

# FSJ

FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

FEBRUARY 1978

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by James A. Nathan

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by M. L. Pettis

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by Herbert S. Weast



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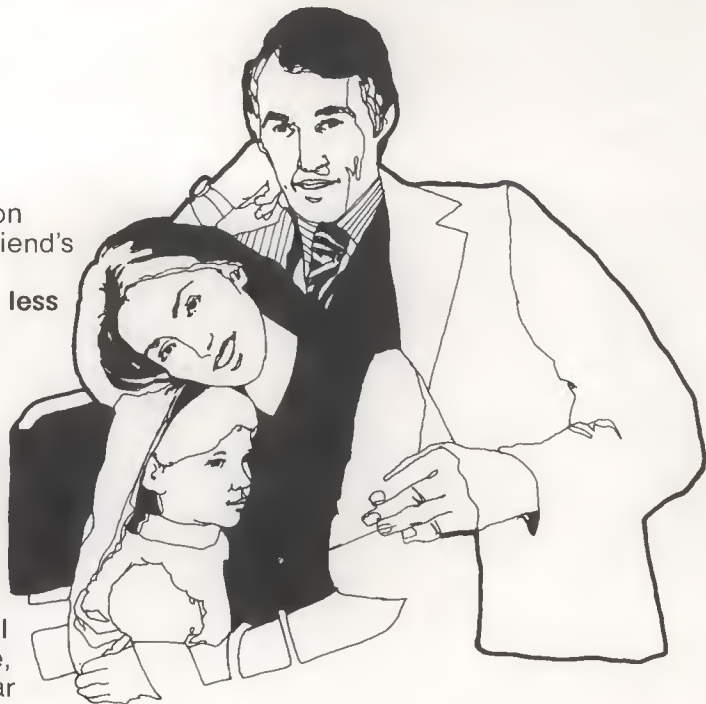
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# FSJ

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## EQUAL OPPORTUNITY, AFFIRMATIVE ACTION, AND THE FOREIGN SERVICE

This spring, AFSA expects to begin consultations with the Department management on proposed personnel policy changes based on the reports and recommendations of the Secretary's Executive-Level Affirmative Action Task Force. (The reports were summarized and the Task Force Members were named, in the December Department of State *Newsletter*.) These proposals may have a significant effect on equality of opportunity, representativity, and career and merit principles within the Foreign Service in the Department of State.

The American Foreign Service Association has consistently been committed to constitutional due process and equal protection of the laws, as well as to equal employment opportunity. We have favored the establishment of effective remedies such as the 1975 Foreign Service Grievance legislation for any individual Foreign Service person who has suffered from discrimination on account of sex, race, or national origin. We recognize that it is in the national interest, as well as our own, that our career merit Service be, in the words of the Foreign Service Act of 1946, "broadly representative" of the American people.

The consultations will be handled for AFSA by the State Standing Committee, which has asked its constituents for their views. While awaiting these views and the Department's specific proposals, we would like to comment on the Task Force, its reports, and the handling of the reports within the Department, and to outline principles upon which we believe AFSA should base its position on these or any other "affirmative action" proposals.

With respect to the Task Force and its reports and their handling:

- The composition of the Task Force does not inspire our confidence. Although the report focuses on the State Foreign Service, and the FSO corps in particular, FSOs were a minority of the Task Force membership. Many of its members are political appointees who lack an appreciation of how the Foreign Service works or of its value as an instrument of foreign policy. As a result, many of the recommendations reflect indifference or ignorance concerning their impact on a Service based on the career and merit principles.

- The reports do not explicitly define "affirmative action." But the recommendations, taken as a whole, seek not only to eliminate obstacles to true equality of opportunity, but to favor women and minorities in "EEO categories" in order to make the Department's "profile" more representative. Insofar as specific recommendations are aimed at furthering *equal opportunity to compete* on the basis of merit *without prejudice*, we would wholeheartedly endorse them; but to the extent that any person or group by reason of membership in an EEO category would receive *special advantages not equally available* to all members of the Foreign Service, we would be strongly opposed.

- Aside from the recommendations to skew performance evaluation and promotion with "affirmative action" considerations, perhaps the worst of the recommendations is that calling for expansion of the program for mid-level hiring of minority group members and women. That program began in 1975 with the concurrence of a previous AFSA Board, as an effort to hire "up to 20 qualified individuals each year." The purposes were to make the Foreign Service "more broadly representative of the diversity of American society," earlier at the senior ranks, and to assure equal employment opportunity, in a manner

"fully consonant with the needs of the Service" and "which guarantees that the rights afforded some do not prejudice the rights of others." But now, at a time when the needs of the Service do not justify any mid-level lateral entry, and such special emphasis programs are under constitutional challenge, the Task Force recommends an increase in the program. This increase would further slow promotions from FSO-4 on down, thus raising additional obstacles to the retention of the many outstanding young women and minorities already in those ranks. The increase, combined with that proposed for the junior officer minority program, would reduce hiring of those who passed the FSO examination to an unprecedented low, although President Carter, in his campaign biography, *Why Not the Best?*, praised those who passed the FSO exam as "America's finest young leaders." We understand that the Task Force adopted the concept of making up the first two years "shortfall" of 27 over the next three years, and rejected a more radical doubling to 40 a year in the hope of thus avoiding consultation with AFSA prior to implementation.

- The fact that this report became official Department policy without having been shaped by Department management into specific proposals and receiving the approval of the Board of the Foreign Service may account for some of its internal weaknesses. More seriously, it appears to reflect a willingness at senior levels of the Department to endorse anything that purports to be "affirmative action." Unfortunately, the Secretary himself, in linking the report to the Administration's human rights policy, has—we hope inadvertently—contributed to this climate of intimidation.

We believe that in the coming consultations, AFSA should be prepared to work with management to make equal employment opportunity a reality within the Service, by eliminating from our personnel system any bias, conscious or unconscious, against women and minorities. By the same token, we believe AFSA should oppose any personnel policy changes which would give preferential treatment to anyone simply because that person is a woman or member of an "EEO-category" minority. Any such preferential treatment would be both unfair and unwise.

We look forward to developing proposals to recruit the best women and minorities to make the Service a career, so that we may be more broadly representative of the best of all groups within the American people. But we believe AFSA should oppose any "body count" approach to representativity at the expense of the career and merit principles.

We will make sure that the rights of current employees, including those of our dedicated Staff Corps colleagues to the opportunity for upward mobility based on merit, are fully protected in the implementation of any affirmative action program.

"Affirmative action" is an emotionally charged issue. We will do our best to reflect the views and protect the interests of our Membership and of the career Foreign Service, regardless of any efforts by "affirmative action" advocates to brand us as bigoted elitists lacking "positive loyalty" to the Administration's human rights policy.

We look forward to receiving your reactions and views (which should be addressed to our State Standing Committee) on the Task Force reports and recommendations as described in the *Newsletter*, and on the principles which we have advocated in this editorial.

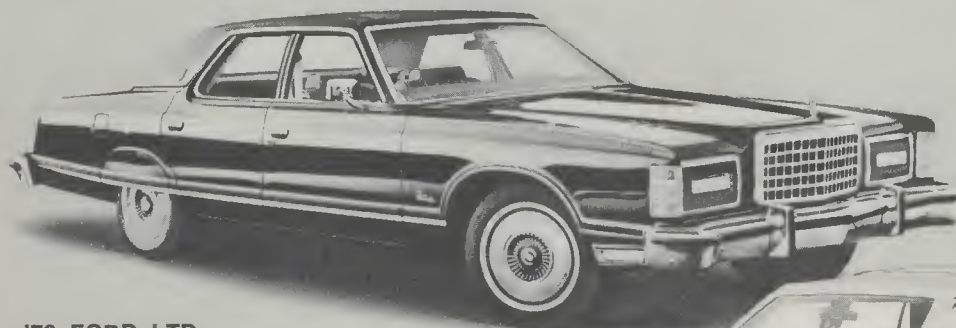
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# Letter from Cairo

The atmosphere in Cairo this January is electric. There is a buoyancy, a feeling of hope and expectancy that has been missing for many years. As one Egyptian, a retired Government official who now teaches Arabic, puts it, "We do not want war. We want peace. President Sadat was not speaking for himself when he went to Jerusalem. He was speaking for the Egyptian people." In soft, eloquent Arabic, he voices the feelings of many Egyptians who are tired of shabbiness and poverty. They are anxious to live in peace with their neighbors and to concentrate on the tremendous job of reconstruction and development of a country whose historic past cries for modern fulfillment.

The problems are many and Cairo, the cultural, political and psychological center of Egypt, is in need of special attention. Crossroads of many cultures and peoples, it is a city teeming with humanity. Egyptians, other Arabs, Americans, Europeans, Africans and Orientals crowd the streets day and night. This throng is swelling daily, as up to 4,000 people from other parts of Egypt come to Cairo each week in search of a better life and as foreign businessmen arrive to become involved in development projects. In the coming months, more and more journalists and other writers eager to witness the fast-moving events will descend on Cairo, as will diplomats and their entourages delegated to negotiate and confer.

Hotel owners, with inadequate space for the number of people who come on business or in a normal tourist season, seem undaunted as they prepare for the onslaught. Cairo has long been a place where conferences seem to spring up overnight; where suddenly fully booked hotels must find room for large numbers of people arriving for an official visit, a conference or a meeting never heard of by the rest of the world until a few days beforehand, if at all. Today, with events as unpredictable as ever, the city awaits the influx of yet more people.

Residents of Cairo, both foreign and Egyptian, cannot help but get caught up in the atmosphere of excitement and expectation. The fact that the city does not work very well makes simple things complicated, but somehow life goes on, things get done, people go about their business and, for the moment, frustrations seem more bearable. The traditional charity bazaars are packed with shoppers. Movies are full, night life active, restaurants busy. Tourist buses are numerous, weddings and funerals go on, newspapers are published, children go to school, men and women to work, people stroll along the Nile and join the noisy throngs who make up Cairo's traffic patterns; and the sound of Islam fills the air five times a day.

The wonder is that it all works somehow! The city is in trouble because the constantly growing mass of humanity it must serve has completely outstripped its ability to do so. Traffic, one of the worst problems, is unbelievably jumbled and undisciplined. The immensity of the movement they are trying to control seems to baffle and over-

whelm the police. Noise is constant, as private cars, taxis, trucks, buses and various types of two-wheeled vehicles compete for lanes and advantages with heavily laden carts drawn by donkeys, horses or humans. Herds of camels or water buffalo are often driven through the city streets to market or to slaughter, as unaware of traffic as if they were passing through a small Upper Egyptian village. Obedience of all this confusion to lights or police whistles is somewhat whimsical.

Public transportation is straining to meet the needs of people who depend on it. People wait patiently for long periods to board buses so hopelessly crowded that passengers crawl in windows or climb on top to get a place. The fare of three piasters (about five cents) has not been raised for 30 years. These vehicles are in very poor condition and frequently break down, blocking already jammed lanes of traffic. Trains are equally crowded; there are never enough taxis for the people who want to use them.

Roads are poorly paved, full of pot holes and in constant need of repair. Sidewalks are cracked and broken and cannot contain the numbers of people going about their business in central Cairo. They spill over into the street, seemingly oblivious to the hazards of doing so, putting themselves into the hands of Allah. Piles of rubble and building materials lie on sidewalks and streets and along the banks of the Nile waiting to be disposed of or used. Many have been there so long they are no longer noticed. Buildings are drab and colorless, run-down and shabby. Paint is peeling. The merciless sun of an almost rainless climate and the winds that blow sand and dust in from the desert have taken their toll. There has been no money for upkeep.

Water pipes break frequently, flooding the streets with brackish water. Power failures are common. Telephones are hopelessly inadequate, for the antiquated system is unable to bear the burden placed upon it by the teeming city trying to keep in touch with itself and the world. Communications in general are a daily frustration and the difficulties encountered in reaching people make messenger service the surest way. The inability to change these conditions is a great teacher of patience.

Older residents of Cairo will tell you rather sadly that Cairo was not always this way, but was once a clean, attractive city which was carefully washed each night when it went to bed. Many long for a return to the old tranquillity, but that will never come, for clocks cannot be turned back. Realistic Egyptians realize that the city must now improve its services and try to contain itself. The problems are immense, but not insurmountable. Money is essential. So is time. Solutions can only be found in an atmosphere of peace.

Cairo, for all its confusion, is a city with a soul and one that is not to be taken at surface value. Behind the dusty facades, many surprises await those who take the time to look: courtyards lush with trees and flowers tended by

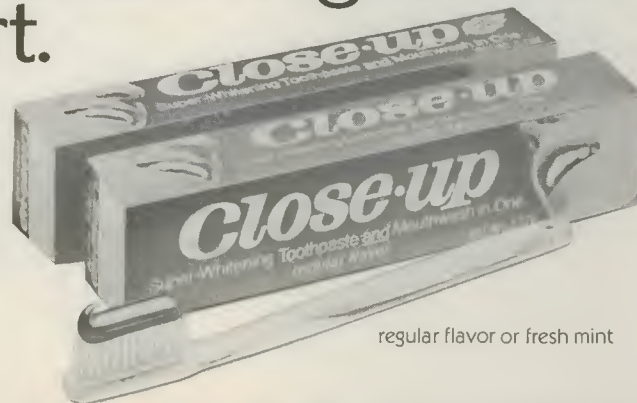
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people who care; cool shadows; lacy patterns of light and shade from the stone carved windows of a mosque; beautiful stained glass, dusty, but still catching the light of the sun; rooms of gigantic proportions in once stately houses, now turned into offices or institutes. No matter if these places are reached by climbing over rubble, through a lobby resembling a tenement, with crumbling stairs, and elevator without a door; once inside, all that is forgotten.

In the streets the uniformed men with their twig brooms seem to be busier of late. Greenery is suddenly springing up in median strips that have been nothing but rubble for years. A building here and there is white-washed, its doors and shutters brightly painted. A serious beautification society is at work and the trees have the special attention of an organization with the lovely name of "Friends of the Trees." The mighty Nile, nature's contribution and the lifeblood of Egypt, flows silently on, imparting a grandeur and tranquility man could never produce.

What man has produced and built has also given a special beauty to Cairo. The skyline is spectacular at sunset with the silhouettes of the city's many domes and minarets. There is the awesome symmetry of the pyramids. Even the City of the Dead casts a spell. A vast cemetery, it lies dark and silent at night; but during the day it comes to life with the activity of hundreds of squatter families who have made the tombs their homes because of Cairo's severe housing shortage.

The physical appearance of Cairo today belies other treasures which it holds. Not least of these are the museums. The most famous of all, one of the great museums of the world, the Cairo Museum, stands massive near the Nile, holding a wealth of treasures unequalled anywhere. In spite of all that was carried from Egypt to London, Paris and New York, the museum is crammed full in almost catalogue fashion of 4,000 years of Egyptian history. It seems on first glance to be a jumble of periods and pieces with no organization. It is—or was. Thanks to the proceeds from the sale of the reproductions from the successful Tutankhamun exhibit in the United States, money is to be made available for improvements. Thomas Hoving himself has made several trips for consultation and personally supervised the training of a special nine-man cleaning crew. Things are now being dusted regularly and recently an American was observed by astonished visitors supervising two men with a huge vacuum cleaner inside a glass case holding a gold sarcophagus of the Tutankhamun collection.

Cairo has a number of other interesting museums, all of which have outstanding and interesting collections. All have the same problems; endless dust, bad labeling and poor lighting. In the dimness it is hard to appreciate to the fullest a mashrebeya screen, a Coptic vestment or even a sunny French impressionist painting.

The cultural life of Cairo today can be elusive. One must learn how to find out about coming events and be prepared to go on short notice. But there are opportunities for wonderful experiences. A number of theaters have plays and musicals in Arabic. One of Egypt's most talented and interesting young directors is a woman. She recently put on an Arabic musical in the courtyard of a medieval inn in the very heart of the old city. A theater at the base of the pyramids had an English production of Hamlet last summer, under the stars in that extremely

dramatic setting. Several amateur theater groups, including one at the Cairo American University, mount high quality productions.

Egypt has many fine artists, most of whom have also worked abroad. Their studios are scattered throughout the city. The government has provided one complex of twelve studios in the oldest part of town, just under the historic Citadel, where the artists are within sight of the old mashrebeya and the centuries-old mosques. A central gallery is being planned where new artists will be able to show their work. Today, word of mouth is the best way to find out about an artist. Crafts are still an art here and the upstairs rooms of the medieval inn in central Cairo are being used as workshops for artisans who are trying to preserve some of the old skills in danger of being lost.

A complex on the road leading to the ancient pyramids houses an Academy of Dance and an Academy of Music. Alvin Ailey performed last summer in the new, modern theatre which is part of this complex and the audience was thrilled. Judith Jamison brought down the house with "Cry."

The Ballet Institute is the home and school for the Russian-trained Egyptian ballet. Because of a fire which destroyed the Cairo Opera House several years ago, the ballet has been working under difficulties, partly due to lack of space to perform. However, the never discouraged Madame Azmy, its director for 20 years, has helped the company to develop into one that is more than mediocre and constantly striving to improve. Just back from a successful tour to Japan, the company has recently opened a series of energetic and very acceptable

performances of "Don Quixote." (The lights went out during Act II of the opening performance. A visiting group of young Germans from the Junior Red Cross jumped into the brink, sang a few songs, and, undaunted, the dancers continued after an interval of about twenty minutes of darkness.)

Another type of dance is performed by the well-known Reda Troupe, a folkloric group which performs endemic Egyptian dances in a colorful and professional way. In their repertoire are variations of the famous "belly dance" which is probably most often associated with Egypt. Egyptians love this dance and, though it is performed in nightclubs for tourists, it is also performed at most Egyptian festivals, including weddings. One of Egypt's most famous dancers, Nagwa Fouad, has been recently criticized for letting down the standards by putting too much western style into her dancing.

The Cairo Conservatory Orchestra is outstanding. A youth orchestra, its members attend school at the Music Academy. An American is presently conducting in the interim while they await a new permanent Director. He reports that the musicianship is superb. The concertmaster and a violinist have both studied under Oistrakh; one of the cellists has been a student of Rostropovich. The Cairo Symphony has disbanded for the moment, but an opera company performed both *Bohème* and *Aida* at the foot of the pyramids last summer. Pearl Bailey once charmed large audiences from the same outdoor stage.

But Egyptians love their own eastern music. Dancers and singers are accompanied by violins, tambourines, often elaborately inlaid, and reed flutes in a music that sounds strange and discordant to the unaccustomed ear.

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The songs best loved are poems set to music and sung in classical Arabic. They can last as much as an hour, telling the sad stories of unrequited love. Just last year, one of Egypt's most popular modern singers died at the age of 42 of bilharzia, the disease, sadly endemic to Egypt, which is caught from minute snails found in the waters of the Nile canals. The throngs at his funeral paralyzed downtown Cairo for hours.

There are, then, these two sides of the city of Cairo today. The obvious, the visible that has the aura of shabby dishevelment and broken down services; and the hidden, the sought-after, the hopeful soul that will not succumb to mediocrity and neglect. Her 9,000,000 inhabitants are exhilarated by recent events. Their President is their hero today and embodies all their hopes and dreams. They are solidly behind him in their intense longing for peace. The possibility that all might end in failure or be less than expected has been suppressed, is hardly admitted except by a relative handful of cautious skeptics.


The city is strung with colored lights. Arches of applied tenting and banners strung across streets proclaim the support of and admiration of thousands of shops and businesses. Large portraits of Sadat, a hint of a smile in his strong determined expression, are everywhere. The city is smiling and exuberant with an almost joyful confidence that the end of an era of war has come at last and that now anything will be possible for Egypt. The soul of this great city seems to have awakened to a new sense of national destiny.

NANCY MATTHEWS

## BAMBOO SWING

*Our fingers reach to touch the satin sheen  
Of silvery green. The trunk grows straight—yet  
Like man—can bend, unbend or stretch or lean  
A curtain veil—a memory—a dream.  
The Fisherman unreels a glowing net  
Of emerald vapor to valley stream.  
We are the heart and hand tobogganing  
Across this wash of tree to tree, through space  
Of blue, then down and down—the bargaining  
By us with bracelet tears and dirty face.  
We are the children shaking lacy leaves;  
Lost wanderers who somersault the sands,  
Growing a tree, asking our God, who frees,  
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# Human Rights and International Order

JAMES A. NATHAN

## The Historic Concern: The First Hundred Years

Woodrow Wilson once remarked when asked if he minded being called an idealist, "Well, that is how I know I am an American." Americans have always known themselves by their ideals. And American idealism has always been considered different in kind from the professions of others in lands where the taint of history had left a stain of corruption. America was a *terra nullius*, a place to make a fresh beginning in the way man might deal with his fellow man. In diplomatic relations, it has been the historic American view, as Jefferson put it, that power and force "were legitimate principles in the Dark Ages . . . but [now] exploded and

held in just horror . . ." The founders held that power was an evil of international politics. But it was a contamination which Americans could hope to avoid.

The corruption of others was a thing which marked Americans apart and gave us a sense of uniqueness. When, however, others attempted their own regeneration, we were not unsympathetic. The urge to support the struggle for liberty among kindred souls in far-flung places is as old as the Republic. When, for example, the First Minister of the new French Republic, Citizen Edward Genêt reached America in 1793 and immediately embarked on a course of orchestrating American enthusiasm for the French Revolution, John Adams reported that ten thousand Philadelphians, excited by Genêt's entreaties, "threatened to drag Washington out of his house and affect a revolution in the government or compel it to declare war in favor of the French revolution and against England." It was, Adams reported, only a terrible epidemic of yellow fever that had broken out in Philadelphia which

saved the young American government from a revolution.

In 1821, the Greeks revolted against the Ottoman Empire and a "Greek fever" swept America. Stunned by reports that Turks collected bushel baskets of Greek ears and committed other atrocities, Americans collected money and passed resolutions in Congress. But President Monroe and Secretary Adams refrained from even issuing declarations on behalf of the Greeks; and, instead, Adams explained that the United States could not determine the political realities of others—especially those remote from our shores, our culture and our experience.

Adams warned that America: . . . goes not ahead in search of monsters to destroy. She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own. . . . She well knows that by evaluating others under banners other than her own, were they even banners of . . . independence, she would involve herself beyond the power of extrication, in all the . . . interests and intrigue[s] [of others]. The fundamental maxims of her policy would insensibly

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change from liberty to force . . . she might become dictress of the world. She would no longer be ruler of her own spirit.

In 1848, when the exiled Hungarian revolutionary Louis Kossuth came to Washington, he was treated to a storm of parades, banquets and public proclamations of sympathy. Secretary of State Daniel Webster went so far as to say that all Americans would "rejoice to see our model upon the lower Danube and the mountains of Hungary." The Austrians were, of course, upset by this rhetoric. The popular emotions, however, abated, in the words of historian Thomas Bailey, with a "suddenness proportionate to its extravagance."

By mid-19th century, the idea that Americans had achieved a peculiar state of enlightenment that they ought to share with others dignified a wave of expansionism disguised under the rubric of "manifest destiny." "Humanity," declared the New York *Evening Post*, "cries out" for Americans to protect "civilization and Christianity. . . against . . . the tide of barbarians . . . anarchy . . . ignorant cowards and profligate ruffians who have ruled [Mexico]." Some American citizens even argued that the day of a universal Yankee nation had arrived. But the "pragmatic" content of this urge was still confined to this hemisphere if not merely the territorial confines of the United States of 1846.

By 1898, American power had expanded enormously, as had the American sense of purpose. Although the Congressional resolution declaring war read, "Whereas the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States . . ." the other reasons for war—economic and strategic in character—were more compelling. And the Philippine dimension of the war of 1898 was a clear cut example of the United States behaving as Theodore Roosevelt had exhorted: as a "predator nation." Still, Americans made idealistic professions: but as the Philippine imbroglio persisted, claims of disinterested virtue became less and less convincing in the face of seamy deeds. And the

imperial urge of 1898 fell from public grace.

### The 20th Century and Human Rights in US Foreign Policy

Woodrow Wilson's break with the 19th century did not attempt only to change the political order of states beyond the Western Hemisphere, he also broke with the past by denying that American concern in European affairs was motivated by any interests at all. Given the great wellsprings of morality which inform American political life, it is not fanciful to think that Wilson actually believed he could put morality before interests. And given the expansion of democratic suffrage in

tury was now marked by the revolutionary assertion that interests were subservient to principles. This subverted an international political system previously based on the capacity to give priority to security, economic and emotional concerns. If sovereignty, security and the preservation of domestic institutions were the fundamental interests of states, then other interests could be accommodated—and this was, in fact, the essence of both diplomacy and war in Europe for three hundred years. But Wilson, by nailing the banner of humanity to the American standard in the fashion he did, denied diplomacy. For one could not compromise

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the 20th century, perhaps much of the enthusiasm which the first World War tapped could not have been snubbed or simply outlasted as in the early days of the Republic. But Wilson eschewed the opportunity to align moral concerns with national interests. In 1913, he declared, ". . . It is a very perilous thing to determine the foreign policy of a nation in terms of material interests. It is not only unfair to those with whom you are dealing but it is degrading as regards your own actions." "America," Wilson said, in a monumental reversal of the thesis of John Quincy Adams, ". . . puts human rights above all other rights, and . . . her flag is the flag not only of America but humanity."

It was one thing for Americans to make special claims in areas where American power was little contested in the 19th century. The congruence of power, interests, and ideology was well understood by Europeans who practiced a diplomacy composed of all three ingredients. But American foreign policy at the beginning of this cen-

ture was now marked by the revolutionary assertion that interests were subservient to principles. This subverted an international political system previously based on the capacity to give priority to security, economic and emotional concerns. If sovereignty, security and the preservation of domestic institutions were the fundamental interests of states, then other interests could be accommodated—and this was, in fact, the essence of both diplomacy and war in Europe for three hundred years. But Wilson, by nailing the banner of humanity to the American standard in the fashion he did, denied diplomacy. For one could not compromise with sin if one's purpose was morality and not interests. One could, in theory at least, rank one's interests from the most important to the least important, trading the lesser interests in order to safeguard the more serious interests. But how can one rank the importance of great principles? And if one sacrifices some segment of a principle, has not one weakened it altogether? Thus, Wilson's diplomacy of principle foreclosed the traditional statesmen's opportunities for negotiations and moderation.

The first American response to power politics and to abuses of human freedom abroad was to forswear an active engagement with those who maintained such practices. The second attempt was Wilson's effort to end power politics by instituting a world society where liberal democratic values were shared by all states and thus tyranny and wars would cease. The Wilsonian urge to create a progressive world only briefly subsided in this century. It arose again in

World War II and continued throughout the Cold War through our involvement in Vietnam.

For most of this century, it has been held by American policy makers that repressive totalitarian regimes are both a blight on the human spirit and a cause of war. Thus, it has been an American goal, in Mr. Rusk's words, to build "a world in which human rights are secure . . . a world of independent nations . . . cooperating with one another . . . free from aggression . . ." Therefore, one of our objectives necessarily was to change the nature of Soviet society and the Soviet bloc. As Mr. Rusk explained, "our policy toward international communism . . . [is] to encourage evolution within the communist world toward national independence, peaceful cooperation, and open societies."

The Nixon-Kissinger-Ford diplomacy seemed, hesitantly and incompletely, a reversal of the Wilsonian tradition. The major innovation of those eight years was to be able to treat both the Chinese and the Soviets as normal powers, with normal interests, not international psychopaths. Because interests could be accommodated by diplomacy, Mr. Nixon assured us that we were now entering an "era of negotiations" and that "the post-war era" of international relations had come to an end. Indeed, interests were now, again, to be resurrected as the lodestar of policy. As Mr. Nixon explained: "We are not involved in the world because we have commitments, we have commitments because we are involved. Our interests must shape our commitments rather than the other way around."

### Mr. Carter and Human Rights

The Carter Administration, as a reaction to the public disaffection of the Nixon-Kissinger years as much as in response to their own convictions, has returned moral concerns to the forefront of diplomacy, giving human rights, at least at the verbal level, an equivalent status to other American security concerns. In his inaugural address, Mr. Carter told us: "Because we are free we can never be indifferent to the fate of human beings elsewhere . . . our commitment to human rights must be absolute." And in March of 1977, Mr. Carter

told the United Nations, "No member of the United Nations can claim that the mistreatment of its citizens is solely its own business."

The human rights position of the Carter Administration evolved on a rather *ad hoc* basis throughout the campaign, but, by January, 1977, it had become a policy which served a number of functions:

- It appealed to the anti-Soviet conservative element of the left and right—the Jacksons and the Reagans.

- It appealed to Jewish groups who supported their brethren in the Soviet Union.

- It attacked the Ford-Kissinger policy.

- It put the Soviets, in the words of Jody Powell, on the ideological defensive.

The profound sentiment that Carter located with these pronouncements is difficult to exaggerate and easy to underestimate.

Among some Europeans and the Soviets, there has been incomprehension and even hostility to the Carter pronouncements. Carter found the Soviets were "surprising" in their "adverse reaction." It had, he confessed, "provided a greater obstacle to other friendly pursuits, common goals, like SALT, than I had anticipated." If Carter had not suspected the Soviets would be taken aback by his professions of sympathy for Soviet dissidents, it should have come as no surprise to his National Security Advisers, Zbigniew Brzezinski and Samuel Huntington. The main source of danger to the stability of the Soviet political system, Brzezinski and Huntington once wrote, is "any decline in the ideological and political monopoly of the ruling party. . . . Even a limited democratization of the Soviet society . . . would threaten the present political leadership . . ." Indeed, the combination of intellectual dissent, an unresponsive economic system in the Soviet bloc, and an acute nationality problem has led Brzezinski to speculate that, if these trends were to continue, the Soviet Union might well disintegrate.

The Carter Administration by making travel plans to go to the most contested and perhaps unstable area of Eastern Europe—Poland, and by insisting on the right to give solace to domestic dis-

senters in the Soviet Union was widely interpreted as a reversal of perhaps the most significant achievement of the Nixon-Kissinger era, i.e., the attempt to extirpate ideology from the Soviet-American relation so that the two could deal with each other in terms of their common interests. Perhaps re-introducing a note of stridency will serve to deflect Senate criticism of Arms Control agreements and other accords with the Soviets. But the attempt to use human rights as an ideological club, to be brandished at the Soviets and to placate the right, could well wind up frustrating our purposes. In the end, such moralizing may narrow the capacity of the current Soviet leadership to deal pragmatically with the United States, and it could quicken Senatorial opposition to attempts to barter with moral malefactors.

### Problems: Operational and Conceptual

Even admitting the variety and indeterminacy of national interests, it is possible to gather and assess a consensus about one's own legitimate interests and the legitimate interests of others. But human rights are vastly more amorphous. The NSC attempted this year to assess what human rights mean to Islamic, Latin and Oriental societies. One participant at this meeting despaired: "It's a hard problem for a bureaucracy to come to grips with. It's a hard subject for people to discuss collectively." If it is difficult to discuss what constitutes "human rights" for our culture or other cultures with people of the same cultural-political-ethnic backgrounds, it is downright confounding when discussing the matter between distinct collectivities. Beyond the matter of judicial torture and wholesale murder, there would be little likelihood of consensus. As Thomas Hobbes explained, the names of virtues and vices are of "uncertain significance." "For one calleth wisdom, what another calleth fear; and one cruelty what another justice; one prodigality, what another magnanimity . . . . And therefore such names can never be the grounds of any ratiocination."

Alongside the problem of cultural variability of human rights as an "absolute principle" of foreign

policy is the necessarily indiscriminate nature of an "absolute" commitment to human rights. Humans, to be sure, inhabit much of the globe. And everywhere, to the minds of most people educated in Judeo-Christian and enlightenment principles, they have rights. If, then, their rights are violated and abused, how are we to express our concern? The proliferation of criticism that must attend an "absolute" policy toward human rights, makes criticism common and, therefore, cheapened by the very frequency of its occurrence. If we manifest our concern wherever there are abuses, then we must, at a minimum, be prepared to identify an enormous array of circumstances, states and activities that are, by most any American's standard, obnoxious. The task beggars the imagination. It would be a consuming effort of the whole national-security machinery just to monitor the world in these terms.

Since humans are everywhere, varying our response to their plight along the lines of race, cultural affinity or alliance interests surely opens one to charges of bigotry or cynicism. The difficulty in discriminating between the different varieties of suffering of people abroad is, in a way, similar to the problem which faced those critics of the Vietnam War who challenged Mr. Rusk at the height of our involvement, by claiming that the Vietnamese were a people with whom we have little historic or cultural affinity. Mr. Rusk would respond, with some justice, that if you were not willing to come to the defense of Orientals but were willing to take on such a task in Europe, you made yourself vulnerable to charges of racism. A policy of human rights, like a policy which seeks to delimit "aggression," knows no natural limit. It is globalist in implication.

But if a policy geared to the protection of human rights is to be selective, how is the selection to be made? If it is made on the basis of the severity of infraction—say the worst offender of the year, or the worst ten cases of the year—then again, the policy is open-ended in its potential applications. That is, once you have identified the offenses, in no matter what part of the globe, an effort to deal with the

problem implies a willingness to intervene in some fashion in the internal dynamics of another society. Presumably, even, we should be prepared to chastise and even dispatch leadership if the abuses are gross enough. But getting rid of leadership for other people's own good is not necessarily something we will be thanked for by target populations—especially in the long run. In any case, leadership elsewhere can well take umbrage at these efforts as, some say, Castro

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did in November of 1963. And, moreover, even if our action is "successful," we ought to be sure that what we put in its place is an improvement. Those who remember how the American efforts in Haiti and Vietnam were rationalized on these lines might well be cautious. And some places, where abuses are common, are even more remote from our influence. How, for instance, can one make a human rights program meaningful to the Chinese? It is a task nearly beyond our capacity to even imagine. And human rights abuses abound in places like Saudi Arabia and the Yemen where slavery is still furtively practiced and women are treated as "objects" at best. So even on a selective basis, how can we conserve our energy and make meaningful a policy of human rights?

What has been the mechanism to give focus to the Carter human rights policy? Clearly, the standard the Carter Administration has applied in this effort is one of interests. We have not pushed the Ko-

reans as much as we have talked about Soviet abuses because of our security relationship with Korea. We have muted our concern about the excesses of the Thai regime and Somalian activities in Ogaden because of our security interests in South East Asia and the Indian Ocean. De Gaulle used to accuse the United States of using idealism as but a cloak for the will to power. Yet we risk the renewal of these charges when we use security interests as the criteria for establishing when and how we raise our voice in behalf of the suffering and the oppressed.

#### **"Destabilization" and Human Rights**

The problem with merely criticizing a regime in the hope of making it responsive to change is well known. Joshua was able to use sound to good effect, but such examples are rare in international political life. If we use more than noise to influence those we do not care for, we risk, at the lower levels of "coercion," stopping aid and the like, merely hardening opposition to change. Such policies might even give legitimacy to a government that otherwise might not be able to even dignify itself at all by allowing it to defend its national honor against attempts of foreigners to abridge its sovereignty. And even if change is effectuated as a product of our urgings and machinations, there is no guarantee that it will be for the better. And if it is not for the better, then we are liable to be held to account for the ensuing misfortune and, even perhaps, made to feel obliged to right a wrong of our own making.

The Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy, a group of 40 religious, labor, peace, professional and social organizations, has been very successful in influencing legislation in the human rights bill and is, I think, fairly representative of liberal America in this regard. In general, they have argued for an end to all public financial aid to violators of human rights. Among those usually identified are South Africa, South Korea, the Philippines, Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Uruguay, and Taiwan. But, excluding South Africa, these nations receive over sixty percent of all US bank loans made overseas. If the

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"Prejudice: a vagrant opinion without visible means of support." — Ambrose Bierce

# A Pride of Prejudices

M. L. PETTIS

Americans, according to the Creed of the last decade's enlightened, invented prejudice. The media, the universities, the young, the Left, and various other deadly earnest groups have seethed with accusations of American racism, elitism, chauvinism (male and other varieties), bourgeois values, and similar sins. These attacks coalesced into accepted dogma: our society has originated and practiced mankind's most unjust discrimination (a bad word now) against racial and linguistic and cultural minorities, women (no minority but oppressed anyway), the poor, and other unfortunates. Guilt, as usual, emanated from dogma and pervaded us all. With our customary brashness, we claimed to be the world's worst.

The world (though some of it gladly conceded us this distinction) could have advised us to stop boasting and recall a few past records. The Old Testament writers considered the Philistines uncultured, Athenians and Spartans harbored mutual antipathy, India's untouchables resulted from racial segregation. Prejudice, like violence (another activity which an

American has charged us with patenting, along with apple pie), has been pandemic in the human race for centuries, confined to no country or era. Claiming it for America is like claiming a monopoly on the common cold.

*Webster's* defines prejudice as "preconceived judgment or opinion; unreasonable predilection or opinion; esp., an opinion or leaning adverse to anything without just grounds or sufficient knowledge." The following examples of this phenomenon are gathered from my life abroad:

## Prejudice About Americans

In Greece in 1948, the Communist insurgency was convulsing a people already ravaged by the famine of World War II. Refugees swarming into Athens perilously increased the demand on the erratic food supply there, but Americans with the Truman Mission could buy all necessities at the US Army commissary. Fresh from America, my husband and I did this gratefully enough until one day, as we were loading groceries into our car, two Greeks heckled us in chorus. Greek food wasn't good enough for Americans? Americans were superior beings, snobs too good for their humble diet, rich people scornful of the fare of the poor, etc.

Though this was long before *The Ugly American* brouhaha impelled many Foreign Service zealots to

eat grasshoppers and sheep's eyes with the natives, I took these opinions innocently to heart. Already conscience-stricken at our relative luxury amid the general suffering, I resolved no longer to insult the poor. We would share their coarse and simple fare. I went on the Greek market.

What I did not know, inexperienced and naive as I was, was that food, scarce for the poor, was available for the rich, and, in Athens then, we Americans were willy-nilly in that class. I spent the next months exploring bakeries, meat and fish and fruit and vegetable stalls, and triumphantly bore home such plain and humble items as tiny legs of lamb, tender squid and duck and pigeon, delectable bread and olives, magnificent cauliflowers, small round watermelons, long oval cantaloupes, oranges from the Hesperides, almonds by the kilo. The glow of virtue and culinary rapture suffused our household until I again hearkened to a Greek on the street, this time as I was buying lemons at a street wagon. The man, very shabby, remarked quietly to his companion that the Americans were taking food from their mouths.

I fumed and brooded the rest of the day. *Unfair*, I thought. But glimmers of elementary economics began to play over the gloom. Americans in number buying in a limited and uncertain food market would force prices up and increase

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hardship. The man was undeniably right. We returned to commissary victuals. If you're going to be damned either way, snobbery is a lesser charge than robbery.

Sometimes it's not clear whether you're up against prejudice or national modesty. An RAF officer in a Greek restaurant bought some jasmine from a passing flower-vendor, stuck the blossoms in his hair, leered mischievously at his American dinner-partner, and said, "We should be running through the woods together." After an appraising glance, she replied, "You don't look at all like a gamekeeper." "My God," he said, with increased admiration, "I didn't think you'd get the allusion." On another occasion, an Englishwoman, upon hearing an American refer to an incident in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, asked, "Oh, do Americans read Shakespeare?" The American, a former university instructor in English literature, paused before answering solemnly, "Yes, sometimes we spell out his stuff by the light of our log fires." The English lady thought these sturdy efforts admirable.

Do the compatriots of D. H. Lawrence and W. Shakespeare think them just locally popular scribes unknown beyond their shores? Or do they think Americans ignorant of such cultural exotica? Is a puzzlement.

### Class and Customs Prejudice

When a very old, rich, and well-born Athenian learned that Americans wander around at random to find their own mates, trusting to luck and love, she exclaimed to me haughtily, "But you Americans marry like *servants!*" Only respect for her age silenced my retort that the arranged marriage among the Greek propertied classes, with the families matching up the couple, making the contracts, and squabbling over the dowry, resembled market barter among the craftier primitive tribes. Years of observation have now mellowed my opinion, at least of the end product: Arranged marriages seem to succeed as often as the haphazard. This view may be tempered by that of a Greek naval officer posted in Washington for some years, who startled me by admiring the American divorce rate. "It's one of your

very good things," he said seriously. "In Greece we have a marriage partner and mistresses and lovers all at once. In America you prefer generally to have them in a series, legally. More honest, less complicated. And the children tend to be legitimate." Living in the other fellow's country can reduce bias wonderfully.

In the sprawling capital of a Southeast Asian nation, I constantly used the bus system, which could take one anywhere, was convenient and cheap, and obviated fighting the fierce traffic in the family car. I like buses, their lordly view over the tops of lesser vehicles, their reassuring routine, their ebb and flow of passengers. These buses were a connoisseur's dream, being wooden-seated, rattling, roomy, dusty, their windows wide open to the tropic heat and smells of fish, curry, opium, sewage, spices, and to the dazzling montage

of temple spires, glittering tile roofs, canals clad in water hyacinths, embassies, brothels, warehouses, mahogany and palm and kapok trees, the gates of palaces. Seats and aisles were always jammed by saronged women lugging market-bags stuffed with papayas, mangoes, coconuts, pineapples; by laborers in ragged shorts; schoolchildren in uniform; wizened crones with betel-stained teeth; ivory-skinned Chinese slender as shadows. Small dramas occurred. A solitary old blind woman, helped aboard a desperately crowded bus by other passengers who leaped to help her and who provided her a seat, sang out to us all, "Thank you, everybody!" Once, standing in the rear of a bus so packed that my arm holding my purse was inextricably pinioned to my body, I happened, in extending to the busboy my fare in my free hand, to drop the money



when the bus lurched. The coins fell directly into the bosom of a woman nursing her baby in the seat in front of me. I peered nervously down into this nativity scene. The baby was sucking greedily away, unmindful of all else; the mother was gazing dreamily out the window, unaware of the pennies from heaven now tucked in her cleavage. The busboy, averting his eyes from it all, kept his hand demandingly outstretched through the press of bodies. I could not bring my purse up for more money. There was no help for it; I did what I had to do; I bent down and gently retrieved my coins from the mother's contours. Neither she nor the baby nor anyone else noticed the intrusion.

The delicate matter of status turned out to be involved with my bus-riding. Local employees hinted to my husband that buses, the transportation of the poor, were *infra dig* when taxis and pedicabs were available. They didn't ride buses. Then the wife of a Foreign Office official broached the matter directly to me. "Why do you use the bus?" she asked. "How can you stand it—the dirt, the noise, the smells, the people?" I said I found it an enjoyable way to get around. With a shiver of fastidious revulsion, she delivered the crusher: "My husband sees you at the bus-stop, and he wonders." True, he sometimes passed me in his air-conditioned Mercedes there. His origins were less exalted than his wife's, and I began to wonder whether he had ridden buses in his pre-Mercedes days. After his wife's complaint to me, he even offered me a ride once or twice. I even accepted, though I'm prejudiced against air-conditioning. It encapsulates you from life.

### Racial Prejudice

As a member of a Caucasian minority in the Southeast Asian country where we were stationed for a number of years, I became sensitized to the racial discriminations flourishing among these uniformly brown, black-haired people. During our assignment there, we acquired intimate friends who often spoke frankly. One of these was a lady of royal descent who one day poured out to me her misgivings about her son's attachment to a Eurasian girl of equal rank. I

thought the girl beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished, and said so. "Yes, that's true," said my friend, "she's charming." Then, in her anxiety paying me the unconscious compliment that I would not consider her objection an insult, she burst out, "But she is not of pure blood."

This preoccupation with racial purity explained a behavior pattern among all the women of this society when they visited a new baby. They inspected, immediately and automatically, its genitalia. I finally asked one of them the reason.

admirable jet-black that everyone's hair should be, and they felt I should make an effort and get it dyed. This improvement would enhance both me and their prestige in their set. (It must be demoralizing to work for someone with disreputable hair.) They then proceeded to discuss two friends of theirs who, unfortunately born with off-black locks, dutifully righted the matter. Fascinated to learn of such deviations, I checked this out with a friend, who said there were rare cases among her people of very dark brown or red hair, usu-

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" 'Not much,' said the boy.

" 'Why not?'

" 'The white people are too white and the black people are too black.' "

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"We want to see if the baby is the right color there."

"What is the right color?"

"Blue, of course. If the color is red, there's European blood."

"Then why do you inspect American babies?"

She looked startled and then laughed. "Just habit."

Understanding the language here revealed other attitudes toward Caucasian characteristics. My five-year-old daughter came storming to me in tears one day because some street-children had informed her that white people are bird dung. Though this earthy metaphor struck me as worthy of the Elizabethans, I regretted just then my child's grasp of the language. I had myself, unbeknownst to our servants, acquired by osmosis enough to understand much ordinary speech, if not to join in it. Since eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves, it should not have surprised me to overhear our cook and laundress disparaging my hair when, rashly assuming conversational security, they discussed this beneath my study window. My hair, they agreed, was the wrong color. Its dark brown just narrowly missed the correct and

ally concealed by applications of black coloring. Later I saw, on a bus, a young woman whose hair was a dark copper. She was doubtless on her way to get it dyed.

Prejudice here against Caucasians could be considered natural; what startled me was a marked mistrust of fellow Asian races. A quoted proverb was, "If in the jungle you meet a cobra and an Indian, kill the man first." A woman speaking disdainfully of another ended with, "Oh, well, she's Anamese." The Chinese were regarded without contempt but with suspicion. An epidemic of fires in the Chinese quarter of the city not long before the Chinese New Year inspired charges of arson for the purpose of collecting insurance money for the impending celebrations. The government forthwith lined up some Chinese suspects on a public road and shot them. To an opponent of the government who would presumably agree with them, some Americans protested this performance. They were coolly answered: "But this time the government is quite right. Every few years we have this trouble with the Chinese and are forced to teach them a lesson." Too ruthless a les-

son, perhaps? The man shrugged. "It works. For a time."

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"Not much," said the boy.

"Why not?"

"The white people are too white and the black people are too black."

This story should have prepared us for the prevailing attitude towards Afro-Americans there. After a dinner in honor of one of them, a handsome and light-skinned Olympic champion whom the Department of State was sending around abroad, a woman guest said to me, "You don't mind dining with a Negro?" I said truthfully that such an objection had never entered my mind, whereupon she intimated that it was permanently resident in hers. It was uppermost in the minds of her country's Fulbright-Committee members when they inquired whether the English-teaching position of a departing Afro-American Fulbrighter would be filled by yet another; they politely hoped not.

A melancholy situation developed here because of a high-minded effort by the United States government to eliminate racial discrimination in its personnel decisions. To this end, all government personnel resumes at that time omitted racial identification. This policy, while praiseworthy domestically, overlooked the possibility of prejudice abroad that could humiliate some Foreign Service officers and diminish their usefulness. This happened when a certain new man came to this post. His senior officer, judging by the resume sent from Washington of a proposed assistant, had enthusiastically approved his appointment. An Ivy-League Ph. D. in social studies then serving *magna cum laude* in Scandinavia, he was, if fault were to be found, over-qualified for the job. But a crucial quality unmentioned in the resume was instantly apparent on his arrival: the man was black. Literally black, not brown or tan or beige. A bachelor in a nation of the brown-skinned, he was conspicuously and incurably alone at one extreme of the human color spectrum in that

scene. After Scandinavian partiality to blacks, Asian aloofness bewildered and embittered him. These people, though always polite, did not seek him out; he was included in gatherings for professional reasons only; tactful parries of his overtures, snubs not deliberate, avoidances not overt, nevertheless existed and were felt the more keenly for their veiling. It was evident to him, to us all, that the people here were behaving with scrupulous courtesy; nobody could help it that this was no substitute for acceptance. Loyal American support could not dispel his professional and social misery. Without regret he left that post and government service, and went to work in the deep American South.

#### Political and Linguistic Prejudice

A very beautiful Venezuelan whom I met soon after my arrival in Caracas was driving me about on a sightseeing tour of the city when she was joyously spotted by two men in a battered car. Seized by exuberant admiration, they began a hot chase, with the clear purpose of forcing us to the curb. The next ten minutes resembled a Marx Brothers' comedy sequence as, beaming and gesturing and shouting extravagant proposals, they veered recklessly about us, and my companion took daring evasive action which detoured us far off our planned route. At last she shook off their absurd car in very thick traffic around a circle at the end of a boulevard. Facing this circle, I noticed, was a building emblazoned with a large sign announcing it as the headquarters of the Communist Party. We rounded the circle and inched with the boulevard horde for several blocks, laughing with relief. We were still chuckling when we paused at an intersection for a red light. While we waited, a band of coatless men throwing leaflets in the air debouched from an alley to our left and swarmed rapidly as bees over the streets, the intersection, among the cars, a mirthful intentness on their faces. "Advertising something?" I asked my friend, and saw her tauten into immobility. Her knuckles whitened on the steering wheel. The light changed to green; not a single vehicle moved; leaflets fell like confetti; cries and shouts mingled as the

men raced and wove in a crazy choreography. One bore down from the intersection, his eyes on us; my friend said rapidly, "Put up your window and *don't speak English.*" He bent down to glance at us, his face flashing with gleeful excitement; then he threw some leaflets on her lap and sped on. The words mimeographed on the paper were a protest by the Communist Party against a new gasoline tax as an oppression of the Venezuelan people.

When I looked up from the paper, a huge tire lying on the pavement just beyond our bumper was burning, tended by a grinning man who threw on it a liquid that sent a burst of fire upward, obscuring the stop-light. Screams now accompanied the crash of shattering glass. The herd of vehicles, paralyzed till now, stampeded into sudden flight in a crescendo of grinding gears, cars and trucks and buses careening forward or in reverse, over the sidewalks and traffic islands, down sidestreets and alleys. Everyone on foot was running. A bottle, splintering on the curb below my window, released, like a genie, furious little flames; with a shock of recognition born of magazine photographs, I saw it was a Molotov cocktail.

My friend now displayed the stern stuff concealed by her immaculate veneer. A glance behind showed that the boulevard, littered by debris, paper, broken glass, and flickering small fires, was otherwise miraculously clear. She backed our car straight and fast as an arrow for a block and a half, spied a basement parking-lot down a short driveway between two buildings, braked to a bone-jarring halt, and dove through the opening, inches to spare on one side, like a hunted rabbit.

It must actually have been like going to burrow from the hunt. We found ourselves in a large, dark, underground chamber that held only a taxi with its driver, a grimly impassive garage-keeper, and a telephone just inside the entrance. In this dim sanctuary, my friend quietly bowed her head upon her arms folded on the steering-wheel, and we sat without speaking. But the muffled sounds of outside tumult increased. Overcome by

*Continued on page 37*

"It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested." — James Russell Lowell

# I'm the Vice Consul

HERBERT S. WEAST

As Robert Percival Jones settled diffidently into the well-padded swivel chair behind the large mahogany desk, his eyes fell on his own modest desk nesting in the corner nearest the outer office. When Sam Thomas had first invited him to use his desk, he'd politely refused the offer. Not just because he knew that Sam would chalk up a ready acceptance as a black mark. No, the idea had made him a little uneasy and it still did. Sam was the consul and Principal Officer but he was a vice consul with only a year behind him and still on probation. Naturally, as soon as he was sure Sam had really meant it, he'd accepted, and since he had accepted, he was going to do it. A small matter? There were no small matters when you were dealing with Samuel Thomas.

Sam had left yesterday for a month on his Vermont farm—his first real vacation since he'd been assigned to Merida in 1940, ten years ago. He must be in Washington now, Bob thought. The Mexican desk wanted to talk with him about Yucatecan fiber production and he'd also be talking with Personnel about his transfer to Buenos Aires and the assignment of another officer to Merida after he left. The final selection of a man would have to await Sam's return.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do," Sam had said just before he boarded the plane. Trite, but something like that can have a lot of meaning when you know the per-

*Herbert Weast was born in San Francisco in 1915. He majored in psychology at the University of Columbia and did graduate work in economics at the University of California at Berkeley. He entered the Foreign Service in 1947 and served in Latin America, Europe and Africa, specializing in the economic and labor areas. He retired in 1968 to work for the US labor movement in Latin America, Washington and the Far East. In 1976 he moved to Sarasota, Florida (5536 Cape Aqua Drive, zip code 33581) to write fiction.*

son who says it, he thought. Sam would have called it "plain-enough English." It meant that if I do a good job, I'll be in charge for a year and the officer assigned here will work for me. If I don't, I'll work for him—or worse. And it was a promise that two hours after he gets back Sam will know everything I did while he was gone.

He took a towel from a drawer and wiped his face with it as he walked over to turn on a fan. The odor of horse manure in the large room grew stronger as the fan sucked it in from the street. Situation's normal, he said to himself. It was this way a year ago when I got here. The Meridanos say it gets hot in March because they start to burn the *milpas*, but they'll admit there's more to it than burning the corn fields when you ask them why it stays that way most of the year.

If I can make it through the month, he thought, it's a good assignment. God knows, I didn't think so in the beginning. I had trouble finding Merida on the map! And I thought I was so clever when I fired off that how-happy-I-am-to-be-assigned-to-Merida letter to Mr. Samuel Thomas, Esquire. It would have been so easy to find out that you don't use the "Mr." when you put "Esquire" after the name. And I signed the thing R. Percival Jones: I'd always hated my middle name, but some Foreign Service officers do turn their names around like that and a lot of them are right up at the top too. Sam had guessed that was why I'd done it and of course he already knew my name from the Personnel Action he'd received from the Department. He'd called me Mr. Jones at the airport, but coming into town he'd said he supposed he'd have to call me Percy but if it wouldn't make me blush, he'd like to know what the "R" stood for. I guess I did blush when I told him. Then he asked me

what people had called me all my life. I had to tell him Bob, of course. I did do one thing right. I never told him about the doctorate I got in political science just before I went to Washington for my two months training. He didn't let on that he knew until I'd been in Merida about six months. He would never have forgiven me if I'd mentioned it first.

Bob remembered his arrival at the Hotel Merida. Sam had gone to a good deal of trouble to see that he was comfortably installed in his room. Then, all of a sudden, Mr. Thomas had headed unceremoniously for the door saying, "Meet me at the office in 15 minutes. You can walk it. Everybody knows where it is." When he got there, Sam had introduced him to the Mexican staff with genuine affability. This done, Mr. Thomas had pointed to the small desk in the corner, muttering, "Sit down a second. I've got to get this report out." He'd banged away on his typewriter for two solid hours while Bob read the Foreign Service Regulations to pass the time. Then, "Sorry, but that couldn't wait, Bob. Let's get some lunch."

At the restaurant Sam had plied him with questions but he'd told him something about himself too. Obviously important Meridanos had kept coming over to their table and Sam had introduced him to them all. And that wasn't all he'd introduced him to.

"I suppose you've eaten a lot of chile peppers in your 25 years, Bob. Perhaps you'd care to join me in sampling one of these little red jobs." He'd popped a *chile habanero* into his mouth and Bob followed suit.

"Chew it well," Mr. Thomas had enjoined and then turned to the pretty Maya waitress. "Un expreso bien caliente para mi amigo, Sweetie Pie. Cuestión de vida o

muerte." The little *huipil* floated toward the kitchen.

Bob had pulled out his handkerchief, wiped away the tears and then used it to get rid of the chile. Sam had kept on chewing his chile as he eyed him like some benevolent imp. "Sweetie Pie" materialized.

"Drink the coffee," Sam had ordered. "It's hot and will burn like all get-out in the beginning but it will probably make you decide to keep on living."

Sam Thomas had been right, as usual.

Up to then, Bob thought, I hadn't been sure how I felt about Sam. The staff obviously feared him, the other Meridianos I'd seen him with respect and seemed to like him and he'd treated "Sweetie Pie" like a favorite daughter. I guess it was the cop who made up my mind for me.

They're generally a shabby lot, he thought, but this one's uniform had been patched so often there was practically nothing left of the original. When he spotted us on the other side of the street walking back to the office, he'd bounded over displaying a horrendous set of choppers in what was supposed to pass for a grin. Like most Maya, this cop had excellent teeth. His problem was that he simply had too much of a good thing. They were as white as the *guayaberas* you see at Sunday mass in the cathedral, but his mouth and jaw would have put a baboon's to shame and the teeth were so large that they dwarfed even that lavish setting. Sam had told me that the Merida police didn't carry sidearms. With his equipment, this cop didn't have to.

"Cómo está, señor cónsul?" the toothy cop asked, holding out his hand.

"Muy bien," Sam replied, putting a five-peso note into the hand. "How are the wife and kids?"

"Muy bien, patroncito. Muchas gracias."

I'm still no good at hiding my feelings, Bob thought. As soon as the cop had saluted and left, Sam had said, "That wasn't a mordida, Bob, and even if it were, you'd have to know what I was getting for my money before you could judge me. I know he looks like he'd bite his own mother but he's really just a poor Indian trying to support a

wife and seven chamacos on five pesos a day. That's about half a dollar. So I give him five pesos once in a while."

He felt a tingling sensation on his hand and slapped irritably at the mosquito that had just bitten him. I'll bet Jorge forgot to spray again, he thought. What time is it, anyway? As he looked at his watch he became aware of the timid knocking at the door. Jorge was supposed to start at 7:30 and it was almost 8 o'clock! He opened the door for him and then ran back to answer the telephone.

"Roberto?" It was López from Pan Am at the airport. "An American on our flight to Guatemala has had a heart attack and we have ordered the plane to return. It will be here in 30 minutes. What do you want us to do?"

"I don't know, César, but I'll find out in a hurry and let you know." Holy cow, he said to himself, here we go. Where in this land of *mañana* do I get a doctor and an ambulance in 30 minutes? Then he thought of Carlos Esquivel and grabbed the telephone. If anyone would know what to do, Carlos would. True, he was an ear, nose and throat man, but he'd taken his medical training in the United States and he did some general practice too. He dialed the number and was relieved when he heard Carlos' "Bueno?" at the other end of the line.

Carlos had a mind like a sponge but it not only soaked everything up, it kept it too. "I'll make the arrangements, Bob, if it's okay with you. I'll call you back."

Five minutes later the telephone rang. "I've advised López and I'm about to leave for the airport in an ambulance," Carlos said. "I've arranged to put the patient in the Clínica Briones. Dr. Coraza, our only cardiologist, has agreed to examine him at ten o'clock. See you there then? Good."

When Bob arrived at the *clínica*, Carlos was waiting for him in the reception room.

"The patient is resting comfortably," Carlos said. "I think his heart is all right and, if Dr. Coraza agrees, we'll have to look for another explanation for his loss of consciousness on the plane. From the little I could learn at the airport, I wouldn't rule out an epileptic sei-

zure. He's just come to and I thought I would wait for you and Dr. Coraza before seeing what light he himself may be able to throw on the matter. You don't know Dr. Coraza, do you?"

Bob shook his head.

"You should in your line of work. He does a lot more than practice medicine." Carlos' smile deepened as he savored the phrase which had formed in his mind and he pointed to the new Olds which was pulling up behind his tired Ford. "As you gringos would say, 'speak of the devil. . . ' Here he comes now."

By any standard Dr. Benito Jesús Coraza was a big man. In Yucatan, where most people are small, he was immense. He rumbled toward the *clínica* like an attacking army filling the entrance with his bulk.

"I'm late, Dr. Esquivel," he announced in a pleasant baritone. "Sorry but I had an important meeting in the henequen association."

"You must be the acting consul," he continued, turning to Bob and offering a hand which looked better suited to the executioner's axe than the physician's stethoscope. "Funny I haven't seen you around. I know Mr. Thomas very well. I'm happy to be of service but I must warn you, I have a meeting with the Governor in one hour. Please lead the way, Dr. Esquivel. If you don't mind, I'll borrow your bag for the occasion."

The deep-set blue eyes of the man in the bed inspected them curiously as they entered the room. His gaze was deliberate and his composed features bore no trace of his unsettling experience. A pleasing face, Bob thought, even handsome in its special way. His delicate nose, smooth forehead and slightly pointed chin would probably have made him look effeminate had it not been for the bushiness of the arched eyebrows and the heavy black beard so plainly visible under the white skin.

"You must be a doctor," he said, pointing to Carlos. The backs of his short, thick fingers were covered with coarse, black hair and the sleeve of his nightgown had fallen back to disclose an unusually muscular arm. "But I don't know your name and I've never seen these other two gentlemen before. Sup-

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### AID REPS MEET WITH ADMINISTRATOR GILLIGAN

On January 5, AID Administrator Gilligan, Deputy Administrator Noeter and Special Assistant for Labor Relations Klitenic, met with representatives of AFSA's AID Standing Committee. The meeting lasted for almost one and one-half hours and was characterized by candor and an open exchange of ideas. AFSA representatives expressed the employees' concerns clearly and strongly, fully reflecting the information received from AFSA members and chapters worldwide.

Major topics covered concerned the Administrator's stewardship of AID, personnel management matters, AID/W rotational assignments, AID reorganization, and the question of AID employees' "lifestyle" abroad.

## CAREER INTERESTS

The AFSA State Standing Committee, which is responsible for all personnel issues and negotiations on behalf of the State Foreign Service, has recently organized a new Subcommittee to address career interest problems of the Service. It is organized along general grade and functional interest areas. If you have a matter of career concern, such as issues and questions relating to promotion, assignment, affirmative action, or just general gripes, please address your queries to the Career Interests Subcommittee. You may send it to any of the following, depending on your grade and interest:

- Senior: Dennis Kux
- Mid-Career: Charles Flowerree
- Specialists: John Shaw
- Junior and Threshold: James Doyle

Or, if it is of a general nature, you may send it to the Coordinator of the Subcommittee, Kenneth Rogers. Address all of your inquiries to Room 3644, New State. We will try to respond to all questions. Further, your comments will help us in developing sound positions on a variety of present and future issues.

*This portion of the JOURNAL is the responsibility of the Governing Board of AFSA and is intended to report on employee-management issues, conditions of employment and the policy and administration of AFSA, including its Board, Committees, and Chapters.*

*Members wishing to send letters on employment, working conditions or AFSA affairs should get them to AFSA by the 10th of the month preceding desired publication. AFSA News Committee, Room 3644, N.S.*

### THE BIOGRAPHIC REGISTER—IS IT NEEDED AND WANTED???

The Biographic Register containing "Who's Who" information on most officer level personnel in the Foreign Affairs Agencies was last published as a public document in 1974. Since then, the Department of State has circulated a somewhat truncated version in very limited numbers as an administratively controlled document. The Department has justified this change of policy as a result of the Privacy Act and asserted that it anticipated most Foreign Service employees would refuse to allow their biographies to appear in any public document.

Since 1975, AFSA has received continuing protests from various members complaining because copies of the Biographic Register are no longer readily available. We have discussed this issue with the Department on various occasions but always with the same result: Because of the refusal of employees to authorize publication of their biographic information, the volume cannot be produced as a public document.

In order to confirm what employees want, AFSA requests that each employee send in the following clipping to:

AFSA Member's Interests Committee, Room 3644, New State

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_

Post \_\_\_\_\_

I want the Biographic Register as a public document Yes\_\_\_ No\_\_\_

I agree that my biographic information be published Yes\_\_\_ No\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

## PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS COMMITTEE

Now that the initial cycle of ambassadorial appointments by the Carter Administration is ending, the Committee's focus is shifting to the President's Advisory Board on Ambassadorial Appointments. Last spring AFSA urged Secretary Vance to assure that the Board had a majority of members with first-hand experience in foreign affairs by appointing five additional members from the ranks of retired career and non-career ambassadors. The fact that 12 of the Board's 20 members had little apparent background in foreign policy matters raised serious questions about how well the Board would fulfill its ostensible task of vetting non-career ambassadorial nominees.

AFSA took up the issue again in December with Deputy Under Secretary Read. Our opposition to five of the 28 Carter non-career nominees underscored our feeling that the Board required reshaping if it were to effect genuine reform in non-career ambassadorial selection. While unenthusiastic about enlarging the Board, even

though the Board's charter permits this, Read indicated that the Department had recommended that a vacancy on the Board be filled with a retired career officer.

In the meantime, AFSA is continuing its exploration of the feasibility and advisability of setting up an independent commission on ambassadorial appointments. A current proposal suggests a seven-man panel, all of whose members would have strong foreign affairs backgrounds.

On the ambassadorial front, the appointments since the figures published in the October *FSJ* reveal no major surprises. The initial cycle of appointments has been completed, and all recent appointments have been from career ranks, with no new political ambassadors. As of the beginning of 1978, President Carter had appointed a total of 70 chiefs of mission, of which 27 were non-career, or 40 percent. The non-career percentage of serving envoys (which includes those appointed by the last Administration) remains at 25 percent.

**COMMENT: REORGANIZATION? RIF? DISORGANIZATION!**

After continued pressures by your AFSA/W Representatives, aided by frequent surfacing of internal "manager-to-manager" materials, as well as media reporting, AID management finally met with AFSA Reps for a briefing on stop, start, slide, stumble reorganization cum RIF. Management Reps Dawsey (new Director of Personnel), Babb (A/AID Office), and Klitenic (Labor Relations) offered that, as of the morning of December 27th, there were no approved staffing patterns. They further offered that by mid-January, they expected to have bureau and office functional statements and staffing patterns and that it would probably take an additional two weeks for finalization of these plans.

According to management at the time of the meeting, there were no plans for a RIF. AFSA Reps made a best effort not to be skeptical of these statements since we had in hand at that moment a copy of an AID "manager-to-manager" action memorandum from Dawsey for the Deputy Administrator dated November 3, 1977, Subject: "Foreign Service Reassignment/Medical Complement." The memorandum reads in part "You will note that of the 23 employees listed, 7 are at the FSR-1 grade, 3 are at the FSR-2 grade, and 5 are at the FSR-3 grade. The total salaries for these 23 employees is in excess of \$1,000,000 per year. Several of these employees are former Mission Directors and Deputies who have been replaced by in-service transfers or outside hires." The memorandum concludes with "It is requested that you approve the initiation of a Reduction-in-Force for those employees on the attached listing for whom we are unable to identify an immediate assignment." The memorandum was approved by Deputy Administrator Nooter on November 25, 1977, and copies were sent to Assistant Administrators!

The meeting was not totally mispent. AFSA again pointed out the lack of adequate communication within management and with employees. Management then offered, and AFSA quickly accepted, weekly briefings on the state-of-play of the AID reorganization. Interestingly, Dawsey sent a memorandum on the same day, December 27, 1977, to the Assistant Administrators and Heads of Offices on "Staffing Actions taken to Implement the Reorganization". It reads in part:

The reorganization will result in over-staffing in some areas and under-staffing in others. This means that we must place employees who are surplus in one area in vacancies or new positions in areas that are below on-board authorizations. The specific impact on agency personnel cannot be as-

essed until staffing patterns are finalized and SPARs are prepared which identify positions to be abolished, new positions to be established, and vacancies which may be filled within on-board ceiling authorizations. However, it is clear from the OMB/CSC memorandum that every effort must be made to place surplus employees *within the Agency*.

Accordingly, we must attempt to establish new positions or restructure vacancies that will accommodate the qualifications of surplus employees. Further, the extremely difficult placement problems we already face should not be exacerbated by unnecessarily restructuring or abolishing occupied positions. Such action will cause even more employees to become surplus.

AFSA noted during the meeting that approximately 40 percent of AID-funded staff overseas are non-direct hire; e.g., PASA, IPA, personnel service contracts, or contracts and purchase orders with individuals. Management stated that they were studying this problem and would soon be preparing guidance on non-direct hire personnel. Management also noted that in the past the Agency had gone too far in contracting-out and thereby had lost control of the situation.

Assuredly, top management is in a state of disarray. Rumors abound regarding the reasons for this. AFSA suggests that every Foreign Service employee take the opportunity afforded by Governor Gilligan in the January 5

**SEPTEMBER 17 BOARD**

AFSA has been notified that September 17 has just elected a new Board which took office January 3, 1978. We are glad to extend our congratulations to the following:

- Chairman: Thea de Rouville
- Vice Chairman: Emmett O'Brien
- Secretary: Susan Bell
- Treasurer: Roberta Kinnell
- Members: Louis Corrieri  
John Kennedy  
John Shaw  
Carl Lovett  
Bob Stuckey  
Kathleen Hinton  
Mary Rossignoli

At its January 10 meeting, the Governing Board unanimously approved the appointment of John Shaw to replace Lou Corrieri as the September 17 representative to the State Standing Committee.

**FOREIGN SERVICE DAY**

Once again this year, AFSA and DACOR are working with the Department on plans for Foreign Service Day. The date has tentatively been set for April 21. AFSA plans the customary Saturday morning brunch for April 22. Retired members will be kept informed of plans and possible date changes.

issue of *Front Lines* to write top management's PER as reproduced below.

	Failed to meet standards	Met most of the standards	Met all of the standards	Exceeded most of the standards	Far exceeded all of the standards
1. Understands AID's goals					
Administrator					
Staff					
2. Appreciates AID employees					
Administrator					
Staff					
3. Communicates with employees					
Administrator					
Staff					
4. Listens to employees					
Administrator					
Staff					
5. Effectiveness at setting policy					
6. Effectiveness in gaining support for AIO program					

Unsatisfactory                       Satisfactory                       Outstanding  
 Are you:  
 an AID employee                       an AID retiree                       other  
 Name and address (optional) \_\_\_\_\_

Comments and suggestions are welcome. Attach narrative to this form.

Send to: Editor, *Front Lines*, Office of Public Affairs, AID, Washington, D.C. 20523.

Please return this form and your comments/suggestions so it will arrive in the *Front Lines* office no later than January 26.

Department of the Treasury—Internal Revenue Service  
**1040 U.S. Individual Income Tax Return 1977**

For the year ending (December 31, 1977), or other taxable year beginning: 1977 ending

This name and social ID (this return, give first name and initials of widow) Last name Your social security number

Present home address (number and street, including apartment number, or rural route) For Privacy Act Notice, see page 3 of Instructions. Spouse's social security no.

City, town or village, state and ZIP Code

Married  Yours  Spouse's

Presidential Election Campaign Fund

Do you want \$1 to go to this fund? Yes  No  Note: Checking "Yes" will not increase your tax or reduce your refund.

If joint return, does your spouse want \$1 to go to this fund? Yes  No

Filing Status

Check Only One Box

1  Single

2  Married filing joint return (even if only one had income)

3  Married filing separately. If spouse is also filing, give spouse's social security number in the space above and enter full name here

4  Unmarried Head of Household. Enter qualifying name

5  Qualifying widower with dependent child (Year spouse died) 15

Exemptions

Always check the "Youself" box. Check other boxes if they apply.

a  Yourself  65 or over  Blind

b  Spouse  65 or over  Blind

c First name of your dependent children who lived with you

d Other dependents:

(1) Name (2) Relationship (3) Number of (4) Date dependent was born (5) Date you provide more than half of support

# INCOME TAX—DOs AND DON'Ts

ROBERT N. DUSSELL, and  
 FRANK E. HANSON

2. Total number of exemptions claimed

Income

8 Wages, salaries, fees, and other employee compensation (Check Form W-2. If several, give max. 5 of Instructions)

9 Interest income (if over \$400, attach Form 1099-INT)

10a Dividends (if over \$200, attach Form 1099-DIV)

11 Gift and loan income tax credits (attach Form 1099-G)

12 Alimony received

13 Business income or (loss) (attach Schedule C)

14 Capital gain or (loss) (attach Schedule D)

15 30% of capital gain distribution

16 Net gain or (loss) from Supplemental Unemployment Benefits

17 Fully taxable pensions and annuities (attach Form 1099-R)

18 Pensions, annuities, IRAs, IRAs, IRAs

19 Farm income or (loss) (attach Schedule F)

20 Other (state nature and source—see Instructions)

21 Total income. Add lines 8, 9, 10a, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20

Adjustments to income (if none, skip)

22 Moving expense (attach Form 3903)

23 Employee business expenses (attach Form 1398)

24 Payments to an individual retirement plan (attach Form 5389, Part II)

25 Payments to a Keogh (H.R. 10) plan (attach Form 5389, Part III)

26 Forfeited interest penalty for premature withdrawal (attach Form 5389, Part IV)

27 Alimony paid (see page 11 of Instructions)

28 Total adjustments. Add lines 22 through 27

29 Subtract line 28 from line 21

30 Disability income exclusion (attach Form 4796)

31 Adjusted gross income. Subtract line 30 from line 29

32 IRS to figure your tax for you, see page 2 of Instructions

**TAX AVOIDANCE IS A VIRTUE WHILE TAX EVASION IS A CRIME** is an old truism. But year after year, taxpayers encounter trouble trying to confirm where their actions fall in the broad gray areas between those two extremes. Also, be aware that "The Internal Revenue Service bears most heavily upon taxpayers whose inexactitudes are of their own making."

Judge Learned Hand, one of the most respected jurists of our century whose decisions did much to interpret, unravel, and explain our complex income tax system, once said: "If I understand the IRS, they wish me to consider certain deeds to have been preliminary steps in a reprehensible scheme to lessen income taxes. There isn't the faintest ground for impugning any such purpose of the parties so charged at the bar; and, if there were, it ought not to count. Over and over again our courts have said that there is nothing sinister in arranging one's affairs so as to keep taxes, under the law, as low as possible. Everybody does so, rich and poor alike, and each does right, for nobody owes any public duty to pay more than the law demands; taxes are enforced legal exactions, not voluntary contribu-

tions. To demand more in the name of morals is mere cant."

In any discussion of tax avoidance, it must be understood that each transaction must be carried out in substance as well as in form so as to qualify as legitimate. In complete view of the above, the following tax counsel is furnished:

**1. STATE INCOME TAXES:**

CHECK UP ON YOUR STATE TAX STATUS NOW!

Foresight rather than hindsight can save untold torment and dollars. One Foreign Service employee who thought he no longer had any responsibility for

*Robert N. Dussell, Enrolled Agent, served as AID Employee Chief Tax Adviser from the agency's creation in 1961 until retirement in 1972 after 32 years of Federal Tax Service. Since 1972 Mr. Dussell has served as Tax Advisor to AFSA and AID officials as his counsel is requested. He is presently associated with the CPA Firm of Hanson & Hanson, Ltd. of Arlington and Falls Church, Va. as an Enrolled Federal Tax Agent.*

*Frank E. Hanson, CPA, is President of Hanson & Hanson, Ltd., CPA Firm of Arlington and Falls Church, Va. Mr. Hanson has over twenty years of experience in tax and public accounting in the Northern Virginia area.*

payment of state income taxes was recently ordered to pay a local jurisdiction a tax bill for the five years, 1971-75, which cost him over \$31,000,000, representing tax, penalties, and interest.

(a) *Law*: A Foreign Service employee assigned to a post abroad on official business continues to be a domiciliary or legal resident of the United States and also continues to retain a legal State domicile. Even though not physically present during the tax year, the Foreign Service employee must comply with the applicable state's income tax laws. US Courts have ruled in numerous decisions that mere absence from one's fixed and legal home, however long endured, cannot work a change of domicile. To make a change of legal domicile, two things must occur: First, actual residence in the new state must commence. Second, there must be an intention to remain in the new state on a permanent basis. The burden is on the taxpayer to prove that a change in legal domicile has occurred.

(b) *Domicile vs. Residence*: Unfortunately, confusion as to the meaning of these two words leads to much aggravation as to which jurisdiction is due your state tax dollars. "Domicile" is considered that state or district which is the taxpayer's permanent, "legal" home as a US citizen. A "residence" is where the taxpayer is physically residing at the moment, but it may not be a "permanent" home, despite the ownership of property, etc. By custom and judicial action, each US citizen must have a "legal" voting residence in the United States and therefore have a legal domiciliary in some state or district of the United States, even if resident abroad as a US employee. The following factors are considered when determining "Domicile":

1. State of residence when entering Federal Service.
2. Registered voting status or where you could legally vote.
3. Family ties, state college allowance, veterans allowance, etc.
4. Where you own property and investments.
5. Where auto is titled and driver's license maintained.
6. Home leave address on Foreign Service records.
7. Where you intend to return if retired, deceased, etc.
8. Past state income tax history.

A voting history is the most important factor, especially if other points are not clear cut. Mere ownership of assets does not, in itself, indicate "legal" domicile, nor do any of the other points individually. Collectively, they each have their contributing factor to the final determination of one's state of legal domicile.

## 2. HOME LEAVE:

Much has been said on this torrid tax subject. The IRS has not changed its decision to disallow all deductions claimed for home leave expense. As an exception, those taxpayers who maintain legal domicile in the 9th Circuit (Ariz., Calif., Ore., Nev., Wash., Hawaii, Alaska, Idaho, Mont., Guam) where the Court decision in the Stratton Case applies, can gain favorable treatment on home leave deductions. Even then, most IRS agents confine the allowable expense only to the employee's own expenses and only to taxpayers who file their tax returns in the IRS Center, *Fresno, Calif.* Efforts to force the IRS to accept a wider application remain a very uphill struggle, especially in today's climate of the further limiting of deductible expenses by our federal law makers. The Hitchcock Case is still under consideration in the 4th Circuit.

## 3. MOVING EXPENSES:

An employee or self-employed individual, when computing adjusted gross income, may deduct from the gross income those unreimbursed expenses of moving from one location to another, if the move is incident to the commencement of work in a new location. The distance of the move must be 35 miles or more.

Allowable deductions in excess of reimbursements from gross income for job related moving expenses are reflected on Form 3903 and include:

- a) cost of transportation for the taxpayer and family from the old to the new residence;
- b) cost of transporting household goods and personal effects (including shipping of automobile, insurance, storage charges);
- c) cost of meals and lodging en route to the new location (including consultation trips if requested by employer or new position warrants such consultation);
- d) temporary living expenses (up to thirty consecutive days) at the new job location (including meals and lodging);
- e) expenses of traveling (including meals and lodging) after commencing employment from the former residence to the general location of the new principal place of work and return for the purpose of searching for a new residence;
- f) qualified expenses incident to a sale, purchase or lease of a residence (including broker's commissions, attorney's fees and points to the extent the latter does not represent interest) — can't be used as cost of property if used as moving expense.

Deductions for d, e, f, are limited to \$3,000, of which amount those expenses related to house-hunting trips and living expense at the new job location may not exceed \$1,500 (for married couples filing jointly).

When an automobile is used in making the move, the moving expense deduction is determined by deducting either: (1) the actual out-of-pocket expenses incurred, or (2) a standard mileage rate of 7c per mile.

*Time Requirement*: In order for moving expenses to be deductible, the employee must be a full-time employee for at least 39 weeks of the immediately following year. This time requirement may adversely affect an employee who moves twice within one year.

*NOTE*: Expenses reimbursed by the employer are not deductible and are actually taxable income in many instances.

## 4. SALE-PURCHASE-RENTAL OF RESIDENCY — POSTPONEMENT OF GAIN:

Because of their overseas assignments, Foreign Service employees are unique in respect to income tax issues relating to the use, purpose, purchases, sale, etc., of their personal residence. There have been numerous contests between Foreign Service employees and IRS on this point and normally these rules apply: An employee who has but one (1) residential property and is assigned overseas, is permitted to sell his home and claim the postponement of gain per Sec. 1034 of the IRS Code even though the property is or has been rented temporarily, while the employee was at an overseas post of duty. In *Rev. Rule 59-72* and *Tax Court 515 (1957) Trisko vs. Commissioner*, it is stated that the personal residence of a Foreign Service employee maintains that status as long as the taxpayer intends to return to that residence when not assigned overseas. Such status is not changed by the temporary rental of the residence for the purpose of having reputable people care for and maintain the house while the employee is out of the country. It can hardly be expected that the employee leave the house vacant and unattended while temporarily assigned abroad. Good faith and intentions should prevail in each specific case. The chief tests will always be: (1) is the property the employee's residence; (2) did he use it as his sole residence prior to being sent abroad; and (3) did he truly expect to return to the residence upon completion of the overseas duty. If such facts prevail, the employee may be entitled to the relief (Postponement of Gain) provided by Sec. 1034 IRS when property is sold and another residence purchased.

## 5. REPRESENTATION AND ALL OTHER EMPLOYEE BUSINESS EXPENSES:

Deductions claimed for representation and other business expenses have come under severe attack by IRS in recent months due to the abuse by a few to the detriment of many. Each specific case must lean upon its own merits. If claiming for representational expenses, the taxpayer must (1) be an employee who has been assigned representational responsibilities; (2) be able to furnish a full diary showing who was entertained, type of expense, and relation to official duty; and (3) have a certificate from the appropriate agency official that such expenses were necessary in performance of duty and that such expenses were reimbursable under agency policy but could not be reimbursed due to insufficient funds in that year involved.

The item of "other employee ordinary and necessary business expenses" is always a matter of resolution between the employee and the IRS. To sustain such an item as tax deductible, it is mandatory to keep proper receipts and records of such expenses, and to be able to explain the relationship of the expense to official business. As a statement of non-reimbursable status will not be furnished by the agency for these types of expenses, the taxpayer must develop his own documentation. Normally, if the amounts involved are reasonable, a simple schedule of such expenses by date-type-purpose will normally suffice.

Remember that such expenses as listed above are permitted only when Schedule A — itemized expenses — is elected by the taxpayer.

Such items as special clothing, domestic help, and personal residence expenses required at overseas post of duty are rarely, if ever, permitted by IRS under present regulations.

## 6. IRS AUDITS — PROS AND CONS:

Auditing of returns by the Internal Revenue Service is an important aspect of the tax system. The first reaction of most people who receive notification that they are being audited is "Why me?" Returns are audited for a number of reasons. The first, and most likely reason, is a random selection made by an IRS computer. Secondly, a return could be selected for audit because the itemized deductions appear to be out of line with the normal amounts for the income shown on the return; i.e., \$10,000 of interest deduction with only \$15,000 of income reported. Also, a return might be audited because the Intelligence Division of the Service suspects fraud, perhaps because of information received from some anonymous source.

Audits generally are handled as: office audits, field audits, or correspondence audits. More than likely if the taxpayer is overseas, a correspondence audit will take place. If the reply requires submission of documentation to the IRS, mail copies, NEVER send the original.

Once the shock of being audited subsides, the taxpayer has the decision to make of whether to represent himself or to be represented by a person qualified to practice before the IRS (Attorney, CPA, Enrolled Agent). In most cases, a taxpayer can satisfactorily represent himself. However, if there are unclear, technical issues involved or there are problem areas on the return, the taxpayer had better retain qualified, professional help.

A few words of caution if you decide to represent yourself. It would be advisable to contact the person who helped prepare the return, if you did not prepare the return yourself, and discuss the items being questioned with him. When responding to IRS, take or send the documents necessary to verify the items being questioned. Answer to the best of your ability the auditor's questions. DO NOT volunteer any additional or unrelated information. If the IRS auditor "suggests" an additional assessment, do not feel obligated to immediately sign anything. If the auditor gives you a report suggesting an increase in your tax liability, take the report and reflect on it for a few days. After considering the merits, you can sign the assessment, seek professional advice, or return the proposed assessment to the IRS indicating you disagree with the finding. If you disagree, there are three more levels you can take your case to: the conference level, appellate level, and then the United States Tax Court. It would be advisable, however, to get the assistance of a professional if you decide to appeal the findings of the original auditor.

If, for some reason, you feel there will be a real problem with your return, seek professional help at once. These problem areas could be unreported income, overstatement of deduction, etc. If unreported income (usually of a significant amount but not necessarily) is the problem, there is a possibility of a fraud investigation. Such investigations are handled by Special Agents of the Intelligence Division of the Internal Revenue Service. If a Special Agent calls on you, it is strongly recommended that an attorney versed in tax matters be retained. Even though an enrolled agent or CPA may be as knowledgeable in tax matters, they are not covered by the privileged communication aspect and might be required to answer questions under oath which could be detrimental to you. In most tax matters, the burden of proof is

on the taxpayer. In a fraud investigation, however, the burden of proof is on the IRS.

When you retain someone as your representative, he will have you sign a Power of Attorney form. He must have this written authority. After you have signed the form, the Service should communicate with you through your representative. Most likely the person you retain will discuss with you what your rights and responsibilities are during an investigation. If he doesn't, ask him!

The secret to being successful in an audit starts with the preparation of the return. Documentation is the key to an accurate return. Estimates will not stand up in an audit.

## 7. SUNDRY TAX ISSUES:

(a) Any US citizen stationed abroad on April 15, 1978 has an automatic additional two months until June 15, 1978 to file the 1977 Federal Income Tax Return. Any citizen physically in the United States on April 15, 1978 is required to file by April 15th unless the taxpayer files Form 4868 on or before April 15, 1978 requesting the 60-day extension until June 15, 1978. Any tax not paid by April 15, however, is subject to both penalty and interest until date of actual payment up to June 15. After that date the "failure to file penalty" also applies.

(b) Contributions made directly to any foreign church or other foreign charitable organization are not tax deductible.

(c) Any US citizen who converts US dollars to a foreign currency and later reconverts the same funds to US dollars may incur a capital gain or loss because of an adjustment in foreign exchange rates. It has been held that any such gain or loss is a capital gain or loss for tax purposes.

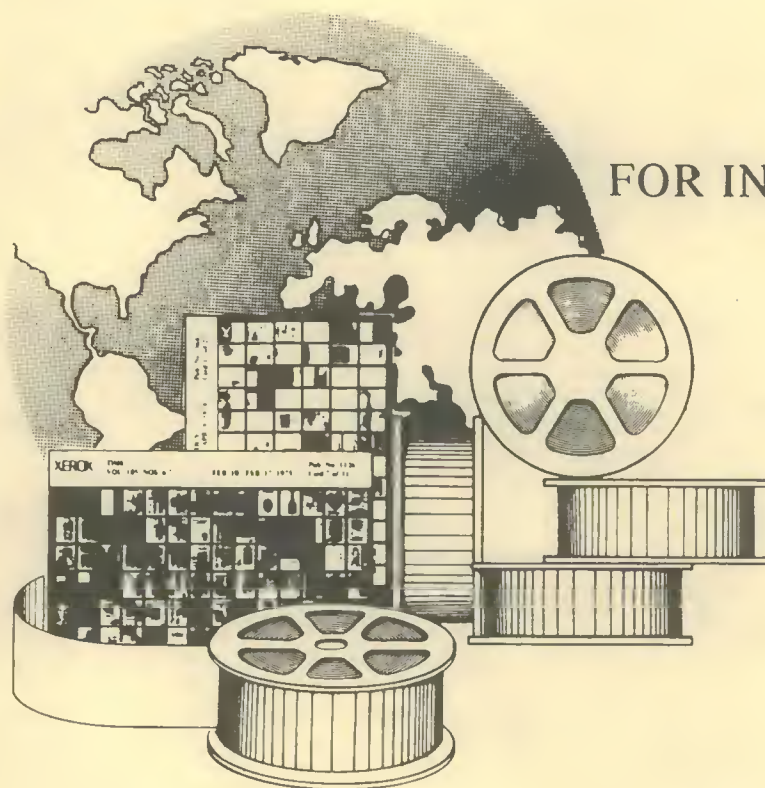
(d) Educational expenses incurred, over and above reimbursements, are deductible as itemized expenses on Schedule 1040A if such study was directly related to and expected by your employer. If the educational expense was incurred to meet the requirements of a new profession, it is not deductible.

(e) In the Foreign Service, personal records are at times difficult to maintain. Nevertheless, each employee should adopt the habit of storing all tax-related records for at least a five-year period. The effort may save much torment and many tax dollars.

(f) It is good logic to obtain a full understanding of the pertinent section of the tax law before placing items on any tax return which may be challenged by the IRS.

A WORD TO THE WISE CAN BE TAX REWARDING.

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## SUIT AGAINST AFSA DISMISSED

Judge Barrington D. Parker of the United States District Court for the District of Columbia presided at a hearing, on December 2, on AFSA's motion to dismiss a suit brought in November 1976 by John D. Hemenway and four co-plaintiffs against the American Foreign Service Association and 26 AFSA members.

On December 14, he issued a memorandum order which read in part: "The defendants moved to dismiss the complaint and asserted several grounds: lack of subject matter jurisdiction; failure to state a cause of action; failure to exhaust administrative remedies; primary jurisdiction in the Department of Labor and the Employment-Management Relations Commission; and laches on the part of the plaintiffs. This Court concludes that it lacks subject matter jurisdiction and that the complaint should be dismissed. It is therefore unnecessary to reach the other asserted grounds for dismissal. However, it also appears that the complaint does not state a cause of action and that the plaintiffs have failed to pursue and exhaust their administrative remedies.

"On the basis of the foregoing, the motion of the defendants to dismiss the complaint for lack of subject matter jurisdiction is granted and the complaint herein be and the same is dismissed."

## AID UNFAIR PRACTICE CHARGE

As a follow-on to our brief report in the January *Journal* on the recent AFSA unfair practice charge against AID, regarding the issuance of an AID directive "freezing" rotational assignments, the AID Standing Committee has received the following letter from the Special Assistant for Labor Relations:

The purpose of this letter is to allay the expressed concerns of the American Foreign Service Association (AFSA) you have conveyed to me in recent meetings that Mr. D. G. MacDonald's October 18, 1977 memo to Assistant Administrators and Office Heads, subject "Interim Restrictions on Personnel Actions," may be subject to misinterpretation by the intended recipients and members of their staffs.

Thus far there is no indication that anyone has misinterpreted the guidance set forth in that memo, guidance which was drafted specifically to comport with the existing Precepts for Foreign Service Assignments and Guidelines for Assignment Boards. If, however, AFSA learns of any clear violation of those Precepts and Guidelines, I obviously would be interested in learning of it, too.

I appreciate your patience and understanding in this matter.

The AID reply does not "allay" AFSA's concerns and we shall continue to press our unfair practice charge.

## Foreign Service People

### Marriages

**Bach-Goplen.** Mary L. Bach was married to Orville H. Goplen, FSIO-retired, on December 3, in Florida. They are residing at 112 West Suwannee Lane, Cocoa Beach, Florida 32931.  
**Pulmano-Owen.** Adelaida Pulmano was married to William M. Owen, FSO-retired, on December 7. They are residing at 1742 Willow Road #305, Palo Alto, California 94304.

### Deaths

**Braden.** Spruille Braden, retired Ambassador, died on January 10 in Los Angeles. Ambassador Braden entered the Foreign Service in 1935, serving as delegate on several inter-American conferences and committees. He was appointed Ambassador to Colombia in 1938, to Cuba in 1941 and to Argentina in 1945. He served on the Board of the Foreign Service and the Board of Examiners before his retirement in 1946.

**Cayer.** Robert H. Cayer, FSO, died on December 20 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Cayer entered the Foreign Service in 1963 and served at Frankfurt, Panama, Kingston, Naples, Rabat and Seoul. He is survived by his wife, Kathleen, two sons, Michael and John, a daughter, Roberta, and his mother, Rose, of 53 Statler Road, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178.

**Collins.** Frank D. Collins, FSO-retired, died on November 10, in Bethesda. Mr. Collins entered the State Department in 1944 and served as a country specialist (India and Pakistan) and with the USUN for Security Council hearings on Kashmir. He joined the Foreign Service in 1956 and served at Calcutta before his retirement in 1964. After retirement, Mr. Collins served as social studies teacher at Walter Johnson High School and as a Delegate to the Maryland State Teachers Association. He is survived by his wife, Violet, of 5106 Battery Lane, Bethesda, Maryland 20014, three sons and a daughter.

**Ferguson.** Josephine M. Ferguson, FSS-retired, died on January 9, in Washington. Miss Ferguson entered the Foreign Service in 1959 and served in Morocco, the Congo, Ghana, Libya, Hong Kong, Vietnam, Costa Rica and Argentina before her retirement in 1972. She received six meritorious honor awards during her service and the Medal for Civilian Service. Miss Ferguson is survived by a sister, Mrs. Harold M. Davis, Sr., St. Petersburg, Florida and a nephew, Col. Harold M. Davis, Jr., 6007 Denton Court, Springfield, Virginia 22152.

**Fowler.** James Randlett Fowler, AID administrator, died on December 14 in Baltimore. Mr. Fowler served with the State Department and predecessor agencies to AID before joining AID as deputy assistant administrator for the Far East in 1961. He then became AID mission director to Colombia, deputy US coordinator for the Alliance for Progress, a member of the Senior Seminar at FSI and special assistant to the administrator and deputy administrator. He is survived by his wife, Margaret, a daughter, Deborah, a son Michael, of 8 West Irving Street, Chevy Chase, Maryland, 20015 and another daughter Pamela, of Columbus, Indiana.

**Mayfield.** C. Thomas Mayfield, FSO, died on January 13 on board the *S.S. Monterrey*, from Perth. Mr. Mayfield joined the Foreign Service in 1952 and served at Manila, Pusan, Chonju, Seoul, Perth, London and Singapore before this most recent assignment. He is survived by his wife, c/o William T. Brown, 126 Northampton Road, Wilmington, North Carolina 28403.

**Murphy.** Robert D. Murphy, retired Ambassador, died on January 9 in New York. Ambassador Murphy entered the Foreign Service in 1920 and served at Zurich, Munich, Seville, Paris, Vichy, Algiers and as Ambassador to Belgium and Japan. He was named Career Minister in 1946 and Career Ambassador in 1956. Ambassador Murphy's 40-year career in the Service, under eight presidents, did not end with his retirement in 1960 from his post as Under Secretary of State. He later served as chairman of the Board of Intelligence Oversight and headed the Commission for Reorganization of the Government's Foreign Policy. In 1964, his book "Diplomat Among Warriors" was published to much acclaim. During his service, he received many awards and decorations, including the National Security Medal, which described him as "a man of legendary achievement in the cause of freedom during World War II." He is survived by two daughters, Rosemary Murphy and Mrs. Geoffrey Pond, and a grandson.

## SECOND CAREER

Recent news items have indicated that former Representative Wayne Hays will run for elective office in his native state of Ohio. It has not been announced what office. Ms. Elizabeth Ray was quoted as saying that she wished him well and it was said a television commentator remarked that it was a pleasure to see them both back on their feet.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The President ordered a review of the John Carter Vincent loyalty case by a new board headed by Judge Learned Hand. Other members of the board were John J. McCloy, James Grafton Rogers, G. Howland Shaw and Edwin C. Wilson. Press comment on the Vincent case had pointed out the dangers to objective reporting implied by the Loyalty Review Board's letter of December 12, 1952, which referred to Vincent's "studied praise" of the Chinese Communists and "equally studied criticism" of the Chiang Kai-shek government.

The *Journal* picked up an item from the British *Diplomatist* recalling that Ambassador George Kennan's great-uncle was ping'd by the Russian government in 1901 for writing a book describing the exiling of political prisoners to Siberia. Both Kennans were born on February 16, one in 1845, the other in 1904.

Dean Acheson spoke extemporaneously at an AFSA luncheon in his honor on January 8, 1953. His remarks as printed in the February *Journal* included: "Today—and nothing like this was ever true before—over two-thirds of our chiefs of mission come from your ranks. I hope this will continue. The day is past when we can afford to be represented abroad by just anyone who has money to contribute to campaign funds. And this has nothing to do with the size or prestige of the country to which we send our representative. He may do us as much harm in some remote capital of a minor country as in one of the major capitals of the world."

## AFSA LUNCHEONS—1978

Deputy Under Secretary for Management Ben H. Read was the guest speaker at a luncheon in the Foreign Service Club on January 12. This was the first of the 1978 series of luncheons being organized by the Professional Affairs Committee to promote an interchange of ideas between AFSA members and leading personages in the foreign affairs community. Members who wish their names added to the list of those being invited to these luncheons should send in a request.

# JOIN AFSA

## WOLCOTT ON ED BOARD



Peter Wolcott, USIA, former Governing Board member and long-time AFSA activist, has joined the Editorial Board. An inveterate reader, he has no problems with the large number of manuscripts reaching Editorial Board members each week. He's not, however, the bookish, indoor type—skiing is a favorite sport and he's also an environmentalist and ornithologist.

Peter entered USIA in 1962, after earning his M.A. in International Relations at Syracuse University, and served in varying posts in Malaysia and Indonesia from 1963-70. He served on the staff of the President's Council on Environmental Quality for a year and as Chairman of USIA's Oral Examining Panel for Junior Officers. His most recent overseas post was Helsinki.

Other AFSA activities include membership on the FSECC Governing Committee and the USIA Standing Committee.

## SELECTION OUT

As we go to press, we understand that management has decided not to dispute AFSA's position in rejecting management's new selection out proposals. Rather, management will continue with the Performance Standards Board procedures in 1978. We are encouraged by this concurrence with the Association's position.

## EDUCATIONAL COUNSELING CENTER SEEKS ASSISTANT/COUNSELOR

A new part-time Assistant/Counselor is being sought by FSECC. Interested persons should submit resumes to the Chairmen of the Governing Committee, c/o Bernice Munsey, Director, FSECC, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037. Phone 202-338-4045.



Since 1930, more than 4,000 important American landmarks have been needlessly destroyed... to say nothing of individual homes, entire sections of our cities. And, more are disappearing every year. The only way to stop this destruction is to get involved. Personally. For more information, write: National Trust for Historic Preservation, Department 0605, 740 Jackson Place, NW, Washington, DC 20006.



# Caution: Endangered Species

pose we introduce ourselves and then start talking about what's the matter with me and how to get me out of here. My name is Hyde—Henry Hyde—but I'd appreciate it if you'd call me Henry. Most people do."

"I'm Carlos Esquivel, Henry, and this is Dr. Coraza. There's a possibility that you've suffered a heart attack. Heart disease is Dr. Coraza's specialty so I asked him to come take a look at you. Robert Jones here is in charge of the American Consulate."

"Are you sure?" Henry asked, looking at Bob doubtfully. "I thought the man in charge of the consulate in the Embassy was a Mr. Kelly. As a matter of fact, he renewed my passport not long ago and I've got a stamp in it which says he's the consul."

"Excuse me, Henry," Bob said. "The Embassy is in Mexico City. The officer in charge of the consular section there is James Morgan."

"I'll be . . . ! You mean I'm not in Guatemala?"

"No," Carlos said, "you're in Mexico all right. But you're in Merida, which is not too far from Guatemala. When you're well enough to continue your travel, you can be there in short order. If you don't mind, I'll ask Dr. Coraza to check your heart now. Do you speak Spanish?"

"It's a lovely language," Henry replied, "and I'm trying to learn it. I wish I could. It would help me get to know a lot of nice people better."

"Dr. Coraza does not speak English," Carlos continued, "but I will do the interpreting. If you don't mind, I'll ask Mr. Jones to stick around. Something could come up that I might not be able to handle."

"Your English is excellent, Doctor," Henry replied, "but I'm all for having Mr. Jones stay whether we need him or not. It isn't every day that I have a medical examination with a consul present. When Dr. Coraza has finished, I'll have an official witness to the fact that I'm 100 percent okay."

Carlos did the interpreting automatically. He'd already made his examination and didn't expect Dr. Coraza to come up with anything different. But it was a good idea to ask him, he thought. Mr. Thomas

would approve of his participation. The consulate was always interested in politicians and politics was the reason Dr. Coraza had let his practice go during recent years. Nobody doubted that he'd do almost anything to become governor. With his talent and drive—and, the Meridanos would add, *Dios mediante*—it was just a question of time.

"Doctor Esquivel." Carlos became aware of the very large hand nudging his shoulder. "There is nothing the matter with this man's heart. I will wash my hands and leave." Dr. Coraza headed for the bathroom.

"Good news, Henry," Carlos said. "Your heart is okay. Now I think we'd better try to find out what was behind your loss of consciousness on the plane. Have you ever been told that you had diabetes or that your blood sugar level was low?"

"No," Henry said, beginning to look uncomfortable.

"Have you ever passed out like that before?"

He started to look harassed. His eyebrows began to converge and two severely defined furrows etched themselves into his forehead above either side of his nose. "Well," he said, raising a protesting hand, "maybe once or twice."

But Carlos was thinking, not watching. "Now, from what I was told at the airport, you had a fit which I think could have been an epileptic seizure. Have you ever been treated for epilepsy?"

Henry sprang from the bed. When his feet touched the floor, his back began to arch and his arms went akimbo, making him squat and menacing. His eyes bulged and the frown gave way to a skin-cracking scowl, distorting the eyebrows into a splayed "V." The flaring nostrils coarsened his fine nose, the outthrust jaw further sharpened the pointed chin and swollen veins invaded his throat and forehead.

"You rotten bastard," he screamed, shaking a stubby finger under Carlos's nose. "You're no doctor. You're one of the gang that was after me in New Orleans. You were going to pour liquid nitroglycerin on me in the plane. If I hadn't faked that attack, you'd have killed me!"

He turned to glare balefully at Bob. "And you're another. You masquerade as the American consul but I'm not so easily taken in."

Carlos had turned white. "But Henry," he protested. "We're only trying to help you."

"Who in the hell are you calling Henry!" He grabbed Carlos by the throat and started to shake him like a rag doll. "Call me Mr. Hyde, damn you! Call me Mr. Hyde."

That was a near thing." Carlos said hoarsely. They had met again in the reception room after leaving Henry Hyde in a deep narcotic sleep. He fingered his discolored throat gingerly. "I'm in your debt, Dr. Coraza. If it hadn't been for you, I doubt that Robert and I would be sitting here."

"Always at your orders, Doctor Esquivel. Perhaps you will think of me kindly some day in the voting booth."

Dr. Coraza turned to Bob. "I am pressed for time but I wish to impress upon you that this is a most serious situation. You are dealing with a homicidal maniac. So long as he remains at large he is a great danger to the people of this community. As a Mexican I have a responsibility to my fellow citizens. We have an asylum. You may have heard of it. It is called by everybody El Santo Inocente. If you are able to remove this man from Mexico in a safe manner, so much the better. But so long as he remains in the country he cannot stay at this clínica. He must be put in the asylum."

"What do you think, Carlos?" Bob asked.

"Excuse me," interrupted Dr. Coraza. "I thought what I just said made it clear that I was not speaking solely as a physician. No offense to you, Dr. Esquivel, but it is obvious that the only safe place is El Santo Inocente. This young man must see that he is transferred there as soon as possible."

"I strongly advise that you cooperate with me in this, señor vice cónsul," Dr. Coraza continued, imparting light but unmistakable emphasis to the first word of the title, "so that I will be able to speak with Consul Thomas when he returns about your cooperation. I could go to the newspaper, of course, but I hope that will not be necessary."

He opened the door and the steps sagged as they took his weight. "One last thing, Doctor Esquivel." He paused, his hand on the open car door. "I recommend that you keep him heavily sedated. Remember, if there is a next time, I may not be with you."

"Well, that was clear enough." Bob said as the Olds started to move, "except for that part about going to the newspaper. What did he mean, Carlos?"

"As you know, there are two newspapers in Merida. The people in charge of the one owned by the state government are afraid of Dr. Coraza politically so they do not give him publicity. The other is owned by a friend of his. It publishes anything he wants and Dr. Coraza's name is always in it. He was saying that he could use it to force you to put Mr. Hyde in El Santo Inocente."

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"I don't think you know enough yet to decide. His papers and wallet are in his suitcases with his clothes. Perhaps they will provide an indication. I have already left instructions to keep him heavily sedated until further notice so as to give you the time you require."

"And what do you think is the matter with him, Carlos?"

"I am not a psychiatrist, Robert, and we don't have one in Merida, not even in El Santo Inocente, but I do think I know enough to narrow it down to two possibilities. One is a psychosis—either paranoid schizophrenia or manic-depressive. They share a number of symptoms and one is frequently mistaken for the other. Usually, the patient's physical characteristics are indicative, but, as you may have noticed, Henry Hyde is dysplastic. His head is fine—almost fragile—but his body is thick and powerful. The head is leptic and would point toward schizophrenia but the body is pyknic and would point toward manic-depressive. But there is no point in worrying about which he might have. They are both practically incurable and extremely dangerous.

"The other possibility," Carlos went on, "is hysteria or psychoneurosis, as it is also called. You remember the fit he had when we finally overcame him? It looked like epilepsy and was doubtless

what happened on the plane. But he did not bite his tongue nor did he lose consciousness completely and the epileptic does. People with hysteria occasionally have this kind of seizure. Also, they sometimes have some of the other symptoms usually associated with the psychoses, such as the delusions of persecution and hallucinations which accompanied this attack. Hysteria can be cured and even while they have it, many people are able to live more or less normal lives."

Carlos looked at his watch and picked up his bag. "I must go to the office now. Keep me posted on how things are going and let me know if you need any help."

When Carlos had left, Bob removed the papers and wallet from the suitcases. He then put the clothes Henry had been wearing in them, locked them and pocketed the keys. Back in the Consulate he went through the papers thoroughly. Henry was 28-years-old and a veteran of World War II. After the war he had started an export-import business in Guatemala City, where he lived with his mother.

The first thing to do, Bob thought, is to get his mother here. I could ask Carlos to keep him sedated and she could get him out by plane. I wouldn't have any trouble getting him on a flight. If any of the airline people asked about his health, Carlos could tell them that he didn't have a heart attack, which is true enough. They'd have no reason to think that he had anything else. If it's not really necessary, I don't want to put him in El Santo Inocente. I'm certain that it's not very comfortable and the likelihood is that he'd be in an institution now if he really were psychotic. If I do put him in, he or his mother might lodge a complaint against me with the Embassy in Guatemala, which would certainly relay it to the Department, and that would be the end of being in charge here and maybe the end of my probation period too.

"Excuse me, señor Jones." Manuel was standing in front of his desk. "We have three applicants for non-immigrant visas. Also, Mr. Tidwell is here for the extension of his passport."

"Okay, Manuel," Bob said, starting to draft the telegram to Mrs. Hyde, "but we have to get

this out right away. I'll sign it as soon as you type it and you can take it to the post office. Make sure they put the date-and-time stamp on our copy. Mr. Thomas is very particular about that. I'll see Mr. Tidwell first."

One thing they forget to tell you in Washington, he thought, is that you don't get any extra time for emergencies. Thank God tomorrow's Saturday. With the office closed, I can get some of this paper work done.

He was working on the monthly economic report the following morning when the telephone rang.

"Señor cónsul, this is Eusebio of the Clínica Briones. The gringo loco has escaped."

"Nombre de Dios! Escaped? He was supposed to be kept under heavy sedation. And how about his clothes? They were locked in the suitcases."

"Sí, señor cónsul, but last night he said he was feeling better and did not want the medicine so Concepción did not give it to him. This morning the locks of the suitcases were broken and he was gone. Perhaps he will come back soon. I hope so."

In the beginning of his assignment Bob had resented as preposterous the voicing of such hopes. Even now he looked pained for a second.

"Muchas gracias," he said. "Please let me know if he shows up."

When will I ever learn, he thought bitterly. If you want anything to work here you have to tie it up at least six different ways and then make it fail-safe. Why didn't I ask Carlos when the sedative was to be given and go there myself to see that it was? Why didn't I bring the suitcases to the office? Why didn't I take his shoes to the office too? And why do I make plans based on his staying safely in the clínica when I fail to see to it that he does?

His glance fell on the copy of the telegram to Mrs. Hyde and the hitherto elusive reason for his uneasiness about it became clear. It should have gone through the Embassy in Guatemala, he thought. That way, they would have been informed. They might already have sent some information about Henry that would have been helpful. And if for any reason Mrs. Hyde de-

cided to go to the ambassador? Naturally he'd say, why didn't Merida let me know what the hell was going on? And how about informing the Department? And, for that matter, how about the Embassy in Mexico City? I must be going crazy myself. I've violated the Sam Thomas ground rule, "If you have a bowel movement and don't write anybody about it, you don't have to tell the Embassy. But if you write, send the Embassy a copy." The ground rule made him conscious of the usual odor being blown his way. Sam always said it proved Merida wasn't a one-horse town. I'll endorse that, he thought, but right now what it means to me is that the stuff has really hit the fan.

He typed the three telegrams and took them to the post office. When they were accepted and the copies stamped, his relief was immediate and the reason, apparent. I've got to buck up, he told himself. I've been so scared that I'm going to get caught in a mistake that I've been thinking of my friends as enemies. If I can just keep in mind that they're on my side, I'll be better off. And for right now, I'll assume that Henry is being Henry. I'll be one of the first to hear about it if Mr. Hyde surfaces.

The telephone was ringing as he approached the consulate. He turned the key in the lock, slamming the door behind him as he ran to answer it. It was Dr. Coraza.

"I'm calling from the airport," Dr. Coraza said. "I'm about to leave for Mexico City, but wanted to let you know that I return the day after tomorrow. Is our friend in El Santo Inocente yet?"

"Not yet," Bob replied, wishing that he were. "I'm arranging to get him out of Mexico. I hope to have the matter settled by the time you return."

"I hope the same, and I trust you understand why I must insist on prompt action. Above all, you cannot continue to keep him at the *clínica*. If this man commits a crime, neither my position nor your own could be defended, and we have every reason to believe that he would if he were given the opportunity. Would you like me to mention the matter to your ambassador in Mexico City?" he asked with a hint of menace.

"There is no need," Bob replied

with the conviction of a man who has just sent a telegram. "I have already informed him. But you may if you wish."

"Good," said Dr. Coraza. "Until Monday then."

Bob was able to reach Carlos to brief him on the escape before helpful Meridanos began to call in Henry's whereabouts, but for the rest of the day he danced to the telephone's tune. It rang as he left to check out the leads it had given him and it summoned him from the

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**"At the *clínica* while the sedative was taking effect Bob went over with Eusebio the timetable left by Carlos for its administration. After Henry had gone to sleep, he packed the clothes he had been wearing, including his shoes, and put the suitcases in the car."**

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street when he returned. At no time did he actually see his quarry, although Henry's tracks were reportedly still smoking whenever he arrived on the scene. There was one oasis in this desert of frustration. Henry was leaving neither carnage nor resentment behind him. At ten o'clock Bob locked the door on the still importunate telephone and headed for a late supper and bed.

Sunday morning his breakfast was interrupted by a call from César López. Henry was at the airport. He had tried to book passage to Liège but had settled for Brussels when he learned that Pan Am didn't fly to Liège. He had, of course, no money, but was waiting for César to check out the possibility of issuing a ticket on credit.

Looking somewhat bedraggled, Henry calmly remained seated on the steps in front of the terminal as Bob approached. The face behind that heavy growth of beard, Bob decided, was Henry's, not Mr. Hyde's.

"We've been quite concerned about you, Henry," Bob said. "Dr. Esquivel doesn't think you're well enough to travel yet."

"Don't be silly," Henry countered. "I've got to get back to my outfit. My furlough is just about over and I wouldn't want to be AWOL, would I? Or are you going to tell me that they'd accept a certificate from that quack!"

"I could get you another physician, if you prefer," Bob said. "I'll drive you back to the *clínica* now and while you're cleaning up and having breakfast, I'll look around for one."

"Look," Henry said, "don't try to bluff me. I know you're not the consul and I'm not going. Maybe you'd like a taste of what I was going to give you last time before that big slob butted in."

Suddenly Bob realized that there was no one else in sight. This warning is a lot clearer than the one Carlos failed to pick up at the *clínica*, he thought, and Dr. Coraza is in Mexico City. If I strike out now, I might not get to bat again.

"Have it your way, soldier," he said casually, starting for the relative safety of the terminal. "I'll just see if there is anything I can do about getting your ticket."

The metamorphosis reversed itself. "You will?" Henry asked incredulously, looking very much like a ten-year-old whose father has just told him that he's getting his first bicycle for Christmas. "That's a great idea, Bob. Mind if I tag along?"

At the Pan Am counter Bob was able to control Henry, who obviously wanted to be cut in on what was going on, with an occasional glance or gesture, but neither he nor César could come up with a good plan to get him back to the *clínica*.

"I guess you'd better go back to your office and call the police. César . . ." He stopped as a Mexican army captain in full dress uniform replete with ribbons and medals stepped up to the counter.

"Forgive me, señor," he said to César. "I am Captain Juan Francisco Beltrán Fregoso. Could you tell me how I can get a taxi into town?"

"I can take you, Captain," Bob said, "and perhaps you can do something for me." He explained the situation.

"But I speak no English, señor."  
"So much the better, captain. Order him in Spanish to accompany us to the *clínica*. If you use

gestures I am certain that he will grasp your meaning. When we have left him at the *clínica*, I will take you to your destination."

He turned to Henry. "I'm sorry, Henry, but the Mexican army is taking you into custody. The captain says you must return to the *clínica* and await further instructions."

Henry's face fell. He looked helplessly at the awesome uniform. "Well, he said resignedly, "you can't fight city hall."

At the *clínica* while the sedative was taking effect Bob went over with Eusebio the timetable left by Carlos for its administration. After Henry had gone to sleep, he packed the clothes he had been wearing, including his shoes, and put the suitcases in the car.

"Captain Beltrán and I are leaving now," he said to Eusebio. "I will return when he is to take his medicine except for the dose at three o'clock tomorrow morning. But I will call you at five minutes after three to find out whether he has taken it. *Comprendido?*"

"*Comprendido, señor.* This time I will not leave it to Concepción. I myself will see to it."

Monday morning, for the first time since he had been in Merida, Bob overslept. As he pulled up in front of the consulate he saw to his surprise that the door was open. Then he noticed the black maria on the other side of the street. When he entered the police were still in the waiting room but were making their way toward the inner office.

"Hold it," he yelled. "That's United States territory in there. Please come back to the waiting room on the outside of the counter." As the astonished police began to file out, Bob spotted Manuel. "How did these men get in here, and, for that matter, how did you get in?"

"Mr. Thomas left me a key for emergencies. Since it was opening time and you were not here, I thought I should use it. Then the American they call the gringo loco came so I called the police. He's in Mr. Thomas's office," he added, pointing toward the room Bob shared with Sam.

Bob's entrance distracted Henry. He looked up, stared at him seriously for a moment—but only for a moment—and returned to his newspaper. He was freshly shaved

and his nightgown was clean, but the bare feet on Sam Thomas' desk were filthy. The thick cloud of cigar smoke which surrounded him bore the unmistakable stench of the "Encanto de Yucatan" brand which periodically poisoned Bob when Sam was there. As he drew nearer Bob saw that the newspaper was the *Tiempo de Yucatan*. It was opened to the comics section.

"Excuse me, Henry," Bob said, "but what are you doing here?"

Henry came to a vertical position in the swivel chair, put the newspaper carefully on the desk and leaned forward.

"Surprised to see me here, aren't you," he said. "Well, I just thought I'd let you know that I didn't take the poison that henchman of yours tried to slip me this morning. If he ever wakes up, he may find the wet spot on the mattress where I dumped it when he wasn't looking."

"You attacked Eusebio?" Bob said in disbelief.

"I suppose that's his name." Henry Hyde said as he started to rise. "And now I'll thank you to tell me what you've done with the body."

"The body? What body?" Bob gasped.

"You know damn well what body," said the man Bob had seen take Carlos by the throat in the *clínica*. "The consul's body, of course. I know you've killed him." Mr. Hyde took a threatening step forward and, as Bob called for the police, somehow the fact that they would be on United States territory looked very different than it had a few minutes before.

Bob breathed easier after he'd called the *clínica*. Eusebio had had enough sense to feign unconsciousness and had not been seriously hurt. But Bob's mind was now made up. I can't leave Henry Hyde in jail, he thought. He'd die of dysentery or typhoid. There's no place for him now but El Santo Inocente. Furthermore, Dr. Coraza is due back today and, damn it, he's been right all along. He called the chief of police, who promised to make the transfer as soon as the asylum requested it and, after Carlos had called the administrator of El Santo Inocente, they drove out to sign the commitment papers.

"The administrator assured me

that the papers are just a formality," Carlos explained as they bumped along the dusty road to the asylum. "He did not sound very interested but I suppose that's because he is retiring soon. His pension will not be very big but neither is his salary so I suppose he'll get along."

"By the way," Carlos continued, "his name will probably interest you. It is José María Flanagan. It's Irish, of course, but here we pronounce it Flana-GAN. People who work with him in the health service call him "Haragán" as a joke. It means lazy, as you know. But just because it's close to noon, don't expect to find him asleep in the shade wearing a big sombrero." Carlos laughed self-consciously and Bob joined him to applaud the intention if not the result. I must do that more often, he thought. I hadn't laughed for days.

At El Santo Inocente, Flanagan received them promptly. He perched on the edge of his chair, his eyes half closed and head cocked to one side as he listened to Carlos review Henry Hyde's symptoms. A small man, his ebony skin was creased and scaly. His toothless mouth was almost obliterated by a plunging hooked nose and the small head, roosting on a long, scrawny neck, was too stingy even for his insignificant frame. Mother Mexico had obviously overwhelmed the traces of the original Mr. Flanagan a long time ago.

"Of course, Dr. Esquivel," he interrupted. "The case is clear. The man is crazy and must be locked up. Tell my assistant on your way out to give you the papers." He turned to Bob. "You will also sign as the representative of your country."

The interview was over.

"I suppose you'll be coming out again tomorrow," Carlos said after the transfer had been arranged and they were riding back into Merida.

"Yes, his mother should arrive soon and I want to be able to give her an up-to-date report."

"It might be a good idea to take him something to eat," Carlos said. "All the other inmates are Meridianos and it is well known that their relatives bring them food."

When Bob went out the following morning, he was ushered into a small waiting room. After a few minutes the guard reappeared with

Henry—a shaken and disturbed Henry but nonetheless definitely Henry.

"Good Lord, Mr. Jones," he said, "am I glad to see you! I don't remember how I got here but you've got to get me out. You should see that place." He pointed toward the door. "They've got me in there in one big room with about 200 people—men and women and most of them without a stitch on. Some of them don't talk at all and some talk all the time, but nobody speaks English, not even the guards. And the things they do! You wouldn't believe me if I told you. They've tackled me five times already and I don't know how many more I'm going to be able to beat them off. There isn't any furniture. Everybody sleeps on the cement floor, goes to the bathroom on the cement floor and eats on the cement floor. And the food! You'd think they were swilling pigs."

"I've brought you some food, Henry." Bob said, "and I'll do whatever I can about the other conditions. . ."

"That's very nice of you, Mr. Jones," Henry interrupted, "and I appreciate it very much. But I must ask you a question. Have I killed or seriously injured anybody?"

"No."

"Then you can get me out." Henry went limp with relief. "I haven't had this kind of attack since I got out of the army. If I can just get back to Guatemala City, I've got a good American psychiatrist there who'll know just what to do. By the way, do you know what's the matter with me?"

"Dr. Esquivel wasn't sure," Bob replied. "He thought you might have either a psychosis or hysteria."

"He's a good doctor. I have hysteria and what I've just been through is called a fugue. It's sort of like going to sleep but you wake up somewhere else and you can't remember what you did."

Bob arranged for Henry to be put in a private cell, bringing him a straw mattress and other items to afford him at least a semblance of comfort. That evening his mother arrived. She confirmed the hysteria diagnosis, adding that she had talked with Henry's psychiatrist just before she left and that he had said that this attack had probably

been brought on by overwork. There was no change in Henry as the week wore on. If there were a change for the worse, Bob thought, it could easily be because he was in El Santo Inocente. It's high time to get him out of there and off to Guatemala with his mother.

When Bob called Flanagan to tell him of his intentions, the administrator made no objection.

"We will release him whenever you say, señor *cónsul*. When you come over just ask for my assistant. He will arrange everything."

Two hours later Bob and Mrs. Hyde were in the office of Flanagan's assistant.

"If you will let me have the papers to sign, we will get Mr. Hyde and be on our way," Bob said.

"First you will have the goodness to sign these papers, Señor."

Bob looked at them. They were an authorization for electric shock treatment. "But señor Flanagan told me he could be released right away," he said.

"Perhaps there was a misunderstanding, señor. Mr. Hyde is a dangerous man. We have the record here." He tapped the dossier on the desk. "In his case we are willing to undertake this risky treatment because he is a foreigner. Although it often causes amnesia, it is sometimes successful—at least for long enough to permit the patient to leave the country. Naturally, we have no psychiatrist, but the machine is here and it is easy to operate. Or perhaps you have some other solution to suggest, señor?"

"Is there some difficulty?" Flanagan was leaning against the doorway, his hands in the pockets of his *guayabera*.

"Yes, there is," Bob replied. "You told me Mr. Hyde could be released right away. Your assistant is saying that he must have shock treatment first and that perhaps he won't be released even then."

Flanagan looked as though he were about to go to sleep. "Ah, yes," he said slowly. "Of course, we too must have our regulations. Perhaps there is some way of getting around them." He looked inquiringly at Bob but by this time Robert Percival Jones was seeing red.

"I demand in the name of the United States Government that you release this man," he said disagreeably. "If you do not," he con-

tinued, "I shall have to ask our ambassador to take the matter up with the Foreign Office."

Flanagan looked bored. "Please do not raise your voice, señor vice *consul*," he said softly. "You might disturb the patients. Perhaps you will think it over first. All problems have a solution, you know." He disappeared into his office.

What do I do now? Bob thought as he was driving back to the consulate after dropping Mrs. Hyde off at her hotel. Call Carlos, I suppose. He pulled up in front of the office and a face appeared at the car window.

"Cómo está, señor *Cónsul*?" It was Sam's toothy cop grinning from ear to ear.

"So that's what he wanted!" Bob yelled. The grin disappeared only to be replaced by one even broader at the sight of the five-peso note.

It will be better if Carlos does it, he thought as he ran into the office, but Carlos was already on the phone.

"I've just had a call from Flanagan's assistant, Robert. He says that as attending physician I too must sign the release papers and that 100 pesos would be fine. I suggest you pay it. It's only about 10 dollars."

We are terribly grateful to you, Dr. Esquivel," Mrs. Hyde was saying as they waited for the departure of the flight to Guatemala to be announced, "and, of course, we can never repay you, Mr. Jones. Henry has written this letter of commendation to the Department of State and we mailed a copy to your ambassador in Mexico City this morning. This copy is for you."

Bob read the letter.

"This is extremely nice of you, Henry, and I really don't deserve it. But you know you've promoted me in the letter. I'm the vice *consul*, not the *consul*. but, of course, the Department knows that."

"I'm sorry," Henry said. "I thought you were the *consul*. What's the difference?"

For a moment Bob thought of how Sam Thomas would have handled things if he'd been there. "Well," he said as he started to explain, "it's really a pretty big one. . ."

**A Very Personal Profile**

ADLAI STEVENSON AND THE WORLD, by John Bartlow Martin. Doubleday, 863 pp. with notes and appendices, \$15.00

The second volume of John Bartlow Martin's masterly biography of one of the most admired political figures of his time covers Stevenson's career from his defeat for the presidency in 1952 through his death in 1965. It is a stunning achievement not only from the standpoint of illuminating a personality not easy to decipher, but as a mirror to the illusions and aspirations of a large segment of the American people. Whether the Stevenson cult can survive the fascinating but remorseless exposure is another matter.

The years following Stevenson's first campaign raised him to the eminence of a statesman who held no elected public office yet commanded the respect, affection and influence of a worldwide constituency. During these years—which in America witnessed the high-tide of McCarthyism and grim dedication to the cold war—Stevenson represented humane and liberal traditions, grace and humor, in the face of a contagion of primitive anti-intellectualism and a philosophy that what was best for General Motors was best for the country. Throughout the '50s his views on such issues as nuclear testing, détente, federal aid to education, accommodation with China and the Soviet Union, and above all *rapport* with the emergent nations, were in advance of his time and only found expression in the later administrations of Kennedy, Johnson and (ironically) Nixon. The most striking insight about Stevenson's role during the Eisenhower years, echoed by many others throughout this volume, was voiced by a ward politician, Jake Arvey of Cook County: "Were it not for him, John F. Kennedy couldn't have been elected. Because Stevenson maintained a steady, loyal opposition. He was articulate. He kept the liberals together ready for the time to make another fight. He did a great service to the party and the voters by

keeping the programs alive . . . His greatest value to the country was in attracting fine young people to politics . . . Stevenson did more of this than anyone since Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Ironically, it was when the Democratic party emerged from the shadows in 1961, and he became his country's official spokesman in the UN, that Stevenson lost his political future and his leadership of the liberal cause. Having held the party together and watched its program crystallize around him, he watched his leadership give way to younger men. As the party's titular leader, and the living symbol of its enlightened views on foreign affairs, he hoped that he would become Secretary of State. But the younger generation that took over under John F. Kennedy were action-minded political pragmatists, interested less in ideas than programs, and wary of the drag of the older Establishment. In the end they picked a technician and skillful bureaucrat, Dean Rusk, over the senior political figures of the party and Stevenson had to settle for the UN. From then on it was downhill all the way, though his global appeal never faltered and most of the world never knew it. But then, as Martin, with devastating accumulation of detail points out, none of us really knew Adlai Stevenson.

Because Stevenson was a patriot with a literary turn of phrase and respect for intellectual values he was popularly regarded as an intellectual. Because he epitomized political ideals he was popularly regarded as a leader. Because he traveled incessantly and moved in cosmopolitan social circles he was popularly regarded as a worldly-wise statesman. In fact he was none of these things. As the Martin biography inexorably reveals, Stevenson not only never read a book, but apart from the composition of speeches was almost incapable of digesting data and densely packed position papers, much less writing them. His travel notes, as revealed in numerous excerpts from his correspondence and diaries, are a series of impressionistic jottings, stressing local architecture, the amenities of food and lodging, and the social circuit, and devoid of even superficial appraisal of men and events—a "political

tourist," to quote Théodore H. White. There was nothing in Stevenson's background remotely comparable to the experience of Dwight D. Eisenhower, the greatest leader of politico-military coalitions since Marlborough, whose professional life for twenty years had consisted of wrestling with intractable problems of strategy and politics at the highest levels of government on two continents.

Stevenson's genius lay as an expositor of American ideals. Here he found a more appropriate billet at the UN than he himself realized. His role during the Cuban missile crisis was later much misunderstood, owing to invidious columns by New Frontier journalists. On one occasion he did propose a tradeoff of US missile bases in Turkey and the Mediterranean for Soviet missiles in Cuba, but in the context of an Ex-Comm discussion of different options. He opposed the air strike, and was initially opposed to the naval "quarantine," but fully supported the latter once approved. Martin's evidence demonstrates that it was not Stevenson's performance during the actual crisis that irritated the Kennedys—in fact they thought his public behavior at the UN superb—it was after the Soviet vessels had turned back and during the subsequent negotiations with the Russians that his imprecision and failure to pin down verification aroused criticism.

Throughout his tenure at the UN Stevenson was kept on a tight rein by Secretary Rusk and the Department. There was constant tension between Stevenson's emphasis on restoring America's image as beacon of enlightenment and progress and the operational requirements of the White House and State Department in various crisis situations, or what were deemed to be at the time. To quote Martin: "Kennedy, Rusk, Ball and the others tended to think of themselves as living in the world of reality and power. They tended to think of Stevenson as living in the UN dream world." Stevenson's style was also an irritant. Kennedy and his entourage wanted concise appraisals with options for action. "Stevenson preferred more statesmanlike discussions of long-range problems, such as disarmament."

ment, which he considered the ultimate reality that mattered." Sometimes Stevenson advanced proposals that had already been considered and discarded; at other times (Martin quotes Joseph Sisco) he "tended to make presentations hand-wringing and bemoaning the situation, not crisp alternatives." But on balance Stevenson was appreciated, the ultimate tribute coming from Robert Kennedy, not always his greatest admirer: "President Kennedy always thought he did a good job of keeping people happy at the UN. He did not make mistakes. He represented in an articulate way the United States in foreign eyes as well as could be. He was the best Ambassador we could have had there."

The personal profile that emerges from this biography is not always flattering—in some ways it is devastating when one considers that he might have been President of Secretary of State. The man represented as a gentleman-scholar and capable executive comes through as a compulsive social butterfly and intellectual lightweight, dedicated to the cocktail circuit and a frenetic, pointless social life. His favorite companions were an adoring clique of rich, middle-aged women who staked him to a truly incredible number of dinner parties, vacations in Italy and the West Indies, and Mediterranean yacht cruises. The gushing correspondence he conducted with these ladies—reminiscent of the effusions of the *ancien regime*—may lead the uninitiated to suspect fire under the smoke; but, alas, most of the relationships reflect emotional dependence rather than sex. One such obviously platonic but cannily self-serving relationship developed with Mrs. Agnes Meyer, who owned the *Washington Post* and who described herself to him as "a woman who has spent her life adored by men of genius from John Dewey to Paul Claude to Thomas Mann to Schweizer etc.—and whose insight into human nature has been further sharpened by years of social research among the *hoi polloi* . . ." According to Martin, she paid for Stevenson's speechwriters, gave him unremitting adulation, and proffered unsolicited advice on everything from Cook County politics to marriage—to which he responded effu-

sively or archly as the mood took him.

After the Cuban missile crisis Stevenson's health and morale began perceptibly to decline. He ate too much, traveled too much, talked too much, and partied too much in ways unconnected with his duties at the UN. His attention to detail, never a strong point, deteriorated to the point of vagueness. After the Kennedy assassination Stevenson hoped that relations with the White House would improve; but under Lyndon Johnson he became even more subject to the control of Secretary Rusk, though his presence at the UN was valued as much as ever. "Toward the end," as George Ball cruelly put it, "he sort of went to seed." Finally realizing that his physical and mental powers were failing, and that he was really playing a role of symbol rather than man, he determined, Martin says, to resign as Ambassador to the United Nations. But before he could do so, after a good luncheon with Marietta Tree, he dropped dead on a London street.

Stevenson was a gentleman, an inspiration to the young, and a genuinely nice person, which complicates any final assessment. But one leaves this biography with the ineradicable feeling that God does indeed look after drunks and the United States of America; and that grumpy old Ike on the South Lawn putting green was a safer bet. But not, perhaps, Ike's successors.

—CHARLES MAECHLING, JR.

## FSJ BOOKSHELF

### A Peculiar Treasure

CHINESE SHADOWS, by Simon Leys. Viking Press, \$10.00

Simon Leys, a pseudonymous Belgian Sinologist and art historian, first went to China in 1955, observed the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution from Hong Kong in the late 1960s, and visited China for six months in 1972 and again in 1973.

Because of his considerable knowledge of and love for China, the people and the culture, he feels obliged to speak out—to criticize the regime. This he does, tellingly, wittily. ("Thus, if a foreigner could be found today who, though admitted to the Chinese banquet, would not hesitate to rant in our name

against the present state of China, he I would call a truly honest man, a truly admirable man!"—Lu Hsun, one of modern China's greatest writers, honored by Mao.)

A fugue-like motif of Leys's "frivolous" account is that it is impossible to write seriously about China today as the authorities prevent foreigners' contact with the daily life of the Chinese people, "the only important reality." Only about a dozen cities are open to ordinary foreigners, who sleep in the same hotels, visit the same institutions, meet the same people, who tell them the same things. Their trip, he remarks, is as neutral, aseptic and predictable as if planned by *Club Méditerranée*.

Though Leys deals knowledgeably, perceptively (really quite seriously—"Many a truth in jest") with many aspects, political, cultural, *et cetera*, of China yesterday, today and tomorrow, he insists upon the frivolity of his "vignettes." He cites Confucius (*Analects*, II,7) to the effect that real knowledge lies in knowing the extent of one's ignorance. The limited value he ascribes to his book he attributes to his having been denied access to "the real life of the real people" and to having been a cynical viewer of the "puppet theater of the Maoist gerontocrats, those wretched lead-and-cardboard bureaucrats who are mistaken for China's driving forces when they merely weigh on it like fetters."

Leys does not claim to be objective. "Objectivity needs detachment—or indifference—and I feel incapable of either where China is concerned." He suggests that readers of "the whimsy and rambling pages of *this book*" read some Maoist texts as antidote.

A peculiar treasure of this fascinating, unique book is its marvelous prose—it has "class," style and wit. Despite its pessimism and polemics, this is a highly amusing book—a delightful respite from the ponderous, labored, jargonish prose of most scholarly studies by political scientists, sociologists, *et alii*.

Do, please get this book. You'll learn plenty and you'll laugh a lot. Incidentally, it would be an ideal gift for friends who would like to know more about China—without working at it.

—ROBERT W. RINDEN

## The Ages of Central Europe

A HISTORY OF MIDDLE EUROPE, by Leslie C. Tihany. Rutgers University Press, \$16.50.

Former FSO Leslie C. Tihany has written a fascinating study of the history of Central Europe from pre-historic times to the two World Wars. With commendable restraint and objectivity, he has sought to explain the confusing, often bewildering, events which have buffeted those hapless peoples "wedged in among Germans, Italians, and Russians." Unlike most West Europeans and Americans who managed to achieve their independence and to determine their own affairs, the peoples of Central Europe—the Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, Romanians, Bulgarians, and the Croats and Serbs—have largely been consigned to dependent status, with their lives determined by decisions in such foreign capitals as Vienna, Constantinople, Berlin, and St. Petersburg (and later Moscow). It was not until World War I that some achieved independence for the first time—only to see that independence destroyed by World War II and the aftermath of Soviet occupation.

Although not intended as criticism, the reviewer would have hoped that Tihany devote at least a chapter on the Soviet occupation of these countries and their performance under communist domination. Given the historical sweep of the book and its insightful analyses, the book would have been brought into better perspective. It is, notwithstanding, highly recommended reading and study for anyone interested in Central Europe.

—P.K.

### Background and Insight

SOUTHERN AFRICA IN CRISIS, edited by Gwendolen M. Carter and Patrick O'Meara. Indiana University Press, \$12.50

Reading anything by Gwendolen Carter is always a delightful and informative experience. The same is true of this tome on Southern Africa. Policymakers and the public at large have a need for background and insight into the rapidly changing situation in Southern Africa. That area of the world is experienc-

ing a shift of power which assumes historic importance. Precisely how far or, indeed, how fast, this shift will go is impossible to predict. However, two predictions can be made. First, it is already clear that it is merely a matter of time before blacks assume the reins of power throughout the entire region. The replacement of white minority rule may result in the ending of a large part of Western influence in this part of the world, primarily because of Western ambivalence towards the area, especially on the part of the United States. The second predictable factor is that this change will almost certainly occur within the next five to ten years. Given the manner in which changes have come to Angola and Mozambique and the struggles now going on in Rhodesia, South Africa, and Namibia, it seems safe to predict that the changes will occur primarily as a result of turbulent crises and upheavals. Given this background, previous assumptions about Southern Africa's being a safe and profitable place for investment will certainly have to be revised. The volume under review provides both the background and insights necessary for the revisions in our traditional way of analyzing this region.

Despite the fact that numerous authors contributed to the volume, there is good evidence of each country's analysis fitting closely together. A common theme prevails throughout the book. Colin Legum, an Associate Editor of *The Observer* in London, who is widely regarded as the doyen of British writers on Africa, sets the stage by a very readable introduction. He also provides some concluding thoughts and insights as only a native of the area can realistically do.

—ROY A. HARRELL, JR.

### Oenology for Americans

QUICK GUIDE TO THE WINES OF ALL THE AMERICAS, by Robert Jay Misch. Doubleday, \$4.95

If you find it diplomatic to serve American wines, but are confused as to which ones to buy, this is the book for you. The *Quick Guide* is a compact, clearly-indexed, at-a-glance practical guide for precise wine buying. It focuses on wines from most of the vineyards in this

country (as well as some from north and south of the border) with terse and sometimes humorous notes on their characteristics and values. With 35 funny illustrations, Misch tells you how to talk grapes with wine steward or merchant and come up with a good domestic wine.

In the last 15 years America has gone through a wine-drinking revolution. Although Argentina still surpasses us in both production and consumption of wines (ranking fourth among the nations of the world) it seems likely that our wine industry is still in its infancy and will soon compete with that of France, Italy, and Germany. Research and experimentation in California have so improved the selection and cultivation of vines and the techniques of making wine that good light table wines can now be made from bulk-cropping grapes grown in almost any soil. The introduction of temperature control has also helped, although Misch feels that vintages are as important in California as in Europe. The best California vintages are 1968, 1973, and 1974.

The *Quick Guide* is not only eminently sensible but, unlike many glossy, over-priced wine atlases, is conveniently portable. Bob Misch, the noted oenophile, has performed a real service for the American foreign service.

—CHARLES R. FOSTER

### The Poor of this Planet

THE VAST MAJORITY: A Journey to the World's Poor, by Michael Harrington. Simon and Schuster, \$9.95.

Harrington's book is refreshing. This despite the fact that he concludes that in the year 2000 "the poor of this planet will be relatively as bad off as they are now, and quite nearly absolutely so." The book is refreshing because despite this open pessimism Harrington believes that we need to make a maximum effort to demonstrate the falseness of his prediction. He believes that this maximum effort must ultimately be hinged on compassion and humanitarianism, on the need to take substantial steps toward a minimum level of human decency in the world.

Harrington believes that the United States should commit itself

to the abolition of absolute poverty throughout the globe and this by accepting the agenda for a new international economic order proposed by the General Assembly of the United Nations in 1975 and amplified by UNCTAD in Nairobi in 1976. Even if the general commitment were in the cards, reaching it by means of the measures thus proposed is totally unrealistic. But since Harrington believes that how we go about reaching our objective is almost as important as the objective, this would hardly faze him. This, in a way is the charm of the book: its curious inchoate mixture of shrewdness and modesty; the bringing to bear of a different set of interests and traditions on the subject of the vast majority; naivete; enthusiasm; pessimism; and idealism. Yet, and this is also part of the charm, each of these characteristics have to be qualified. For example, Harrington, a well-known Socialist, encompasses his hopes within the present corporate-dominated American economy. Evidence I suppose of realism but also, more pleasingly, of a determination not to use the sincerity of his feelings for the poor

of the world as another forum to bring out his views about our economy.

What Harrington is saying is that under the present system in the United States and other Western countries, without any great discomfiture for ourselves, we could help abolish poverty worldwide in 23 years. The facts may not be accurate but we certainly could make major strides toward this end. The means may not be precisely the right ones but again the direction is clear. There is, there remains, the need to forge ahead. The decency in this country continues to exist. Harrington suggests we strive to do what is needed and what we know we ought to do. He knows it won't happen. So do I. Why not?

—ERIC GRIFFEL

#### For the Whole Family

THE RANDOM HOUSE ENCYCLOPEDIA, edited by James Mitchell. Illustrated, 2,856 pp. Random House.

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support this 11½-pound effort. And make no mistake about it, you'll want this encyclopedia once you've seen it. It is illustrated with an incredible 13,800 pictures, most of them in stunning color. And despite a format that appears puzzling at first, it is enormously easy to use. Better still, it's packed with three million very informative words written by leading scholars and authorities.

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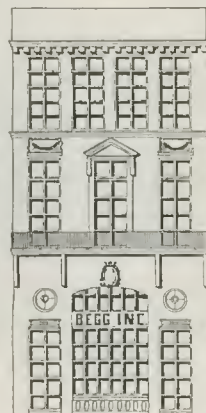
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## Changing Times

TECHNOLOGY, WORLD POLITICS & AMERICAN POLICY, by Victor Basiuk. Columbia University Press, \$17.50.

This book is likely to be cited more than read. Its subject is important, its prose an impediment to appreciation. Basiuk notes that the world is changing; that technological influences have much to do with aspects of change; and that, because we can manage so small a proportion of change in international affairs, we must do our very best to manage some aspects of technological progress. In one valuable observation, he points out that technological advance tends to fragment interests within societies, which interferes with the attempt coherently to manage technological development. Another useful aspect of the book is the author's comparative assessment of the factors accounting for present levels of technological development in various major states.

Basiuk concludes by suggesting that some time in the future, say in 75 years or so, and as a result of post-industrial technological development, many states will have

reached a stage of socio-economic development in which the "satisfaction of material human wants would largely fade away as one of the goals," and "peace would diminish as a concern." States and societies would turn at last to the higher concern of "producing progressive human evolution," in which endeavor, he suggests, the national goal of America to be an exalted civilization would be an appropriate model, since culture must be the vehicle of human progress towards perfectibility. This is a lofty vision indeed, and, one must say, no more dizzying or abstract than most of the other connections between world politics and technology adumbrated in this book.

—THOMAS H. ETZOLD

## Home Truths From Abroad

JAPAN UNMASKED, by Ichiro Kawasaki. Charles E. Tuttle Company, \$5.50

If an FSO chief of mission were to write a book on the foibles of his countrymen, calling them, among other things, beer-gas-TV guzzling clowns whose children can't spell

and whose political leaders are dolts, he would probably have to go to the vanity press to get it published. When Ichiro Kawasaki, Japanese ambassador to Argentina, wrote the equivalent about his countrymen Japanese amour-propre was so offended that the foreign ministry sacked him. His book has been a success, now in the eighth printing since 1969.

The book is a great romp. It ranges from the amusing to the outrageous, as any good polemic should, and it hits some very vulnerable targets. Naturally, the book has delighted those foreigners who find the Japanese a bit much to cope with, but it is probably not true that it is the only briefing book on Japan that was read in toto by the Nixon-Ford foreign policy team.

Despite the laughs the author's conclusion has stood up well for eight years: "Japan will continue to . . . concentrate on improving the standards of living and well-being of her people within the narrow confines of her island country."

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## HUMAN RIGHTS.

from page 12

United States did not support the Asian Development Bank, the Inter American Development Bank and the World Bank and the IMF did not have a "Witteveen facility" or some other means for helping these countries service their debts, there would be a chance of default.

The amount of money owed the American banks by the LDCs is currently running to 40 percent of these banks' new loans according to a mid-September study of the Senate Subcommittee on Foreign Economic Policy of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The LDCs have accumulated enormous debts and on the average are spending 20 percent of their export earnings just to pay the interest, not the principal, on these debts. Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Uruguay and Zaire have fallen behind in their payments. If they default, the consequences for the US and the world

economy could be disastrous. To make their private debt even more onerous by denying public funds also has consequences for "human rights." As Emma Rothschild testified,

Debt and foreign exchange crises bring great human misery. Zaire is a country where people are desperately poor and also where people depend upon imported food. In debt crises, people are sometimes unable to purchase essential imports. And for people in Kinshasa, essential imports can mean food to eat or clothes to wear.

The Carter Administration, wishing to contain an unlimited interpretation of American human rights concerns and aware of the financial, security and human implications of limiting foreign aid, has resisted congressional efforts to mandate restrictions. Partly to deflect enthusiasm, the Administration has chosen, as a target of convenience, South Africa and Rhodesia. These two countries have received the Carter Administration's most recent attention in the area of human rights. There is, of

course, both a national and international concurrence regarding the unsavory character and politics of both regimes. Indeed, they are almost without friends. So opposition would seem, at first glance, to be free of risk. Yet, in the Rhodesian case, one might speculate there are a number of disquieting possibilities. Among these is the character of the regime which succeeds the Smith government. But even that might be a distant concern. More immediately worrisome, a recent NSC study claims that the Cubans are mounting an Africa-wide campaign to influence events. Nineteen thousand Cuban men are reported to be in Angola. Hundreds more are in Ethiopia, Cuban troops were reported operating this summer in Mozambique and Zaire. It is not too fanciful to imagine Cubans supporting some of the military actions in Rhodesia to either broaden their logistical base or confirm their legitimacy in African independence struggles. Depending on the degree of Soviet support, we might well be

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trapped by our own rhetoric, unable to actively or even passively counter the Cubans for fear of offering solace to the Rhodesians. A similar problem, perhaps, could eventually arise in South Africa. In the meantime, even initial congruence with UN sanctions of Pretoria, although confessedly doing little of a material fashion, help salve the American conscience and give the appearance of meaning what we have been saying of late in international forums.

The problem is that one kind of sanction is likely to be followed by calls for others which are surely going to be resisted on the grounds that real economic sanctions won't work because of non-compliance; and, besides, we and the British have over seven billion dollars invested in South Africa which neither government can easily put at risk. Even if the human rights situation in South Africa grew worse, a campaign to "destabilize" the South African economy can backfire. The British get a return on South African investment at the rate of seven hundred million pounds a year. A loss of that in-

come could spell disaster for the British. Even more serious would be the threat of a South Africa, totally isolated and with nothing more to fear, becoming a nuclear state with no sense of responsibility to the international community.

### International Order and American Policy

For sixty years or more American statesmen have actively sought a viable world order in which peace, security and liberal values would flourish. To Americans, a world where the American example was not relevant, indeed, was not emulated, was a world which threatened to leave the United States garrisoned and isolated. In such an environment, it was further postulated, American institutions and liberties would mutate for the worse and we would lose our enlightened heritage. But the search for world order itself has put enormous pressure on democratic institutions and liberties. The American failure in Vietnam and American participation in an increasingly complex world, now recognized as beyond the power of Americans to

shape, allowed the last administration to more modestly define an acceptable world order.

Defining the Soviets as a "normal" power, not a revolutionary power, was the cornerstone of the "structure of peace" elaborated in the Nixon-Kissinger-Ford years. A corollary of being accorded great power status, one would have thought, is the obligation to recognize that with large power comes a concomitant level of both responsibility and interests. Indeed, in East Europe, Soviet interests were acknowledged with only occasional ambiguities, thus ending the central territorial issue of the Cold War.

In other areas, Soviet interests and responsibilities were denied. The American position during these years was, that in a period of relatively declining American strength, commitments were to be maintained and would have to be buttressed by, in Henry Kissinger's words, the American "reputation for ferocity." Thus, there were threats and alerts in the Korean poplar tree incident of 1976; toward the Soviets regarding Yugoslavia and China in 1976; regarding Egypt

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in 1973; during the Christmas bombing of 1972; in the Indian Ocean in 1971; and regarding Syria and Cuba in 1970.

It was possible to retain American commitments—at least for the short run—by these methods. By adopting a policy of merely husbanding the status quo and stifling change, one risks becoming, as Metternich became—the “jailer of nations.” Emphasizing stability without legitimacy is a prescription for revolution and repression. The one great lesson of Vietnam is that a counter-revolutionary foreign policy—a policy which contravenes the historic American sense of justice—is doomed to failure.

It is this ancient American sense of moral purpose that the Carter Administration has touched so effectively in its campaign to make human rights a feature of American diplomacy. But in this effort, the last eight years of attempting to get a world order that all could live with seems to have lost its momentum.

What is world order? And what world order acceptable to Ameri-

cans would find acceptance elsewhere? Order can be distinguished from stability. Any reasonable world order requires an understanding of rules that everyone can live with. An orderly international society would find that the US would eschew claiming a special prerogative in being “unpredictable.” Just as the obligation of domestic government in capitalist America is to provide orderly market conditions (minimal risks, deprivations, predations and irregularities of supply, demand and currency) so that private wealth can be secure and grow, so should prudent and powerful governments attempt to “regulate” the “market conditions” of international society.

Order and predictability are two sides of the same coin. But predictability means that one knows the rules of behavior. Rules ought to be legitimate, if for no other reason, to make compliance a matter of something other than brute force. Standards of legitimate behavior are, fortunately, not beyond us. Sovereignty, international law and nonintervention are not only talis-

men invented and stroked in the West but now are invoked by the Soviets and most of the Third World as well. Interventions in support of legitimate interests will be recognized as correct by all concerned. The nature of legitimate rules is that they contain a certain *a priori* validity. Thus, in domestic society most professional criminals do not question the “right” of the court to prosecute them. Only “revolutionaries” and psychopaths so contend. And, in international society, only revolutionary states, revolutionary movements, “crazy states” (such as Uganda) and crazy groups—such as the Japanese Red Army—contend that norms of sovereignty, law and non-intervention are illegitimate. Similarly, if we desire an orderly international society under the present conditions of sovereignty and international law, then America will have to forgo public concerns about the way other governments deal with their citizens. We would not welcome such advice, much less such advice backed by coercive implications. Rather, the United States should maintain that it, as a great

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power—indeed as still the far greatest power—will steadfastly maintain its predictability and “play the game” by rules which are acceptable to all.

It is not here advocated that we should forever turn a deaf ear to the cries of the tormented. Pressure on governments by private organizations from abroad can be very effective and should not be handicapped, as they now are in the United States by the ancient Logan Act of 1793. Nor should the stomach-turning exercise of judicial torture and the like go unreported by American diplomats.

The almost inevitable client relationship with most host governments seems to inhibit or prevent honest portrayal of conditions among friendly states; but nevertheless, it should be an obligation of the State Department to make an honest effort to evaluate these conditions. But then, what do we do

about it? When there is a pattern of crime on a massive scale—say Pakistan in 1971, Hitler in the '40s or the Soviet Union in the days of the “gulag” then the US government should make public declarations. But a previous profligacy of these declarations vitiates the effect when programmatic atrocities do, in fact, appear.

In the meantime, the worldwide human rights situation should be appraised regularly and not just as a function of the AID appropriation. Since private organizations are not infrequently better equipped in terms of access, interest and personnel than State Department officials, the State Department could quote the conclusions of these groups with or without comment to the Congress. If Congress wishes to act, it will at least be seen by others as the “voice of the people” rather than as part of executive policy—a function of the peculiarly divided sovereignty which characterizes the Republic. And, on a government-to-government

basis, our diplomats can be freed from having to make public re-priminations or coercive remonstrances little understood by others. Instead, our diplomats would be able to assess and advise as to our interests. This is a function to which they are better suited for reasons of both temperament and institutional capacity. It is a procedure which might help promote an international order with rules that are known, understood and accepted.

Congress will, undoubtedly, attempt to use its influence regarding those places where its constituents show the most interest. But at least the fractured attention Congress shows to some places and not others will be explicable in terms other than insincerity and racism. And the Executive can be free to pursue a more steadfast course: claiming, without hypocrisy, to uphold international norms of sovereignty, equality and non-intervention without the liability of being hoisted on its own petard of human rights.



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## A PRIDE OF PREJUDICES

from page 16

curiosity, I left the car and went to the garage entrance to observe the alarms and excursions on the street at the top of the driveway's incline.

The view, no wider than the driveway, had the unreality of a film. I felt remote from those terrified people running back and forth like movie extras, those shouts and explosions, those momentary lulls. Yet I knew that it was real, immediate, and of desperate importance to those screaming on the street; this was no cinema. An imperative urge for a closer look magnetized that turmoil for me, and I started up the drive. The garage-keeper materialized beside me with advice to go back. I pressed impatiently on. A forceful grip on my arm spun me around, and the garage-keeper, appointing himself mine also, marched me back to the entrance, where my friend, recovered now from heroism, demanded to know what in the name of God I thought I was doing.

"I want to go up there and watch."

"You must not."

"But I want to see—"

"This is exactly where the Communists almost got Nixon that time he visited here. Any American on that street now is in danger."

"Nobody will know I'm American."

Ignoring this folly, she pierced me with a long, level, somber look and said slowly, with emphasis, "They would tear you to pieces."

Even allowing for hyperbole, I admit this gave me pause. I began to wonder if there was something in what she said. I turned to look up the driveway; the garage-keeper stood stonily blocking the way. Behind me, the taxi-driver leaned inconspicuously against a wall, smoking a cigarette. *Pure Bogart now*, I thought. *I'm trapped in a movie*. Then it dawned that I actually was trapped, and that nobody at my own headquarters had the slightest idea where I was. I hadn't mentioned my sightseeing tour to anyone.

"I had better call my husband." My friend said, "I beg you, don't talk long in English."

My brief message that I was hiding with a Venezuelan friend in a basement from a riot near the Communist Party headquarters and didn't know when I would be home was received tranquilly by my husband, as he didn't grasp until just before I hung up that I *wasn't* home minding the hearth as usual. While I spoke, the garage-keeper, taking no further chances, appropriately rang down the iron curtain over the entrance and locked it. Our next hours were spent in a darkness shaken occasionally by gunfire and sirens and two explosions, conditions that induced in me sober reflections: the presence of an American in those circumstances was an embarrassment, responsibility, and possible danger to the others in that basement.

When at last silence had prevailed for some time outside, the garage-keeper cautiously raised the iron curtain and signalled us, and we followed the taxi into the dark

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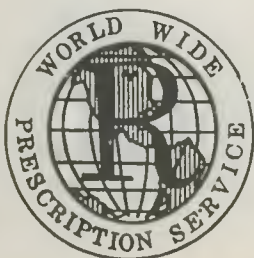
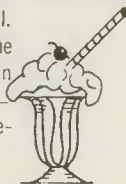
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and eerily deserted streets. No living creature could be seen; nothing moved except some lingering flames here and there on the pavements, the only lights except our car's. Tired and spent now, we crept alone down the boulevard. Then we became aware that the taxi had maneuvered behind us and was following closely, turning when we turned, slowing when we slowed. My companion, her courage ebbing, began to fret. One pursuit was enough for the day.

"What does he want? Why doesn't he pass? Why does he stay so close?"

We began to encounter traffic; still the taxi followed. At last we reached a red light on a busy, well-lit main artery. The taxi now pulled alongside and the driver leaned out to speak. He had escorted us to safety, he said. We should be all right now, in no further need of his protection. Good night, he said, and roared away as the light changed.


Besides heroism, chivalry, and violence, these episodes illustrate a classic mechanism of prejudice. The warning not to use English was

was a recognition of how that mechanism can work: a language identified with an entity feared, despised, or objected to can bring hostile action upon its speaker, whether or not that person belongs to the hated entity. Perhaps on that street in Caracas, a Canadian or Australian or Briton might have been a victim of Communist enmity towards the United States. One wonders if the limb-tearers would have paused for national identification before proceeding to dismemberment or anything else they might have had in mind. The annals of prejudice contain massive files of mistaken identity.

My "Advertising something?" was, after all, relevant. Overwhelming anger at oppression did not motivate those merry men tossing their paper and bombs; they were advertising a political, propagandistic attitude, and their actions were as spontaneous and uncalculated as a TV commercial, a capitalist technique that had not prejudiced them against imitating it, though far from the spirit of sincere flattery. But it might be wise of them to consider that means

modify ends.

The newspapers reported that a schoolgirl going home on a bus died in that disturbance. The cohorts so vigorously protesting oppression of the people displayed a notable indifference to the fate of those endangered on the streets that day, an inconsistency apt to ignite an adverse opinion. People dislike being menaced and killed, even for their own good.

The existence of prejudices in other countries does not, of course, justify our own. But the smoke and fire of our self-accusing uproar have so shortened and distorted our view of ourselves that a wider and clearer perspective may disclose the real proportions of the problem. Our society is no worse than others in this regard, and demonstrably better than some. And there's this to be said for us: We have begun to recognize a few of our most ingrained and irrational prejudices for what they are, and to take counter-measures. Of these, not all have been sound or effective, but maybe we'll progress to some real solutions if we can manage to keep our heads. 

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## Withdrawal from Korea


 In "Withdrawal from Korea" (*Foreign Service Journal*, October), John Barry Kotch criticizes Senator McGovern for arguing that withdrawal will have the major benefit of avoiding our involvement in an Asian war. But if this is not the main presumed benefit of the pull-out of our ground troops, what is? According to Mr. Kotch, "perhaps the greatest potential benefit is in opening the way for meaningful diplomatic movement on the Korean question," i.e. negotiations.

Any successful negotiations with Kim Il Sung are hard to imagine in the best of circumstances but surely it would make more sense to condition the withdrawal of our ground forces on a political settlement. To go at the matter the other way around is to throw away a trump card, put the cart before the horse and unlock the barn door in advance.

EDWARD A. DOW, JR.  
*FSO-Retired*

Washington

## Repeating Ourselves

 Dino Caterini's article: "Repeating Ourselves: The Philippine Insurrection and the Vietnam War" (*FSJ*, December 1977) was much appreciated. It was indeed an interesting and instructive comparison between American actions in Vietnam and the Philippines. Perhaps if more historians would try to draw useful conclusions from history, the mistakes of governments and nations would not be repeated by later generations, with such regularity.

I would like to point out however, that in the case of the Philippines, in contrast to Vietnam, America was successful in subjugating a country and making her a colony until 1946. After we took away the independence that the Filipinos had virtually won from Spain in 1898, American business was able to exploit the natural resources and cheap labor of the colony and dominate the market with American products. And, of course, independence for the Philippines in 1946 was tied to an


agreement that American business and military interests receive favored treatment in subsequent years. Putting down the Philippine Insurrection, therefore, turned out to be most profitable for the US. So perhaps later generations felt that if we could defeat North Vietnam, economic and commercial benefits similar to those we had reaped from the Philippine victory would accrue to us. Perhaps we *were* aware of history and our overall objectives in Vietnam were derived from our success in the Philippines.

Mr. Caterini's conclusions concerning his comparison of the Vietnam and Philippine campaigns are cogently drawn and very instructive. They should be required reading for present and future policymakers. And I think they are more penetrating and carry more implications than might be realized on a casual first reading. American policymakers in 1899-1905 must have reached similar conclusions; two examples will suffice:

- 1) The conventional wisdom (1899 until ?) was that the Philippines welcomed American rule and that Filipinos were incapable of governing themselves. Both premises are false, but were laid down by the McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt administrations and persist in various forms even today. Acceptance of these premises was necessary in 1899-1902 to permit America to believe in the war it was fighting (Caterini's Conclusion One).
- 2) On July 4, 1902, President Roosevelt proclaimed the Philippine Insurrection to be at an end. But at the time, 120,000 American soldiers were still committed to the Philippine struggle, which in reality continued until 1906! But Roosevelt's Proclamation was vital at the time, in light of Caterini's Conclusions Two and Three concerning the need for a short, quick, victorious war.

FRANCIS XAVIER CUNNINGHAM  
Manila

## Visa Denied

 A bright spot in the Consular Officer's afternoon:

Toward the end of a particularly trying day on the Non Immigrant Visa line here at the Consulate General in Guayaquil, I was approached by yet another nervous applicant for a visa interview.

The gentleman, a middle-aged

merchant, proceeded to place the usual array of documents in front of me and then said, "Look, Señor Cónsul, my family has been pressuring me to travel with them to the United States, and all the rest of them have visas. They dragged me here this afternoon with all the documentation they thought necessary for me to get a tourist visa, but I do NOT want to go! Look at my bank statements! With all the business I do, if I leave for even three days, much less three weeks, the business will fall apart with no one in charge. Please, deny me the visa, so I won't be forced into traveling."


After further conversation I was convinced that this man indeed had a residence abroad which he had absolutely NO intention of abandoning. However, in view of his plea, his passport, sans visa, was returned, and he walked out contentedly. Would that all visa denials be so amicable!

(This IS a true story . . .)

CARL F. TROY

Guayaquil

## The Toad on the Pillow

 Let's hear it from those who like being married to men in our Foreign Service!

Goodness knows, we've certainly heard from a lot of complaining, suffering, down-trodden, unhappy wives shouting about how difficult life in the Foreign Service is, and how much the Foreign Service owes them.

The reason you haven't heard from the rest of us is that we are all too busy and happy being wives at home or abroad, to take time to write—but enough is enough.

I've been tagging along in this business for more than 15 years. I didn't have to come: my husband and I talked it over. He wanted to join and I wanted him to work at something he wanted to do. I wanted him to be happy! Is that strange and old-fashioned? I went along expecting to like it . . . not expecting it to be a picnic. Who said life was? I thought it would be interesting, that I could be useful and learn a lot.

I have learned a lot. I'm struggling now with my fifth language. I think learning anything keeps my brain agile. Although I graduated from college over 40 years ago, and left the advertising business to be a

wife, it was my own choice and I have found plenty of ways to use my talents in the Foreign Service. I'd be made of pretty shabby material if I couldn't turn my degrees in English, Art and Science to use in other fields.

I've lived at sea level on the Equator and high up in the Andes. Life has had problems as well as pleasures. I've had a toad as big as a grapefruit land on my pillow and seen my house on fire. I've given dinners for sixty and been my own cook... I've been posted to Somalia which meant taking, in a single shipment, all our food for two years. I've headed bazaars, worked in hospitals and orphanages, written cookbooks, been bit-

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ten by a dog and had the rabies shots... but I have coped, and I'm proud of it.

The Foreign Service doesn't owe us anything—certainly not our happiness. It gives us a good living in fascinating places. If we don't like the one we're in, merely by waiting a year or two, we'll be given a new one to try. How many people at home can say that?

No, I haven't liked everything that's happened in this life, but have you tried living and working in the USA? There are dos and don'ts there as well but nothing is going to make me unhappy, unfulfilled or damage my sense of self unless I let it. As I said, it's a matter of choice.

MARY THOMAS SARGENT  
Karachi, Pakistan

### Participation in the Creation

Thank you for printing my letter regarding access to the Department's records in the August *Journal*. A number of both active and retired officers commented favorably about the letter and retired Ambassador Edmund A. Gullion, Dean of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, supported my position in a letter to the Secretary of State.

My subsequent written request for access, however, was denied on the grounds that I had not been a policy-making officer and that "... the Department could not possibly extend this privilege to the large number of foreign service officers below the policy-making level, many of whom are now engaged in teaching and research, without arousing a great deal of antagonism in the rest of the academic community." (Letter to me

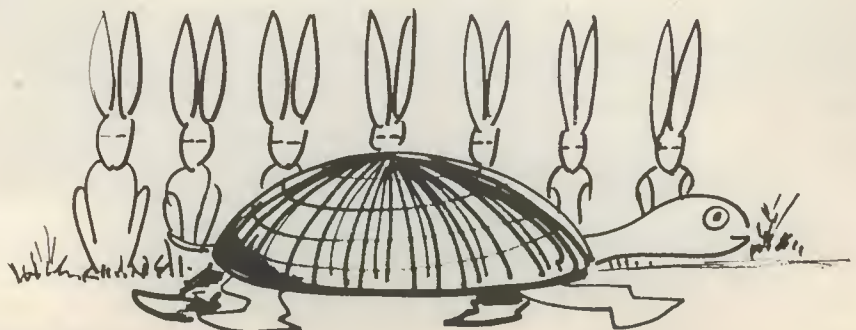
signed by William D. Blair, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs.)

The first of these reasons undoubtedly conforms to the definition generally used under the relevant Executive Order. What is not justified is the clear discrimination this involves against career officers who served in policy positions at the working level. Either the definition under the Executive Order or its content need amendment to remove that discrimination.

The other reason given for refusal—that granting access to retired officers would arouse the antagonism of the academic community—seems to me irrelevant. My concern is for those who have worked in policy-related positions, who for years accepted the disciplines that go with such service, and who have an awareness of certain events and their significance that no outside scholar could possibly possess. It would be unfortunate if the scholars should be unhappy, and perhaps some means should be found for restoring the previous practice of granting access to those willing to accept the necessary security restrictions. But they are in no position to claim equivalent status with those who participated in the creation of the records involved.

One can only hope that our sprawling Department will one day perceive the value of the contribution that can be made by those who remain interested enough to want to see the record set straight—and follow the Canadian practice, which, as pointed out in my earlier letter, encourages such activity.

EDWARD A. JAMISON  
Chevy Chase



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tirement or age 65 (whichever is first).

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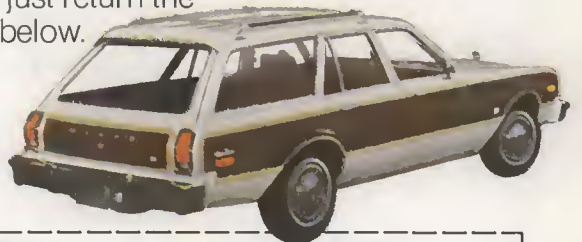
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