

Foreign Service Journal

JANUARY, 1964

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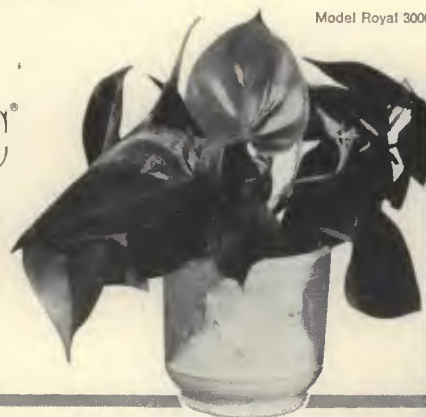
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"El Gato" by Lynn Millar

Photos and Art for January

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Lawrence Riordan, USIA, photo, page 26.

Robert Sivard, USIA, "Coneierge au Cour," courtesy Midtown Galleries, page 30.

Augustus Saint Gaudens, the Adams Memorial, Rock Creek Cemetery, courtesy of the Library of Congress, page 32.

Paul Cézanne, "Neige Fondante à Fontainebleau," courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, page 35.

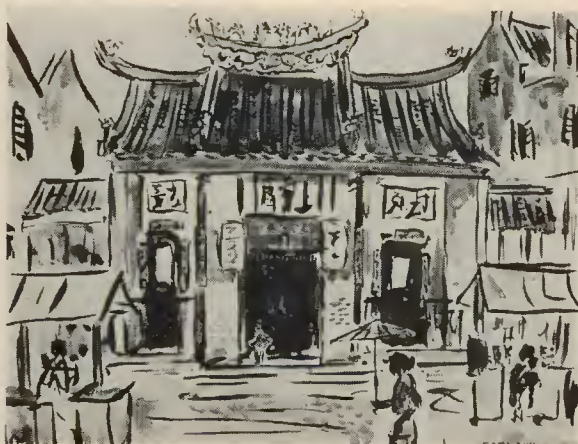
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Paul Child, FSO-retired, photos, cover III.



Chinese Temple, Kuching, Sarawak

by Earl Wilson

Appointments and Awards

BENSON E. L. TIMMONS, III, *Ambassador to Haiti*

HENRY LOOMIS, *Director, IBS, USIA, the 1963 Rockefeller Public Service Award in the field of foreign affairs or international operations.*

Marriages

HARING-ROCHA. Miss Evangeline Maria Haring, daughter of FSO and Mrs. Philip Erwin Haring, was married to Ensign David Taft Rocha, on August 29, 1963, in Tripoli.

WILLIAMS-MEYER. Miss Susan Williams was married to John Cogswell Meyer on September 20, 1963, in Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Meyer is the son of FSO-retired and Mrs. Paul W. Meyer.

Births

LANDAU. A son, Christopher Thomas, born to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Landau, on November 20, 1963, in Madrid, where Mr. Landau is serving as Political Officer.

MONTGOMERY. Twin sons, Nicholas Clark and David Worcester, born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Montgomery, Jr., on August 30, 1963, in Buenos Aires.

RITCHOTTE. A son, Henry Joseph, born to Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ritchotte, on October 15, 1963, in Washington.

WIGGINS. A son, Frontis Burbank Wiggins, III, born to Mr. and Mrs. Frontis B. Wiggins, Jr., on September 12, 1963, in Rome.

Deaths

BURKE. Gordon L. Burke, FSO-retired, died on November 13, 1963, in New York City, while visiting relatives. Mr. Burke entered the Foreign Service in 1921 and retired in 1951. His posts were Changsha, Swatow, Hankow, Nanking, Chefoo, Foochow, Tientsin, Nuevitas, Santiago de Cuba, Habana, Shanghai, Canton and Istanbul, where he was Consul at the time of his retirement.

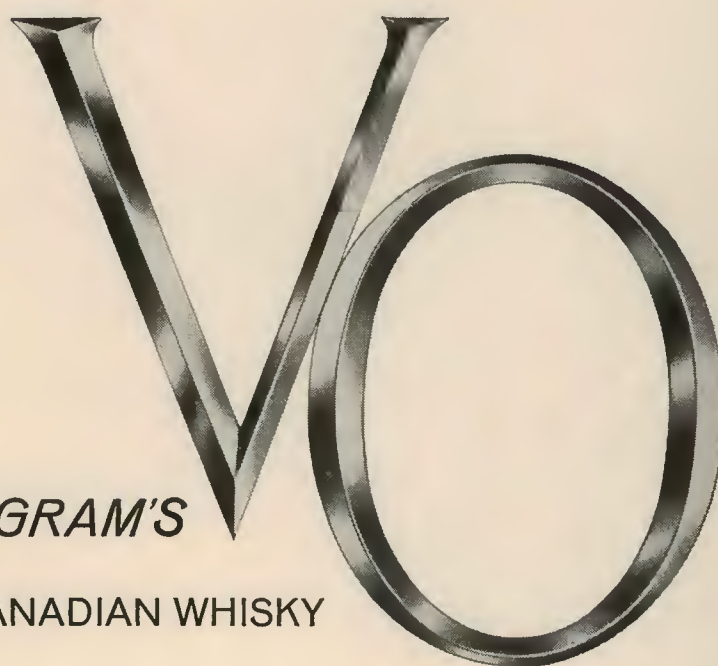
CARTER. Marvin N. Carter, FSR-retired, died on November 2, 1963, in Harlingen, Texas. Mr. Carter served in Cairo and Asuncion and retired in October, 1962. He is survived by his wife, Madge B. Carter, and son, FSO James W. Carter.

CORNELIUS. Miss Helen L. Cornelius, FSS, died on November 10, 1963, at the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Baltimore. Miss Cornelius entered the Foreign Service in 1947 and served at Bern, London, Haifa, Tel Aviv, Cairo, Tokyo and Saigon. Her most recent assignment was in the Office of Regional Economic Affairs, Bureau of Inter-American Affairs.

CROUCH. Edward C. Crouch, FSO-retired, died on November 8, 1963, in Washington. Prior to entering the Foreign Service in 1947, Mr. Crouch served in the Departments of Commerce, Post Office and State and the Social Security Administration. His posts were Bogotá, Frankfurt, Paris, the Department and Barcelona. At the time of his retirement in 1962, Mr. Crouch was Assistant Director of the Division of Mutual Security Evaluation.

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AFSA : Report on Meetings

THE Honorable Robert Newbegin, a former Ambassador, was asked to represent the American Foreign Service Association at the Penn State Conference on the subject of the United States Ambassador. He has furnished the following brief report.

The Penn State Conference on the United States Ambassador was held at University Park, Pennsylvania, on November 6, 7 and 8, 1963. The Conference, conducted by the Center for Continuing Liberal Education in cooperation with the American Foreign Service Association and Diplomatic and Consular Officers Retired, was under the chairmanship of Ambassador Thorsten V. Kalijarvi, presently Professor of International and Public Affairs at the University.

As far as is known this is the first meeting of this type and size dealing exclusively with the United States Ambassador and all aspects of his role, including qualifications, responsibilities, performance, post-duty usefulness, etc. All active participants were either chiefs of mission or had held such posts, which led to the facetious, but perhaps justified, observation that this was the largest gathering of ambassadors for a single discussion since the Congress of Vienna.

The findings of the conference are to be published by the University in the near future. The JOURNAL will comment more fully after this publication.

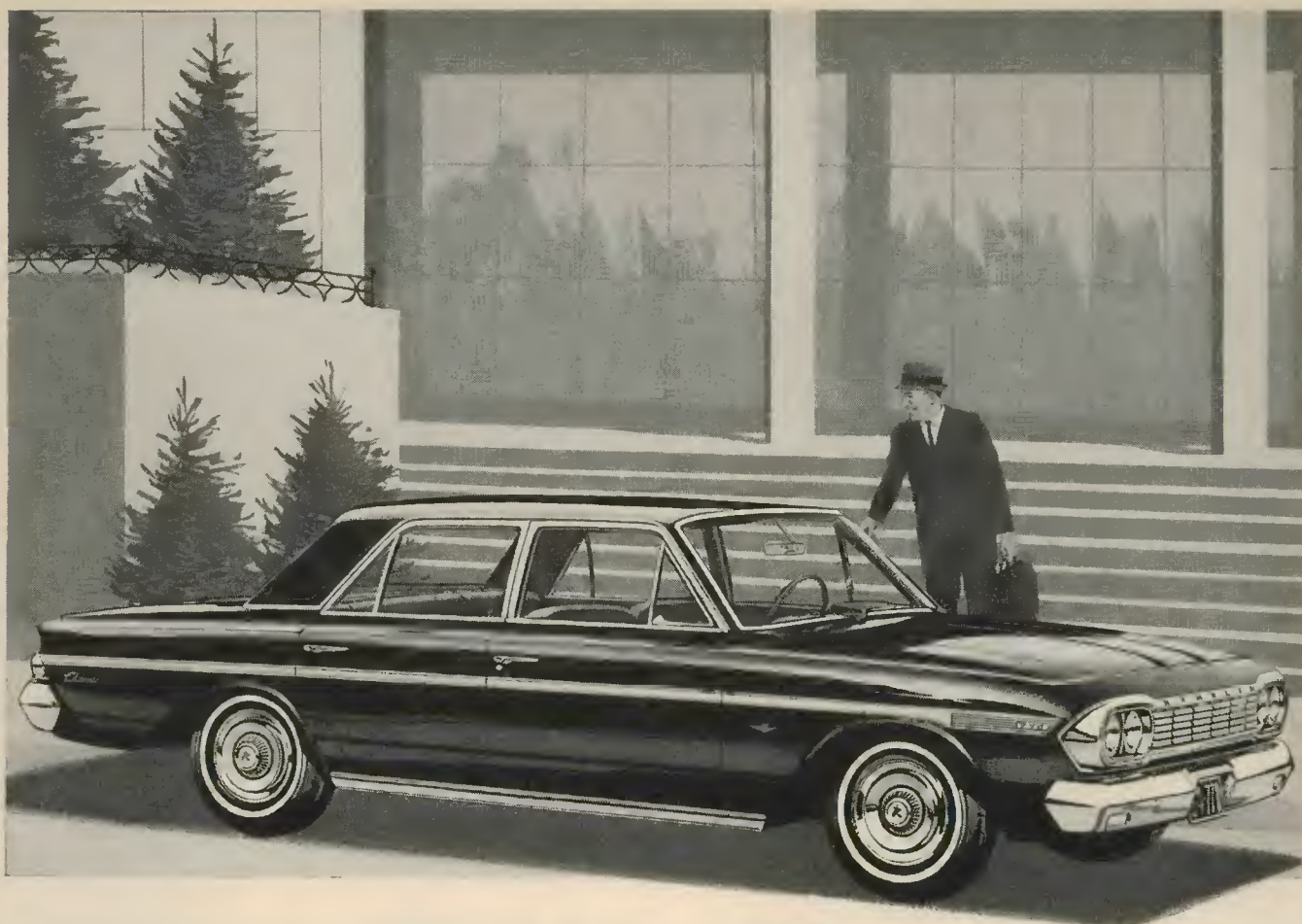
In the meantime JOURNAL readers will probably be interested in the following statistics. There were sixty-four participants, all of whom either now hold or have held positions as chiefs of mission. Their combined service in this capacity totaled 300 years and their combined tours in various capacities in the Foreign Service amounted to over 500 years of experience.

Reports of the participants are uniformly enthusiastic. Panel discussions were stimulating and informative—one discussion found a non-career ambassador taking the position that all ambassadorial positions should be filled by career officers and being refuted on this stand by career officers themselves.

October 8, 1963—In addition to election of officers of the new Board of Directors reported in the November issue, the following was accomplished: The Editorial Board of the JOURNAL was unanimously reappointed with Mr. Edwin M. J. Kretzmann as Chairman. Various pending questions of committee membership and liaison were settled. It was decided that the annual reports would not be printed in full in the JOURNAL, but that a notice would be inserted advising interested members to write for them. The Board considered proposals of the Entertainment Committee regarding future luncheons and the Board will consider a list of proposed speakers to be submitted by the Committee. An ad hoc committee was set up to reconsider the question of eligibility for inclusion on the Memorial Plaque. Mr. Roberts reported on the question of the welfare of Foreign Service local employees who immigrate to the United States, which had been raised in a letter to the JOURNAL. It was decided that this problem was a diminishing one and that the letter would be replied to in general terms. Copies of a "Summary Report" on the Herter Committee Recommendations were given members for consideration.

November 1—The Board approved a JOURNAL Board proposal to solicit additional articles from members of Congress. It was decided that a proposal for a further editorial on integration would be more appropriately handled as a letter to the editor. The Committee on Public Relations will work closely with Mrs. Louchheim in her new position. Further Committee appointments were approved. The reported price of \$4.75 for the monthly luncheon if catered by the eighth floor facilities was discouraging. Mr. Weiner and Mr. Nef will look into the matter further.

Ambassadors Thompson and Newbegin were selected to represent the Association at the forthcoming Conference on The Role of the Ambassador. They will be asked to state that this Association believes that in the appointment of ambassadors the foreign policy interests of the U. S. should be of paramount importance and that the Association favors a Foreign Service Academy as an extension of the FSI concept, not an institution along the lines of the military or naval academies. Action on the Herter Committee



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AFSA (Continued)

report was deferred until a later meeting. An ad hoc Committee on Membership was set up to study the problem of increasing participation in the Association by junior officers. The Board learned that over \$6,000 had been contributed to the National Cultural Center Fund and that a further check of \$2500 would be forwarded. The possibility of some action by the Association in connection with membership interest in memorial associations (resulting from Miss Mitford's book, "The American Way of Death," and similar recent publications) was discussed and the Chairman will report further. The question of purchase of a "club" and office property was raised and will be given further consideration.

Mitchell on Civil Rights

CLARENCE MITCHELL, director of the Washington bureau of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, told AFSA members November 21 that an African diplomat may still encounter humiliation in traveling between Washington and New York and still has difficulty getting a haircut many places in the United States.

Mr. Mitchell, speaker at the monthly AFSA luncheon, conceded that there had been a great change for the better in the climate of opinion in the United States and expressed confidence that the fight for civil rights would be won. He criticized the pending civil rights bill as inadequate in several particulars, and regretted the decision to give priority to tax reduction legislation. Negroes are no longer content to accept half-measures, he said, or to wait for piecemeal satisfaction of their just demands.

Specifically he deplored the exemption of many service establishments from the public accommodations section of the bill; its passage, he pointed out, would still leave Foreign Service officers with the embarrassment of having to explain to African foreign offices why their diplomats cannot get haircuts, and why African students have trouble finding living quarters.

AFSA President U. Alexis Johnson, in introducing Mr. Mitchell, assured him that the members of his audience were in complete agreement with him that discrimination must be eliminated. "We should do this because it's right and just," he said, "not merely because it would benefit our foreign policy."

President Johnson at New State

ASOMBER President Johnson came to the State Department on December 5 and in a meeting with 800 officers and other personnel brought them encouragement and inspiration. Besides expressing his complete confidence in the Secretary and other officers of the Department with whom he has worked closely, he complimented the Department on its discipline and performance in the difficult period immediately after President Kennedy's death. He also made it clear that under his direction the foreign policies of the Administration would be carried on with vigor and that he would rely on the State Department as the principal executive agency to do so.

He particularly laid upon the conscience of his audience a general concern for the commitment in Viet-Nam and for a renewed daily effort to provide a solution which would enable the nation to withdraw its troops from that troubled area. Although he again stressed the need to find areas where agreement was possible with the Soviets, he made it clear that the Administration could not, and would not, tolerate Communist subversion in the western hemisphere and appealed to all officers and areas of the Department to concentrate their efforts on countering the Castro infection.

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AAFSW : Education News

Educating Johnny and Mary may well be the Number One problem that hests Foreign Service families, and since its inception the education committee of the Association of American Foreign Service Women has been grappling with various aspects of it.

The crux of the whole educational problem for Foreign Service parents seems to be lack of adequate information. Families who try to cope on their own often find themselves in trouble. Abroad, they find education systems vary, and individual schools differ greatly in quality. Even during home tours, parents find that by the time they have tracked down and sorted mountains of confusing data, and have finally settled their children in satisfactory schools, it's time to go overseas, and all's to do again. The big thing is to find the right school for the right child—and fast.

Many organizations try to help in one way or another. American embassies and legations include educational matter in their post reports; the administrative and cultural divisions of the Department of State, and many other agencies and organizations that send families abroad, are struggling with the knotty problem. What has been lacking is a center of educational information easily accessible to all interested families. Here the education committee of the AAFSW fills an urgent need by acting as partial clearing house for educational information. At the AAFSW's desk in the Foreign Service Lounge, the committee maintains a voluminous file on schools of all sorts—public, private, boarding and "special"—located both here and abroad. General information on scholarships is also available, with Mrs. Oscar Holder working on this phase.

When the education committee was formed, wives' training as well as the educational problems of children was included under its jurisdiction, but later a separate committee was formed to take over the adult "Education" Program.

During the club year 1962-63, the work of the education committee expanded greatly, but in a more limited area. A "last post" file was set up at the Association's desk in the Foreign Service Lounge. Into it went names of women just back from various overseas posts who were willing to be interviewed on school possibilities by families about to go to those posts. Mrs. Robert Foulon, now in Africa, started this file. During the same year, an exhaustive file on boarding schools here and abroad, and on tutors, was established by Mrs. Joseph Roland, who still maintains it.

An important contribution, during the same year, was the detailed report on "English-Speaking Schools in Eastern Europe" by Mrs. Harold Vedeler, who accompanied her husband, then Director of the Office of Eastern European Affairs of the State Department, on a tour of his posts. Since Mrs. Vedeler, a former teacher, had previously been superintendent of an International School in Prague and had been active in the affairs of the International School in Vienna, she was well aware of the problems. Her perceptive report on these schools and on similar schools in Warsaw, Belgrade, Bucharest, Sofia, Budapest and Moscow has proved invaluable to families enroute to these cities.

A fourth major project in 1962-63 was the expanding of the so-called "blue books," a collection of questionnaires on education sent by the Association to ambassadors' wives all over the world. Since these questionnaires were "unofficial," they could include much subjective matter not permissible in official publications but immensely practical for parents seeking schools. These blue books were recently made avail-



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AAFSW NEWS (Continued)

able to the Cultural Bureau of the State Department, which is now making up educational questionnaires to be sent to all posts.

In addition to all this, the committee also collected and sent to Dhahran and Bucharest books urgently needed for educational purposes.

In January, 1962, the committee sponsored its first seminar on education. Although the talks and round-table discussions were crowded with anxious and enthusiastic parents, the committee felt that its subject, "Educational Problems of Foreign Service Children," was too inclusive. As a result, the second seminar, in January, 1963, dealt only with the secondary school. This seminar, too, was very popular. Further seminars, the committee feels, should follow this more limited pattern.

During the current club year, 1963-64, the committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Thomas P. Dillon, is continuing all of these activities and has added others. Special emphasis is placed on cooperation with other public and private groups in education, and particularly with cultural and administrative personnel in the Department of State, who are much concerned with improving their services to American dependents overseas.

At this time, members of AAFSW's education committee, who are, of course, all volunteers, are working closely with the Bureau of Cultural Affairs on the aforementioned questionnaire and on a resource manual for curriculum guidance abroad.

Mrs. William C. Trimble, a member of the AAFSW education committee, is also a member of the scholarship committee of the American Foreign Service Association, which administers the many scholarships for which both the men's and women's associations provide funds.

Particular stress is placed this year by the AAFSW education committee on special requests for both material and information from overseas. Requests in the latter category are endless, and range from, "How do we go about setting up a nursery school from scratch?" to "What school in the USA can give my son special language training during our six weeks home leave?"

Mrs. A. Guy Hope and Mrs. Peter Walker are currently in charge of the much-used "last post" file; and Mrs. Robert Rossow is in charge of the file on local public school information. Many other AAFSW members, not regular members of the education committee, contribute valuable typing, filing and phone services.



"I don't think he'll last through another Film Festival."

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January, 1939

by JAMES B. STEWART

The Charming Soucoupe Collector

"OF course, there are English speaking garçons at the Café de la Paix, but the stack of saucers which had disappeared into the sweet young thing's handbag—unobserved, as she had hoped—'for they make such *ducky* souvenirs, my dear!'—called for a wider Anglo-Saxon vocabulary than Waiter No. 7 had acquired during his years of Pernod dispensation at this cosmopolitan serving station. The ensuing polite disturbance had attracted our attention from PARIS-SOIR in time to hear the charming soucoupe collector whisper to her companion: 'And now I guess I'll be arrested and you'll have another excuse to see that handsome young man at the Embassy who got us out of our last scrape.'

"To our raised eyebrow the waiter responded that all he wanted was to count the 'chiffre des consommations' on the disappeared saucers, that Mademoiselle could keep them for souvenirs, for they would be included in the bill, explaining: 'le règlement de la maison, Monsieur, puisqu'une vingtaine de mille fichent le camp comme ça tous les ans,'—and would we not please make Mademoiselle understand that he had no X-ray eyes to see through a tightly closed bag.

"The fifty franc bill surreptitiously transferred to the garçon ended his inquisition, somewhat in his favor, and carried with it its own reward, for instead of facing a long evening in our own somewhat boring company, it proved all too short over some sparkling extra-sec in the Bois."

EDWIN A. PLITT

The Case of the Vanished Bride

The following delightful letter, addressed to the Consulate General, cheered up the staff at Barcelona recently:

Dear Sir:

I am one of the boys off the S. S. _____ when the ship was there. I am asking you to do me a favor please. I married a young lady and I would like you to go to the house and ask why she does not answer my letter. I may have the wrong address, I lost the address therefore I can tell you how to get there.

Directions

You know where the S. S. _____ was tied up before sailing for New York you follow the trolley-car around by the cemetery to the end of the line follow the road to a railroad bridge keep going about a half mile more you come to another railroad bridge the sec-



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25 Years Ago (Continued)

ond house on the right is the one every one know her here is her picture her name is Anita you know me I work on the S. S. In a few days I shall be sending for her. Please find her Thank you."

(Signed) GARLAND

Incidentally, Vice Consul Lee Worley and John Caragol, our Catalan expert, found the young lady, something of a feat in a city of more than a million people and plentifully supplied with trolley-cars, cemeteries, railroads and girls named Anita.



Fales-Hyde. Miss Rose Foster Hyde and Mr. Herbert P. Fales, Vice Consul at Vienna, were married in the bride's home in Washington on October 10, 1938.

Comment, 1964: The Fales have two daughters. One graduated from Sweet Briar College where her mother graduated, and the other is a senior. Last summer they were both in Paris, where Herbert is Counselor of Embassy. He sent me the following anecdote:

"It was in Vienna immediately after Austria was engulfed by National Socialism and the Consulate was besieged with visa applicants who had escaped from Germany, and now were trying to get out of Austria. There was considerable difficulty in maintaining order in the crowds and even persons who claimed to be American citizens were not admitted unless they could show their passport. Just as I was leaving for lunch one Saturday noon, the concierge told

me that a man who looked like an Austrian but who claimed to be an American citizen (but had no passport) was at the door. As I went out I saw this male figure crouched over a German motorcycle. He was dressed in well-worn Austrian clothes including the inevitable *lederhosen*. I stood there for a few moments watching him while he was tinkering with his motorcycle and then went up and said to him 'Are you an American citizen?' He stood up, looked down at me with obvious contempt and after a considerable pause replied 'I should hope to kiss a mule.' He turned out to be a bona fide American student from 'KU'—Kansas University."



Crain-Hildebrand. Miss Agnes Elizabeth Hildebrand and Mr. Earl T. Crain, Vice Consul at Algeria, were married on September 19, 1938, in Bern, Switzerland.

Comment, 1964: During the past twenty-five years, Tom and Agnes Crain knocked about the world quite a bit, especially from 1956 to 1960, when Tom served with the Inspection Corps. He is now Consul General in Milan. Their daughter, Virginia, is busy with special studies in Milan and knows six languages, two more than her dad.



A son, Christopher Charles Johan Seibert, was born on August 19, 1938, to Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Seibert. Mr. Seibert is Third Secretary and Vice Consul at Bangkok.

Comment, 1964: Christopher, like so many Service children, attended numerous schools abroad and received his B.A. at Bowdoin in 1960. He went into the Army as a Second Lieutenant from Bowdoin ROTC and is now taking graduate work in geology in Sweden.



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25 Years Ago *(Continued)*

Those Long London Weekends

"An Associated Press dispatch from London dated November 8 quoted Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy as stating on that date to a large group of American businessmen that before accepting his appointment to London President Roosevelt had told him, 'Joe, you've been working pretty hard for a long time. Go over and take it easy for a while. You know, they have weekends over there from Thursday until Tuesday.' He said that 'weekend' now was synonymous with 'crisis' and that he couldn't remember a weekend when somebody hadn't said, 'Something's going to happen on Saturday.'"

Briefs: "JEMcK (James E. McKenna), in the Passport Division, vouches for this latest passport story: A naturalized citizen called at the Passport reception office in the Department to make application for the renewal of his passport. He was informed that this could not be done, and was given the reasons therefor. Calling at another office in the building he bemoaned his fate and explained that he had been told that he was suffering from a disease. Questioning revealed that he had been informed that he was 'resting under the presumption of expatriation.'"

"The women of the American Foreign Service have been meeting for luncheon at the Kennedy-Warren, 3133 Connecticut Avenue, on the first Wednesday of each month. The hour is one o'clock, the price, seventy-five cents."

More Recently

A Monday Morning in South Africa

"This is Monday," writes former Ambassador John Keena from Knysna—"wash day and not a golf day—early morning as I count time, i.e., about 9:30. I have pulled a chair out into the sunshine, lighted my pipe, and settled down into a study of contentment. A wild pheasant cock, one of those who trusts us, strolls across our garden, to his feeding board where cracked corn awaits him. The tap of his beak as he pecks against the board sounds, reminiscently, like a Vice Consul doing one finger exercises on a typewriter. I dismiss that thought as nostalgic, and nostalgia is not helpful to my present purpose. The cook appears with two large washtubs which she puts on the ground. She fills them with water and the contents of the clothes basket, kneels down beside a tub and goes to work. If she should try to work with the tub on a bench, her back would be broken. In no time at all, the clotheslines blossom, full blown, with the customary articles of our western way of life. It is a peaceful, dateless, ageless scene—'one with Nineveh and Tyre.'"

Soon after receiving John's description of a Monday morning, we came across the following:

Monday Mornings Mostly—

Washings on the lines to dry
Wave at me as I pass by.
I'd wave back but folks could see
Just how crazy I can be.
On a sunny, windy day.
Washings are so bright and gay;
Pretty things that children wear
Wave at me from everywhere;
I'd wave back, but soon thereafter,
Folks might split their sides with laughter.
QUIETUS

Scientific Revolution: The New Content of Politics

by EUGENE RABINOWITCH

ORGANIZED society must be based on certain established principles and rules of behavior; but in seeking self-preservation, it often ascribes to them too much permanence, and discourages all change. Science undermines social and political stability and presses for changes. It is the one human endeavor which knows no standstill or setback, but only faster or slower growth. In growing, it subjects to strain the ties of tradition which hold society together.

Since the beginning of modern science, society has had to adapt itself to its restless progress; but as long as the advance of science was relatively slow, its conflict with the organic conservatism of social and political institutions did not become critical. In our time the accelerating progress of science has erupted into a revolution and come into sharp conflict with the slowly evolving or stationary social and political organization of mankind; it clamors for radical change.

The discoveries of nuclear physics have made the continuation of history as a sequence of wars between sovereign nations a threat to the survival of all of them. It calls for adaptation of nations to life in a single world community, subordinating their separate interests to the common interests of all.

Science not only undermines the traditional social and political order by placing nations in jeopardy of inadequacy in economic competition or of physical destruction in war. It subverts the habit of unthinking acceptance of established laws and rules of behavior by refusing to recognize the sanctity of such laws and rules in its own domain and demonstrating that such a consistently iconoclastic attitude, far from creating anarchy, gives new scope to orderly progress.

Whatever dogmatism may have existed in the "mechanistic" era of physics of the nineteenth century has disappeared in the present century. There is now no general law in science immune to refutation by new experiments, no principle above all doubt and criticism. Concepts taught by teachers do not have to be accepted by students; after all, Heisenberg was little over twenty when he discovered the fundamental relations of quantum mechanics, and Einstein under thirty when he laid down the foundations of relativity!

EUGENE RABINOWITCH is the editor of the BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS. This article is reprinted from that bulletin, published by the Educational Foundation for Nuclear Science, Inc.

Economic conservatism was the first to succumb to the science-bred idea of progress, because application of scientific discovery to the production of goods clearly showed the possibility of greatly increasing productivity. Since the first industrial revolution, the idea of progress had become almost as deeply entrenched in the consciousness of the economic man as in that of the scientist—almost, but not quite. Only the demonstration by the Soviet Union of the possibility of sustained growth of industrial production by ten per cent or more a year made the United States accept the idea of continuous growth as a normal characteristic of a nation's economic life. In the pre-scientific era, and in large areas of the world today—wherever agricultural production is the basis of national economy—production was fully expected to go up and down in response to vagaries of the weather. Not so long ago, a record industrial production, as a record harvest, was accepted as something exceptional, to be followed by leaner years. The ups and downs of the economic cycle were considered more "normal" than a steady upward trend. Even now, conservative businessmen look askance at heretical theories of a regular annual increase in national production.

While economic thought has become reconciled to and even inspired by the concept of progress, social and political thought proved to be much more resistant to it. This is not without reason: the capacity of science and technology to improve society is much less obvious than their capacity to raise industrial and agricultural productivity and to better satisfy the economic needs of men. Large groups of population and many political leaders still believe in the permanence of social and political structures developed in the past. The class structure of society was considered God-given and eternal in Victorian England. National sovereignty is believed to be inalienable by most modern nation states (not only by General de Gaulle). Racial segregation is deeply believed to be a permanent institution in the American south. But science and technology change the forms and conditions of the existence of society and state; refusal to adjust the latter to the new conditions carries the risk of national decadence, if not destruction. Thus, insistence on national sovereignty—or rather on its shell, because the core has been hollowed out by modern technology—is the gravest present danger for the survival of all nations, great and small. Insistence on racial discrimination (which flouts modern anthropology) threatens to destroy the white civilization of South Africa, and cripples the progress of the southern states in America.

The scientific revolution undermines the institution of war, once a rational and legitimate tool in power or wealth contests between nations, not only by multiplying the risks of war until they become unacceptable, but also by removing its economic *raison d'être*. Without insisting on the economic origin of *all* wars and admitting that some of them have been motivated by religious, dynastic, or ideological conflicts or by power lust of rulers, we must acknowledge that fighting for limited natural resources—for hunting grounds, fertile fields or sea lanes, for copper or iron ore, for gold and slaves or, most recently, for oil wells—has been the most common and persistent source of wars among tribes and nations. The upheavals within the nations were also due, above all, to economic competition. A certain pie was given to mankind, and one tribe, one nation, or one class within a nation, could increase its own share only by taking away the shares of the others. For millennia, the productivity of labor was low and approximately constant; the luxury and feasting of a few had to be bought at the cost of many going hungry and calling nothing their own. The spectacular increase in productivity associated with the extensive use of machinery and with the production line first introduced by Henry Ford has converted the production of luxury items for the few into mass production for all. Application of agricultural engineering and chemical fertilizers to the growing of farm crops and feeding of farm animals has replaced the gluttony of the rich and the undernourishment of the poor by nationwide overeating. It has replaced in many parts of the world the problem of increasing food production by that of keeping it down!

Science has made wars prohibitively destructive. It has thus sanctioned the geographic distribution of power which happened to exist at the time this prohibition became valid—whether this distribution was just or not. *Beati possidentes!* Nations better stop casting envious eyes upon neighbors whom nature or history has endowed with riches or assets they themselves do not possess—be it oil or water, iron ore or fertile land, or control of sea lanes.

The French and the British made one last attempt to obtain by military expedition their control over the Suez Canal, through which Arabian oil flows to Western Europe. It failed, and may go down in history as the last attempt to use force to secure the economic interests of a nation.

WHILE science is making the application of military force for the achievement of national goals prohibitively risky, it is providing a substitute for it—the creation of new wealth by systematic application of science. This change is less spectacular than the one science has brought to warfare; but in the long run it may be equally if not more significant.

Britain's answer to the failure of the Suez expedition was the tripling of its program for the production of nuclear energy for industrial purposes. Nuclear reactors cannot replace combustion motors; they would not run trains and automobiles or make planes fly. In the long run, however, the substitution of nuclear fuels for fossil organic fuels is bound to be of even greater significance than

the transition from coal to oil as the main source of industrial energy; and development of nuclear power in Britain may well become the key to its survival as a major industrial nation.

Oil is a waning commodity. The public has been warned so often about the exhaustion of oil deposits and so often relieved of this apprehension by discovery of new oil-bearing areas that it has become immune to these dire prophecies. However, if one thing is certain, it is that the world reserves of oil are limited, and much smaller than those of coal. The end of the oil era in world industry can be delayed again and again, but, altogether, by not more than a few decades. Atomic energy, on the other hand, promises to provide a source of industrial energy that will long outlast coal. Great Britain has already reduced the cost of industrial atomic electricity to meet the slowly rising costs of electric power derived from the combustion of coal. By the turn of the next century, one-half of British industrial production may be based on fission of uranium.

Of course, uranium ore has to be imported to England; but in the production of nuclear energy, the supply of raw materials constitutes a much smaller fraction of the total cost, and the investment of science and industry, a much larger fraction of it than in the production of electric energy from coal. Ultimately, when the problem of thermonuclear power is solved, the supply of energy will depend entirely on the industrial and technological effort needed to produce and deliver it, while the raw material—sea water—will be freely available to all nations.

When Marx observed, in the middle of the last century, the first effects of the industrial revolution on the distribution of national income—the replacement of a subsistence farming class by an underpaid and half-starved industrial working class, he made a dramatic generalization which has affected history more than any other in modern times. He concluded that gradual pauperization of the working classes and progressive enrichment of a declining number of machine owners is the basic law of capitalist economy. He decided that the only way to change this trend was for the working people to expropriate the tools of production; he argued that everything that slows down this pauperization and postpones the inevitable take-over by the proletariat is bad and should be discouraged. He complained about the homesteading legislation in America which permitted imported industrial labor to leave the factories and establish independent existence as settlers. This, he wrote, delayed the creation in America of a true proletariat and made it a “lost country” for progress.

One cannot blame Marx for having made this generalization in the face of industrial conditions which prevailed in England around 1840. But one can blame his disciples for keeping this concept alive today. Not that capitalism has ceased to be an oligarchic system, in which a few people hold in their hands the power over production and prices; it has not become a “people's capitalism” just because almost every citizen owns a small part of some capitalist enterprise! What has changed is that production tools have been perfected, beyond all

expectations, until their owners became able to produce enormous amounts of goods. Their capacity to sell this production has become dependent on the buying capacity of the mass consumer—primarily, of the industrial worker. An industry which can build twelve million cars a year, and has actually built up to eight million, could not prosper if only a few wealthy people were able to buy cars! In the same way, modern agriculture would collapse if only a few thousand capitalists in this country indulged in gluttony and grew obese (as capitalists appear in Russian cartoons), while the rest of the population were living on the edge of starvation. As the Yugoslav physicist, Stevan Dedijer, argued in an article in the *BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS*, science has saved capitalism, just as the laboring masses were getting ready to revolt against its iniquities, by increasing productivity until capitalists were not only able, but eager, to supply the masses with enough goods for satisfactory living. Capitalism has lost out in the parts of the world where this transformation from scarcity to plenty of goods has not come in time.

Since 1945, the rapidly changing, dynamic world of science and technology has invaded the conservative political world with a previously unknown force. A discovery made in 1939 in the most abstruse field of science—nuclear physics—ushered the world into the new era. The atom bomb burst onto unsuspecting mankind in August 1945, with the destruction of a Japanese city and sudden death of 75,000 people—the work of a single plane, dropping a single bomb! Some scientists, who had worked in secret on the development of this weapon, tried in the last moment to prevent its use by impressing on the government the fateful significance of this step, signalling, as it did, the transformation of wars into mass holocausts. They pointed out the inevitability of other nations acquiring these weapons in a few years, and the danger this would create for the security of the United States. They argued that what to do with the bomb should be considered a major political problem, rather than a routine military decision. The Franck Report, of June 1945, which presented these views, caused hardly a ripple in Washington. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were wiped out, the war ended, and the nuclear arms race began. Five years later, it became a race in thermonuclear weapons, in still another five years, a race in ballistic missiles able to deliver city-incinerating weapons across the ocean.

The United States, so long secure behind the two ocean

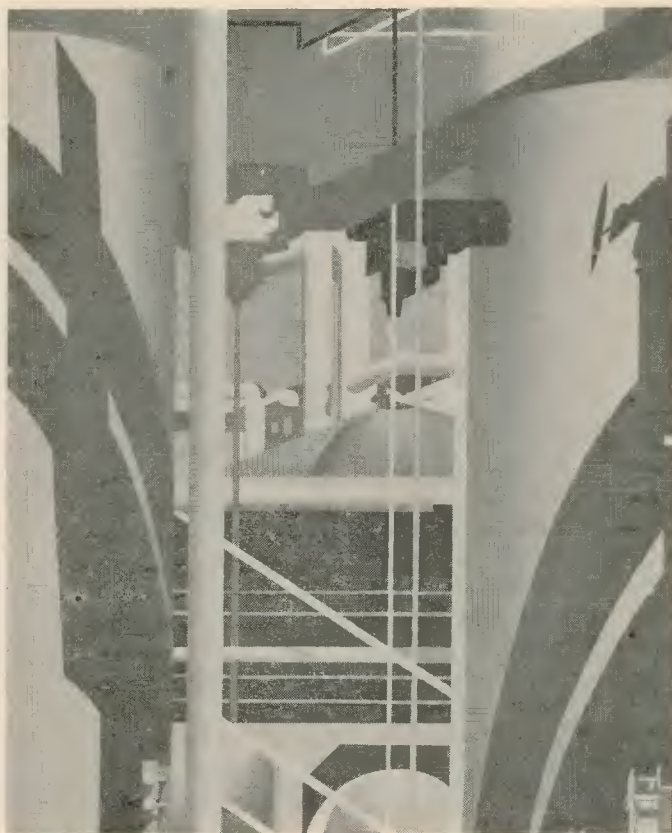
barriers on its east and west, found itself open to instantaneous destruction by an enemy armed with nuclear weapons, and with the threat of overwhelming retaliation as its only protection. Before 1945, an arms race between major powers was a relatively leisurely affair; the two great nations protected by the sea, England and America, could be satisfied in peacetime with building capital ships, putting other major efforts off until after the outbreak of a war. In 1940 this delay almost cost Britain its freedom; only last-minute strengthening of its air arm and the invention of radar prevented it from being overrun. America, however, still was able to carry out its industrial and military mobilization at leisure, disturbed by nothing worse than Japanese incendiary toy balloons.

This era is over. The next war threatens to be a one-day affair; all armament must be acquired in peacetime. This technological change is the prime reason why the arms race has become since 1945, a "cold war," threatening to break out into a hot one at any moment. To justify the armament effort, the psychological preparation for war—the conversion of a competitor on the world arena into a monster, such as Germany and Japan became during the second World War—also cannot wait until after the outbreak of war.

The dramatic change in our strategic situation and the breakdown of national security in all its traditional aspects have stirred American political life from top to bottom. Science has become news! Before 1945, months would pass before a science

story appeared on the front page of the *New York Times*, and when such stories did appear, they were likely to deal with a flight across the Atlantic or a new bridge across the East River. Then a new equation proposed by Einstein or Heisenberg in the search for a unified field theory became front-page news. Now, it is reproduced photographically even if only a half-dozen of the half-million readers of the *Times* can make anything out of it. After all, it could be as pregnant with doom and hope as Einstein's $E=mc^2$ proved to be! Hardly a day passes now without a story on new scientific theories or experimental findings "making the front page" of major newspapers—new weapons or new drugs, transplantation of organs, pesticides freeing countries from malaria or endangering wildlife at home, medicines emptying TV sanatoria and mental hospitals of half their inmates or putting thousands of armless and legless children into the world, and so on.

An increasing proportion of the national budget is



"Incantation"

by Charles Sheeler

devoted to the support of science. Through the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health, the Office of Naval Research, and other agencies, the national science budget grows dramatically from year to year.

When two billion dollars were allotted, in four war years, to the development of the atom bomb, this gamble of President Roosevelt appeared breathtaking. Only wartime conditions had made it possible. In 1963, we are prepared to spend—in one year!—four billion dollars on space projects. The total cost of project Apollo, the manned flight to the moon, is expected to run into 20 billions. Of the 40 billions of American military expenditure in the next budgetary year, only a small proportion will go for traditional purposes—training of soldiers, their pay, housing, and transportation. An overwhelming proportion will be spent on weapons technology, including such science-fiction gadgets as nuclear submarines launching ocean-spanning nuclear bombs from under the surface of the sea.

THE invasion of political life in the United States—with the Soviet Union and Western Europe following close behind—by the precipitously changing scientific technology, made the traditional mechanisms of selection and training of individuals for positions of public responsibility inadequate. In 1948, when Senator Hickenlooper accused Lilienthal's Atomic Energy Commission of "gross mismanagement," he refused even to consider whether the Commission was doing a good job in developing atomic weapons for America—which it did; instead, he talked about the cost of cement huses for garbage cans at Oak Ridge. Science has since caught up with the reluctant legislators. It has placed before them the challenge of deciding on problems such as the building of hydrogen or neutron bombs, the choice between terrestrial-orbital or lunar-orbital rendezvous in space, the relative merits of reconnaissance bombers and Minutemen missiles, the building of a linear accelerator at Stanford (a hundred million dollar item), and the drilling through the earth's crust (the Mohole project). Much deliberation and decision-making in Congress involving billions of dollars goes on in the dark, with congressmen or senators having no proper judgment and relying entirely on officials—often rival officials of the different branches of the military establishment—or on experts from industrial organizations with vested interests of their own.

A certain progress has occurred. A comparison between the atomic energy hearings in 1945 and those in more recent years provides hopeful illustrations. In 1945, when atomic scientists first tried to educate key members of Congress to the facts of nuclear physics, this seemed to be a hopeless undertaking in the face of stubborn naivete and ignorance. One senator from a lead-producing state could see only one implication of the release of atomic energy—everybody was going to wear a lead apron! For a long time, congressional support of science was not much different from support of black magic, which promised to destroy America's enemies. The hearings are quite different now, with many intelligent questions being asked and

scientists being received not just with awe, but with respect. We are not likely to witness again the House Appropriations Committee cutting 97 per cent from the National Science Foundation budget, "because it does not contribute to national preparedness"—as this Committee did only a few years ago!

However, the problem of democracy in action in the era of science is by no means solved and will remain a headache for generations to come. Congress is full of lawyers with a sprinkling of businessmen; the nearest to a scientist among them is a former pharmacist. It is unrealistic to expect and would even be undesirable for Congress to become full of physicists, chemists, engineers, and biologists—although there is no reason why a few of them should not be welcome, particularly in some key committees. We do not need scientists in Congress as much as people capable of asking intelligent questions of scientists. Not being asked the proper question is the main complaint of scientific experts asked to testify in Congress or give advice to the military. One British minister said, "Scientists should be on tap, and not on top"; but for this system to operate, those on top must know whom, when, and how to tap!

Those in the executive branches have a somewhat easier time adjusting themselves to the scientific revolution. They have constant channels of communication with scientists employed in various branches of the government. The President has acquired a distinguished scientific advisory council; he can appeal to the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council for advice. This is one of the reasons why, in our time, the executive is getting the upper hand over the legislative, why the White House became the sparkplug, and Congress the brakes of the government vehicle. However, even in the executive, the understanding of the scientific facts of the situation is precarious. One has only to remember that President Truman was forced by the Atomic Energy Commission to announce the first Russian nuclear explosion but to the end of his term did not believe it to be true! For him, the findings of American planes, which penetrated the telltale radioactive cloud from the Soviet explosion, were less convincing than his ingrained belief in the technological backwardness of the Russians.

This might not happen again. Nor are we likely to again have a minister of defense such as Mr. Wilson, the ex-President of General Motors, who wanted to stop support of fundamental research by the Department of Defense because, he said, "What do we care why grass is green," (Little did he realize that it was his own colleague, the vice-president of General Motors, Kettering, who had formulated in this rather naive way the crucial importance for mankind of understanding the mechanism by which organic matter is made by green plants!)

YET, even with increased concern of the executive for the importance of science in national and international affairs, with rapidly growing national support of both basic and applied research, the American political system,

as well as those of other nations, is groaning and squealing under the hurricane winds of the scientific revolution. The President and his cabinet members recognize, as well as Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Macmillan, or the Pope, that weapons development has made war obsolete; but none of them has the imagination—or the will—to devise new ways of world statesmanship which would do full justice to this situation. They try to pour the new wine of the scientific revolution into the old bottles of power politics which cannot hold it.

Besides the problem of ending wars, that of putting a lid on the boiling population kettle—another effect of the scientific revolution!—is beginning to stir political thinking. In 1963, the National Academy of Sciences published a report on this subject, prepared upon the request of the government. This is progress from only a few years ago, when President Eisenhower indignantly refused to see in the world population problem anything of concern to the American political leadership.

Science has many other critical problems in store for the political leadership and the social organization of mankind, such as what to do with the excess productive capacity of advanced nations, how to deal with the disappearance of natural resources, how to combat the degeneration of the genetic endowment of the human race (due to medicine keeping alive and fertile the carriers of deleterious genes, and to social systems favoring the propagation of the worst elements in the people). The life expectancy grows, raising the average age of the population and increasing the proportion of people belonging—or artificially assigned to—the unproductive age classes. In the near future, we are certain to be confronted with problems raised by psychochemicals—not only in war but in everyday life—such as artificial interference with the sensations, feelings, and attitudes of people. Who is to control it, and how?

The capacity of the democratic representative system of government to cope with the problems raised by the scientific revolution is in question. Here lies the challenge to new democratic statesmanship. How to weld the nations of the world into a single community without sacrificing their right of self-determination? How to prevent or keep in check aggressive dictatorships without interfering with the internal affairs of other peoples? How to control industrial giantism and monopoly, favored by the costliness of advanced scientific technology, without interfering with the advantages of a competitive system of free enterprise? How to establish channels of communication with the

scientific and technical experts without abdicating in their favor? These challenges are more crucial, in the long run, than the dangers of subversion or military aggression, and they are bound to grow and spread as the scientific revolution sweeps the world!

What shall we do to meet them? One need is to encourage the carriers of scientific and technical knowledge to contribute more effectively to national and international statesmanship; another to educate a new generation of citizens and political leaders capable of understanding the dangers and the powers of science. Our future politicians must be able to work effectively with scientists and engineers, to ask them the right questions, to stimulate their thinking.

The need to solve the first problem is immediate and calls for bold improvisation, but answering only the second could give free society permanent viability and leadership in the scientific revolution. Until a new generation arises from American schools, transformed to raise

citizens for whom science is not a book of magic formulas but a familiar tool for progress, we must rely on improvised communication channels. Perhaps the National Academy of Science should be reconstituted to become more representative of American science, and encouraged to study on its own initiative all problems with which science is confronting mankind, and not wait for the government to request such a study. Scientists must feel that they are expected to think about the burning problems of our age.

But it is our school system that will be decisive in the long run. The reform, long overdue, has begun with

the competent reviewing of the curricula in physical and biological sciences providing better school preparation for future scientists. But this is not enough. The problem is that of general, not of professional, education. It will not be solved by giving every young American some factual information in science, apt to be forgotten after graduation. We do not need a couple of courses in science, obligatory for all (or a couple of courses in humanities, obligatory for future scientists). We need a true integration, from the kindergarten up to college, of science and humanities in the bringing up of future citizens. We need scientists growing with the understanding that practicing science involves responsibilities to society; we need lawyers, historians, sociologists, economists, and even ministers of religion growing with understanding of what science is about, what it can be expected to give, and what challenges it poses to the nation and to mankind.

Science and Foreign Policy

THE Department of State is trying to meet its responsibility for improving communication between government and science, enhancing the dialogue with scientists by a number of innovations. At the request of the Secretary of State, the Office of International Scientific Affairs has arranged for a series of eight luncheons, at which eminent authorities in science have briefed the Secretary and his top policy-making aides on current and prospective advances in their fields. The Ford Foundation has made a grant of \$37,500 to the Foreign Service Institute to develop a science curriculum which will give senior, intermediate and junior officers some insight into scientific developments as they affect foreign policy. Under the personal guidance and with the enthusiastic support of Director George Morgan, this project is making progress to the point where it is hoped that next fall's classes will have the benefits of this type of instruction. In addition, current training programs of the FSI include lectures on aspects of science that affect foreign policy.

Extraordinary and

Ambassadorial Proliferation

by WILLIAM C. TRIMBLE

THE origin of the term "ambassador," like the functions of that office, is not entirely clear. There seem to be two schools of thought. One maintains that the title derives from the Gothic word "andbahti," apparently the barbarian equivalent of the medieval herald, and the other from "amhactia," a Low Latin term connoting service. Whatever the origins may in fact have been, the title of ambassador did not enter into usage until the sixteenth century, concomitant with the establishment of permanent diplomatic missions. Again, presumably by coincidence, permanent missions were created at the same time as the development of standing armies, perhaps, as has been observed, the former being the antidote for the latter.

Because of the historic connotation that the ambassador represents the sovereign, our forefathers, in keeping with their marked distaste for the monarchical concept, were reluctant to countenance the use of the term "ambassador" as the title for the diplomatic representatives of the Republic. Indeed, we had no ambassadors until 1893, when President Cleveland so designated our envoys to Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy. Two more missions were raised to embassies in 1898, Mexico City and St. Petersburg, and similar action was shortly thereafter taken with respect to those in Austria, Brazil, Japan, Spain, Turkey, Argentina and Chile. Thus by World War I we had thirteen Ambassadors Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. We "elevated" several more missions in the next decade, but the ambassadorial explosion did not really get under way until the Second World War, first with respect to the other American republics and subsequently the entire world, and our lead was closely followed by others. Consequently, by the latest count we have 105 embassies abroad, with several more in prospect within the next few months. Simultaneously, the number of legations has shrunk to three, all behind the Iron Curtain.

Originally only large powers exchanged ambassadors. Indeed, it was considered presumptuous for smaller states to designate their envoys. Now in the days when all nations are sovereign and equal, almost all are represented abroad by ambassadors. Why has this proliferation come about? Is it because of the universality of egalitarian convictions, or is it because the elevation of an envoy from the rank of minister to ambassador is an inexpensive way to win friends and gain kudos? I suspect the latter.

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All members have an equal voice in the UN General Assembly irrespective of size, power, or population. But are they in fact equal, or to paraphrase the "Animal Farm," wouldn't it be more accurate to state that "some are more equal than others"? For example, I would suggest that the standing of the United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James's is possibly higher than that of the Ambassador of Cuba, and I would also venture that the same situation obtains with respect to the position of the Soviet Ambassador in Cairo and that of his Albanian colleague. If my assumption is correct, why shouldn't we frankly admit, as we formerly did, that all states are not equal in power and influence and give recognition to this in the title by which our diplomatic representative is accredited?

Hundreds of new techniques have been developed in this enlightened century for the benefit of mankind—including those in the field of advertising. As we can see in any shopping center, sales are stimulated by new and improved packaging devices. The term "large size" has been largely superseded by more attractive and consumer-appeal descriptions such as "giant," "jumbo," "king," and "economy." Should we not take a leaf from Madison Avenue and create new and improved titles for our envoys in order subtly to differentiate them from those of small states? Possibilities which come to mind include Ambassador Extraordinary, Superior Ambassador, Ambassador General, or in deference to the increasing emphasis we place on the coordinating role of our Chiefs of Mission, Supreme Coordinator E. and P. I don't propose Economy Ambassador, even though it might have a certain pertinence to our salaries and allowances, or Jumbo Envoy, which in some instances might be particularly apt.

I have mentioned that our country presently accredits 105 Ambassadors to other countries. This, however, by no means comprises the total. There are five American Ambassadors in the United Nations; two in such relatively small countries as Switzerland and Belgium and three in Paris. There were five in Paris a few years ago, a situation which gave rise to a certain amount of confusion on the part of the French to say nothing of the possibilities for overlapping of responsibilities, speaking with several voices, and discord. Think of the bewilderment of the doorman at the Elysée when he called for the American Ambassador's car and five Cadillacs drove up.

It is obvious from the foregoing that a proliferation of Ambassadors has taken place. It is also evident, I believe,

Plenipotentiary

that our country is largely responsible for this. The question before us, therefore, is what, if anything, we can do about it. In seeking to find an answer I would suggest that the clock cannot be turned back. Irrespective of the nostalgia some may have for the situation that existed in the antebellum era, we must accept the fact that all nations, large and small, strong and weak, are accrediting and will continue to accredit their envoys as ambassadors. The system created at the Congress of Vienna cannot be resurrected.

On the other hand, I do feel that something can be done about the deleterious, ancillary development of ambassadorial proliferation: the diminution of the prestige and position of the American Ambassador resulting from the practice of extending the personal rank of ambassador to other senior American officials in the same country. Save in most exceptional cases as, for example, our principal representative at NATO, there should, I believe, be only one United States Ambassador assigned to a given country. I would also suggest that envoys on special mission should be designated as such and not called ambassadors at large.

Room at the Top

I BELIEVE in the career principle, and as the years pass I would hope that more and more Chiefs of Mission will be selected from the career service. I am not, however, a purist. I have worked under non-career Ambassadors and know what a tremendous contribution they can make. This source of talent, leadership and inspiration should not be cut off in the interests of a principle. There is, however, nothing to be said for appointment to this office of a non-career man who brings neither interest, nor aptitude, nor professional skills.

However, if career men are to fill more and more posts as Chiefs of Mission, the Foreign Service must be able to produce a larger supply of senior career officers of first rate ability. I have often been asked how this can be done. My answer is to concentrate on developing more Deputy Chiefs of Mission of top quality. The Deputy position is the final testing and training ground for Ambassadors, and this assignment should be reserved for officers whose record

Certainly the title of special representative of the President needs no further embellishment. Again, I would propose that the personal rank of ambassador device be used much more sparingly in the case of missions of a ceremonial nature such as independence celebrations, presidential inaugurations and coronations. Preferably, the title should be limited to the senior member of the delegation.

Lastly, I would suggest that in the final analysis it is the responsibility of the American Ambassador to see to it that his prestige and authority remain intact. As the President's personal representative he is the senior American official in the country to which he is accredited. Although a certain lack of clarity regarding the extent of his authority may have existed in the past, the situation no longer obtains. President Kennedy's directive of May 29, 1961 makes this abundantly clear. If because of the plurality of American Ambassadors within the country THE Ambassador feels himself unable to assert his authority, then he is largely himself to blame.

This paper was prepared for the Conference on the Role of the Ambassador, at Pennsylvania State College last November, but owing to a change of program was not presented there.

by SAMUEL BERGER

clearly indicates that they are promising material for Ambassadorships.

There is considerable variation in the way a Deputy Chief of Mission functions in our Embassies. In some he is a super-political counselor, with little interest in, or responsibility for, the overall work of the Embassy. Sometimes he is a kind of handy man to the Ambassador with loosely defined functions. This is often the case where an Ambassador tries to run all aspects of an Embassy's operations from the top and wastes his time doing work that should be left to his Deputy.

The concept of the Deputy Chief of Mission held by Ambassador Briggs, with whom I had the privilege to serve as Deputy in Athens, is the one which commends itself to me as the ideal. This concept treats the Deputy Chief of Mission as the alter ego of the Ambassador. Since the Deputy is in charge during the Ambassador's absences, he is cut into everything and knows everything that goes on. The administrative device to achieve this is to have the Deputy present at all the Ambassador's meetings; accompany the Ambassador on every possible occasion, including his meetings with the Foreign Minister; be present when the Amba-

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sador receives callers; be present as often as possible at the Ambassador's representational functions; have the Deputy see all incoming and outgoing official Ambassadorial correspondence; and have all work and papers within the Embassy come to the Ambassador through the Deputy. In short, have the Deputy serve as "Chief of Staff" or "Executive Officer."

Under this system a strong Deputy Chief of Mission can relieve an Ambassador of an enormous amount of work, afford the Ambassador time to read, think, and write, and to manage his heavy representational responsibilities. Since the Deputy is constantly exposed to and thoroughly conversant with every aspect of the Ambassador's work, views and activities, he can guide and instruct the section chiefs and heads of the associated agencies with confidence that he is expressing the Ambassador's views. Conversely, since the Embassy section chiefs and heads of the associated agencies such as USOM and MAAG go through the Deputy to the Ambassador, the Deputy is kept continuously and thoroughly informed on the whole range of problems which confront an Ambassador, and he is in a far better position to comment, advise, and even disagree with the Ambassador.

This concept of the Deputy's function imposes an enormous amount of work and responsibility on the Deputy, and it is by far the most arduous job in an Embassy. But by serving in the fashion I have described, the Deputy acquires broad knowledge of an Embassy's operations; he acquires self-confidence in dealing with every kind of problem; and he is trained and readied for the time when he will be called on to become an Ambassador.

I hope that, for some years at least, the practice will be continued of opening the Foreign Service to a select and limited number of exceptionally talented people serving in other government agencies, whose record, experience, interest and aptitude for the work would add great strength to the Foreign Service.

Many government agencies now have personnel abroad—Treasury, Commerce, AID, USIS, the military forces, etc. Every now and then one comes across an officer from another agency with unusual qualities for Foreign Service work, a proven record of superior work, and a deep interest in the field of foreign affairs. Such officers should be integrated at the middle grades so that they will have a number of years of solid on-the-job training and experience within the Foreign Service itself to prepare them for senior positions of responsibility. These officers, in addition to bringing welcome talent, serve to sharpen the competition among Foreign Service officers for promotion. It is often only an accident that leads one man into the Foreign Service early in his career and another into a related field, and the fertilization of the Foreign Service by the addition of talented outsiders seems to me to be a practical and desirable way to improve the standard of our Foreign Service.

Specialist versus Generalist

This subject has been endlessly debated, but I have long felt that the argument was more theoretical than real. The great need in overseas work is for more people of the highest quality to fill senior officer positions: Deputy Chief of Mission, Political and Economic Counselors, Consul General, and Special Assistant on aid matters. There are certain requirements at the senior level: great energy; passionate interest in the work; mature judgment in foreign affairs that

comes only with long and varied experience in the Foreign Service; the capacity to lead and inspire staff; insistence on precision in all parts of the work; a liking for working in foreign countries with all its interest as well as disadvantages; a capacity to adjust to change; and a capacity to win the respect, and, hopefully, the affection of his colleagues and the people of the countries in which he serves. These do not exhaust the list of requirements, but they are among the main ones. Officers who do not possess these qualities should be kept from appointment to senior positions, or weeded out, if they occupy them, in order to make room for top-flight officers.

It is not whether a man is a generalist or specialist that brings him to the top, but whether he has capacity, breadth, interest and initiative—what we call "flair." I have known agricultural, commercial, labor, and treasury attaches who do a fine routine job in their special fields to which no one can take exception. But the specialist with "flair" can make a contribution to the work of an Embassy that goes far beyond his field. For example, an agricultural attache in the normal course of his work has the opportunity to meet farmers and peasants, develop contacts with agricultural leaders, civil servants working on agricultural matters, managers of agricultural banks and cooperatives, etc. If he sees his job in its widest context, he can in the course of his routine work on crops, prices, marketing, etc., develop invaluable information and reports on the economic and social conditions of farmers, peasants and farm laborers; on their political attitudes and organizations; on the effect of general economic or finance policy on agriculture; on the relation of the farm community to the whole gamut of society. In short, he can use his specialty to illuminate for the benefit of the Embassy all manner of political, economic and social problems. The same is true of the commercial attaches, labor attaches, treasury attaches, and others.

The broader the interest of the specialist, the greater his capacity and initiative, the more he can contribute to the operations of an Embassy and the higher he can aspire in the Foreign Service.

Conversely, the senior generalist who is familiar with all problems but has failed to develop a deep and critical grasp of any of the major fields will lack the self-confidence required to make independent judgments, evaluations and decisions that he is called on to make week in and week out in a variety of fields. In these days the senior generalist working abroad must have a sufficiently extensive knowledge of economics, labor, agriculture, aid programs, and communist history, doctrine and methods—to cite some of the more important areas—or he will be at a great disadvantage in dealing with the complicated problems which confront most Embassies.

Stated in another way, the great need in the Foreign Service is for more officers at the top—whether they are generalists or specialists—who have drive and the kind of experience that enables them to relate one field to another. The Foreign Service has many bright and hard-working specialists and generalists: what it needs is to select, encourage, guide and train the most promising for appointment to the senior positions.

(Excerpts from a memorandum on "Foreign Service Staffing and Operation Problems and the Role of the Ambassador," prepared by Ambassador Berger for the Senate Subcommittee on National Security Staffing and Operations, Senator Henry M. Jackson, Chairman.)

The Other Side of Growth

by RICHARD FRIEDMAN

IT REQUIRES some temerity to comment on the comprehensive and thoughtful analysis of the government's foreign relations machinery that Ambassador Kennan has written in "World Problems and America's Administrative Response" (JOURNAL, August, September and October, 1963). But it seems to me that he has omitted some relevant facts and has drawn some conclusions that may be questioned.

Ambassador Kennan points out that the growth of the State Department and our missions abroad has been accompanied by a stultifying impersonality in the handling of personnel and by a diffusion of authority which dilutes and obstructs the formulation of policy to the point where the President is unable to rely on it. He regards bigness as the root of these evils. He protests that the State Department's work load has not increased 600 percent in the past twenty years—the amount by which its personnel has grown during that period. And he makes clear that he belongs to the school "which sees bigness as a dangerous evil in itself."

It seems to me that bigness is in itself neither good nor evil. It would be difficult to conceive of our foreign affairs establishment remaining substantially unchanged during a period when our population, our GNP, our relations with other governments and indeed every other aspect of our national life have grown as they have during the past twenty years. It is just as doubtful that we can ever go back to a small Foreign Service as that we can ever go back to small businesses, a small government or a small United States. What we should be concerned about is the effectiveness with which we administer our establishment rather than merely its size.

Ambassador Kennan recognizes that the increasing complexity of life inevitably results in some increase in the size of our foreign relations machinery. He accepts this in the fields of supplies, premises and communications but contends that with respect to the

handling of personnel, size handicaps us seriously. He appears to consider bigness and the effective discharge of the responsibilities of the Foreign Service as incompatible.

The growth of the Foreign Service certainly presents serious problems but they should be no more impossible to resolve than the problems faced by other American institutions which have undergone rapid growth.

I happen to believe that, for a number of reasons, some of which have little relevance to this discussion, the administration of the Foreign Service has failed to keep pace with the problems with which the Service has been plagued. I also believe that there is no inherent barrier to the solution of these problems.

Ambassador Kennan suggests that it is not possible to build and maintain an officer corps of high effectiveness and esprit if it numbers several thousand instead of several hundred. Admittedly in a large organization the handling of people tends to become more impersonal and it is more difficult to evoke enthusiasm and devotion from its members. Certainly it is a mistake to think that the evaluation of an individual can be turned over to a machine. But historically there have been many groups, religious, political and military, which numbered thousands of intelligent, highly motivated members. We should be devoting more effort to adapting the successful personnel procedures of the past to our enlarged organization.

A great many individuals and organizations in the field of administrative management have, during the past eighteen years, sought solutions to the problems created by the size of our foreign affairs establishment. Much progress has been made; much remains to be done. None of them, to my knowledge, has come to the conclusion that the only solution is to return to an organization limited to a size with which we have demonstrated we can cope. The answer is to redouble our efforts to find contemporary solutions to contemporary problems. It is

tempting but dangerous to assume that the problems of the Foreign Service are unique and not subject to the kinds of solutions applicable to other organizations. I have yet to see a convincing case made in support of this contention.

In the field of formulation and execution of policy we enter another area where there is little guidance to be derived from the past. No other country has ever faced the problems we face in a world characterized by such disparity between those who have and those who do not have the incredibly complex means of production, transport, communication and destruction.

Ambassador Kennan maintains that now as in the past the formulation and execution of policy must be the product of one man's mind and that to diffuse authority is to jeopardize the effective conduct of the country's foreign relations. He is concerned about the collective method of decision-taking by committees in which a single individual can bar or delay actions which in the judgment of competent persons are required by the circumstances.

There is no doubt that the committee process can be and often is misused. But the Ambassador seems to feel that addiction to the committee process is related in some manner to our concern as a nation with democratic procedures. I doubt it. Our history reflects as much approbation for individuals who took decisive action on their own initiative as for the right of each member of a group to voice his views.

At another point Ambassador Kennan refutes the allegation that a small, tightly-knit officer corps would be undemocratic. It seems to me that officers can be selected both as representative of the country generally and for their ability and other desirable qualities. The two criteria are not mutually exclusive except in the sense that those qualities most essential to an effective Foreign Service officer are no more likely to be representative of a cross-

(Continued on page 38)



Continuity in Change

A PRESIDENT died: less than two hours later a new President was sworn in. The events of November 22 revealed with stark clarity the enormous importance of the office of the Presidency, not only in the American political structure and in the American scheme of life, but also on the international scene. The shock and stunned sorrow felt almost everywhere were in part a reaction to the violent death of an exceptional man, but it was also a reaction of fear: confidence in the very order of things on earth was shaken. In the hours that followed, every man's anxiety was best expressed in the worried question of an anonymous man interviewed by a radio reporter on a street in Chicago: "What will happen now?" The leader of the Federation had fallen; who would give the Republic direction? And if the Republic drifted, how would stability and peace on earth be preserved? To the anxious question, reassuring answers were soon provided. The massive news coverage of the unfolding drama showed that American institutions stood firm, that the nation was sound, but above all that a smooth and rapid transition of authority had brought to the helm a man prepared to take over the Office of the Presidency.

Though visibly shaken by grief, President Johnson assumed his awful responsibilities with speed, energy and intelligence. Four days after the assassination, his first declaration before Congress gave the assurances the world had awaited. The basic policies of President Kennedy, both foreign and domestic, would be pursued. The alliances would be maintained, the commitments honored. There would be no radical departure from the established pattern of American foreign relations. And above all, President Johnson conveyed to his world audience a sense of confidence in himself and in this nation's purpose.

In the field of foreign affairs, the policy for which President Kennedy may be best remembered and for which he has already received greatest praise, is the concept of "a strategy of peace." "Let us focus," he said last July at American University, "on a . . . peace, based not on a sudden revolution in human nature but on a gradual evolution in human institutions—on a series of concrete actions and effective agreements which are in the interest of all concerned." He had recognized that Soviet nuclear capabilities had altered the terms of the Cold War confrontation. To preserve peace on the planet, he had grasped the fact that the vital need was to exercise restraints on the use of power (as in Cuba), to seek out areas of mutual interest (as in the exploration of space), to reach limited settlements on what is possible (as in the test ban treaty), and step by step to find a way out of the frozen wasteland of the Cold War.

This policy is extraordinarily difficult to implement. To

succeed it must first dampen, then control, the arms race, but at no time can it reduce the absolute security of the country. To succeed it must navigate between the Scylla of rigidity and the Charybdis of wishful thinking. Remembering the unhappy experiences of the past, we must retain superiority of strength to persuade the Soviets to act in good faith, and at the same time offer them inducements to negotiate the easing of international tension. Thus, in 1961, the Administration, on the one hand, increased the defense budget by six billions to furnish American forces the means to fight throughout the spectrum of war and, on the other hand, created the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Clearly to manage such a policy requires utmost skill, toughness of mind, courage and the ability to explain to the American public the lines and rationale of its implementation.

It is this nation's great good fortune that Lyndon Baines Johnson brings to the Presidency the very qualities of political intelligence and skill required of these times. Politics was bred in his bones. His father and grandfather actively participated in Texas politics, and on the day of his birth, his grandfather rode out to announce to neighbors that a "U.S. Senator" had been born that morning. And it was as majority leader of the Senate that he won his great reputation. This reputation was based on his extraordinary ability to moderate conflicting passions and accommodate conflicting interests. He has a unique sense of the possible—one of the highest political gifts. He has a grasp of the essential factors of today's world: he has long been a staunch advocate of foreign aid; he has been a champion of strong defense; and he has been an all-out supporter of space activities. Although his principal interests in the past have centered on domestic politics, the last three years as Vice President have afforded him the opportunity to travel widely, to visit Asia, Africa, Latin America and Europe and to meet many of the world's leaders. He has extensive experience in the management of the affairs of men and he has the brains, energy and personality of a leader.

A new leader has indeed taken over, and precisely because he has a strong personality and because the Presidency sets the tone and style of the nation's foreign policy, we should expect changes of emphasis and in the manner of operation. But we may also expect that President Johnson will pursue with his characteristic vigor the goal sought by all men of good will: in the words of his illustrious predecessor, a "genuine peace, the kind of peace that makes life on earth worth living, the kind that enables men and nations to grow and to hope and to build a better life for their children—not merely peace for Americans but peace for all men and women, not merely peace in our time but peace for all time."

The Consulate of the Sixties

by RICHARD A. JOHNSON

How should the Consulate of the Sixties differ from the Consulate of today? By emancipating itself from its present myopic dedication to statutory duties and equipping itself to serve American foreign policy dynamically. This demands above all a review of its functions and the establishment of priorities better corresponding to present needs.

The growing power of central governments and the revolutions in communications and transportation during the late nineteenth and the twentieth centuries resulted in a strengthening of mission staffs and a corresponding diminution in the volume and importance of economic, political, representational and negotiating activities in consulates. The imposition of quantitative and qualitative controls on immigration completed the shift in the focus of consular activity. By World War II the documentation of aliens, the concurrent increase in passport and registration work to facilitate the identification of American citizens and routine commercial work had absorbed virtually all personnel not engaged in administrative or administrative support duties, which in turn had grown substantially.

Today, although foreign relations have assumed critical importance in our national life and the range of Foreign Service functions has been greatly broadened, consulates remain engaged primarily in statutory and administrative duties to the neglect of more important goals—contact work at the grass roots, reporting, representation, economic work and rotational training.

The excessive concentration on largely routine work naturally has made consular duties less attractive and ambitious officers usually seek chancery assignments. Consequently the United States is not always represented outside capital cities by the best of its Foreign Service; performance of non-statutory functions often suffers from pedestrian execution; and statutory operations are carried on year after year with antiquated methods and under non-productive policies.

Ideally a large consulate should afford excellent rotational training for probationary officers, giving them a variety of experience combined with maximum responsibility under close supervision. Today so many of our consulates have

become "visa mills" that some promising juniors have been driven out of the Service by the monotony of the work at their first posts, while others have received virtually no training except in issuing immigration visas.

Priorities for the Sixties

This situation clearly demands the establishment of a new system of priorities.

The protection of American citizens and their interests obviously must continue to come first.

The collection and reporting of political, economic and sociological intelligence should follow closely. And since good grass-roots contact and representational work, including travel in the consular district, is indispensable to good reporting, it must also rank high on the priority scale.

The rotational training of junior officers likewise deserves priority because of the importance of preparing these officers adequately for later assignments, ensuring that excellent officers will not be lost through sheer boredom, and weeding out, in the last critical stage of selection, probationers unsuited to the Service.

Adequate administrative support of all consular activities and of the activities of other agencies relying on us for such assistance obviously must be provided.

The public, cultural and economic relations aspects of prompt, courteous non-immigrant visa issuance warrant giving such cases an absolute priority over all except those immigration visa cases involving the national welfare, strong Congressional or Executive interest or close relatives of American citizens. Other immigration work should be processed after higher priority tasks have been performed. Crash programs requiring large numbers of workers should be staffed by temporary employees or assigned to other agencies.

A Program for Action

Several basic decisions are needed to enable the Consulate of the Sixties to meet these priorities.

First, each mission should have clear authority to permit a principal officer to use positions as the situation may require. One useful step has already been taken with the initiation of the over-complement junior officer rotational training program, which gives principal officers at posts with

RICHARD A. JOHNSON, an FSO-1, entered the Service in 1940. He has enjoyed a wide variety of functional assignments and is currently Consul General in Monterrey.

large training complements a bit more flexibility in attacking high priority problems. Another useful measure recently adopted permits principal officers to move officers designated for certain positions to other unoccupied positions or to make switches. If principal officers could be authorized to redesignate budgeted positions (e.g. visa positions) for higher priority work or for emergency operations, even more could be done toward putting first things first.

Second, the concept of constituent posts should be re-examined. A constituent post should be established or continued only if its importance and workload, especially of high priority duties, justify the assignment of an American staff large enough to ensure that officers will not have to perform clerical work, spend a disproportionate share of time on administrative duties or spread their talents over too wide a range of functions. The Consulate of the Sixties will also have to be headed by principal officers of drive, talent, training and experience—officers of at least middle grade for smaller constituent posts and senior officers for all major posts.

Does this mean that there should be no representation in cities where establishments of this size cannot usefully be employed? By no means. Indeed, we need some representation in many more communities than we have consulates at present. How can this be achieved?

The only practical method under present budgetary limitations would require:

- a) The closing of a few consulates which do not meet the above criteria;
- b) The conversion of some consulates to Special Service posts, supported by constituent consulates or missions, and;
- c) The use of the personnel thus released to staff new Special Service posts or to participate in visitation programs organized by constituent consulates and missions.

How would a Special Service post differ essentially from a constituent consulate? First, in the limited range of functions performed; second, in its reliance for administrative support on a constituent consulate or on a mission; third, in the economy of its operations.

What advantages would such posts offer? First, they would permit important savings in personnel, space and operating expenses. Second, they would allow consular personnel to give more coverage in breadth and depth to protection, reporting, representational and grass-roots contact work. Third, they would make it possible to reduce the number of constituent posts. Improved direction and coordination of all work could be anticipated if missions had fewer constituent consulates to supervise and constituent consulates were to assume supervision over the Special Service posts in their consular districts. Fourth, Special Service posts, although modestly staffed, could display the shield and flag in many important cities where United States consular representation is now precluded or is being provided at excessive cost.

What services would a Special Service post perform? How would it be staffed and how would it operate?

Since we seek primarily to improve protection, representation, contact and reporting work, these functions would

naturally receive priority. But valuable cooperation could also be extended to USIS, AID and commercial programs. Only a limited range of statutory services would be offered.

Normally, a Special Service post would be staffed by one junior officer assigned to the supervisory post and by one local clerk-typist, also payrolled by the supervisory post. The officers would carry their rent and other allowances with them and would not need per diem, except for brief periods. Transfer costs would be minimal.

No information classified above Limited Official Use would be stored and no cryptographic facilities would be available. Probably more than 95 percent of the raw commercial, economic, sociological and political data collected by officers at such posts would not require classification. Classified items could be brought to the supervisory post at the time of the monthly briefing and debriefing or in emergencies could be sent by safe hand. All accounting would be done by the supervisory post.

The work of constituent consulates and Special Service posts could be supplemented by periodic visits to towns where full-time representation is not warranted.

What could be anticipated from such carefully-planned periodic visits? First, each municipality visited would be brought into a new, mutually helpful relationship with the constituent consulate or mission. Secondly, some existing consulates could be closed and the cities could be served satisfactorily through such visits, with resultant economies. Third, these visits would be valuable adjuncts of rotational training. Finally, they would reduce the correspondence and client workloads of the constituent consulates.

Conclusions

There is nothing revolutionary or even dangerously experimental about these proposals. Most of them would not require Congressional authorization or even additional funds. Best of all, they would enable our consulates to offer substantially improved service on higher priority work within present budgetary limitations.

Should the Department adopt the proposed definition of a constituent consulate and the related concept of the Special Service post it would, of course, have to re-delimit some consular districts. It should try to make each district a logical geopolitical unit. It would also have to take into account problems of transportation and communication. Once the new district lines have been drawn and decisions taken as to the needs for Special Service posts in each district, a consequent reallocation of positions and personnel would have to be made. Adequate travel funds obviously would have to be allotted for the operation of Special Service posts and the Visitation Programs because increased mobility will be prerequisite to the effective operation of any grass roots program.

These proposals would restore importance and challenge to consular assignments, give us representation and contacts at important social levels and in critical geographic areas, greatly improve our capability to assess major trends and tendencies throughout the world, and vastly enhance the effectiveness of our efforts to project a more accurate image of the United States.

Recherche de Temps Perdu

by JOHN L. BROWN

AFTER the sunshine of Languedoc, Paris seemed damp and cold and shabby in the gray November weather. People were losing their exuberance and discovering that Liberation did not necessarily mean an immediate return to the comfort of pre-war life. In fact, some material conditions seemed to get worse rather than better.

As soon as I got back to town, I made it a point to go for a drink at the Hôtel des Bains, in the Cité du Retiro, to get a taste of low life, as a change from literature. I had discovered this retreat just a few days after the Liberation, since our jeep was kept in a garage there. The Cité was one of those hidden corners—like the Cours de Rohan or the Passage des Panoramas—that resemble provincial villages

mysteriously set down in the heart of the City. You entered it from the rue Faubourg St. Honoré, a stone's throw from Hermès and Lanvin, passing through an archway which sheltered a laundry and a plumber's shop. Immediately to the left, there was an establishment which the practised French eye would have immediately classified as "gentiment louche" (agreeably unrespectable), a small hotel with a bath establishment attached. I need not, gentlemen, dwell on the obvious conveniences of such an arrangement. At the entrance door, basking in the morning sun, sat a Junoesque female, whose imperial manner made it clear that she was the *patronne*. We glanced at each other and smiled with that easy friendliness of the early days of the Liberation. The light played on her hennaed hair, glittered on a generous display of golden denture.

"Bonjour, M. le Capitaine," she beamed.

(I was not a *capitaine*, but from my very heterogeneous uniform, no one could ever quite tell *what* I was. In fact, an imposing English colonel in Cherbourg had mistaken me for a French resistance fighter, and under the circumstances in which we had met, I thought it more politic not to enlighten him).

"Bonjour, Madame. Qu'il fait beau!"

"Un temps splendide. Vous êtes américain?"

"Oui, Madame."

"Vive l'Amérique," she warbled.

"Vive la France," I warbled back.

"Voulez-vous me faire le plaisir de prendre quelque chose?"

Although it was only 10:00 o'clock in the morning, I had already got used to the idea that as a proper Liberator I should be prepared to raise my glass all around the clock.

"Volontiers, Madame," I replied and followed her into the little bar on the right of the corridor that led downstairs to the baths. She disappeared into a back room and came back bearing an unexpected treasure, a bottle of Black and White. She poured out a big slug for me, a drop for herself.

"Ah, it's strong," she said delicately. "Vive l'Amérique."

"Et vive la France, Madame," I replied, as I manfully threw it back.



Concierge au Cour

by Robert Sivard

(Continued on page 42)

In Quest of Crested Crockery

or

How to Tell the Bureaucrat from the Bouillabaisse

by ELLIS BRIGGS

ONCE upon a time, after the Korean War, my wife and I dined with a retired General and we greatly admired his four-star crockery, with the emblem of his rank in Army red, on the white background of each plate. Our host confirmed that once-a-general-always-a-general, as far as the prerogatives of retirement go, and it seemed a pleasant thing, after all the years the General had served his country, for him to be allowed to continue to eat off the china of his former exalted position.

This gave me an idea. I determined to seek for retired diplomacy what was evidently approved procedure for the military brethren. I would fix it, I said to myself, so a retired Ambassador could go on using ambassadorial china.

When I returned to my Embassy abroad I summoned my Administrative Officer. I directed him to requisition from the appropriate section of the State Department—whatever that office might be—a set of china for twelve, for my personal account. I told the Administrative Officer that he could, if necessary, explain that I wanted the china to use after I myself had turned in my uniform and retired from the Foreign Service.

My Administrative Officer said, "Yes, Mr. Ambassador. I'll order the china right away, Mr. Ambassador."

Embassy china is a relatively new phenomenon. It dates from a few years ago when the State Department, then as now grudgingly underwritten by a suspicious and parsimonious Congress, began equipping its Legations and Embassies with official table services. The theory was that few persons who are appointed Ambassadors already possess, in their private capacities, dinner sets for the forty or fifty persons who have to be invited from time to time to Embassy dinner parties. Therefore our Government, a century and a half after the first American envoy went abroad, finally began supplying our diplomatic missions with plates and cups and saucers.

Embassy crockery is white, gold-bordered with a design of stars. The shield of the United States, with the eagle clutching his arrows and olives, appears in gold relief on

AMBASSADOR ELLIS BRIGGS, now accredited to New England, reports that the foregoing article is a fragment from his forthcoming book, "Under Twelve Flags."

each piece—hence crested china. Whoever chose the design did well. The sets are dignified and impressive.

At the time of my request to be permitted to buy a personal set to use after I retired from the Foreign Service, I had no idea what branch of the State Department was the watchdog of the crockery stockpile, and it would have made little difference if I had. My proposition seemed reasonable. There was precedent for it in the military sphere. And precedent, as I myself well knew from over three decades as a bureaucrat, is the safe haven of the termites that live in the bureaucratic woodwork.

So I told the Administrative Officer in Embassy Athens to get on about my private crockery business, and to let me know when he received the bill for this, my projected first retirement present for my Ambassadors.

Some weeks later the Administrative Officer handed me a memorandum received from Washington. It was typed on a pale blue piece of paper called in the Foreign Service an Operations Memorandum. I read this document with mounting blood pressure, for it was couched in the snide and abrasive prose I had come to recognize, after many years and innumerable altercations, as emanating from the Service of Buildings Section* of the Department of State, the unit that builds Embassies for the Foreign Service abroad and then, like as not, neglects to maintain them. The fact that Congress neglected to pass an appropriation is often cited to account for the leaky roof, the paralyzed air conditioning or the rebellious plumbing, which is, however, rarely repaired at any given capital within the incumbency of a single Chief of Mission.

Since I was then on my seventh Embassy, the relations between the American Ambassador to Greece and the Service of Buildings Section were approximately seven times as brisk as those of a freshman Ambassador.

It is contrary to the policy of the Service of Buildings Section (declared the Service of Buildings Section in its Operations Memorandum) to permit the acquisition of official Embassy crockery for personal use. Embassy crockery is exclusively for Embassy use, said the Service of Buildings

*The Service of Buildings Section is a fictitious designation. Any resemblance to an existing bureau or bureaucrat is purely coincidental.

(Continued on page 39)

WASHINGTON LETTER

by TED OLSON



Augustus Saint Gaudens

To An Athlete Dying Young

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-
place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-
high.

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,

And silence sounds no worse than
cheers
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honors out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laureled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

—Alfred Edward Housman
(1859-1936)

IT is still impossible, as this is writ-
ten, to think of much else besides
that nightmare Friday. By the time
this issue of the JOURNAL reaches its
readers the shock will have faded
somewhat, the first grief and horror
will have passed. Life will be going
on, as it always does after catastro-
phe. But now the initial numbness
has receded only far enough to per-
mit a steadily deepening realization
of loss, personal and universal, of the
grave wound the nation and surely
all mankind have suffered.

The news reached people variously.
Some heard it first during the lunch
hour, in a waiter's agitated whisper
that was repeated and amplified—
and often challenged with an out-
raged refusal to believe. To some it
came over a taxi driver's radio, as
they sped to appointments that sud-
denly lost all significance. The ubi-
quitous strollers with transistor sets
—and it was a mild November day,
perfect for strolling—clutched pass-
ersby to share with them the appal-
ling intelligence. Pedestrian traffic
clotted. Strangers stared at each
other and asked urgently, "Have
you heard?" or beseechingly, "It
isn't true, is it?"

There was little more work done
that day. By mid-afternoon offices
were emptying; long queues waited
for buses that someone had forgot-
ten to mobilize for an earlier rush-
hour. Newsboys found eager custo-
mers among the waiting commuters.
There was nothing in the extras that
everybody didn't know already, but
people pored over the sketchy bulle-
tins—long outrun by the nimbler
television and radio—for verifica-
tion and detail, and some answer to
the question that by now had re-
placed the first ones: "How could
they let it happen?"

In front of the White House the
crowds thickened until police divert-
ed them to the north side of Penn-
sylvania Avenue and strung ropes to
keep the south sidewalk clear. They
were docile crowds, and strangely
hushed. Some clustered around tran-

sistor radios; others clambered up the pedestals of the Lafayette and Rochambeau statues until they would hold no more. Most of them simply stood and stared across at the empty White House and its half-staffed flag.

Along Massachusetts Avenue and the tributary streets that make up Embassy Row the flags of other nations drooped at half-staff. The bells of the capital's many churches were tolling.

THE jet age continues to astonish and rather terrify anybody who can all but remember the Wright brothers. One got home that night to find one's wife watching the presidential plane already coming into Andrews Field with the body of the slain leader—four hours or five after the shots were fired in Texas. Forty years ago another President died on the far side of the continent, and the funeral cortege crawled for days across this vast country. Everything moves faster now. And this way was surely better. A prolongation of that grim weekend would have been difficult to endure.

There is no need—indeed, it would be effrontery—to discourse on that historic pageant of sorrow. Surely there has never been anything like it before. Many millions watched it, in person or on the screen. Hundreds of thousands of words were printed about it. There has rarely been such an outpouring of words. Most of them inevitably were labored and pedestrian, however genuine the emotion that suffused them. Let us not, however, be scornful of clichés. In times of great stress and great sorrow those are the words that come, and often the effort to avoid them produces something slick and contrived. *Stunned . . . numb . . . shock . . . incredulity*: how else would you describe America's reaction, and from all reports that of the rest of the world?

To this columnist the atmosphere of the weekend was summed up best by a Herblock cartoon and two sentences prefacing a book review. The cartoon pictured a family in front of the television set, the father and son

staring forlornly at the screen, the mother with her back turned and her head bowed. The caption: "I Still Can't Believe It." Charles Poore began a review in the *New York Times* thus: "We have all grown immeasurably older. A loss of youth, a loss of radiance, darkens our national scene."

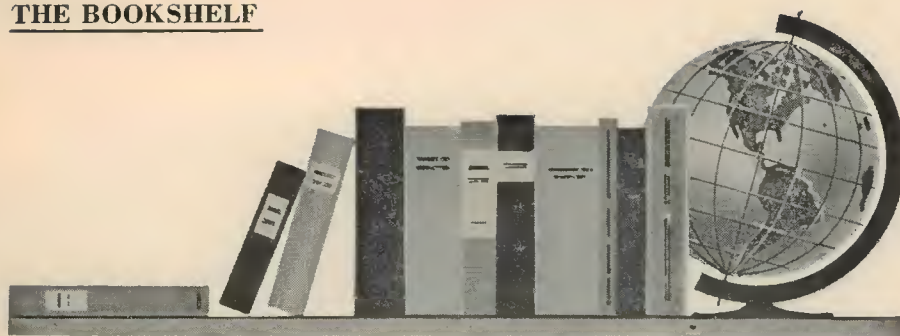
EVEN one belonging to a generation that finds words more informative and more durable than pictures has to concede that TV responded magnificently to the expectations of its vast audience. To be sure, its basic weakness was more than ever apparent: the necessity of keeping the screen alive, keeping some kind of sound gushing out of the speaker, whether there is really anything to picture or to report. There was boring repetition, there were tedious and sometimes tasteless excursions into the peripheral and trivial. Yet one sat and watched, mesmerized. One saw the familiar faces—Cronkite, Huntley and Brinkley, Howard K. Smith and the rest—go gray and sunken with fatigue, heard their usually urbane and confident utterance falter and fumble and fluff. But there was much that was superb, visually and even verbally. And through television the American people, and the people of other lands, participated as they have never before participated in any historic happening.

It was indeed through television that John F. Kennedy had become known, in his own country and elsewhere, as no other American President has been known. His press conferences, his many other public appearances, his journeying at home and abroad, had made his face, his voice, his gestures, his quick athletic stride as familiar as those of a next-door neighbor. Even those who disagreed with him and disliked him could not help but feel his force and vitality. Even they, one may surmise, must find the world emptier and duller without him. As for others, the unprecedented outpouring of grief everywhere demonstrated that millions saw him as friend and neighbor as well as leader.

INEVITABLY the month that is beginning as this column is written, and will be over when it is read, is a month of reconnaissance and readjustment. Every President, and most particularly a strong President, generates his special climate, puts his impress on the nation, and most of all on the nation's capital. It is not so much a matter of political orientation, of organizational concept, as of personality and style. Johnsonian Washington will inevitably be different in many ways from Kennedy Washington. In just what ways we shall learn in the coming weeks and months.

It will take time for departmental and agency officers to familiarize themselves with the new President's style—indeed, for that style to evolve in a role so different from the roles he has occupied before. Public servants took comfort in his prompt assurance that he expected to carry on, for the time at least, with the Kennedy team, and his instruction to chiefs of mission that he did not want the letters of resignation traditional when a new President takes office. There was reassurance also in the prompt and vigorous way in which he took up the pending issues and indicated that he would draw fully on Departmental expertise in dealing with them.

No other Vice President propelled suddenly into the highest command has been so well prepared to deal with foreign affairs. He has traveled widely; he had already met many of the chiefs of state, heads of government and foreign ministers who came to Washington for the funeral. In his travels he has visited many of our embassies and had the opportunity to become acquainted with their operations, their problems and their personnel. By the same token their staffs have had occasion to—would it be irreverent to say, size him up? One can hope that already a relationship has been established that will deepen and ripen into the mutual confidence vital to the successful conduct of foreign policy in a time of great danger and great opportunity.



The Merchants of Hate

I WRITE with the huge headlines of the horrible three days in late November staring up at me from the table alongside my typewriter where I keep my newspapers. This being so, dispassionate approach to the books I have for review is difficult, if not impossible. I shall not even attempt it.

When the news came that black Friday (where were you, and how did you first hear it?) that President John F. Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas, millions of Americans (along with the Tass news agency) jumped to the conclusion that the far-out rightists, with their deep roots in Texas, were directly or indirectly responsible. As matters turned out, the shattering crime could not be traced to their faction. But with many the feeling persisted that it, and other extremist groupings, had pumped so much venom into the American body politic that some eruption of the sort had become inevitable.

Who these poisoners are, how they inject their poison, and what effect it has on their hapless followers or victims is told in detail in the late Mark Sherwin's "The Extremists." His chapters run the whole frightening gamut—from the "intellectual right" through the Birchers and the American Fascists and the new "Minute Men" to the white supremacists and the Black Muslims and the "rag, tag, and bobtail" that defy classification.

Sherwin's hook is journalism between hard covers—albeit sound journalism. His final chapter, "What makes them rant," barely skims the surface of the deep and turbid motivations of this gentry. In their collection of essays titled "The Radical Right," Daniel Bell and eight other well-regarded American historians, sociologists, and political

scientists delve more deeply into these motivations. Their book—somewhat harder going—introduces the dimension of history. It is an updating of essays six of the writers published in 1955 as "The New American Right," just as McCarthyism became "McCarthyism." The original essays are reprinted intact; and each of the six has an additional one applying his analytical techniques to the problems of today. A worthwhile, if depressing, work, to be read in conjunction with Eric Hoffer's "The True Believer," that minor classic of 12 or 13 years ago. . . .

What to say about William F. Buckley's "Rumbles Left and Right?" Simply that it is unhappy-making to see this urbane, intelligent man employ so good a pen in so poor a cause.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

The Price of Magnanimity

EIGHT years to the day after the termination of the Boer War, Britain engaged in an act of unparalleled generosity. Political power was unreservedly returned to the defeated Boer people on May 31, 1910 and British paramouncy ended. The price for the termination of the imperial factor in South Africa was paid in apprehension by two hostage populations—the English-speaking white community and the black, or *kaffir* Africans.

Professor Mansergh outlines broadly the consequences in South Africa of Britain's act of faith. It is for future generations to determine the folly or the wisdom of this act. Independent Africa north of the Zambesi River has made clear, however, that it is not prepared to await history's verdict before terminating Boer domination over nine million fellow Africans.

—WILLIAM H. LEWIS

SOUTH AFRICA, 1906-1961: *The Price of Magnanimity*, by Nicholas Mansergh. Praeger, \$3.50.

Why We "Lost China"

IN THIS fully documented study Mr. Tsou explains "America's failure in China" in terms of some rather basic defects in the tradition of United States foreign policy. The most serious, he believes, was the failure to make a purposeful relation between military power and policy objectives.

In the period before VJ Day the United States failed to use military assistance as a bargaining counter to secure essential reforms and reorganization in the Chinese National Government. And the ability to do this was weakened by the extreme priority given to the rapid defeat of Japan, which led the United States to cut back on the resources promised for building up a strong Chinese army.

In the period after VJ Day, the rapid demobilization of American forces left the United States without the necessary military power for effective action. Mr. Tsou argues that a major mistake was the suppression of the Wedemeyer Report in 1947. If it had been published and discussed the American public would have had to face the alternatives of writing off the American position in China or accepting the costs of maintaining it.

Incorrect estimates of the Chinese Communists are explained as a natural result of the American lack of interest in ideologies. Only experts in Marxism-Leninism could have made a proper judgment as to whether the wartime policies of the Chinese Communists were genuine revisionism or only a tactical maneuver. And none of the Americans involved had this expertise.

Mr. Tsou also gives a very effective refutation of the "conspiracy" theory. He shows that the views which are now often taken as evidence of Communist sympathies were, at the time, very widely held. Thus, Generals MacArthur, Wedemeyer, Chennault and Hurley were all on record as favoring a coalition including the Communists. The view that the Chinese Communists were not real Communists was strongly stated by General Hurley, who was also arguing for trust in Soviet good faith long after John Carter Vincent had expressed serious misgivings about the Yalta agreement.

Though one may disagree with some points in Mr. Tsou's analysis, his book is the best study of the subject which has appeared.

—MICHAEL LINDSAY

AMERICA'S FAILURE IN CHINA—1941-50, by Tang Tsou. University of Chicago Press, \$12.50.

THE EXTREMISTS, by Mark Sherwin. St. Martin's Press, \$5.00.

THE RADICAL RIGHT, ed. by Daniel Bell. Doubleday, \$4.95.

RUMBLES LEFT AND RIGHT, by William F. Buckley, Jr. Putnam, \$4.95.

Full House

NEIL MacNeil has performed a labor of love in writing this biography of the House of Representatives, cramming its 496 pages with facts, opinions and anecdotes about a legislative body he clearly believes is second to none. Moreover, he has done so with an apt sense of proportion and an alert eye for a lively story.

The author's chapters on the rules of the House, the role of the Speaker and the oligarchy of Committees are particularly instructive, for as he points out, the House is a product of its own past and traditions. Mr. MacNeil is acutely aware of those traditions, many of which he learned while sitting at the feet of the late Speaker, Mr. Sam Rayburn. Some of the most interesting passages in the book, in fact, are the quotations from conversations the author has had with prominent members of the House, especially Mr. Rayburn.

The only serious flaw in Mr. MacNeil's otherwise admirable study is closely related to its major virtues. He has attuned himself so closely to the moods and manners of the House that he has tended to lose perspective, identifying himself and the nation too closely with the order of things in one branch of the legislature. For example, his generally persuasive account of the beneficial role played by the Rules Committee would have been improved by some recognition that things are not always for the best in what is seldom the best of all possible worlds. Also,

the author's contagious zest for his subject inclines him to accept too uncritically the House's verdict on itself.

For example, while the author does not fail to devote attention to the occasional knaves as well as the many heroes in the history of the House, his overwhelming regard for the institution itself tends to lump them all, statesmen and fools, together as indistinguishable and lovable figures in a great mosaic. In short, Mr. MacNeil has a slight but perceptible tendency to confuse pageantry with history. In spite of this, however, he has made a considerable contribution to our knowledge of the House of Representatives and its members as practitioners of the possible.

—E.L.K.

FORCE OF DEMOCRACY, *the House of Representatives*, by Neil MacNeil. David McKay Co., Inc. New York, \$6.75.

Antioch

FOR THE University of Oklahoma's excellent "Centers of Civilization" series, Glanville Downey has recreated the ancient city of Antioch as it was in its prime, A.D. 379-95. Since probably nobody knows more about Antioch than Mr. Downey, this brief book is recommended to anyone interested in the region and the period.

—T.O.

ANTIOCH IN THE AGE OF THEODOSIUS THE GREAT, by Glanville Downey. University of Oklahoma Press, \$2.75.

Diplomacy

Most American studies in diplomacy center upon the diplomatic establishment or some part of it. When done as acutely and readably as Alexander DeConde's study of the Secretary of State they deserve a place on the book shelf of a Foreign Service officer. Rare, but profoundly needed, are thoughtful analyses of diplomacy itself, and particularly its twentieth-century manifestations, such as Kenneth Thompson's.

What the scholarly inquirers like the DeCondes, and Thompsons, lack, however, is first-hand familiarity with diplomacy. Lacking this, they can be trapped into sterile repetitions of professional claptrap. Dr. Thompson, for example, seems to me unduly captivated by currently fashionable views about the inter-departmental committee system inaugurated by the once-existent Operations Coordinating Board. His own plea for a broader base of thinking for policy formulation and execution, which would bring the scholar-philosopher and diplomat together, could logically apply to different departments and agencies of the government and thus justify the whole OCB effort. Perhaps a marriage of scholar-philosophers with practitioners is one of the more urgent needs of twentieth century diplomacy.

—R. SMITH SIMPSON

THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE, by Alexander DeConde. Praeger, \$4.50.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY AND EMERGENT PATTERNS, by Kenneth W. Thompson. New York University, \$4.50.

Mass Media or Person-to-Person?

EDITED by Lucian W. Pye, "Communications and Political Development" represents the work of eleven outstanding scholars and should be read, at least in part, by anyone concerned with the process of modernization. The reader will find not only new data and concepts, but also new interpretations of familiar data and modifications of long-accepted concepts. Especially recommended are the short pieces by—it is a great temptation to use the word *of*—Pye, which precede the several contributions. Similarly excellent is Ithiel de Sola Pool's treatment of "The Mass Media and Politics in the Modernization Process."

—S.I.N.

COMMUNICATIONS AND POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT, edited by Lucian W. Pye. Princeton University Press. \$6.50.



Neige Fondante à Fontainebleau

Paul Cézanne

The Arms Debate

DISARMAMENT has been much in the news lately, with the conclusion of the partial nuclear test ban treaty. An area of policy which many had considered restricted to propaganda exchanges and negotiations doomed to frustration is now being taken more seriously.

Mr. Levine attempts to contribute to the "great debate" on arms policy which he believes should be taking place by presenting the basic elements in an orderly way. He defines five schools of thought and discusses the values, analysis, and policy recommendations of each.

His book, written while Mr. Levine was on leave from the RAND Corporation, is logical and sometimes enlightening. However, the reader has the feeling that the author never really gets down to a practical discussion of disarmament policy, partly owing to the emphasis on logical categorization, partly because of the limitations of space. In a work of this size it is not possible to develop the ideas and proposals of each school sufficiently for the reader really to judge them. In addition, the book is not easy reading. It will be of interest mainly to the person who is already a serious student of arms control and disarmament matters.

President Kennedy warned of the dangers of the spread of nuclear weapons, and Messrs. Beaton and Maddox of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London explore this problem in some detail. They first describe the technical problems involved in the production of nuclear weapons and the means of delivery, and then discuss the capabilities of Britain, France, and seven potential nuclear powers from both technical and political points of view.

The authors conclude that the spread of nuclear weapons is not inevitable, although they believe that several countries in addition to the present nuclear powers have developed or will soon develop the necessary nuclear technology. They point out that a potential nuclear power must consider not only its capability for exploding a nuclear device, but also the costs of nuclear weapons and means of delivery, and must then weigh the expected military and political benefits against this cost and other factors—the defensive measures potential enemies might take, the reactions of the great powers, and

the possibility that any weapons system now planned may be obsolete before it can be put into operation.

The authors believe there is a growing number of political mechanisms which tend to check the spread of nuclear weapons; the signature of the test ban treaty since they wrote is a further move in that direction. Another step they mention as a possibility is now being taken: the extension of the safeguards of the International Atomic Energy Agency to reactors over 100 megawatts to prevent possible diversion of fissionable materials to military purposes.

This easily-read exploration of the problem can be recommended to the general Foreign Service reader.

—RICHARD S. THOMPSON

THE ARMS DEBATE, by Robert A. Levine. Harvard, \$6.50.

THE SPREAD OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS, by Leonard Beaton and John Maddox. Praeger, \$4.50.

Indian Development

IN THIS intensive study of the Indian Five Year Plans, Professor Malenbaum concludes that very little progress has been made or will be made over the next five years in moving the Indian economy into the self-generating stage. In his opinion, the Indian elite responsible for the plans has mistakenly borrowed heavily from Western industrial models and experience unrelated to the static, rural Indian economy in which much of the country's assets are locked. The result, he contends, has been a serious neglect of the employment and output potentials of Indian agriculture and small industries; Indian resources and official energies have been directed elsewhere. The author, therefore, sees little prospect of accelerating Indian economic development until the premises on which it is based are significantly revised. In presenting his views, Professor Malenbaum has drawn heavily on his long study of the Indian economy and his own service in the U. S. Government. His book is tightly written and happily free both of the clichés and academic jargon that too often encumber studies of this type.

—JAMES J. BLAKE

PROSPECTS FOR INDIAN DEVELOPMENT, by Wilfred Malenbaum. The Free Press of Glencoe, \$5.75.

The United States and Israel

IF one reverses the title of this book, one has a better reading of the purpose and content of the work—for the United States' role is best described as supporting. Dispassionate, thoughtful, generally very well-balanced, Nadav Safran's contribution to Harvard's "American Foreign Policy Library" is a fine handbook on Israel—its origins, the country, people, government, and political and economic dynamics. The analyses of Israel's political structure, its economy, and national defense warrant special attention.

The sections dealing with Israel's foreign relations—particularly those involving U.S.-Israel-Arab relations—are generally adequate but overly sympathetic. He has correctly assessed national security as Israel's obsession in foreign policy; but what country does not have this as its prime objective? He is correct that the United States is Israel's best friend, but he doesn't seem to read out of his history that Israel has often been its own worst enemy, e.g., that the nadir in U.S.-Israel relations coincided with Israel's persistent policy of retaliatory raids which left the United States with no choice but justified condemnation of Israel.

In his concluding observations, Dr. Safran's solution for the Palestine refugee problem, i.e., large-scale economic development programs in the Arab world to assimilate the refugees, is not new. Gold-plating the deserts is not the answer; a little Israeli willingness to take some political risks could be the answer. His analysis of Israel's foreign policy tends to preclude this possibility.

—JAMES M. LUDLOW

THE UNITED STATES AND ISRAEL, by Nadav Safran. Harvard, \$5.95.

Paper Economy

VERY little is sacred in the world viewed by Mr. Bazelon. He flails away at many of the concepts—free enterprise, private property and others—customarily utilized in the analysis of our business and economic structure. Many of his points are well taken but the argument would have benefited from tighter organization and a less strenuous effort to write with a light touch.

—H. P.

THE PAPER ECONOMY, by David T. Bazelon. Random House, \$6.95.

"The Italian Labor Movement"

THE Italian labor movement is the subject of a comprehensive work by FSO Daniel Horowitz, who has served as Labor Attaché at Santiago, Paris and New Delhi. In preparation some twelve years, the book is a distinguished contribution to the growing family of comparative labor studies. The scholarly yet highly readable story of the Italian left is interwoven with the history, economics and sociology of modern Italy, and often provides incidental insights into distinctive facets of the Italian political scene—such as the pervasive influence of the long Church-State controversy on the attitudes of broad elements of the Italian population towards political authority.

Many of those who serve, have served, or yearn to serve in Italy, plus all specialists in labor affairs wherever they may be, will find the book very rewarding reading. For those in the Foreign Service whose interests are more general, much light is shed on the ideological and institutional struggle for Western Europe which has dominated so much of the post-war era, particularly the Communist "strategy for power" and the counter-forces it evoked.

Horowitz' work buttresses the growing awareness of the political significance of labor movements which underlies the Labor Attaché program. The author is to be commended for adding this new dimension of professionalism in the service.

—IRWIN M. TOBIN

THE ITALIAN LABOR MOVEMENT, by Daniel H. Horowitz. Harvard University Press, \$7.50.

Disarmament in a Nutshell

THIS is number six in a new series of factual and textual summaries of world problems issued under the general title "On Record." Beginning with a concise review of disarmament negotiations going back to the First Hague Conference in 1898, it proceeds to a chronology of developments under the Kennedy administration culminating in the test ban treaty. Pertinent editorial comment is sandwiched in, and the concluding section contains selected quotations from official statements. This should be a valuable reference series.

DISARMAMENT AND THE NUCLEAR TEST BAN TREATY, by the Editors of *Deadline Data on World Affairs*. Keynote Publications, \$1.50.

Malik on Peace

CHARLES Malik, long time Lebanese delegate to the United Nations and President of the General Assembly in 1958, conceives of man as born to struggle but blessed with the Christian promise of ultimate peace. He finds that the fiercest of national clashes in the United Nations are modified in a slight but nonetheless real way by inter-personal peace among the representatives. At the same time, he concludes that there can be no peace in the struggle between the Communist and Western systems.

The book has a twofold message: that nationalism and internal change cannot be counted upon to stop Communist expansion, and that Communism can only be countered by a "Western revolution." His cautionary analysis deserves full note. Not everyone, however, may agree to the extent of solidarity ascribed to the bloc. His use of the term revolution is a little misleading. He does not suggest a new formulation of Western values but a spirited reassertion of theme to match the zeal of Communism.

The treatment is highly generalized, and at times very subjective, but is nevertheless readable.

—OWEN W. ROBERTS

MAN IN THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE, by Charles Malik. Harper & Row, \$5.00.

"Civil War in Russia"

THE plethora of previous autopsies of the Russian Revolution and Civil War should not divert the potential reader from "Civil War in Russia," by David Footman, an excellent treatment of the subject. The author has brilliantly succeeded in capturing the picture of this forest of too many trees, concisely summarizing and assessing the massive memoirs of the many prominent figures of the Civil War. A wealth of pertinent detail in the text replaces the ponderous footnoting usual in works on this subject and greatly enhances readability. The perfunctory treatment of highly emotional factors, such as atrocities, adds to the dispassionateness of the approach. Mr. Footman's book is highly recommended for those who have heretofore balked at immersing themselves in the formidable volumes of the more academic historians.

—WILLIAM N. HARBEN

CIVIL WAR IN RUSSIA, by David Footman. Praeger, \$7.50.

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(Continued from page 25)

section of the United States population than are the qualities essential to an effective lawyer, physician, university professor or architect.

What I suspect Ambassador Kennan is really saying is that the Wriston program was a mistake. I do not propose to refight that battle here. Suffice it to say that, regrettable as that program was in many ways, the problem which it was designed to resolve was a real one and many informed, intelligent men could and did differ on the proper solution.

The core of Ambassador Kennan's argument is the diffusion of responsibility. Granted this is a serious problem in the foreign affairs area of the government. I would agree that the innumerable peripheral functions should be directed and administered solely to support those who are devising and carrying out policy rather than as independent and competing entities. But as a practical matter it is not possible to centralize authority for all aspects of the conduct of our foreign relations. Our dilemma is created by the fact that our domestic

and foreign policy objectives are at once inextricably related and diametrically conflicting.

There is no one man with the wisdom, the knowledge and the experience to be able to say how much of our military establishment, our Departments of Commerce, Treasury and Agriculture and our private enterprise should come under the authority of the Secretary of State. Unfortunate as it may be for the effective conduct of our foreign affairs, the world interests of the United States have become so vast that they bear on the life of every citizen and their requirements are frequently opposed to the citizen's pursuit of his immediate desires and interests. It would be inconceivable to give one man the authority he would need to exercise control over all the elements of our national life that enter into even one of our major problems in foreign relations.

This is not an argument for administrative laxity or the unnecessary diffusion of responsibility. Obviously our foreign affairs establishment must operate under the strictest and clearest

lines of authority that can be devised. But we must also recognize that under our system of government there are severe limits within which any one writ may run. What there can and must be if we are not to become involved in disastrous muddles is better coordination.

I find it hard to accept Ambassador Kennan's conclusion that "...we must expect that the regular apparatus of the government will become, with time, of less and less value to the President and the Secretary of State as a source of intimate guidance and as a vehicle for the promulgation of policy in really delicate, important and urgent situations."

Some years ago I heard Quincy Wright, the eminent professor of international law at the University of Chicago, argue persuasively that it was not possible under a system of government such as ours to conduct a foreign policy adequate to the requirements of a country as large and powerful as the United States. The only rejoinder to Ambassador Kennan as to Professor Wright is the old saw about the impossible taking a little longer.

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Section, and therefore Embassy crockery is not for personal use.

The request of the American Ambassador to Greece to be allowed to establish a private cache of crested crockery was accordingly rejected by the Service of Buildings Section.

There are few things that I find more provocative than the lofty dissent of the minor bureaucrat. Whereas it takes an egg twice as long to boil beside Lake Titicaca, over twelve thousand feet above sea level, as it does on the Pacific shoreline at Mollendo, it only takes an atom-split second for my ambassadorial reactor to take note of the snug display of patriotic logic with which the Service of Buildings Section sought to demolish my crested crockery project. Whereupon blue lights played over the Acropolis, the ancient Parthenon smoked, and my subordinates in Embassy Athens dove for their earmuffs and dark glasses.

As soon as the Chancery typewriter was cool enough to touch, I set about confecting a message in reply. I did not, of course, address myself to the Service of Buildings Section; that would merely have added to the self-importance of the termites by presenting them a second time with the same ambassadorial target. Nor did I write to my titular chief, the Secretary of State; that official was occupied then as now with atomic problems, and NATO. I wrote instead to the Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration, himself a former Ambassador and hence (so I hoped) sympathetic toward my campaign for crested crockery.

Since when, I inquired rudely, are janitors and housekeepers in the State Department empowered to drink the heady nectar of Policy? Policy, I asserted, is the prerogative of the President of the United States, and I haven't heard of his delegating it to the Service of Buildings Section. By what right, I demanded, has the Service of Buildings Section installed a pipeline into the policy barrel? If that keeps up, I warned, those same policy gremlins will soon be telling Ambassadors who can occupy space in Embassy office buildings. Why, they may even try to dictate who can eat off that crested crockery they are paid by the taxpayers to keep on hand in Embassy pantries. Don't laugh, I said. The appetite for power of the woodweevil of bureaucracy is ravenous; it becomes insatiable if you let him eat Policy.

Leaving that field covered with broken termites and mangled metaphors, I turned to my crockery proposal. I acknowledged that after many years in the Foreign Service, the last fifteen of them as Ambassador, I had grown attached to the chinaware of successive Embassy residences. I said that one of these days—rachitic and full of bile—I planned to retire to my New Hampshire cottage by the village green, and that if I wished to invite the Governor of the State or the President of the College to share a crust of dry bread with a former Ambassador, it seemed a harmless conceit on the part of a pensioned public servant to be permitted to honor his guests with ambassadorial china.

And in conclusion I told the Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration that I would settle for the withdrawal of the Operations Memorandum of the Service of Buildings Section, plus a finger off the right hand of the author—the latter to be forwarded to me by diplomatic

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CRESTED CROCKERY

pouch within twenty-four hours of the receipt of my message.

Somewhat startled by this essay, the Deputy Under Secretary of State sent me a pacific reply. He indicated he would be glad to look into the matter of official china for retired Ambassadors, and he implied that since my own retirement did not then appear imminent, my crockery problem might not be the most urgent item of business facing the Department of State in the waning 1950's.

And there, for a considerable period, the matter rested. I can only surmise, albeit with satisfaction, the fury which my letter to the Deputy Under Secretary of State must have produced when it trickled its unclassified way down to the Service of Buildings Section, which on the strength of it hired still more mastiffs to protect the threatened crested crockery stockpile.

In a bureaucracy it is easier for a determined termite to block a proposed action than it is for anyone else to force something to happen. Thus my blueprint friends of the slide rule and Meccano sets found strong allies in procrastination and attrition, and I myself was soon forced to consider additional tactics.

Years earlier, not wanting to be a Vice Consul caught out with an unanswered letter from a Congressman in my pocket, I had invented a wonderful system whereby no unresolved case was permitted, like unrequited love, to languish. Every so often, under my formula, the pending case popped up, waving a little colored flag and making a noise like Donald Duck with bronchitis. My scheme for reminding myself of unfinished business was the despair of visiting IBM technicians, who struggled in vain to devise a computer that would keep track of my unzipped mnemonics. They finally gave it up when they discovered, poking about in my archives, that during my service in Liberia I had once filed *Mining* under the letter *T*. Why *Mining* under the letter *T*? they asked me.

Thar's gold in Them Thar hills, I answered. . .

Thus the wretched Deputy Under Secretary of State, if not prodded every hour on the hour about my china, at least had his elbow jiggled so often that he began to flinch whenever he saw a Foreign Service envelope marked "Embassy Athens." As my messages arrived, he used wearily to ask his Administrative Assistant to ask the Assistant Secretary of State for Administration to ask the Deputy Acting Assistant Secretary of State for Foreign Buildings to ask *his* Administrative Assistant what was the status of the Ambassador's request to be allowed to purchase, at his own expense, a dinner set for twelve, of Embassy crested china.

The reply that as regularly climbed its inexorable way back up the ladder from the Service of Buildings Section to the office of the Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration was nothing if it was not consistent. That is to say, it was consistently obstructive. And as Christmas followed Christmas, there was no crested china in the ambassadorial stocking.

So time passed, and so matters rocked along, with the advantage on the whole with the termites, until after the Presidential election. Then, suddenly, a new team was operating in Washington. The patient Deputy Under Secre-

by Ellis Briggs

tary of State retired; he informed me, on the eve of departure, that my crockery problem, with unspecified accumulated dilemmas, was being referred for decision to his successor.

Before I knew it, I found myself addressing the freshly appointed Director General of the Foreign Service, while New Frontiersmen hooted like owls in the chimneys, and others raced up and down the fire escapes like exhilarated squirrels.

Meanwhile the question of my own retirement moved without warning from the theoretical to the accomplished. Mine was a tedious affliction, unprofitable to dwell upon, except that hospitalization permitted me to review at leisure my gay and fascinating career, and to meditate upon how much easier it was to accomplish something in the Foreign Service in 1925—in fact, to accomplish anything—than it became after World War II, when the State Department was evicted from its home beside the White House, and diplomacy itself was sold down the Potomac to the experts, the managers, and the administrators.

No population explosion, I reflected, could surpass the philoprogenitive prowess of the hureaucratic wood weevil (*Rhynchophora publica*), which discovered in Foggy Bottom the ideal environment in which to propagate. The Staff Aide of yesterday hides his larval title overnight, blossoming forth the next day as Executive Director, with wall-to-wall carpet and a blonde with an electric typewriter. Abroad, the Administrative Assistant is miserable unless he can soon call himself Minister of Embassy for Administrative Affairs, with dozens of indigenous beavers to chew on his pencils. And all over Government bureaucracy, the mechanic hired to fix the carburetor, jumps instead behind the steering wheel, shouting over his shoulder as he takes off for the nearest turnpike that the car was his in the first place.

Those were somber meditations, as I assembled my file on crested crockery. It was by now a formidable and voluminous documentation. Mine were gloomy meditations, and they turned out, all at once, to be unduly pessimistic.

While I was out of circulation, and my patented reminder system correspondingly shackled, the new Director General of the Foreign Service had been bestirring himself nobly on my behalf. Enlisting New Frontiersmen, who turned out to be willing to try anything once, an assault in strength had been mounted against the hitherto impregnable ramparts of the Service of Buildings Section. The ramparts crumbled.

Scarcely had I reached the retired list when I received word that the crested crockery citadel had finally capitulated. I was informed, and in writing, that as a retired Ambassador I would now be permitted to purchase the set of china that I had been trying since the year 1959 to requisition through the American Embassy in Athens.

While I was still admiring this miracle, certification of which I contemplated having mounted between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States for the edification of future generations, the rumor reached me that a former mainstay of the Service of Buildings Section had been exiled from Washington to Zamboanga, where he was set to stacking coconuts for the

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"RECHERCHE DE TEMPS PERDU"

(Continued from page 30)

Following that happy beginning, I often dropped into the Retiro, to present my homage to Madame Ducoin and to observe the curious fauna that frequented the bar, quite a change from the government and university people that I saw in the course of my day's work, if one could call it that. The "regulars" consisted of traveling salesmen, waiters from L'Auberge de la Truite, the black market restaurant in front of the hotel, a hat check girl from a nightclub off the Champs Elysées, fun-loving, provincial butter and eggmen, who liked to have a discreet pied-à-terre in the big city, and a number of pleasant young women who seemed to have no regular working hours. Since my French horizons in the past had been limited to the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Ecole des Chartres, and predominantly middle class literary and university groups, the Retiro was a revelation to me, and opened up a whole new and flavorsome area of French society.

Mme. Ducoin welcomed me back like a prodigal son. Her hair was more lustrously mahogany than ever. M. Ducoin, Léon, an ex-Foreign Legionnaire, insisted that I accept one of his home-made *pastis* (a kind of unsophisticated *pernod*), which he distilled clandestinely down in the cellar, behind one of the bathtubs. The daughter of the house, Marie France, came in to say hello. This lean, pale-faced, gimlet-eyed maiden, who combined the convent-manners she learned at the nuns' school she frequented with an extensive and quite matter-of-fact acquaintance with the more lurid aspects of existence, was an unfailing source of

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CRESTED CROCKERY

(Continued from page 41)

village elders of Mindanao to throw at volunteers of the Peace Corps. That rumor, it turned out, was merely my own wishful thinking. One cannot have everything, as I found out again when the bill for my crested crockery arrived: it knocked a large chunk of the granite of New Hampshire off the summit of Mount Washington.

Mine was nonetheless a notable triumph. The fadeout is a happy picture of the now-pensioned public servant. He is smiling with senile glee as he unwraps saucers and soup plates from their protecting layers of tissue paper. There is a place of honor for each one in his cupboard. A jug of north country applejack sits at the Ambassador's elbow and presently he will dream benevolent thoughts about the Service of Buildings Section of the State Department of the New Frontier. He will be wishing that Section well as it moves from foreign capital to foreign capital, building miniature Mount Vernons in Mogadiscio, and life-size Grand Central Terminals in New Delhi.

All of which I have meticulously reported, in the expectation that there may exist in the Foreign Service other Ambassadors who, harkening to the sound of crested crockery shattering against a precedent, may themselves desire to embellish their autumn years with the richly glazed fruits of my bureaucratic victory.

As an American Vice Consul once bravely telegraphed the State Department in another but not dissimilar context: Flag Up—Precedent Established!

amazement and instruction for me. She reminded me of a lower-class Gigi, a character worthy of the talents of a Colette. The bar was full of animation. Madame Fernande, the chief masseuse, had come up from the baths downstairs for a cup of coffee; the head-waiter of the Inn of the Trout was having a *pastis* before going to work; Hélène, the Rubenesque blonde, who presided like a goddess over the toilets of the Cercle des Alliés, pursued a tearful quarrel with her lover, a burning-eyed little Sicilian named M. Gandolfo, who was dark as a Moor and half her size. M. Degas, the plumber, was downing red wine at the counter, in the company of a couple of workmen from the printing house of Lecram-Servan, in the back of the Cité. Since this, gentlemen, is intended to be a literary chronicle, I should take this opportunity to underline the contributions of the Retiro to modern literature. Leeram-Servan were the printers for Jack Kahane's Olympia Press, which, in addition to quantities of purely commercial pornography like "Where Love Is Fear" or "Too Proud to Beg," designed for Anglo-Saxon tourists, had also manufactured books such as Cyril Connolly's "The Rock Pool," Laurence Durrell's "Black Book," and Henry Miller's "Black Spring" as well as the two "Tropics." During the period '44-'46, it was one of the most prosperous enterprises in the Cité. Its antique presses clattered away day and night trying to meet the demands for Henry Miller, whose sales had skyrocketed among the English and American troops. With these profits, Jack Kahane's son, Marcel Girodias, founded

the high-brow Editions du Chêne, which originally specialized in luxurious art books, one of which, if I remember the title correctly, was "The Image of the Virgin in European Painting." It is thus that the flower of respectability is nourished on the compost-heap of naughtiness.

I linger on this evocation of what Léon, the *patron*, used to call the "Independent Republic of the Retiro," since I maintained contact with it for the next two years and it is inextricably bound up with many of my memories and friendships of this period. As autumn passed into winter, the cruelly cold winter of 1944-45, the little bar of the Retiro became a haven, kept cozy with an iron stove which burned coal filched from the supply which legally, but most sparingly, had been allotted to the bath establishment. By December there was snow and it had turned bitterly cold. Walking at night through the unlighted streets, I thought of Villon and the Paris he describes in "Le Petit Testament," when the ink froze in the inkwell as he sat writing and the wolves, driven from the forests by hunger, roamed at the gates of the city. The streets in 1944-45 were deserted, there was no traffic, and in the older quarters, with the dark masses of the buildings outlined in gleaming snow, one had the vision, both beautiful and desolate, of a mediaeval city, decimated by the plague, a city of suffering and fear.

And fear was everywhere, since the news from the front grew worse. The Germans had unleashed their offensive in the Ardennes, and people were fearful it might end in a big break-through as far as Paris. Every evening in the Retiro

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RECHERCHE

there were terrified rumors of German parachutists landing in the Bois de Boulogne. But life continued as it somehow always does, and in these harsh circumstances one lived with a greater zest and a greater appetite for experience than in times of security and comfort.

I had continued to extend my contacts, especially among the younger writers and publishers, who had a passionate interest in contemporary American literature, from which they had been cut off for four years. They were anxious to talk about it. So in the shabby but hospitable bar of the Retiro, of all places, a kind of literary salon began to take form, less proper but certainly better heated than the great gilt rooms where the Duchess of la Rochefoucauld (Gilberte Mauge in literature) received her literary friends on Friday evenings. Certainly Léon's *pastis* was a more potent stimulus to discussion than the Duchess' weak tea.

With the prevailing vogue for everything American—ranging from the works of Faulkner and the movies of the Marx Brothers (whom the French took very seriously as "geniuses of surrealism") to hot jazz and Lucky Strike cigarettes and even to that canned meat issued in G.I. rations, which French soldiers called "singe" (monkey-meat) and French civilians later baptized "Corned Truman"—I found that I had a constant stream of visitors as soon as the evening sun went down. They represented almost every era of Paris literary life: Pierre Courtade, then editor of the far Left weekly ACTION, and George Adam and Claude Morgan, of LETTRES FRANCAISES, which did not at that time echo exclusively the Communist line; Jacques Maritain, just returned from America on an official mission before being named Ambassador to The Vatican, Emmanuel Mounier, editor of the Catholic-Left review, ESPRIT; Dominicans like Father Maydiou, editor of the daring, non-conformist VIE INTELLECTUELLE, Father Courturier, who sparked the current revival in French liturgical art through his encouragement of churches like Assy and the Matisse chapel in Vence; Jesuits like Father Jean Daniélou, one of the most brilliant of the brilliant group that published ETUDES.

In between these extremes came a motley, friendly, animated, amoral, stimulating crew—at least I thought so at the time. And the bar of the Retiro, with the faded red velvet curtains at the windows and the little cast iron stove red hot in one corner, a pail of laundry boiling on top of it and Billy, the ancient fox-terrier that shared Madame Ducoin's bed, sleeping beside it, was to me an authentic temple of the spirit. Often that winter as I sat there, drinking the bootleg *pastis* and talking my head off, I felt a sense of freedom, of *disponibilité* that I had never felt before and never in the same measure since. It was probably what Camus described in an early essay ("Été à Alger") as "ce signe de la jeunesse, une vocation magnifique pour les bonheurs faciles." Camus, in fact, interested me more and more. In spite of the greater notoriety of Sartre, I felt that Camus had superior gifts as a writer. I regularly bought COMBAT, the daily to which he contributed his outstanding editorials, and read with excitement his essays, "L'Envers et L'Endroit," and "Noces," his novel "L'Etranger," and his plays "Caligula" and "Le Malentendu." One day Jacqueline Bernard, who had been deported

by John L. Brown

to Ravensbrück, and on her return had become the *Secrétaire de rédaction* of COMBAT, phoned up to invite me to a birthday party which some of the members of the staff, including Camus, were giving for their colleague, Albert Ollivier. You can imagine that I accepted with alacrity. But I insisted that everyone should come to the Retiro afterward for *real* coffee and a cake made with *real* butter. I alerted Madame Ducoin, who, through her extensive extralegal connections, could turn up with almost anything you wanted provided you could pay, and Monsieur Cézanne, the baker of the Retiro, was provided with the materials necessary for the fabrication of a real Moka "just like the pre-war ones," as the nostalgic phrase went. Everyone was in high spirits at the dinner and afterward all of us—Jacqueline Bernard, Pascal Pia, Ollivier, Paul Bodin, Camus—proceeded to the Retiro to eat the cake. We were joined by Charlot, a young publisher from Algiers, who had brought out Camus' earliest books, as well as the works of other writers like Jean Amrouche, Claude de Fréminville, Roblès, Jules Roy, who were beginning to be loosely known as the North African school. Charlot had just moved to Paris and was burning with ambition to repeat in the Capital the success he had known in the provinces. (Three years later, he had lost everything and was back in Algiers, running a bookshop on the rue Michelet.) But that evening, everyone seemed to feel that the world was his oyster. Camus was light-heartedly telling stories about street life in Algiers; he had nothing yet of the prophetic air that recognition of being the voice of his generation occasionally imposed on him in later years. Otherwise, I remember little about the party. I have only a very brief entry in my notebooks to remind me of it. (It's curious about notebooks—when you are living the most, you write the least.) It reads: "Dinner: Jacqueline Bernard for Ollivier's birthday. Camus there. To the Retiro afterward. Camus: 'Les gens solennel ne sont jamais sérieux.' (Solemn people are never really serious)."

I continued to see Camus on and off during that winter, often with the North Africans. We used to meet at the Méphisto, on the Boulevard Saint Germain, just beyond the Rhumerie Martiniquaise. I liked all of the group and wished them well in their Balzacian ambition to "make the conquest of Paris." And I felt a certain kinship with them. Their attitude towards France, "la métropole" as they called it, had something of the same ambivalence as the attitude of nineteenth century Americans towards Britain. We were both, in a sense, "colonials." We both had something of the Far West about us. We both were at once envious and contemptuous of the rituals, the passwords, the elanishness of "The Establishment." And like us, their blood was mixed, even though their language was French. Camus' mother was Spanish; Amrouche, although he wrote beautiful French, was a Berber; Roblès family was of Andalusian origin. None of them was a product of one of those *Grandes Ecoles*, like Polytechnique or Normale, which give a manner and assure a future to those—like Sartre or Raymond Aron or Merleau Ponty—who graduated from them. They were all "outsiders," ardent colonial Rastignacs, determined to take the Paris establishment by storm with their talent. And several of them did.

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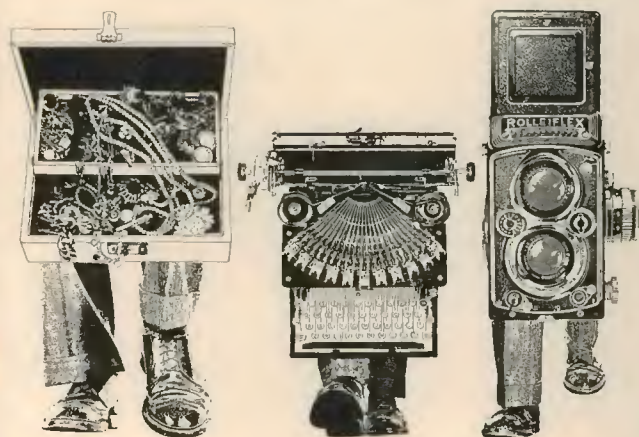
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RECHERCHE

They loved to talk about Algeria. You would have thought they were Southern Californians exiled in New England, as they reminisced about sun and sand and picnics at Tipasa and the dazzling light and the burning heat, sitting there at the Mèphisto with a hot rum in front of them and the grayness and fog of the Paris winter outside. Camus always spoke of himself as a Mediterranean man and used to describe his difficult early years in Mondovi and Algiers as a kind of Paradise Lost. He spoke less of these memories as the years went by, as though he realized that any return to the innocence of sea and sand were impossible. I once told him that I thought that many of the traits he attributed to the Algerians were equally true of Americans. He did not disagree with me, although his contacts with the United States were too brief and too "organized" (he had traveled as an official lecturer) for him to have any but the most perfunctory impressions of our country. I thought of passages in "Noces" where he speaks of "un peuple sans passé, sans tradition, et cependant non sans poésie," or "Le contraire d'un peuple civilisé, c'est un peuple créateur. Ces barbares qui se prélassent sur des plages, j'ai l'espoir insensé qui a leur insu peut-être, ils sont en train de modeler le visage d'une culture où la grandeur de l'homme trouvera enfin son vrai visage." And, reading Camus' pages, I thought of the bathers on California beaches, living, like the Algerians, "dans le présent, sans mythes, sans consolation" and on whom "les dons de la beauté physique ont été prodigués."

Unlike Sartre, a highly specialized type of the cerebral *Normalien*, Camus had little of the Paris intellectual about him. I noticed this particularly in the case of his contacts with the printers at the newspaper, with stage hands in the theater. The usual European intellectual, it seemed to me, the product of a closed, specialized, and, within limits, very efficient system, is often embarrassed in the presence of "The Others," those from another background, of another formation. Conscientiously "of the Left," he loves and defends the "Proletariat" with a capital P, but is often acutely ill at ease if forced into actual contact with workers and doesn't know what to say to them. Camus never had this difficulty. I sensed that he not only loved humanity but that he first of all loved individual human beings. I often noticed how generous he was in giving his time to find jobs for unemployed Resistance comrades or to go to the funerals and weddings of the printers of COMBAT and their families. Already the problem of the future of Algeria, which was to torment his later years, was beginning to occupy him. For him and his family, for his wife and her family, Algeria, in a narrow, concrete sense, was their country, more their country than France, although by culture they were French, too. "It's as though you were told that England was your country, but even though your ancestors came from there, England *isn't* your country any more," Francine Camus once admonished me.

Overworked, always inclined to burn himself out, Camus had a recurrence of tuberculosis in the summer of 1945. He was away from Paris for almost a year, and when he returned, the group of North Africans like everyone else, it seemed, had fallen into dissension and things were never as simple and cordial again as they were during those first months.

by John L. Brown

And there were other Afrieans as well, whom I used to see at Pierre Emmanuel's, notably Léopold Senghor, now president of Sénégal. He taught French literature in a lycée outside of Paris, wrote poems, which used to be read in a little African night club on the rue de la Harpe, La Rose Rouge, which we called *La Petite Rose Rouge* to distinguish it from the big *Rose Rouge* on the rue de Rennes where Juliette Gréco sang. And there were Prévert and Michaux and the poet photographer Brassai, and René Bertelé who published all of them, and a splinter group of Surrealists headed by George Bataille and including Pierre Klossowski, the brother of the painter Balthus, and Pierre Leyris, the translator of Eliot, and Marcel Moré, the editor of the curious review *DIEU VIVANT*, and so many others who came to the Retiro to talk, over Léon's *pastis*. And gradually, during 1945, the American colony in Paris began to reconstitute itself—Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas returned from the country to their apartment on the rue Christine, not far from Picasso, and began entertaining G.I.'s; Natalia Barney, "the Amazon" of Remy de Gourmont, hearing majestically the weight of her seventy- or eighty-odd years, opened her *pavillon* on the rue Jacob, after having spent the war years in Florence. Janet Flanner turned up; and Ann and Julien Green, and Eugene and Maria Jolas, who had published *TRANSITION* before the war. And American writers drawn by the ever-renewed legend of Paris, began to arrive, Richard Wright, on the rue Monsieur le Prince, where he was intensely taken up for a time by Sartre, who found that Wright was a fine demonstration of his theories about literature; and Carson McCullers and her husband Reeves; and Kay Boyle, who nested with her numerous brood in an old hôtel full of red plush and tarnished mirrors near the Place Vendôme. . . .

But all that is something for other chapters, for other occasions. Will they ever present themselves? Who can tell? This "recherche du temps perdu" is melancholy exercise for someone whose grasp of reality is tenuous at the very best. It reveals too pitilessly the fallibility of memory, the poverty of recall, the narrow limits of our always fragmentary vision. Like Montaigne, one is forced to ask, is history ever possible? Did it actually happen that way? Was I really there? *Am I? Are you?*



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When the Minister and the Secretary Differed

A Duel Was in Order

by E. TAYLOR PARKS

LATE IN 1828, the American Legation at St. Petersburg, Russia, was the scene of unfriendly exchanges between Minister Henry Middleton and Secretary of Legation Beaufort T. Watts, both highly esteemed South Carolinians. The former had served well at the same post since 1820, the latter had just arrived after earlier commendable diplomatic service in Colombia. When it was recognized that the two officers could not work together harmoniously, Colonel Watts left for Paris, and finally returned to the United States to present his side of the controversy to the Secretary of State. Minister Middleton also presented his side, but remained at his post until the summer of 1830.

Early in 1831, Mr. John L. Wilson, an authority on dueling and the author of "The Code of Honor or Rules for the Government of Principals and Seconds in Duelling," found himself in the unenviable position of presenting to Mr. Middleton at the request of Colonel Watts "a demand . . . of honorable reparations for indignities and injuries which he complains of having received at your hands in St. Petersburg." While Mr. Wilson did not advocate dueling as "a proper mode of deciding all personal difficulties and misunderstandings," he did believe that there were cases where dueling was "right and proper." He therefore offered his services as "the medium of honorably and satisfactorily adjusting the unpleasant difficulty" and requested an appointment with Minister Middleton.

While the letters of Watts and Middleton to Secretary of State Van Buren were long, involved, and contradictory, Colonel Watts' "catalogue of grievances" presented through Mr. Wilson was limited principally to three points: (1) unjustifiably suspending him from his functions as Secretary of Legation, (2) "withholding official cards of invitation" to dine with the British Ambassador and to assist at the anniversary of the Imperial Academy of Arts and Sciences at St. Petersburg; and; (3) "oppressing and cruelly treating him in requiring him to advertise his intention of leaving St. Petersburg."

Minister Middleton, while convinced that the suspension from duties was "only a necessary consequence of his [Watts'] own conduct," which he had fully explained to the Secretary of State, gave assurance that "no insult was intended."

To the second charge, he "pleaded guilty." He felt, however, that Colonel Watts had already been furnished a rea-

sonable explanation of the omission regarding the Ambassador's invitation, but admitted that he was "totally at a loss at the present time to give precisely the reason" for the second omission.

In answer to the last complaint, he stated that Colonel Watts had been required merely to comply with police regulations regarding persons leaving Russia. Although members of diplomatic missions were in some measure exempt, by common consent they conformed.

Minister Middleton considered his explanations adequate to show that there was nothing to indicate "a malicious intention" on his part.

In passing this reply to "the claims for redress of injuries" to Colonel Watts, Mr. Wilson stated that the Minister had "acquitted himself of all intentional wrong," adding: "You have asked nothing but what a sense of honor compelled you to ask, and he has conceded what a man of honor should concede."

Colonel Watts restated the conviction that he had firmly held to the effect that Minister Middleton had been hostile to his presence at the Legation, but closed the affair by stating: "I am the person injured from the impressions that were made—but I am now pleased to believe, (notwithstanding facts and circumstances) from the assured disavowal of Mr. Middleton, that they were erroneous."

The compiler of "the code of honor, or rules for . . . duelling" had successfully served as "the medium of honorably and satisfactorily adjusting the unpleasant difficulty," without the principals (American diplomats) seeking satisfaction under the code.



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Ballet in Japan — If Rain or No Rain

By NANCY H. STYLES

FOR two years I had driven past the rambling, barn-like structure that had "Matuso Ballet Studio" emblazoned in bold orange letters in both Japanese and English on a large weather-beaten sign above its sliding front door. The window panes, shattered here and there by Tokyo's frequent earthquakes, presented a broken picture of moving figures in black leotards and tights that intrigued me. What, I wondered, was going on inside? Were they dancing "Swan Lake" accompanied by samisen? It seemed so out of character for the Japanese, habitually so staid and inhibited, to be performing ballet leaps and jumps. One day my curiosity got the best of me.

"Do you give ballet lessons?" I inquired timidly of the short, middle-aged Japanese who opened the door.

"*Hai, hai*, I give lesson. My name is Mr. Kawaji. How long did you study?" His English was better than I had anticipated.

NANCY H. STYLES is married to FSO Michael H. Styles. The Styles' have two children, both born in Tokyo. Mr. Styles is currently assigned to the Department.

"I never studied ballet before." He looked surprised.

"What you want me to teach you?"

"Everything—from the beginning," I replied confidently.

"Everything!" He seemed taken aback, then looked me over suspiciously. "Of course, you are too old (I was twenty-five), and also too big (I am five feet ten) but you look like a ballerina . . . only bigger . . . and have very good legs . . . Okay. Beginner's class starts yesterday at three o'clock."

I was confused. "You mean tomorrow, *sensai* (teacher)?" He nodded.

"See you tomorrow at three then."

I was last in line of three girls; the other two were Japanese girls ten years my junior. For a week I copied their motions. One day my teacher told me to stop, because they were doing them incorrectly and "there is no hope for them because they don't care to be correct." So he put me at the head of the line, told me exactly what to do, and *they* copied me. I suffered day after day from the strain on my muscles and the bruises on my ego. What kept me going was the beautiful dancing and quiet dedication of Mr. Kawaji's

wife, Akemi Matsuo, one of Japan's leading five ballerinas, and without a doubt the loveliest Japanese woman I ever met.

After three months the other two girls quit and I was left alone. By taking private lessons I eventually qualified for the intermediate class.

This consisted of two Japanese girls, one British apache dancer, one Austrian ballet dancer, and one tall skinny Japanese boy twenty years old. After some nine months this class too disintegrated, and only the Japanese boy and I were left.

"Stylesan, do you hope to stay in this class?" our teacher asked. I wasn't sure what he meant. So I replied, "If I don't dance I'm not happy." He looked at Nakatsukasan.

"And you . . ."

"*Watakushi mo, sensai,*" he replied, which means, "me too."

Kawaji *sensai* paced the room, looked out the window for a long while, finally sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and spoke decisively: "Of course, you are both not ready, but there is no place else to go, so you come to advanced class yesterday morning at 10."

I burst out laughing. "You mean tomorrow, *sensai.*"

The next morning Nakatsukasan and I took our places at the end of the line of about twenty assorted students, all Japanese except myself. The others eyed me with suspicion; my skin was the wrong color, my hair was blonde, I was taller than any of them, and what was worst of all, I was not a very good dancer. After the first lesson I went home and cried for an hour, from exhaustion and despair.

For the next three months I smiled a lot, spoke very little, and when I did, spoke in Japanese. One day Kawaji *sensai* approached me with a proposition; Eikosan, a gifted sixteen-year-old dancer, wanted to take English lessons from me. I agreed on the condition that she come to my home for the lessons. She was shy, and the proposition hung in the air for several days until another girl agreed to accompany her. We drank American coffee, listened to American records, and fumbled about with both English and Japanese, mixed with ballet French when the going got really rough. Several times we lost control of all three languages and ended up in tears of laughter.

"Stylesan, do you wish to be in recital?" Kawaji *sensai* asked shyly one day.

"If you like, but I am only foreigner in this school at this time, and I am very shy to dance alone."

"You need partner?"

"*Hai, hai, sensai.*" I motioned towards Nakatsukasan. "He is my partner?"

"He is only one tall enough for you. I speak to him about you."

I have never seen anyone blush as furiously as Nakatsukasan did. He stammered, he fumbled, he looked utterly miserable, but he agreed to be my partner.

Mr. Kawaji asked me to choose the music for our dance. I chose Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois," and he composed a charming, romantic pas de deux for us, in which I danced the role of scared maiden and my partner my pursuer.

After many weeks of practice, Kawaji *sensai* shouted "stop" in the middle of the dance.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Stylesan, in this scene you are a girl and he is a boy, he leads you, you don't take him."

There was only one thing wrong; Nakatsukasan was not

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BALLET

a leader, at least not of an American woman as tall as he, and older. On the day of the recital he became so nervous that he forgot his dance in the middle, and left me fleeing from a partner who was not pursuing. We did, somehow, manage to finish the dance together.

After more than a year of hard labor I managed to work up to become the least member of the hard core of professional dancers in the company. Kawaji *sensai* was becoming concerned for my future, I could tell. Finally one day he came out with it:

"Stylesan, of course you are too old, and also too big, but you are a good dancer—I made you myself," he went on unselfconsciously, "Do you hope to become a ballerina?"

I was shocked. "*Tonde mo nai*," I burst out, which means, "Don't be silly," a thing no well-bred Japanese girl would have said to her teacher. He was taken aback. He paced the floor a little, then asked: "Then, why, if rain or no rain you never fail this class . . .?"

"Sensai," I began very shyly, "I hope to become a writer. Writers write about people they know and love and things they know and love—and I love ballet and Japanese people, so . . . *wakarimasuka*?" I asked, which means, "Do you understand?"

His eyes lit up. "Oh, *now* I understand everything. My father was also a poet!"

Just before we left Japan, my husband and I had lunch with Kawaji *sensai* and his wife Akemi. Kawaji *sensai* asked me shyly, "Do you hope to write about me and my wife some day?" "Sensai," I replied, "if rain or no rain, I never fail this class."

A Special Report:

The Yugobania Proposal

by S. I. NADLER

THIS report is being written on the premise that the American people have a right to know about something which may affect their future way of life—especially when that something has for months been a leading topic of discussion in the inner circles of the United Nations and the source of considerable speculation in the cafés of Monaco.

"The Yugobania Proposal" obviously takes its name from a combination of those of Yugoslavia and Albania. Some Western opponents of the plan state that, since it admittedly derives from something communist, it should not even be considered. Supporters of the proposal contend that this is an argument which just does not hold vodka. Did the Russians, they ask, refuse to fly simply because the Wright Brothers invented the airplane? Did we, on the other hand, cancel our space program when Sputnik went up? Whether by accident or design, states this group, the Communists happen to have developed an excellent technique for handling international fallings out among themselves. When Russia unleashes an ideological attack on Albania or when Red China lashes out at Yugoslavia, everybody knows who is really calling whom what. When a united front is required, however, a rapprochement is effected immediately, without need for apologies, retractions, or loss of face on either side. Khrushchev, after all, did not mention Red

China by name, nor did Mao suggest that, for Tito, one should read Khrushchev.

The Yugobania Proposal recommends that some small national entity be selected or created, complete with a two-party political system, each of those political parties agreeable continuously to be on the receiving end of Soviet diatribes and U.S. eulogies—or vice versa, depending upon the international situation at any given moment. The national entity so selected or created would have its economy entirely underwritten by U.S. and Soviet aid, the aid to be provided by whichever of the two happens currently to be praising the party in power. This is spelled out in detail in the proposal's second part, known as Part Four. (The Yugobania Proposal has two parts, called Part Three and Part Four. When queried about this, the proposal's originator replied, "I have my reasons." He may well have.)

Many communist critics of the proposal object to its calling for a single-country, two-party mechanism, instead of two countries. They insist that the Communists originated the basic concept, with Albania and Yugoslavia, arguing that nobody can improve on it. Usually well-informed diplomats of non-aligned nations, however, believe that the Communists could not care less about the one-country modification but simply cannot swallow the two-party angle. Significantly, there has been talk of a compromise involving a single national entity—but one divided into two unfriendly parts. This has already been dubbed the Yugobania-East/Yugobania West Counter-Proposal.

Supporters of the proposal have diligently been pointing out to its critics—not without some success—that several side-benefits remain to be explored. By way of illustration, the Yugobanians (or whatever they might be called) could solve a major problem for the motion picture and television industries. All gangsters, blackmailers, spies, and other unsavory characters in films could be portrayed as Yugobanians, thus offending no other minority group.

Where the proposal now stands is a matter of speculation. Some clue, however, may be discernible in the following results of a survey conducted in five countries of Western Europe, Great Britain, five central states of the U.S., and Nigeria. Ten percent of the respondents said they favored the proposal. Ten percent were opposed. Fifty-two percent had never heard of it and had no opinion, anyway. And ten percent insisted that the Yugobanians could not be trusted. When it was pinpointed out by interviewers that Yugobania and Yugobanians had not yet come into existence, these respondents replied that this just proved that they could not be trusted.

Secretary of State
Dean Rusk
Department of State
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I am a fifteen-year-old boy in *fairly deep* trouble. I had to read "The Ugly American" for English and I wrote a book report on it. My teacher criticized me when I said it was exaggerated. Please send me any information or pamphlets you have. I'll take anything. I need it soon.

Sincerely,
Ronald W.

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Letters to the Editor

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A Spontaneous Tribute

"How do they feel about Americans there?"

This question, universally asked Foreign Service people on home leave, is one of the few questions our Stateside friends wait for an answer to, and one of the most difficult to answer simply. No wonder, with press commentaries at home and abroad leaning heavily, if necessarily, on money-bags and consequent disillusion and reproach from both sides.

We who live abroad, however, know that, along with the public slings and arrows, there are directed at the United States many unpublicized manifestations of personal appreciation, friendship, and a sometimes embarrassing gratitude.

Recently the government wives in São Paulo were deeply touched by just such a spontaneous tribute to our country.

It happened this way.

For two or three years a group of Brazilian women from an organization similar to the League of Women Voters has been arranging programs and expeditions for American wives with the specific purpose of helping us know better the history, art and culture of their country. This generous and unusual initiative has opened for us doors that the most assiduous museum-trotting couldn't even locate.

Most recently we went to Embu, outside the city, to visit a seventeenth century church and Jesuit convent which is a museum in itself. With a minimum of restoration, it remains in use today. In addition to original baroque altars and wood sculptures and fabulous painted ceilings, it now houses a girls' school. The mother superior of the teachers (order of Maria Auxiliadora) took us away from all her treasures for coffee with her girls. Over coffee we saw an exhibit of ceramic work done in their classes with Sakay de Embu, famed sculptor in terra cotta.

They had also prepared a surprise.

Everywhere were posters with slogans like "Milk is Health"; but in the place of honor at the end of the hall was hung a tremendous poster of the Alliance for Progress. The Mother Superior announced that her girls, frequently reminded of who their true

friends are, had written a special song for the occasion.

As fifty neatly-uniformed girls started singing their words to "La Paloma," we listened with the usual polite appreciation until the sense of the words became clear: gratitude to "nossos bons amigos de coração" in the United States for food and clothing received. And for a moment international politics and money-bags gave way to simple human sentiment as the girls ended their own thank-you song thus:

*"Bless, O Lord, those who do
good to us
For love of Thee."
(Italics ours)*

GOVERNMENT WIVES IN SÃO PAULO

... New Bottles

JUST a line of thankful appreciation for S.F.M.'s letter on "Scotch Mist" in the October JOURNAL. He has raised an important question, discussed it in an intelligent manner, and offered constructive and logical suggestions for its solution. On the other hand he should, perhaps, be informed that so far as representational purposes are concerned, the ersatz Scotch must be handled with great care and foresight.

While I was stationed in Canada not too many years ago, somebody came out with a "Scotch Type" whisky, which we bought out of bond for \$12 a case (forty oz. bottles) as compared with \$18 to \$25 for the various brands of the genuine imported Scotch (twenty-six oz. bottles). Our joy was great, for no one except an accomplished dipsomaniac could tell the difference, and with representation of sorts required, with representation allowances nil, it meant the difference between having an occasional party and not having any.

Then came the calamity in the form of an edict from the Ambassador that the "Scotch Type" whisky should not be served to anyone other than American tourists and our own drinking relatives—we were granted the privilege of buying out of bond, and when we bought out of bond we should show our gratitude for the privilege by serving the real McCoy in the Scotch line. It seems that some of the Canadian min-

ing, lumber or railroad tycoons had commented on the poor grade of Scotch which they had been drinking at some consular parties—maybe legation or embassy parties, I don't remember—and upon investigation it had been disclosed that instead of real Scotch they had been served some sort of home brew distilled and bottled in Canada. Hence the injunction.

When faced with such an edict (coupled with an overdrawn budget) what would you do? So did we. We made pests of ourselves hounding our affluent Canadian friends for their empty Scotch bottles (Boy Scouts are having a bottle collection drive, you know) and suddenly the Pinch bottles, and the Black Label bottles, and the King's Ransom bottles began to appear in consular homes which had never served such deluxe Scotch before. And the same dopes who had complained about the inferior grades of Scotch and soda originally purred like kittens, and lapped it up by the case, when dispensed from these genuine, imported bottles.

So please tell brother S.F.M., that if he is able to obtain a supply of Japanese, Spanish—or Canadian, if they still manufacture it—"Scotch Type" whisky, there is one thing he can do for his country—transfer it to Haig and Haig bottles before serving it from the bottle at any representational affair.

FRED M. WREN

Perry, Maine

Gobbledygook-gram

THE following nonsense occurred to me as of possible interest to JOURNAL readers. Full license to improve it is given:

"In the wave of international goodwill over the test ban, it appears that some governments went wild in an exchange of gifts. To those initiated in the current cable jargon (GO — means Government of —), the following recent gobbledygook-gram, reporting on these developments, should not be difficult to decipher:

"FROM: GÖTEBERG

GOTT GOT GOT GIVE GOB GOLD GOBLET,
GOCAR GOT GOAT; GOUSSR, GOOSE. GOSH!
GET GOUV GIVE GOY COLLIWOG.

GOOF"

M.P.

Washington

Letters to the Editor

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"The Ugly American" Revisited

I NOTICE by a recent issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST that the "gimmick-happy" boys are at it again under this title, this time exploiting a new line which will also be as lucrative as uninformed readers and a gullible public are willing to make it.

After making a killing by playing up the seamy side of some of the imperfect aspects of their nation's endeavors, which is always a profitable subject to exploit, they now would have us begin to believe that there is hope after all due to an eleventh-hour revival inspired by their experienced counsel. Fortunately, one of the good American traits is that even while serving abroad where we really face these practical issues in fact rather than fancy, we read this blather being produced from the comforts of Hawaii or California with more humor than anger, but it does occasionally strike a bare nerve which is not always in an accommodating mood to such unsolicited taddle on subjects ranging from language skills to the techniques of international relations from authors who, having neither experience nor divine revelation, know precious little about either.

The whole comic act reminds one somewhat of the witch doctor who predicts all manner of sinister forebodings concerning the future during a typhoon but when the sun miraculously reappears it somehow was due to his efficacious incantations.

We make a tragic error and do ourselves as Americans a grave injustice if we allow any seller of magic to destroy our basic faith in the driving motives and inspirations that have made America great and continue to keep her in that place of pre-eminence. The reason the sun shines with undiminished brilliance in 1963 despite the passage of a few clouds and eclipses is because deeply ingrained faiths in our national character have made of us a people who are sympathetic, magnanimous, imaginative and willing to sacrifice and labor on behalf of the programs born of ideals we believe in. The Peace Corps or any other program, private or public, which bears fruit in our worldwide endeavors is a manifestation of this same spirit which was not born yesterday after reading a

sensational novel nor will it die tomorrow when some best seller is based on the "miraculous" discovery that some Peace Corps representative has feet of clay.

As to the much vaunted superiority of Communist representatives, including language skills, etc., a few pertinent facts are neatly overlooked. If a Russian doesn't learn some additional languages to his own he is out of communication with the rest of the world. The man who knows English possesses a natural asset which makes him the natural practice target of all those who wish to acquire a working knowledge of this universal language no matter how well he may know a local tongue. Russian has no such attraction.

If those who believe we should emulate the communist methods can read as well as write, let them read "Inside a Soviet Embassy," a most revealing story of a real "Ghetto" in Rangoon which did not even have the advantage of being "golden." That Russian author was impressed by the difference between the American community and the Russian even if our American expert authors were not.

Rangoon was suggested to at least one of the authors as a good example of a positive story before "The Ugly American" was ever published. But after all experience has probably shown that the great American success story doesn't "sell." Those of us who believe in our heritage however can continue to take great satisfaction from the fact that it *counts*!

JOHN M. STEEVES

Kabul



Gobbi

by Jacques Callot

Travel and the Budget

I READ with much interest and inward cheers Ambassador Poullada's article "The Budget and the Future of American Diplomacy" in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. He said some things that have long needed to be said openly, that usually are only whispered.

All of us who have been in the Service for a few years are aware of the many ways in which the perennial shortage of funds hampers efforts to promote the interests and security of the United States. I would like to point out one way in which this paucity of funds directly affects our national security.

In order to formulate a meaningful foreign policy, our Government needs timely and accurate reports on what is happening and what may happen and what people are thinking and feeling throughout other countries. Reports only on events and attitudes in the national capital or in the cities where consulates are located are not sufficient, they may be downright misleading and dangerous.

There is only one way in which knowledge can be obtained for the needed reports; that is by frequent travel through the country or district of assignment. Yet, due to the persistent shortage of money, an adequate amount of travel is impossible. This lack of funds operates in two ways to restrict needed travel. First, it causes inadequate staffing of embassies and consulates which makes it extremely difficult for officers to spend much time away from their desks. Second, and more directly, there is never much money available for transportation and per diem. For example, almost every year the Embassy in Mexico is forced reluctantly to order the cancellation or postponement of all but the most urgent travel. Good reports that will alert the Department in advance of events are almost impossible to produce under these limitations. Yet the State Department and Foreign Service are criticized bitterly whenever anything "unexpected" or "unforeseen" happens anywhere in the world.

Since experience indicates that the day when the Department will be granted adequate funds is still far in the future, I would like to suggest one simple way in which the Congress could assist the Department to make the

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TRAVEL (Continued)

amounts granted go further. When the Department does not know until November or December how much money it will have for a fiscal year that began in July, rational planning and spending and economic operation are not possible. If the Department could know by May 15 how much money would be available for the next fiscal year, I am sure that much more effective use could be made of that amount than can be done under the present circumstances.

I hope that Ambassador Poullada's article will be circulated to every member of Congress and to others interested in the effectiveness of American diplomacy.

LELAND W. WARNER, JR.
American Consul

Tampico

"A Livable Post"

I WAS disheartened to read in "Service Items" in a recent issue that Consul William Coffin's wife many years ago pre-emptorily packed up and departed Maskat until such time as Mr. Coffin "succeeded in being transferred to a livable post." With bated breath I thumbed through old BIOGRAPHIC REGISTERS in an effort to determine when Mr. Coffin's lady was able to join him at a "livable post." But after two years in Maskat I discovered that Mr. Coffin's next post was Tripoli-in-Bahari. His assignment there was for another two years. The hurdles had apparently been cleared, however, for his subsequent posts were Jerusalem, Philadelphia, Budapest, Christiania, Stockholm, the Department, Berlin and the Department.

Discouraged young Service wives can perhaps take comfort from this account.

EVA A. MCKAY

Washington

Tom Swifty Contest?

I wonder whether you have thought of starting a Tom Swifty contest? Here are a couple to kick off with:

"I wholly reserve my country's position on the policy of the Anglo-Saxon powers," Tom said, Gaullingly.

"The code machines are on the blink again," Tom muttered cryptically."

M.E.C.E.

Washington

The Spartan Life in Iceland

MUCH has been made of the fifty-mile hike, but, in Reykjavik, Embassy officers and their wives go through a Spartan morning routine that we believe outdoes the hikers by far.

The routine begins with a shower, followed by a quick trip in bathing garb over ice-cold tiles, sometimes covered with ice and snow (only in the nine months of winter, of course) to the pool.

Leaning into the forty-mile gale winds (we do have some calm days) we deposit towel and clogs at the edge of the pool and gratefully sink into the warm clear water curling with steam in the crisp, cold air. These pools are fed from natural, underground hot springs, so extensive that the heating systems, as well as the hot water, in Reykjavik are mainly supplied from these underground springs.

The swim over, we cross to a small pool and inch gingerly down into deliciously hot (sometimes scalding) water and sit on a submerged stone bench circling the outer edge while sore and aching muscles gradually relax.

The clock has raced to 8 a.m. The next step—the ice cold shower, still outdoors. We move next to a walled enclosure (no roof) where the wet

bathing suit comes off and the icy winds take over again, whipping the towel as we dry off.

The staunchest supporters of this daily regimen are Ambassador James K. Penfield and Valdemar N. L. Johnson, DCM. The photo shows S/Sgt. Robert A. Burke, Ambassador Penfield, Mr. Johnson, the writer, Mrs. Penfield, Mrs. Edward C. Bittner, Edward C. Bittner and Mrs. Gordon N. Messing enjoying the next-to-the-last stage.

GERALDINE B. STIBBE

Reykjavik



Democratic Dilemma

I found "Democratic Dilemma," by John M. Cates, Jr. to be one of the most interesting things I have read on Latin America in a long time. As a result I kept putting it aside against the day when I could write a long and generally detailed comment upon it.

Unfortunately that day seems never to have arrived because of a flurry of extraordinary (even beyond the usual) crises in this corner of the academic vineyard.

Really I do think it is splendid in that it tries to come to grips with the problem that has worried me most in our Latin American relations; that is to say, how can we develop a dynamic, positive approach instead of always being negative, on the defensive, or Socratic when people turn to us for help.

CLEMENT G. MOTTEN

Temple University
Philadelphia

Books by the Yard?

MANY thanks for the word in The Washington Letter about the AAFSW Book Fair. Wonder if we could ever collect enough books regularly to set up bookstalls for browsing outside the Departmental cafeteria? It might be a lucrative project! We might have a bit of trouble getting volunteers on a year-round basis to act as saleswomen. 'Tis an idea though, and might be fun, and profitable.

A.O.N.

Washington

"Celestial Dancers"

I WOULD not like to get into an historical discussion as to the proper title of my recent photo, but the title "Celestial Dancers" was a caption on a similar photo I picked up at Angkor, written by no less than the archeologist who was responsible for uncovering the ruins at Angkor.

ROBERT E. MACAULAY

Bombay

Behind the Shutter:

by PAUL CHILD

The point of greatest interest and the point of greatest contrast should coincide.

A psychological fact: the eye of the beholder will automatically go to the point of greatest contrast first in any photograph or painting, and the rule above takes advantage of this fact. In general, where the object of major interest is absolutely centered in the given space, the photograph is liable not to seem as interesting to most people as the one which is off center, but balanced by the other eye pulling elements.

Part three in a series on photography





Which
of the top 10
filter brands
do you think
you should
smoke?

© 1963 P. Lorillard Co.

Kent with the MICRONITE
Filter offers smokers the
best balance of filtration
and mild, satisfying taste

"Balance" is the key word. Because you can
go too far in either direction.

Lorillard Research developed the "Micronite"
filter to do a good job in filtration. That stands
to reason. But they never forgot the fact that
real smoking pleasure calls for satisfying
taste as well.

So, if you smoke a filter cigarette (or even
if you don't), don't you think you should
smoke Kent?

FOR BOTH MILDNESS
AND SATISFYING TASTE
SMOKE KENT

KENT

THE FINER THE FILTER, THE MILDER THE TASTE