of direct mail rose. Other lists were not available (e.g., *Scientific American* refused to let us rent their list even though they permitted the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* to do so as an exception to their rule.) And more and more members were required to offset the higher levels of falloff as the membership level grew.

As more groups entered the direct-mail market, the end for direct mail was near. I wrote an op-ed piece in *The New York Times* entitled "Bread from the Waters."¹⁰⁵ By then, in 1978, there were twenty-five hundred public interest groups with budgets ranging from \$100,000 or less to \$4 million (e.g., Common Cause). One of our members complained that he had received, from various organizations, 306 solicitation letters in eighteen months, including thirteen from the Union of Concerned Scientists, eleven from the American Civil Liberties Union, eleven from Amnesty International, and ten from Common Cause. People were not opening their mail anymore, and the overgrazing of their interest was hurting everyone.

In the 1950s there were as many as thirty FAS chapters and branches, as permitted by the FAS constitution, but the numbers declined through the 1960s. By 1970 there were only two left: the Boston chapter, which called itself the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS), and the Los Angeles chapter. I decided there was no point in running a largely defunct system of chapters.

UCS was working on issues of nuclear reactors. According to the

Jump-Starting FAS

FAS constitution, chapters could work on such national issues only when and if the national organization had already taken a position. But UCS knew more about the issue than the national office did and our officials were divided on the issue. I invited UCS to become a friendly independent group rather than a chapter. And this was done. The Los Angeles chapter became independent also, as the L.A. Federation of Scientists.

No one in Congress or in foundations ever seemed to care much about how many members we had. It was, really, just an issue of raising revenue. And for this, membership was not very cost-effective. (It would, of course, have been more effective if we had found and exploited an issue that permitted us to recruit members who were not scientists—perhaps as sponsors—so that we could solicit much larger numbers of supporters, but this we did not do.) What did seem to matter to the media and Congress was the quantity and quality of names on our letterhead. Accordingly, I worked hard at recruiting famous scientists, especially Nobel Prize winners. My main breakthrough occurred in the fall of 1972, when I persuaded a Nobel Prize winner, Edward L. Tatum of Rockefeller University, to write a letter commending FAS, which he agreed I could send to his Nobel Prize-winning colleagues.^[106]

This letter helped boost our list of supporting Nobel Prize winners from about ten to over forty—then about 50 percent of all living U.S. Nobel Prize winners in science and peace. Since the prize winners are selected for their scientific achievements, not their political views, it meant that FAS could no longer be accused of being a “radical” organization. But some still considered it so. Once, in the anteroom of the Senate Armed Services Committee, I ran into Jude Wanniski of *The Wall Street Journal*. He had, he said, been sent to “do a job on FAS” but on looking at our material, he had decided that it was not “so bad.” (He did, however, characterize us as a group “which lobbies against almost all Nixon science and defense policies.”)¹⁰⁷

From 1946 to 1969, the FAS office had bounced around various addresses in downtown Washington, D.C., mostly in the vicinity of

"EVERY MAN SHOULD TRY"

Sixteenth and K Streets.¹⁰⁸ In the spring of 1970, I realized the need to be very close to Capitol Hill and persuaded the Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) to rent to FAS a large room, with a separate entrance, on its C-Street side (207 C Street, NE). This building, which was actually across the street from the complex of Senate office buildings, was as close as one could get to Congress. Our modest headquarters housed me, a half-time secretary who evolved into a full-time one, and an assistant on the occasions when we had one. Once, a highly conservative *Fortune* magazine writer investigating the nefarious opposition to the anti-ballistic missile interviewed me in this office. He mentioned an enormous figure being spent by opponents of the ABM (\$3 million a year, I think). I laughed and advised him that this room was our entire headquarters and that we were, as he knew, a key element in the opposition.

By 1974 I decided to strive for the impossible dream of actually securing a building for our permanent headquarters. There are not many commercially zoned buildings on Capitol Hill, where a restoration society tries to keep the area as it was when these buildings were built in the late 1890s. But by writing to all owners of commercially owned buildings, we located one, on the distinguished Massachusetts Avenue. I solicited donations toward the \$92,000 purchase price. To persuade donors that this was really important, I pledged \$5,000 of my own capital and, in the end, found one \$10,000 donation and two other \$5,000 donations.^[109] With this 25 percent down payment, we purchased and occupied the building.

Thus by November 1974 the mood at FAS was euphoric. Four of five components of FAS's rejuvenation were in place. The membership had grown by 450 percent, which made us a self-sustaining group with a full-time office. We had recruited a substantial segment of America's best-known scientists. We had constructed a tax-deductible arm, the FAS Fund, to secure donations. We lacked only resident experts, which, at that time, we wanted in medicine and public health; the environment and energy; and development, agriculture, and population.^[110] A major failure occurred when we thought we had

Jump-Starting FAS

secured a challenge grant agreement from Max Palevsky to match one dollar for every dollar we raised toward endowed-staff chairs for each of these areas. But when, after three months of strenuous efforts, we did succeed in getting a pledge for half of what was necessary for the first chair, he reneged—saying that he thought his pledge was just a device to help us raise money!—and the whole project of securing chairs collapsed.

On the whole, after five strenuous years, the future looked bright. True, a competing zoo of groups was descending on the public and the foundations for support, we were small, membership had certainly peaked, and revenues were limited. But voices of conscience are invariably small voices. And our small voice was, indeed, being heard.

Jerome B. Wiesner renewed his affirmation that “there is no other group that so truly represents the conscience of the American scientists as the FAS.” We wore this quotation like a talisman. Men whom we, and many others, respected, such as John Kenneth Galbraith, had been even more ebullient in their praise: “During the past two years my association with FAS has extended from Washington to Peking and from the SST to the war in Vietnam. I defend the view that it is the most useful single organization of which I have knowledge.” And the British Nobel Prize winner Sir Peter B. Medavar had written, “Cynics have said that during the course of social evolution the human conscience has become a vestigial organ. That this is not the case is shown very clearly by the past and present activities of the FAS.”

From a personal point of view, I felt uplifted and fortunate beyond belief. Here I was, a third-rate mathematician surrounded by Nobel Prize winners, world-famous economists, and scientists of all kinds. They were very hardworking, conscientious, and decent—easily as much so as I. In academic terms they were much smarter—the lords of their disciplines. And I was their steward, supervising an idealistic organization rooted in the conscience of the scientific community. Holy cow!

“EVERY MAN SHOULD TRY”



EAS group picture in 1987. Back row, left to right: Jane Wright, Eleanor Jensen (comptroller), Bonnie Frederick, and Martha Fell. Middle row: Cely Arndt, Ned Hodgman, John Pike, Frank von Hippel, Thomas Longstreth, Christopher Paine, and Dan Charles. Front row: Mark O’Gorman, Thomas Stefanick, the author, David Albright, Bonnie Ram, and Brad Cohen

Because I had served as a professor of mathematics at Pomona College for two years, I knew well, by this time, the disadvantages of a teaching profession about which, for many years, I had held romantic and unrealistic views. Not a week went by that I did not reflect on the psychological rewards of my current vocation compared with the intellectual isolation of teaching mathematics, even in the wonderful surroundings of Claremont, California. Outside the organization, in the hurly-burly of Washington political life, I saw around me all manner of persons with abilities greater than my own. It seemed that everyone in Washington who was not a Rhodes Scholar was a former clerk to a Supreme Court justice. As my mother would have put it, they were the “crème de la crème”; I felt myself, a magna cum laude from Swarthmore, to be just “la crème”—and it did not seem like much.

Harry S. Truman is said to have remarked, “On my first week in the Senate, I asked myself, ‘Harry S. Truman, how on earth did you get here?’ But in the second week, I asked myself, ‘Harry S. Truman, how on earth did these other guys get here?’” For my part, I felt the first emotion without the second. Some of the senators seemed to

Jump-Starting FAS

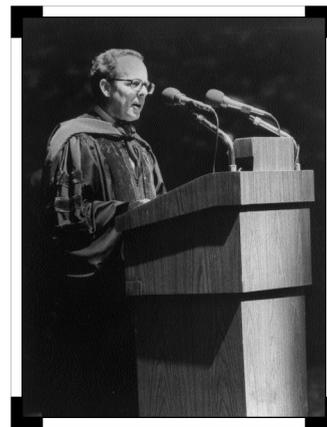
have their limitations, but the very best of the reporters, staffers, and activists with whom I came in contact seemed highly skilled.

All in all, I considered myself a person who had escaped intellectual interment and who had entered into the promised land. Fueled by this sentiment, I labored like a person possessed, working weekends and taking no vacations for fifteen years.

In late 1976 an organization was formed to be a self-styled “foreign policy Common Cause”; it was named New Directions. President Carter’s election took some of the promise out of it—after all, Carter’s administration *was* a new direction. And mismanagement by its officials took some further steam out of it. In desperation the organization’s key members were strongly urging me to run it—and FAS also—in a kind of citizen-scientist joint operation. I gave a lot of thought to it but decided there was not enough promise in New Directions and that it would become a millstone around my neck.

Instead, I offered to help New Directions with advice and, with that in mind, to find lodging for the organization near my own—lodging much less expensive than what they had and much nearer the Hill. In a transaction that a George Soros would appreciate, I bought the building next door to FAS headquarters without spending a penny. On my appeal, the bank renegotiated my mortgage on 307 Massachusetts Avenue into a mortgage on 305-307 Massachusetts Avenue together, using the appreciation in 305 to provide 25 percent of the value of the two adjacent buildings together. And with a five-year lease from New Directions, the bank was persuaded that the mortgage was secured.

Predictably, New Directions promptly went broke, but by that time I had rallied FAS members with a “mortgage-burning” fundraising campaign that gave us payment-free occupancy of both buildings. By the end of



The author receiving an honorary degree from Swarthmore College in 1986

"EVERY MAN SHOULD TRY"

1978, we had two buildings. My real estate successes notwithstanding, by 1980 I was ready to quit. Ten years seemed to be, for numerological reasons, the time to go. I was exhausted and drained. I had run out of ideas—a newsletter a month was a difficult nut to crack. Nothing seemed to be working. I felt I was on a treadmill from which I could not dismount.

I was forty-five years old, and I decided to go to law school; the law had always interested me, and I had illusions about its practice. But picking up some application documents at the Georgetown University Law Center somehow brought me to my senses. I realized, only a day before I was to announce my retirement at the FAS annual meeting, that this would be disastrous—as indeed it would have been. I slogged on. ☐

In 1978 or thereabouts, I had received an anonymous, unsolicited offer of three thousand dollars from a member of the Rockefeller family. In what seems now to have been a ludicrous excess of vigilance, I considered whether to accept or not. After all, one Rockefeller, Nelson, was vice president of the United States, and we prized our independence. I later learned that a key official of the Rockefeller family office, Elizabeth McCormack, had asked my friend Alton Frye, then a vice president of the Council on Foreign Relations, if he knew any group that deserved funding, and he had suggested FAS. ☞ My eventual acceptance of this grant proved to be critical to our organizational life. ☐ About a year later, this same source, recognizing that I needed to have at least one assistant, had offered us enough to fund one person for three years. I hired Deborah Bleiviss to work on energy conservation in late 1979.

The anonymous donor, and a certain amount of entrepreneurship on my part, put down an FAS anchor. In eight years of the eighties, the members were advised that an anonymous donor was providing about \$60,000 if FAS would match this sum. We were thus able to accumulate \$120,000 in a capital account each of these years. And two years later, Proctor Houghton, owner of Houghton Chemical, provided challenge grants for a Space Policy Chair. The

Jump-Starting FAS

importance of this cannot be exaggerated, since on foundation grants alone one makes no “profit” and puts down no financial anchor. We put the money into town houses on Capitol Hill. In the end, FAS was working out of three such town houses and enjoying rent from three others.

By 1985, in an article about FAS—entitled “On Scientists as Lobbyists”—*The New York Times* observed that the original atomic scientists were dying off and “the ‘grand old men’ are being replaced.”¹¹¹ We were still getting much valuable help from a few senior sponsors, but more and more of the work was being done by very well informed, increasingly professional, and highly political staff members who needed less and less help from famous academic scientists. FAS was stronger than it ever had been. The work was going smoothly. I was no longer writing every newsletter—I was turning out only about half of them—and the strain of operating the organization had much diminished.

In the last thirteen years, since 1985, the organization has been stable in size, with annual expenditures of under \$1 million. The main organizational innovation has been the creation of separate personalized newsletters that FAS staffers put out themselves, free, to lists of interested experts and relevant policy makers: for example, Lora Lumpe’s *Arms Sales Monitor* or Steven Aftergood’s *Secrecy and Government Bulletin*. These journals made their authors famous in the relevant expert communities, led the media to acclaim the authors as experts, and persuaded the funders that something tangible was actually happening. Most important, self-publication of this kind unleashed creative energies and kept the staff members lashed to their word processors.

Over the past three decades of our work, the public interest sector has changed enormously, becoming larger, more professional, and more specialized so that new entrants have to compete with longtime activists with considerable experience. A kind of Darwinian evolution, arising from the necessity for groups to compete constantly for funding nourishment, has put some groups out of

"EVERY MAN SHOULD TRY"

business and left the rest leaner and meaner and constantly looking for action. Increasingly, the various activist groups in a sector function through coalitions that are highly specialized.

Meanwhile, staid institutions, such as the Council on Foreign Relations, the Carnegie Endowment, the Brookings Institution, and many others have recently come to emphasize public policy activities at the expense of longer-term research, monographs, and op-ed essays instead of book-length pieces. The ever more professionalized public policy sector has to compete with these "new" entrants. In foreign countries also we see the multiplication of human rights groups, Open Society groups, security-oriented organizations, and so forth. In this crowded field, it takes ever more knowledge, creativity, and shrewdness for an activist to make a noticeable dent in events.

But the new organizational environment provides not only a thoroughly carved-up turf but also untapped opportunities. A staffer interested in progress in some field can spend his or her time rounding up other groups to forge a common campaign. This was unheard of in 1970 in the security field, when there were so few groups to be mobilized. And the new context, which puts a great stress on ever more detailed information, provides an opportunity for those, like our staffer John E. Pike, who disseminate information (e.g., providing the community with an enormously useful Web site).

In sum, as the millennium comes to a close, FAS, the oldest of the nuclear arms control groups, is still functioning in its original field and still finding new and related fields to conquer. Meanwhile, my almost three decades of work as FAS's CEO seems to have left me the dean (in point of service) of CEOs of the security-oriented public interest community.