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ISBN: 978-965-550-550-4

International sole distributor: ContentoNow
22 Isserles Street, 6701457 Tel Aviv, Israel
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It was on a sunny day in London, of all places, that She told me I needed to express myself because expressing myself would reveal my contradictions, and confronting the contradictions would lead me to an inner understanding.

Loyal to Wittgenstein as I was, what could not be spoken about, I was careful to pass over in silence.

Grabbing the Bull by the Horns of the Dilemma

> *A dilemma is not a situation where considerations merely clash, but one in which these considerations weigh heavily on the heart of the agent and threaten to paralyze him. He or she experiences feelings of helplessness and indecisiveness in the face of the situation.*
>
> (Dr. Danny Statman)

"Leather bag!"[1] – first alert.

"Leather bag!" – second alert.

Operations officer, Shahar, sounds the alert over the battalion network, as the other networks echo his call. The alarm is well underway as the men jump into their vehicles. As I reach my jeep, Hamid the driver arrives, and we are on our way. The radio is bursting with chatter. I try both the brigade network

1 IDF code word for infiltration or attack by an unknown aircraft.

and the battalion network. Shahar is trying to make sense of the incoming messages. The forward garrisons are just beginning to report.

"Kadim 3, this is Kadim 6. Report your status? Over."
"This is Kadim 3. Kadim 41 is on his way. Kadim 1 is in zone 9. Kadim 4 and Kadim 42 will be advancing in a minute."
Over the brigade network:
"This is Kadim. I'm taking zones 200 and 400, and zones 9 and 1."
"Kadim 41, this is Kadim 6. Zone 200 is yours. Kadim 3, this is Kadim 6. Tell Kadim 31 to take the northern roadblock and Kadim 2 can take the southern one. Go take up your positions.
"This is Kadim 3. Roger."
"Kadim 5, what is your position?"
"This is Kadim 5, on my way to zone 11."
"This is Kadim 6. Make sure Kadim 4 and 42 are on the way. Out."

Shachar, the ordnance officer, arrives at zone 200. Yigar reaches the Beit Hillel position and Shahar, the brigade operations officer, starts up his tank and is on the move. There's a sudden burst of gunfire! The network is jammed with messages. Shachar manages to break through and reports a sighting.
"Kadim stations, this is Kadim 6. Maintain radio silence! Kadim 41, this is Kadim 6. What is your status report? Over.
"This is Kadim 41. I think I see something!"
"This is Kadim 6. I'm on my way."

Operations officer, Shahar, reaches the hill and begins to scope the area.
"Kadim 6, this is Kadim 3. Object spotted at area 11, moving north to south."

"This is Kadim 6. Maintain visual contact. I'll be with you in a minute. Arriving from the north. State your position... This is Kadim 6, I have a visual on you. Out."

Over the brigade communication network, the brigade commander is requesting and comparing reports. The forces in the field are on the alert, watching for the slightest movement. Something as innocuous as a flight of birds can appear on the radar as a glider. Finally, the brigade operations officer announces, "One hour since start of incident." It seems like only minutes. After what feels like only a few more minutes, I look at my watch, and note, in reality three more hours have passed. It is 04:00 a.m. The brigade commander calls us in for a meeting.

We're back to "normal", I think. Back to the task of preparing the convoys and dispatching them to the military garrisons.[2] Today is a "convoy day". Following the briefing, I start to recall the forces back to the battalion base. Ilan, the company headquarters deputy commander, awaits them at the gate, making sure each man has unloaded his weapon.

One hour later, I'm back with the command group. At company headquarters everyone is busy, loading the command car and unloading the jeep, and mostly milling around, which is usual on the morning of a convoy day. Shahar already is waiting for me at the office, as impatient as always. I sit down slowly, to

2 Between 1985 and 2000, the Israeli army was deployed in a security belt, three to twelve kilometers wide, in South Lebanon, along the Israeli border. The purpose of this belt was to maintain a barrier between the Israeli population near the border and the terrorists present in South Lebanon. Convoys were periodically sent into this belt (known as the security zone) to resupply the Israeli garrisons.

buy time before he asks me the question. Shahar politely waits for me to sit down, and then asks, "Do we send in the convoys or not?" I reply, "How about a cup of coffee?"

By 08:00, the convoys are ready – two convoys and a command group. One convoy is to head for the Beaufort and Dlaat outposts and the second for Kawkaba. I should already be on my way out to inspect them, to make sure they are prepared.

But I wait another moment, staring into the depths of the dilemma, trying to see as far as my mental powers will take me. As always, time is against me. It seems the more I need of it, the less I have.

I look out the window through the morning mist to see Shahar heading toward the office. I know that my time is up. We must go out to inspect the logistics convoys, which will seek out improvised explosives (IEDs) and possible snipers along the supply route. There's no time for a thorough review, so I settle on a brief inspection of the soldiers' appearance. They appear well-groomed and prepared, having just completed a prior uniform inspection. After asking them a few questions to assess their level of concentration, I give Ido, the battalion communications officer, and Yaron, the deputy commander, the go ahead to get moving. Ido will head the Beaufort convoy and Yaron the Kawkaba convoy. All is ready. I authorize Hamid to commence and inform Shahar over the radio that the convoys are on the move. On the radio, I hear Ido giving the code-word, "Belgium", and Yaron the code-word, "Hagar." It's going well, I tell myself, and have no idea what is in store for me.

Ido crosses the Litani and begins climbing towards the ridge. The vehicles are moving quite slowly, keeping an even distance

between them – not too small, so if a car-bomb arrives only one vehicle will be hit, and not too large, so they can assist one another in both observation and firepower. All eyes keep a constant watch on the sides of the road, trying to guess where trouble might come from. It can spring from any corner and lurks behind every bend, especially on this winding road.

Suddenly, from behind a bend a fast-moving Mercedes appears, picking up speed as it approaches the convoy. My first thought is – "a car-bomb". Ido, traveling in the first vehicle, signals for it to stop. The only visible reaction is increased acceleration. Before Ido can react, the Mercedes zooms past him. The commander in the following vehicle, a platoon sergeant from Tzafrir's company, fires in the air, the next signal to stop. The reaction of the Mercedes is the same: it accelerates some more. The soldiers in the third vehicle kneel and shoot to hit. And hit they do, well-trained soldiers that they are.

— The car stops abruptly.

It turns out that its passengers are not terrorists – in the car are General Lahad[3] and his aides!

Yaron, the battalion deputy commander, who heads the Kawkaba convoy, has already passed Marj-Ayoun and is almost at the UN checkpoint when a burst of gunfire slices through the air. The convoy comes to a halt. The gunfire carries with it the smell of failure, an acrid smell that reaches as far as my nostrils as well.

3 Commander of the South Lebanon Army, which was cooperating with the IDF at the time.

The dilemma:

To send in the logistics convoys or not?!

Alone in the office (Shahar has already left) I try to consider all of the facts. I know that the men of company headquarters have been on their feet for over 24 hours. I also know what the soldiers in the outposts are going through, how isolated they must feel. I know that we are their only link to the rest of the world.

I'm stuck.

It's a familiar feeling: the feeling of no way out or, alternatively, of too many options, with no way to choose among them all. In moments like these I envy scientists. When they are faced with a seemingly unsolvable predicament, they have one basic advantage. They can put the problem aside and return to it later. They can ponder it throughout the day or night, in whatever place they might find themselves. But I am in the here and now, and in the here and now I must find a solution - even if my mind isn't all that clear – even if I am tired. Even if my body is aching and limiting my ability to think.

Leibniz writes of a hungry donkey that stood between two piles of hay. Unable to decide which one to choose, he stayed in one place and died. Leibniz would have probably said to me, "The most important thing is that you decide."
"Is that more important than what I decide?!" I would hurl back at him.
"Indeed, coming to a decision is more important than the content of the decision. For by the act of deciding, you fulfill your duty to your soldiers and to the civilians living in the north of Israel."

His words only increase my distress, so I ask, "But how shall I decide, with what tools?" "This question has already been answered by the Greeks," he explains. "Let me tell you a story. Eulathus, who was greatly impressed with the Sophists' ability to win their trials, wished to learn their methods. He went to the Sophist Protagoras and said, 'Teach me.' The latter replied, 'The tuition fee is thus and such.' Eulathus said, 'Agreed. I shall pay you half now and half after winning my first trial.' They shook on it. After completing his studies, Eulathus did not practice the profession, and so did not win a trial and did not pay the second half of his tuition. Seeing that his pupil was not practicing law, Protagoras said to him, 'I shall sue you and then you will have to pay me. For if you lose, you will be obliged to pay me according to the court's ruling, and if you win, you will be obliged to pay me according to the agreement between us.' Eulathus replied, 'In either case I shall *not* have to pay you. For if I lose, I will be absolved from payment according to the agreement between us, and if I win, I will be absolved from payment by the ruling of the court.'"

Therefore, we have a conundrum. They are both right, and the issue cannot be decided.

"But what I learn from this case," Leibniz adds, is that you must choose a guiding principle, and base your decision upon it. Had Protagoras and Eulathus decided in advance that their agreement would override a court decision – or vice versa – this problem would not have arisen. So, I advise you to choose a guiding principle and make your decision accordingly."

I choose a principle: Preserving lives. As a supreme value, perhaps it will lead me to the solution. I feel glad to be making

some progress; I am no longer stuck where I was five minutes ago.

I begin to proceed along the first branch of the fork, the "yes" branch – and see myself confronted by Tzafrir, the commander of the Beaufort and Dlaat outposts. I imagine what he would say to me: "The sense of isolation at the outposts is intense, even oppressive. Each outpost houses 25 to 50 soldiers, some of them infantrymen and some tank crew. Different individuals from different backgrounds with diverse values and beliefs. The overall situation – the many combat missions – by itself is both demanding and stressful. Since the number of missions is a function of the number of soldiers at the outpost, the garrison as a whole is only as strong as its weakest soldier. If we push that soldier past his breaking point, the system as a whole will break down. This weakest link is like an electrical fuse. The hard work by day, accompanied by the enemy ambushes at night, represents the total amount of stress that the garrison can legitimately handle. Any additional cause for stress is completely unjustifiable, both practically and morally. A convoy that doesn't arrive, or arrives without all the necessary materials, only increases the pressure. Any increased pressure diminishes the performance of the soldiers, and their level of performance is what ultimately determines whether a terrorist unit will succeed to infiltrate the Israel-Lebanon border or to operate against the Israeli forces within the South Lebanon security belt. We must see to it that the soldiers' performance does not falter, and must therefore guarantee that the soldiers at the forward bases are in the best possible shape at all times.

"So, if human lives are truly your priority, then you must put pressure on company headquarters general staff , and send in the supplies when they are needed!" – Tzafrir would say...

The "no" branch is represented in my mind by Yaron, the battalion deputy-commander. "Company headquarters has been on its feet and functioning continuously for over 24 hours," he would say. "Its abilities are compromised in many ways: Its alertness is diminished; nerves are frayed and patience and tolerance are at a low. There are other things to consider as well, but I am setting them aside for now. I am sticking to the guiding principle – the preservation of lives. From that perspective, it is the fatigue that worries me, the inability to maintain a high level of concentration, and our inability, as commanders, to sustain the necessary level of alertness. Consider the mountainous roads leading to Kawkaba and Beaufort. If just one driver falls asleep for even a second, we will pay for it in lives. If we run into the enemy while the soldiers aren't able to keep a high level of alertness, we will pay for it dearly. So if lives are your priority, your only choice is to cancel the convoys and let the men get a few hours of sleep."

The conundrum remains unresolved. The guiding principle has led me to contradictory conclusions. I start to feel mounting anxiety. I only hope Shahar doesn't walk in right now. If only I had some formula, some Pythagoras's theorem in which I could set the variables and work out a solution. But I do not have one. If only I had someone to consult – but I do not. So I ask myself, "How about a cup of coffee?"

To my aid comes Yaya (Maj. General Yoram Yair), who advises me to use the "expected value" theory. He tells me about a dilemma he faced: "I once had to make a very difficult decision," he tells me. "We were clearing mines and it was getting dark. Continuing the task would have exposed the men to great danger, but stopping for the night would have been very dangerous, too. I had to choose between the risk of letting

them handle the mines and the booby traps in the dark and the risk of leaving a unit isolated behind a minefield... It was a choice between two evils. There was no safe way out and no option that did not involve considerable danger. In such a situation you must assess which option is more risky and how likely it is to materialize" (Yoram Yair*, With me from Lebanon*, p. 74).

He, Yaya, might possibly say to me, "There's a warning about a car bomb. The probability of this danger materializing is the greater." "True, this scenario is more likely to materialize," I would reply, "but the possibility of terrorists infiltrating the border always exists. And while I have the moral right to risk the lives of my men, I do not have the right to do anything that would endanger the lives of civilians, even remotely."

"Am I afraid of Pascal?" I ask myself. Pascal developed the principle of expected value to meet the needs of gamblers. Today, it is utilized in decision-making models, but in those models the gain and risk can be measured more or less accurately. But how can I use a formula that requires me to place a value on human life and then multiply it by some number? (The value will always be the same: Infinity).

And even if this value could be measured, would my situation be any better?! A short journey through the convoluted pathways of probability shows that the answer is – no.
The basic facts of this journey are two, but they can branch out indefinitely:

A commander can make the right decision and fail in his mission;

A commander can make the wrong decision and succeed in his mission.

The problem can be illustrated by the example of the unfair coin: A coin which lands 80 percent of the time on heads and only 20 percent of the time on tails. A rational man asking to bet on this coin would always bet on heads, because, if the coin behaves "correctly", he will lose only 20 percent of the time. But a gambler betting on this coin ten times in a row might still guess wrong each and every time. And yet, faced with the same dilemma again – heads or tails – he would again be compelled to choose heads. (As an aside, this might be the place to quote Napoleon's remark that generals need not only talent but also luck.) My point is that any decision model based on expected value – or on any other statistical parameter – is based on choosing the lesser evil, and as such it is first of all evil.

After realizing the distortions of the statistical approach, I was bothered by the question: Is there no better option? Can my position not be better than that of the gambler? Also, I have a recurring nightmare in which I face a bereaved mother and tell her, "On average, your son was not killed!"

The mathematicians also offer me the Minimax model. They suggest that I assess the maximum damage associated with each possible course of action, and choose the option in which the maximum damage is the least. "Using this model," I retort, "I would never be able to cross the road, since the maximum damage associated with crossing a road is getting killed, while the maximum damage associated with not crossing it is not going to work, not going to the store, or not going to a movie. No damage can be greater than losing my life. So what does that mean? That I must spend my life sitting at home?"

She dismisses my assertions with a wave of her hand and shoots out a single word: "Demagogy". I think She is right, but

that I am right, too. So I say, "True, but beyond the absurdities it generates, the problem with this model is that it rules out any possibility of bold action (I believe there is no need to explain the importance of boldness in military history or history in general). Such action always involves great risk that can lead to considerable damage, and there is always an alternative that involves a smaller risk and less damage. Seeing in her eyes that I have failed to convince her, I pull out the last arrow in my quiver, saying, "Let's examine our dilemma by the light of this model."

Applying this model we find ourselves unable to choose between the options, for we cannot judge which is the lesser of the two maximum risks. The maximum harm that can result from not sending in the convoys is a terrorist infiltration, while the maximum harm that can result from sending them in is a car bomb attack on a convoy. The discussion of expected value outcomes above already showed that I have no way of choosing between these two options. And as an aside, let me point out that a football team playing according to the Minimax model would always get a score of 0:0, at the most.

Confused by the models and running out of time, I try to put my head... the battalion... in order.

The distress I am experiencing saps me of all of my powers of concentration. The last person I need to see right now is the Staff Sargent, but he picks this moment to walk in and mumble something. Maybe I should give him some positive feedback. But how? How can I? How can I give him positive feedback when I myself am in the pits of despair? "That's the source of my loneliness," I told her one Saturday, "the fact that I am never alone, not even for a moment. I don't have a single

moment to myself, a quiet moment to sit and think. That's why I lack the strength to break through the dilemma and solve it." "That's not loneliness," She answered, and continued to hone her psychological analysis of my situation. But for me, I only want to solve the problem. I want to find some clue that will lead me to the solution. I want the Staff Sargent to leave already. And the time? It continues to advance as usual, moving slowly like a ponderous elephant, heavily, monotonously, as though it knows where it is going, as though it has some destination far beyond the horizon. But in the meantime, the men outside are loading the vehicles and preparing the convoys.

I begin to sense the time as a trap closing in on me. I am approaching the point where any decision I make, even the correct one, will probably be bad. In the words of renowned American automobile executive, Lee Iacocca, "Even the right decision is wrong if it comes too late." Iacocca stresses that every decision has a time frame in which it must be made, in order to be a good one, and it is better to make a calculated risk before the time is up than to hesitate too long. I would go even further and say that it is better to make a bad decision within the right timing than a good decision at the wrong timing. Mostly because the mere act of deciding clears up the fog of uncertainty and thus prevents the numerous adverse effects that uncertainty can cause. Iacocca would have said "decide now." Uncertainty is indeed the reason that Shahar, the operations officer, is standing in the doorway to my office. The expression on his face and his questioning look tell me that my time is up. Gathering all my strength, I say, "Shahar, tell Ilan to come in for a briefing, and in the meantime see about opening up all the routes. We are sending in the convoys."

The wisdom of the heart

Intuition: the wisdom of the heart, inspiration, unmediated knowledge, penetrating the essence of things by insight: "Man's internal world is largely composed of the inward gaze, of intuition, what the Jews call the holy spirit" (Joseph Klausner, Judaism*, Vol. 1, 151, cited in the Even Shushan Hebrew Dictionary).*

Ending A

The story is not yet over. I made a decision, but now I had to face her – She who had witnessed all my agony – and explain my decision and my reasons for it (which was often twice as hard as making the decision itself). She asked me how I eventually came to my decision.

"By intuition," I replied.

She: "What is intuition?"

Me: "I do not know."

She: "Describe the moment you came to the decision or the path that led you to it."

Me: "Two people guided me on my difficult path. Each of them in his way gave me the legitimacy to make the decision I felt had to be made. The first was Einstein. His address on deducing the laws of science lighted my path to making my decision. He said, "There is no logical path to these laws; only intuition, resting on sympathetic understanding of experience, can reach them." The second was Eyal, one of the battalion company commanders. He told me that, one Saturday, when