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COMMITTEE PRINT

DIARY OF A TRIP TO ASIA:
THE PEACE CORPS AND THE FULBRIGHT
PROGRAM

PREPARED FOR THE USE OF THE
COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS
UNITED STATES SENATE



APRIL 22, 1969

Printed for the use of the Committee on Foreign Relations

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81st Congress
1st Session

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PROGRAM

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PREFACE

From time to time members of the staff of the Committee on Foreign Relations are requested to undertake special assignments requiring reports to the committee. Usually these reports are for the use of the committee and are not published.

The "report" which follows in the form of a "Diary" is less formal than usual, more candid than customary, and more readable than most. For that reason I have authorized its publication as a committee print.

The views set forth are those of the author, Dr. Seth Tillman, who has been a consultant with the committee for several years. While his views should not be construed as those of the committee, I am sure committee members will benefit by reading them. Furthermore, the "Diary" should be read with interest and stimulation not only by persons active in the Peace Corps and the Fulbright program, but by members of the public who are concerned with these peaceful activities of the United States abroad.

J. W. FULBRIGHT.

PREFACE

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J. W. FULBRIGHT

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DIARY OF A TRIP TO ASIA: THE PEACE CORPS AND THE FULBRIGHT PROGRAM

(By Seth Tillman, consultant, U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign
Relations)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1968—TOKYO

THE FULBRIGHT PROGRAM

Aside from the difficulties induced by the reduction of funds by Congress, the Japanese-American exchange program is snarled in controversy over the use of a special Japanese fund called the Government Appropriation for Relief in Occupied Areas (GARIOA). Paid to the United States by Japan after the war, the GARIOA fund was intended to be used—so said the United States at the time—mainly for Asian aid. Out of this special fund \$25 million was committed specifically for educational exchange by a Japanese-American exchange of notes in 1962, the arrangement being contingent, however on the appropriation of funds.

The Japanese took the 1962 agreement to refer to sums in addition to the normal U.S. contribution for educational exchanges while the United States regarded the agreement as not necessarily implying anything beyond existing or continuing programs. The Japanese also wished—and the United States refused—to keep the interest earned by the GARIOA fund available as a kind of permanent endowment for educational programs.

The United States, however, proceeded to draw down the \$25million GARIOA principal for the support of the United States school in Japan and has also drawn some \$5 million to \$6 million for Expo 70. The use of GARIOA money for expositions was not in fact contemplated in the 1962 exchange of notes—so say American officials in Tokyo—but the United States now points out that expositions are defined as part of educational and cultural exchange in the Fulbright-Hays Act.

The GARIOA issue is the chief obstacle to binational financing. The Japanese feel that they have made a contribution to the Fulbright program through GARIOA but that it has been expropriated by the United States. This issue now deters the Japanese from binational financing. They are also deterred by the fact that U.S. budget cuts in the field of educational exchange apply to budget-sharing countries as well as to those who do not share costs. Indeed there is a tendency, when a country enters a cost-sharing agreement, for the United States to take the opportunity to reduce its own contribution rather than to maintain it and thereby expand the program.

The central question seems to be one of *sharing* in authority and policymaking. This shows up, among other ways, in the reluctance of Japanese members of the binational commission to participate in policymaking as vigorously as they would, presumably, if their country were a full partner in financing the program.

There is also a difference in outlook on the basic concept of exchanges. The Japanese are concerned exclusively with *educational* exchange, the United States with such additional activities as leadership grants which finance brief visits to the United States by people who are judged to be politically promising. Influential people in both the executive branch and Congress frankly want the program oriented to propaganda and other political purposes. It is often said that, in emphasizing the propaganda aspects of the exchange program, the U.S. Information Service is bowing to congressional pressure. Such pressure certainly exists but my own observation has been that, it often comports with USIS's own inclinations.

What all this indicates, in the view of one American official in Tokyo, is a survival of cold war mentality. When all is said and done about the merits and prospects of educational and cultural exchange, the fact remains that the program is still being sold to Congress in terms of fighting communism.

Despite all difficulties, I am told, no U.S. program of the last 20 years has been equal in reputation in Japan to the Fulbright program. It is viewed—so say Americans associated with it—as sincere and free of gimmicks, with the competition for scholarships absolutely open, unlike so much else in Japanese academic life. The program indeed is seen as a worthy—and larger—counterpart to the esteemed Rhodes scholarships.

In Japan as elsewhere there is a need to clear up misunderstandings about the nature and purpose of educational exchange, about what is properly included within it and what is not, and how to sustain it on a permanent basis. The Japanese want binational administration and an emphasis on serious, long-term academic exchanges rather than short-term leadership grants and other marginally academic activities. There is, I am told, a good deal of ill will over these matters—over how the program is run and for what purposes. Quite obviously, this friction derogates from the purposes of the Fulbright-Hays Act, one of which is to promote good will and understanding.

VOLUNTEER SERVICES

I discussed international volunteer services with the responsible Japanese Foreign Ministry officials.

Japan now has about 260 volunteers abroad. There are Japanese volunteers in Laos, Cambodia, Malaya, the Philippines, India, Morocco, Kenya, and Tanzania. There is a new program in El Salvador, consisting of eight volunteers, all athletes.

The Japanese volunteers, who serve for 2 years, are “junior technical experts,” there being few if any “A. B. generalists” as in the American Peace Corps. The largest single grouping of Japanese volunteers are agriculture and fishery specialists, amounting to over 40 percent. The second largest grouping are those in education and training, including sports, amounting to 22 percent of the total.

The program is administered through Japanese Embassies in the host countries. It is being steadily expanded, toward a goal of 1,000 volunteers a year, which is intended to be reached by 1975.

I raised the question of the internationalization of volunteer services. My Japanese hosts had little to say about it except that they regarded it as impractical. Something about the tone and manner and brevity

of their response gave me the impression that internationalization, to their minds, was tantamount to an American takeover, and that *that* was what they regarded as "impractical" about it. Perhaps that was not their meaning, but I felt it was and that they were too polite to say so.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1968—TOKYO TO HONG KONG

I noted, a number of times, that when the Embassy people in Tokyo spoke of Congress, or used the term "Congress wants * * *" in connection with educational exchange it turned out, on examination, that they were talking about the program's critics.

I am thinking, more and more, that it might be desirable to reconstruct educational exchange by separating it from information and propaganda, from cultural exchanges, leadership visits, and commercial ventures such as expositions. This might conceivably be accomplished by removing the program, entirely, or in some degree, from USIS and State Department control, perhaps putting it under the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, or under some kind of autonomous administering corporation. The problem is to create a hospitable environment for educational exchange, an environment in which it will be separated from political purposes and conducted as a significant and autonomous foreign activity.

By whatever means it might be accomplished, it is of great importance to separate educational from propaganda activities. The Japanese are distressed by the American habit of lumping these things together, as evidenced by their dismay over the use of GARIOA funds for Expo 70.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1968—BANGKOK

The Fulbright program in Thailand, say those associated with it, has been decimated. As the following figures show, the program for fiscal year 1969 has been reduced almost by half from the 1968 program:

Fulbright program allocations, 1964-69, Thailand

Program allocation:	
1964-----	\$267, 168. 00
1965-----	277, 847. 00
1966-----	290, 099. 00
1967-----	271, 455. 00
1968-----	233, 550. 00
1969-----	119, 836. 00

The State Department has instructed the Embassy here in Bangkok to submit a proposal for fiscal year 1970 not over 15 percent above the fiscal year 1969 allocation of \$119,836.

Rockefeller Foundation allowances for American professors at Thomasat University in Bangkok are three times those provided for Fulbright professors. Rockefeller grants also include, as Fulbright lectureships do not, provision for cars and secretarial help. Fulbright grantees are particularly distressed—and I have noted this elsewhere—by the program's lack of provision for financing travel for the families of grantees, as other grants do. This is not only a personal hardship but often it is unfair from the viewpoint of the program itself, inasmuch as the spouses of grantees frequently engage in valuable academic or community activities.

I am not much worried about the inability of the Fulbright program to compete with the generous stipends provided by the big foundations. Perhaps it might be well to leave the more lavish grants—for presumably more well-known academics—to the rich foundations, using the Fulbright program to provide foreign travel for less senior or well-known scholars who might otherwise lack opportunities. I do think, however, that the universal complaint about family travel is well founded and that Fulbright scholarships should include provision for the round trip travel of the grantees' families.

Fulbright grantees in Thailand point out that 20 years ago a Fulbright grant compared with what a professor could get at home. Now the amounts provided are quite out of line. Fulbright still has the reputation and prestige here but, the grantees, reiterate, it cannot continue to compete with the private foundations, to which, if the present trend continues, the field will eventually have to be abandoned.

That might be satisfactory if the private grants could be counted to advance the same purposes as the Fulbright program, but that, say the Fulbrighters, would not be the case. Fulbrighters, they say, have a representative and cross-cultural service to perform, while private grantees tend to treat their grants as private and personal, unencumbered by any obligation to help develop mutual understanding. The Fulbright program has at its core, moreover, the *binational* approach, which is of great importance to the host country.

Private foundations do *not* in fact compete with the Fulbright program on the graduate student level. Ford indeed has terminated its grants for graduate students in Thailand. Rockefeller is supporting only a few graduate students here. By and large private foundations do little to support research and study by graduate students, their real contribution being grants for postdoctoral scholars and lecturers.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1968—BANGKOK TO VIENTIANE

I was provided with a briefing by Embassy officials in Bangkok. I was told that the 47,000 American troops in Thailand were concerned with the war and not with the Thai insurgency—except for 1,000 Americans engaged in “support” of Thai counterinsurgency efforts. I was also told that the people in the Embassy admired and approved of the work of the Peace Corps and that the Thais were generally tolerant of and friendly toward the American GI presence. The latter two points deserve comment.

My impression is that Embassy people often do *not* like the Peace Corps. One Embassy official in Bangkok told me that preliminary briefings were provided for incoming volunteers in order to relieve them of their “misconceptions” about such matters as American participation—or the lack of it—in Thai counterinsurgency efforts. I remarked that it had been my general impression in the past, notably on my Peace Corps trip in Latin America, that the diplomats and volunteers tended to dislike each other, that this seemed to reflect some unfairness on both sides, but that the volunteers and diplomats were after all engaged in two quite separate kinds of activities and that their lack of rapport seemed both understandable and basically unimportant.

As to the contention made by the briefing officer that the Thais do not object to the GI's, I reminded him that I had not raised the

subject, my interest being the Peace Corps and cultural relations, but that, since we were on it, it seemed to me likely that soldiers on leave would behave like soldiers, in a manner unlikely to be endearing to the local inhabitants, whether in Fayetteville, N.C., or a village in the northeast of Thailand. We then had a chuckle—a feeble one—about little Thai babies being born with red hair.

This exercise over, I prepared for my flight to Vientiane—where I will stay overnight and whence I will take the boat across the Mekong River tomorrow back into Thailand to meet my two Peace Corps volunteer escorts, both of whom are teaching English in the northeast.

One of these volunteers, whom I had known previously met me in Bangkok. At lunch, following my Embassy briefing, he spoke of the GI's in the northeast and the striking difference between their impact on local populations and that of the Peace Corps volunteers. He said that he thought that the heart and the generosity were going out of our country and its impact upon people.

I said that it seemed to me beyond doubt that America's military impact was its paramount one in much of the world and that, in nurturing the Peace Corps and exchange programs on their present modest scale, we could not suppose that we were building a formidable rival to the military. We were rather nursing along a slender shoot without any real confidence of its ability to survive but only with some hope that, if it were kept alive, it might some day flourish. The hope is a small one, but the alternative is not to bother and that means no hope at all.

The thought is taking root in my mind that some formal linking of the Peace Corps and Fulbright programs might be desirable. Their direction and values are certainly compatible—in a way that the political-military-AID activities are not—and, according to Peace Corps volunteers, there is some prospect of practical down-to-earth collaboration in the field.

Fulbright lecturers could, for example, provide professional and scholarly guidance to volunteer teachers. There is, in fact, one Fulbright lecturer at a university in northeast Thailand who is working with Peace Corps volunteers in the teaching of English, providing them with tapes, materials, and guidance in language-teaching technique.

Thinking back on the last 2 days in Hong Kong and Bangkok, I am struck by the American omnipresence. It was old home week on the flight from Hong Kong to Bangkok last night—a couple I know from Washington and Lynda Bird Robb were aboard—and it hardly even surprised me. In Hong Kong the night sky over the harbor had been festively ablaze with the lights of the Seventh Fleet. American sailors were all over the town—youngsters on the loose from naval and parental discipline, from the restraints of home and neighborhood—out on the town in a faraway land. I see no reason why young American sailors and GI's should be sensitive to an alien culture and their own impact upon it. I see no reason why soldiers on leave—especially soldiers on leave from the war in Vietnam, not knowing whether they are going to be alive for a next R. & R.—should act any differently from the way they do. But their impact is there nonetheless—the loose spending and loose sex, the tawdry GI bars that spring up to

service them, their inflationary impact on fragile economies, their personal impact on local populations. How can the Peace Corps compete?

The Americans are all over—the middle-class, middle-aged tourists gawking into Communist China from the border heights of the New Territories, the American officials—or CIA agents or whoever they are—among my eight or 10 fellow passengers on this rattletrap of an airplane bound for Vientiane. Not many westerners have any business in Laos, but here *we* are, emissaries of freedom—and of empire.

We have acquired a colonial class with a colonial mentality. I recall a debate I was thrust into not long ago with an American professor who had spent many years shuttling back and forth to Vietnam. All he spoke of were his dreams for Vietnam—the rebuilding of the north-south road, pacified Vietcong running for election as “individuals” but without the designation “communist” because the Saigon constitution prohibits it—but nothing about America and its interests, nothing about whether any of this was America’s business. Whether it was or not, he had certainly made it *his* business and had become a Vietnam careerist, with a private stake in that unfortunate country.

I met an American in Hong Kong, more sophisticated and open-minded than the professor, who had served in Saigon and who also had strong feelings about Vietnam. He liked the people—their beauty and good manners and charm. He hated to see them consigned to communism, which he feels sure would suppress their development under the heavy hand of ideological mismanagement. This man is too sensible to become a “careerist”—he knows that our responsibility must be limited to our own requirements and capacity. But the very sympathy and affection which a person long abroad can come to feel for a people or regime, or for a region or a culture, can undermine his awareness of the limits of America’s proper responsibilities and the limits of America’s capacity. Affection and familiarity become magnets toward imperialism.

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1968—UDORN—NORTHEAST THAILAND

Vientiane is the dusty little capital of the noncountry of Laos. At its center is a wide avenue bordered by open markets and a scattering of colonial-modern buildings which include, in prominent symbolization of the old and the new, the U.S. Information Service and the French lycée. At the end of the grand boulevard, Vientiane’s tropical-tacky Champs Élysée, is a central place, l’Étoile of course, with the Assembly building on the side and a Buddhist Arc de Triomphe in the center.

I was housed at the best hotel, the Lane Xang, a seedy but rather charming attempt at a modern hostelry on the banks of the great Mekong River. At least there is no Hilton here.

On the evening of my arrival, I had dinner with some Embassy officials and four young Fulbright tutors, who are teaching English. The general topic of discussion, as far as the exchange program is concerned, was the deep cuts which threaten to deny Fulbright English teachers to Laos.

The English-teaching program is associated by Americans on the scene—other than the tutors themselves—with political objectives—

with seeking out and presumably "influencing" the future teachers of Laos, with instilling in Laotian minds a sense of nationalism which it is hoped will help secure them against Vietnam, and with counterbalancing the French domination of education.

The French have some hundreds of teachers in Laos and are said to be determined to sustain the French language in Laos. This, according to our people, is a bad thing, among other reasons because, it is said, the French provide an impractical pedagogy leading to a dead end. This is the case, they say, because French universities are unable or unwilling to take in Laotian secondary graduates and provide them with a practical higher education. Ambassador Sullivan stressed the high training and capacity of Fulbright teachers of English, whom he very much hopes not to lose as a result of appropriations cuts.

The teaching of English is a much more political matter than I had realized. Again and again it was asserted that the French fail to provide a practical, useful education. My suggestion that the French might be making a valuable contribution, sparing us an additional burden, was not warmly received.

I lunched with European friends from Washington, now assigned to the British Embassy in Laos. In the course of the visit I was given a good briefing on the political and military situation in Laos, of which a summary follows:

The government survives largely because the squabbling generals cannot get together to overthrow it. Souvanna Phoma himself is an impressive person, accustomed to command, dedicated above all to the independence of Laos. He is, however, a nonadministrator, with no particular interest in or drive for internal development. He has been driven by circumstance to the right, which is to say, into dependence on the United States, and is said to have remarked that he would probably throw in the towel if President Nixon resurrected the Eisenhower policy—Eisenhower having "done him in" back in 1959 in favor of the right-wing generals.

I took the ferry across the Mekong back to Thailand, landing in the town of Nong Khai, where I met my two Peace Corps volunteer escorts.

Both of these volunteers, one of whom has an M.A. in English linguistics education, the other of whom has a law degree, are dedicated to the pursuit of excellence in teaching English to Thais. One hopes to get a Fulbright lectureship next year to continue working in a Thai university. Both see merit in the possibility of linking up Fulbright lecturers with Peace Corps volunteers in the teaching of English. There is, as I have already noted, one Fulbright lecturer in northeast Thailand who is preparing materials, otherwise unavailable or nonexistent, adapted to the special problems of teaching English to Thai-speaking people. With the guidance and support of such a highly competent Fulbright linguist, Peace Corps volunteers without specialized training can become effective teachers of English to Thais.

English is exceedingly valuable to Thais and other Asians for higher education. It is the world language of science and technology and is itself, therefore, a most important tool of development. I do not think, however, that it is the only useful language for a developing country: there may also be value in such languages as French, German, Russian and Japanese.

From the Laotian border we drove by jeep down to the northeastern Thai town of Udorn, which is near a major American military base. We checked into a hotel and then wandered through a fair which was going on in the town.

The fair was filled with the sights and sounds and smells of Asia. There were the usual carnival attractions: ferris wheels and beauty contests and fire-eaters. And there were the smells: steaming fish and rice and fried things, both for sale to the milling throng and for the consumption of families who were living temporarily at the site—sleeping on the ground under cloth and stick shelters. Everywhere people—swarms of people with armies of children—naked, half naked, dirty, and playful. And the terrible sights: deformed beggars, women seeking charity by displaying encephalitic babies with bloated heads. And the military displays: the Thai Army pavilion showing off American bombs and the United States Information Service exhibit showing American soldiers performing medical and other services for the local people in their spare time, but also showing Vietnam war scenes and American bombers taking off for action, one with the explanation that it was carrying a “message to Hanoi.”

Most of all there was noise: the screeching atonal music and the concession barkers blasting your eardrums through loudspeakers turned up to maximum volume in the most colossal cacaphony I have ever hear. No one seemed to mind: people milled around and sat and lay on the ground, apparently oblivious.

I had to get out of there: the sights and the smells were oppressive but the noise nearly drove me mad. I can still hear it a little from my hotel room over the sound of the air conditioner as I prepare to go to bed, grateful for the privacy and the relative silence—both rare luxuries in Asia.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 11, 1968—MAHASARAKAM

In Udorn this morning we were delivered into the hands of two Air Force colonels who were to conduct us through the airbase at Udorn. It is the largest American airbase in Thailand, used primarily for bombing and air support operations over Vietnam.

Armed with the antimilitary prejudices appropriate to our respective stations in life, my two Peace Corps escorts and I were all prickly and suspicious as the day began with breakfast at the officers' mess. At first our hosts seemed to confirm our expectation of blood-thirsty primitives, aggressively asserting, for example, that there was no way to win a war except by destroying the enemy's will to resist and that Russia or China or both were the authors of a centrally directed strategy of aggression in southeast Asia. The two colonels did not, to be sure, alter these views in the course of the morning, but they did, gradually, begin to come on as humans—and, who knows, maybe we made the same impression on them. The key to friendship was the lack of diplomacy on all of our parts: we all said what we meant and there was neither condescension nor fawning on anybody's part.

We saw screaming F-4 phantom jets taking off for Vietnam. They are usually back from their missions in a couple of hours and there are “jolly greens”—helicopters, that is—ready to take off immediately

to the rescue of pilots who are shot down. They lose about one plane a week, we were told, but a majority of the pilots are recovered. The F-4's cost \$4 million each.

We also saw the area where, under apparent Central Intelligence Agency direction, Laotian pilots are trained by Americans to fly combat helicopters. These planes are also serviced by American mechanics. Planes in the area are labeled "Air America," which is apparently the Central Intelligence Agency supply support for the Laotians in their war against the Pathet Lao.

Our officers contended—and they are obviously right—that the base security is disastrously defective. Although the airbase is surrounded by either concertina wire or barbed wire fencing, and although there is some floodlighting along the perimeter, it is obvious that infiltration would be easy at many points. At a number of places on the perimeter there are Thai villages right outside the fence from which mortars could easily be fired or grenades thrown; one such place is right outside the commanding general's residence. Efforts to buy up more land are affected—and thus far have been frustrated—by the fact that the desired land has been bought up by Thai speculators. Almost any Thai, we were told, can get on or get jobs on the base, despite a nominal security procedure.

There has been one incident. A plane returning with some pilots released by the North Vietnamese—or one mistaken for it, I do not recall—was shot at from a ditch near the runway and one GI was killed. It was in the wake of that, if I have got it straight, that concertina wire was laid down. The Thai security force, which is supposed to protect the base, failed to answer the phone when the shooting began and never did appear.

Our escorts took us out of the base through some primitive Thai villages to the base reservoir. Water is pumped through an old Japanese pipe made of material which is easily punctured. A new pipeline is planned, but, in the meantime, all that it would take to devastate the base would be a cutoff of water and the setting afire of one building on base.

From the airbase we were delivered to the teachers' college in Udorn, where one American Peace Corps volunteer and one Canadian volunteer are working together teaching English. We toured the school, a modest but seemingly well run and well organized institution, guided by its Thai directors.

At lunch the American Peace Corps volunteer expressed his feeling that perhaps volunteers should be more concentrated in villages and on more basic projects than fairly high-level teaching. I, on the other hand, have a growing feeling that the most valuable point of access for Peace Corps volunteers may not, after all, be in the alien environment of primitive villages, where volunteers can upset the natural balance of simple communities without even knowing it, where in any case their opportunities for exerting a significant and self-sustaining influence may be limited by peasant torpor and ignorance, and where they themselves are likely to get sick. Perhaps their best opportunities are in dealing with the native middle class, as in teaching to prospective teachers, who in turn may have some expanding impact on their own, less well-placed countrymen.

The volunteer thinks there might be merit—as indeed there might—in Peace Corps volunteer teachers going out to assist and advise new teachers in villages as well as in teaching them in their own training institutions. The Peace Corps volunteers, as he proposes it, would do this only after some experience in the teachers' training schools.

We visited a volunteer in Udorn who works on malaria control. Although, he points out, the numbers of deaths in northeast Thailand from malaria have been drastically reduced over the years, there have been increases in both of the last 2 years. The causes, says this volunteer, who has also been an army medic, are only in part technical, the technical problem being the resistance of the malaria mosquito to the insecticide now in use and of the parasite to the drug. This factor could be overcome, he says, if new drugs and insecticides were made available, and if the Thais were willing to use them, and if they would modify their inflexible habit of treating the disease uniformly from one village or area to another regardless of where it is concentrated.

There is also a political problem. The Thais are most reluctant to carry their health programs into the northeast corner of the country where the malaria is concentrated because of their growing fear of insurgents.

That subject—of insurgency—comes up frequently, but no one seems to know much about it, or to agree whether it is declining or rising. From what people say, it seems to be rising, especially but not exclusively in areas along the Laotian border.

We drove through Khon Kaen to the village of Mahasarakam, where one of my two escorts is assigned. There we had dinner at the home of the director of the school. The director, who prizes Peace Corps volunteers, himself has an M.A. from the University of Indiana and a Ph. D. in Education from Rutgers. His wife spent a year at the University of Indiana too, on a Fulbright travel grant.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 13, 1968—ABOARD A SLEEPER TRAIN FROM KHON KAEN TO BANGKOK

Yesterday morning we visited the teachers' training school in Mahasarakam. Under the guidance of the previously mentioned Fulbright lecturer who also works with the Peace Corps, the volunteers in Mahasarakam have introduced modern methods comparable to those of the Foreign Service Institute into the teaching of English. These include a tape recorder laboratory with tapes prepared by the Fulbright lecturer.

Besides four American Peace Corps volunteers, there are, at the school, an English girl representing Voluntary Service Overseas, which is a private British group like the American International Voluntary Services, and two Canadians. The director obviously relies heavily on his foreign volunteers; he says that he values foreigners in Thailand as catalysts of new ideas. He lobbies hard with the Peace Corps to get good volunteer teachers and obviously makes effective use of them. At the same time he is an intelligent and sophisticated man and there is no question who is boss.

After touring the school and meeting some of the Thai faculty—including one lady who had studied in the United States as a Fulbright grantee—we drove, at my request, out into the nearby countryside where we watched peasants harvesting rice and then stopped to watch

one farmer, whose crop had been baled and piled, shake out the rice seeds by beating the bales on the ground. The rice will then be taken to the nearby village to be husked in a crude machine. That crop represents the farmer's food supply for his family for the year. He may catch some fish now and then, sell some rice for cash, or even get temporary work until the next planting in May or June, but for the most part that rice crop is his livelihood.

Rice is deficient in protein but it is certainly much better than that nasty manioc which the Brazilians of the northeast eat, and the people here look much better. This is a primitive agricultural economy in the northeast of Thailand, but people have food and they work; they are very poor but not wretched like the Brazilians of Pernambuco and Bahia.

We drove to Khon Kaen, detouring the jeep along a rough dirt road to see several backwoods villages. And backwoods they are, made up of straw huts on stilts, many with looms on the ground beneath on which the women weave. There were topless women nursing babies (they had covered up by the time we were heading back); also swine, packs of scrawny dogs who serve as the villages' security alarms, and everywhere grimy little children—grimy but not bloated with disease as in Brazil. One of my Peace Corps volunteer escorts commented that many of his students—perhaps most—came from villages like these. As we drove through, the villagers stared at us blankly—or so at least it seemed—and we stared back, wondering what they thought about.

This is the dry season in northeast Thailand and the land and the roads are choked with dust. By the time we got back onto the main road our clothes—and lungs—were permeated with dust. It makes the land bleak and one wonders what life *feels* like for the mute villagers, living in this hot and dusty land under a burning sun. It is hard to imagine what it will be like in the spring when the sun gets hotter and the monsoons drench the land.

There is a look of humbleness about Asian peasants. They are beaten down to the earth and seem never to stand straight upon it. They carry great burdens of rice or jute on carrying poles balanced across their shoulders; they carry buckets of water endlessly. They sit on the ground and they hunch on the ground. Naked children roll on the ground and frolic in muddy ditches. They are humble people and their willingness to touch and lie upon the earth seems their way of acknowledging it. What a difference between the Asian peasant and an American farmer.

At a gathering that evening in Khon Kaen, I met a number of volunteers from the area and the Fulbright lecturer who guides them in English teaching. He thinks it useless to have Fulbright grantees teaching subjects other than English in Thai universities because of the poor English of the Thai students. Apparently, Thai universities like having foreign lecturers for reasons of prestige and *décor* even though they may be ineffective. One natural scientist was consoled with the reassurance that, even if he wasn't conveying much science, it was beneficial for the students to hear a native English speaker. That is something which ought to be guarded against; conferring prestige on universities is not one of the main purposes of the Fulbright-Hays Act.

There is a near consensus among the people I have spoken to that teaching by Americans in Thailand in fields other than English

language is ineffective. This seems to be a matter of which American members of the binational committee should be well aware and should call to the attention of people in Washington, even if that means recommending a shift of emphasis in Fulbright grants for Thailand.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1968—BANGKOK

Peace Corps staff people in Bangkok share, indeed emphasize, the view that activities such as community development, lacking practical if not conceptual definition, are not the best areas of Peace Corps emphasis. One leading staff member believes, as I increasingly do, that, even though volunteers may be diverted from the classic Peace Corps ideology of aiding and sharing the lives of people at the very bottom, the best opportunities for wide effectiveness probably lie in such fields as teacher training. This makes sense because many or most of the young Thai teachers, little as they may wish it, are destined for teaching careers in the villages, where they in turn, if they are good, may have a lasting or lifetime impact on young villagers.

Besides good programing, which involves clarity and practicality about projects and their prospects for broad effect, the Peace Corps staff in Thailand are concerned with staff-volunteer relations, the need for bold experimentalism and the avoidance of bureaucratic conservatism. I emphasized my own belief that volunteers, like students, do not object to authority as such but to arbitrary and unresponsive authority. The question of staff-volunteer relations is to all intents and purposes beyond the scope of legislation except insofar as the law can set high standards for staff recruitment. Critical among the necessary qualities, however, are personal empathy and cultural sensitivity, and these, to the best of my knowledge, can hardly be prescribed by law.

We spoke of internationalization. One leading staff member said that he thought it administratively unfeasible under the United Nations, whose requirements of multicountry consensus, he fears, would paralyze a volunteer organization. He admits, however, that an international volunteer service would attract great numbers of volunteers and says that he would favor the assignment of volunteers from one country to the services of others in a kind of volunteer exchange program.

I stressed the potential value of an international volunteer service as an instrument of *functional* international organization. I said that I thought it might be feasible to create an autonomous United Nations-affiliated volunteer service, somewhat on the model of the Food and Agriculture Organization, the International Labor Organization or of the World Bank, which would operate under its own constitution and independent administration. Its value, it seems to me, would consist not only in its activities in-country but in the life it might breathe into the United Nations. There is and must be a double purpose in an international volunteer service: aside from its services in the field, it could help, in a modest but substantive way, to develop habits of international cooperation which might pave the way psychologically for cooperation in the political field.

The world, it is said, is not "ready" for this kind of community. I really don't know what is going to get it ready except practical experimentation in a nonpolitical field such as volunteer services.

Does anyone suppose that the world is going to "evolve," all by itself, spontaneously and unaided, toward community, pending which dispensation we must continue to conduct our affairs in the traditional, national manner?

My volunteer escort and I lunched in Bangkok with three graduate students on Fulbright travel grants. They reinforced the view, which I have heard expressed widely, that Fulbright lecturers are often unwisely assigned and that they are cherished by host universities for reasons of prestige. It seems to me that the binational committee can and should act forcefully to prevent misassignment, considering but not surrendering to cultural idiosyncracies.

We had dinner with two Thais, former schoolmates of mine. Reflecting the official Thai view, one, who is in the Foreign Ministry, supports the Vietnam war, or at any rate would make stiff terms for ending it; he maintains that the military situation is favorable. The other, a professor, said that she well understands the Americans' wish to get out of Vietnam, and would probably share it were she an American, but that, as a Thai, she favors a strong American role in southeast Asia. She shares, albeit in a thoughtful and open-minded way, the Thai fear of China and dislike of Japan, whose businessmen, she says, tend to initiate joint ventures which they then take over.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1968—CALCUTTA

Although the filth and poverty and human degradation are on a greater scale here than in Brazil, the shock, for me, was less acute, partly because I had seen human misery before, partly, I suppose, because one associates misery with India and is not surprised to find it.

The ride in from the airport provides a vivid introduction to India—swarms of people everywhere, living in the streets, sleeping on sidewalks, huddled in squalid shacks, taking water from open pipes in the street, virtually wallowing in the gutter.

As in Latin America the masses of dispossessed are a product of the post-war era. In Calcutta, which has grown from less than a million to six million people in 20-odd years, the influx is due to the migration which followed partition and the coming to town of villagers seeking work, as well as to natural population growth. The misery and social anarchy of Calcutta seem beyond redemption; perhaps there is tacit acknowledgment of that in the fact that there are only two Peace Corps volunteers, one a volunteer secretary, working in the city of Calcutta.

I had cake and Coca-Cola with the Calcutta Fulbrighters yesterday afternoon, including the people who run the regional office of USEFI (United States Educational Foundation in India). Their grievance is the universal one: the cutback in funds which is forcing a drastic reduction in grants.

In the evening I had dinner with an impressive array of Indian academics and intellectuals. I talked at length with a professor of biochemistry who, like many Indians, smiled indulgently at my expressions of dismay over America's internal problems. He thought that our problems were easy compared to those of India, and, *compared* to those of India, they surely are. All that is lacking in America, he said, is the will and commitment to solve social problems, while

India, will or no will, simply does not have the resources to cope with her problems. We have no money, he stressed several times; it comes to that.

I think he underestimates the problems of will and commitment, but he is undoubtedly right about India. He recalls that at the time of independence—and perhaps for a while thereafter—the Indians were full of confidence in what they were going to do. And when Kennedy was elected President of the United States, he recalls, there was going to be the brotherhood of man. Now all that is gone and India falters under the weight of insoluble problems. This professor does not have much hope; eventually, he foresees, as the population mounts, there will be starvation and, with it, civil war. Then what? I asked. He said that he did not know.

This morning my USIS control officer, the acting Peace Corps Director, and I went sightseeing in Calcutta. We went to a coffeehouse in the student district near Calcutta University and then walked along streets lined with bookstalls.

We stopped at the branch USIS library—the main one being downtown. The library is up several flights, neatly laid out, card-cataloged and comfortably air-conditioned. The place seems incongruous in its dense, steamy urban surroundings. The books, to the extent I could tell by sampling the catalog, are rigorously harmless: I looked up, for the fun of it, Eldridge Cleaver and Robert Kennedy—both missing. Fulbright is represented by the innocuous *Prospects for the West*.

The USIS mission also seems to me incongruous and I engaged my USIS host in a discussion of it. I suggested that the aim of USIS was, by one means or another, to charm foreigners, to induce them to think well of the United States. He said he thought that was not true, that the Indians hungered for information about America, that, for example, he had recently been complimented by an Indian for the fact that the library included a book by Senator Brooke, a member of the opposition party. Was I aware, he wanted to know, of the extent of the Communists' activities in this field.

I persisted: Trying to persuade people who need a square meal a hell of a lot more than they need a good impression of the United States that our experience is "relevant" to theirs, that we have a message for them, is a dishonest and unworthy enterprise.

The poor of Calcutta may well be the most wretched people on the face of the earth and we Americans are the richest. Do we really have anything to say to them? I sense in this a kind of exploitation: the rich are not satisfied to be rich and leave the poor to their benightedness. We require tribute as well. That, I judge, is the real meaning of our exertions toward winning their hearts and minds.

Maybe those libraries are useful, or maybe they ought to be closed up. I certainly don't see much chance of these libraries really "representing" America. The image-making approach can never allow of serious dissent. Nor, I suspect, can it portray the real glory of America either—the ideals we haven't been able to live up to but which remain alive, shaping the American conscience, inspiring and activating a remarkable generation of young people.

The only solution that comes to mind is to take foreign information programs—if we are to have them at all—out of the hands of political agencies and to vest them in some autonomous and presumably disinterested body, on the model of the British Council.

We lunched with Peace Corps volunteers. I talked with one volunteer who has extended for a year, and hopes to stay in India even beyond his 3 years in the Peace Corps. He went home recently and found it not to his tastes—an atmosphere “filled with hate,” he said.

MONDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1968, IN FLIGHT FROM CALCUTTA
TO MADRAS

Last night, at a dinner given by the Consul General for Senator Hatfield, we discussed U.S. aid to India. Speaking in terms that sounded to me like geopolitical abstractions, American officials referred to the necessity, as they see it, of counteracting the influence wielded by the Soviet Union, which is aiding India in the construction of giant steel mills, while we concentrate our support on agriculture. One American diplomat stressed the danger of India becoming ‘Finlandized.’ That term, the meaning of which does not leap to mind, was explained as referring to the possible reduction of India to such great dependence on Russia as to constrain Indian freedom of action. It is to our interests, this American diplomat continued, that India be free to determine her own interests freely. Reference was also made to the strategic importance of the Indian Ocean and an ultimate threat to Thailand. I asked if our interest in supporting India might be considered primarily humanitarian and was assured that it was not.

I do think there is a need—and I would settle for the humanitarian need—for rich countries to aid India. Ethically, I suppose, there can be no excuse for avoiding it. But we have not yet found the way to do it. The means employed, notably bilateral aid, have turned out to be too political and at the same time economically inadequate. Nor have these means become acceptable to the American people. Possibly, there is no means by which we can really help India—possibly our experience is irrelevant, our resources unusable in such a way as to do more economic good than political harm, and our efforts to help, therefore, foredoomed. It seems, though, that there should be a way to help. But that very suggestion may be used to justify persistence in efforts which are unrewarding, or worse.

Or it may be that we have just not given it enough time, that the application of aid here, like the poverty program at home, warrants a long period of trial and error.

An English foundation executive, who drove me home from the Consul General’s dinner, said that Calcutta is heading toward chaos in the next 5 or 10 years, toward a descent into anarchy and mob rule, something much worse than a communist takeover. The agricultural and population problems, he said, are difficult, but we know what to do about them: spread the miracle seeds and install the loop. But the technology for dealing with the urban revolution of Asia, he went on, is not known, and the cities are likely to explode. I said that American cities—Washington, Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles—had already exploded.

DECEMBER 17, 1968—MADRAS AWAITING THE PLANE TO BANGALORE,
AND THEN IN FLIGHT

The USEFI people in Madras, with whom I met for a conference and tea yesterday afternoon, are in process of reducing their regional office, owing to the cutback in funds. They are eliminating part of their staff and are, I believe, moving out of their office as well. They asked, as many others involved in educational exchange have asked, what they might do to help revive the program.

Here as elsewhere there is a widespread, if not prevailing, view among American diplomats that the "interests" of the United States require it to draw India as much as possible to "our side" as against the Soviet Union. This cold war-globalist mentality is widespread among the political operatives and the USIS people. Aid, in particular, is regarded as an instrument—an "enlightened" instrument—of cold war politics. Again I asked if humanitarianism might be regarded as a major reason for economic assistance. One rather typical respondent said that he would not, of course, exclude it, being, as he said, "all for" humanitarian projects, but that he did not regard them as a paramount reason for aid. We might have pursued the reconcilability of a position of being "all for" humanitarianism while not regarding it as paramount, but I chose not to.

The matter of Foreign Service attitudes, or ideology, might profitably be pursued by the Foreign Relations Committee. All over the world American foreign policy is being executed by men who regard it as their mission, through aid and diplomacy and all the means at their disposal, to jockey for advantage and the allegiance of neutrals in an endless struggle with the Soviet Union and with China. One wonders whether and to what extent the cold war mentality in the diplomatic service is a legacy of the Hiss-McCarthy days. Having once been driven to prove your toughness, the natural tendency, I suppose, is to go right on being tough. Our aim, as perhaps half of the Foreign Relations Committee see it, ought to be something quite different, the alleviation and termination of the "struggle with communism." How can these be advanced by a Foreign Service populated with professional cold warriors? Obviously, they cannot until there is first a change of philosophy at the top and then a gradual filtering of the change down through the ranks. Even if that change at the top were imminent, as it obviously is not, it would be a long time outliving the Dulles-Rusk legacy in the ranks. In the face of a disciplined bureaucracy I am filled with a sense of the impotence of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

One possibility is for the committee to become very tough. It has tended to hold back from belaboring the operating areas of foreign policy about detail and personnel, confining itself, for reasons of propriety and preference, to considerations of general policy and purpose. The result is, in the case, for example, of educational exchange, that others run the program, because money is policy and the distinction between policy and its execution is, after all, a tool of thought rather than a fact of existence.

I am not sure we have done awfully well with our conceptual inquiries in the Foreign Relations Committee. They are more interesting than the grimy details but we may have accomplished more with the investigation of lobbying than with the hearings on revolu-

tion. The conceptual inquiries are certainly important, both as an influence on policy in the long term and in communicating with the country in the short term, but in trying to exert a direct impact on current policy the effective tools are those involving legislation and specific situations. We did quite well, for instance, in belaboring the State Department for its failure back in 1965 to give strong public support to Firestone when its plan to build a synthetic rubber plant and a cracking plant in Rumania was brought under heavy and successful, right-wing attack; the Department subsequently gave forthright support to American purchasers of tobacco from communist Balkan countries.

It might now be well to take an aggressive and continuing interest in such matters as Fulbright program funding, the individual outlooks of Embassy cultural officers and the contents of U.S. libraries and propaganda programs. For a start we might launch a crusade to require every USIS library in the world to put *Soul on Ice* and *The Arrogance of Power* on prominent display.

This morning the Peace Corps regional representative, a Peace Corps volunteer and I drove out to the volunteer's site, a town about 70 miles west of Madras. The volunteer took us to the two schools where he teaches subjects including English, health and nutrition. We met students, teacher trainees and the two headmasters. Although he has been sick and therefore frequently absent, this young volunteer is obviously highly valued in his schools—and, I would judge, rightly so. He is one of those decently motivated young Americans who turn up so often in the Peace Corps and who make you feel that there has got after all to be something good about us.

More to the point perhaps is the constructive impact young Americans like this volunteer and his wife, who also teaches, can have on an Indian educational institution, especially one where teachers in training may someday proliferate the "message." As in Thailand and so much of Latin America, Indian education is hobbled by traditions of passivity, rote learning and staticism, and the orientation of the entire learning process to success at the end of some years in general examinations. The usual classroom procedure, I am told, is one in which teachers lecture in the most pedantic way to students who loyally take down everything in their copy books without ever questioning the teacher—it would be taken as an affront—or, apparently, without even forming questions in their minds. As their headmaster enthusiastically and somewhat humbly acknowledged, young Americans like this couple whose site I visited today, can teach young Indians—who someday will teach other young Indians—to think actively and logically and skeptically.

Whether and to what extent Peace Corps volunteers and Fulbright tutors are succeeding in their classrooms against obstacles of language, tradition and prevailing convention, I cannot readily judge. Nor can anyone predict whether their message, if received by these young teachers in training, will be passed along in reasonably undiluted form. It seems unlikely at this stage that Peace Corps and Fulbright teachers are initiating a chain of events that will culminate someday in an Indian Berkeley or Columbia. But the concept they are working under seems sound and well worth the effort.

As in Thailand it seems to me here in India that one of the best contributions American volunteers can make is in teaching—teaching people, through whatever discipline, to *think*—clearly, individually, rationally and skeptically. The volunteer I visited today expresses no soaring confidence in the prospects, but, as he put it, “that doesn’t mean I’m going to stop banging my head against the wall.”

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1968—BANGALORE TO BOMBAY

The evening before last my hosts in Bangalore, a USIS officer and his wife, had in the Fulbrighters’, both American scholars and Indian alumni.

One alumnus, a professor who has written a book on Walt Whitman, spoke of the bond of ideas between India and America, which he regards as more significant than the political and economic relationships. He referred to the congeniality to Indians of the ideas of the transcendentalists Emerson and Thoreau, their influence on Ghandi and Ghandi’s influence in turn on Martin Luther King and the American civil rights movement. Having beguiled me with these reflections, this eminent Fulbrighter proceeded to lobby me regarding his need for funds with which to initiate a journal of Indo-American ideas.

Another of the Fulbrighters present, the director of an institute of social sciences, presented me with a newspaper article he had written on the meaning and objectives of the Fulbright program.

Fulbright scholarships mean a great deal to the Indians; that is abundantly clear. The program is held in great esteem; it is considered a signal honor to have been a Fulbright grantee or to have an American Fulbright lecturer in an Indian university.

Here as elsewhere, the American grantees complain about the failure to provide funds for the transport of families, and that complaint is well-founded. Others complain that, for a distinguished or even just senior and established American scholar, the Fulbright is no longer a desirable alternative to the more generous foundation grants. I think the Fulbright program should make no effort to compete with the foundations; if they are taking ample care of senior and accomplished American scholars wishing to engage in projects abroad, that is all to the good. The Fulbright program, I think, is most useful in giving foreign students and scholars, certainly those from India, the opportunity to study in America, and in giving younger Americans the opportunity to study and teach abroad. Whatever our needs may be, the Indians have primary need of the services of American university and secondary *teachers* in basic fields of study—English, literature, American studies and the applied sciences. I do not think they need these at the highly sophisticated level which would appeal to distinguished older scholars.

Yesterday a young volunteer escorted me to a small town, an hour and a half’s drive out of Bangalore. There we visited volunteers who are working in poultry and egg production at a farm run by the State of Mysore. We then returned to their house, where we talked about politics and the draft and the problems of conscience which arise when a volunteer faces the prospect of being drafted for Vietnam.

We returned to the State of Mysore Farm where my escort and three other volunteers are working in the Central Poultry Farm. A former student of philosophy and theology, the volunteer who took

me around today is also highly educated, though not formally, in agriculture and animal husbandry, having been raised on a farm in the Midwest. Everywhere we went he was keenly aware of land use, of its misuse and its possibilities.

Two of my escort's housemates took me through the hatchery, explaining their methods of breeding white leghorns for the economic production of high quality eggs. I was required to wear a full-length white coat, which I later discovered was to protect the chickens from my germs and not, as I had supposed, me from theirs.

I had dinner that evening with the Bangalore Peace Corps staff. I asked them if they thought India could "make it" and they surprised me with their optimism. The one problem which still seems insuperable is population growth. Otherwise, they said, there is hope: the developing agricultural revolution, the existence of a highly developed administrative infrastructure and the seriousness of purpose of the government. They themselves have been surprised, they said, by the extent to which the government reaches into the villages.

I was struck by the contrast between their mental set and my own. Mine, I suddenly became aware, has been ironic and pessimistic, though not hopeless, and I hope not cynical. It is of course a mood which I share with my countrymen, a mood born of Vietnam and race crisis, of the collapse of the New Frontier and the Great Society, of the young people's rebellion and alienation, the loss of trust in the judgment and honesty of our government, the rise of crime, the murders of Kennedy and King and the burning of the Washington ghetto. We have lost faith—those of us who have been in America these last few years—in the wisdom as well as the efficacy of our own past efforts. We are full of the sense of the harm we can do—at least some of us are—through our own ordinary human susceptibilities, even when our intentions seem to us to be excellent ones.

We are not ready, as the volunteer in Madras state had put it, to stop "beating our heads against the wall." But neither am I prepared to repudiate as unfounded this chastened outlook. It is, on the basis of recent events, all too well-founded.

I note only that my Peace Corps dinner companions of last night, having been out of the United States for the last few years, have a different outlook. At first skeptical of their hopefulness, I soon remembered that I used to feel that way myself and I remembered how much I liked it. Maybe, as they believe, there is hope for India; and maybe we really can help the Indians. I have no interest in acquiring an attitude of idiotic optimism for its own sake, but neither would I wish to prejudge a situation of which I know very little on the basis of a pessimistic mood shaped by events in an alien environment.

This matter of mood is of great importance. We have become suspicious of aid because it has come to seem a political instrument in the hands of a leadership committed to unsound policies. Perhaps, however, Vietnam notwithstanding, aid is doing some good in India. Things are happening in the country economically, and they have not really "knuckled under" to us in such matters as Vietnam and Czechoslovakia and voting in the United Nations.

That of course is no doubt due in part to the fact that the Russians as well as we are helping them economically, and it occurs to me that that is probably all to the good, helping to dilute the unhealthy effects

of bilateralism in the same way that we would hope to have it occur through an internationalized aid program.

This morning I met again with the Peace Corps staff in Bangalore. We spoke of the Peace Corps' evolution, of its discovery through experience of the areas where volunteers can make measurable contributions and the areas, such as urban community development, where results have often been disappointing. Far from being a promising outlet for amateur energies, it now appears, the "attitude-building" aspect of community development would tax the resources of highly trained social psychologists.

We agreed that it is important for the Peace Corps to remain free of a binding ideology in the sense of commitment to some single, supposedly "key" activity such as urban community development, TEFL (the teaching of English as a foreign language), agriculture, or whatever. Cults—such as the cult of village service or of working only with the most destitute people—are stultifying and diverting, stultifying as to new ideas while likely to divert attention from promising opportunities wherever they may arise.

It seems clear, we agreed, that the limitation of staff service to 5 years is helpful in preventing stultification and bureaucratization. Whatever its inconveniences as to Peace Corps "memory," staff turnover keeps the organization young and vital.

After the meeting with the Peace Corps staff, one of the staff, a volunteer and I toured "pucca" (meaning "good") kitchens in a number of villages. With food provided through CARE by Public Law 480, personnel provided by Peace Corps, funds by AID, and labor by villagers, this project constructs kitchens adjacent to village schools for the provision of free lunches to schoolchildren and, in addition, to preschool children and pregnant women. The food is a high-protein mixture of soybeans and dried milk. The volunteer's job is to supervise the construction of the kitchens, to dispense funds to the villagers for the cost of construction—which he does only *after* a project is completed—and to make sure that the food is not misallocated. This particular volunteer is very firm about these matters; he ought to be picked up by the Inspector General after he finishes his Peace Corps tour.

We visited several of these schools at the midday feeding time and watched the children eat the coarse but nourishing stuff. These villages and schools—and the kitchens—are extremely crude, and the villagers are about as poor as one can imagine people being. Yet the children looked good: healthy, to appearances, with shining hair, bright eyes, and faces still alive with the hope that life may turn out all right. They looked much better than the scaly-eyed, belly-bloated children I saw 2 years ago in Brazil and Peru, very much better indeed.

Returning to Bangalore, we talked on the way of India and its prospects, of the British legacy of judicial and administrative competence, of the ability of the government to reach into the villages and the existence of an ongoing development plan into which foreign assistance can be channeled.

Much of India's problem is tradition—the maddening reluctance of people in a traditional society to alter their habits of life and work—although recent innovations in Indian agriculture suggest that this matter of traditionalism may be overstated. And superstition: they

won't eat beef because the cows are sacred, even though they suffer from terrible malnutrition. They won't kill rats even though they devour their crops—it has been estimated that as much as a quarter of India's food production is lost to rats and other scavengers. Someone ought to launch a campaign to supplant destructive superstitions—like worshiping cows and sparing rats—with benign ones like sun worship or baying at the moon. Cultural differences notwithstanding, I think the Indians ought to eat those damn cows.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1968—BOMBAY TO JAIPUR

In Bombay yesterday morning I went to the office of the USEFI regional director, where I met Fulbright alumni and three young American Fulbright tutors.

The alumni testified unanimously to the rewards of the program, which they regard as many times proven. They regret, as does everyone connected with it, the financial laceration of the program. We discussed the causes of the cut in funds—the general retrenchment in the United States, the absence of strong political support for the program in 1968, and the nasty atmosphere in the United States induced by Vietnam, racial tensions, violence and crime. I reminded them, as I have felt it necessary to do on a number of occasions, that Congress had not singled out India for mistreatment, that the cuts applied generally, and even more heavily for Europe, that indeed far more had been cut from social and economic welfare programs for Americans at home than for foreign activities.

The critical question, said one alumnus, is whether the United States is still committed to the aims, broadly conceived, of the Fulbright program. I said that some people in and out of Congress would be trying to restore and strengthen the program but that I could not say with certainty that the United States is still committed to the original aims of the Fulbright program. Indeed, there is doubt that there ever was real agreement on the fundamental purposes of educational exchange.

The confusion about objectives is apparent in the uneasy relationship between USIS and USEFI. Owing to the cut in funds USEFI in Bombay has been forced to give up its separate quarters and has moved into a small suite in the USIS building, much to the distress of the USEFI staff. In addition, it has become necessary to reduce the staff; there will be, I think, only one secretary to assist the new Regional Director.

USEFI's physical captivity expresses its conceptual dilemma as well. In thrall to USIS, it is being treated as though education were a branch of propaganda. Anyone with the slightest acquaintance with USIA knows that the word "information" in its title, insofar as the word implies a disinterested concern for truth, is inaccurately used. Without going into the question of the value or necessity of having a propaganda arm of American foreign policy, I think there should be no great difficulty—although there obviously is—in differentiating "information," which connotes an attempt to learn the truth about something regardless of whether that truth is politically convenient, with "propaganda," which aims not at *accurate* perceptions but at *favorable* perceptions from the viewpoint of the propagandist. Propaganda aims

not at truth but at a political objective, the cultivation of certain attitudes which may or may not reflect truth.

Propaganda is not only different from education, it is antithetical to it. When the two are identified, it is at the cost of corrupting education. In the context of American foreign policy, propaganda is one of the means by which the traditional game of power politics is played. Education, if it is to be education, purports to "change the nature of that game," "to civilize and humanize it." Like the Peace Corps, it absolutely cannot be treated as an operating tool of foreign policy without being corrupted and destroyed.

Whether this distinction was clear in the minds of Congress and the executive when they adopted the Fulbright and Peace Corps legislation is open to doubt; it appears in any case to be beyond the grasp of some USIS people. One expressed annoyance with USEFI's displeasure at its captivity in the USIS building. "They forget," he said, "that the money all comes from the same place." Another recited the USIS claim: "We tell America's story to the world." "You tell the party-in-power's story to the world," I said. "What else?" he replied laughing.

One of the young Fulbright tutors described USIS as an attempt to make the United States appear as much as possible like the Soviet Union. He for one thought we were better, that we could withstand the effects of the truth about ourselves without the benefits of a party line, of visiting scholars carefully chosen by the State Department to recite that party line without having to be asked it, of libraries carefully purged of "dangerous" and unwelcome ideas. He had recently looked up the name "Carmichael" in the USIS library, the young Fulbright tutor told me, and found "Hoagy" represented but not, heaven help us, "Stokely."

The three Fulbright tutors in the Bombay area are all engaged in the teaching of English to college-level students. Their program, for lack of funds, is being terminated and there will be no successors to them. They are having an excellent educational experience themselves, they said—and there can be no doubt that they are—but they are distressed by the lack of guidance and materials. Well-educated, highly motivated and intelligent, they nonetheless lack technique and they feel, quite rightly, thwarted by the lack. There is no available source of materials, from USEFI or elsewhere, for the teaching of English to Indians, nor, they said, do their host universities provide them with much guidance, being satisfied, apparently, with the prestige of having Fulbright tutors on their staffs.

Recalling the fruitful collaboration between the Fulbright professor and the Peace Corps volunteers teaching English in Thailand, I suggested the Bombay tutors seek Peace Corps support. One way or another—and this is becoming a critical issue with the Peace Corps as well as the Fulbright teachers—the matter of technical competence is emerging as an extremely important problem. Like the volunteers these young Fulbright tutors are not satisfied to have an educational experience for themselves while dispensing services amounting to little more than "good will." Nor should they be satisfied. India requires something more substantial from its visiting teachers and volunteers than just "good will," and so, apparently, does the self-respect of the tutors and volunteers.

I had as my guests for dinner last night the Peace Corps regional representative, his wife, and three agriculture volunteers. All of them are firm in their insistence upon technique and training. They would like the Peace Corps to recruit more actively volunteers other than the A.B. generalists and they strongly favor the training of the generalists at least to a minimum level of competence in some specific activity. One of the volunteers said that he sees little value in the dispensation of pure "love" (the word stressed with mocking intonation). India needs more than love and, as this volunteer points out with logic, the dispensation of technique is not incompatible with the simultaneous dispensation of "love"—by the ever-loving technician himself.

There is merit in this viewpoint, which I have found prevalent among the Peace Corps volunteers I have met this year in Asia; 2 years ago in Latin America I shared the still surviving enthusiasm for urban community development. The concept—encouraging new attitudes through the catalytic role of the volunteer—was appealing. And, in social psychological terms, I suppose that it is sound. But—and this is what I did not appreciate 2 years ago—it is an immensely sophisticated concept, requiring more technique, if it is to be done with any hope of success, than any of the other areas of Peace Corps activity. Community development purports to apply social psychology under conditions of the utmost adversity—highly motivated but untrained generalists working with the most unreceptive kind of people—traditional, uneducated and superstitious. Even if the leap were feasible for the volunteer, it would still probably be beyond the slumdweller or villagers.

There are some things that cannot be done, and the fact that they need doing and that they *ought* to be able to be done does not alter things. Psychiatrists at home say that, often, if not generally, lower income people, lacking the learned ability to undergo a difficult and costly process for the sake of a long term and uncertain return, cannot really be expected to benefit from psychotherapy. They simply would not make the commitment or have the patience to see it through. By analogy, it seems doubtful that either Indian villagers or Latin campesinos are capable, at their stage of educational and cultural development, of the social psychological subtleties of community development.

Nor, it appears, are the volunteers. Their service is limited in time, scope and technique and they want results they can see. Perhaps in theory they *should* be willing to settle for a problematical result in the distant future but, like almost everybody else in every other field of activity, they are not. In addition, they doubt their own qualifications as social psychologists and they are probably right. Volunteers work best and accomplish the most when they can achieve or at least initiate measurable progress in some specific field such as teaching or agriculture or animal husbandry.

The Peace Corps has matured since my visits of 2 years ago. The commitment is still there—the decency and the human concern—but it is more disciplined and directed, more practical and less sentimental. I have detected this strongly on the part of both staff and volunteers. India, as the one volunteer put it, needs more than "love," and love is not antithetical to technique. As to themselves, the volun-

teers feel that they have an obligation to do more than have a valuable personal experience. In that, I believe they are quite right; they came here to serve and they should serve.

We spoke last night, as I have so often spoken with Peace Corps people, of the fundamental difference between their aims and those of the diplomats. They dislike, as I do, the endless, mindless game of power politics engaged in for its own sake. They dislike, as I do, the tendency of politics to become self-contained and self-sustaining, as if nations were people and politics were life. That is why they hate being associated with the operating arms of American foreign policy. And for that same reason they would love—many of them, perhaps most—to see the Peace Corps internationalized.

Politics, properly practiced, is *about* life but it is not itself life. That is something which the volunteers instinctively and explicitly understand, and it separates them from the political practitioners. The diplomats in their way are every bit as parochial as the hicks and hillbillies whose interests are confined to their own families, jobs and communities. The diplomats do not realize that they are functioning in the same way; their world is populated by *other* diplomats who refer to themselves by the names of the nations they represent and thus suppose that they are functioning on a grand, cosmopolitan scale. But, insofar as their interests are confined to interstate rivalry and the jockeying for advantage, one with the other, they are no different from the businessmen farmers, teachers and who-all else who are trying to get ahead in their own communities, the only difference being that the hicks know they are hicks while the diplomats fancy themselves “nations” and their total clique “the world.”

I have no objection in the world to “parochialism” insofar as that connotes people trying in an unpretentious way to live their own lives in their own communities in a decent and responsible way. But I don’t much care for the self-deceiving sophistication of those who confuse world travel with worldliness and politics with life.

A colleague asked me why I wanted to go to India where, as he put it, “nothing is happening.” Nothing much is happening in India, from the infinitely parochial standpoint of “world politics”: no revolution, no war right now, no internal upheaval, no major international negotiation. No, nothing is happening in India, nothing but life, life consisting of 500 million living, breathing, multiplying hicks, struggling for life, every one of them, in an ocean of adversity.

Diplomacy, like propaganda, is a way of playing an established game according to established rules, and doing so without questioning its value and meaning and purpose. It is a necessary form of human activity and it is not to be disparaged. But neither is it to be confused with those activities—education and volunteering—whose function is to question the game and its rules and assumptions and to experiment with new games for new—and I daresay higher—stakes.

The questioning is the job of students, the experimenting the job of volunteers. What binds them together, and separates them from the practitioners, is the knowledge that, even in the absence of political happenings, something is indeed going on in India.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1968—JAIPUR TO AGRA TO DELHI

In Jaipur the day before yesterday I went with the Peace Corps representative to have lunch at the incountry training center for volunteers who will work in agriculture in the State of Rajasthan. I was impressed with one volunteer in particular, a middle-aged farmer from Missouri. A good and successful farmer, he decided to bring his knowledge to India as a Peace Corps volunteer. He had as his guest for lunch a young Indian farmer. The Indian didn't speak English and the farmer from Missouri is having trouble with Hindi, but there did not seem to be any trouble about communicating between them. Many of the young Peace Corps volunteers are hoping to be assigned to sites close to the farmer from Missouri. As one of them put it, "he's forgotten more about farming than most of us will ever know."

I spent the night in a small village near Jaipur with a young volunteer from Minnesota. As dusk fell over the clear red desert sky, we had a cup of tea outside the roadside tea shop, sitting on a bench with some gnarled and turbaned Rajasthani farmers, one of whom soon departed by camel. Washington never felt farther away as we sat outside the tea shop and then walked down a sandy path leading from the road into the village. We formed a small caravan with the volunteer's cook, and another villager carrying our belongings.

Night fell over the collection of huts and small houses which make up the village as we approached the volunteer's house. The moon was almost a new moon, a sliver in a sky filled with a million more stars than I ever knew existed. There is no electricity in the village although there soon will be—the wires are up—and it was dark, very dark indeed. I had an inkling of how a volunteer must feel on his first night on his site, except that he would be alone, and he would not be there for just one night, but for 2 years of nights.

The feeling of loneliness didn't last long. While the cook, sitting on his haunches over a kerosene burner, prepared fish for our dinner (with the volunteer kibitzing all the way), a parade of people came to call—a civil servant, one of the village Brahmans, who was leaving next day to take examinations for the post of police inspector or something like that; a school teacher who in halting English revealed his hawkish views on both Pakistan and Vietnam; the landlord's 15-year-old son all wrapped up like a sheik in turban and shawl; and a neighboring farmer.

After supper, at my request, we went for a walk. The village was pitch dark except for an occasional flickering kerosene lamp. And it was silent, except for a dog growling or a muffled human voice from behind the unseen straw walls. Our Indian friends would have preferred to stay back and play whist instead of walking through the dark village. There was nothing to see, they said.

The next morning I accompanied the volunteer on his rounds farm to farm. In each case we examined his demonstration plots of potatoes or wheat and left a supply of fertilizer. All the demonstration plots were thriving except one patch of hybrid wheat.

The reluctance of these poor farmers to adopt new methods is commonly attributed to the stifling inhibitions of habit in a traditional society. In fact, as I came to see, there is a more immediate and perhaps more significant reason: the enormous risks involved in

innovation. Modern planting methods are costly, requiring either more fertilizer or more water or more expensive seed or more care. And they are risky—they may bring a much higher crop yield but they also may fail. For people living on the margin of subsistence even simple innovation involves a risk factor greater than the risk run by the most daring stock market speculator at home. The American investor is risking money. The Indian peasant farmer may well be risking his life and the lives of his family. There is no guaranteed income for him to fall back on if an innovation urged by a Government agronomist or an American Peace Corps volunteer fails. It is not surprising that he wants evidence of probable success before he will take the terrible risk of innovation.

The same applies to population control. The advantages are macro-advantages: if there are fewer people, there will be more for all. But what about the villager to whom children are social security for his old age? Four is safer than two because children can die and in India they do die. Can the family planner guarantee a villager that if he has only two children they will survive to support him in his old age?

As we made the rounds of the volunteer's farms, we stopped—we were obliged to stop—and socialized with the farmers. With one we shared a crude handpipe, I feeling squeamish because the cloth stem of the pipe was something less than hygienic and also because I had the misfortune to notice that the farmer had been scooping up buffalo dung with his bare hand just before pulling out the pipe. The volunteer either didn't notice or didn't care. With another farmer we did some arm wrestling; he couldn't have weighed over a hundred pounds but I couldn't budge his arm. Another gave us a tour of his fields, liberally tearing out vegetables—nice big ones like horseradishes—which we were then obliged to eat.

Back in the village after this compulsory grazing, we were treated to a special Rajasthani lunch—all supersweets—prepared at the insistence of the volunteer's cook. From Jewish mothers to Indian peasants, the forcing of food on people seems to be a ritual with universal meaning. It is not so much an act of hospitality as a test of your *gratitude* inflicted to see how much punishment you will inflict on your own stomach in order to avoid giving offense to your host. Usually it ends in an unsatisfactory compromise: the host gets insulted and you get a stomach ache. In India the volunteers get around it by invoking religious prohibitions—fast days, food taboos and penance rites—protecting their stomachs by an impression of Christianity as a superstition-ridden paganism.

After lunch, my volunteer host, the Peace Corps representative, who had rejoined us in the village and I went to call on four other volunteers, two married couples. One of the girls described her difficulties as a woman. She and her husband, she said, were drawing water at their village well one day and a number of people hurried to help her husband draw the water but not to help her carry it. She had tried to teach food preparation but found that the village women were only interested in teaching her the local recipes. Only recently had she begun to find a useful role by escorting her husband to the fields, where, as his agent, she is now gaining acceptance.

I left Jaipur this morning in the Peace Corps jeep in order to see the Taj Mahal and then pick up my plane in Agra. For all that one has

heard of it and seen it in pictures, the Taj is startlingly beautiful from the moment it comes into view from the distant gate. On the way to the airport we had a minor collision with a bicycle cart, resulting in a mob scene from which, after much shouting and confusion, the police finally delivered us. Another drama ensued at the Agra airport owing to the failure of Indian Airlines to hold my seat from Jaipur, it having been confirmed no less than three times. I got pretty angry with a supercilious clerk who finally suggested that I take the matter up with pilot. That I did, with the result that I got to Delhi after all, seated in the cockpit with that humane man.

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1968—DELHI

I had a visit this morning with Ambassador Bowles. We discussed, among other things, the population problem. The Ambassador sees little prospect of curbing population growth by present methods of contraception. An injection seems like the best bet; people in less-developed countries like to get injections, I am told.

I spent most of the day with Fulbright scholars and the USEFI staff. In Delhi as elsewhere the Fulbright people are troubled by their relations with USIS. The latter are keen on taking the Fulbrighters into camp for the sake of the intellectual respectability they would lend to USIS's propaganda activities. For corresponding reasons—the danger of polluting education with propaganda activities—USEFI strives and hopefully will succeed in maintaining its separate identity.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1968—DELHI TO KARACHI

SOME PARTING THOUGHTS ON INDIA

It is a country that can and should be helped; that is my principal feeling after 12 days in India. I came to the country more or less sharing the view of India, fairly widespread in America these days, as an ocean of misery and hopelessness which no one can do much about except to alleviate the suffering a bit here and there. This view, it now seems to me, is not so much the product of a serious assessment of Indian realities as a byproduct of distraction and pessimism over our own affairs. So many of the hopes of the early sixties—the Alliance for Progress, a world partnership for peace and development, peaceful progress in race relations at home—have gone sour that it becomes almost a reflex to take a bleak view of things. Our attitude toward India, in short—we, that is, of the "Vietnam generation"—begins to appear to me to have been more the result of our own disillusionment than of an objective assessment of India's situation and prospects.

An Indian intellectual in Calcutta put it to me week before last that American intellectuals—young people, students, liberals, and radicals—had acquired a kind of distaste for India. I did not quite catch his meaning at the time but it begins now to be clear. India, in the liberal galaxy of values, has become passé. No longer the shining hope of socialist democracy, it has taken on the aura of a stagnant beggar nation, militarily incompetent against China and

Pakistan, dependent on foreigners for food as well as arms and investment capital, dispiritedly democratic in politics, lacking the high aspirations of the early years of independence, and—from the perspective of the new left—totally lacking in the revolutionary verve of “Ché” or Ho Chi Minh.

The romantic optimism about India of some years ago has given way to what now appears to me an equally romantic pessimism. Looking at India through the prism of our own disillusion—more, I emphasize again, because of our own problems than because of India's—the appeals for aid from knowledgeable Americans in India came to sound to us like broken records. The growth statistics became a bore and, because they have brought to the performance of their official duties a degree of personal commitment and cultural sensitivity not usually expected in our embassies abroad, the Ambassador and Mrs. Bowles have sometimes been dismissed as Indian cultists.

Twelve days of travel and observation, visits with Peace Corps volunteers and staff, with American and Indian Fulbright scholars, with certain Indian civil servants and scholars, and with Ambassador Bowles, have caused me to revise—at least to reconsider—the vague predispositions with which I arrived in Calcutta 12 days ago.

The country in fact is progressing strikingly in agriculture and industry, promisingly in education, hopefully though not impressively in family planning.

No one in fact knows for certain whether there has been a significant drop in the birth rate; that will become known only after the census in 1971. It is generally conceded, however, that population growth has not been brought under control and it remains the country's greatest problem. In a sense it is the country's only intractable major economic problem; if the population were close to stability, existing growth rates in agriculture and industry would be producing impressive increases in per capita income.

The following table, provided by the American Embassy in Delhi, conveys a picture of impressive overall progress since independence:

BASIC STATISTICS OF INDIA'S PROGRESS SINCE INDEPENDENCE

	1948	1967-68	Target 1974-75
Population.....	348,000,000	520,000,000	(1)
General economic indicators:			
National income (Base 1956-100).....	\$18,165,000,000	31,395,000,000	-----
Per capita income (base 1956-100).....	52.40	62.60	-----
Industrial index (base 1956-100).....	73.5	191.7	-----
Education:			
Estimated literacy (percent).....	14	29	50
Schools.....	200,000	505,050	700,000
Teachers.....	700,000	2,047,119	3,272,119
Colleges.....	650	2,942	(3)
Universities.....	20	280	90
Students in:			
Primary schools.....	17,000,000	52,240,000	72,000,000
Middle schools.....	4,000,000	11,790,000	32,000,000
Secondary schools.....	1,220,000	5,820,000	12,700,000
Universities.....	350,000	2,000,000	(3)
Medical schools.....	17	92	102
Engineering schools.....	88	421	(3)
Engineers graduated.....	2,000	35,311	(3)
Medical doctors graduated.....	700	9,000	(3)
Family planning and health:			
Family planning clinics.....	1	26,434	50,000
IUCD's (loops) inserted.....	None	600,000	4,100,000
Sterilizations.....	None	1,800,000	5,000,000
Condoms (domestic production and imports).....	(3)	302,000,000	5453,000,000
Cases of malaria.....	85,000,000	277,000	0

BASIC STATISTICS OF INDIA'S PROGRESS SINCE INDEPENDENCE—Continued

	1948	1967-68	Target 1974-75
Agriculture:			
Foodgrain production (metric tons).....	53,000 000	100,000,000	125,000,000
Area under cultivation (net acres).....	⁴ 293,300,000	340,000,000	400,000,000
Area under irrigation, (net acres).....	49,000,000	73,900,000	90,000,000
Area under high yielding seeds (acres).....	(³)	15,000,000	60,000,000
Fertilizer production (nitrogenous) (tons).....	4,300	750,000	⁶ 1,300,000
Fertilizer consumption (including imports) (metric nutrients tons).....	41,000	1,600,000	3,700,000
Per capita foodgrains (ounces per day).....	13	16	17
Production of industrial goods:			
Industrial index (base 1956—100).....	73.4	194.2	-----
Electric power (kilowatts installed capacity).....	1,500,000	12,600,000	-----
Paved roads (kilometer).....	157,000	285,000	-----
Railway track (kilometer).....	53,955	58,399	-----
Production of:			
Locomotives.....	7	276	-----
Bicycles.....	100,000	1,691,230	-----
Railway wagons.....	2,900	24,000	-----
Steel ingots (tons).....	1,500,000	6,600,000	-----
Machine tools.....	\$600,000	\$48,000,000	-----
Automobiles, trucks and jeeps.....	16,500	74,600	-----

¹ Estimated 615,000,000 to 643,000,000 for 1976.

² Including 10 institutions deemed to become universities.

³ Not available.

⁴ 1950-51.

⁵ Fiscal year 1970.

⁶ Fiscal year 1971.

A genuine agricultural revolution is in the making, if not yet underway, in India. As the table shows, increases in production of food grains have been nothing short of spectacular, owing principally to the widespread use of new hybrid wheat, rice, and maize seeds and to the greatly expanded and improved use of fertilizer. There are, to be sure, maladjustments, such as widespread land speculation and the inability of the central government to tax the new rural wealth because the authority to tax agricultural income is vested in the states. Nonetheless, the rural revolution has already resulted in a significant and widespread increase in rural purchasing power and, consequently, in an expanding demand for such capital goods as electric pumps and such consumer goods as sewing machines, transistor radios, and other amenities.

Far less encouraging is the progress of the nation's birth control program. The program began on a significant scale only in 1965, and it is being pressed energetically, but there is little likelihood that, with existing techniques, India will achieve its official objective of reducing the birth rate from 41 per 1,000 at present to 31 per 1,000 by 1978. The most effective method of birth control in India has been the sterilization of fathers of three or more children; the loop has been much less successful. The best hope for a breakthrough in birth control appears to lie in the prospective development of new techniques of contraception, such as an inoculation which would be effective for a year or so.

At a time when the economy, especially in agriculture, is moving ahead encouragingly, India is increasingly hard pressed by the mounting burden of debt service for past foreign loans. At present and for the next few years existing loan arrangements require India to pay the Western Consortium about \$500 million in foreign exchange annually. The American Export-Import Bank and at least one member of the Consortium are already taking more money out of

India than they are putting in. In addition to expanded aid from abroad—particularly, one would hope, from the World Bank, the International Development Association, and other multilateral lending agencies—India would benefit greatly from a moratorium on payments of principal and interest for the next several years. Such a moratorium would provide the equivalent of aid in the amount of \$500 million a year.

The U.S. Government holds the equivalent of \$100 million of rupees on account in the Central Bank of India. The American rupee holdings are not only great but rapidly growing because of the net inflow of loan repayments and payments for the sale of Public Law 480 food grains. Inflation works a steady attrition on these vast unused rupee holdings; it is estimated already to have cost the United States the equivalent of about \$100 million. The congressional habit, of, or insistence upon, considering the appropriation of these rupee holdings only in terms of dollar equivalents has contributed not only to misunderstanding of the problems connected with the availability and usability of a soft currency but has also encouraged a tendency to keep these rupee holdings locked up in limbo as a by-product—a quite unnecessary byproduct—of reductions in our domestic dollar budget.

It would not be necessary to place American rupee holdings in India outside of the congressional appropriation process in order to make them available for use without a concomitant and artificial dollar appropriation. Congress could, quite simply, eliminate the artifice of dollar equivalency and simply authorize the use of rupees in India for exactly what they are—a soft inconvertible foreign asset which in no sense can be equated with usable domestic resources.

There are many purposes to which these rupee holdings could profitably be put, of which the most obvious and desirable is educational and cultural exchange. The Fulbright program is in a state of near collapse in India. It could not only be restored but significantly expanded simply by drawing upon our vast, growing, unused and otherwise largely unusable resources within India.

Overlooked in the emphasis on India's economic poverty is the fact of its relatively high state of political development. By striking contrast with certain Latin American countries such as Brazil, the Government of India reaches into the villages, certainly in the areas I have visited, and, I am told, in the country as a whole. There is, everyone assures you, corruption and incompetence, but the Indian civil service functions all over the land with reasonable honesty and efficiency.

I feel this to be true in an impressionistic way as well as on the basis of standard information. One keeps running into civil servants who appear to be knowledgeable in their fields and who also seem to be engaged in reasonably constituted administrative or developmental activities. Yesterday, for instance, at a Christmas breakfast, I met a family planning expert who said that he spent much of his time working in villages. He also said that he was not sure whether significant progress was being made since this information would only become available with the results of the 1971 census. I do not recall meeting many people in Brazil or Peru like this family planning specialist and other civil servants whom I have met in India.

The country has infrastructure and that has been an important factor in the work of the Peace Corps. There are ongoing plans—in agriculture and family planning for instance—into which Government agencies are prepared to absorb Peace Corps volunteers and put them to work. The Peace Corps is not obliged, as it appeared to me to be in parts of Latin America, to go out and invent projects and then execute them on their own without real support or even much interest on the part of the Government.

This factor, plus the growing maturity of the Peace Corps, seem to account for the disciplined, down-to-earth attitude of the Peace Corps volunteers and their staffs in India. The Peace Corps in India is no longer, if ever it was, an “experiment in international living.” The Indians won’t stand for it, so say the Peace Corps staff, recognizing the Indian attitude as a compliment to the Peace Corps. And neither will the volunteers; they are not satisfied, if ever they were, to have a “significant” experience. They feel that their presence in India can only be justified by the service they perform, their own edification being a desirable but secondary effect, and in this they are quite right.

The Fulbright program in India is close to being moribund. The tutor program is being terminated; office staffs are being cut back; there will be next year only 10 Fulbright lecturers in all of India. Mutually rewarding and a proven success, educational exchange could be readily resurrected by drawing on the immense rupee holdings of the U.S. Government—holdings which cannot be converted into dollars and which, as long as they are idle, steadily lose value to inflation. The refusal of Congress to authorize the use of these funds for educational purposes is regarded by Indians as vindictive and incomprehensible.

In education as in other fields, I emphasize again, India is a country worth helping. So poor materially, it is not poor in some other respects, for which the term “infrastructure” is hardly adequate. A country whose first two leaders were Ghandi and Nehru cannot be described accurately by the term “underdeveloped.”

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1968—KARACHI TO RAWALPINDI

Between planes this morning in Karachi I had a visit with a Pakistani schoolmate and friend from Fletcher who is now a professor of international relations. She is pessimistic, both about Pakistan and the underdeveloped countries in general. In the case of her own country she said that the government of Ayub Khan had become discredited—partly due to boredom with his regime, partly due to financial corruption on the part of members of his family. He had seemed promising, she said, in 1958, but, lacking ideology or commitment, had turned out to have little capacity for doing anything beyond stabilizing the *status quo* for a time. Now, she thinks, he may well fall, in which event there would follow a period—perhaps a long period—of confusion and agitation.

My friend sees this confusion and agitation as the prospect not only for Pakistan but for the underdeveloped countries in general. The commitment and hope and idealism that came with independence have faded and now there is only the stark reality of poverty and the seeming inability to do anything about it. Only after a period of turmoil, she feels, will hope reappear and genuine progress become possible.

Adding to her pessimism is her feeling that the developed countries, including the United States, are turning inward, having found internationalism a dangerous and unrewarding game. The thought comes to mind that we may have been too hasty—or indiscriminate—in turning against foreign aid. It is true—and my friend laid some stress on it—that there is political interference, and it is also true, as we have thought, that it is dangerous to put a political instrument like aid in the hands of policymakers in whose policies you lack confidence. This, however, has been a rather general and in some respects intuitive view. Perhaps we ought to reexamine the actual economic effects of aid in such countries as India and Pakistan, consider their developmental value and weigh that value, whatever it may be, against actual acts of interference, against the observable political consequences.

Like most of the Indians I have spoken to, my Pakistani friend responded to my references to American domestic problems by citing the very much greater, more basic problems of the underdeveloped countries—albeit with due respect for the seriousness of the American problems of poverty and race. In the poor countries, she said, the question remains one of two square meals a day, of where and how to provide them for great and growing masses of human beings.

We spoke of former schoolmates. Many of those who have gone into the diplomatic service have since become disillusioned; a good many have gotten out. More than in other fields, the careers of our classmates over these last 10 years have reflected the times. Both in the poor countries and the rich countries that has meant disillusionment.

Still, we agreed, life is short, and it is more usefully spent in service to some hopeful if unlikely objective than in the service of—or resignation to—the insanities of power politics. More usefully, and more satisfyingly, too.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1968—RAWALPINDI TO PESHAWAR
TO KABUL

I was disappointed last night in Rawalpindi that only two of my Pakistani schoolmates and one diplomat whom I knew in Washington were available, although they had been contacted on my behalf by a friend in the Pakistani Embassy in Washington and by the American Embassy in Islamabad. My friends' unavailability may have been due to the holiday season, or, as I suspect, it may have been due, at least in part, to the current freeze on contacts with Americans. Who would have expected politics to interfere with old school ties?

From the American point of view, the issue between the United States and Pakistan is China. The Americans here are displeased by Pakistani praise and admiration for China, although it is conceded that the Pakistanis have no intention of being taken over by the Chinese. Still, I detect irritation on the part of the Americans in talking to the Pakistanis about China; e.g., "Don't you acknowledge even the slight possibility that China may attack you?"

The centerpiece of Pakistani foreign policy is and remains India, of whose superior size and power they are acutely conscious. Agitated by Kashmir, by the legacy of partition, and the fear that India may someday wish to restore the old union, the Pakistanis remain hostile and fearful of India, which is in fact the only country they do fear.

The logic of the Pakistani attitude toward China is simply that China has been their only reliable friend against India. When the Democrats came to power in the United States in 1961, the Pakistanis point out, they proceeded to alter the Dulles alliance policy and build friendly relations with India, which had been precluded previously by Dulles' objections to neutralism. At the same time that America grew friendly to India, China grew hostile. When war broke out in 1962 and the United States hastened to the support of India against China, the seeds were sown for Pakistan's future foreign policy. The trend continued and, when in the 1965 war between Pakistan and India the United States failed to take Pakistan's side while China did support Pakistan, the Pakistanis came to regard China as their mainstay against India.

There is essentially only one overriding issue in Pakistani foreign policy. In much the way that French foreign policy between 1871 and 1914 was governed by the central fact of hostility to Germany, Pakistani foreign policy is governed by the fear of India, with Kashmir the equivalent of Alsace-Lorraine. The analogy should not be overworked; I cite it only to illustrate the intensity of feeling involved and the almost obsessive intensity of the preoccupation. These being the facts, I think there is no serious possibility of weaning Pakistan away from China. Given their embittered hostility to India, the Pakistanis are behaving in a perfectly rational way. They have no reliable friends against India, they say: certainly not the United States; nor the Soviet Union, which supports India as a bulwark against China, although the Pakistanis have been improving their relations with Russia.

The Pakistanis are determined, nonetheless, they say, to maintain a working relationship with the United States. Although they have taken steps such as ordering the dismantlement of the American "communications" base at Peshawar, they have no wish to break with the United States, principally because of their need for economic aid, also, one would suppose, because they have no desire to be in thrall to China.

The United States in turn, though irritated by Pakistani enthusiasm for the Chinese, coupled with their cold unresponsiveness to American officials, reciprocates the Pakistani desire to avoid a break. At the urging of Ambassador Oehlert the United States recently provided 100 tanks to the Pakistani Army as replacements for old American tanks. The Indians, I heard in India, are much irritated by this, though, according to a political officer in Rawalpindi, they are "rolling with the punch."

In summary, it seems to me, American-Pakistani relations are governed by the interplay of their obsession, which is India, with ours, which is China.

As I listen to the talk of these matters of high policy, of who is to be allied with whom against whom, of alinements and counteralignments in every imaginable combination, it comes to me again how stupid foreign policy is, how little it has to do with life, with human life, that is, as against the personal lives of the foreign-policy specialists. It is all pretty much of a game, an endless, pointless game, a struggle for advantage and primacy without a thought being given to what you will do with primacy when you get it, or why you even want it.

The stakes of foreign policy, they will tell you, are high, fraught with consequence for the lives of ordinary people. And so they are. Still I do not have the feeling that those stakes "so fraught with consequence" are really the ones which motivate the policymakers. They are playing the game for its own sake, out of sheer, unacknowledged, exuberant human competitiveness. That in itself would be unobjectionable—we all have competitive instincts—except for the fact that the high stakes, those which really are consequential for the lives of individual people, are left to chance—the chance of a deadly game that is played for its own sake.

It really is grotesque that countries as poor as Pakistan and India should be caught up in the costly and diverting game of power politics. It is grotesque that the talents of the educated of those two nations have to be squandered on the conduct of foreign rivalries when they could be put to so much better use in the internal development of their needy countries. There is a critical distinction between the nation as a *power* and the nation as a *society*. The inveterate preference and priority given to the former is grotesque—in poor countries like India and Pakistan, and hardly less so in rich countries like the United States.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 27, 1968—KABUL TO TEHRAN

After a long delay due to a backfiring engine, Ariana's (Afghan Airlines) DC-3 flight from Peshawar to Kabul took off and arrived in time to allow a quick view of Kabul and a short visit with Ambassador Robert G. Neumann.

American officials in Kabul are pleased with the results of the American aid program in Afghanistan, which consists principally of support for education and agriculture. The Russians supply arms. American aid, say our Embassy people, has helped sustain a true Afghan neutrality. Its benefits, though difficult to measure, have been reflected, they feel, in certain United Nations votes and in the relative moderation on the part of the Afghans as to the June war of 1967 and Arab-Israeli relations generally.

I spoke with one Embassy official about the Peace Corps in Afghanistan. He said that he has been irritated by the complete refusal of volunteers to have anything to do with the Embassy. He would not like to draw them into politics, he said, but he does wish they would share observations and insights about such matters as village life. I said that I thought it was of great importance that the Peace Corps volunteers be completely nonpolitical, by which I meant that they ought not to have anything to do with American foreign policy.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 29, 1968—MASHHAD (NORTHEAST IRAN) TO TEHRAN

I was met at the airport in Tehran night before last by the Peace Corps staff, with two of whom I then had dinner and talked about the Peace Corps in Iran.

Accompanied by two Peace Corps staff members I flew early next morning to Mashhad in the northeast province of Khorassan. The city of Mashhad, third largest in Iran, about 600 miles northeast of Tehran, is a large, prosperous-looking city of about 400,000 people,

looking very modern, if not exactly western, after India. The villages of Khorassan, I am told, are something else again—a primitive and neglected world which Peace Corps volunteers describe as anything from 5th to 13th century.

There was a catastrophic earthquake in Khorassan last August, in which some 10,000 people were killed, largely due to the collapse of the roofs of houses standing on mud walls. One Peace Corps staff member, who happened to be driving through the area in his Peace Corps jeep at the time, distinguished himself in aiding victims, using his jeep to remove the injured and homeless.

Several Peace Corps volunteers joined the rehabilitation effort which followed and are still on the job. They have helped the earthquake victims with health, food, and emergency housing. The Iranian authorities—and people I trust—have greatly appreciated the efforts of the volunteers in aiding and rehabilitating earthquake victims. An offer by the U. S. Embassy to award a certificate of commendation to the Peace Corps people who aided in earthquake relief was politely—and wisely—declined by the Peace Corps staff.

The U.S. military also provided help, including sweaters and blankets, for earthquake victims. USIS was there to take pictures of American military men handing blankets to villagers.

We spent the day in Mashhad with two volunteers, an architect and a surveyor-engineer. Both are working in municipal public works under the Iranian Ministry of the Interior. I also met some of the volunteers who have done commendable work in earthquake rehabilitation and had the opportunity to talk with a young nurse, who is teaching nursing and also working to provide some minimum facilities in a wretchedly inadequate mental hospital, and an agricultural volunteer with a background in recreation and youth leadership.

The architect and the surveyor, our hosts, are assigned to the Khorassan Provincial Engineering Office, where they are highly valued by their Iranian boss and colleagues. They do not receive many expressions of appreciation but their services are in heavy and constant demand—which would seem to be a convincing expression of appreciation.

In addition to working on plans for the reconstruction of villages devastated by the earthquake, they have been involved in the design and building of public parks. The architect in fact has designed one whole park himself, as had one of his predecessors. We visited his park; I thought it excellent. There must be high job satisfaction for a recent graduate architect in having the significant responsibilities which the Iranians have assigned to this volunteer. It is most unlikely that a young architect could have comparable responsibilities in the United States, architecture—like diplomacy—being one of those fields in which real opportunities for creativity come only after an excruciatingly long novitiate. The surveyor too has had the satisfaction of being intensely utilized and highly valued. He told me that he was sent out surveying for 13 hours on the day he started working in Mashhad and that it has been like that ever since.

I have heard it said many times—sometimes by volunteers—that the Peace Corps volunteers are themselves the principal beneficiaries of the Peace Corps experience. I am not much taken with that thesis. The Peace Corps is a service agency not an institution for the edification of adventurous young Americans. The latter is a welcome and

desirable byproduct but it is not—and cannot be permitted to become—the principal purpose of the Peace Corps. That purpose is—and must remain—service, plain and simple, unpolluted by propaganda insofar as humanly possible. Were it ever to become clear that the only significant results of Peace Corps work were the education and broadening of the volunteers, desirable as those objectives are, it would be time to close up shop. The education of volunteers is a worthy and proper objective of the Peace Corps insofar, and only insofar, as it is a byproduct of service—educational, agricultural, professional, or whatever—to the host country.

I believe that that primary objective, though not always achieved, has been kept in view by the Peace Corps and, so far as an untrained observer can tell, the volunteers by and large are making valuable and relevant contributions. That is certainly the case with the two volunteers in Khorassan; rewarding as their work is to themselves, they are clearly making a concrete contribution to rehabilitation and development in Khorassan province.

I take all this as a mark of the Peace Corps growing maturity, which I have observed in Thailand and India and now Iran. The Peace Corps seems to have accommodated itself to the realities of what is do-able and what is not do-able. Experience has shown that the building of new attitudes in uneducated and traditional societies, though presumably not impossible, is nonetheless exceedingly difficult. It appears that it just cannot be done—at least not by anyone less trained than a highly trained social psychologist—by the more or less direct methods implied in the old community development approach.

If volunteers can do it at all, they can only do it—or initiate it—through rather specific, often technical means—such as teaching, nursing, engineering, architecture, and agriculture. This need not mean highly sophisticated efforts in these fields requiring highly technical backgrounds. These of course are desirable where they can be found but, at least in the countries I have visited, even the limited technical skills that an intelligent A.B. generalist can acquire in Peace Corps training can represent a leap across centuries to a stagnant and illiterate peasantry.

None of the foregoing is meant to suggest that technical qualifications of volunteers ought to be valued over personal qualifications. The latter—motivation, personal serenity, and cultural adaptability—must remain primary, if only because technical skills can be acquired more or less quickly in Peace Corps training while personal qualifications quite obviously cannot. I hear reports from time to time—mostly from volunteers—of the lack of personal qualifications of other volunteers—no names are ever mentioned or requested—but I have met no Peace Corps volunteers on this trip who seemed to me to be psychologically incapacitated for volunteer service.

The Peace Corps in short has matured. The idealism is intact but much of the old sentimentality has been weeded out. Wallowing in slums never was a very good idea; it was romantic, unnatural, unrewarding and, in its way, egoistic. The new emphasis on using available talents in the places in which they can be used represents a more disciplined, better directed, and less sentimental idealism, something like the difference between the Salvation Army and social security.

The hallalujah days of the Peace Corps seem to be over, a meritorious but unrewarding experiment. In no sense has the Peace Corps

become elitist or truly professional, nor are the volunteers by any means reveling in luxury. Many of them—especially those in villages—are still living in difficult, even primitive surroundings, but no longer are they doing it for its own sake; now they are doing it insofar as it is necessary, and that seems to me a more sensible, more genuine form of idealism than the old cult of the slums. It is closer to the idealism of Sir Andrew Undershaft of Shaw's *Major Barbara*, who, when accosted by the Salvation Army ward with the charge, "I wouldn't have your conscience for all your income," replied, "And I, sir, wouldn't have your income for all your conscience."

The Peace Corps has recognized the wisdom in this. There is nothing good about poverty; it is in all respects that I can think of nasty, physically, mentally, and spiritually debilitating. The proper charge of the volunteer, accordingly, is not to plunge into poverty but to help its victims climb out of it.

TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1969—TEHRAN TO PARIS

Back in Tehran Sunday morning I had lunch with an old friend with whom I taught at MIT, now consul in Tabriz, and the Embassy Deputy Chief of Mission, at the latter's house. My friend is highly regarded by the Peace Corps volunteers and staff because he gets around, speaks good Persian and is on a wavelength with the Peace Corps. They don't feel that way about many diplomats.

A high Embassy official characterized Iran as a bright spot in U.S. foreign relations. It is, to be sure, an autocracy, he pointed out, but an enlightened one, the Shah being committed to an intelligent plan of development. Owing to abundant oil revenues—they have expanded greatly since the days of Mossadeq—the country has adequate development capital and American aid has been terminated. The Embassy official expressed mild dissatisfaction with a remark he attributes to Senator Fulbright some time back about the undemocratic character of the Iranian Government, following, he recalls, a visit to Senator Fulbright by one of the dissident Iranians in the United States. The country, this official stresses, is indeed an autocracy, but an enlightened one under a ruler who has only bad memories of the old parliamentary regime.

After lunch Sunday in Tehran, a Peace Corps staff member, a Peace Corps volunteer architect and I took off by jeep for the village of Jabon, about 50 or so miles east and slightly north of the capital in Tehran Province. Enroute the volunteer showed me pictures of the impressive work he is doing in urban development and the design of parks in his town. He works closely with the mayor, whom he admires, and who obviously appreciates this volunteer and his creative work.

In Jabon we visited an agricultural Peace Corps volunteer, who escorted us through his village and then to a nearby one, where we visited a horrible, smelly, man-made underground cave inhabited by a herd of sheep, one cow and a shepherd, who actually sleeps in the cave. The animals are kept there for the winter, being let out only once a day for water. The volunteer had recently sprayed the dank, stinking cave to protect the animals from disease, of which there is obviously high risk. The use of such caves is common in the area. The volunteer said that the villagers were unwilling to leave their animals out in the

winter, even though it would not harm them. Jabon is at an altitude of about 7,000 feet in mountainous terrain and it is moderately but not extremely cold in the winter, with only a little snow on the ground.

Standing on the stark, wintry village heights, we watched the sun set over distant mountains, sharply etched against the clear, cold, red-blue desert sky. The village is made up of a cluster of mud-walled houses and there is no electricity. It seems—and is—a different world from traffic-jammed, neon-lit, smog-choked Tehran. And so, I am told, are most of Iran's 50,000 villages. As dusk fell over the vast, broad, flat valley below and the distant mountain tops, the village seemed as stark and cold and lonely a place as ever I have seen.

In this bleak mountain region the Peace Corps volunteer from Jabon goes about by motorcycle, teaching modern planting methods, inoculating and castrating animals, visiting villages, calling on their headmen, joking with their young men, playing with their children.

Before leaving Jabon in the early evening we called on the village headman, who, with his family, is obviously a great friend and admirer of the young Peace Corps volunteer. Removing our shoes, we entered the headman's modest house, where we sat in a circle on a brilliant Persian rug around a table with a small coal stove under it. The table was covered by a heavy blanket under which, sitting cross-legged, we put our legs. This is the customary way of sitting and keeping warm in the village houses and it was very cozy.

As in many a village household I have visited across Asia, we—and especially the volunteer—were treated as honored guests, forced to consume generous quantities of tea and fruit and pastry, and importuned to delay our departure. Such visits, charming in their way and essential no doubt to the on-site volunteer, nonetheless become wearing to the visitor, involving as they do a more elaborate protocol than I would have undergone on the Embassy cocktail circuit had I not, in fear of it, taken asylum with the Peace Corps.

From Jabon we continued the trip, it now being night, over the snowy gravel road through the mountains to the town of Firuzkuh, where we called on a Peace Corps volunteer who is teaching English. He lives with the young mayor of the town and we had dinner there with a number of young Iranians, who were extremely hospitable. We stayed overnight, sleeping on foam mattresses and in sleeping bags on the bright Persian rugs.

Our host, who is happy as a Peace Corps volunteer in Firuzkuh, is considering, nonetheless, returning to the United States next summer, after only a year in the Peace Corps, in order to work in some field of race relations. He has worked with the Job Corps and feels that he can work successfully with black people. He also feels—and this is his reason for considering the return home—that there is so much to be done in America that helping to alleviate the country's own domestic problems has become an American's first responsibility.

I commented on the contrast between Peace Corps service in Asia and working in an urban ghetto in America. Nowhere in Thailand, India or Iran have I seen anything approaching the violence of the American cities. The need notwithstanding, I wonder whether it is possible for a volunteer to work as effectively with urban American Negroes as with Asian villagers. The American Negro is so far ahead in the "development" process that his struggle against social injustice

has become angry and violent, so much so in fact that there may be little in the way of direct personal service—as distinguished from large-scale economic and educational programs—which white Americans can now perform for black Americans.

Perhaps, just as a boy *needs* his father's authority as an obstacle to be challenged toward realizing his own identity, the American Negro now "needs" the white man as an enemy—or at least as an obstacle to overcome—rather than as an infuriatingly solicitous friend. Anger needs expression, and when clean animosity is replaced by self-conscious solicitude, anger is cheated of its necessary outlet.

Whether this makes a grain of sense or not, I really don't know. It is just an idea to play with, its ironic implication being that there may be more an educated, motivated American volunteer can do to assist friendly and docile villagers in the Middle East than his own angry black countrymen. The volunteer in Firuzkuh thinks otherwise, and he may well be right. I hope he is.

Back in Tehran next day, I met with the educational exchange staff, who, like their counterparts in India and elsewhere, are greatly distressed by the drastic slash in funds for educational exchange. Under present plans the number of Iranians going to the United States will be maintained, but there will be no American students or researchers, pre- or post-doctoral, in Iran next year and only five Fulbright lecturers. For balance-of-payments reasons the Bureau of the Budget has required that the cuts be made principally in American grantees to Iran rather than the reverse. As an interim emergency measure this year the Fulbright Commission in Iran has requested, and has some hope of receiving, some one-shot financial support from the Iranian oil consortium.

Much or most of the Commission's staff will now have to be fired and very reluctant consideration is being given to moving the Commission out of its ample quarters, either into a small apartment or into free space in USIS or the Embassy.

This would be most unfortunate, in the view of those concerned and in my view, too, amounting as it would to the taking of the educational program into the information program's camp. This of course is appealing to USIS, whose propaganda activities might be expected to gain something resembling credibility through association with the educational and cultural exchange programs. For the latter, of course, the association, as I have already noted several times, is pure poison.

The Fulbright program ought, really, like the Peace Corps, to be separated entirely from USIS and the entire political establishment. As things stand, the Cultural Affairs Officer in each country is a USIA officer, subordinate to the Public Affairs Officer. The CAO's salary is paid partly by the Department of State and he acts as the field executor of CU—Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs—policy. His responsibility, however, is to USIS and, immediately, to the PAO. His supervision and opportunities for advancement depend, therefore, not on the agency which makes educational and cultural policy but on the propaganda agency.

This, of course, reduces the educational and cultural programs to a subordinate role in which the exceedingly important distinction between education and propaganda is at the mercy of the propagandists,

whose attitude, so far as I have seen it, was summarily expressed by the USIS officer I met in India who commented to the effect of: "What's the difference? Those Fulbright people don't seem to realize that the money all comes from the same place."

Iran is considering the joint financing of the Fulbright program. That, I believe, would be a precedent in an underdeveloped country. The Iranians, however, are inhibited by the tendency of the United States to cut back its own contributions rather than to sustain them and expand the program in the wake of joint financing agreements. This, in the words of a Fulbright staff official—and I quite agree—is "dirty pool."

After lunch with a number of the Fulbrighters in Tehran, including an archeologist, a musicologist, a political scientist, and a specialist in library science, I called on Ambassador Armin H. Meyer.

I spoke with leading Embassy officials, one of whom said that he appreciates Senator Fulbright's evenhandedness on Arab-Israeli relations. He defends, however, the sale of military equipment to Iran on the ground that, one way or the other, the Shah is going to get it, and he does need it, and it is better—or just as well—for him to get it from us than from the Russians.

Like others in the Embassy, this official admires the Shah, who, he says, aspires to be remembered as a great ruler, the greatest perhaps since Darius, and who purports to achieve this ambition by carrying his country forward during his reign to a Western European standard of living. The Shah has now been on the throne for 28 years and is 49 years old. Anticipating, say, 20 more years on the throne, he is a man in a hurry to advance the development of his country and he presses his ministers accordingly.

The Embassy official says that the Shah's position has been further strengthened both at home and abroad by his good relations with the Russians and by the end of Iran's dependence on American aid. The result, this official says, is that the leftist opposition, confronted by an autocrat who has good relations with the Russians and is also reformist at home, has no real target to shoot at. The Shah, I was told puts great stock in Senator Fulbright's good opinion and, when last in the United States, was most anxious for the tea which the Foreign Relations Committee held in his honor, being uncertain of Senator Fulbright's good opinion. That, I said, was the Senate's job: always keep them guessing.

Another Peace Corps staff man picked me up at the Embassy, whence we proceeded to the Tehran Redevelopment Agency, where we met three Peace Corps volunteers who are architects. They described their work and the imaginative, free-thinking techniques which they regarded as the special contribution American architects could make in Iran. They thought that as architects they were able to form more significant bonds with their Iranian counterparts than might be possible in work not involving direct professional associations.

At the same time they are a little uneasy about the contrast between their professional role and the classical grass-hut ideology of the Peace Corps. I suggested that, if they felt awfully strongly about it, they probably could find grass huts to live in out in the suburbs and commute to Tehran. Otherwise, I said, unless by their presence in the

Redevelopment Agency they were displacing Iranian architects while allowing themselves to be exploited as cheap labor, the matter was not one by which I would be much disturbed.

I have already commented several times on this matter of technical competence in the Peace Corps and how I regard a moderate emphasis on it as a mark of maturity in the Peace Corps. I mention it here again only to highlight the prevalence of the self-questioning regarding this matter on the part of so many Peace Corps volunteers and staff. One wishes that some other agencies of the U.S. Government were as disposed to self-questioning as the Peace Corps.

In the evening my staff escort had a number of volunteers at his apartment for dinner. Two of them, a married couple, graduates of Juilliard, are playing with the Tehran Symphony Orchestra. They described a 25-hour bus trip in the course of which their musical colleagues scrapped and brawled with each other and with other passengers. The conductor, they said, assaulted a German traveler for having the effrontery to sit down next to a Muslim lady.

It's a long way from civilized Juilliard to the scrapping, brawling Tehran Symphony.

After dinner we went to have coffee with a number of other volunteers—English teachers, a teacher of the blind, and one therapist for deaf children. We talked about their work—and about mine—in the course of a pleasant evening. The volunteers are always quite understanding of my project as I describe it: not to evaluate the Peace Corps in cost-efficiency terms but to probe, in an impressionistic way, its meaning and purpose, its significance as symbol and instrument of a new kind of international relations.

Again and again these last few days in Iran I have heard expressions of enthusiasm, even received congratulations for, the Apollo moon shot. It has captured the world's imagination and admiration, as it seems no sensible achievement in human welfare ever could do. Little as some of us may like it, there is no denying that this is the sort of thing that people love. The Shah said that the money might have been better used for human welfare and the Monday *Herald Tribune* quotes *Aktvælt* of Copenhagen as follows: "We are still surrounded by people living in the stone age. Not for a long time yet shall we be able to talk—as the three astronauts did—about the good earth." That, however, is a minority view.

Stopping in Beirut Airport, I saw relics of the Israeli raid—the charred remnants of airplanes—carried out in retaliation for the Arab terrorist attack on an El Al airliner in Athens. A closer than astronaut's eye view of life and politics on the "good earth."

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1969—PARIS TO LONDON

Finishing these notes, I am thinking that we are indeed living in a stone age—a material one for most of the human race, a moral and political one for just about all, and we are not doing much to move forward toward a new stage of human development.

The moon is a great adventure, but I have seen things these last 4 weeks that interest me more—teenagers preparing for teaching jobs in

Northeast Thailand, children eating high-protein lunches in a primitive village in South India, farmers experimenting with fertilizer and hybrid seeds in the north Indian State of Rajasthan, a park designed to provide fun for children, and repose for adults in a city in northeast Iran.

In all these activities I have seen American Peace Corps volunteers and Fulbrighters involving themselves in a constructive way. That their adventure *could* turn out to be a more significant one than Apollo seems to me beyond doubt; whether it will in fact remains very much in doubt.

APPENDIX

The attached memorandum relating to the exchange program in Great Britain is printed here so that it will be generally available. It was given to the chairman of the committee by Ambassador Bruce because of the chairman's interest in the activities of the Fulbright commission.

FEBRUARY 21, 1969.

MEMORANDUM

To: The Secretary of State.
From: Ambassador Bruce.
Subject: Fulbright Commission.

The US/UK Educational Commission (Fulbright Program) sustained drastic, even crippling, cuts in the appropriations for fiscal 1969-70 which have caused not only unease, but a profound feeling of discouragement among senior members of the academic community in Britain.

The coming year's program has been reduced—suddenly—from \$950,000 to \$170,000, which includes a contribution of twenty percent from Her Majesty's Government. The great reduction in appropriations means a rise in fixed administrative expenses to a degree where I seriously question whether or not the Commission itself should continue in existence unless allocations are increased beyond present expectations.

A group of distinguished British academics, in a letter to *The Times* on February 8, spoke eloquently of the apprehension in this country at the sharp reduction: "For more than 20 years the work of the United States (now United States-United Kingdom) Education Commission—the Fulbright Commission—has been pre-eminent in encouraging and giving direction to Anglo-American academic relations. Thousands of American and British students, teachers, and scholars in many disciplines have been the beneficiaries, direct and indirect, of the increased cultural rapport fostered by this program of education exchange. Nowhere has the ideal of a single world of learning been realized more concretely than in this program.

"The recent drastic reduction in facilities available to the Commission is therefore to be deplored and we, as members of the Committee of the British Association for American Studies, invite all interested persons to join with us in attempting to persuade the Governments of the United Kingdom and the United States to restore funds for cultural exchange to a level more consonant with the needs and potentialities of the academic and cultural communities in the United States and foreign countries."

Without going into details of the program, I feel I must submit a few bleak facts. Last year the Fulbright exchanges sent 294 people to the United States, and brought 201 Americans to Great Britain. Of these, 176 were grade-school and highschool teachers travelling under the Teacher Interchange Program, to which the Commission contributed \$55,200.

The average unit cost of an American Fulbright student in the U.K. is \$2,884; of an American Fulbright senior in the U.K., \$8,640; of a senior British Travel Grantee, \$744; of a Student British Travel Grantee, \$624. With \$20,000 being an absolute minimum reserve for renewals, and the Commission's administrative costs at \$73,800 (pared 10 percent from this year), the new program would operate with \$76,200—if the valuable Teacher Interchange Program were totally scrapped. Working against this figure, almost any adequate combination of British and American participants would result in less than 50 grants. On a continuing basis, the Commission would be able to justify neither the time and energy of its members nor its administrative costs, nor such ancillary costs as the money spent by the Conference Board in Washington and the regional screening committees. Certainly such a severely limited exchange would cease to be the historical and characteristic "Fulbright Program".

While in recent years the Fulbright grantees—both British and American—have come to represent smaller percentages than before in the actual number of exchanges, they have remained of very great importance in strengthening cultural relations between the two countries. The persons who make up the "Fulbright" percentages are an outward and visible manifestation of the U.S. Government in academic and cultural exchanges and in promoting international cooperation in educational and cultural advancement. The very existence of the program is a witness to the concern of the American Government and the American people with such affairs. No amount of protestation of continued interest could off-set the cessation of the manifestation, and the withdrawal of the witness.

The Education Commission has been truly binational: few, if any, boards, commissions or committees in Britain include Vice-Chancellors (presidents of universities), the Chairman of the University Grants Committee, distinguished scholars of both countries and such additional members as the *New York Times* representative and prominent American businessmen. The binationality and the distinction of the committee give it an advantage and value that no other program has or can have; that this advantage and this value are recognized by Her Majesty's Government is attested by their contribution of one-quarter of the funds.

The "Fulbrighters" in both countries are ambassadors of the cultures of their respective countries, and are recognized as being so in a way other students and lecturers are not. They are recognized as being so because it is known that they are financed by funds provided by the two Governments, as it is also known that no political considerations enter into the selection procedures.

From my own viewpoint, the Fulbright exchanges make up perhaps the most useful cultural program which I have encountered during my service abroad. That it should so suddenly be relegated to comparative insignificance seems to me wasteful and in some ways dangerous.

More specifically, in these days of turmoil in the academic world, both here and in the United States, with attacks on the universities and their functions intensifying, responsible and well-directed educational exchanges are of even greater importance than in previous years. America is becoming something of a scapegoat in the area of "student unrest" in Britain, with press and Parliamentary allusions to U.S. students and staff members as trouble-makers in British institutions. No Fulbrighters have ever been reported as participants in such enterprises. At such a time it seems to me unwise at the very least to curtail or drastically diminish the highly effective instrument for increased understanding that the Fulbright exchange has become. No one can deny the useful history of the Fulbright program. Its future role, in and beyond International Education Year in 1970 should, in my view, be strengthened and refined, not whittled away.



The recent drastic reduction in funds available to the Commission is therefore to be deplored and we, as members of the Committee of the British Association for American Studies, invite all interested persons to join with us in attempting to persuade the Governments of the United Kingdom and the United States to restore funds for cultural exchange to a level more consonant with the needs and potentialities of the academic and cultural communities in the United States and foreign countries.

Without going into details of the program, I feel I must submit a few basic facts. Last year the Fulbright exchange sent 294 people to the United States, and brought 201 Americans to Great Britain. Of these, 176 were graduate-school and 125 were high-school teachers travelling under the Teacher Exchange Program to which the Commission contributed \$57,200.

The average unit cost of an American Fulbright student in the U.K. is \$2,884; of an American Fulbright senior in the U.K., \$2,840; of a senior British Travel Grantee, \$744; of a student British Travel Grantee, \$624. With \$20,000 being an absolute minimum reserve for renewals, and the Commission's administrative costs at \$78,800 (pared 10 percent from this year), the new program would operate with \$76,200—if the valuable Teacher Exchange Program were totally scrapped. Working against this figure, almost any adequate combination of British and American participants would result in less than 50 grants. On a continuing basis, the Commission would be able to justify neither the time and energy of its staff nor its administrative costs, nor such ancillary costs as the money spent by the Conference Board in Washington and the regional screening committees. Certainly such a severely limited exchange would cease to be the historical and characteristic "Fulbright Program."