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DIPLOMAT

By Charles W. Thayer

DIPLOMAT

THE UNQUIET GERMANS

HANDS ACROSS THE CAVIAR

BEARS IN THE CAVIAR

DIPLOMAT

BY CHARLES W. THAYER

Foreword by Sir Harold Nicolson



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

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DIPLOMAT

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To

J. C. D.

whose diplomatic career is accomplished

and to his grandson

J. D. T.

whose career has yet to begin.

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FOREWORD

Several books have been written in French, English and German about the art and practice of diplomacy, but Charles W. Thayer's *Diplomat* is, in so far as I am aware, the first comprehensive report written by a professional United States diplomatist and from the American point of view. It is to be hoped that it will be widely read by various sections of the American Administration and public. Hitherto American public opinion has been somewhat bewildered by several often contradictory views of a diplomatist's true function and importance. There are those who regard the Foreign Service as a kind of bird sanctuary for elegant young men, with the milk of Groton still wet upon their lips, arrayed in striped pants and spending most of their time handing sugar cookies to ladies of high society in Europe and Latin America. Conversely, there are those who regard diplomatists as an international gang of intriguers intent upon ensnaring the great white soul of the United States. I have often felt it strange that, whereas American business executives will come to Europe bursting with self-confidence and gullibility, diplomatists are diffident and almost pathologically suspicious. They are so determined not to be fooled that they scarcely enter into any connections at all. Another picture of the diplomatist is that he is little more than a clerk at the end of the telephone whose duty it is to interpret and carry out the often contradictory views of the White House, the State Department, the Pentagon, several Congressional Committees, and that vast and vague entity known as American opinion. There are those, again, who regard international politics as slightly disreputable and who condemn any undue interest in foreign languages, cultures or conditions, as not being in the spirit of the Founding Fathers and as specially obnoxious to men such as the late Senator Joe McCarthy (if there are any). Again, in contrast to those who regard the art of diplomacy as something intricate and even

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dangerous, there are those who assume that it is, or should be, a comparatively simple task and one that can be performed by the facile application of sweet reasonableness. There is of course some historic justification for this theory, since the greatest of known diplomatic triumphs was when Benjamin Franklin arrived in Paris in December, 1776, and managed, owing to the mesmeric quality of his simple friendliness and his beaming smile, to induce the bankrupt French Government to advance large sums to the thirteen colonies and in the end to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance which proved of great advantage to the United States.

It is to be hoped that Charles Thayer's informative, sensible and witty book will serve to dispel these contradictory illusions and induce many millions of people to take a less distorted view of the diplomatist's true functions. After all, Charles Thayer has devoted to the Foreign Service of the United States many years of honorable and efficient service. He has derived from his experience, in many differing conditions and in many various lands, the conviction of several most important truths.

He knows, for instance, that the word "diplomacy" is in itself a misleading word since it is all too frequently applied both to foreign policy and to negotiation. The damaging term "secret diplomacy" is often applied to both although in fact they are distinct. Foreign policy should never be secret in the sense that the citizens of a free country should never be committed to treaties without their previous knowledge and consent. Negotiation, on the other hand, must always be confidential, as has been proved (if proof were ever needed) by the recent proceedings of the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Geneva. Even the committee of a country club would not consider the possibility of framing their own rules, or electing new members, in the presence of a tape recorder or in front of a microphone and television camera. Charles Thayer's book should enable people to make this important distinction and to use the term "foreign policy" when they mean foreign policy, and the term "negotiation" when they mean negotiation, without confusing the issue by employing the somewhat discredited word "diplomacy" to cover both.

Charles Thayer knows also that the practice of diplomacy is not in fact very different from the practice of sound business, in that it relies for its efficacy upon the establishment of confidence and credit. Ex-

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perienced diplomats are traditionally suspicious of what is called "brilliant diplomacy" or "diplomatic triumphs," since they are well aware that these feats of ingenuity are apt to leave resentment and suspicion behind.

Thayer also knows that the aim of diplomats is the preservation of peace. The professional diplomat, to whatever country he belongs, is convinced that this is his main function and that if international differences lead to war he and his colleagues have failed in their main purpose. He is therefore conscious of world interests superior to immediate national interests, and the advice that he renders to his government will be conditioned by this ideal. The amateur diplomat, on the other hand, does not acquire these professional principles and is apt to imagine that some spectacular successes may win him applause in his own press and be viewed with pride and approbation in his own home town.

This excellent study of a diplomat's functions will also do much to counter the theory that the modern diplomat is little more than a clerk at the end of the telephone mechanically executing the instructions of his home government. People who hold such a view ignore the obvious fact that no large business and no responsible newspaper would employ as their agent or correspondent abroad representatives whose knowledge of local conditions was disregarded and whose advice they ignored.

Charles Thayer knows also that it is part of a diplomat's function to establish and maintain relations of confidence with those in power in the country to which he is accredited. In totalitarian states he must be very careful to avoid the suspicion of flirting with the opposition since he will then be denounced as interfering in the internal affairs of the country. One sometimes hears the criticism that professional diplomats only consort with the party in power and make few contacts outside, without realizing that the party in power is the one which is most useful for the efficient conduct of business, whereas to establish contacts with their party enemies would (except in the most liberal countries) expose an envoy to suspicion.

Apart from keeping his government informed of local conditions and advising them as to what policies on their part would be acceptable and what the reverse, it is, as Charles Thayer says, the duty of a diplomat to "represent his own country." This does not mean only that an American envoy is obliged to welcome visiting Congressmen and to

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provide his countrymen with lavish garden parties on July 4, but it also means that he should convey to the people of the country to which he is accredited a picture of all that is best in the American Idea. He should be simple, straightforward, honest, truthful and benevolent. That is what we foreigners expect an American representative to be.

Charles Thayer, I am pleased to notice, tends to agree with me that diplomacy by conference is often a somewhat dangerous proceeding since it arouses wide public expectation and may cause disproportionate disappointment. It is obvious that occasions occur when it is essential for the heads of state to meet together and discuss their problems across a table. Yet such reunions should be preceded by careful and humdrum negotiations, between professional diplomatists and without publicity.

As one who was born and bred in the Diplomatic Service, and who has studied and even written books about diplomatic practice, I cannot recommend too highly Charles Thayer's admirable account. It is, as I have said, informative, well balanced, wise, witty and even at moments dramatic. It gives due prominence to important principles and diminishes the significance of unimportant incidentals. Above all, it is far more up to date than previous studies of this subject and includes from personal experience a most valuable analysis of the methods and prejudices of Russian diplomatists. I hope indeed that this book will be studied, not only by those young men who aspire to enter this excellent profession, but also by all politicians, newspapermen and other Americans who need to be reminded of the immutable principles that have governed the art of international negotiation from Palaeolithic days.

HAROLD NICOLSON

INTRODUCTION

IN the older countries of Europe diplomacy has long been accepted as an indispensable and respectable method of defending one's international interests. In the United States, however, despite oratorical references to "The First Line of Defense," it has more often been regarded as an expendable weapon like a hand grenade to be tossed among the enemy occasionally, chiefly to create confusion. Its indispensability has never been completely recognized and its respectability is still not fully acknowledged.

This attitude is not so odd as it may appear. Only in the generation since World War I has ordinary diplomacy been practiced by the United States, and then only spasmodically. European diplomacy has been associated in the public mind with Machiavellianism and cardsharpping, the American version with striped pants and cooky pushing. It has been regarded by many as a necessary evil rather than a positive force. Wrapped in unnecessary mystery by its own practitioners, its purposes, functions and methods have seldom been fully grasped.

It is hoped that by removing the veil of mystery and examining its rules, both moral and technical, a little of this misunderstanding can be dispelled and the essential requirements of effective diplomacy made more clear.

C.W.T.

Unlike the military, the diplomat is not the
spoilt child of historians.

—JULES CAMBON

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I

Embassy in Crisis: 1

YOU enter the American ambassador's residence in Beirut through two high gates, the first leading to an outer courtyard where the embassy cars are parked, and the second to a cool, green garden filled with jasmine, oleander and bougainvillea. Ordinarily the Lebanese policeman outside the first gate will not stop you, provided you are dressed in Western clothes and do not flourish a tommy gun.

The second gate is presided over by the embassy kavass, the ambassador's personal bodyguard, a relic of the days when embassies in the Ottoman Empire maintained their own police forces. Tewfik, the present kavass, is a dignified and usually cheerful old gentleman who has served the Americans for over thirty years. He wears a red Turkish fez with a black tassel, a richly embroidered gold and blue waistcoat across which hangs a heavy silver chain, and a red, white and blue silk sash. His trousers are cut from a dozen yards of white linen; they balloon around his waist and are wrapped tight around his ankles. On ceremonial occasions he also wears a long sword sheathed in an ivory scabbard.

Nowadays, when the ambassador is not entertaining, Tewfik leaves the tending of the gate to a junior footman but technically he is responsible for guarding it and when the ambassador goes out anywhere, to his office, to call on an official, or even on a picnic, Tewfik accompanies him riding in splendor beside the chauffeur.

Sunday morning, May 10, 1958, was bright and sunny. The tall

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cypresses that reached above the shelter of the high wall surrounding the residence were swaying in a moderate breeze. Tewfik was lounging in a chair outside the front door when the ambassador appeared on the terrace.

Short and lean, with hazel eyes, black hair, and a trim, already graying mustache, the ambassador moved briskly with all the jauntness of an undersized Irishman. Of his forty-nine years, twenty-seven had been spent knocking about the world in the Foreign Service and his tough, good-natured face had been weather-beaten by the wind and snow of Lapland and the sun and sand of the Sahara.

He exchanged a few words with the kavass, who responded without much animation. Then he went over to where his breakfast table had been set up in a shady part of the terrace and tuned his portable radio to the BBC relay from Cyprus. He would have preferred to listen to the Voice of America news from Washington but the VOA signal was not powerful enough to reach Beirut and so he relied—as do most diplomats in the Middle East—on the early-morning news from London.

Ordinarily on Sundays he took his wife and fifteen-year-old son David sailing on his little boat *Venture*. He was a passionate sailor and early in his career had published a learned paper on Naval Power and United States Diplomacy which had been published in the *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*. Few of his previous posts had provided the ideal sailing facilities that the Mediterranean outside of the Beirut harbor offered and he wanted to make the most of them.

But as he looked up at the swaying cypresses he had an uneasy feeling that there'd be no sailing today. The world news from London was relatively reassuring but the local situation in Beirut was troubled and had been for some days since an opposition journalist had been murdered on his way home from work. The opposition charged that President Chamoun's henchmen were responsible for the murder and were clamoring not only for their punishment but for the resignation of the President himself.

The ambassador had been in Beirut only five months but he had worked hard to dig himself into his new post and he already knew that the opposition's grudge went far deeper than the journalist's murder. It was, in fact, composed of two main elements, one purely local, the other deeply involving American relations with the entire

Middle East. Locally the opposition, consisting largely of the leaders of tribes and sects that fragmentize the Lebanon's body politic, felt that they had been cheated out of parliamentary positions, theirs by feudal right, by an unfair election and that furthermore President Chamoun was planning to alter the constitution to perpetuate his regime.

The other complaint was that Chamoun had aligned himself too closely with the West, i.e., the United States, when the State Department had dispatched an ex-congressman to "sell" the Eisenhower doctrine to the uncommitted nations of the Middle East. However, the salesman-congressman, a newcomer to the Middle East, had oversold his product in Beirut and not sold it at all elsewhere. While they were not Communists, many of the Moslem opposition wanted closer relations with Nasser's United Arab Republic and a more neutral attitude toward the United States.

For these two reasons the opposition was threatening to resort to force if necessary to oust President Chamoun. The night before at a dinner at the American Embassy, the President had assured the ambassador that the threats were empty bluffs and that his own position was entirely secure. But wisps of impressions had been building up a sense of uneasiness in the ambassador's mind that belied the President's apparent confidence.

When David, his son, appeared he told him to cancel the plans to go sailing. David was disappointed and resentful. "It's Sunday," he complained. "It's your day off." But the ambassador didn't even bother to tell him what he already knew as a Foreign Service son—presidents, cabinet ministers, and even the officials of the State Department in Washington could take Sunday off, but diplomats abroad are on duty the year round twenty-four hours a day. Even when he was traveling in the hinterland hundreds of miles from the capital he was still on post. Only when he had been granted leave, had formally relinquished command to his deputy, and had left the country was he off duty until he returned and sent the routine cable to Washington: "Have resumed charge."

Nor did the ambassador try to explain the causes for his uneasiness. The symptoms of impending crisis were difficult to describe: a tone of exasperation creeping into the normal vituperation of the opposition press; a certain tension among the guests at dinner the night before—

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even Tewfik's gloom—sounded a small bell he had heard before and aroused what the Germans call his *fingerspitzengefuehl*.

In his many years of diplomatic work he had had plenty of occasions to test this almost intuitive political sixth sense: as a student in Buenos Aires during the Argentine revolution in 1930, as a vice-consul in the revolution in Panama two years later; as a third secretary of legation in the Haitian Massacres of 1937; as a second secretary in the Winter War between Russia and Finland in 1940, and later as chargé d'affaires during the German offensive in Finland in '42; as first secretary during the near revolution in Belgium, which led to the abdication of King Leopold; again as deputy chief of mission at Cairo, when Naguib and Nasser overthrew King Farouk; and finally as chargé d'affaires at Saigon during the Vietnamese crisis and the fall of Dienbienphu.

Now he was no longer a subordinate, but an ambassador. If a crisis came he would be the responsible chief of mission, responsible not only for American political interests but for the lives of the thousands of Americans in the Lebanon, including his son's. With a feeling of reassurance he thought of the Sixth Fleet now steaming about the Mediterranean. During the last crisis, at Dienbienphu, it had been the Seventh Fleet that had stood by. Perhaps he would someday write a supplement to his paper on Naval Power and United States Diplomacy—this time based on more personal experiences.

Breakfast over, he ordered the Cadillac and accompanied by Tewfik drove down the hill to his office in the embassy chancellery—a large, ugly converted apartment house on the waterfront.

In contrast to the ambassador, the counselor of the American Embassy was not an outdoor type at all. Usually he slept late on Sundays, breakfasted leisurely in his bathrobe, and sat about playing records on his hi-fi set to which he was just as attached as the ambassador was to his sailboat.

But after he had heard the BBC news and listened to his Arab maid's latest batch of rumors from the bazaar, he too felt a little concerned. The maid's brother, she told him, had heard machine-gun fire during the night in the Moslem section of town. Her friend, who worked for the *New York Times* correspondent in the next-door apartment, reported that the correspondent had left the house in a

hurry at eight o'clock. All was evidently not so quiet as the calm blue Mediterranean below his balcony indicated.

The counselor also had had his share of crises. He had been through the Winter War in Finland with his present ambassador. He had been in Trieste during the evacuation of that city when Tito threatened to take it in 1953. Since then there had been other tight spots. He turned off the hi-fi, dressed, and set off on foot for the embassy a few blocks away.

Barbara Spring, chief of the embassy files and code section, was entertaining a group of fellow clerks and secretaries for "brunch" in her small apartment. The code room was manned that Sunday morning by an experienced clerk and normally there would have been no reason for her to go down to the office.

Twenty-seven years old, an ex-schoolteacher from Rutland, Vermont, she had been a clerk in the Foreign Service for three years and her only other post had been Baghdad. The biggest excitements of her career had been the conferences leading to the Baghdad Pact and the more recent flap during the Suez Crisis, which had heavily strained the code room of Beirut, since Lebanon was the haven to which Americans evacuating Israel and Egypt had fled.

Barbara took more than a perfunctory interest in her work and carefully read the papers and cables that passed over her desk. In the past few days she had felt, less faintly and at second hand, the uneasiness emanating from the front office. Adding to the uneasiness was a large accumulation of air-mail pouches in the file room. From experience during the Suez Crisis she knew that airports have a disconcerting habit of closing down in an emergency. A U. S. Air Force plane, which could carry the pouches, was scheduled to leave for Washington early next morning.

Her guests seemed to be enjoying themselves over their brunch. So she quietly slipped out and walked over to her office to see what was up and to prepare the pouches for the Air Force plane. Not quite twenty-four hours later she returned home.

The Beirut Embassy at that time comprised about 220 Americans, seventy in the embassy proper and the rest distributed among the economic and military missions and the U. S. Information Service. Like

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most new chiefs, the ambassador thought it was far too large and was planning to make drastic cuts. But he knew he faced a difficult fight with both the State Department and the dozens of other Washington agencies involved in foreign affairs, all anxious to keep their representatives abroad as numerous as possible. He also suspected that there were several weak spots in his immediate staff which he hoped to eliminate and in time to develop what he liked to call "a taut little ship." But all his key staff were experienced professionals and if they did not have all the mental vigor he would have liked, at least there were no bumbling amateurs about who might drop the ball in an emergency.

He was pleased, therefore, to find that by noon on that pleasant Sunday, in addition to his counselor and chief code clerk, all of his essential staff had come to the office, not summoned, but simply because they sensed that they might be needed. Only one of his Defense Department attachés, a newcomer both to Beirut and to diplomatic work, had gone off with his family to spend the day on the beach. When the attaché later complained a little bitterly "no one told me," his colleagues exchanged supercilious smiles.

The news and rumors that filtered into the embassy during the morning confirmed the fears of the staff. A clerk on the way to the office had seen some rioting in the heart of the Moslem section of town known as the Basta. The police, he said, seemed to be getting the worst of it and many of them were on the run. A veteran American correspondent dropped in and reported a rumor that Lebanese tribal leaders along the Syrian frontier had risen against government troops. A traveler from Tripoli reported that during the preceding day's rioting the American library in Tripoli had been burned down by what appeared to be Communist mobs.

Later in the day a missionary's wife telephoned from the American hospital in Tripoli with even more alarming reports. Mrs. Florence Boyes and her husband had for thirty-eight years been running the Kennedy Memorial Hospital but recently her husband had suffered a heart attack and was bedridden. Now Mrs. Boyes was managing the entire establishment as well as nursing her sick husband. She reported that government troops were fighting with rebel gangs who were evidently trying to get possession of the hospital. She also stated that, according to reports reaching her, the rebels were in control of the

old city which lay between the hospital on the sea and the new city farther inland. They were thus cut off from the mainland. Mrs. Boyes expressed little concern for herself but was worried about the safety of several American families farther in the interior who were cut off from both land and sea routes to Beirut. She promised to report any new developments as they occurred.

Shortly after noon the ambassador summoned a conference of his senior staff. From past experience he knew that one of the trickiest aspects of an emergency of this type is that at a certain point in the growing local tension a moment comes when any overt move to prepare for the worst can itself precipitate a panic.

During the Winter War in Finland, for example, the Finns, though exceedingly brave, had kept a sharp eye on every American reaction as if seeking reassurance in their desperate struggle with the Russians. At one point the danger of a Russian breakthrough to Helsinki had seemed sufficiently great to warrant the burning of the embassy's secret files. But by then the slightest wisp of smoke from the embassy chimneys might have caused panic among the townspeople. The moment for burning the files had passed, but fortunately the Finns held fast and the Russians never broke through.

Now the ambassador was determined to be ahead of events and to take precautions before they could cause panic. Accordingly, he ordered the embassy on "alert status." This was largely an administrative and internal measure. It meant only that all personnel were to be either at their posts or immediately available by telephone and should not leave the vicinity of the city without permission.

In announcing the alert he cautioned the staff not to mention the fact outside the embassy lest it cause alarm in the American community from which in turn it might spread throughout the city.

In times of emergency an ambassador has two essential duties: to protect the lives and property of American citizens and to protect his government's political interests. While retaining a general supervision over the first of these tasks, he turned over to his counselor chief responsibility for looking after American citizens and their property and devoted himself largely to the more delicate job of keeping in close touch with the local authorities and informing Washington of developments and recommending to it such diplomatic or military measures as might be necessary to safeguard its interests.

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After ordering the alert the ambassador went to call on Dr. Charles Malik, the Lebanese foreign minister, whom he found in a considerable state of agitation. Malik claimed that Syria, already a partner of Nasser in the United Arab Republic, had the night before dispatched a "horde" of soldiers across the frontier to aid the rebels. Malik urgently requested that the Sixth Fleet be ordered to stand by ready to land in case the Lebanese government troops were overwhelmed.

From the Foreign Ministry the ambassador drove to the home of the commander of the Lebanese Army, General Fuad Chehab, who was apparently taking a much less serious view of the situation as he relaxed at his home fifteen miles from the capital. General Chehab, a descendant of one of the Lebanon's oldest and most venerable Christian families, was primarily a soldier interested in developing a strong army and anxious to keep himself and his Moslem and Christian subordinates aloof from internal political quarrels. He assured the ambassador that the current trouble was nothing to worry about. However, he added, it might be wise for the United States government to speed up deliveries of certain weapons it had promised the Lebanese Army.

From Chehab's home the ambassador motored back to the presidential palace and talked to Chamoun himself. The latter's tune had changed markedly since dinner the evening before. The report of the "Syrian invasion" had deeply disturbed him and he charged that Nasser was making a "massive" attempt to overthrow him and replace him with a man less tied to America and more friendly to Egypt. The United States, he argued, must either promise to support him or else watch his and every other pro-Western regime in the Middle East, including Iraq and Jordan, fall like ninepins to the Egyptian.

Back at his embassy office the ambassador quickly dictated telegrams reporting these views to Washington. To the reports he added his own comment that, while Malik and Chamoun's alarm was not fully justified, America's prestige in the Lebanon was deeply involved and that the State Department should be prepared either to support the current regime in resisting subversion or to cut its losses and learn to live with a great Arab nation presided over by Nasser.

The cables were promptly typed up and initialed by the ambassador. An articulate draftsman with a talent for writing, the ambassador prided himself on being able to dictate a finished cable requiring

little or no editing. His secretary then carried the cable down to the code room, with instructions it be marked NIACT. A contraction of "Night Action," this symbol at the beginning of the cable not only meant that it was to be coded and dispatched with top priority, but also it alerted the code room in Washington to decode it immediately on receipt and bring it to the attention of responsible officials at once whether day or night, workday or holiday. Usually the ambassador was reluctant to send NIACT messages as they conveyed to Washington an impression of breathlessness and panic on the part of the sender. But under the circumstances he felt speed to be essential.

Then he called in his counselor and went over with him the Emergency Plan for the protection of American lives and property in case a violent revolution developed.

Diplomats of two generations ago would have been utterly bewildered if asked about their embassy's Emergency Plan. Although wars and revolutions occurred, they were usually limited before World War I to actions by small professional armies, and embassies of those days could generally rely on the Old World chivalry and diplomatic courtesy of civilized states to protect them and their countrymen from the discomforts and dangers of less-than-total warfare.

But the total practices foreshadowed by World War I and perfected by the dictators in the thirties had often created such devastating destruction in both Europe and the Far East that the State Department had, shortly before World War II, instructed all its missions abroad to prepare and keep up to date a plan for the protection not only of the mission's archives and personnel but of the private American community in the event of a military calamity.

The early plans were prepared independently by each individual embassy. They contained measures for evacuating local American communities, the destruction of the files and codes, the cutting out of nonessential work and the reduction of the staff to a small nucleus, the assembly of emergency rations and transportation and air-raid and anti-mob protection. Since then they have been greatly elaborated and co-ordinated with the plans of neighboring embassies and consulates so that each could help the other in a time of crisis.

The Beirut plan provided for several stages of preparedness. The first was the "alert," which had now been declared. If the situation further deteriorated, Phase A would be put into operation. This called

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for the voluntary evacuation at government expense of dependents of members of the staff. At the same time the embassy would discreetly recommend that dependents of the local American community also be sent out of the country. Phase B called for the mandatory evacuation of all nonessential government personnel and their dependents, with a similar recommendation for the private American community. Phase C contemplated the evacuation of all American citizens from the crisis area.

In Beirut the alert was also the signal for triggering the warden system which divided the crisis area into small districts, each with its own warden, usually a member of the embassy staff, to look after all American citizens and property within his district. The districts in turn were divided into subdistricts under subwardens. Each warden and subwarden was given a list of the Americans in his district registered at the Consular Section.

Since Beirut is a popular resort town to which Americans come from all over the Middle East for shopping and recreation, there is generally a large group of unregistered transients in each of the big hotels. To keep in touch with them, the concierges of the hotels were appointed subwardens to pass on to them information and warnings and to keep track of their movements.

By the time the counselor was summoned to the ambassador's office he and his staff had already appointed the wardens and subwardens and provided them with lists of their American neighbors. Emergency radiotelephone equipment had been distributed in case the municipal phones went out and instructions issued on how wardens were to act under any foreseeable emergency.

However, as in all such paper plans, defects became apparent as soon as the plan was put into operation. The chief defect now was that there was no central spot to which the wardens could report or from which they could be issued current instructions. The ambassador and the counselor were both fully occupied with special tasks. The other sections of the embassy, far from being relieved of their work, were facing increased burdens.

Fortunately the State Department operates an Arabic-language school in Beirut, where selected young Foreign Service officers study the various dialects of the Middle East. Late on Sunday evening the ambassador summoned the students to the embassy and told them to

EMBASSY IN CRISIS: I

set up what he characteristically dubbed a "command post." Within a few hours the young officers had taken over a set of offices, established their own switchboard and opened telephone and radio communications with all wardens in Beirut as well as with the American communities in other towns throughout the Lebanon.

Throughout the emergency the command post was manned day and night by one or more language students. Not only did they relay all instructions to the wardens but received, passed on to the ambassador through the counselor, and recorded in a "log" all reports telephoned in by wardens, subwardens, and other sources on developments in the growing crisis. Today the log of the Beirut command post provides an hour-by-hour chronicle of the Lebanese Crisis as seen from the American Embassy.

By Monday morning half the Lebanon was in open revolt. In Beirut the rebels had declared a general strike and armed bands prowled the streets tossing homemade bombs into the windows of shopkeepers who refused to close their stores. Others, armed with machine guns and rifles, attacked the homes of adherents of the Chamoun regime. In the Basta—the Moslem section—the rebels threw up barricades and tossed out the government police, taking over the entire section.

Outside Beirut things were even more serious. One of the first entries in the log was a report that 300 armed Syrians had been seen by German missionaries crossing the frontier into the Lebanon. A few minutes later another report of 400 more infiltrators was telephoned in. From the port of Beirut came word that the stevedores had gone on strike and that all port activities had been suspended.

In the midst of these alarms someone called to ask whether the Women's Club Tea would be held as usual at the ambassador's residence. The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* called to ask cheerfully whether it was true that fourteen Americans had just been murdered in the Basta.

The command post watch officer had hardly finished denying the rumor when an American named Cook telephoned in from his apartment in the Basta to say that he and his wife, three small children including a month-old baby, and two large dogs were blockaded in their apartment by rebels who refused to allow them to leave. Machine-gun fire directed at the apartment of a Chamoun adherent

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above them was crashing through the windows and they were huddled in an inner passage.

A relief expedition was immediately organized. Taking an embassy truck, several language students drove to the police station nearest the Cooks' apartment and demanded an escort, but the officer in charge was afraid to enter the area which was now completely in rebel hands. They then went to the central police headquarters whence a jeep full of policemen reluctantly accompanied them toward the beleaguered American family.

All streets leading to the area were by now barricaded but they managed to slip through to within a few blocks of the apartment, where they suddenly found themselves trapped by a barricade of steel lampposts in front of which a large bonfire was blazing. Under cover of the jeep's machine gun the barricade was removed and the two vehicles raced safely through the blaze. But within a half block of their destination the police lost their nerve and refused to go any farther.

Gingerly the language students went on alone in their truck through the hostile area, expecting a burst of machine-gun fire or a bomb from a window at any moment. Fortunately they reached the Cook apartment building unscathed, hastily loaded the family, including the two dogs, into the truck and rejoined their escort. As they neared the burning barricade they found that it had been rebuilt and that an angry mob of rebels was standing guard over it.

The police officer in charge ordered them to remove the barrier. The mob refused. The officer drew his pistol and repeated the order.

"I thought we'd had it," one of the students told me later. He pushed the small child in his lap down onto the truck's floor and waited for the gunplay. But the officer kept his head and his nerve. The hostile mob, cowed by uniformed authority, subsided and sullenly pulled the barricade aside and the truck and its escort sped through it to safety.

The anti-American attitude of the rebel mobs was soon again demonstrated when an embassy chauffeur reported that his car had been stoned and the windshield smashed. But, though the crowds were hostile, many of the rebel leaders were anxious to show that they had nothing against the United States. From the beginning of the rebellion a stream of emissaries from the anti-government faction called on the

ambassador or his political subordinates or telephoned from their hideouts, explaining their grievances and their demands.

Before the rise of representative government it was a cardinal diplomatic sin for an ambassador to have any contact with the opposition. To this day, in countries where democratic institutions are not fully developed, governments look askance at contacts between foreign embassies and the opposition parties. Even in countries where parliamentary oppositions are tolerated, timid or inexperienced diplomats frequently shun the opposition rather than court disfavor with the party in power.

But the ambassador in Beirut not only had had many years of professional experience but had all the courage of his Irish ancestry. Despite his recent arrival, he had already established firm contacts and even friendships among the opposition and had ignored the occasional sour criticisms these contacts had evoked in government circles.

His forethought paid off when rebel emissaries slipped into his office or sent messages from their headquarters. Knowing most of them personally, he was in a far better position to judge the accuracy of their reports, the sincerity of their protestations, and the value of their advice. Later some of these friendships were to dissolve when the ambassador began to press, perhaps a little too enthusiastically, for a compromise solution of the conflict and the opposition accused him of meddling in Lebanese internal affairs. But now they were only too anxious that he interfere in their quarrels.

When an old Christian patriarch in Tripoli recommended that the United States intervene in the dispute or a fiery Druse leader in the south threatened holy war if it did, he could make a shrewd estimate of what stood behind the advice. As he sifted the messages, trying to cull the wisdom from the vituperation, and then cabled the distilled results to Washington, he recalled the dissuasive arguments of some of his friends many years earlier when he was contemplating a diplomatic career.

"Nowadays," they had told him, "diplomats are mere messengers delivering notes between governments. Modern communications have decapitated diplomacy." If only they had been a little right, he thought to himself as he closed his office exhausted at the end of a long day and night.

Washington's response to his cables was rapid. Within a few days

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gigantic planes were landing small arms, machine guns, recoilless rifles, jeeps, and even small tanks at the Beirut airport to strengthen the government troops and police. Though these shipments were angrily denounced by the rebels, they contributed considerably to the self-confidence of the legitimate government.

The government and the rebels were not the only contacts the ambassador sought to maintain. The United States was a relative newcomer in the Middle East. For a century the British had been paramount in the area and had occupied the Lebanon during the early years of World War II to prevent an Axis invasion. They had also trained a half dozen first-class experts in their government service who from youth had lived among the Arabs, studying their language, learning their literature and history, their psychology and religion. Lawrence, Sykes, Glubb, and Spears are among those who had devoted their lives to gaining, and occasionally losing, the respect and confidence of the Middle Easterners.

The French too had had a long association with the area extending as far back as the Crusades. After World War I they had been the mandatory power over Syria and the Lebanon and had exercised at least nominal sovereignty until the independence of the Lebanon in 1944. In 1958 they still had many friends and supporters among the population who were able to advise and assist them in maintaining a measure of influence in the area.

The American government had, it is true, trained a handful of Foreign Service officers in Arabic languages and history during the thirties but no senior specialist was now in Beirut—or even in the Middle East Division of the State Department. The present ambassador was not an Arab specialist. He did not know Arabic and had never systematically studied either Arab history or Arab culture. He had served before in Cairo, where incidentally he had known Nasser intimately—after King Farouk was deposed on the day the ambassador (then counselor) arrived in Egypt. He had read as many books as he found time for though not, probably, as many as he might have had he been less devoted to his sailboat. But he had at least one advantage over the specialist—the same advantage a professional jockey who knows how to race has over an amateur rider who knows his horse. He was thoroughly trained in the techniques of diplomacy. He also had another advantage over the expert who had spent his life in the area:

he was not wedded to any single approach or philosophy nor was he the victim of any deep-seated personal loyalties or prejudices.

The ambassador, therefore, kept close contact with his diplomatic colleagues in Beirut—especially the French and British ambassadors. Almost daily during the first days of the emergency they met in one or another of their embassies, exchanging information, exploring possible solutions, debating possible actions.

They had never known each other before but they had all shared similar experiences, worked on similar problems, and lived at similar posts. They had many friends and acquaintances in common and, as in every other profession, they not only spoke in the same terms but assigned the same meanings and values to them. If, as Bismarck said, politics is the art of the possible, each was thoroughly familiar with the limits of possible diplomatic action by his own government and to a lesser extent by other governments. Finally, each had tucked away in his archives dossiers of his colleagues, prepared over the years by his fellow diplomats at posts where his colleagues had served. These contained a fairly full description of each of them: his major talents and weaknesses, his likes and dislikes, prejudices and hobbies, and above all estimates of his reliability. While personal animosities or antagonisms sometimes crept into these dossiers, they were, by and large, useful in evaluating the man's judgment.

Yet there were more than cables and conferences to keep the ambassador busy. From the first day of the rebellion old Mrs. Boyes, the missionary's wife in Tripoli, had been telephoning situation reports on the fighting around the city and more especially around the hospital where she and her husband were cut off.

At first Mrs. Boyes was cheerful and confident that things would work out all right in the end. But finally she telephoned to say that the rebels had all but surrounded the hospital, that the guards which the government had sent were about to surrender, and that the food supplies were running low.

Reluctantly she concluded that the time had come to bring her sick husband to a safer place. It was a bitter decision to leave the home they had established nearly forty years before. Long past retirement age, she knew that once they departed they would never return. There was no indication of alarm or panic in Mrs. Boyes' voice as she recited the reasons for her agonizing decision. Only when she men-

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tioned the group of seven Americans, including some small children, cut off behind the town did she appear worried.

Checking with the Lebanese Army, the counselor was told that the road to Tripoli was threatened by rebel forces and that the Army could not guarantee safe passage for an embassy rescue convoy to Tripoli. At about the same time the naval attaché reported that two American seagoing tugs had arrived in Beirut harbor. Our nautically inclined ambassador lost no time in commandeering one of the tugs, the *Jackson Creek*, and ordering its captain to steam up the coast to Tripoli. He also requested the Lebanese authorities to send troops to escort the seven Americans stranded inland from Tripoli to the quay-side at the port.

When he arrived at Tripoli, the *Jackson Creek's* skipper radioed the embassy that he had taken the Boyeses and a dozen other foreigners aboard but that the seven Americans had not showed up. The ambassador ordered him to stand offshore for further instructions.

While they waited anxiously for news of the stranded seven, a fleet of taxis drove up to the embassy in Beirut and deposited them safely in the lobby. To the surprised ambassador they explained that Lebanese troops had escorted them to Tripoli at a moment when the road to Beirut was clear and had commandeered the taxis to get them to the embassy. The *Jackson Creek* was thereupon ordered to return to Beirut with its refugees, and the evacuation of Tripoli was completed.

That night an American correspondent got wind of the *Jackson Creek* saga, probably at the bar of the St. George Hotel, the unofficial headquarters of the foreign press. Exuberantly he called the embassy and got the watch officer on the telephone:

"What's all this about a damn tug evacuating Americans from Tripoli?" he asked. The officer said he didn't know.

"Who the hell ordered the tug up there?" the journalist persisted. The watch officer, who had just come on duty, did not know that either.

The correspondent's dander rose. "Well, who the hell does know?" he exploded. The watch officer was unable to suggest anyone.

Beside himself with frustration, the correspondent exploded into the telephone: "Well, God damn it, someone over in the embassy has pushed the panic button and my guess is it was the ambassador himself and what's more you can tell him so." With that he hung up.

When the message was delivered to the ambassador next morning

the strain of the past days and the tension under which he was working had put him in no mood to be called a panic-button pusher. His Irish temper flared and he sent word to the correspondent he need not show his face in the embassy in the future. But by then the correspondent's temperature was back to normal and when a common friend sought to mediate the squabble and suggested he apologize for swearing at the innocent watch officer the correspondent grumbled contritely: "For Christ's sake, Sam, you know I never swear at a damned soul." When this was repeated to the ambassador, whose humor is as Irish as his temper, the incident of the panic button was forgotten by all but the watch officer. He carefully sketched an electric button on a bit of cardboard, thumbtacked it to the wall by the watch desk and printed below it in heavy crayon: "Panic Button. Do NOT push!"

Despite the panic button episode, relations between the ambassador and the American correspondents were generally good. As a student Foreign Service officer he had been taught by old hands, not yet reconciled to the modern inquiring foreign correspondent, that press publicity was inherently bad for diplomacy. But since then he had learned that foreign correspondents, many of whom had much longer experience and wider contacts in the area, were an invaluable source not only of information but of advice and counsel.

Several of the Beirut journalists were intimate friends and had spent long hours with him in the quieter days before the rebellion, discussing the American dilemma in the Middle East.

Some of these "old Mid-East hands" were severely critical of Washington's policies in the area. One or two were so emotionally involved that they could not refrain from frequent outbursts of pent-up anger at what they considered the stupidities of American foreign policy.

The ambassador, too, held strong personal views on the subject—not all of them in accord with Washington policies. As a young officer he had often in private expressed his opinions in the most flowery and flamboyant terms and even today in talking to his friends he remained true to his convictions. However, he had accepted two important rules governing a diplomat's relations with his chiefs in Washington. First, it must ordinarily be presumed that with its broader point of view and fuller information the home office knows best. Secondly, even if an ambassador disagrees fundamentally with his government's policies he

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must defend them with absolute loyalty so long, at least, as he wants to continue wearing his team's uniform.

Not afraid of personal publicity and confident of his own discretion, the ambassador frequently granted interviews and held conferences with press representatives at which he talked frankly but loyally. Less confident of the ability of his staff to draw the line between frankness and indiscretion, he tended to keep in his own hands the release of sensitive news, which placed his press officer in an awkward position and often provoked correspondents to complain of "gagging."

Because of the ambassador's relative inexperience in the area, correspondents who had devoted many years of their lives to studying the problems of the Middle East were naturally cautious in evaluating his judgments, slightly skeptical of his background knowledge, and occasionally irritated by his Irish self-assurance which they sometimes took for cockiness.

Such criticisms of diplomats by journalists (and vice versa) are not uncommon. Though they may sometimes be unjustified, they are understandable. The parallels and similarities between the two professions frequently lead to fundamental misunderstandings because of the basic but less obvious differences in their objectives. Both seek to find and identify truth, but it is the journalist's task to publicize facts and the diplomat's to reconcile conflicting ones. Since publicity is often a deterrent to the reconciliation of conflicts, the diplomat attempts to conceal what the journalist strives to reveal.

Furthermore, the average ego rebels at hiding knowledge. Most people can succeed only at the expense of appearing stupid or by making their interlocutors appear stupid. A rare few can do it without giving offense or losing face. On the other hand, only a naive journalist believes that a diplomat can or will reveal to him the whole truth. However, correspondents are occasionally naive.

II

Embassy in Crisis: 2

AFTER the first fortnight of excitement, Beirut and the surrounding countryside enjoyed a lull in the rebellion. Infrequently a bomb exploded in a shop window or a gang of rebels let go with a burst of machine-gun fire at a government patrol.

But in the Basta the rebels paused to collect their breath as well as arms, ammunition, and a radio transmitter. In the south the fanatical, feudal-Socialist Kamal Jumblatt, retired to his family castle to mobilize his Druse tribesmen and arm them with rifles acquired largely from Syria. In the north the rebel leader Karami concentrated on winning over the minor tribal leaders.

Then on June 14 the rebels in the Basta burst from behind their barricades and attempted to storm the government prison on the outskirts of town. After a furious skirmish their attack was repulsed. But the outbreak was the signal for renewed fighting throughout the country. The forces under General Chehab continued to avoid any pitched battles, intervening only when innocent lives or property were threatened. They patrolled the main roads, guarded government buildings and the Beirut airport, but unless attacked they left the rebels strictly alone in the areas under their control, which at times composed as much as one half of the entire country. But the adherents of Chamoun now organized their own private gangs and armed them with some of the equipment acquired from America. Clashes between the rival gangs took place not only in Beirut but in the provinces as well.

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At this point President Chamoun, concerned that the American ambassador might himself be attacked, assigned a Lebanese bodyguard composed of two motorcycle outriders to escort the ambassador's Cadillac wherever it went. From then on the wailing sirens of the outriders' motorcycles provided a deafening chorus to the ambassador's excursions. Outsiders were inclined to make fun of this noisy display, accusing the Ambassador of being a little more flamboyant than was necessary. But he pointed out that, since the Lebanese government was in fact responsible for his safety, he could not reject whatever precautions they considered necessary to discharge this responsibility.

The day after the Basta outbreak the ambassador decided that it was time to declare Phase A of the Emergency Plan. This meant that the families of the staff could if they desired be evacuated to a safer place at government expense. Many families took advantage of the offer and soon between forty and fifty of them had taken refuge in Rome, Vienna, or Paris. Many families of private American businessmen also elected to leave Beirut at this time.

Almost immediately after the start of the revolt the embassy counselor had set up an informal committee composed of himself and leading members of the American business community. Meeting frequently, they exchanged information and discussed measures for the protection of their families and properties. Since a number of American institutions, including Tapline, the oil-pipe terminal on the Mediterranean, were located in the provinces, these were tied in by telephone to the command post so that they could be kept informed of what was going on in Beirut and could in turn inform the embassy of developments in their areas.

With the outbreak of renewed guerrilla fighting in Beirut a dusk-to-dawn curfew was imposed. After some confusion curfew passes were issued for personnel on night duty or detained in the embassy offices after the curfew sounded. However, for what had been one of the gayest and liveliest night-life spots in the Middle East social life came to an abrupt end. Nightclubs went out of business, restaurants closed, and entertaining dwindled to a minimum.

Because of the sporadic gun duels which occurred all over town, the embassy now advised all its personnel and all private Americans not to go out into the streets even in daytime unless it was absolutely necessary.

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One earnest American thereupon called the command post and asked whether this restriction applied to going to church on Sunday. The watch officer explained to him that this was a matter to be settled between his conscience and his instinct for self-preservation. Two young American girls who had arrived in Beirut to perform at one of the closed nightclubs called up to ask if they might not go to the beach to swim. The watch officer said he couldn't stop them but he advised against it. The girls then announced that they would keep open house in their apartment for Americans seeking relief from the boredom of the curfew nights. The watch officer gratefully took down their telephone number and address and posted it on the bulletin board.

One morning in broad daylight a gang of rebels tossed a large bomb over the wall of the British Embassy garden, where it exploded with a loud crash but without injuring anyone. Next day a guard at the American Embassy spotted in the front doorway a suspicious-looking box which emitted a most ominous ticking sound. Gingerly the box was buried in a far corner of the garden. Sometime later an embassy chauffeur complained to the Marines that an alarm clock he had just bought for his wife had been stolen from the lobby. The box was retrieved from the garden and the incident was officially closed.

But if the evenings were dull, the workdays in the embassy were quite the opposite. While the language students worked sixteen to eighteen hours each day manning the command post and performing many other emergency jobs, the code room staggered under the load of cables pouring from the front office and from the State Department. In a normal month the code room handled between 100,000 and 150,000 words but after the rebellion broke out the traffic quintupled to 700,000 words. The eleven clerks in the section worked round the clock trying to keep up with the traffic. But operating coding machines is a meticulous job requiring a high degree of concentration. To relieve the pressure six additional code clerks were rushed to Beirut from neighboring posts.

The reinforcements—male and female—were warmly welcomed. Not only did they take over much of the coding but, as one code clerk later told me, the new faces provided a much-needed booster to the social life in the clerks' apartment building which had been severely dampened by the curfew. "No serious love affairs resulted," she said,

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"but the newcomers gave our dreary evenings a hell of a shot in the arm."

The Consular Section too found itself flooded with clients. When the crisis started there were over three thousand Americans scattered throughout the Lebanon. Some of them were in business in Beirut or connected with the American University there but the great majority were Lebanese-Americans who had come to visit relatives or to spend the last years of their lives in their native villages. When the shooting began many swarmed down upon the Consular Section to get their long-forgotten passports in order or to arrange for passage to a safer haven in America. Many relatives of Americans also came to apply for visas to emigrate to their families.

Many of the wealthier Lebanese—of whom there are a surprising number—who considered themselves above the civil war abruptly decided that this was a good time to make the grand tour of the United States and came in to apply for visitors' visas. As a result of these crisis-inspired clients, the number of visitors in the Consular Section tripled.

In addition, the Consular Section had to cope with a flood of inquiries from anxious relatives in America about their kinfolk in the Lebanon. Not only the State Department but also congressmen and senators daily sent cables asking about important constituents' mothers, fathers, aunts and uncles. Since many of these lived in remote villages in the mountains, it often took days or even weeks to get word of their welfare through the harried Lebanese authorities, who naturally felt they had enough to do with a revolution without being burdened with someone's Aunt Sadie's whereabouts.

Subsequently, when the work of the command post settled into a routine, the young language officers took over the job of locating the Aunt Sadies tucked away in the villages in the hinterland. Dividing the country into eleven "tours" which included every village in which the Consular Section records listed an American, their motorized patrol scoured the entire country except for a few areas in the north where active fighting prevented them from crossing the lines between government and rebel territories.

In each listed village the patrol stopped in the market place and asked the brightest face present where they could find "Richard Speed," as he was listed in his American passport. No one, it would

become apparent, had ever heard of anyone with such an Anglo-Saxon name. Then the language students would use their ingenuity, imagination, and beginners' knowledge of Arabic to guess what the original name had been before the owner had Anglicized it. As they tried out possible variations a native eye would light up: "Oh, you mean old Ryad Spidan." Within minutes the scouts would be sitting on Ryad's front porch, reluctantly sipping a glass of an impossible potion tasting of mulberry juice and eau de cologne. From Ryad they would learn that half a dozen other Americans resided in or near the village. They would be called in or, if bedridden, visited, their names listed, and their passports checked.

Occasionally the routine varied. One patrol, for instance, was clambering up a steep hill off the main road toward the house of an alleged American when two rifle shots at close range came from a group of Arabs on a nearby hilltop. The Americans hastily took refuge in a peasant house, whose owner explained that there was nothing to fear as the shots came from partridge hunters. When they emerged from the hut three more shots sounded in rapid succession. There was a dull thud and a puff of dust rose a few yards ahead of them where a rifle bullet had struck the ground.

"When I get home," muttered one of the students, "I'm going to look up that word for 'partridge.' I bet it has a double meaning in Arabic."

Eventually the "hunters" got bored and went away and the patrol proceeded up the hill, where they found their American. He explained that a feud had developed between his village and a neighboring one involving a long and utterly unintelligible quarrel about three sheep and two oxen.

On another occasion the patrol was looking for a local rebel sheik to obtain an escort into a rebel area. They had been climbing a rocky trail for half an hour in the broiling sun when they rounded a bend to discover a Hollywood ranch house set in the midst of a daisy-filled garden. An expensive modern hammock straight out of the advertisements in *House and Garden* was set up beside a sky-blue kidney-shaped swimming pool. From it a pretty brunette rose and came forward: "What can I do fo' you all?" she asked in a rich Southern accent. She explained she was the sheik's wife and a native of Corpus Christi, Texas. Instead of mulberry juice she offered her guests bourbon.

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The patrols, in addition to locating lost Americans, paid two extra dividends. News soon spread over the country that in the middle of the revolution the American Embassy was sending out parties to look after its citizens. A country which prized its citizens that highly, the Lebanese peasants concluded, could hardly be as bad as Nasser's radio was making out. In addition, the patrols were able to obtain information not only on local economic conditions, the state of the crops, the price of staples, and the extent of unemployment produced by the revolution but also on the political loyalties of the villagers from one end of the country to the other. When their eleven tours were completed the embassy had, if not a Gallup poll of Lebanese public opinion, at least a very good idea of how the population stood on the questions of Chamoun, Nasser, and the United States.

The renewed outburst of revolutionary activity in the middle of June had naturally greatly alarmed President Chamoun and his followers. Dr. Malik had already flown to New York to lodge a complaint in the United Nations against the alleged infiltration of Syrian soldiers under Nasser's orders. In response, a United Nations observer team was organized to watch the Syrian frontier and verify Malik's charges.

Though skeptical of the "massive infiltrations" claimed by Malik, the United States was not convinced that a United Nations observer team could either detect or prevent the smuggling of aid to the rebels across the frontier. Furthermore, Cairo broadcasts were actively inciting the Lebanese to revolt. Accordingly, Secretary Dulles announced that if the United Nations was unable to protect the legitimate government of the Lebanon, the United States would undertake to do so and, he added, by force if necessary. Just who was to define "necessary" was not clear but President Chamoun at least assumed that this was his prerogative.

This promise of support from Washington was soon receiving wide publicity as the "blank check" Chamoun held on the United States and speculation grew daily as to when he would submit it for payment. Though this was not publicized at the time, he came within an ace of cashing it on several occasions. Not long after the renewed rioting in June he sent word to the American ambassador through a special emissary that the time had come for American intervention. The ambassador was not convinced and refused to accept the emissary's message, insisting that so grave a communication must come personally from the President.

On a second occasion the President summoned the ambassador in considerable alarm and again demanded that the Sixth Fleet be ordered to Beirut at full steam. By this time Chamoun had been cooped up in his palace behind steel shutters for weeks lest snipers assassinate him. The smoke-filled gloom of his quarters was enough, the ambassador felt, to provoke delusions of disaster in the most stable statesman. He cautioned the President to think it over but Chamoun continued angrily to demand that the United States fulfill its pledge to support him.

Playing for time, the ambassador suggested that the request be put in writing. Immediately the President snatched a sheet of paper and began to draft his message. But as he wrote his alarm subsided and by the time he had appended his signature he slipped the paper into a desk drawer and agreed to wait a little longer.

While the ambassador was urging patience on the President, he himself was taking every precaution to get ready for the worst. At his own request and unknown even to Chamoun two destroyers were dispatched from the Sixth Fleet and were cruising about just over the horizon from Beirut, the head of steam in their boilers (the ambassador knew exactly what it was) sufficient to get them to the port within one hour. Furthermore, a special radiotelephone circuit kept him in constant touch not only with the destroyers but with the fleet's flagship farther west in the Mediterranean. Each morning the circuit was tested so that if necessary the ambassador could confer with the naval command.

About this time the watch officer at the command post was called one night around midnight by an irate and obviously somewhat drunken American who announced he had just been thrown out of a bar. He demanded that the consul come down immediately and defend his rights to be in any bar of his choosing. "And unless he's here in ten minutes," the drunk added, "you can tell him from me that he'll be an ex-consul by tomorrow morning." Since the curfew was on and the drunk obviously had no way of getting home, the watch officer persuaded the barkeeper to bed him down in a backroom till dawn.

A few nights later a much soberer voice called the watch officer. The caller said he was at the American hospital where his wife had just produced a baby. He had to get home to feed his other children but had no curfew pass. Resourcefully the watch officer suggested that

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the hospital ambulance had a curfew pass and the problem was thus solved.

While the street fighting and bombing were reaching a crescendo, a cruise ship unaccountably put into Beirut harbor with a boatload of American sightseers. An officer from the command post hurried down to the ship and told the passengers that the ambassador urgently warned American citizens to stay off the streets of Beirut. Reluctantly the sightseers abandoned their tours. But one irascible old globetrotter who knew all the answers—a type familiar to every consul around the globe—spoke up and announced that what the “young man” had said was poppycock. He knew how to take care of himself and besides, he added, he had a letter of introduction from the Vice-President. Manfully the young officer refrained from telling him that a bullet-proof vest would be considerably more useful under the circumstances. The old man went ashore and some hours later the officer learned with mixed feeling that he had returned unscathed.

July 4 is ordinarily a day of tribulation for an American ambassador when he must entertain not only his foreign colleagues but the American community at a long, tedious, and expensive reception. But July 4, 1958, in Beirut was no time for celebrations. Instead the ambassador invited to his home only a few friends from the American press and those members of his staff who had shouldered the heaviest loads during the crisis—chiefly the code clerks and watch officers.

In his five short months the ambassador had won the respect of his junior staff. He was demanding and strict—sometimes almost a martinet—toward his subordinates but they realized that this was a common failing of younger Foreign Service officers newly appointed ambassador. With time his sharp edges would be smoothed down. But in their eyes his best trait was that he knew where responsibility lay and unlike the “politicos,” as they call nonprofessional ambassadors, he never blamed one person for another’s mistakes. Having grown up in the service, he knew most of their jobs as well as they did. As a junior vice-consul he had often been detailed to the code room during crises. And at one period or another he had occupied practically every position in a normal embassy from passport officer to economic reporter.

“If you do your job right,” one of his clerks told me, “he won’t give you any trouble.”

Nevertheless, as the fighting dragged on and the curfew continued

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in force, a serious morale problem arose not only among the clerks but also among the families of those who had elected to remain with their husbands in Beirut. Cooped up in their apartments, unable to go to school, the children created a particular problem. To keep them from under the feet of harassed parents, the ambassador arranged special movie performances in the afternoons in a nearby theater, using American films supplied through the U. S. Information Service.

But still the tension rose and nerves wore thin. At the beginning of the emergency the Lebanese government had sent a detachment of soldiers to guard the embassy and the buildings in which the staff were housed. But on July 4, the day of the ambassador's little party, four of the guards deserted to the rebels in the Basta. Not long after, one of the ambassador's Lebanese motorcycle escorts deserted. This seemed especially perfidious since only a few days earlier the ambassador had given him a wrist watch as a reward for his faithful services in accompanying the ambassador day and night—usually at a dizzy speed—through the hazardous narrow streets of the city. On at least one occasion a bomb had exploded so close to the car that the guard had been hurled from his motorcycle.

With the reliability of the Lebanese soldiers thus opened to question, the Marine guards took added precautions. A plan was devised for protecting the embassy office building against mobs. It envisaged a slow retreat to the sixth floor, where a last stand would be made to protect the codes and archives.

Simultaneously new precautions were taken to guard against sabotage and all visitors to the embassy were required to leave their cameras (but for some strange reason not their briefcases) at the Marine desk in the lobby.

To those unburdened by responsibilities, these melodramatic measures seemed at the time to verge on the absurd and provoked frequent references to Custer's Last Stand as well as many derisive smiles.

But the smiles abruptly disappeared when on Monday, July 14, the radio announced revolution in Iraq. There fanatical Moslem mobs had stormed the foreign missions, burning and looting the British Embassy and beating to death at least three innocent American businessmen.

The repercussions in Beirut were immediate. The rebels in the Basta shrilly announced over their radio that their day had come. The

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strongly anti-Nasser government of Iraq had fallen and that of the Lebanon would be next. Those Lebanese who had heretofore remained aloof from the struggle began to wonder whether they had not better join the rebels before it was too late.

Between nine and eleven o'clock that morning, haunted by visions of the assassination of King Feisal and his pro-Western prime minister, Nuri as-Said, President Chamoun summoned separately the ambassadors of the United States, Britain and France to his office and demanded immediate intervention. Unless, he said, it was forthcoming within forty-eight hours, he was a dead man and the Lebanon would become a Nasser satellite. This time the American ambassador did not wait for any written request but hurried to his embassy to notify Washington. That Washington would order the Sixth Fleet into action was by no means certain. Many considerations far beyond the competence of the ambassador in Beirut to judge were involved. Among them was, of course, the question of the Soviet reaction. Would an American armed intervention in Beirut so close to Russia's southern borders provoke some sort of retaliation?

While he waited for an answer he took final steps to "batten down the hatches" on the embassy. Declaring Phase B of the emergency, he ordered all embassy dependents to leave immediately and urged families of the private American community to follow suit. To set an example, the ambassador arranged for his wife and son to board a plane for Paris early next morning. To a few key officers he distributed such small arms as the embassy had. Then he went home to wait.

III

Embassy in Crisis: 3

IN the early hours of Tuesday the ambassador was called from his bed. "Big news" was all his attaché on duty at the embassy could tell him over the telephone. Hurriedly he dressed and with Tewfik roared through the deserted streets, the motorcycle escort's sirens blaring, to the embassy office building.

President Eisenhower, the message read, had ordered the Sixth Fleet to land in the Lebanon. The message said the first ships would appear on the horizon off Beirut at about 2 P.M. and the Marines were scheduled to hit the beach at three—twenty-eight hours after Chamoun's appeal. Immediately the ambassador drove to the presidential palace. Chamoun was naturally delighted. Recent press dispatches had indicated that the Sixth Fleet was far off in the Western Mediterranean and he had seriously doubted that it could arrive in time to save him from the fate that had befallen King Feisal.

At President Chamoun's request the ambassador went to General Chehab, whose troops had dallied and procrastinated for two months, refusing to come to grips with the rebels. When told by the ambassador that American Marines were coming, Chehab was anything but happy.

An armed foreign intervention, he told the ambassador, might well provoke his troops to join the rebels and resist the landing with force. Perhaps, he suggested, the ambassador would hold the fleet offshore until he could make sure of his own forces. The ambassador agreed to forward the suggestion to the admiral commanding the fleet.

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He hurried back to the embassy and called one of the close-in destroyers on his special radiophone. But for the first time in two months the fleet did not respond to his signal—the link was dead.

It was too late to send a warning via Washington and thence back to the fleet. Not having been informed of where the landings would take place, he selected the most likely spot—the harbor area—and dispatched his naval attaché to hail the first landing parties and transmit Chehab's message to the commanding officer. As it turned out it was a futile gesture.

Meantime in the embassy, where news of the impending landing was still a deep secret held by only a few top officials, the lobbies and corridors were a seething mass of milling children clutching their dolls and frantic parents clutching picnic baskets—all waiting to go to the airport for evacuation. Little by little the crowd thinned out but then came word that the airport was suddenly closed. There would be no further flights for the time being. Drearily the children and their alarmed parents trooped back to their apartments. Images of the massacre in Baghdad rose in their distraught minds as they sat down to wait.

Among the Lebanese in Beirut that July day the atmosphere was one of relaxed abandon. Something was going to happen soon—something big and far beyond their control. Many of them closed up their offices and apartments and took their families to the beach. Others went fishing off the rocks by the shore. For once the incessant honking of horns, the leitmotif of Beirut's street sounds, ceased.

A crown of Lebanese were swarming over the beach by the airport six miles south of Beirut early that afternoon. Some were swimming in the sea, others sunbathing or playing volley ball. Some were fishing. Among them pop vendors were carrying on a lively trade in Pepsi-Cola, Coca-Cola, and a dozen other soft drinks. Someone spotted a black cloud on the horizon. A few minutes later a half dozen large ships attracted the bathers' attention. The vessels were not following the normal sea lane along the coast but headed straight for land. Someone shouted, "Warships," and the whole crowd stood and watched, glumly silent.

Aboard the ships a battalion of young Marines were strapping on their last bits of equipment. Early that morning they had been assembled and briefed. They had all been through a dozen practice

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landings but now, they were told, this was the real thing. They were issued live ammunition and told to be prepared for anything. Even their officers later admitted they had no idea what they would encounter. Some said they had expected to see the city in flames, the embassy wrecked, and the streets strewn with mutilated American corpses.

At the end of the briefing one officer explained to them carefully the purpose of their mission. It was necessarily a brief explanation and hence oversimplified but it was adequate for the purpose. They were, the briefing officer said, going ashore at the invitation of the Lebanese government to help protect that country's independence.

Precisely at 3 P.M. the first of the landing barges ground ashore. As its occupants struggled through the water to the beach they were greeted not by lead but by the eager pop vendors. The bathers on the beach watched silently and sullenly. A few perhaps realized that the Marines were landing to put an end to the revolution but the majority strongly suspected that they merely spelled trouble.

Within a few minutes the battalion was ashore. Then came swarms of jeeps and heavy tanks. Smoothly and quickly the huge ships disgorged their loads and with scarcely a hitch the powerful force rolled into position. The watching bathers were duly impressed. Never in their lives had they seen anything like it—and they were not likely to see it again.

While the landing operation proceeded with military precision, politically it left something to be desired. Though careful to brief the Marines, the Navy either carelessly or deliberately had failed to brief the ambassador. Apprehensive of a clash with the Lebanese forces which might not only cause fatal casualties but also spark a major conflict in the Middle East, he had already sent his attaché to where he suspected the Marines would land, to suggest a delay until the Lebanese troops could be brought under control.

Later, learning from journalists that the landing was taking place at the airport, he sent word to the senior officer present, a naval captain, suggesting he come to the embassy at once. He was sending his car to the airport, he added, to bring him into town. A polite but terse message came back that the captain would be glad to receive the ambassador on his ship and would send a helicopter for him.

Now, ambassadors not only outrank naval captains by many grades

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but as representatives of the President they outrank every American in the country to which they are assigned except the President himself. The ambassador in Beirut did not wear his rank lightly. While he knew this was no moment to stand on matters of rank or protocol, it was also very clear to him that it was no time to go spinning out to sea in a helicopter leaving his staff in perhaps the tensest situation he had encountered in his long career.

He therefore repeated his invitation to the captain in somewhat more forceful terms, explaining that his business was not social but had the gravest political implications. The captain replied that his orders were clear and to the effect that the Marines would march into the city next morning. Until then he was staying on his ship.

When the ambassador finally turned in for some sleep that night he pondered the events of the day, particularly the subject of military-diplomatic relations. A graduate of the National War College in Washington, where senior professional diplomats and Army, Navy, and Air Force officers study the relationships between military and political power, he fully understood the necessity for co-operation between the armed forces and diplomacy.

In other nations which have been warring with each other for centuries longer than the United States, the military has long since learned that war is an extension of diplomacy by other means. Its object is political, from which it follows that military operations are guided primarily by political considerations.

As World War II demonstrated, however, the fallacious doctrine has grown up among American military leaders that the primary objective of war is military victory, preferably total military victory. After that has been accomplished the diplomats can pick up the pieces and do whatever they please with them. But while military operations are taking place diplomats should get out of the way lest they get run over by a soldier in a tank or a general in a staff car.

The events of July 15 demonstrated that, despite the lessons of the National War College, the fallacy had not yet been entirely eradicated from the American military mind. The failure of the Sixth Fleet to maintain its radiotelephone link with the embassy, the failure to keep the ambassador informed of the place of the landings, and finally the absurd spat about who was to call on whom certainly pointed in this direction. Later, when questioned about these lapses by

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a journalist, the Navy's reaction was a frigid silence.

Early next morning a Marine brigadier general assumed command of the Marines on shore and eventually called at the embassy, where a Marine guard promptly ordered him to remove his sidearms before going upstairs to the ambassador's office. The general good-naturedly complied.

The ambassador explained the precarious state of mind of the Lebanese Army and suggested that any advance into the city be delayed until the local soldiery was more in hand. The general replied that he had rigid orders to advance into town immediately. He had in fact already instructed a battalion of Marines to form up on the airport road complete with six large tanks and twelve LVT's—amphibious personnel carriers which looked like enormous steel coffins. The commander of the column, Lieutenant Colonel Hadd, was only awaiting final orders to advance into the city. With some difficulty the ambassador persuaded the general to delay the advance for one hour.

At that moment an urgent summons arrived from the presidential palace for the ambassador. There President Chamoun told him that the Army and the rebels were plotting to seize him and then oppose the American Marines' advance. Chamoun had summoned Commanding General Chehab, and in a few moments Chehab arrived.

In no uncertain terms Chehab told the ambassador that, if the Marines advanced, Lebanese tanks, already deployed along the airport road, would open fire. If they did not advance, Chamoun told him equally emphatically, the rebels would debouch from the Basta and kidnap him leaving the United States in the embarrassing situation of maintaining troops in a foreign country to protect a government which did not exist.

It was an acutely awkward dilemma for the ambassador. But it occurred to him that two could play the kidnaping game. Later he admitted that it was a "truly desperate expedient" but there seemed no other alternative. With all the diplomatic suasion he could muster he gravely suggested to the Lebanese Army's hero, Chehab, that it was his and the ambassador's duty to inject themselves personally between the opposing troops.

Chehab, well known for his honor and courage, accepted. Accompanied by Tewfik, the kavass, and Golly, the ambassador's poodle,

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the two set out in the Cadillac behind the screaming Lebanese motorcycle escort to the airport. On the way a dozen or more Lebanese tanks, recoilless rifles, and other weapons lining the road, their guns unlimbered and aimed directly at the spot where the Marine column was waiting, confirmed Chehab's warning that the Lebanese Army was ready to fight even if it meant suicide.

Just as they arrived at the point where Colonel Hadd stood at the head of his column, another car rolled up carrying Admiral James Holloway, the commanding officer of the entire landing operation, who had just arrived from his flagship by helicopter.

By now a half dozen journalists and photographers had assembled at the head of the Marine column and as the ambassador introduced the admiral to the Lebanese general there began what must have been one of the most open of all diplomatic conferences in modern history.

The admiral turned to Chehab. "General," he said sternly, "I am ordering this column of Marines forward at once. And if there is any resistance . . ." He did not need to finish the sentence and the ambassador interpreted for the French-speaking Chehab.

The general looked distressed. "Would the admiral consider breaking up his column into segments and placing Lebanese jeeps in the intervals so that it doesn't look quite so much like an invading army?"

The admiral and the ambassador exchanged glances. The latter nodded and the admiral agreed.

"And now, *mon général*" the admiral said in his Naval Academy French, "we advance *toot dee suitee*." He waved a little swagger stick for emphasis and repeated, "*Toot dee suitee*."

The general shifted uneasily and glanced over his shoulder in the direction of his deployed tanks. "Would you allow me just fifteen minutes to tell my headquarters to pull back our troops?" The Americans exchanged glances again. "We'll go with you to the nearest phone," the ambassador suggested, determined that his prize hostage should not give him the slip. The cavalcade sped off to a police post a hundred yards down the road. The journalists waited with Colonel Hadd.

A crowd of urchins had by now joined the party at the head of the column and one of them, speaking halting English, shouted at one of the Marine sentries guarding the tanks. "What have you come here for anyway," he asked belligerently, "to start a war?" The sentry,

a gawky young Marine who looked as though his uniform and the equipment dangling about him were about to fall from his scrawny shoulders, glowered sternly at the young Lebanese.

"We are here at the invitation of the Lebanese government to help protect the country's independence," he recited, repeating word for word the briefing officer's formula. Then he added on his own, "And *not* to start a war." The journalists glanced at the Lebanese guns up ahead and exchanged skeptical smiles.

The fifteen minutes stretched to half an hour and then to an hour. General Chehab was clearly having difficulty persuading his staff to call off the resistance. But eventually he succeeded and the cavalcade returned to the head of the Marine column. Solemnly Admiral Holloway ordered Colonel Hadd to advance.

The ambassador with the most gracious of smiles took General Chehab firmly by the elbow. "Do me the honor," he said in flowery French and propelled him into the Cadillac.

The huge diesel motors of the LVT's started, the tracks dug deep into the hot asphalt, and the column started forward. At its head was the Cadillac, the Stars and Stripes and the ambassadorial flag fluttering from its fenders. In the front seat the kavass and the poodle sat erect beside the uniformed chauffeur. Behind them sat the Lebanese general flanked by the American ambassador and the admiral. If by any chance the Lebanese still wanted to make trouble, the ambassador thought with a smile, their first target would be their own beloved general.

But by now the Lebanese tanks had retired and the column entered the city without a shot being fired. Chehab then excused himself, left the convoy, and hurried off to his retreat outside Beirut. The ambassador continued to lead the noisy parade. As it passed the embassy chancellery it halted briefly. Golly, the poodle, who was becoming restless with all the excitement, was relieved and his place taken by a pretty embassy secretary, Nancy Boyle.

As the tanks rumbled along behind, the ambassador hastily dictated to her an urgent cable to Washington announcing the Marines' peaceful entry into the city. Then he instructed her to make arrangements for a formal call by the admiral on President Chamoun. Finally he ordered lunch postponed till four o'clock. Thereupon Nancy was transferred to a following car and hurried back to the embassy while

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the ambassador, the admiral, and the marines clattered on noisily through the deserted, narrow streets.

The tanks took up positions around the harbor, beside the embassy chancellery, and at the ambassador's residence. One American tank, ostensibly guarding the embassy, covered the entrance to the presidential palace with its guns.

As soon as order was reassured in the city the Marines withdrew to the outskirts. After a little difficulty they accustomed themselves to their strange surroundings. One night soon after their arrival the commander of a detachment camped in an olive grove in the suburbs telephoned the embassy counselor. One of the olive trees, he said, interfered with the alignment of his pup tents and he wanted to cut it down. The owner, however, was having tantrums. Could the counselor explain the fuss about a mere tree?

Olive trees, the counselor told him, are a major source of income to Lebanese farmers. Since they grow very slowly and bear fruit only after many years, cutting them down is considered by the Lebanese a graver offense than cutting down cherry trees was by George Washington's father. There was a pause and then the officer answered, "O.K. I guess we'll just have to leave the tent line crooked."

Months of negotiation followed the landings. Robert Murphy, under-secretary of state, arrived soon after the Marines to help mediate a settlement between the rebels and the government, and the ambassador stepped temporarily into the background. The under-secretary's visit lent weight and prestige to the American effort to seek a peaceable solution and doubtless pleased the disputants by raising their own self-importance. The ambassador too, grateful for any help he could get in arranging a settlement, welcomed his arrival.

However, other students of modern diplomatic practice have pointed out that "personal diplomacy"—the practice of sending senior "trouble shooters" flying to trouble spots rather than letting the local ambassador handle the situation—has its disadvantages. Not only does it lower the prestige of the ambassador but seldom does the trouble shooter have adequate opportunity to study the essential background and personalities of a dispute and often he has even less time to devote to the protracted negotiations a sound settlement ordinarily requires.

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In the case of the Lebanese Crisis a solution was soon found. Chamoun stepped down from the presidency and was replaced by General Chehab. However, it turned out to be a temporary lull rather than a settlement. After the under-secretary had returned to Washington the Chamoun faction staged what was known as the "Christian counterrevolution" which very nearly marked the end of an independent Lebanon. Only after weeks of patient mediation, hopping in a helicopter between Chamoun's headquarters and Chehab's was the ambassador able to assist in a more stable and permanent settlement—this time unaided by trouble shooters.

IV

The Origins of the Diplomatic Iron Curtain: 1

THE leading English authority on diplomacy, Sir Harold Nicolson, has suggested that the first diplomat was a hairy savage who, after convalescing from a fracas with his neighbors, laid aside his cudgel and returned to his adversaries' camp to offer a truce or perhaps to propose that, like wild animals, they delimit their respective hunting grounds. Provided, of course, that his neighbor did not take advantage of this unarmed emissary to slaughter him out of hand, the latter would probably qualify as the original diplomat or, as the British say, diplomatist.

Since that occasion, history indicates, the profession has not made the same progress as, for example, the scientists who, starting with the lever, have already reached the H-bomb and overtaken the moon. In fact, diplomacy in many respects has not yet emerged from its Stone Age, as is occasionally demonstrated by the rocks hurled by mobs of one government through the embassy windows of another. This lack of progress is not entirely due to the backwardness of underprivileged diplomats, as is often suggested. The communities of people with which diplomacy deals are more visible but less predictable than communities of electrons.

The first historic record of diplomacy found among the Greeks also demonstrates that the ills which it then had have not all been eliminated. Homer reported an early diplomatic mission to Troy. Its purpose was to obtain the release of Helen. Like the marathon Sino-

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American diplomatic conference in 1956-1958 to obtain the release of Americans held captive in China, it failed.

The early Greek diplomats were chosen by the popular assemblies from the members of the various political parties. Often several parties insisted on each having representatives on a single embassy, so that a state was occasionally represented by several ambassadors—a practice that has always led to confusion. In the years immediately following World War II so many government agencies in Washington demanded representation abroad that there were at one time four American ambassadors stationed in Paris.

In most countries except the Soviet Union, where the Communist party selects its envoys, and in the United States, political parties have been almost entirely eliminated from the ambassador-appointing machinery. In the United States, though political parties continue to select ambassadors, the privilege is now confined to the party in power—and is further restricted by the partial use of professional diplomats.

In the days of the Greek states diplomacy was not a popular profession. The assemblies were extremely niggardly about pay and travel expenses and scrutinized the accounts of returning ambassadors as meticulously as a subcommittee of Congress or the General Accounting Office does today.

But the chief defect of Greek diplomacy and a major reason for its unpopularity was its failure to reconcile popular democratic control with effective prosecution of foreign policy. Ambassadors reported directly to the popular assembly which, if displeased with the conduct of the members of the mission, frequently confiscated their property, threw them in jail, or occasionally even sentenced them to death. The assemblies, ignorant of conditions beyond their own city walls and generally emotional in their reactions, were erratic and often fatally slow both in defining foreign policy and in implementing it.

On one occasion Demosthenes delivered a bitter denunciation of the Athenian assembly, accusing it not only of procrastinating but of causing interminable and occasionally disastrous delays in the ratification of treaties negotiated by its ambassadors.

Another severe handicap under which Greek diplomacy operated was the publicity which attended all negotiations. Without even the flimsy security of executive sessions, the assemblies heatedly debated every decision in full hearing of the populace, thus reducing Wood-

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row Wilson's future dream of "open covenants openly arrived at" to an absurdity.

Largely because of their faulty diplomatic methods, the Greek city-states consumed their energies and their wealth in internal bickerings which eventually left them easy prey to the conquering foreigners. The problem of reconciling popular democratic control of foreign policy with effective diplomacy, which brought down Greek civilization two thousand years ago, has not been entirely solved.

The Romans, who carried on where the Greeks left off, made a number of contributions to diplomatic practice, but largely in legal and procedural matters. Because of the dominance of the Roman Empire, its ambassadors abroad enjoyed the rank of quasi governors, and ambassadors from areas outside the empire were treated more like colonial petitioners than representatives of sovereign states.

However, the system of law on which the Romans depended so heavily for the regulation of their internal life, including their commerce, was extended to their relations with foreigners. Thus, for the first time the sanctity of international treaties as an essential element in effective diplomacy was recognized.

The Romans also improved on the Greek method of selecting ambassadors. Realizing the importance of the office to the state, they generally chose as representatives only the most distinguished senators. There were, however, some exceptions. On one occasion they sent an athletic instructor as ambassador to Rhodes. The Rhodians objected bitterly and the ambassador was replaced. Two thousand years later, after playing host to a series of amateur American diplomats, the people of Luxembourg took a leaf from the Rhodian book with the same happy result.

The Romans also evolved an elaborate procedure for the recognition, reception, and dismissal of foreign envoys. Jealous of their paramount position, they were not prepared to receive ambassadors from every little tribe or community beyond their frontiers. Thus when a delegate from a foreign land appeared at Rome he was obliged to remain outside the city gates until his credentials could be carefully examined and his right to diplomatic status verified. Since the inns outside Rome's walls were anything but *de luxe*, it was often a grueling as well as a humiliating experience.

Today this system has generally been replaced by the practice of

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requesting "agrément": that is, the sending country asks the receiving government if it has any objection to the appointment of a specific person as ambassador. Until the receiving country signifies its assent, the actual appointment is, ordinarily, not announced.

With the decline of Rome as a world power and the rise of Byzantium, the fashions of diplomacy acquired a distinctly Oriental cut. Among the practices that developed in this period was that of permitting an ambassador to defray the expenses of his mission by bringing with his embassy merchandise from his native country which he might sell at his new post.

Nowadays, although diplomats are generally permitted to bring with them in their baggage anything they may need without paying custom duties, they are not allowed by diplomatic rules or custom to dispose of it for a profit. However, the temptation to profit from the customs-exempt status is frequently great.

In Russia, during the grim years of the thirties when luxuries were unobtainable in local shops, diplomatic admirers often kept actresses and ballerinas of the Moscow stage in Paris fashions with clothing brought into the Soviet Union in the embassy pouch. In fact, the trade in silk stockings became so brisk that the Soviet government objected and the State Department invoked stern measures to stop the innocent but nevertheless technically improper traffic. Nowadays, while the State Department strictly forbids the use of the pouch for personal use, the more poorly paid diplomats of smaller countries frequently supplement their incomes by importing through the pouch duty-free watches, liquor, and cigarettes which they then sell on the local black market.

A variation of this practice occurred in reverse during the twenties in the Soviet Union when diplomats used debased black-market rubles to purchase antiques, works of art, and other valuables from impoverished Russian aristocrats which they shipped out through the pouch for sale at considerable profit in their home countries. At least one prominent ambassador made enough money in this way to build himself an elaborate villa in which his widow is still living.

A third variant was developed by my own Chinese cook. Transferred from Afghanistan to England during the war, I flew from Karachi to London, leaving my baggage and my cook to follow by ship. When Yang eventually arrived in England my trunks were

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admitted without customs inspection as diplomatic baggage. Some days later the first German V-1 bombs, landing close to my house, prompted Yang to ask me to store his valuables in the embassy safe. When he handed them to me I counted almost \$2,000 in British currency. Knowing he had only \$100 when I left him in Karachi, I asked where the rest came from.

"Master no askee, Yang no tellie lie" was all I could get out of him.

Though it was never judicially established what Yang had imported in my trunks, Scotland Yard insisted it was opium and demanded he leave the country. As it was wartime there was nowhere to send him but the United States. However, since he was on a list of suspected narcotic smugglers which Scotland Yard had given to the FBI, he was refused an American visa and spent the rest of the war in London, much to the annoyance of Scotland Yard and of Sir Anthony Eden, who protested periodically to my ambassador. Not till 1945 did Yang reach the United States, whence he was sent back to China as rapidly as postwar conditions permitted.

To return to Byzantine diplomatic methods, the Oriental traits of suspicion, sharp dealing, and chicanery combined to produce a form of diplomacy in which deception was the main element. The chief occupation of envoys dispatched by Constantinople was not to foster peace and friendship but to foment feuds and rivalries between the tribes on the outer borders of the empire.

Foreign envoys in Constantinople were regarded simply as spies, subjected to the strictest surveillance and treated with open contempt. To induce them to make exaggerated reports of the Eastern Empire's military might, they were obliged to watch parades of armed warriors marching through an arena out one gate and in again at the other in literally endless processions. To impress them with his exalted majesty, the Emperor received them seated on a throne mounted on an elevator which, after they had kissed his ring, would shoot up into the air where the sovereign towered above them while artificial lions beside the throne roared menacingly.

Hitler adopted a variation on the elevated-throne technique when he built his Eagle's Nest on a mountaintop to which foreign envoys were brought into his presence via a 300-foot elevator shaft cut through solid rock. The military parade technique is still an annual feature of the Soviet national holiday when powerful columns of

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tanks rumble across Red Square while jet planes scream past overhead. The display, however, is sufficiently genuine and impressive in itself to permit elimination of the endless-chain maneuver

With the decay of the Eastern Empire, Byzantine diplomacy eventually left two offspring. One made its way to Medieval Europe by way of Venice. The other was brought to Russia by the missionaries who also brought Christianity to Muscovy.

The early rulers of Medieval Europe made good use of the treachery, deceit, and intrigue which characterized Byzantine diplomacy. In the dynastic quarrels, intercity rivalries, and family feuds that replaced the dying Holy Roman Empire princes clung precariously to their unstable thrones with a constantly shifting web of tenuous alliances and conspiracies. As agents of these machinations, diplomats were much in demand.

Perhaps the most notable of them, though by no means the worst, was Niccolò Machiavelli, whose treatise *The Prince*, on how to keep a prince on his throne, was for centuries the handbook of Italian diplomacy. Based on the assumption that all men and particularly all princes were evil, the diplomats at their courts were expected not only to bribe their host's servants, suborne his ministers, and seduce his wives but if necessary to assassinate the host himself. Diplomats were understandably considered highly dangerous persons and private citizens were forbidden by law to discuss affairs with them under penalty of going to jail.

Nor were the Italians the only practitioners of these arts. Long before Machiavelli, Louis XI of France instructed his ambassadors: "If they lie to you, see to it you lie much more to them." In England, too, diplomacy by murder was an accepted practice. The long procession of royal heads that rolled from royal shoulders in the Tower of London and the rivalries between their partisans kept a corps of diplomats busy negotiating and sabotaging secret pacts, alliances, and conspiracies. As late as the seventeenth century a member of Parliament found talking to a foreign diplomat might be deprived of his seat in the House of Commons.

It is understandable that under these conditions diplomacy was no more popular than it had been with the Greeks. While soldiers faced only the perils of open combat and priests the spiritual wrath of God, diplomats were exposed day and night to a stiletto in the back

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or a pinch of ground glass in their wine.

Nor was travel in Medieval Europe an agreeable experience. By day highwaymen, cutthroats, and marauding bands threatened the traveler on the road and at night fleas, lice, rats, and other vermin infested his bed.

Because of these circumstances governments experienced serious difficulties recruiting personnel for their embassies. In fact, so great was the reluctance that in 1271 the Venetian government issued a decree imposing heavy fines on persons evading diplomatic service—probably the only diplomatic-draft-dodger legislation in recorded history.

Despite its basic acceptance of deception, Italian diplomacy made valuable contributions to diplomatic practice, some of which have survived to the present time. The Venetians, for example, were the first to recognize the importance of files and established the first archives for the preservation of treaties and diplomatic reports, many of which are extant.

The Italians also were the first to establish permanent embassies. Previously, diplomatic missions had been dispatched only on special occasions—to conclude a peace, to negotiate an alliance, or to sponsor a conspiracy. In 1455 Francesco Sforza, the Duke of Milan, sent the first ambassador to reside permanently at Genoa. The practice was not immediately adopted by other states and as late as the seventeenth century some states continued to send only temporary embassies. A survival of this practice is the present-day custom of sending special diplomatic missions on such ceremonial occasions as a coronation or a royal birthday.

The Italians, too were the first to require diplomats to write periodic reports of events in the capital in which they were stationed. A Venetian law of 1268 required ambassadors to file a final report within a fortnight of the completion of their missions.

Before the days of newspapers and news agencies, the diplomats were the principal sources of foreign news for governments. The rulers of that day were apparently avid scandalmongers, for the archives of Venice are replete with complaints to ambassadors that they were not sending in enough news. This insatiable appetite for reports has remained a dominant characteristic of foreign offices, including our State Department.

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In order not to miss any tidbits of court gossip, ambassadors were obliged to snoop and spy in a way that would make a modern news reporter blush. They not only had to hang about the court day and night but also to follow the ruler to whom they were accredited on all his travels and even pursue him about the hunting field.

Also, the Italians were the first to recognize that if an ambassador was to worm secrets and scandals out of foreign courtiers he would have to have some spicy news to give in exchange. They therefore originated the practice of providing their envoys with news from home that could be traded for foreign information.

Occasionally this system broke down. One authority on diplomacy tells of a Venetian ambassador to France who was blasted for the paucity and staleness of his gossip. The indignant man retorted that it was all very well for the Venetian officials to complain but they never bothered to send him any local gossip to use in exchange. And what's more, he added, what about their failure to send him a couple of falcons that he had promised as a gift to a French cardinal?

The stabilization of political institutions and dynasties in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries led to a gradual change in diplomatic practice. With the decline of the city-states and the replacement of petty principalities by larger states, diplomacy by deceit fell out of fashion. The more permanent regimes, such as that of France, began to recognize that in the long run honesty provided a more stable basis for international relations than deception. Machiavelli came to be regarded as the incarnation of evil. In England the expression "Old Nick" as a euphemism for the devil is said to be derived from Machiavelli's first name.

Historians have since rehabilitated Machiavelli, who is now hailed as the founder of modern political science. But the bad name he gave to European diplomacy persists, particularly in some American circles where diplomats in general and European diplomats in particular rank with cardsharps. Though this view has been a myth for three hundred years, its believers continue to exert a profound—and unhealthy—influence on American diplomatic practice.

Hugo Grotius, the seventeenth-century Dutch diplomat and legal philosopher, gave the diplomatic New Look its theoretical foundation. Machiavellian diplomacy had been fostered by the rivalries of the petty states which followed the breakdown of the moral and temporal

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authority of the Holy Roman Empire, which had previously imposed certain standards of honesty and morality in international affairs. Grotius argued that the authority of the Holy Roman Emperor had been replaced by a law of nature which governed all human relations and took precedence over dynastic or national interests and aspirations. Unless this law of nature was obeyed, international relations would continue to decay into anarchy.

Grotius is considered the father of international law, and was the first to suggest that some sort of international body be organized to enforce it. Though his ideas had a powerful influence on seventeenth-century political science, his proposals for a League of Nations or a United Nations were about three centuries ahead of their time.

While Grotius was laying the theoretical foundations for the New Diplomacy, Cardinal Richelieu of France was perfecting its more practical application. According to Nicolson, Richelieu was the first statesman to recognize diplomacy as a continuing process and not just a way station where one stops for repairs when something breaks down. Today this sound principle is being assailed by a new form of "personal diplomacy," in which the permanent ambassador is pushed aside by a special envoy whenever a serious problem arises.

A realist, Richelieu also preached that national policies should be based on cold calculations of national interests and not on dynastic or sentimental considerations. A state, he said, should choose allies out of consideration of their power and permanence and not because it likes them. Although this lesson would seem to be self-evident, it has never been fully learned. The -phobias and -philes of the American public toward England, China, France and Germany, for example, have bedeviled our diplomacy for a century.

The autocratic Richelieu also was the first to appreciate the importance of public opinion in foreign policy. To popularize and explain his policies he even wrote and distributed pamphlets among the French public. Thus this cold-blooded little Frenchman is the spiritual father of the small army of public relations officials in the State Department, the U. S. Information Agency, and the numerous private councils on world affairs now scattered throughout America.

Possibly Richelieu's greatest contribution to diplomatic practice was

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his insistence that an ambassador had the right to demand a single chief and a single policy. He demanded that France's foreign affairs be concentrated in one ministry and ruthlessly saw to it that other departments kept their fingers out of the pie. This logical and reasonable system, Nicolson has wryly but accurately remarked, "appears to be almost unrealized in modern times."

Another figure who left a permanent influence on diplomacy was the French diplomat François de Callières, whose book *On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes* Nicolson calls "the best manual of diplomatic method ever written." Callières's principal lesson in diplomacy is that "Honesty is here and everywhere the best policy."

From the days of Richelieu to modern times diplomatic practice has evolved slowly, its impulses altering with changing conditions and its techniques advancing with the application of modern inventions.

The gradual disappearance of dynastic rivalries and the rise of nationalism and of international commerce brought new problems to the green baize table. Colonies, markets, raw materials rather than genealogical tables became the desiderata of diplomatic negotiation.

Though older diplomats resented the changes and considered it beneath their dignity to deal with commercial matters, about which they knew very little, the later diplomats acquired new specialties and knowledge. Instead of dealing with the goings on about the royal courts, their reports were full of statistical tables and technical analyses. Instead of wrangling about whom the crown prince was to marry, they sparred about commercial concessions and bargained over tariffs and quotas.

The introduction of the telegraph and the airplane greatly changed the tempo of diplomatic life. Instead of waiting for weeks for a slow sailing ship to bring them instructions, diplomats received orders and transmitted recommendations by telephone or cable in a matter of hours.

One result of the new techniques was the plethora of paper that began to accumulate in embassy files. As Prussian ambassador to Paris, Bismarck used to dictate his dispatches simultaneously to two secretaries who wrote them down in full. He then compared the two copies, sending the neater and more legible to Berlin and keeping the other in his files. Today the duplicating machine floods the file

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cabinets of every embassy with copies of reports from even the most insignificant of ambassadors.

But despite all these minor changes the basic principles of diplomacy remained the same: Honesty continued to be the best policy; and diplomats jealously guarded their reputations for integrity and probity.

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WHILE Western diplomacy was thus developing and spreading throughout the world, the other offspring of Byzantium was undergoing an entirely different evolution, culminating in modern Soviet diplomacy. Some historians argue that Soviet diplomacy is not diplomacy at all. Nevertheless, as a method of negotiation—and in many instances a very effective one—it seems to fall within the definition of the diplomatic art if not within the ethical limitations imposed by Western diplomacy.

That it daily poses new problems for Western diplomats cannot be denied. To think it can be wished away by saying it is not diplomacy is, in my opinion, a fallacy. Furthermore, it seems to me that Soviet diplomacy is not an isolated phenomenon which burst full grown upon the unsuspecting chancelleries of the West after the Bolshevik Revolution and which, as Nicolson seems to suggest, will someday disappear just as dramatically.

Soviet diplomacy, I believe, has its roots deep in Russian and Byzantine history. When the emperors in Constantinople sent Cyril and Methodius to teach the Slavs Christianity and their scholars to teach them how to read and write, their painters to teach them art, and their architects to teach them how to build their onion-steepled churches, they also sent along their diplomats who, intentionally or not, taught them the deception, chicanery, and treachery which characterized the Byzantine diplomacy of that day.

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At Kherson in the Crimea they established a subsidiary diplomatic bureau for the dispatch of embassies to the steppes and the conduct of diplomatic relations with Kiev, Muscovy, and the tribes along the Volga. Constantine VII in his *De Administrando Imperio* prescribes how the tribes should be embroiled with one another. For example, the Petchenegs, or Black Bulgars, should be incited against the Chazars and the Russians or Hungarians against the Petchenegs.

This strategy was used even in Western Europe. When Louis II's Frankish troops expelled the Saracens from southern Italy in 871 the Byzantines stood by until the fighting was over and then maneuvered the victorious Franks out of the province. Later they used the Crusaders to drive back the Seljuk Turks, just as the Soviets used the Chinese nearly a thousand years later in Korea.

Imperial princesses were frequently dispatched as wives to tame the barbarian leaders. Constantine's granddaughter Anna was married off to the Grand Duke Vladimir with the task of "civilizing" that extraordinary roughneck.

The Russians learned well and never forgot their lessons. Long after Grotius, Richelieu and Callières, the rules which Machiavelli inherited from Constantinople continued to be the guiding precepts of the court of the Czar.

A vivid diplomatic report from an ambassador of the Holy Roman Emperor at the court of the Eastern Empire, written in the tenth century, describes in some detail how the Byzantine emperors conducted their diplomacy in Constantinople. While its style perhaps lacks the polished reserve and restraint of a modern diplomatic dispatch, much of what it describes could as well come from a report of an ambassador in an Eastern capital a thousand years later.

The author Ambassador Liudprand, himself the son of a diplomat, was the distinguished Bishop of Cremona at the time of his mission. He had been brought up at the royal court at Pavia, then the seat of the King of Italy. Handsome, gifted, and with a keen eye for the ladies, he quickly attracted the attention (and because of his success with the ladies-in-waiting, the mild jealousy) of his master, the King. As his report indicates, he also had a delicate palate for good food and wine. Though wealthy, he seems to have had a keen sense for the value of money.

Liudprand eventually enlisted in the service of King, and later

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Emperor, Otto I. Otto, having just conquered Italy, was seeking to placate his rival, the Byzantine Emperor in Constantinople, by marrying off his son, the future Otto II, to Theophano, the daughter of the current Eastern Emperor's predecessor. Liudprand, whose father and stepfather had both served on missions to Constantinople, had once previously headed an embassy there himself. He was therefore an obvious choice to arrange the marriage.

Arriving early one afternoon in the year 968 after an arduous journey with a staff of twenty-five, Liudprand recalled his previous visit and the many friends he had made and was looking forward eagerly to a pleasant reception. To his dismay and discomfort, the Emperor's officials kept him waiting in the pouring rain outside the city gates until almost midnight. "Insulting and abusive," he comments in his report. Eventually he was escorted to a house reserved for him in which he was to be kept virtually a prisoner for a hundred and twenty miserable days. It was, he says, a huge, barnlike structure which offered no protection from either the sun or the rain. Among its other inhabitants were five lions to which Liudprand took an immediate aversion.

The house was without water and there was nothing to drink except some local Greek wine which, he says, was adulterated with pitch, resin, and gypsum and was quite impotable. "Bathwater!" he observed contemptuously.

Three guards stationed at the front gate prevented visitors from entering and his staff from leaving this "horrible house," as he invariably thereafter referred to it. When old friends attempted to send him some decent food and wine, the guards tossed the food into the gutter and beat up the messengers. Only his Italian cook was allowed to leave the premises to buy provisions and, since he spoke no Greek and could bargain only with his hands, the food cost him four times the regular price. Inflation was raging in Constantinople, Liudprand reports, and it cost no less than three gold pieces to feed his staff and the guards a single meal. (One suspects that Liudprand reported these matters in such detail, as his successors do a thousand years later, so that his subsequent expense accounts would find readier approval.)

Two days after his arrival he was bidden by the marshal of the court, the Emperor's brother, to come to the royal palace, which was so far away that he was completely out of breath when he got there.

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Immediately an altercation arose. The marshal charged that Otto had no right to style himself Roman emperor, since he was a mere king. Liudprand became incensed and the argument ended in a draw.

Two days later he was received by the Emperor Nicephorus himself, whom he describes as a fantastic creature with the body of a pygmy. His long, thick, matted hair made him look like a pig and his little beady eyes reminded the ambassador of a mole's. His skin was the color of an Ethiopian's. Though he was richly dressed in heavily embroidered robes, they were so old and worn that they smelled bad. He spoke impudently, was as sly as a fox, and a "veritable Ulysses" when it came to lying. "He is not," Liudprand summed up in his report to his master, "the type you would like to meet in the middle of the night."

The interview with Nicephorus was no better than had been the first with the marshal of the court. The Emperor began by stating that, though he would have liked to receive Liudprand in better style, the arrogant behavior of his master, Otto, precluded this. Nicephorus appeared to be particularly displeased that Otto had conquered Rome, which he claimed rightfully belonged to him, and had thrown out all his old and dear friends. Otto, according to the Emperor, was a godless murderer who had beheaded, hanged, exiled, and blinded the best people of Rome. Furthermore, he added ominously, he had sent Liudprand not as an emissary of peace but as a common spy.

Indignantly Liudprand defended his master, saying that when Otto had captured Rome it was ruled by whores. Otto had liberated the city from tyrants and had restored the Church to its dignity. "If you were the rightful Emperor of Rome," he asked Nicephorus, "why did you turn it over to harlots?"

Peevishly Nicephorus complained that all he wanted was peace with Otto but instead Otto had taken Italy from him. Liudprand retorted that Otto was the rightful ruler of Italy. Furthermore, Nicephorus' offer of a peace pact was a lie and a fraud. What Nicephorus really wanted, Liudprand said, was an armistice, a mere breathing spell in which to rally his military forces. If he honestly wanted peace all he need do to get it was to agree to the marriage of Otto's son to Theophano. After that, he hinted archly, Otto might be prepared to make "certain concessions." (Liudprand was too good a diplomat to show his cards at this early stage.)

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This diplomatic exchange was interrupted by a church service. The service consisted chiefly of a choir singing the praises of Nicephorus, whom it called "The Morning Star," "Lucifer," "The Reflection of the Sun," "The Blight of the Saracen," "The Conqueror," and various other epithets which apparently infuriated Liudprand. He noted that the choirboys were barefoot and dressed in clothes so miserable that they must have been worn out when their grandfathers got them.

As he listened to this nauseating paean, Liudprand thought up some more appropriate words for the choir to sing: "You burnt-out cinder, creepy old woman, ugly old gnome. You boor! You mudlark! Pigheaded, surly, peasant barbarian! You impudent shaggy-haired shrew!" However, he was too discreet to pass on these variations to Nicephorus and included them only in his report to his master.

After the church service Liudprand was invited to lunch with the Emperor. Not only was the food "foul and loathsome" but he was seated number fifteen at the table, which was not only below the salt but below the end of the tablecloth.

During the meal the diplomatic exchange continued. Nicephorus asked how good Otto's soldiers were. When Liudprand said they were excellent. Nicephorus interjected: "You're lying! Your master's soldiers don't know how to ride or to fight." They wore such heavy armor, he claimed, and carried such long swords that they could fight neither on foot nor on horseback. What was more, he said, their stomachs were their god and they were such gluttons that they were too fat to mount a horse. They got their courage from the bottle and were brave only when they were drunk. Finally, Nicephorus taunted, Otto did not even possess a navy. "When I come to fix you," he threatened, "I'll destroy every town on the seacoast and invade every river."

By this time Liudprand was beside himself with rage. When he started to reply, Nicephorus ordered him to be silent but the incensed ambassador ignored the command. "You talk about your fine Romans," he said. "Everyone knows Romulus, the founder of Rome, collected a gang of insolvent bankrupts, runaway slaves, murderers, and other criminals whom he named Romans. When we from the north can't find a worse name for our enemies we call them Romans. And the next time we fight you'll soon find out who's the better, your Romans or we northerners!"

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This outburst seems to have silenced Nicephorus for the moment and he ordered Liudprand to go back to his "horrible house." Their subsequent encounters were no happier. Once when the ambassador was again invited to dine with the Emperor he was seated below an "unwashed, unshaven Bulgarian who wore a brass belt." What was so offensive about the brass belt Liudprand did not explain, but he was so outraged that he refused to take his place, whereupon Nicephorus' guards escorted him to the servants' table.

On one occasion Nicephorus asked Liudprand whether Otto owned any "onagers." Not knowing what onagers were, Liudprand replied cautiously that Otto might not have any of them but he had a lot of other things. Nicephorus then invited him to visit the royal zoo where the onagers were kept. Next day Liudprand put on his hat, mounted his horse and set out for the zoo. He had gone some way through the park when a guard told him he was not allowed to wear a hat on the premises. Offended, he turned to leave but just then his local guide spotted one of the fabulous onagers. "And what do you think it was?" chortled Liudprand in his report. "Just a common ordinary jackass, the kind we have thousands of in Cremona!"

Liudprand soon concluded that his mission was a failure and asked leave to return home, but Nicephorus would not let him go. After four months of misery Nicephorus finally relented and gave permission. He also agreed that Liudprand could take as much merchandise with him as he wanted, apparently to defray the costs of the trip.

"But," Liudprand writes to his master, "now listen how that heathen treats his own promises! . . ." Liudprand's baggage was searched and several bolts of purple cloth were removed, the customs officials explaining that Liudprand's countrymen were not entitled to wear purple. Contemptuously, Liudprand told them he had not bought it for his countrymen, who wouldn't be seen in such effeminate stuff. The cloth, he explained, was for the women. Nevertheless, it was confiscated.

"What manners! What sexless creatures!" Liudprand commented sourly.

Finally, just as Liudprand was about to set forth, one of the Emperor's eunuchs refused to provide porters and he had to bribe some men with huge sums of money to carry his baggage.

"These men of no sex! These women!" he complained.

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At last, just before departing, Liudprand took his revenge on his host by carving a long poem in Latin on a table in the "horrible house" in which he said exactly what he thought about the leaking roof, the lying Greeks, and their stupid emperor. Eventually after being placed on a rotten boat, getting shipwrecked, arrested and robbed, he made his way home and delivered the historic report. (It might be added that eventually Otto II did marry Theophano, but not thanks to Liudprand's mission.)

In 1934, nearly a thousand years after Liudprand angrily shook the dust of Constantinople from his shoes, Ambassador William Bullitt arrived in Moscow to set up the first American embassy in the Soviet Union. Recalling the warm reception he had had from Stalin and others on a visit the year before, when the Soviets were still concerned about recognition, he beamed happily from the train window as he saw a band and a delegation laden with bouquets waiting on the station platform. But as he stepped from the train his smile froze. From another car emerged a group of frowsy delegates to the Soviet Women's Day celebrations. The band blared forth, the women were showered with carnations, and the ambassador was whisked through the crowd by a minor official to his car.

His residence was sparsely furnished but it kept out the rain. However, the staff apartment building still had no roof. Eventually it, too, was completed but the water in the bathrooms ran spasmodically and seldom hot. When he complained, all the pipes were connected to the municipal steam system so that only steam emerged even when you flushed the toilets. The office ceilings soon showed ominous cracks but the government landlord refused to take cognizance until one night the ceiling collapsed and demolished the office furniture.

Bullitt was never again received by Stalin and for days after his arrival could not even get an appointment with the foreign minister. When he eventually ran down Litvinov in a hospital bed, Litvinov promptly began to repudiate all the prerecognition agreements reached in Washington.

On the whole, for the first months of his stay, Bullitt was far better treated than other ambassadors. He was allowed to see a few local friends and to tour the country freely, though guards in front of his gate turned away all visitors.

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But gradually the atmosphere grew cooler. On visiting a china factory near Moscow he was presented with a pretty but undistinguished china dinner service. Some weeks later a bill arrived for \$1,000 gold. Soon thereafter his closest Russian friend was arrested and shipped off north of the Arctic Circle, where he spent the better part of seven years. When Bullitt finally left the Soviet Union his mood was not far removed from that of Liudprand. But one of the latter's words he would not have used was "sexless."

The diplomacy by vituperation which Nicephorus demonstrated to Liudprand had by the sixteenth century spread throughout Russia. One of the most colorful and popular episodes of Russian history, venerated by every Russian schoolboy and commemorated in a well-known painting by Repin, is the reply of the Zaporozhie Cossacks to a demand for surrender from the Turkish Sultan Mahomet III. Omitting the unprintable words, this early Russian diplomatic note reads:

You, Sultan, Turkish Devil and brother and comrade of the accursed devil and secretary of Lucifer himself!

How in hell can you call yourself a warrior when you can't even ——— an ass's ———. Let the Devil take you away and gobble up your army. You son-of-a-bitch, you have no right to be the guardian of Christian sons; we aren't afraid of your army. We will lick you on land and sea, you hostile son-of-a-bitch. Go ——— your mother.

You Alexandrian goatherd, you Babylonian cook, you Macedonian wagonmaker, Jerusalem's traitor, Kamchatka cat, Podolian villain, swindler of the world and evildoer of the underworld.

Nephew of the asp himself, you are the ——— of our ———, a piece of pig ———, a little mare's ———, the snout of a dog, an unbaptized bastard. Go ——— your mother and go graze Christian swine.

Now we finish. We do not know the date as we have no calendar; we live by the moon. The year may be in the calendar but the day is the same as yours. Kiss our ———.

(signed) Ivan Sirko and his Zaporozhie Band

Some three hundred years after Sirko had penned this note, another Russian, Andrei Vyshinski, commended its style and frankness to his Western colleagues during a United Nations debate.

In the nineteenth century some of the outward forms of Western diplomacy were at least mimicked by the czarist regime. In part this may have been due to the Russian desire to become civilized and

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cultured (a passion which is evident in Moscow today). In part it may have been due to the Western education to which members of the Russian nobility were subjected during that period. It may also have been due to the fact that the royal house, long since without a drop of Russian blood, and closely related to the other royal houses of Europe, found it awkward to be caught cheating at diplomatic cards by their uncles, aunts, and cousins.

There are, therefore, a number of instances in the latter phases of the czarist regime of negotiations with the Russian court at which all the rules of the game as played in the West were strictly observed. For example, throughout the long and tough negotiations preceding the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907 (Persia) no indiscretions were committed nor confidences betrayed by the Russian diplomats.

But in this same period in their dealings with their Eastern neighbors, who shared the Byzantine heritage, straightforwardness, honesty, and discretion were notably absent. The Afghan Emir, Abdur Rahman (1880-1906), has written in his autobiography some candid comments on the Russian diplomatic method during the latter half of the nineteenth century. During that period Afghanistan was a bone of contention between the British, who looked upon it as an outpost on the mountain passes between Russian Central Asia and their Indian empire, and the Russians, who regarded it as a legitimate field for expansion.

"The Russian policy," Abdur Rahman wrote, "is to break their treaties and oaths at any moment that suits their purpose." (This observation on czarist methods came a generation before Lenin, the Bolshevik leader, expressed with unusual candor the opinion that "promises like piecrusts are made to be broken.") In an effort to be strictly objective and fair to his northern neighbor, the Emir hastened to add: "I do not go so far as to say that she breaks oaths and treaties without making some explanation and excuse. . . ." Then, as was his literary habit, he illustrated the practice with a little fable:

A hungry bear employed a small lamb to guide him to all the places where other animals were living, and made a promise that he would not eat this lamb, who was his guide and counselor. All the other animals of the jungle having been eaten by the bear, there remained nothing but the lamb. Thereupon the bear said in an angry voice:

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"I must eat you because you have insulted me and broken your treaty."

The poor lamb looked at him and said: "My lord, how should I dare to insult you?"

And the bear replied: "Your father insulted my father."

But the lamb said: "But there is no evidence about that, as both our fathers are dead."

The bear answered: "So-and-so told me."

The lamb replied: "He told you a lie."

The bear now got furious, and said: "Now you really have insulted me by calling my friend a liar before my face."

And he fell upon the poor lamb and ate him up.

There are other striking similarities between the Afghan Emir's experiences with the Russians and more recent Soviet diplomatic practices.

"The Russians," the Afghan complained, "believe they can go on breaking promises and treaties and advancing further and moving steadily onward." One diplomatic method which especially irritated Abdur Rahman was the Russian gambit which Machiavelli also had learned from the Byzantine Empire of stirring discontent beyond her frontiers between Afghanistan and her ally, Great Britain, while simultaneously professing "peace-loving friendship" (*sic*) with each. Fifty years later "peace-loving friendship" was again a favorite Russian word in the campaign to disrupt the North Atlantic Alliance.

Abdur Rahman puts those who believe in Russia's professions of peace-loving friendship into four categories which J. Edgar Hoover might well adopt today:

Firstly, those who are not politicians. These peoples are so simple that having before the eyes of their minds the dozens of treaties and vows broken by Russia still go on putting their confidence in Russian declarations of peace.

Secondly, those who directly or indirectly are "inspired" by Russian policy to plead her cause. [Here Abdur Rahman referred to Russian agents "inspired" by either ideological sympathies or money. C. W. T.]

Thirdly, those with ideas of their own greatness who imagine that it is impossible for Russia ever to think of opposing their mighty power.

Fourthly, the people who call themselves lovers of peace.

These last remind Abdur Rahman of "the pigeon who seeing a cat coming toward him closed his eyes thinking that if he did not see the

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cat, the cat would not see him; but the cat did see him and caught him and ate him up."

In the matter of assassination and kidnaping, the Soviets have long since outstripped Machiavelli, who decried these practices as rarely necessary evils. Under the czarist regime conspiracy was confined chiefly to the revolutionary opposition and the czarist police and seldom if ever played a role in Russian diplomacy. However, after the Bolshevik conspirators had come to power they raised conspiracy to the status of a diplomatic procedure. The long arm of Soviet assassins has reached into every corner of the globe—Trotsky in Mexico, Krivitsky at the Drake Hotel in Washington, a dozen victims in Paris, London, and elsewhere.

Before World War II a mysterious black Soviet yacht, the S.S. *Dzerzhinski*, which cruised ominously from the Black Sea to Scandinavia, stopping at various Western ports, aroused the interest and curiosity of Western diplomats and police. A visit from the *Dzerzhinski* was often preceded by strange goings on in local Soviet embassies and consulates accompanied by rifle shots and screams. At night, long wooden boxes were slipped aboard the yacht and it would then cast off and slip out into the blue. The voyages of the *Dzerzhinski* during the height of the purges became of such interest that American consuls in all European seaports were instructed to report its appearances to Washington, but eventually it dropped out of sight and has since been forgotten.

During and following World War II the practice of assassination, which had previously been confined largely to émigrés groups and the Soviets' own officials, was expanded to include foreign government officials and diplomats, such as the representatives of the Polish government-in-exile who were slaughtered in Moscow in 1944, and Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish diplomat who, the Soviets now confess, died during the war in a Russian prison. The most recent example of diplomacy by assassination was the murder of Imre Nagy, the Hungarian revolutionary leader, who was enticed from diplomatic sanctuary in the Yugoslav Embassy by false assurance of safe-conduct and was subsequently shot.

The devoted band of foreign agents in the Communist parties of other countries has proved a boon to Soviet diplomatic methods. Whereas Western diplomats must attempt to discover the intentions

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of governments by discreet questioning or such prosaic devices as getting a bibulous minister drunk, the Soviets often maintain agents within a so-called friendly government to steal the secrets directly from the files.

In one respect the Soviets have made a concession to what they otherwise contemptuously term bourgeois morality. In commercial agreements with foreign firms and countries they have usually, though not always, lived up to the terms of their contracts. The reason for this concession can, I believe, be found in the realization of the necessity for good faith in short-term commercial agreements. Foreign firms would naturally be reluctant to make agreements if they believed, as Lenin did, that a contract with a Soviet trading agency was, like a piecrust, made to be broken.

Since the seventeenth century Western diplomats, by and large, have considered it their primary function to maintain the peace wherever possible. A diplomat, Callières said, is a man of peace not of war. "The function of the State Department," says a somewhat unctuous announcement of 1898, "is peace."

In contrast to this stressing of the peaceful functions of diplomacy, Soviet historians regard diplomacy as an extension of war by other means. In a three-volume work entitled *History of Diplomacy*, published in 1955 in Moscow, a Soviet Academician, E. V. Tarle, devotes a section to bourgeois diplomatic practices for the benefit of Soviet students of diplomacy.

In his introduction Tarle refers to "the ceaseless battle of diplomacy which precedes armed conflicts, follows armed conflicts, and at a somewhat reduced tempo does not even cease during armed conflicts."

Tarle advises "those who are preparing themselves to serve the fatherland in the diplomatic arena" to study its strategy carefully. Referring to Engels' advice to politicians to study the military arts, Tarle says that this refers not only to military affairs but to "diplomatic combat" as well. "It is necessary," he continues, "to be as familiar as possible with the methods and stratagems of the class enemy when confronted with them, not only on the field of battle but also in diplomatic controversy."

With this militant introduction Tarle then proceeds to outline the chief stratagems of "bourgeois diplomacy." He addresses his teachings to Soviet students of bourgeois diplomacy, but with only slight ampli-

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fiction the volume is an authoritative though incomplete catalogue of Soviet diplomatic stratagems and, as such, invaluable to the bourgeois diplomat as well.

Aggressors, Tarle points out, usually disguise their aggressions as self-defense. As examples he cites Frederick the Great's conquests, Germany's invasion of Belgium in 1914, and Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union. Historians will also recall that the Soviet Union declared war on Finland in 1940, despite a nonaggression treaty, on the ground that Finnish artillery had killed four Soviet soldiers in Karelia, thus menacing Russia's security.

Aggressors, Tarle warns, often hide their intentions behind fine phrases about liberty, truth, and humanity. As examples he cites Cromwell, the coalition against the French Revolution, and, of course, Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union. The bourgeois diplomat might add the Soviet "liberation" of Budapest after the 1956 revolution.

Pacifist propaganda, Tarle says, is often used by bourgeois states to mislead their enemies. As examples he mentions Napoleon III, Nicholas II at The Hague, and the British attempt to limit German naval rearmament after World War I. To this list one might also add the Stockholm Peace Offensive and the "Peace in the World" slogan today so widely propagated by Moscow.

Aggressors, according to Tarle, often conclude friendly agreements with prospective victims to lull their vigilance, as both Hitler and Napoleon did. One might also mention the friendly agreements Molotov concluded with the Baltic States shortly before the Soviets invaded those countries in 1940.

Propaganda about righteous war against the Soviet Union is often used to justify aggression, as Hitler used it. The Communist ideology, according to Lenin, similarly provides for "just wars" against capitalism.

Aggressors often demand the localization of conflicts in order to prevent others from interfering with their military operations, as Mussolini did when he invaded Abyssinia—and as Russia did when she invaded Finland in 1940, Hungary in 1956, and South Korea in 1950. Another version of this stratagem was Stalin's neutrality in the early phases of World War II, in which he devoutly but vainly hoped both sides would commit suicide.

Aggressors frequently attempt to sow discord among allies in the

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enemy camp, as Machiavelli recommended and Louis XIV did so successfully against the English. Soviet efforts to provoke conflicts between capitalist states, as Lenin frequently recommended, and Khrushchev's attempts to undermine the North Atlantic Alliance might be added to the list.

Aggressors also exploit internal conflicts within enemy states. Tarle uses as examples Bismarck's activities against the Danes, the Bulgars' against the Serbs, and the Germans' in Belgium's Flemish minority. The basic activity of Communist parties in capitalist states is directed to the same end as demonstrated in the Spartakus Movement in Germany after World War I, the Spanish Civil War, and the Communist parties of Italy and France after World War II.

Aggressors, according to Tarle, hide their expansionist plans behind demagogic denunciations of peace treaties after a war as Italy did in the Balkans in 1928 and Hitler after 1933. He might also have cited the Soviet Union after Brest-Litovsk and Versailles.

Tarle adds that aggressors systematically use threats and terror to frighten their intended victims. Thus Napoleon threatened Russia, William II threatened England, Hitler threatened Poland. One might also cite the terrorization and indeed assassination of the Polish government-in-exile in Moscow, Vyshinski's threats against King Michael of Rumania to force his abdication, and, more recently, Mr. Khrushchev's threats of atomic attack against the British at the time of the Suez Crisis.

Finally, aggressors often use the pretext of defending "weak" governments to disguise their own intentions, as Wilhelm II did in the Boer War and Germany and France at the time of the Morocco Crisis. Soviet sponsorship of Nasser of Egypt and the Iraqi government and even the nonexistent Kadar government of November 4, 1956, also are a part of the catalogue of twentieth-century Soviet diplomatic gambits.

These stratagems which Tarle denounces in the capitalist record and ignores in Communist history are strictly speaking not diplomatic practices but international policies. High policy is made not by diplomats but by rulers, elected representatives of governments and their senior advisers, and are put into practice by diplomats. Though the standard of morality which diplomats have evolved in the past three centuries have not always been matched by the governments in the

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evolution of policy itself, this should not reflect, as unfortunately it often does, on the diplomats.

However, the degree of spiritual as well as material subservience that the Soviet regime demands of its servants is such that it is difficult to dissociate the Russian diplomat from the moral standards of his Kremlin chiefs.

VI

The American Era

FROM its earliest days American diplomacy has been subjected to influences peculiarly American which have stamped it with a character different from the classical diplomacy of the Old World.

The early revolutionary leaders, although forced to seek support and allies among the Continental powers, found the methods and forms of Old World diplomacy repugnant. Benjamin Franklin, on arriving in Paris, attempted to hold to the democratic forms of dress and conduct, appearing at court wigless, in a plain suit, and brandishing a knotty crabapple cane. But he soon found that if he was to be successful he must adapt himself to the elaborate customs and costumes of the court.

Other American diplomats came to the same conclusion and, despite their reluctance, learned to conform to European practice so long as the struggling Republic they represented could benefit from diplomatic exchanges with the European powers. But with few exceptions, such as John Quincy Adams, one detects in their correspondence a self-conscious revulsion to the steps of the minuets they were required to dance. Much more natural and honest to them was the attitude Jefferson assumed when he received the British minister, sitting in an old chair in his bathrobe and tossing one slipper about on the end of his toe. This attitude toward the outward manifestations of European diplomacy was to persist until World War I wiped out many of the courts where it had thrived and the classes that it had personified.

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Another factor that was to influence American diplomacy until the present was the preoccupation of the founding fathers with the control of foreign relations. Although a period was to intervene when foreign affairs were a matter of almost complete indifference to the leading politicians and when diplomacy was to play little or no role in American affairs, the delegates to the First Continental Congress were so concerned with the unique importance of foreign relations that they jealously retained full powers in this field for the Congress as a whole. To assure the necessary secrecy, a Committee on Foreign Correspondence actually drafted communications to foreign powers and instructions to its diplomatic representatives, but the Congress kept a tight rein on its activities and eventually abolished it altogether.

When the delegates assembled at the Constitutional Convention to make a more reasonable distribution of powers among the three branches, foreign affairs still posed a major problem. While they were prepared to give almost all purely administrative functions to the executive, they balked at giving him a free hand in foreign affairs. A compromise was eventually worked out which like most compromises has since often caused confusion and occasionally disasters.

Envisaging the Senate as a small select forum of distinguished statesmen elected not by the mob but by state legislatures, the delegates agreed that it should share with the President the control of foreign affairs. Here, they believed, foreign relations could be discussed with sober deliberation and in strict confidence and valuable advice made available to the President.

Accordingly, in addition to the power to declare war, which was granted to the Congress as a whole, the power to make treaties was subject to ratification by a two-thirds vote of the Senate. The appointments of ambassadors, ministers, and consuls was likewise subject to Senate confirmation.

Even the drafters were not agreed on what this compromise meant. Jefferson maintained that the conduct of foreign affairs belonged "altogether to the executive." Hamilton argued that it belonged exclusively neither to the executive nor to the legislative branch. Many constitutional experts have since compromised on the formula that conduct of foreign affairs constitutes a "fourth branch."

But precisely where the executive's jurisdiction ends and the Senate's begins has never been clearly defined. Cynics have interpreted

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the compromise as enunciating the right of a people in a democracy to go to hell in ways of their own choosing. Alexis de Tocqueville, otherwise a staunch admirer of the American system, was equally unimpressed by the compromise and concluded gloomily that the American form of democracy was incapable of successfully conducting foreign relations. He has since won many adherents on both sides of the Atlantic to this pessimistic view.

The inevitable tug of war between the President and Congress began promptly after Washington assumed office. Urged to appear before Congress to explain certain acts in the foreign field, he replied vigorously, "I'll be damned if I go to that place." One hundred thirty years later Woodrow Wilson was damned for precisely the same attitude when he refused to consult Congress during the Versailles peace negotiations.

Until the 1820's a series of strong executives, all of whom except Washington had previous foreign affairs experience either as a secretary of state or as a diplomatic envoy, kept a firm control of the conduct of foreign affairs. They selected American diplomats with great care and skillfully utilized their services to defend American interests against the old European powers.

But with the election of Andrew Jackson normal diplomacy ceased for almost a century to play a significant role in American foreign relations. Occasionally treaties were negotiated, but mostly between the Secretary of State and foreign envoys in Washington. From time to time, as critical situations arose, specially selected ministers were dispatched overseas to negotiate specific problems. But in the sense that its diplomats represented a permanent negotiating staff abroad the United States abandoned diplomacy almost completely.

Distrust of Old World institutions, which had prompted many settlers to come to America in the first place, moralistic objections to Machiavelli with whom European diplomacy was closely associated, especially in the Anglo-Saxon mind, and isolationist fears of entangling alliances, which Washington himself had warned against, as well as preoccupation with internal problems and westward expansion were among the causes of this development. The extension of the spoils system to include agreeable diplomatic sinecures and lucrative consular posts would have made the successful conduct of diplomatic relations a highly questionable undertaking, even if there had been a desire

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to maintain permanent active relations with other countries.

Not until American trading ships had established our foreign commerce in all quarters of the globe was there a revival of interest in official representation abroad and then, naturally enough, not in the effete diplomats but in the consuls who protected shipping interests, merchants, and American seamen in foreign ports, and assisted exporters in finding new markets. In 1906 Theodore Roosevelt, always an opponent of the spoils system, put through legislation establishing a career consular service with fixed salaries and promotion by merit.

The diplomatic service, however, continued in the doldrums. Ignored by the general public and Congress, it appealed only to political office-holders, interested in comfortable posts where they might vegetate, and to a small rich, social elite chiefly on the East Coast, attracted to European court life and willing to make substantial contributions to the political parties to buy their way into it.

Occasionally men of both means and ability, interested either in foreign affairs or in some other aspect of activity overseas such as scientific research, archaeology, geography or exploration, managed to wangle a diplomatic appointment in which they made substantial and even distinguished contributions to American interests or American enlightenment. But there were few if any serious students of foreign affairs who could participate unless they had substantial fortunes.

Diplomatic staffs below the top rank were recruited largely from the sons of the rich who had a vague interest in foreign places or a specific interest in European social life. Some, but by no means all, were college graduates. Such screening as they were subjected to was to assure that they were well-born, well-bred, and well-heeled. In fact, as late as World War I, in applying for appointment they often had to submit documentary proof that they had private incomes above a stated minimum.

Congress could scarcely have cared less about them, and appropriated only token sums for their salaries. There is little evidence that the State Department even requested adequate salaries in its budget. A young man assigned as secretary in Tokyo, for example, might find his annual salary considerably less than the cost of his steamship fare to his post, which of course he was required to pay.

In other respects Congress was equally uninterested in the conduct

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of foreign affairs. When important treaties came up for ratification, they were often dealt with on a strictly partisan basis. Faced with the formidable two-thirds Senate ratification requirement, the executive in the early nineteenth century resorted to the device of executive agreements which at most necessitated only a majority vote in both Houses. One of the first applications of this technique was the admission of Texas into the Union.

A number of secretaries of state during this era were men of unusual ability and foresight who skillfully negotiated with foreign envoys such historic agreements as the Alaska purchase. But their staffs in Washington were hardly better than those of their embassies abroad and such experts as they had were generally recruited from among friends who had business connections in Europe or a shipping line to the Malay Peninsula or who had been missionaries in China. Under these circumstances a consecutive policy or even a constant flow of information was manifestly out of the question.

In his book *American Diplomacy 1900-1950* George Kennan has described how American policy with respect to Spain, which culminated in the Spanish-American War, was practically entirely independent of diplomatic channels and based largely on newspaper propaganda. The famous Open-Door Policy was drafted by a British subject in the Chinese customs service, and the manner in which this policy was later pursued had no relation to orthodox diplomatic principles.

This period of indifference to the nation's diplomatic defenses ended in 1919 with a severe jolt both to ourselves and to our neighbors. The American public was shocked by the way the Treaty of Versailles betrayed the high moral principles for which we had entered World War I. Our allies were shocked at the Americans' violation of the sacred diplomatic principle that a treaty signed by an authorized representative—on this occasion by the President himself—should as a matter of national honor be ratified.

President Wilson, who headed our delegation to Versailles despite the opposition of his friends and advisers, was himself a former professor of political science and history. The program that he brought with him had not only been accepted by the governments of the Western Allies but was regarded by the younger diplomats of London

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and Paris as heralding a new era of international justice, morality, and even diplomacy. The defeated governments also had accepted his principles and the public throughout Europe looked on them almost as a new Emancipation Proclamation.

Wilson's staff was composed if not of career diplomats—there were no such things in the United States then—at least of very able and intelligent men. His principal adviser was Colonel House, whom Nicolson has described as "the best diplomatic brain that America has yet produced."

Yet, despite these trump cards, this first American venture into European diplomacy ended in dismal failure. When the diplomats eventually left Versailles and the dust had settled back on its cobblestoned courtyard, the principles Wilson had brought with him had been twisted beyond recognition. The promise of no annexations had been replaced by the subterfuge of mandated states. International disarmament had become the unilateral disarmament of Germany. And the new frontiers of Central Europe bore little relation to the principle of self-determination. Finally, the dream of a universal League of Nations in which the United States was to participate was rejected by the Senate.

What were the causes of this failure? Many reasons for it can be found in the intricacies of European national politics, which have been analyzed by hundreds of writers and historians and need no amplification here. The rejection of the League by the Senate was the product of partisan American politics. However, it provided a valuable lesson for future American diplomacy: the conduct of foreign affairs without the participation of the Congress is illusory.

But much of the failure of the Versailles venture was due to American misunderstanding of the function of diplomacy. Despite his intellectual equipment and academic training, Wilson, like most of his compatriots, clung to the myth that Machiavellian diplomats had been responsible for the war. Mistaking diplomacy for policy-making, he put the blame not on the policies and their creators but on the men who had to carry them out. He was determined therefore that the post-war world was to be made safe for democracy by making it free of the old diplomacy.

Wilson's main charge against diplomacy was its secrecy. By opening the doors and raising the blinds of the chancelleries of the world, the

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people themselves would henceforth supervise the making of the agreements that regulated international affairs.

But the misconception behind "open covenants openly arrived at" did not long survive the realities confronting Wilson on arrival in Paris. When the new messiah of popular diplomacy found himself faced not only by the wicked old European diplomats but by those heralds of democracy, the representatives of the world press, he promptly locked himself up in his study and put Marine guards outside the doors and even the windows to keep out not the wicked diplomats but the reporters.

Despite all that has been written about it, "open diplomacy" died a quick death. By the time the Allies came to preparing for a second Versailles after World War II, the diplomats on the European Advisory Council were instructed to shun all contact with the press, including even their personal friends, lest inadvertently the secrets of the new covenants be revealed.

Another cause for the diplomatic failure in 1919 was undoubtedly the very presence of the American President. Summit diplomacy, as the professional diplomats had known since the days of Louis XIV, was if not doomed to failure at least seriously handicapped by the additional burdens it imposed on a job already difficult enough.

Thirdly, one might cite Wilson's substitution of diplomacy by exhortation, the evangelistic and too often moralistic approach, for what he called *Realpolitik* and others called the trading of mutual benefits.

Finally, it seems to me, the American experiment in diplomacy at Versailles revealed that even the soundest and highest of moral principles are not substitutes for a continuing policy implemented by a permanent corps of professionals. When faced with the complexities of European national conflicts, the American position was based not on the continuous observations of trained diplomats but on hasty ad hoc investigations and missions which tried to fit the most involved racial and ethnographic situations into a set of principles that could not contain them. The facts being stronger than the principles, the principles gave way.

To the American public, however, the failure of Versailles was ascribed to quite other causes. Supporters of Wilson, like Ray Stannard Baker, reported back to America that the conference was a sort

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of jousting tournament between the evil forces of European diplomacy and the brave idealism of the New World. The myth of Machiavellianism was further strengthened and the diplomats took the blame for what Wilson's own secretary of state called the President's slow-witted, humorless, chip-on-shoulder mysticism.

The Europeans, on the other hand, regarded the American diplomatic effort at Versailles as little short of sabotage. The United States had persuaded the Europeans to abandon balance of power diplomacy for a hodgepodge of conflicting national interests embodied in small states of dubious viability on the promise to help maintain stability through the League of Nations. But then, by refusing to ratify the treaty, it not only left the European Allies holding the bag but dangerously undermined one of the oldest tenets of diplomatic negotiation—namely, that ratification of a properly negotiated treaty practically automatically followed its signature.

What, the Europeans now asked themselves, was the point of negotiating with an accredited American diplomat if as likely as not the United States Senate was to repudiate him as they had repudiated President Wilson? Had not one prominent senator himself stated that "a treaty is a mere project of a treaty until the consent of the Senate has been given"? And with the two-thirds requirement for Senate ratification, a minority representing less than 3 per cent of the American population might torpedo the soundest of treaties.

While the Europeans struggled in vain to make the new system work, the United States, disillusioned and confirmed in its worst prejudices against European diplomacy, withdrew once more into a haughty holier-than-thou isolation.

But the weakness of the American performance at Versailles did not go entirely unobserved in Washington. Both in the administration and in Congress a few enlightened men realized that if the United States was ever to play a role in international affairs the rich young socialites who filled some but by no means all of our diplomatic posts must be replaced by carefully selected and trained professionals in a career service.

In 1924 the diplomatic service was combined with the already existing career consular service. Adequate salaries for embassy personnel were established so that thenceforth any young man of ability, regardless of his financial means, could apply for the service.

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It would, however, be a mistake to assume that the Rogers Act of 1924 marked an abrupt turning point in the American attitude toward diplomacy. On the contrary, it would be more accurate to say that a professional diplomatic service was accepted with the most grudging reluctance. There remained among the public and Congress a warm suspicion that beneath the top hats and striped pants of these effete young cosmopolites there lurked a conspiracy, when they were not pushing cookies, to drag the United States into the deadly stranglehold of European politics. Every tiny appropriation by Congress was made with grim warnings against meddling in world affairs. For nearly two decades every young recruit had drilled into him that his function was to report on the other people's business but strictly to mind his own and avoid any associations that might involve him in world politics. To this day the Foreign Service Regulations contain relics of this attitude in provisions severely limiting participation in any foreign club or association that might conceivably be construed as having an international political aim. (It would be interesting to know the Soviet regulations on this point.)

The entry of the United States into world diplomacy after World War I was thus strongly influenced by the deep-seated American suspicion of diplomacy in general and by Congressional fears of entangling alliances in particular. Like a gawky overgrown youth, America shambled self-conscious and diffident onto the diplomatic stage, fearful that its big feet would knock over the tea table.

To foreigners this appearance was puzzling. Writing in this period Sir Harold Nicolson gives an Englishman's impression of the new American diplomats:

They enter a conference as Daniel entered the den of lions conscious that it is only their bright faith and innocence which will preserve them from the claws of the wild beasts by whom they are surrounded. It is in fact strange that whereas an American business man will negotiate with foreign business men in a spirit of almost reckless self-confidence an American diplomatist will in the presence of continental diplomatists become overwhelmed with diffidence and suspicion.

Like many other Europeans, Nicolson failed to realize that the diffidence sprang from a fear not of the claws of European diplomats but of stepping on an isolationist congressman's corns.

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The age of Roosevelt marked a further step in the development of American diplomacy. Convinced of the need for a more active role in world affairs, Roosevelt began a cautious and skillful attack on the isolationists which ended with their rout after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

However, most of Roosevelt's diplomatic initiatives were carried out not by the professional diplomats already then available in the Foreign Service but by hand-picked special envoys and friends. An exception was Sumner Welles, a schoolmate of Roosevelt who had since become a skilled professional diplomat. Roosevelt's first excursion into world affairs was the Economic Conference at London in 1933, which Europeans heralded as the end of American isolationism and the beginning of a joint effort to overcome the world-wide depression. The American delegation, headed by Secretary of State Hull, contained several of Roosevelt's brain-trusters, each of whom believed he had the exclusive ear of the President.

The antics of these amateurs advancing contradictory proposals to the conference and pitted against each other in a wild scramble to win over the code clerks who controlled the communications link to the White House, initially amused the European delegates. However, when at the last moment Roosevelt, either for fear of the isolationists or for fear that the commitments envisaged by the conference might retard domestic recovery, retreated and torpedoed the conference, the amusement once more as after Versailles turned to bitter resentment.

Typical of Roosevelt's initial approach to diplomacy was his taking over of the later stages of the negotiations with Maxim Litvinov on Soviet recognition. In an atmosphere reminiscent of Boys' Day at City Hall, Litvinov was seated before the President while behind the commissar stood the President's private advisers signaling and coaching their chief as he pressed for further concessions. Having no other choice, Litvinov made the concessions but only long enough for an American embassy to be established in Moscow, whereupon Stalin promptly welshed on them. Machiavelli's maxims, as one diplomat later observed, were not written for amateurs.

Holding the permanent officials of the department and the Foreign Service responsible for the policies of his predecessors, Roosevelt fired some and wrote the rest off as fossilized bureaucrats. Similarly, mistaking the few holdovers from the old spoils system days as typical

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of the new career Foreign Service he, originally at least, dismissed the latter as snobbish "Europeanized expatriates."

Indicative of his attitude was his insistence that the senior members of the service who had spent their lives at diplomatic posts be made to serve in consular capacities, presumably to learn how the other half lived. It was while doing his consular stint that Theodore Marriner, an able diplomat, was assassinated by a visa applicant at the Beirut Consulate in 1937. Another example was a presidential order issued early in Roosevelt's first administration threatening every professional diplomat with dismissal if he so much as asked permission to marry a foreigner. Based on the fears of certain of his advisers that American diplomats might be subverted or de-Americanized by connubial influences or that alien women were more indiscreet than Americans, the order was a godsend to footloose bachelors but a cause of deep personal and senseless unhappiness to others. Foreign diplomats, many of them married to American wives, while not oblivious to the veiled affront, dismissed the order with the comment that even Roosevelt had his isolationist moments.

Illustrative of the senselessness of this order was the case of a young Foreign Service officer serving in Switzerland during the war. Falling in love with a distinguished Swiss girl, he requested permission to marry her and was promptly dismissed. However, as Switzerland was then surrounded by the German forces, it was impossible for him to return home or for a replacement to be sent from Washington. He was therefore promptly rehired as a noncareer clerk at a considerably lower salary and continued to do precisely the same work as he had done before his marriage.

When the war ended the rules were relaxed and the young officer was asked to return to the service. However, embittered by his treatment, he went home to his father's business in Detroit and the service lost not only a well-trained but an unusually capable officer.

In his later administration, as the war pushed international issues to the fore, Roosevelt assumed almost complete charge of American foreign affairs, leaving only secondary questions to be handled by the State Department through established diplomatic channels. In fact, he conducted most of his diplomatic correspondence in Navy Department codes, thus bypassing the State Department completely. Following Wilson's precedent, he frequently indulged in personal diplomacy

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at Ottawa, Casablanca, Tehran, and Yalta. At the Cairo Conference of 1943, for example, with the exception of interpreters, Roosevelt's entourage contained not a single professional diplomat and whenever it became necessary to draft an agreement the task was given to Sir Anthony Eden who, reasonably enough, took full advantage of the absence of an American professional to assure that the British point of view was fully provided for.

Nevertheless, Roosevelt's contributions to the professional diplomatic service outweighed the petty vindictive measures against it during his administration. It was Roosevelt who awakened the State Department to the dangers of the dictators' total diplomacy to its internal security in such matters as codes and couriers. After the initial economies of the New Deal, he came to recognize that even in a democratic diplomatic service patched blue jeans were not an adequate substitute for striped pants, and he supported measures not only to pay diplomats adequately but to reimburse them for expenses made for official purposes.

One of the results of World War II was the temporary domination of foreign policy by the military. Although Roosevelt acquiesced in this development, it would be unfair to hold him fully responsible. Throughout American history generals have been ignored in peacetime and glorified in war. Disregarding the precept that war is a deplorable means to a political end and mistaking military victory for political success, Roosevelt, like his predecessors, often permitted military advisors to subordinate his political aims to military expediency. As a result, during the war the counsel of professional diplomats was replaced by that of professional soldiers. When hostilities ended, the problems thus created, such as the occupation of Germany and especially of Berlin, were infinitely complicated.

A more far-reaching result of the war was that the American diplomat found himself catapulted from the passive role of an observer and reporter to that of an active negotiator and participant in "entangling alliances" from Canberra to Moscow. This abrupt change of roles was accomplished with varying success. Some Foreign Service officers adapted themselves quickly to the reversal of the old orders against involvement. Others were overcome with alarm at finding themselves thrust into negotiations involving the country's most vital interests, with the inevitable result that their collaborators both American and

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foreign criticized them as unimaginative, timid, and downright incompetent.

The postwar period saw further progress in the development of a career service and its acceptance as an essential arm of government. Turning back the conduct of foreign affairs to his secretaries of state and relying heavily on the counsel of his professional diplomats, President Truman laid the ghost of the crooked Old World diplomacy and considerably raised the prestige of the American variety. He also redressed, at least in part, the balance between military and diplomatic influences in the formulation of foreign policy.

Another development of the Truman regime was the re-emergence of the Congress as a major factor in American diplomacy just as it had been after World War I. Not only because of its constitutional prerogatives in the field of foreign affairs but because policy in the ruined war areas meant money and money meant Congressional appropriations, both the Senate and the House suddenly found themselves wielding enormous powers far beyond the frontiers of the country.

Aware of their authority, power and prestige but not always imbued with the sense of responsibility that went with them, they set out to inspect their new domains with real gusto. In groups and committees or singly, accompanied by legislative assistants, secretaries or wives, they scoured the globe investigating, questioning, prying, and occasionally just plain junketing.

Scarcely an embassy, consulate or nightclub abroad escaped the attention of one or another party of congressmen. Foreign officials, from chiefs of states through foreign ministers and bureaucrats to taxi drivers, were interviewed and cross-examined on their need for American aid, loans, or other assistance.

The burden thus placed on diplomatic staffs was considerable and took many forms. The more responsible of the visitors required long and thorough briefings, introductions to foreign officials, interpreters and guides. The more frivolous demanded less intellectual stimulants: free drinks, cheap PX watches and perfumes. Almost all required cash from special funds set aside from United States credits abroad for which no public accounting was required.

Not all these early postwar expeditions were beneficial. Foreign officials begrudged the time spent in answering the questions not of one Congressional delegation but of half a dozen each month, often on

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the same subjects. Many found the domineering attitude of the congressmen indulging in their new-found powers disagreeable if not offensive. Listening to the questions propounded, many of them superficial and revealing a dismal ignorance of their problems, they often wondered whether a country whose foreign policy was controlled by such men could be a dependable leader of an alliance against the Communists.

American diplomats likewise were not uniformly impressed by their legislators. Though glad to devote hours to briefing the intelligent and conscientious among them, the overworked embassy officers resented, and sometimes showed it, the time wasted in arranging for the creature comforts of those who obviously had little understanding of or interest in the problems they had ostensibly come to investigate. They also found small pleasure in entertaining in their homes congressmen who obviously considered the entertainment their due and the whiskey, to which they helped themselves freely, their own by virtue of the appropriations for entertainment that they had voted.

Some of the legislators, aware of their own inadequacies and not unmindful of the impression they were creating among the better-informed, earnest Foreign Service officers, allowed their own feelings of inferiority to provoke animosity toward their diplomatic representatives, and this was later to be reflected in their speeches and their voting in Congress.

Yet for all these deficiencies, the institution of the globe-trotting congressman was probably one of the most beneficial developments in the short history of American diplomacy. Even the most obtuse or indifferent legislator in the course of a foreign tour could not help but learn something of the political and economic problems of the countries he visited and of the difficulties facing the American diplomats who had to grapple with them.

Moreover, the many intelligent legislators who had entertained a somewhat parochial outlook on foreign affairs found themselves face to face with hard realities which were difficult to ignore when confronted by a roll call in the Senate or House. After they themselves had locked horns in debate with foreign officials on the need for aid, they could scarcely come home to support the myth that European politicians had cloven hoofs and forked tails and were too smart for the simple American plainsman. Finally, adverse newspaper reports com-

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bined with the disdainful frowns of their Congressional colleagues began to restrain the carousers and junketeers.

To suggest that the Senate or the House had suddenly become the staid, wise and sober forum which the drafters of the Constitution had envisaged when they bestowed on the Upper House a share in the control of foreign affairs, would be an exaggeration. The deep-seated suspicion of the State Department and the Foreign Service lingered on and flamed into bitter hostility on the discovery that the department had harbored Communist sympathizers and possibly agents during the war years. Investigation followed on investigation and reorganization on reorganization with far-reaching results to the Foreign Service. In fact many of those professional diplomats who managed to endure the so-called McCarthy era became convinced that, though they had survived, the service they had helped build for thirty years had been destroyed.

Despite some reforms in the Congressional system for controlling foreign affairs, such as the engagement of able staffs of experts to assist the Foreign Affairs and Foreign Relations Committees, grave defects in the domestic machinery for the conduct of diplomacy still survive. In addition to these bodies, other committees enjoy overlapping jurisdiction in many aspects of international affairs. Foreign Commerce regulates international communications matters; Banking and Currency supervises the Export-Import Bank. Trade agreements fall within the jurisdiction of the Ways and Means Committee. The Appropriations Committees of both Houses have a dominant voice in the running of all aspects of foreign relations.

Each of these committees jealously guards its prerogatives. When the Marshall Plan was debated no less than eight separate bodies of Congress held hearings and conferences and made amendments. At least two committees went overseas to investigate the needs of the countries to be helped, followed by dozens of other inspection tours to keep an eye on the plan's implementation.

These time-consuming hearings and deliberations impose a further handicap in the conduct of diplomacy dealing with events that require speedy action. In his Memoirs, President Truman indicates how the Greek Civil War was very nearly lost to the Communists because of the time needed to get the necessary Congressional action.

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The first warning that the British, then on the verge of bankruptcy, would have to withdraw from Greece not later than April 1, 1946, was telephoned to the President by the State Department on Friday, February 21. Four days later Congressional leaders were notified that some sort of action would be essential. But it was not until seventy-five days later, that the House on May 9, finally approved the measure. Meantime the Communist guerrillas had almost succeeded in overthrowing the Greek government.

The slowness of Congressional action is further complicated by the tendency to legislate the actual conduct of diplomacy in detail. In most other parliamentary regimes, members of the Parliament will not hesitate to address themselves to matters of policy, but even in England an opposition member will thrust himself into the actual conduct of diplomacy only on the rarest of occasions and then with great diffidence. The American Congress suffers no such compunctions. Not only does it occasionally pass resolutions directly contrary to administration policies but sometimes, as in bills providing special aid to China and Spain, it passes legislation forcing diplomatic action on the administration. Furthermore, no detail is too small to provoke Congressional criticism, whether it be the cost of the secretary of state's scrapbasket or the length of the dining-room table of the U. S. ambassador to the UN.

The result is not merely that the diplomats' time and energy is wastefully dissipated but, far more important, that diplomacy's field of maneuver is restricted and its suppleness greatly reduced. Thus when in 1956 Poland's loosening of her Soviet ties was largely dependent on foreign credits to replace Moscow's, it took the American diplomats almost a year to overcome the legislative obstacles to providing relatively minor sums to help tide over the Polish needs.

Legislative restrictions over administrative practices likewise often seriously hamper effective conduct of diplomacy, for example, restrictions on employment practices. On the rare occasions when a Westerner defects to the Soviet Union, the Communist authorities lose no time in making full use of such talents as he may have to further their interests, usually in the propaganda field. In the United States, on the other hand, the most able and useful Soviet defectors cannot be put to regular use often for many years because of legislative obstacles based on security considerations of doubtful validity.

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But perhaps the gravest danger to the successful conduct of diplomacy imposed by the constitutional division of control over foreign affairs arises from a much more basic characteristic of Congress. Subject to frequent re-elections, the congressman must be keenly sensitive to current public opinion and is subject to strong pressures to respond to gusts of indignation, alarm, or other largely emotional waves of anxiety about some aspect of foreign affairs.

Because of its recently increased influence in foreign affairs, owing to its powers over the purse and the high cost of alliances in the cold war, the reactions of Congress to these gusts often directly influence the conduct of diplomacy. Thus the efforts of diplomats to carry out long-range policies are constantly being deflected not only by Congressional legislation or the lack of it but often by mere expressions of transitory opinion sweeping through the halls of the Capitol.

It was due largely to the erratic, occasionally irresponsible actions of the ancient Greek assemblies that the city-states' diplomacy was ineffective and defensive collaboration against the Eastern aggressors impossible. Despite growing recognition by Congress and the public of the purposes, methods and needs of an effective diplomacy, so long as the consistent pursuit of long-range interests and aspirations is periodically sacrificed to passing whims inspired by fleeting emotions in Washington, the danger persists of a twentieth-century repetition of the Greek debacle.

VII

Methods and Mechanics: 1

BEFORE the advent of the international postal service, the cable and the radiotelephone, the maintenance of diplomatic relations between countries by way of embassies was an obvious necessity. But today, when you can mail a letter to 10 Downing Street and get it there in twenty-four hours, or send a wire from the nearest cable office, or even telephone the German chancellor, what is the need for overseas diplomatic establishments and what do they accomplish?

Secretary Cordell Hull once said he required four things of his ambassadors: to report what was going on; to represent the United States before foreign governments and publics; to negotiate United States government business; and to look after American lives and property.

One significant task often associated with diplomacy—that of making foreign policy—was intentionally omitted from Hull's description. This is the sole responsibility of the government in Washington. Many a diplomat, surveying the ruins of a policy that failed, has taken refuge in the fact, often overlooked, that his job is not to make policy but to carry it out.

The rotten eggs and refuse that greeted Vice-President Nixon in Peru and Venezuela were the obvious fruits of a policy gone bad, but American diplomats in South America were not to blame. For a decade they had warned Washington that its indifference to South America's economic growing pains was arousing dangerous hostility.

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But the harassed officials of the State Department, overwhelmed by more spectacular crises in Europe and elsewhere and running as fast as they could from conference to conference, like Alice in Wonderland just trying to stay in the same place, had no time for these warnings until the Vice-President returned with egg all over his coat to stir them to action.

George Kennan, a former career diplomat, has suggested that diplomacy is the business of communicating between governments. An American embassy is in a very real sense a switchboard for messages between Washington and a foreign government. It is duplicated by another switchboard in the host's embassy in Washington. Normally when Washington wants to raise a subject with London it puts the call through our London Embassy, and vice versa. Once a subject is under discussion it usually keeps to the channel or embassy through which it was initially raised but can be shifted, or both embassies can be used as, for example, when Khrushchev's letters are delivered by the Soviet Embassy in Washington and the replies by the United States Embassy in Moscow.

There are, however, a number of different forms of diplomacy by which the government can communicate with foreign states other than through the embassy. It can send delegations to special conferences, which is known as conference diplomacy. It can send its secretary of state to deal personally with governments, which is known as personal diplomacy. Or the President himself can participate in summit diplomacy. Finally, it can through the United Nations make use of so-called parliamentary diplomacy.

Sir Harold Nicolson in his classic work *Diplomacy* suggests that there are also different styles of diplomacy which vary from country to country, depending not only on differences in national character but also on the traditional policies of the European states.

For example, England isolated on an island with great overseas possessions is traditionally reluctant to arouse the antagonism or jealousy of the Continental powers. Hence she seeks to compromise difficulties and prevent great power aggression not by guaranteeing the smaller powers but by cajoling the larger ones. The British diplomat, Nicolson says, is often insular and even ignorant of foreign psychology. He is optimistic and loath to face unpleasant facts. He is

fair and tolerant, reliable and precise, poised and gentle but courageous. "He never boasts; he knows that impatience is as dangerous as ill-temper and that intellectual brilliance is not a diplomatic quality."

Nicolson maintains that the "heroic or warrior" conception of diplomacy differentiates the German diplomat from the commercially minded English. The German, he says, is given to "sudden diplomacy" to demonstrate strength and cause anxiety abroad. He adds that, though many of Germany's diplomats have been highly skilled and professional, their sense of discipline, the intrigues of the General Staff, and the bureaucracy have never really given them a chance.

Turning to the French, Nicolson states that theoretically they should have produced better diplomats than they have in practice. Their passion for logic, their quick intelligence, and their great culture blind them to the reactions of other countries, make them impatient of others less quick, and often give offense to their less polished colleagues.

The Italians, for their part, favor a diplomacy based on incessant maneuver, the purpose of which is to put the other fellow in the wrong and thus extract some concession from him. They are constantly bargaining between potential allies and too often in the end choose the wrong side.

Nicolson does not venture to characterize American diplomacy. The professional American diplomatic service, he pleads, was still too new to develop its particular style when he first wrote his classic work in 1939.

I am inclined to doubt whether today one can distinguish different styles of diplomacy among the great powers. Since 1939 their position, power, and politics have radically altered their diplomacy. Even as late as the thirties my own experience provided little evidence of national diplomatic styles. I have known and worked with English diplomats who were slow and insular and pretended to be intellectuals and others who pretended to be stupid and were brilliant.

At one of my first posts I met a newly arrived junior British diplomat who was well over six feet, with long dangling limbs and an unkempt, straggling red mustache that drooped mournfully at the corners of his mouth. His only interest he confided was "'gels'—you know, nice American gels." Only after several encounters did one begin to suspect that he was an accomplished diplomat, an expert on

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local affairs, spoke several languages fluently, and possessed a witty, penetrating mind. His ostensible interest in American girls was completely overshadowed by a passionate interest in Central Asia. Today Sir Fitzroy Maclean is a prominent member of Parliament and the author of several brilliant books.

Though I have dealt with arrogant Germans, others who have risen to the top of their service today are gentle, self-effacing, and completely free of the "warrior" concept—for example, the German ambassador in London, "Jonny" von Herwarth. I have known Italians who could never desist from minor *combinazioni* and others whose lighthearted pranks are sometimes embarrassing.

The Italian ambassador and his American wife were one day having a drink in the garden of my house when a loud voice boomed from the balcony above, "Who the hell are all those damned wops?" Horrified, I looked up to find the Italian counselor of embassy waving nonchalantly to his ambassador. Today the counselor, Bartolomeo Migone, is ambassador to the Holy See. As for the coldly logical, intellectual French, those I have known best and admired most suffered from almost emotional idealism.

Whether national styles exist or not, there are certainly well-definable personal styles of diplomacy. There is, for example, the "cold fish" type who plays his cards so close to his chest that he can scarcely read them himself. Negotiation with him is liable to be sticky. There is the gruff-tough diplomat who, provided you insult him vigorously enough before he insults you, tends to be friendly and co-operative and is generally scrupulously honest. There is the shock diplomat who tells you precisely what he thinks and before you can take offense chokes a Martini down you with a charming grin. And finally there is the ego diplomat who is generally self-centered, sensitive, and highly subjective. After six months' service in the Paris Embassy he will harangue you endlessly about ego-French relations.

There is, I confess, one national style of diplomacy—the Soviet. It is the product not of national characteristics but of traditional Byzantine practices coupled with long service in a police state. The prototype is Vyacheslav Molotov, generally considered the most ill-mannered, humorless diplomat alive. He once treated me to a dressing down for a mistake of his own language one would not use to one's delinquent child, let alone someone else's. Only when I made it clear

that his name did not appear in the American channels of command did he desist.

Soviet diplomats are almost always withdrawn and in my entire career I got to know only two well. One was an uninhibited young secretary on his first assignment in London during World War II. He was affable, had a keen sense of humor, and immensely enjoyed the company of foreigners. He has since disappeared.

The other I had known before the war in Berlin where he was a young Tass "correspondent." Ostracized by the Germans and unable to speak any language but Russian, he and his pretty wife became my good friends, dropping in at my apartment at all hours to chat and listen to recordings of Gypsy music, then forbidden in Russia. When, as an important ambassador, he turned up years later at a post where I was serving, he made it brutally clear that any previous acquaintance was completely of the past. My earlier hospitalities were neither acknowledged nor returned. One could only feel sorry that his original charm and pleasant personality had, together with his good manners, been eradicated by the system he served.

The Soviet type is taciturn, unscrupulous, and icily humorless in negotiation. He seldom utters a word that is not quoted from either his instructions or a *Pravda* editorial and when he concedes a point it is only with the minimum of good grace. As Liudprand said of Nicephoros, "He is not the sort you would like to meet in the middle of the night." At social functions, if the political climate requires it, he can in an awkward sort of way be civil or even affable. But spontaneous good-fellowship is ordinarily liquidated at an early date in his career. Of sincerity he knows little and expects none from his colleagues.

These traits are not characteristic of the average Russian nor are they necessarily the hallmarks of the new Soviet Man. In my travels through Russia and in my frequent contacts with Soviet Army officers during and after the war, I often found the ordinary civilian or non-diplomatic official to be polite, hospitable, well-mannered, and friendly. During the 1946 Korean negotiations I once asked a colonel on the Soviet delegation to dinner with a member of the former Russian royal family, then on the American Red Cross staff in Seoul. When I introduced the colonel to Mr. Chavchavadze, the colonel bowed low and said, "I think you mean *Prince* Chavchavadze." Till far beyond

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midnight the two Russians chatted and gossiped about old times and old court personalities. The colonel sighed and bewailed the sad fate the Bolsheviks had meted out to the Romanovs, like a genteel old aristocratic refugee gossiping over tea in his shabby Paris apartment.

It is mystifying why the Kremlin leaders have adopted diplomacy by invective and deliberately deprived themselves of the obvious advantages in diplomatic negotiations of their innate Slav charm. In part it derives perhaps from the xenophobic suspicion of their Byzantine inheritance. It may also be the result of a lack of confidence in their own diplomats when up against the crafty Western European—a state of mind the American government and public has occasionally showed. But it reminds me most of an old-fashioned American football coach instilling “fight” in his team before a game. The only difficulty is that in the diplomatic game there are no referees to guard against fouls.

A further characteristic of Soviet diplomatic style is the indifference of a Soviet diplomatic representative to the background of the country to which he is assigned—especially the United States. Although Communist party officials of the Central Committee level make a point of being fully informed about conditions abroad, the Soviet diplomat is sometimes astonishingly ignorant. The American neophyte diplomat, on the other hand, spends months before a Moscow assignment, at one of the dozen institutes on Soviet affairs in the United States. Soviet officials have told me there is no such institute in all the Soviet Union. Instead, they rely on the scant references in their religious literature of Marx and Lenin to the politics, economy, and culture of “bourgeois” lands. Though Stenka Razin is a familiar character to every American diplomat in Moscow I wonder how many Soviet diplomats in Washington know who Robert E. Lee was.

Recently there have been signs, such as the activities of Ambassador Menshikov in Washington, that a degree of affability is being permitted to the Kremlin's representatives abroad; and Anastas Mikoyan has publicly deplored the lack of serious American studies in the Soviet Union. Perhaps the fall from grace of their prototype Molotov presages the emergence of a new style of Soviet diplomat. If so, no one will welcome it more than the Western diplomats who have had to endure the boredom of incessant Soviet vituperation across the green

baize ever since the Bolshevik delegates turned up for their first negotiations with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk over forty years ago.

Since Greek times, learned and less learned men have been preparing books, brochures, and monographs about how a diplomat should carry on negotiations. Homer had something to say about it in the *Odyssey*. Demosthenes in *De Falsa Legatione* wrote an indignant account of how not to conduct negotiations.

Frequently today young Foreign Service officers, having just completed their probationary service, succumb to an irresistible impulse to submit guides for even younger diplomats to the editors of the *Foreign Service Journal*. These recall the comment of General Marshall to a junior general of MacArthur's staff during the war. The young general had come to Washington to explain and defend MacArthur's strategic proposals for the war in the Pacific and on finishing his exposition remarked, "I will stake my military reputation on the soundness of these plans." General Marshall leaned across the table. "General," he asked acidly, "just what is your military reputation?"

Thus cautioned I shall confine myself to citing a few of the more important counsels of long-established authorities. Callières, the acknowledged master, says the first rule for an ambassador preparing for negotiations is to inform himself precisely of the state of affairs in the country with which he is to negotiate: the personalities of the leaders, the local factions and rivalries; the character, interests and weaknesses of the negotiators he will be facing, and of course, the precedents and national interests involved in the subject of negotiation. In Callières's day, the diplomat's immediate range of knowledge could be confined to the royal court. But today it spreads far wider to include every provincial interest, every class and professional prejudice, and every political party of significance.

When Maxim Litvinov arrived in the United States in 1933 to negotiate recognition of his country by the United States, there had been no American diplomats in Russia since the Bolshevik Revolution. Nevertheless, a small group of specialists in the State Department, under Robert F. Kelley, had for years been assembling materials and background for just this occasion and when the negotiations opened Litvinov was faced with a complete catalogue of every concession the Soviet Union had ever granted another state, to support American

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demands for like concessions. Even Litvinov confessed he was impressed.

When ten years later Roosevelt journeyed to Tehran and then Yalta to negotiate with Stalin the State Department again provided him with volumes of reports, special studies, and maps on the problems to be discussed. Though there is no record that Roosevelt had any time to study them, it is reported that Harry Hopkins stumbled across these thick files and read them with interest and amazement.

An intimate knowledge of the psychological processes of your diplomatic adversary is invaluable, especially if he is more powerful than you. During the thirties Maxim Litvinov one day called in the Turkish ambassador and complained bitterly that a number of Soviet "tourists" had recently disappeared while traveling through the remote villages of Turkish Anatolia. The Turkish ambassador, Vassif Bey, knew that the "tourists" were in fact Soviet espionage agents and that Litvinov expected him to deny their disappearance, hoping to embroil Turkey in a diplomatic wrangle.

Instead, Vassif Bey assumed a most contrite air: "You know, Mr. Commissar, what you say is quite true. But unfortunately the backward villagers of Anatolia believe that all Soviet tourists have cloven hoofs and forked tails. Whenever they see one they are so curious to examine these phenomena that they undress him and when they discover it is not true they are so angry that they stuff the poor fellow in a bag and throw him into the sea." Litvinov knew when he had met his match and the matter of the tailless and hoofless Soviet "tourists" was dropped.

If an ambassador is to negotiate successfully he should make himself agreeable to the officials with whom he must deal. Callières tells of a colleague who made it a practice to lose at cards to the monarch to whose court he was assigned. "Many a great enterprise," Callières says, "was conducted to success by the little pile of gold coins which passed from him to his royal opponent at the gaming table."

Nowadays few ambassadors can afford such forms of flattery and must limit themselves to agreeable speeches and compliments. The modern version of losing at cards is to make frequent flattering references to the similarities between one's country and one's host's. When Ambassador Bullitt first went to Russia in 1934 he was hard put to

find pleasant comparisons between the two countries. America had fine cars; Russia had few. Russia had fine ballet; we had almost none. We enjoyed democracy, they a "dictatorship of the proletariat." But finally he hit upon a common passion: trotters. Because of the great distances and appalling roads that existed before the railroad and the automobile, both countries had developed the light trotting horse instead of the heavy coach horse for speedy transportation. Since then trotting racing had been great national sports in both countries. From then on few of the ambassador's little speeches failed to mention the Orlov Trotter or the Hambletonian.

In making oneself charming, Callières warns that one should be careful to avoid getting overcharmed oneself. Shortly before the war ended, the military mission which I headed in Yugoslavia was replaced by an embassy. Before I left I drove the newly appointed ambassador—an ex-businessman with little foreign experience—to the White Palace to meet Marshal Tito. Slightly uneasy because of his inexperience, I had made sure that no interpreter other than myself would be present.

On the drive to the palace, the new ambassador kept muttering: "They say Tito has charm but he won't charm me."

When we sat down, Tito was in good form and sprayed his charm as though from a perfume flagon. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before the ambassador was leaning forward, hanging on every word as the little Balkan Communist vented his usual complaints about how he was misunderstood in the United States.

"Why, do you know, Mr. Ambassador, your newspaper people have even called me a dictator!"

The ambassador shook his head perplexed as I translated. "Tell the Marshal," he said to me, "there is only one thing to be done—for Tito to go to Washington and explain his position as he has to me. I know my government will welcome him warmly."

Aware that the ambassador had no authority to invite Tito and that scarcely anyone at that tense moment would be less welcome in Washington, I paraphrased the ambassador's words, expressing the hope that someday, after he had turned over the reins of government, Tito might find it interesting to come to America and see how we dealt with our problems.

Unfortunately, however, Tito had been taking English lessons and

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had made considerably more progress than I suspected. He looked at me, smiled, and wagged his finger: "Colonel, you know very well the ambassador said no such thing."

A week later, back in Washington, I encountered the chief of the Balkan Division in the gloomy halls of the old State Department. "What's been going on in Belgrade?" he growled, waving a piece of paper in my face. "The Yugoslav mission here has just handed us a message from Tito accepting an invitation to visit Washington." While the unfortunate division chief was seeking a way out of his dilemma, President Roosevelt died and the Yugoslavs were informed that under the circumstances the visit had better be postponed. Tito, according to reliable reports, is still awaiting a renewal of the invitation.

It is an old rule of diplomacy to approach one's goal gradually and step by step. To unfold one's grand design all at once, Callières warns, may frighten or overwhelm lesser and more timid minds. The diplomats who in 1950 launched the European Defense Community which was to unite Western European defenses in a single army might well have heeded the warning. Though the treaty was negotiated, signed, and ratified by most European states, it was too grand a design for the French, who balked at amalgamating their defenses with their centuries' old enemy, the Germans. Eventually it was replaced by the more gradual unification plan embodied in the less precipitate Western European Union but only after five precious years had been wasted.

At the outbreak of World War II my chief gave me a lesson in the tiny-steps-for-tiny-tots approach, though the design was far less grand. After the British declaration of war, a British vice-consul in Hamburg where I was stationed had been thrown into jail while awaiting repatriation, in retaliation for the arrest of a German consul in Glasgow. The American consul general, Wilbur Keblinger, had taken charge of British interests. He was an old Foreign Service officer, strongly pro-British and not particularly fond of the Germans. Collecting a few of the vice-consul's belongings and adding a few items from his own supplies, he turned them over to me with precise instructions about their delivery.

The director of the Hamburg prison was a polite, old retired officer who welcomed me graciously, no doubt haunted, as so many Germans

then were, by the fear that if the Americans were offended they might join the British against them. He had the British vice-consul brought from his cell and one by one I handed over the items: pajamas, shirts, socks, and a toilet kit. When I brought out a phial of sleeping pills the prison director objected that they were forbidden lest the prisoners kill themselves deliberately with an overdose. The peppery little vice-consul retorted angrily that it took more than a stinking German prison to get an Englishman down. Taken aback by this outburst the director handed him the pills.

I then produced a bottle of sherry, explaining that the vice-consul should have it served before his luncheon. The director said nothing but took the bottle submissively. Next I produced a bottle of champagne which, I said, should be brought in properly iced with the vice-consul's dinner. The director shifted uneasily but remained silent. Next came a bottle of gin, another of vermouth, and a cocktail shaker. This, I explained, was for the vice-consul's evening Martini. "Now, you take one part of vermouth," I began, turning to the director, "and four parts of gin, add plenty of ice—" But I had reached the end of my tiny steps.

"*Verdammt!*" the director exploded, "I am willing to serve sherry and champagne and even gin to this prisoner, but he can damn well mix his own Martinis."

When I reported back to the consul general he agreed that his grand design had been substantially accomplished.

Threats as a means of negotiation are not generally recommended by experienced diplomats. They "always do harm to negotiations," Callières maintains. In fact, he says, the stronger the state the gentler must be its diplomats. Power should speak for itself, for when it is vaunted it is liable to arouse resentment. The Byzantine school does not subscribe to this teaching and occasionally even Western diplomats are forced to disregard it.

The same Consul General Keblinger of Hamburg was a most mild-mannered man who scarcely raised a finger in his well-run office and never raised his voice. The outbreak of war had left hundreds of Americans stranded in Hamburg with accommodations on Hamburg-Amerika Line ships which could no longer sail because of the British blockade. The line offered to transfer the tickets to Scandinavian lines

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still sailing from neutral Copenhagen, but the cautious Scandinavians refused to honor the tickets until they were reimbursed in gold. The German Finance Office, however, refused to transfer the necessary gold.

When I reported this to Keblinger, the old man rose from his desk, clamped a stiff black Homburg on his white head, took a strong black Malacca cane, and nodding to me set off up the street to the Finance Office. A pompous uniformed doorman complete with swastika on his arm stepped up to him as he entered, but the point of the stick caught him in the pit of his stomach and he fell back. As the consul general marched into the director's outer office, a young man in a black coat and striped trousers stepped forward bowing. He caught the stick across his chest. Storming into the director's office, Keblinger marched up to the desk and brought the stick down across it with such a bang that the inkpot jumped and the director fell back in his chair.

"If those funds aren't transferred while I wait here," Keblinger growled, "there's going to be real trouble!" The director began to object but the stick came down again and Keblinger repeated, "I want no talk, I want action!" The director picked up the phone and called his head office in Berlin pleading for authority to transfer the funds. Occasionally, as Berlin objected, the pleas became less forceful and Keblinger's stick hit the desk again. Eventually the director hung up and rang for his assistant: "Transfer the Hamburg-Amerika funds at once," he told him.

As we left the building the old consul general murmured softly half to himself, "I hate scenes!" Then he turned into the next pub and ordered a grog for each of us.

VIII

Methods and Mechanics: 2

GENERALLY speaking, there are two methods by which nations exchange benefits: reciprocity and most-favored-nation treatment. The first calls for an equivalent exchange, the second for treatment equal to the best given any other nation. The second method is generally favored when a government is not prepared to give up some general discrimination against foreign states. For example, before the reciprocal trade program, the United States granted tariff concessions on the most-favored-nation principle. The Soviet Union generally insists on most-favored-nation agreements in all matters because of its special restrictions against all foreign interests.

Whereas diplomatic rights are prescribed by international law, the exchange of diplomatic privileges is on the basis of reciprocity. For example, diplomatic officials of Country X in Washington are granted the same privileges as American diplomats in Country X. The Soviet rejection of this principle in diplomatic matters has led to frequent conflicts and to the reverse of the reciprocity coin—retaliation.

At the time the United States recognized the Soviet Union it was agreed that diplomats might import and re-export their personal effects without restrictions. Subsequently the Soviet Union demanded to inspect the baggage of departing diplomats to ensure they were not exporting contraband. Reluctantly the American Embassy consented to customs inspectors being present during the packing operations at the embassy.

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During the late thirties the Soviet authorities announced that personal baggage would no longer be inspected during packing at the embassy but would have to be reopened for inspection at the custom-house. When a departing American diplomat, the embassy public health surgeon, called for an inspector to be present at the embassy while he packed none showed up. Balking at this new restriction, the ambassador told the unfortunate public health surgeon to postpone his departure.

Some weeks later after lengthy exchanges between the embassy and Washington, the Soviet Foreign Office complained that two Soviet ships were being delayed in transit through the Panama Canal. The embassy expressed polite regrets and suggested it might be due to a shortage of public health surgeons to administer quarantine regulations in the Canal Zone. When told this the Foreign Office official nodded knowingly and a day or two later a customs inspector turned up to watch the public health surgeon pack. Subsequently the Foreign Office reported that its two ships had cleared the canal, and everyone apparently was happy.

This form of reciprocity or retaliation is a dangerous diplomatic maneuver which experienced diplomats are loath to employ. One disadvantage in using it with the Soviets is that their system is better adapted to raising the ante than are other less authoritarian forms of government.

A few months before the Germans attacked the Soviet Union in 1941, the Kremlin imposed severe travel restrictions on all foreign diplomats, requiring prior consent of the police before they might go beyond certain limits around Moscow. The American Embassy immediately applied for permission for several of the staff to travel to Tolstoi's home near Tula, a well-known sightseeing attraction. Permission was refused. Some days later the Foreign Office complained that it had word from its ambassador in Washington, Oumansky, that he had been forbidden to leave the capital without permission and that permission had been refused for him to go to New York. The embassy expressed its condolences for this sad state of affairs, the more poignant because Oumansky's mistress was believed to live in New York. At the same time it asked about the permit for Tula. It had not yet been granted and indeed never was.

The restrictions remained in force until after the Soviet Union and

the United States were allied in the war. Then the bans were lifted, but as soon as the war was over they were reimposed. In retaliation, Soviet officials were forbidden to travel in certain specified areas in the United States.

Restrictions on foreigners in the Soviet Union have never been revealed to the Soviet public. Traveling by air from Central Asia to Moscow in 1956, a Soviet traveler showed me an item in *Pravda* stating that a Russian writer had been forbidden to visit the home state of Eugene O'Neill.

"Why?" he asked indignantly.

"In retaliation for the Soviet rules which prevent me from visiting Alma-Ata," I replied.

"There are no such restrictions," the man answered, and to prove it summoned an airline official also in the plane who offered to sell me a ticket to any Central Asian town I wanted to visit. Since we were nearing Moscow, the offer was well timed. A violent discussion ensued, participated in by most of the passengers in the plane, until at last the pilot came back from the cockpit to complain that we were rocking his ship. But before the argument ended it had become all too clear how easy it is to be maneuvered by retaliatory actions into a position which appears to be not only contrary to Western concepts of freedom but downright unreasonable and childish—at least to world opinion. The Soviets, indifferent to public opinion, suffer from no such limitations in the game of retaliation.

Callières cautions that a diplomat must have "an equable humor, a tranquil and patient nature." He cites as an example Cardinal Mazarin on a mission to the Duke of Ferra, then governor of Milan, to learn the latter's real intentions on a certain matter. "Mazarin had the cunning to inflame the duke's anger and thus to discover what he would never have known if the duke himself had held a wise hold over his feelings."

Nicolson states: "The occasions on which diplomatists have lost their tempers are remembered with horror by generations of their successors."

Particularly today when dealing with Byzantine diplomacy the ability to keep one's temper is the most difficult but valuable attribute of a negotiator. Vyacheslav Molotov is undoubtedly the greatest modern practitioner of the art of goat-getting. Among his victims

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he can count the otherwise imperturbable General George Marshall, who was once goaded by Molotov beyond even his almost limitless imperturbability at a council of foreign ministers in London in 1947. Having listened to a particularly vituperative and insulting speech by Molotov, Marshall rose from his chair. "The remarks of the Soviet foreign minister," he said austerely, "do not enhance the reputation of the government he represents." Then he stalked out of the conference room never to return.

Patience during interminable, tedious negotiations is no less important than temper control. The records of the wartime and postwar allied conferences are replete with instances in which the weightiest questions were settled by hasty compromises in order to permit the delegates to return home for urgent appointments.

"The day you Americans are as patient as the Russians," the wise old Socialist, Kurt Schumacher, once told me, "you will stop losing the cold war. And the day you learn to outsit them by a single minute you will start winning it."

An unhappy instance of American impatience occurred at the Potsdam Conference. The American commissioner on the Reparations Commission was a Texas oil magnate. In the last hectic hours of the conference the Russians managed to slip a clause into the reparations agreement whereby certain Austrian properties were included under the heading of German assets from which the Russians might draw reparations.

When the commissioner was subsequently asked about this slip, he replied a little apologetically: "We seem to have overlooked that point in our hurry to wind up and go home."

For years the United States watched in bitter acquiescence while the Russians extracted millions in tribute from the Austrians, because of our commissioner's impatience to "wind up and go home."

Fortunately not all American delegates have shown impatience. It was due largely to the infinitely patient work of Ambassador Llewellyn E. Thompson in Vienna that Austria finally won her independence.

Thompson needed even more patience during the highly secret negotiations to settle the conflicting postwar claims of Italy and Yugoslavia to Trieste. London was chosen for the negotiations, as it seemed the place least likely to arouse the suspicions of the press. The day after his youngest child was born, Thompson was ordered there

for what was believed would be a brief conference of a few weeks. To explain away his presence Thompson told the few acquaintances he could not avoid that he was in London to buy some clothes. By the time the issue was successfully settled Thompson's fictitious wardrobe had assumed almost incredible proportions and his youngest daughter was eight months old. Later Thompson attributed the success of the conference largely to the fact that in its early phases at least the Italian and Yugoslav press did not have an inkling that the inflammable Trieste issue was even under discussion.

When in 1946 a Soviet delegation turned up in Seoul to negotiate with the Americans on Korean independence, the first question they asked was "How long are you Americans prepared to negotiate?"

The chief American delegate was Major General Archibald Arnold, a famous West Point football star, a distinguished combat soldier but without previous diplomatic experience. Arnold, however, had immense common sense and unlimited patience. In answer to the Russian's question he said unhesitatingly:

"Till hell freezes over." The Soviet delegates exchanged glances that were not particularly happy.

Within a few days it became apparent to the American delegates that the Soviets would permit Korean reunification and independence only under a "dictatorship of the proletariat" chosen in an election from which all but Communists and fellow travelers would be excluded as "Fascists." The Soviet delegates were wise enough to camouflage their instructions so as not to antagonize the Korean public, chafing under division and occupation. The Americans' problem therefore was to force them to reveal their real intentions before the conference stenographer so that when published the record would leave no doubt about Soviet aims.

At this point General Arnold recalled the tactics of Molotov. With infinite politeness he thrust a long delicate verbal needle into his adversary's flank and immediately drew blood. The Soviet chief delegate, General T. Shtikov (he refused to divulge his first name on security grounds), was a roly-poly little man of no great intelligence. (We later learned that the T. stood for Terentii. As this is written Shtigov has just been appointed Soviet ambassador to Hungary.) For several sessions Arnold drove his needles. As Shtikov's temper flared, he blurted out indiscretions. Beside him, tugging frantically

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but vainly at his chief's tunic, was his diplomatic adviser, Simyon Tsarapkin, then on the threshold of a spectacular diplomatic career as a leading exponent of the rough-and-tumble Soviet school.

At last, goaded beyond endurance, Shtikov railed that in his government's view the Koreans were too primitive to be worthy of a free democratic government and that until they had grown up politically they needed an authoritarian regime over them. As he shouted, Arnold sat impassive, listening attentively and occasionally nodding approval.

"Well, General," Shtikov wound up in a purple passion, "what has the U. S. delegation to say to that?"

"Nothing," Arnold answered.

"Oh, yes, it has," Shtikov bellowed furiously. "I saw that note your staff passed to you. What does it say?"

"Must you know?" Arnold asked gently, and read from the note. "It says the delegates think you're sore enough for today." He paused for the interpreter to translate and then added softly, "Shall we adjourn?"

This time it was the Russians who a few days later wound up and went home. When they returned four years later it was with their armies.

The negotiations in Seoul illustrate an important innovation in diplomatic negotiation that has developed since the days of Metternich. It derives from the immense role played by public opinion even in the most secret negotiations. The negotiator must always be aware that whatever the outcome of a negotiation, whether it end in agreement or not, it will be subjected to the closest scrutiny in the press and in parliaments and by public opinion. Since he can never be certain, particularly in dealing with the Byzantine school, when or if the talks will end or whether the adversary will leak what is transpiring to the public, he must constantly take care to keep the record straight so that if revealed at any stage it will justify his position in the public eye. This innovation has made the tasks of the Metternichs of today infinitely more difficult than those of their predecessors.

The mechanics of normal negotiations have not changed greatly since the days of Callières nor do they differ basically from the mechanics of business negotiations though they are somewhat more formalized, even stylized. Normal diplomacy, as distinguished from

personal, conference or parliamentary diplomacy, can be carried out either by correspondence or orally or by a combination of both methods.

Correspondence between an embassy and a Foreign Office is of three types. The most official and formal is the *Note* addressed to the foreign minister and signed by the ambassador. Ordinarily it is in the first person though on the most formal occasions it can be in the third person.

The second category is the *Note Verbal*, which is addressed to the Foreign Ministry by the embassy, is never signed and is invariably in the third person. In American practice it usually begins: "The Embassy of the United States of America presents its compliments and has the honor to . . ."

The third category is the *Memoir* or *Aide-Mémoire*. It never bears a signature and is used chiefly to record certain facts already known to the recipient or to record statements already made orally.

Ordinary personal or private letters are permitted by diplomatic practice and may therefore be considered a fourth category. However, they are seldom used for the transaction of official business and are generally confined to thanking the foreign minister for a pleasant pheasant shoot, enclosing some rare stamps for his Majesty's private collection, or some similar personal matter.

Occasionally the embassies of several governments band together to sign a single communication to a foreign government, known as a *Collective Note*. Since this collusion is considered tantamount to bullying, it is rarely resorted to except when victorious allies are dictating to a defeated adversary, as for example when the Entente powers notified Vienna and Budapest after World War I that the Austro-Hungarian Empire had been liquidated. (Subsequently many statesmen and historians regretted that even this Collective Note had ever been dispatched.)

More frequently, several governments will collaborate in sending separate but practically identical communications to a single recipient. These are known as *Identic Notes* and, though somewhat less offensive than the Collective Note, nevertheless carry a connotation of ganging up.

Parallel Notes are the same as Identic Notes except that the wording may differ though not the basic reasoning. During World War II when the Western Allies sent very similar notes to Stalin he often

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took offense on the ground that they were too parallel. His successors, however, have grown more accustomed to Western collaboration in facing up to Soviet offensives and no longer exhibit undue resentment at a certain degree of parallelism.

Notes, Notes Verbal, or Aide-Mémoires are never sent by mail. Routine messages are dispatched by embassy messengers who carry with them books in which the notes are registered and which the recipient's mail clerks sign for their receipt. Slightly more important notes are carried by an embassy secretary, a diplomatic official, and delivered in person to an official of equivalent rank in the Foreign Office. The most important communications are delivered in person by the ambassador to the foreign minister.

One frequently reads in the press that a diplomatic note has been "rejected" by a foreign government. The chances are that the report is incorrect and that the foreign government has merely rejected the arguments or allegations in the note.

In diplomatic practice to reject a note means to refuse its receipt or to return it physically to the sender after reading it. A true rejection is therefore a serious and somewhat rare slap. A celebrated contemporary example of a note's rejection was when Stalin sent an offensively worded telegram to Churchill complaining that a British convoy had failed to protect adequately certain shipments through the Arctic Ocean. Churchill promptly summoned the Soviet ambassador in London and handed the telegram back to him in an envelope. Ambassador Gusev, fearful of Stalin's wrath, complained he was under orders to deliver the message.

"But I am not prepared to receive it," Churchill replied austere-ly and indicated that the interview was over.

A more recent case occurred in 1959 when President Eisenhower refused to accept one of Khrushchev's more offensive letters concerning Quemoy.

Occasionally officials "reject" even oral communications but this is somewhat more difficult and less convincing. During the postwar negotiations for the joint occupation of Vienna, the American commander, General Mark Clark, became impatient with Soviet dilatory tactics and told his deputy, General Alfred M. Gruenther, to inform the Soviet High Command that unless they responded to his demands within twenty-four hours he would ask the White House to protest to the

Kremlin. Gruenther was in Salzburg, and since I was the only person then in Vienna who was familiar with the negotiations, I was ordered to deliver the message orally to Deputy Soviet Commander in Chief Zheltov.

The difficulty was that I was a lieutenant colonel and Zheltov was a colonel general. However, I managed to get into his office and after delivering a most military salute, repeated the message verbatim. Zheltov, as might have been expected, fissioned. His six-foot-six, 300-pound body rose like a mushroom cloud from his chair and hurtled about his big office for several seconds before he regained control over himself.

Slapping a pad and pencil before me he demanded that I write the message, in order, no doubt, to hand it back to me. I reiterated my instructions to deliver the message orally. Zheltov asked if American lieutenant colonels did not take orders from colonel generals. I replied meekly that I did when they were delivered through proper channels. After more vituperation, during which Zheltov said he refused to accept the message and I pointed out that it had been delivered, the irate general turned his back and indicated, with considerably less dignity or austerity than Churchill would have, that the interview was ended. I delivered myself of an even grander military salute and departed, infinitely grateful for the American uniform that had protected me from Siberia or some other fate worse than death.

The episode was, of course, a breach of diplomatic etiquette since diplomats are supposed to deal only with opposite numbers. However, we were all playing soldier in those days: Zheltov was a senior member of the Communist Central Committee and I was on temporary loan from the State Department.

Cautious or timid ambassadors prefer to conduct negotiations in writing to avoid misunderstandings or misinterpretations. However, the ablest diplomats have always preferred oral negotiations, which Callières himself recommended. Oral negotiation is not only speedier but is more flexible in finding solutions to conflicts of interest. Besides, an able diplomat can generally read more from the changes of expression in his colleague's face than a dozen formal notes would convey. Dwight Morrow, the American ambassador in Mexico during the oil disputes in the twenties, conducted practically all his negotiations orally and with great success.

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Occasionally a procedure known as *Mixed Relations* is adopted as a compromise between written and oral negotiations. This means that after the two sides have discussed a matter each will submit a written brief of its position. After a particularly intricate matter has been discussed orally, a cautious diplomat will make a memorandum of what was stated and submit it for verification to his opposite before reporting the conversation to his own Foreign Office.

Back in 1848 a British ambassador in Paris, after considerable wrangling, wrung a concession from French Foreign Minister Guizot and, without submitting to the latter a memorandum of the understanding for verification, notified his Foreign Office. Subsequently the French welshed on the agreement and when Guizot was reproached he argued that no agreement made orally was binding until committed to writing and submitted for verification. A recent example was the so-called Gentleman's Agreement on the occupation of Berlin between the Soviet and American High Commands. Subsequently the Soviet authorities, following Guizot's precedent, repudiated parts of the agreement, which led to the Berlin Blockade.

Before World War I the diplomatic language was French and every diplomat of every state was expected to be fluent in that language. In fact, the czarist Foreign Office carried on most of its communications with its own ambassadors in French. Since then, however, English has largely superseded French in most parts of the world. Furthermore, as a result of rising nationalism, most countries including the Soviet Union demand that all conversations, treaties, and agreements be in their own language as well as in that of the other party to the agreement.

Because of the absence of any formally recognized diplomatic language today, the use of interpreters has greatly increased. Interpreters serve a dual purpose of translating and acting as witnesses for what has been said. For example, Charles E. Bohlen, though fluent in Russian and frequently an interpreter for President Roosevelt during the war, when he became ambassador in Moscow invariably took a translator along with him to the Foreign Office or the Kremlin simply to record and witness what transpired.

Occasionally negotiators augment their staffs at a negotiation as psychological supporters like the rooters at a football game to overawe their opponents. In my first encounter with Simyon Tsarapkin

in Korea he appeared in the conference room flanked by a dozen aides whom he called assistants, experts, and translators. Confident that English would not become a dead language if we carried on in Russian, I suggested we dispense with interpreters for the sake of speed. Tsarapkin agreed to Russian but not to dismissing his interpreters and assistants. When after our first session I reported to my chief, a general, he promised to take care of the situation. On my return to the conference room I found a score of American officers flanking me at the table. When Tsarapkin asked who they were they replied that they were simply assistants, experts, and translators. After that Tsarapkin cut down his cheering section to a single assistant.

My little initial triumphs, however, proved my subsequent undoing. Some days later we agreed to exchange simultaneously estimates of the political strength of the various factions of North and South Korea. The simultaneous exchange was important lest one side, having seen the other's estimate, pad his own to compensate for it. When I appeared somewhat tardily with my estimate, I asked Tsarapkin if he had prepared his. He replied that his had been ready for some days and patted his briefcase in confirmation. I passed him my estimate and after he had read it asked for his.

"I left it at home," he said nonchalantly. Furious, I reproached him with being a damned liar but he simply laughed.

"I never said I had the paper with me, did I?" he said, turning to the single other witness—his own interpreter. From then on I never faced Tsarapkin without at least one witness.

The task of interpreting is not an easy one even for those thoroughly fluent in both languages. It frequently occurs that, unless the interpreter is fully familiar with the intricacies and nuances of the subject under discussion, a single slight misstep in interpreting will send the negotiators off on opposite tangents, arguing about entirely different points. Furthermore, if the principal negotiator is wordy or at all imprecise, it is difficult for the interpreter to translate his imprecisions accurately. Often negotiators unfamiliar with interpreted exchanges will resort to untranslatable slang or expressions utterly meaningless to the other side.

Once when I was translating for General Clark and Marshal Koniev in Vienna, Clark became annoyed with Soviet procrastinations and said angrily that unless they started playing ball no one would get to

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first base. Switching to a metaphor more familiar to the Russians, I said that unless we started playing soccer no goals would be scored. Whereupon Koniev retorted innocently and his interpreter translated literally, that Clark should try kicking the ball. Incensed at having his baseball skill or his sportsmanship impugned, Clark exploded before I could explain away the misunderstanding.

Finally, when all ruses have been thwarted, misunderstandings cleared up, differences compromised, and mutual benefits weighed and exchanged, a treaty or agreement may be prepared for signature. However, in this age of nationalism each side will insist on having an original in its own language. Hence the interpreters must go to work once more and "agree" the texts in the languages involved.

The negotiation of the preliminary agreement for the joint occupation of Vienna by French, British, Russians, and Americans commenced one early morning in the outskirts of the Austrian capital and continued, with a single break for dinner, until two or three o'clock the following morning. By then three of the interpreters had collapsed, exhausted. However, a farsighted American medical officer had kept me supplied with Benzedrine until the last item was settled. Thereupon the Russian General presiding proposed: "It is time for the generals to sleep. The apparatus will have the documents ready for signature at dawn."

Half dead with exhaustion, I translated into English and French but then I added, "General, I don't mind working the rest of the night, but must you refer to me as an apparatus?" The general smiled, and amended his proposal: "The generals will sleep and the colonel will prepare the documents."

I roused my interpreter colleagues and hastily we edited, corrected, and agreed the texts. But the job was only half over. Nowadays every government insists that it not only have the treaty in its own language as well as the other languages employed but that each copy be signed first by its own representative. And no carbon copies! For several more hours a battery of stenographers sweated over their machines while the translators proofread twelve original copies of the agreement. This signature procedure is known as the principle of the *Alternat* by diplomats. Interpreters and stenographers have another word for it.

IX

Methods and Mechanics: 3

HERETOFORE I have discussed the techniques and mechanics of "normal" diplomacy. Perhaps the description is misleading. Before World War I international relations were normally carried on through ambassadors and embassies. Even multilateral agreements were negotiated by ambassadors of several countries and the host Foreign Office. Only rarely were great conferences like that of Vienna convened to settle world-wide issues. But beginning with World War I a new form of negotiation which might be called conference diplomacy gradually usurped many of the normal functions of established diplomatic channels.

The term "conference diplomacy" has been used by many authorities to include personal diplomacy or direct negotiations between chiefs of state, prime ministers, or foreign ministers. While personal and conference diplomacy have a common origin in the period of World War I and immediately thereafter, they should, I believe, be carefully distinguished.

Conference diplomacy is the procedure whereby special delegations, usually headed by special chief delegates, foregather to settle special problems. They may meet in a great capital, in which case the embassies are drawn into the procedure but usually only in a housekeeping capacity. The delegations are normally self-contained and independent of the embassy staff including the ambassador. Frequently conferences are held in small resort towns where the agreeable atmosphere is

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deemed to have a mellowing effect on the negotiators and where the de luxe hotels can provide the sumptuous accommodations to which diplomats are supposed to be accustomed but seldom are.

Conference diplomacy owes its growth chiefly to the increasingly technical character of international relations. During World War I such technical problems as the financing of war purchases, the furnishing of shipping, and the collection and distribution of foodstuffs required the participation of specialists in these fields in international negotiations. International committees and boards of experts were established which negotiated these problems almost continuously. After the war the problems did not vanish but indeed became even more complex.

With World War II the need for international conferences became even more urgent and after the war, although the United Nations took over many technical functions, they mushroomed to the point where today scarcely a week passes without the convening of an international conference on any subject from child welfare to the standardization of the inch.

It is often argued that these conferences should be left in the hands exclusively of specialists and that old-fashioned diplomacy and diplomats are only a hindrance to them. Since, it is argued, the true scientists the world over are equally dedicated to the same goals, their discussions should not be hampered by diplomatic or political influences.

However, national interests, particularly national security, are often deeply involved and their negotiation in conferences requires the application of a different specialty than that which the physicist, geologist, or chemist has been trained for, namely, diplomacy.

In 1958 a conference was convened in Geneva to investigate methods of detecting nuclear explosions. It was billed as a purely scientific exploration from which all political considerations were to be resolutely excluded. When the Soviet delegation stepped from its plane it was headed by a shaggy-haired little man with an unprepossessing manner and a crooked smile. You could have searched in vain for his name in every register of Soviet scientific institutions. No American scientist had ever read one of his papers or heard him address a scientific gathering. But he was well known to many American diplomats as one of the Kremlin's toughest negotiators. The reader too will already be familiar with the name of Simyon Tsarapkin.

Conference diplomacy is even more formal and hence less productive than normal diplomacy carried on informally in some dim chancellery office. In the first place, if it is of any international importance, it is "covered" by the big newspapers, picture services, and wire agencies. To handle the press every delegation has a press or briefing officer or both whose duty it is to publicize as much as possible of the proceedings, even though these are held in so-called closed sessions. One of the press officer's first duties is to hold a preliminary briefing at which the aims of his delegation are explained, thus freezing its bargaining position before the sessions even begin.

The first formal session is generally attended by the flash of photographers' bulbs, the whirring of cameras, and the scribbling of reporters. Each chief delegate makes a formal statement hinting at the aims he hopes to achieve, thus solidifying his position still further and making profitable compromise even more difficult.

The press is then ejected and retires to the nearest bar to exchange rumors until the first closed session is over and the various briefing officers hold press conferences to publicize their delegations' initial triumphs and the unreasonableness of the other delegations' positions.

The first closed session begins with a discussion of the agenda—the subjects to be treated and the order in which they will be discussed. When both Western and Byzantine diplomacy is represented, this inevitably leads to a struggle as each side attempts to arrange the discussion so that its point of view is best presented. Ordinarily this means that the subjects in which each negotiator is seeking concessions be discussed first and those of the opponent last.

In 1951 the Palais Rose conference in Paris was called only to arrange an agenda for another conference of foreign ministers. After scores of meetings the conference broke up in disagreement.

The sessions themselves consist chiefly of statements, often interminably long, defining the position of each delegation, which any skilled diplomat present should have known before the conference opened. The statements are interspersed with proposals making cautious concessions designed to approach the delegation's minimum position as slowly as possible. If the delegation, as occasionally happens, has no concessions to make it simply repeats its original position in different language day after day. On the other hand, if the various delegations are seriously interested in compromise, the speeches are

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reduced, the concessions move further and are introduced at shorter intervals until compromise has been achieved.

The proceedings are usually parliamentary and protocol is observed in inverse proportion to the diplomatic professionalism of the participants. Those who have attended a formal meeting of a journalists' association will have noted the interminable parliamentary formalities and rigid protocol over the most trivial questions inspired by the suppressed longing of the journalists to act like diplomats. (The diplomat frequently expresses his suppressed longing to act like a correspondent in the journalistic jargon of his telegrams.)

Every newspaper reader will recognize the formulas with which varying degrees of success are announced at the end of a conference. "Full agreement" but no published agreements means doubtful; "substantial agreement" means disagreement in at least some important fields; "full exchange of views resulted" means no agreement at all.

If unfriendly powers announce "full agreement," it may mean substantial success. No success is generally signaled by unilateral announcements that the conference adjourned *sine die*, meaning that the participants could not even agree on how to disagree.

Older diplomats generally deplore the rise of conference diplomacy because of its cumbersomeness and the obstacles to beneficial compromises that it creates. However, the continued advance of technology into the international field, the complexity of problems requiring specialists, and the increasing need for multilateral rather than bilateral agreements point to an ever-increasing reliance on conference diplomacy.

Personal diplomacy I have already defined as the participation in active negotiation of chiefs of state, prime ministers, or foreign ministers. Professional diplomats throughout the ages have frowned on this method of negotiation, principally because a sovereign or his immediate ministers cannot concede the adjustments and compromises necessary to successful negotiation without damaging their personal positions. An experienced fifteenth-century diplomat, Philippe de Comines, once said: "Two great princes who wish to establish good personal relations should never meet each other face to face but ought to communicate through good and wise ambassadors."

There are, of course, some advantages to personal diplomacy. A foreign minister can, especially in the age of jet planes, fly to a trouble

spot and, by using his prestige and authority, settle in a few hours problems that an ambassador following written instructions might take weeks to accomplish. By getting to know other foreign ministers personally and subsequently cultivating this friendship by personal correspondence, he can create a friendly atmosphere for the settlement of disputes and the prevention of misunderstandings.

There are, nevertheless, disadvantages to the practice. Sir Harold Nicolson, after returning disillusioned from the Versailles Conference, where his erstwhile hero, Woodrow Wilson, had by his presence revived personal diplomacy, had the following to say about the practice:

Nothing could be more fatal than the habit (the at present fatal and pernicious habit) of personal contact between the statesmen of the world. It is argued, in defense of this pastime, that the foreign secretaries of the nations "get to know each other." This is an extremely dangerous cognisance. Personal contact breeds, inevitably, personal acquaintance and that, in its turn, leads in many cases to friendliness: there is nothing more damaging to precision in international relations than friendliness between contracting parties. Locarno, not to mention Thoiry, should have convinced us of the desirability of keeping our statesmen segregated, immune and mutually detached. This is no mere paradox. Diplomacy is the art of negotiating *documents* in a ratifiable and therefore dependable form. It is by no means the art of conversation. The affability inseparable from any conversation between Foreign Ministers produces allusiveness, compromises, and high intentions.

Twenty years later he had not revised his views:

Repeated personal visits [he wrote in 1939] on the part of the Foreign Secretary of one country to the Foreign Secretary of the other should not be encouraged. Such visits arouse public expectation, lead to misunderstandings and create confusion. The time at the disposal of these visitors is not always sufficient to allow for patience and calm deliberation. The honors which are paid to a minister in a foreign capital may tire his physique, excite his vanity or bewilder his judgment. His desire not to offend his host may lead him with lamentable results to avoid raising unpalatable questions or to be imprecise regarding acute points of controversy.

There are other drawbacks to personal diplomacy. Personal acquaintance does not always lead to friendship but occasionally to quite the

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opposite, and unfriendliness is no more conducive to successful diplomatic negotiation than excessive friendship.

When a foreign minister is absent from his capital, the decision-making process of his department must inevitably be impaired. Subordinates handling urgent matters in other areas of the globe must await the return of the chief to obtain his direction and counsel.

In the brief period a foreign minister can afford to devote to a single problem today there is scarcely time during his journey and necessarily brief visit to absorb either the facts or the essential atmosphere surrounding the problems to be negotiated—the personalities of the government and the opposition, the state of public opinion, and the local prejudices and aspirations of the country. He is therefore forced to rely largely on first impressions or the impressions of others acquired secondhand to guide him through the maze confronting him.

Finally, when the normal channels of diplomatic intercourse are for extended periods replaced by personal contacts between foreign ministers they tend inevitably to atrophy, leaving a dangerous vacuum in the machinery of foreign relations when the foreign minister, in whose person the contacts reside, is no longer in office.

It is not suggested that chiefs of state or their foreign ministers should never participate in negotiations. On rare occasions their presence at a major peace conference or settlement may be unavoidable. In such an event, with adequate deputies to make routine decisions at home, plenty of time to immerse themselves thoroughly in the problems to be negotiated, and no pressing engagements to hurry them into hasty decisions or compromises, a personal conference or even its ultimate form, the summit conference, may prove profitable. The professional diplomat would stress, however, that such occasions are the exception and not the rule.

The League of Nations, and to an even greater extent the United Nations, has given birth to still another form of negotiation which has been called parliamentary diplomacy.

It would be superfluous both to the reader and to my theme to outline here even in the most summary form the machinery of the United Nations with its Security Council and its veto, the Assembly and its voting procedures, the Secretariat which provides the permanent machinery for many of the international conferences I have already described, and finally the subordinate international agencies with their

intriguing initials like WHO. There are, however, two features of the United Nations that have contributed something new and different to the diplomatic process. On the one hand, it has for the first time provided a neutral ground, complete with bars and lounges with comfortable overstuffed chairs, where diplomats representing most of the countries of the world are permanently available and where, protected from the prying eyes of the press by their very numbers, envoys can meet and exchange information as inconspicuously as housewives gossiping in the market place.

Here, too, occasional hints can be dropped or ideas discussed between representatives of different governments without the risk of sensational reactions or reverberations. It was, for example, in the lounge of the UN that Ambassador Philip Jessup dropped the first tiny suggestion to the Soviet ambassador that eventually led to the lifting of the Berlin Blockade.

The Council and the Assembly have added another dimension to diplomacy, namely, sound. The subdued murmur of diplomats' well-modulated French-speaking voices in the thick carpeted, high-ceilinged chancelleries of old has been replaced by the podium bristling with microphones, the acoustically designed hall, and the simultaneous translating system—all to assure that not a single snarl or gnash of teeth will be missed by world opinion. And lest a tear or a scowl go unseen, television cameras are constantly on the alert.

Here representatives of aggrieved nations can voice their complaints with the assurance that at least they will be heard at home, carried thither if not by the commercial news and wire services at any rate by the United Nations' own radio service. In a sense this is the ultimate in democratic diplomacy, putting to shame the ancient Greek ambassadors orating before their public assemblies.

"Forensic ability," Nicolson grumbles, "has again resumed its clumsy place among the arts of negotiation." As the delegates listen to the interminable speeches translated into a half dozen languages by the amazing but imprecise simultaneous translating system they are tempted to repeat the withering reply of the Spartans after hearing the ambassadors from Samos:

"We have forgotten the beginning of your harangue; we paid no heed to the middle of it, and nothing has given us pleasure in it but the end."

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The chief reason for the United Nations' becoming a debating society is, of course, the Soviet practice of appealing to public opinion over the heads of governments. Another result of this practice has been the debasement of the very language of diplomacy. Two generations ago if one government told another through its diplomats that "it failed to understand" the other's attitude observers would have considered the two on the brink of war. Today, due to the Soviet development of diplomatic invective, to call another government a liar has become standard operating procedure.

In addition to histrionics, the United Nations has added to diplomacy the oddly incongruous innovation of the vote, lobbying for which has become the major preoccupation of the diplomats at the UN. In a recent Senate appropriation hearing, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, head of the United States delegation to the UN, pleaded for a dining-room table with forty seats because "that is where I try to line up the votes. Under United Nations rules, an important question must receive a two-thirds vote," he went on to explain to the senators, "and you know how hard that is.

"If you get a man up and give him a good dinner and get him into a good frame of mind, you can get a good deal more done," the ambassador added. Metternich might have applauded the techniques but he would certainly have deplored diplomacy by ballot.

"It's not diplomacy at all," said a former Italian ambassador to the UN to me recently, "it's just plain lobbying—and worse! Some African delegate proposes a resolution condemning colonies," he went on indignantly, "and how do England, France, and Portugal with all their colonies vote?—'Yes!' It's not hypocrisy, it's blackmail!"

Based on the double fiction that world opinion is sovereign, or at least wields a sanction, and that all states are equal, the UN's parliamentary diplomacy somehow lacks the quality of reality.

"It reminds me of slow-motion underwater ballet," an American diplomat commented to me after listening to a Security Council debate. "One can marvel at their ability to do without fresh air, but is it art?"

The answer is that it is a form of diplomacy no matter how odd. However, until world opinion acquires considerably greater sanctions, the parliamentary diplomacy of the UN must remain a distinctly secondary method of conducting foreign relations.

X

The Chancellery

MOST foreigners, including the British, would never dream of approaching their embassy unless they were international bankers who had just been swindled out of at least a million dollars by a foreign government or had roomed with the ambassador at Eton.

Americans, on the contrary, consider "their" embassy a combination complaint counter, loan office, and free cocktail lounge. If your hotel reservation was fouled up, the cover charge at the nightclub was too high, a policeman was surly or it's the Fourth of July, just drop in and see the ambassador.

Hugh Gibson, a well-known wit among professional American diplomats, once wrote to a friend at home:

Americans are fond of telling each other what a simple, easy-going, good-natured race we are. That doubtless holds good at home, but you would be surprised how many of your fellow citizens enter an American embassy with a chip on their shoulder.

As he crosses the threshold he undergoes the metamorphosis from a simple American to an American-citizen-taxpayer-and-don't-you-forget-it.

And the young diplomat or consular officer who has the privilege of receiving his fellow countryman has to draw daily on his stock of patience and sense of humor.

People who would wait uncomplainingly to see a dentist or a lawyer cannot brook delay in *their* embassy, even long enough for the visitors ahead of them to be served. Who has not heard in one of our offices "I

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want service and make it snappy."

And the things they want service on would fill a book. They want to be taken around at once to see the King. They want to be invited to dine at the Embassy and demand it as a right. They want you to give a party—at your expense of course—so that they can play or sing or recite, preferably before some Royalties

They bring warm letters of introduction from people you don't know—and who often don't know them—and then sound off with a list of their desiderata.

This kind comes in looking for trouble—and if it isn't there they invent it. They begin by being outraged that the man who opens the door speaks no English. If there isn't anybody actually waiting to receive them, they complain at having to wait, and usually place a staggering value on their time. They tell the officer who receives them not only what he has to do for them but also how he is to do it. If he is so misguided as to persist in doing it as experience has taught, they demand to see the Ambassador or Consul General. This is frequently accompanied by the phrase: "I made a mistake to talk to you in the first place. I always deal with principals."

If there is any delay in producing the chief, the servant of a simple and unassuming democracy can usually count on hearing at this stage that the caller is an intimate friend of one or more Senators and Congressmen—and in case of extreme annoyance of the PRESIDENT. This is recognized at once as the preamble to the statement that all of them, President, Senators, and Congressmen, are going to hear without delay how Americans are treated in this place.

Technically speaking, the embassy is where the ambassador lives and allegedly serves free drinks. Business is done at the chancellery. But in recent years the terms have been confused by government administrators, architects, and others equally unfamiliar with diplomacy. Today the ambassador's home is usually called the "residence" and the chancellery the "embassy."

So if you have a bone to pick, hail a cab and have him take you to the embassy. Most taxi drivers in foreign capitals nowadays know where it is—though they might not have thirty years ago.

You may well be puzzled by the building he takes you to which houses your government's representatives. It may turn out to be a converted apartment house like the one in Beirut or a run-down Oriental palace or a glass cigar box floating on pylons that appears to

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have drifted from its moorings on Park Avenue. Occasionally you will find an embassy that actually looks like what you expected—solidly Gothic and monumental.

In the early days of American diplomacy embassies and offices were often combined in a building rented by the government for its envoys. It was often so small and dingy that wealthy ambassadors rented homes with their own funds. In 1823 the Sultan of Morocco, apparently feeling sorry for the poor Americans, gave them an embassy in Tangier. It is still in use but is somewhat dilapidated; the government would like to sell it but finds it awkward to sell a gift from the deceased Sultan.

Exactly a hundred years elapsed before another donor, the late J. P. Morgan, gave the government an embassy in London known as Prince's Gate. Apparently Washington had no qualms about offending bankers and sold the building after World War II.

In 1929 Congress began making small appropriations available to construct or buy embassies abroad. The embassies in Paris and Tokyo, both of which really look like embassies, were built in 1930. During World War II, while the palace we had lately bought at the Brandenburg Tor for our Berlin Embassy was being demolished by our own bombs, the State Department concentrated its construction efforts in South America, where a number of embassies and even consulates were built.

After the war counterpart funds and other credits generated in the war areas by the sale of American military equipment were used to build embassies. But, as often happens, Congress took exception to some of these buildings and held one of its periodic investigations of the State Department to inquire into its architectural talents.

As a result an Advisory Committee of prominent American architects was formed to pass on foreign building plans. Out of some eight hundred architectural firms who applied about a hundred were selected to build embassies abroad. Today when a new embassy is to be built one firm is selected from this list and its plans submitted to the Advisory Committee for its approval.

The results of this system have been varied. Several foreign cities have been embellished with handsome American buildings. In others charming Old World settings have had their ancient atmosphere rudely jarred by the erection of a glass box on stilts, eminently suited

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to the New World of Manhattan.

But thus far no American architects have had the spectacular success of disfiguring an entire city that Stalin achieved when he presented Warsaw with a university building, built largely at Polish expense, which looks like a thirty-story birthday cake in a style known as Monumental Stalinesque.

On occasion local governments have objected to the New Look American diplomatic edifices. In Munich the lord mayor in 1952 disapproved the transplantation of American Modern to an area of Bavarian Baroque. However, when Bavarian architects were asked to do better, the glass-enclosed consulate general that resulted left the inmates stifling in sunlight and the passers-by equally breathless.

In some capitals such as Seoul and Bonn entire American communities were erected, complete with shopping centers, filling stations, schools, clubs and even churches. A plan to equip the church in Bonn with a revolving altar so that it could be quickly converted into a Catholic church, a Protestant chapel, or a Jewish synagogue, as need be, was scotched by the stories of American newspapermen tipped off to the plan by a God-fearing American diplomat.

These communities, called compounds by the State Department or ghettos by their inhabitants, are universally deplored because of the isolation they enforce upon the inmates and the envy and friction they provoke among the neighbors. However, occasionally they have had a salutary effect in selling the American way of life to foreigners.

Shortly after the American community was built in Bonn the embassy staff was temporarily reduced and some of the apartments were rented to other diplomats and German officials. One evening thereafter an American official was overtaken by a stout old German *Ministerialrat*, hustling down the street in the direction of the club. Asked why he was in such a hurry, the old man pulled a large gold watch from his vest pocket, glanced anxiously at it like the Rabbit in Alice in Wonderland, muttered "Bingo night" and hurried on.

Officials give economy as the reason for these much-disliked isolated communities of Americans huddled together and cut off from all but a minimal contact with their hosts. Economy is only part of the answer. In war-torn capitals and in primitive communities invaded by hordes of American officials and their secretaries and administrators, adequate housing was simply nonexistent. To build a community by

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mass production methods was cheaper—and easier—than attempting to spread the staffs about town in separately constructed units. To Congressional appropriation committees, economy rather than effectiveness is often a primary consideration.

But another reason has been what one might call the ex-pioneer spirit. Though they have volunteered for service abroad, many Americans seem to believe that their forefathers did enough roughing it in the wilderness. From now on it is the descendants' turn to enjoy the luxuries of modern American living wherever they may find themselves. They expect not only all the comforts of home but also the cheap servants available in less advanced communities.

One reason for this new attitude was the example set by the military authorities in providing for U. S. troops overseas. But the troops had not volunteered for service abroad nor had they undertaken to live among foreigners in unfamiliar surroundings. Indeed, many were too young and inexperienced to do so. Furthermore, the restrictions of military life, the discipline and close quarters in which they were confined, justified every relaxation that USO and Coca-Cola could provide. When the military personnel were joined by civilians from the State Department they shared these facilities. Eventually, when the military went home, the civilians inherited both the facilities and the taste for a "home away from home."

Less than a generation ago a vice-consul reporting for duty in Berlin took a room at the Station Hotel, washed and shaved and then walked over to the embassy and reported to the officer in charge. After a brief interview he was referred to the telephone operator, who kept a list of boardinghouses in the neighborhood. If he could afford a car he might choose a place in the suburbs to live in, but if not he found a room within walking distance of the office.

Today a stenographer arriving for duty in Bonn is met at the airport by an embassy car, taken to a transient billet and thence to the office where he or she is "processed" through an assembly-line procedure of being checked in, briefed, and issued an identity card, a PX permit, and finally a furnished apartment. Thenceforth each morning a special bus service will take him from the street corner to his office. Unless he is inspired with special curiosity he need never see the inside of a German streetcar, shop, or even movie theater. Nor need he ever hear the German language spoken, even by the public telephone

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operator, who has been taught to speak English for his convenience.

The ex-pioneer spirit is not confined to Foreign Service personnel. The U. S. employees of private American business firms and engineers and constructors employed on foreign projects insist not only on American-style housing, including air conditioning, but even on substantial bonuses for the inconvenience of living abroad. In the Middle East or in Southeast Asia Point 4 specialists are housed in compounds complete with movies, clubs, and iceboxes, while Soviet engineers on neighboring projects content themselves with accommodations equivalent to those of the native officials with whom they maintain contact.

Economy is also an excuse for the modern style of architecture. Traditional monumental buildings with their high ceilings and wide corridors, their spacious halls and galleries, are, we are told, only 50 per cent efficient; that is, half the space is not, in the eyes of the architectural efficiency experts, fully utilized. Modern buildings, on the other hand, are 70 per cent efficient. If therefore a diplomat misses the nook where he can chat confidentially with his colleagues or the impressionable native leader is oppressed by the low ceilings, both can be comforted by the fact that, according to the architects, the new style is 20 per cent more efficient and incidentally saves the taxpayer considerable sums in heating.

A further reason for the new style is that few American architects today would undertake a job calling for traditional monumental edifices. A prominent American architect, when asked if he could not design a building that would fit more closely the neighboring Gothic structures, replied that neither he nor any other contemporary American architect was trained or competent to do so.

Some old professional diplomats brought up in the tradition that tactful flattery is an essential ingredient of diplomacy have suggested that the State Department call on local architects to design embassies in the local style. They point to the reconstruction of the handsome Old Market of Warsaw in Hanseatic style, in sharp contrast to the Stalin University, as an example of what might be accomplished.

At the other extreme is a school that argues that the opportunity of looking at an outstanding example of Modern American is or should be a flattery in itself. If the natives do not like it, it is the task of the diplomats to teach them to appreciate American tastes.

These opposing schools exemplify the conflicting concepts of diplo-

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macy itself. Is it the primary function of diplomacy to reconcile conflicting interests and divergent tastes or is it to eliminate conflicting interests and tastes by imposing conformity to our own standards?

There is evidence of a further misunderstanding not only of the basic functions of diplomacy but of its methods. Thus some of the hundred firms chosen to build embassies seem to have confused diplomacy with hotelkeeping. The original plans for the new embassy in Madrid, for example, provided for a snack bar where, presumably, the ambassador could entertain the *grandees* of Spain sitting on high stools and munching hamburgers. Two lobbies on different floors also were planned for the embassy so that two staffs of doormen would be required during receptions. The architect did not apparently include in his plans a rumpus room where the overwrought ambassador and foreign minister could relieve their feelings without concern for the furniture whenever Hispano-American relations grew too tense.

It has often been suggested that before designing embassies architects would do well to familiarize themselves better with the functions of diplomatic life. In this age of diplomacy by flying inkwells and hurtled cobblestones, it might be more functional, for example, to abandon glass façades and revert to the architecture of Norman keeps complete with crenelated towers equipped with caldrons of boiling oil to be poured on rioting demonstrators.

The U. S. Marines would probably be the first to applaud this innovation, for it is they who are responsible for guarding most American embassies. In fact, the first person you are likely to encounter on entering the building is a U. S. Marine resplendent in red, white, and blue uniform. On seeing this familiar sight and the typically American clean-shaven face in a world of hostile bearded aliens, you may be tempted to greet him with a warm "hello" and even a friendly clap on the shoulder. You would be well advised not to. The Marine is strictly instructed to treat everyone as another alien until he has produced his passport. He takes his job seriously and hence is likely to turn a very cold shoulder to friendly advances.

Unlike most architects, Marines have been at home in embassies for generations. As their marching song boasts, they have been the spearheads of our sometimes pacifying, sometimes marauding diplomacy from the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli. In Latin

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America they have frequently landed to protect embassies and legations and restore order among rioting revolutionaries. They have run diplomatic despatches through fighting lines and rescued stranded diplomats from bandit gangs.

In Tripoli a squad of seven Marines under Lieutenant O'Bannon, at the instigation of the American consul, organized a conglomeration of Arabs and Greeks and set off across the desert to capture Fort Derne from the Barbary Pirates under the Pasha of Tripoli. In World War II Field Marshal Montgomery found it more difficult to capture the same fort from Nazi pirates under General Rommel. During the Boxer Rebellion it was again the Marines who drove the rebel Chinese troops from the American Legation compound.

But it was not until the rise of the total diplomacy of Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini that the Marines were used to guard our European diplomatic missions. The first such Marine detachment accompanied Ambassador William C. Bullitt when he went to Moscow to establish the American Embassy there.

The sergeant in charge of that detachment was Bill Odeen, a tall, hard-bitten old Tennessee mountaineer. He had not been long in Moscow, living in a hotel, for the embassy apartment house was not yet finished, when he awoke one night to find someone filching his clothes.

Dressed only in a very scant undershirt, the sergeant chased the intruder and caught up with him just at the head of the broad staircase leading down to the busy lobby. Its occupants were somewhat startled to hear the dull thud of a fist on a jaw and see the burglar rolling unconscious down the marble flight. At the head of the stairs stood the Marine sergeant in his abbreviated undershirt rubbing his sore knuckles but with his suit as well as the situation, as befits Marines, well in hand.

"Geez, sir," he told the ambassador apologetically next morning, "I didn't mean to hurt the guy but they was my best set of civvies."

One of Sergeant Odeen's men posing as an embassy counselor escorted the late Mrs. Ned MacLean complete with Hope diamond through the nightclubs of Moscow. The disguise was so successful that even Mrs. MacLean did not penetrate it. The rest of the detachment soon became so useful as garage superintendents, store keepers, and general administrators that the diplomats took turns standing

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guard and left the Marines to their more productive duties.

Today there are nearly a thousand Marines guarding more than ninety diplomatic posts in detachments varying in size from thirty-six men in Paris to little five-man units in minor posts.

Though a "diplomatic assignment" is popular with young Marines, they must first undergo a rigorous screening and training process. The standards set are understandably high, for the job is a delicate one involving not merely long hours of guard duty and inspecting embassy offices to see that the diplomats have locked up their papers properly but, occasionally, restraining rioting crowds or, even more difficult, irate American citizens who have lost their passports.

All detachments are commanded by noncoms which in itself provides a problem in discipline. Although their thorough screening and training assures excellent performance, occasionally life in an isolated community can strain nerves beyond the breaking point and when a Marine goes off the deep end it is liable to be a real occasion.

After you've passed the Marine guard at the embassy door the next person you will encounter is the receptionist. In London he is a distinguished gentleman known to all as Mr. Stewart. He wears a long black coat and stands behind a counter facing the entrance. Towering above the timid visitor, Mr. Stewart looks like a judge about to commit you to Wormwood Scrubs or even Dartmoor prison. But in fact he is a most amiable person who prides himself on remembering the names of the hundreds of officials who have served in the embassy since he started his job over thirty-one years ago.

In Rome the receptionist is a chatty young lady who knows your business almost before you open your mouth. Her desk is generally surrounded by a lively group of messengers, couriers, and clerks discussing the latest scandal which Rome society never fails to provide.

In Bonn the receptionist is a rather dour German ex-soldier in a policeman's uniform (uniforms are still fashionable in Germany despite two lost wars). No one but the charwomen pay much attention to him and provided you assume a haughty enough air he will cause no trouble.

But generally the receptionist is an elderly spinster who knows by sight everyone she considers worth knowing and hence has legitimate business in the embassy. If, therefore, she dismisses you highhandedly it is not a personal affront and there is no use complaining to the

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ambassador. She has probably served at least a dozen ambassadors, a few of whom she was secretly in love with; some others she looked up to and the rest she has patiently put up with.

For her the world is neatly divided into two categories—diplomats and others. If you can prove you are the friend of a diplomat you may get by her. If you are a congressman she will show you on with strained politeness because she holds you responsible that she has not had a pay raise since twenty years ago when she was still quite pretty.

To help separate the sheep and goats she keeps on her desk the Diplomatic List, a printed catalogue put out by the chief of protocol of the local Foreign Office listing all foreign diplomats in the capital. It is usually her job to keep the list up to date, since foreign offices are notoriously tightfisted about issuing current lists.

Inclusion on the Diplomatic List is important to diplomats and particularly to their wives, for several reasons. First, it confirms the fact that you have diplomatic immunity; secondly, it entitles you to free import privileges; thirdly, it gets you on the invitation list for all the best parties.

Diplomatic titles have always been confusing and are becoming more so. The head of an embassy has the title of "ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary" but he is simply called "ambassador." The "extraordinary" was added many years ago by thrusting ambassadors in an effort to promote themselves above their colleagues. In self-protection the latter simply followed suit, thereby producing a stalemate. "Plenipotentiary" means the envoy has full powers to negotiate normal diplomatic problems. Should an ambassador be called upon to sign a treaty he must get special "full powers."

A legation is a second-class embassy. In its earliest days the United States maintained only legations but as it grew in importance began raising these to embassies. Today only in a few very small countries do we still have legations. The head of a legation has the title "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary." He is called "minister" for short. Just to complicate matters, an ambassador from the Vatican is a nuncio and a minister is an internuncio. The treaties the Vatican concludes are not treaties but concordats.

Americans usually address their own ambassador or minister as Mr. Ambassador or Mr. Minister but to a third person he is referred to as "the ambassador," *never* "the Mr. Ambassador." Foreigners addressing

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American and Americans addressing foreign ambassadors or ministers usually say "Your Excellency" or to third persons, "His Excellency."

Traditionally the ambassador's deputy is called a counselor. When the ambassador is out of the country, the counselor becomes acting ambassador but his title is "chargé d'affaires, *ad interim*" meaning "temporarily in charge of affairs." He automatically loses the title as soon as the ambassador returns. With the twentieth-century inflation of titles, in some countries the second in command is a minister and in others a minister-counselor. In Foreign Service jargon he is called "D.C.M." or deputy chief of mission. Nowadays embassies may have several counselors: e.g., political, economic or even administrative counselor.

Under the counselors come the diplomatic secretaries, to be carefully distinguished from their secretaries. Their titles are first secretary, second secretary, or third secretary. Though there used to be fourth secretaries, they too have fallen victims to title inflations. Private secretary, though often a key position, is not generally recognized as a diplomatic rank and hence does not rate inclusion on the Diplomatic List.

Parallel to these diplomatic officers are the attachés, military, naval and air, and frequently agricultural, labor, treasury, and commercial, and more recently in a few posts scientific attaché. These seldom are regular career diplomats and almost invariably are career civil servants of the corresponding departments in Washington.

Ambassadors of some countries occasionally appoint their sons, nephews, or other outsiders to the post of attaché which is a diplomatic rank and is included on the list. The practice has in the past been forbidden by the State Department as a precaution against nepotism. An exception to the ban on attachés has recently been made for representatives of government agencies who prefer not to advertise their affiliations.

To confuse the uninitiated still further, these diplomatic ranks have little or no significance, except to protocol officers, receptionists and wives, beyond specifying where one sits at an official dinner or marches in a state funeral. To the career diplomat, but not always to his wife, what is important is his class in the Foreign Service, since this determines his salary. Presently there are ten career classes: career ambassador, career minister, and Classes No. 1 down to Class 8 for begin-

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ners. It is curious that, whereas American Civil Service salaries increase with the number of your class, in the Foreign Service they diminish. There is no special significance to this phenomenon.

Assuming you have slipped past the receptionist into the chancellery proper, you will find that the ambassador's office is staffed by a private secretary and perhaps several stenographers. Frequently the immediate office will be headed by a personal assistant, a sort of aide-de-camp to the ambassador, almost invariably a junior Foreign Service officer.

This is a key post, for it is the ambassador's main link not only with the public but also with most of the embassy staff. The personal assistant investigates the background and political leanings of would-be visitors, screens requests for personal appearances by the ambassador, and often helps prepare his speeches and addresses.

If the ambassador is not a professional, the assistant has the additional responsibility of preventing him from violating diplomatic etiquette, offending influential local leaders, or otherwise putting his foot in the quagmire of protocol that surrounds a senior diplomat.

The principal divisions of the chancellery are usually the political and economic sections. The political section is further divided into "internal affairs" and "external affairs." The internal affairs desk is responsible for following internal developments, both national and regional, and the head of it is usually a familiar figure around the Parliament (if there is one functioning). The external affairs desk deals with the host country's foreign relations. The head of it deals largely with the Foreign Affairs Ministry as well as with senior members of other embassies in the capital.

In addition to the internal and external sections there are often special desks concerned with particular aspects of the host country's problems. In many countries American embassies maintain well-staffed desks on Communist activities. Their task is not only to keep an eye on the local Communist party but to exchange information with the host's specialist on Soviet affairs.

The American Embassy in Bonn has a special desk on Berlin affairs as a separate German problem. Other embassies have "status of forces" desks to handle problems arising from the stationing of U. S. forces on the host's territory. There may be a NATO specialist or a desk dealing with the Common Market.

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The economic division is likewise divided into sections dealing with specific aspects of the host country's internal and external economy: transportation, agriculture, mining, currency, and exchange. These questions are often dealt with by attachés from the appropriate bureau in Washington.

Whenever a problem between the United States and the host country arises in any of these spheres that requires the ambassador's intervention, he will ordinarily call on the desk officer to brief him, prepare the preliminary studies, and often accompany him to important negotiations.

There is a very good chance that the person you are calling on in the chancellery will be tied up at a meeting. This may, but should not, surprise you. The virus of decision by committee which has clogged the wheels of government in Washington for a decade has spread to every embassy of any size.

There are of course the regular morning meetings where everyone tells what he has learned in the past twenty-four hours. But there are also "ad hoc" meetings to deal with special situations as they arise. For example, if the price of tin in the United States has dropped, causing layoffs in local mines which in turn have produced unrest threatening the stability of the government, it is not sufficient for the economic officer to draft a report to Washington suggesting something be done about it. The matter concerns tin, which means that the Bureau of Mines attaché must be consulted. Naturally, since it involves unemployment, the labor attaché demands a hearing. Security involves the Army and therefore the military attaché. To avoid interservice jealousies the naval and air attachés also are brought into the picture.

Now we have at least seven or eight officials, which is ample for a meeting. The tin problem is fully discussed, each official expressing his views at length on all its aspects. Then they decide to hold off doing anything about the matter, as the tin price may recover and there is no need to disturb Washington, which is far too concerned with the Berlin problem or the Suez problem to do anything about it anyway. Wearily the economic officer goes back to his desk, having used up most of the morning and wondering whatever possessed him to raise the question in the first place.

If, by chance, it has been decided to send a cable on the situation to

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Washington, the economic officer, after drafting the message, performs a ritual known as "clearing" during which every embassy official even remotely concerned with the problem must initial the cable before it is sent. To skip anyone in the clearing procedure not only is considered a breach of discipline but can lead to lifelong feuds.

Aside from attending meetings and "clearing" papers the principal functions of these desks are to keep the ambassador informed and write reports to Washington on developments in their fields. This they can do by either cable or pouch depending on the urgency of the matter. There will ordinarily be two quite different views on the urgency problem: that of the administrative officer, whose efficiency is determined by how closely the embassy sticks to its cable budget, and that of the reporting officer, whose rating depends on how well he keeps Washington posted.

Returning from lunch with a disconsolate Socialist member of Parliament, a political reporting officer may be alarmed that the M.P. is about to vote with the opposition, thus threatening the ruling coalition, the stability of the government, and hence the security of the United States. Unless Washington hears about this today, he reasons, it may be too late. The administrative officer, on the other hand, could not care less about a disgruntled politician. Besides, his security officer says Socialists are Marxists and should not be in the Parliament at all. Referred to the embassy counselor, the question is probably settled in favor of the reporting officer because the counselor, a career officer, cannot abide administrators.

During World War II, when everything was urgent and deficits normal, practically all reports from overseas went by cable or radio. To the harassed, overworked official in Washington anything reaching his desk not written on the colored departmental telegraph forms was automatically relegated to the pending basket for Sunday reading. Officers in the field soon realized that to send a report by courier pouch was like writing a letter to Santa Claus and burning it up the chimney.

The attitude long outlived the war, until Congress complained about the cable bills. Thereupon an ingenious administrative expert hit upon the idea of a form of report that looked like a cable, read like a cable, and almost smelled like a cable but was not a cable.

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Colored forms were sent overseas on which reporting officers could type their messages just like a cable but then, instead of wiring them, they slipped them into the pouch. The receiving officers in Washington, misled by the colored paper, were thus induced to read them.

For a time this subterfuge cut the cable bills to reasonable proportions. But then the receiving officers noticed the new colored forms were called not "telegrams" but "airgrams." Thereupon they were dumped back in the pending basket. Quick to scent that their airgrams' covers had been blown, the reporting officers were forced back to the telegram, and once more the ether and the cables groaned until the Congress again growled.

Recently, short of new ideas and counting on the poor memories of officials, the administrators have resuscitated the counterfeit cable ruse and the airgram is once more out of the pending basket.

Cables are popular not only because of the attention they attract but also because they are easier to write than reports. Grammatical errors can be explained as the fault of the code clerk or the telegrapher. They are seldom scanned for syntax. A favored opening phrase of a cable, for example, is: "In a conversation with the foreign minister today he told me that . . ." Cables are also relatively short and if they contain no profound thought or thorough reasoning this can be attributed to the sender's laudable frugality with cable tolls.

Until recently the basic form of pouched report was the dispatch. This was a somewhat stylized official letter addressed:

The Honorable '
The Secretary of State
Washington, D.C.

and invariably began:

Sir:

I have the honor to report that . . .

It was always signed by the ambassador or his deputy but in the left-hand corner of the last page it carried the drafting officer's initials. When embassies were small and compact, it was no problem for the recipient in Washington to identify the writer.

Efficiency experts have recently replaced the dispatch by the simple report. This is addressed impersonally to the department, has no set

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style or opening, and bears the name of the writer blatantly clear for all to read on the first page.

Doubtless the report is a more up-to-date form than the dispatch, but one may wonder whether it serves its purpose any better or even as well, because of its streamlining. When one set about drafting a dispatch addressed to "The Honorable The Secretary of State" and beginning "I have the honor," the writer was at once in the proper mood of dignified respect for the recipient (who seldom, if ever, saw it) and at the same time filled with a sense of responsibility as the author of a state paper that one day might appear in the history books. The temptation to trifle with facts, express unconsidered opinions, or indulge in frivolous speculations was eliminated.

Since it was signed by the ambassador himself, it created a personal bond between the chief and the third secretary tucked away in the back of the chancellery. Finally the not-too-cryptic initials in the lower left-hand corner gave the drafter his pride of authorship without indulging in vulgar self-advertisement, just as a painter unobtrusively signs his masterpieces where none but the initiate can read it.

Furthermore, the dispatch was expected to have a literary quality. Grammar, style, and syntax were carefully scrutinized both by the ambassador when he signed the dispatch and by the official in Washington when he read it. Loy Henderson, my first mentor in dispatch writing, and now deputy under-secretary of state, invariably required his subordinates to review *Fowler's Modern English Usage* at least once a year and sometimes, if one's grammar slumped, more often.

Callières once wrote: "The best dispatches are those written in a clear and concise manner, unadorned by useless epithets or by anything that may becloud the clarity of the argument. Simplicity is the first essential and diplomats should take the greatest care to avoid all affectations such as a pretence of wit or the learned overweight of scientific disquisitions."

This advice has not always been followed. On the first day of my own diplomatic career my chief summoned me:

"Charles, I am preparing a dispatch on the Red Army. Since you are a West Pointer, find me some good quotations from Napoleon."

Though Callières frowned on humorous dispatches, the State Department did not forbid an occasional bit of wit. In fact, if one could acquire a reputation as a witty dispatch writer it was a guarantee that

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one's reports would be read and, less frequently, one's views taken into consideration.

Today the dispatch is gone, replaced by the impersonal, often hastily written report. With it went a quality that made diplomacy a skill rather than an administrative procedure. Its form may have been dated, but so is good wine.

XI

Consuls, Codes, and Couriers: 1

TO the embassy receptionist only the sheep—the ambassador, counselor, diplomatic secretaries, and attachés—belong in the chancellery. However, parallel to the diplomatic staff there is another hierarchy which is perhaps of greater importance to most Americans—the consular establishment. Though in theory the ambassador is responsible for safeguarding the interests of American citizens, in practice it is the consul who looks after private interests while the ambassador devotes himself chiefly to intergovernmental problems.

As in most countries today, the U. S. consular service is combined with the diplomatic and an officer can serve interchangeably on either a consular or a diplomatic mission. While there is no difference in remuneration or general working conditions, the glamour of the embassy is considerably greater, at least to younger officers, than the drab consulate. Dealing with matters of a national or international scope also seems to have more attraction, though the consul often has a far more exciting life than the secretary buried in a chancellery.

Despite his position on the Diplomatic List and the honors and privileges to which he is entitled, the diplomat is a parvenu on the international scene compared to his lowly brother the consul. According to Herodotus, the Greeks maintained consuls in Egypt twenty-five hundred years ago. They were elected by the Greek colony and not only represented its interests before the Egyptians but also had legal jurisdiction over their compatriots. Ever since, nations have main-

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tained consuls in foreign ports and trading centers and though they seldom exercise judicial functions, they have played an important role in the development of international trade.

Today American consular offices are divided into three categories: consulates general, consulates, and consular agencies. Between the first two there is little difference except size. There are no functions which a consul general may perform that a consul cannot. But, oddly enough, because of the wording of the laws of some of the states of the Union, there are a number of legal functions that a consul or even a vice-consul is authorized to perform that a consul general cannot. Consular agents, on the other hand, are generally businessmen, often foreigners, who are authorized to perform a limited number of consular services in return for the fees they collect thereby.

Until the establishment of a career consular service in 1906, consular officers always pocketed the fees they collected for issuing passports and visas and performing other consular services. For this reason many consular posts, such as that in London, were eagerly sought after, and the consuls at these posts often earned more than the President of the United States. Nathaniel Hawthorne got himself appointed consul to Liverpool in 1853 and served there four years, earning enough not only to live comfortably but to pay for a two-year vacation in Italy. Since 1906, however, all fees except consular agents' are turned back to the U. S. Treasury and consular personnel are paid regular salaries like their diplomatic colleagues.

In most capital cities the consular office is combined with the diplomatic mission and is called the Consular Section. Depending on its size, it is still presided over by a consul general or a consul, who usually holds a dual commission as "counselor of embassy and consul general" or "secretary of embassy and consul."

In other cities the consular establishment is independent. It is not, like an embassy, accredited to a national government but to a provincial or municipal authority. However, the central government issues an "exequatur" to the principal consular officer in each office, which is roughly equivalent to the operating license issued to doctors, lawyers, or hackers.

Consuls are undoubtedly the most maligned of Foreign Service officers. Musical comedies like *Call Me Madam* may be written about diplomats but tragic operas are written about consuls, who invariably

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are cast in the role of the villain who delights in bullying beach-combers or preventing persecuted minorities from seeking asylum in the United States.

Despite the fact that they all belong to the same service and frequently exchange hats, one can sometimes distinguish the consular type who prefers the relative obscurity of a consular post to the hectic but perhaps more glamorous activity of an embassy. He is often an older man whose worldly ambitions have worn thin. He is apt to be bald and tubby and gregarious, reveling in Chamber of Commerce and Rotarian activities. Usually he is an excellent raconteur of ribald stories about his experiences in Tampico during the Mexican Revolution or on the Marseilles waterfront. Because of constant association with stranded seamen, international bums, and mixed-up expatriates he has assumed a tough, hard-boiled manner which frequently hides the mildest of dispositions.

As in ancient times, trade promotion is still an important function of the consul. He is instructed to look out for new markets for American products or capital investments. He helps local American merchants to import and export goods and straighten out their financial transactions.

Occasionally the consul is called upon to protect the dignity of the nation from foreign merchants. As a junior vice-consul in Prague, "Chip" Bohlen, later ambassador to Moscow and Manila, was instructed to protest to a Czech dress manufacturer the use of the American flag which he had stamped on one of his products. "But I only use the Stars and Stripes on our top-grade brassières," the merchant explained.

For the local American colony the consul is a combination of spokesman and family lawyer. He registers the passports of new arrivals and issues replacements for those that have expired. Though he may not perform marriage ceremonies, he is often called upon to witness marriages and to issue a colorfully sealed certificate that he has done so. When babies are born he registers them and notarizes their certificates of birth.

He sometimes must go even further. Many years ago a young American called Edmund Stevens appeared before me to report the birth of a son. As I started to fill out the report of birth, it developed that he and his wife had not been able to agree on a name for his heir. She, being a Russian, wanted a Slavic name, he an American.

To break the deadlock I took down the Webster dictionary and combed the glossary of Christian names. Eventually I settled on the safe choice of William and thus the baby was registered. But in the end the mother seemed to have won out, for when I met the family fifteen years later on the Dalmatian coast the boy was known as Valodia. His father had meantime made a name for himself as a leading foreign correspondent.

Deaths among the colony are liable to be more complicated. If, as frequently happens, the deceased has no relatives on hand, the consul must collect and inventory his personal belongings, pay bills, and finally submit together with the remains of the estate a detailed report to Washington. Frequently he must also officiate at the burial. One of my earliest jobs as a vice-consul was to peer through a peephole of a crematorium furnace to witness the flames consuming an old and much-beloved member of the American colony.

One day in the early thirties the Soviet Foreign Office called the Consular Section of the American Embassy to state that a man claiming to be an American was being held in a hospital in Minsk. Eventually the man was brought to Moscow, where he was questioned by Consul Elbridge Durbrow. His name, he said, was Brother Matthew. (His last name I have forgotten.) In a deep Southern drawl he explained that he came from Alabama and that he had received a call to bring Christianity to the benighted Communist heathens. Having no funds, he had walked to New York, worked his way to Europe on a ship, and then set out for Moscow on foot without a passport or any other identification. He had crossed the German, Polish, and Soviet frontiers and got as far as Minsk where the local police questioned him and decided with some justification that he was not entirely balanced. So they put him in the mental ward of the hospital. After some weeks they called the embassy. Since the Soviets had long boasted that their barb-wired, heavily patrolled borders were impregnable to even the wildest foreign spy, it was with acute embarrassment that they had to confess to us that a crazy Alabaman speaking no foreign language had strolled unconcernedly through their formidable barrier assisted by nothing more sinister than his religious fervor.

In the Minsk hospital Brother Matthew promptly fell in love with his nurse, who was a good Communist, with the result that he abandoned his mission and became an enthusiastic convert to Marx. He

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still was a roaring Communist when he reached Moscow and did his best to convert the embassy staff, but his proselyting methods were more like those of Billy Sunday than of a party propagandist.

Months of cabling between Moscow, Washington, and his home county in Alabama followed. It was eventually established that Brother Matthew had indeed been missing for over a year. His identity established, he was shipped home from Leningrad on an American ship in the reluctant care of the captain.

Not all citizenship cases end so happily. When the embassy was established in Moscow, literally dozens of young Americans swarmed into the consular section asking for passports. They had, it turned out, been jobless in the United States during the depression and had been persuaded by Communist organizers to come to Russia. In their initial enthusiasm at finding work in the workers' paradise many had voluntarily renounced American citizenship, thus effectively debarring themselves from returning to the United States. On being told this at least one I knew went home and slashed his wrists.

Passport or citizenship law is not a simple subject. An American can acquire citizenship three ways: by being born in America, by being born abroad of American parents, or by naturalization. It was even possible under pre-World War II legislation for a grandchild to inherit citizenship provided his parent had gone to America with the intention of remaining. At least one old man I once knew owed his life to this strange loophole.

In November of 1936 Goebbels organized probably the most vicious pogrom of modern times. As a result the Jews of Berlin swarmed into the American Consulate General seeking visas or passports—anything to escape from the blood-crazed Nazis. The crowd in front of the office became so dense that the staff had to get in each morning through the fire escape at the rear of the building. All day and half the night the consuls, vice-consuls, and clerks tried to keep abreast of the flood of applications.

Early one morning the citizenship vice-consul, strained and nervous from incessant work and depressed by the crowds in the street outside, entered his office to find a wizened old man already seated before his desk.

Petulantly the young vice-consul told him to wait in the corridor until he was sent for. The day passed like every other with a constant

stream of pathetic applicants for passports. For lunch the vice-consul munched a sandwich brought by the office messenger. It was late in the evening when the last applications were typed and signed.

Locking his safe, the vice-consul left his office but in the corridor he recognized the little old man who had been sitting patiently awaiting his summons. Ashamed of his own callous forgetfulness, the vice-consul showed him in. His name, the old man said, was Kempinski. It was a famous Berlin name. A leading restaurant, a hotel, and even the Haus Vaterland were Kempinski's. The vice-consul asked whether he was related to the owner of these establishments.

"I am Kempinski," the old man answered quietly. Then he went on to say that his grandfather had emigrated to America during the Civil War and had eventually become a judge in Chicago, where Kempinski had once visited him with his father.

"Visited?" the vice-consul asked. "Or did you go there intending to stay permanently?" The old man got the hint. He had meant to stay, he said, but had been forced by circumstances subsequently to return to Germany.

He even offered some evidence of his "permanent" stay in Chicago but it was pretty flimsy. However, it was enough for the contrite vice-consul, and a day or two later Kempinski left Germany on an American passport. But he never got to the United States—he died in London during the war.

It was one of the last passports the vice-consul ever issued. When a report of the case reached Washington, an angry reprimand was sent by the head of the Passport Division, "Ma" Shipley, and the vice-consul was transferred to other work—not entirely reluctantly.

From time to time a consul can find less questionable ways of behaving humanely. An applicant for a passport faced the consul in Berlin. He too was a Jew in imminent danger of his life. His case seemed satisfactory except for one small point. proof that he had not disqualified himself by serving in the German Army. Vehemently the applicant insisted that he had been deferred because of physical disabilities, but he could offer no proof. The deferment papers, he explained, were with his police records and the Gestapo had repeatedly refused to let him take them out.

"After all," he kept repeating, spreading his hands before him, "I am just a Jew."

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But the consul insisted. Since the man had been of military age in World War I and all able-bodied men had served, it must be assumed that he had too, unless the consul could see proof to the contrary.

Disconsolately the applicant left. That night a big blond German rang the consul's doorbell. He was dressed in a civilian hat and a civilian overcoat but beneath the coat the consul caught a glimpse of familiar black boots.

"You are handling the Abramovitch case?" the man asked. The consul said he was. "I can show you his draft deferment," the man went on, "if you come with me."

Together they walked through the dark streets to Alexanderplatz where the Berlin Police Headquarters were. They went to a side door which the man opened with a key. Up several flights of iron stairs they came to the police archives—row upon row of steel shelves reaching to the ceiling. With a flashlight the man found the Abramovitch file and took out the deferment paper. It bore the applicant's picture, and the seals and stamps on it were in order.

Next day when he handed Abramovitch his passport the consul, unable to restrain his curiosity, asked, "How much did that Gestapo officer demand for his little favor?"

"Plenty." The applicant smiled as he walked happily from the office.

Immigration law can be even more complicated than citizenship—and more tragic. During the same Goebbels pogrom two young couples of Jewish extraction walked from their home in Silesia to the consulate in Berlin. Placing a map before the vice-consul they pointed to a tiny dot in the Pacific Ocean marked "Johnston Island (U. S. possession)."

The two couples explained earnestly that they knew they could never get visas to the United States before the Gestapo caught up with them. Rather than wait for the police they were prepared to beat them to the job. One of them drew his fingers across the veins in his wrist. But there was one last chance.

"What about a visa to Johnston Island?" they pleaded. It might be desolate, they admitted, but it couldn't be surer death than a gas chamber in Germany.

The vice-consul shook his head gloomily. The island, he explained, was under U. S. Navy jurisdiction and *no one* was allowed to land there. They pleaded long and vehemently but at last the four young

Germans exchanged glances and hand in hand filed out of the office. From his window the vice-consul watched them leave the consulate and cross the street into the Tiergarten where their bodies were found next morning.

After the war an American GI came to the consulate general in Munich with his German bride to apply for a visa for her. Among the documents required was a certificate of good conduct from the police of the girl's village. Her certificate, however, revealed that during the bitter postwar winter of 1945-46 a forester had found the girl collecting fagots in the state forest. She was thereupon tried and convicted of theft. Prospective immigrants convicted of theft, the U. S. law said, could not receive visas. (The law has since been modified.)

Taking care of indigent Americans, particularly seamen at seaport consulates, is a regular consular function, especially in Central and South America, where sailors seem to make a point of getting drunk and missing their ships. Since funds are rarely provided for stranded Americans, the consul must either finance them himself or use his ingenuity to get them on a ship for home. This is especially difficult in countries where the jails provide no food for their prisoners.

Unlike some visitors to embassies and consulates, many seamen thoughtfully tank up before they pay a call. Any number of consuls can tell you about hasty trips round and round their desks with gigantic drunken sailors in hot pursuit. Consequently, the cautious consul will always keep a heavy dull instrument handy by his desk when a seaman staggers in to complain.

But sometimes welfare work, as it is technically called, can be more entertaining. A pretty young girl dressed in a man's slacks and shirt ambled gracefully into the Tehran Consulate's waiting room and, perching herself on the vice-consul's desk, asked him casually to cash a \$200 check on a Washington bank.

She said she had recently been shipwrecked in the Caspian Sea and had lost all her clothing. A sailor had lent her the shirt and pants and she had hitchhiked over the mountains to Tehran.

The vice-consul knew his boss in the back room would never cash the check and his own finances were not strong enough to support any bouncing notes. The story sounded utterly implausible but the girl's face looked honest and was indisputably attractive. So he endorsed the check and cashed it and after she'd bought a dress he

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took her to dinner. In fact he took her out frequently until funds arrived for her passage home. When she finally boarded the plane for Paris he was a very sad young vice-consul indeed. But he recovered and she eventually married another vice-consul.

The duties of a consul are so numerous and the ways of how to perform them, prescribed by domestic, maritime, international and foreign laws, not to mention consular regulations, are so varied that it would be impossible even to summarize them here. Graham H. Stuart in his *American Diplomatic and Consular Practice* says quite rightly that a consul must really be a master- as well as a Jack-of-all-trades. But perhaps the point could be illustrated with one final example:

After nearly twenty years away from consular work I became consul general in Munich in 1952. I had scarcely sat down, the first day, at the desk in my sumptuous office when the telephone rang. It was a distinguished American lady whom I knew slightly and she asked if I could not come to her hotel on an urgent matter. Self-conscious of my new duties as protector of American citizenry I hurried to the hotel to find her husband in bed and a German doctor standing anxiously beside him.

"As we speak no German," the lady said, "could you explain my husband's symptoms to the doctor?"

The consul general looked inquiringly at the helpless American. "Diarrhea," the latter muttered.

XII

Consuls, Codes, and Couriers: 2

THERE are two ways for an embassy to send messages securely: by ordinary letter entrusted to a reliable courier and by a form unintelligible to anyone but the recipient—that is, by code or by such methods as secret ink. Today the great majority of diplomatic messages are sent in code by cable or radio.

However, before the cable, secret inks were extensively used. The United States' earliest instructions to its ministers on the Continent during the Revolution were frequently sent in secret inks, though there is reason to believe that British chemists revealed most if not all of them as fast as they were intercepted.

Even as late as World War I the Germans were adept at inventing secret inks for their spies. The British usually managed to find a solution to develop these inks but as quickly as they did the Germans invented new ones. On one occasion the British discovered an American in London whose socks were so impregnated that when soaked in water they produced a secret ink. The American, George Vaux Bacon, confessed he was working for the German secret service; he would probably have been hanged if Washington had not interceded. Eventually he was handed over to his countrymen, and they sent him to Atlanta for a year.

Subsequently ingenious German chemists invented a method of secret writing using simple tap water. This had the British stumped for weeks until someone discovered that an iodine-vapor bath revealed

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where the paper fibers had been disturbed by the water on the pen. Hardly had they discovered this than the Germans produced a means of disturbing all the fibers on the page so that the iodine-vapor bath simply obliterated the writing. Eventually, toward the end of the war the British and Americans working together caught onto this new trick, but just how has not been revealed.

With the development of compact transmitters, codes have largely replaced secret inks but inks are still occasionally used in espionage work.

Strictly speaking there are two kinds of cryptographic messages: codes and ciphers. In the first, symbols, usually combinations of letters or numbers in groups of two or more (most usually five), are substituted for entire words or phrases. If you take an ordinary dictionary and paste next to each word a random group of letters you will have a crude code.

Ciphers are made by substituting symbols for each letter in a message or by transposing the order of letters. For example, if a message is written on a blocked pad and then the letters copied column by column instead of line by line you have a very simple transposition cipher. Frequently to make doubly sure messages will first be coded and the code then enciphered.

Prior to 1917 the State Department had several systems of codes and ciphers which, however, were so primitive that they were probably known to every major power. In 1913 a young, ambitious, and imaginative code clerk joined the department. He soon began to suspect that the code systems in use were unsafe. He set about studying cryptography in his spare time, beginning with Edgar Allan Poe's "Gold Bug." Poe, he soon concluded, was a rank amateur. Eventually he succeeded in breaking all the department's secret codes without reference to the key.

Like most innovators, the clerk, Herbert O. Yardley, had considerable difficulty in persuading his superiors that their methods were antiquated. One of the first secret cables he deciphered was a confidential message from Colonel House in London to President Wilson. Lest he be fired for snooping, he discreetly destroyed the text without telling his superiors. Later, as he became more expert, he wrote a memorandum to his immediate boss describing in detail the weaknesses of the State Department's codes. But nothing was done to remedy the

situation until the eve of America's entry into the war.

Convinced that his talents would never find recognition among the diplomats, Yardley approached the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department and, demonstrating his talents as a cryptographer, attempted to persuade it of the necessity of developing a cryptographic unit to break enemy codes and devise safe ones for themselves.

At first the War Department was reluctant. Though they commissioned Yardley and gave him a few facilities to work on foreign codes, they claimed that their own codes were entirely adequate and had proved themselves in the Spanish-American War.

But then the British government sent word through the State Department that the War Department's codes were so antique that they could not be trusted. About the same time Yardley discovered to his amazement that a copy of the military code had been stolen some time before in Mexico and could be presumed to be in German hands. This, however, had not disturbed the military unduly. Finally a young cryptographer trained by Yardley went to France with Pershing's staff. Much to Pershing's alarm the young man promptly broke every operating code of the U. S. troops at the front.

The accumulated evidence eventually had its effect even among the generals. Yardley was authorized to organize MI-8, the Intelligence Corps's first code-breaking unit and to recruit a number of amateurs who displayed what he called "cipher minds," as well as a large battery of clerks and stenographers to perform the tedious permutations and combinations necessary to break a code. He was also given the job of devising new codes and of delving into the alchemy of secret inks.

Realizing that he was only a beginner in these arts Yardley managed to persuade the British to send to Washington a leading secret-ink specialist and some of their cryptographic experts from the Admiralty, where they had been perfecting the science for generations. Soon he had an efficient operation going full speed.

One of his earliest successes came from monitoring a powerful German transmitting station near Berlin which was apparently exchanging messages with another near Mexico City. The intercepted coded messages were in a regular five-figure group, several of which were frequently repeated, indicating it was an ordinary code. Breaking

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each group into two parts of three and two digits each, Yardley noted that the three digit numbers ran from 1 to 600 (about the number of pages in an ordinary dictionary). The last two digits gave numbers from 1 to 60 (about the number of lines in a fine-print dictionary). The first code group was 19716. Picking up the nearest dictionary he discovered the word "for," one of the most frequent words in the English language, on page 203—only 6 pages from 197. The second group in the message was 21206. Adding 6 to the page number (the difference between page 197 and page 203) he searched on page 218 for a likely word. On page 217 he found "German." By use of the same technique, the third group revealed close to the page he sought the word "minister": "For German Minister." With this clue he betook himself to the Library of Congress and hunted through every dictionary in the stacks till he discovered a little-known French-English dictionary, the second volume of which fitted his page and line numbers exactly. An hour later he had deciphered the long message from Berlin to its minister in Mexico City offering to pay Mexico ten million Spanish pesetas "if Mexico will remain neutral during war." Yardley's reputation was made.

His second triumph was more difficult, involving a cipher message picked up on a suspicious character caught crossing the Mexican border. Using a normal German-language frequency table he confirmed that the letters in the message appeared in almost exactly the same frequency as the letters in the table, thus suggesting that it was a straight transposition cipher in German. But how to place the letters in their correct order?

Knowing that the combination "ch" is frequent in German, he underlined all the *c*'s in red and all the *b*'s in blue. By counting he found most of the *c*'s and *b*'s were 108 letters apart. When he rearranged the letters of the text by various mathematical formulas several typical German-language combinations began to be revealed: *scha*, *iche*, *lich*, and *chen*. Once more he rearranged the letters according to the frequency of these combinations until finally the full text was revealed, stating in German that the bearer was a German secret agent and calling on all German authorities to co-operate with him. On the basis of this evidence the bearer was court-martialed and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead.

When the war ended the War Department lost interest in Yardley's

operation, but not the State Department. Though MI-8 continued under War Department auspices, it was financed largely by State. Preparing for the 1922 Washington Disarmament Conference, Yardley achieved his masterpiece—cracking the Japanese code, a language of which he knew not a word. The clue that gave it away was a message that Yardley suspected dealt with the Irish independence movement. Hence the phonetic analogues, or kanas, of the Japanese for "Ireland" and "independence" must somehow be in the message. On this basis he discovered certain key repetitions of Japanese kanas and within a matter of hours had broken the code.

This case illustrates an important element of code security. If the code breaker can match even a fragment of the clear, uncoded text of a single message against its coded text, half his work is accomplished. For this reason the true texts of diplomatic cables are as securely guarded as the codes themselves. If the text must be revealed to another government it is invariably paraphrased—put into equivalent but not identical language by using synonyms, rearranging the order of phrases, and similar devices. A text known to outsiders—a newspaper editorial, for example—therefore is generally put into a non-secret code or sent *en clair*—in clear.

Eventually Yardley and his little band of cryptographers were for security reasons moved to New York, where they continued to intercept and decode for the State Department messages transmitted to and from the foreign embassies in Washington. Having gone into operation in 1917 Yardley had by 1929 succeeded in cracking over 45,000 cryptograms and breaking at least some of the codes of twenty countries, including those of England, France, Russia (and the Soviet Union), and Japan.

But in 1929 a blow fell that put an end to Yardley's career. Henry L. Stimson had become secretary of state, and several days after his appointment an eager assistant put on his desk several of Yardley's deciphered intercepts from a diplomatic mission in Washington. Peremptorily Stimson asked where those messages had come from. When the eager subordinate proudly told him, Stimson at once gave orders that the State Department was to stop all code-cracking operations immediately. "Gentlemen," he later explained, "do not read each other's mail."

Yardley, his funds cut off, disbanded his staff and went off to write

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a fascinating but embittered book, *The American Black Chamber*, but not before he had one final interview with a senior official in the State Department.

With his reputation as the leading American cryptographer established, Yardley had no hesitation now about saying what he thought of the State Department's codes—which was not much. Every one of them, he told the high official, could be and probably had been broken by foreign governments. "Our codes," he said, "are just as cumbersome, just as antiquated as sixteenth-century communications." The alarmed official asked what could be done.

Nothing, Yardley told him. Almost any code, he explained, could be broken because all involved repetitions of words or letters and hence frequencies. It was only a question of finding out how the code maker tried to hide the repetitions. There was only one possibility, he stated prophetically—machines. There were already on the market machines that could encode a message as fast as it could be typed. Another machine at the receiving end could decode it as quickly as the code groups could be fed into it. Properly converted by experts, such machines could eliminate all repetitions and hence all possibilities of cracking.

But, Yardley concluded, the State Department was too set in its ways to discard its antiquated systems. It was hopeless even to try. And on that bitter note he walked out.

A decade passed before Yardley was proved right. From time to time the State Department produced a new code book but the basic methods were the same and probably provided no problem for the foreign cryptographer. Under the prodding of President Roosevelt several new codes were composed. One of them was the Brown Code. It was popular with code clerks because it contained not only words but whole phrases dear to the hearts of those who drafted cables. "In a note dated today the Foreign Ministry states that" or "It would appear to be" or "It is suggested that" or "I am inclined to believe that," and similar expressions could all be handled by a single code group and at a considerable saving in telegraph bills.

But the Brown Code had a short life. Not long after it had been distributed a cable was flashed from Washington to every embassy and consulate. "The Brown Code," it said ruefully, "has been compromised." What had happened was that a gang of Ustachi bandits

CONSULS, CODES, AND COURIERS: 2

had invaded the American Consulate in Zagreb and at the points of several machine guns had forced the vice-consul to open the safe, the contents of which they carried off into the forests of Croatia.

Other codes followed the Brown: the A, B, and C codes involved new cryptographic precautions but they greatly added to the time it took to code messages, especially since most telegrams had to be coded and then enciphered. Aside from the technical drawback Yardley had pointed out—the inevitability of repetitions—all codes in book form, like the Brown Code, are susceptible of filching.

During the first months of World War II I was visiting friends in neutral Stockholm. In the Grand Hotel, then the rendezvous for every eavesdropper, agent and spy in Scandinavia, I ran into a Yugoslav vice-consul with whom I had served at several posts. Enormously fat, a bon vivant and a great raconteur, he joined me at a table in the big central lounge and we ordered drinks.

A woman seated nearby was reading a newspaper which entirely hid her face, but as the Yugoslav started to recount the latest diplomatic gossip, the newspaper slowly descended revealing her listening intently to what he was saying. The vice-consul rose, walked over to her chair, bowed as deeply as his girth-line would permit, and said most politely:

"Madame, you speak English?"

"But of course," she said with a friendly smile, expecting to be invited to join us.

"Et vous parlez français, madame?"

"Mais oui, naturellement, monsieur."

"Und Deutsch auch?"

"Aber natuerlich."

"I po-russki?" he went on. But the woman's face went blank. With another deep bow he rejoined me and went on in Russian.

"And have you heard," he asked, "what happened to the Italian codes in Berlin?"

The code room of the Italian Embassy in Berlin, he said, was run by a dried-up spinster who had been in the embassy for thirty years and must have been well into her fifties. With few friends and a face not likely to make many more, she lived a very quiet life in a tiny apartment off the Tiergarten just around the corner from the Italian Chancellery. Occasionally she went to a nearby Italian restau-

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rant for supper or a demi-tasse of espresso. One evening while she was sipping her coffee, a young man dressed in a Tyrolean jacket, whom she had seen once or twice before in the restaurant, joined her and asked to be allowed to finish his coffee in her company.

He was exceedingly good-looking, blond, tall, with an open cheerful smile and could scarcely have been more than twenty-three or -four. He explained that he was an Austrian and, he hinted, a member of an old aristocratic family. When they had finished their coffee the Italian clerk excused herself and went back to her rooms. But a few days later she met the Austrian count again and this time he asked her to dine with him. He was lonely in Berlin, he explained, because his only associates were "Prussian swine" whom he detested.

Soon the two were dining regularly together. Then he invited her to a concert and to a theater. A full-blown romance was now in progress between the handsome Austrian count and the deeply infatuated Italian. Eventually they took to spending the weekends at one of the converted *Schlosser* that before the war Berlin hotelkeepers maintained in the countryside around the capital for just such clients. Then abruptly the count disappeared. The code clerk was sad but bolstered her morale with the happy memories of those blissful months.

Some time later the count showed up in Zurich and let it be known to a few selected foreign governments that the Italian diplomatic codes could be had at a price. My Yugoslav friend had been sent to buy them for a large packet of unmarked dollars on behalf of his government. When the Italian government finally got wind of the affair and investigated, they charged that the code clerk in the Berlin Embassy had "loaned" the codes to her boy friend, who had promptly photographed them. Taken for trial to Rome, she readily confessed, but told the indignant judge she would gladly do it all over again if the count would too.

As totalitarian diplomacy of both Communists and Nazis developed, they became more refined in their operations. Since to blow a safe or leave other traces that a code had been tampered with would warn the user that his code was compromised, Croatian bandits were replaced by expert safecrackers who could open safes by manipulating the combinations.

How easy this was even with modern safes was demonstrated when, as security officer, I was one day required to alter the combinations

of the dozen or more safes in one of our embassies. Having done so and carefully written the new combinations on cards, I put the cards in my safe, slammed the door, twirled the combination and went home. Only next morning it occurred to me that the new combination of my own safe, which I had forgotten, was safely inside it together with all the other new combinations. For twenty-four hours the embassy was more or less out of business until one of the consuls admitted shyly that he made a hobby of opening safes. Applying a little sandpaper to his finger tips he went to work and simply by feeling the tumblers fall had it open in a few hours.

Since an ultra-powerful telescope in a window across the street might possibly be used to photograph the code books, code clerks are usually cautioned not to work near windows. The Hotel Crillon in Paris, for example, is directly across a narrow street from the American Embassy. From any of a score of rooms in it an agent could easily see the desks of the embassy's political section.

Microphones are a classic weapon of totalitarian diplomacy, not only to eavesdrop on diplomatic conversations but to record a diplomat's thought as he dictates his telegrams. Easily concealed in curtains or furniture—on one occasion under the connubial bed of an Italian ambassador whose wife was known to wear the ambassadorial pants—their only disadvantage is the wiring they require.

Once while I was inspecting the attic of one of our embassies my flashlight reflected a glint no brighter than a tiny star under the eaves. The wire that had reflected the light could scarcely be seen in normal light. Tracing it with the beam of the flashlight, I found that it led down a ventilation shaft in the wall. I squeezed down the shaft and found a small microphone hanging behind the plaster directly back of the ambassador's desk on the floor below.

To guard against microphones, specialists armed with powerful induction coils to reveal any suspicious live wire in the walls periodically "debug" our diplomatic missions. This method was considered adequate until one day a radio ham on the staff of an American embassy, while twisting the dials of his powerful set, was startled to hear the voice of his ambassador, apparently dictating to his secretary in a building many blocks away. Despite the most thorough debugging of his office no sign of a wire or a mike could be found. Eventually a plaster reproduction of the Great Seal of the United States, presented

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by a local artist to the ambassador's predecessor to adorn his office, was torn apart and in the plaster backing was found a wireless microphone—a device previously unknown to our security experts. To this day our specialists are not saying what, if any, countermeasure they have devised for this latest contribution to the armory of totalitarian diplomacy.

The totalitarians found other ingenious devices to tap their enemies' communications. When Italy switched sides in 1942, the Italian minister in Kabul, who had up to then been on the enemy side, showed me a photostat of a handwritten message.

"Have you ever seen that?" he asked.

Reluctantly I admitted that it was a penciled draft of a top-secret telegram I had sent some months before, in my own handwriting. He then explained that the German minister in Kabul had given it to him, stating that it had been obtained by a devilish little instrument that could reveal the impression left on a pad through a dozen or more sheets below the original writing.

These products of the totalitarians' ingenuity gradually awakened the State Department to the necessity for greater security. One of the first steps was the Marine guard sent to Moscow in 1934. Slowly similar precautions were extended to other embassies and the Marines soon had replaced all the superannuated night watchmen who had heretofore been almost the only protection against espionage.

As new regulations were issued requiring the locking up first of secret documents, then of stenographers' notebooks, carbon paper and other working papers, and the Marine guards during their night rounds began to enforce them by formal reports of "security violations," the older diplomats complained indignantly that the restrictions were hampering their work. But the appearance of new espionage devices merely strengthened the security measures.

The weakness in the department's code systems received less attention until, as we approached World War II, it became abundantly clear that our neighbors were not all as gentlemanly as Secretary Stimson had assumed in 1929. Eleven years later, as Secretary of War, Stimson himself ordered the establishment of a new Black Chamber in the War Department beginning practically from scratch once more. The Japanese codes even before Pearl Harbor were once again cracked and gave us warning (which was not fully utilized) of the coming Japanese attack.

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Simultaneously, the State Department's codes were tested, with alarming results. In the previous years new coding precautions had tended to add to their clumsiness but less to their security and during crises the coding effort in our larger embassies consumed the days and nights of much of the staff. During the Munich Crisis, for example, half the vice-consuls in Berlin were assigned to the code room.

But now, with war practically upon us, the department was finally forced to break with the traditions Yardley had inveighed against more than ten years before and to scrap the sixteenth-century code systems for the very solution he had recommended—machines.

Whether these new machines are as secure as Yardley suggested in this age of electronic computers to assist code crackers in the laborious computations they must make is, of course, a question that only the experts can answer, and needless to say they are not talking.

Even though machines save time and effort their operation requires tedious concentration and meticulous attention, which can soon exhaust the energies of the strongest operator. Furthermore, the code clerk, even with the machine, has many other duties to perform. In a recent complaint printed in the *Foreign Service Journal* a communications clerk bitterly described some of his duties: copying cables, logging or numbering each, distributing incoming messages by hand to officers who were not in their offices, indexing and binding the cables in the telegraph book, and finally the tedious business of paraphrasing. How carefully the last operation must be done was illustrated by Chancellor Bismarck who by deliberately mis-paraphrasing the famous Ems dispatch set off the Franco-German War.

Probably the most frustrating job of all, as the embittered code clerk pointed out, is unraveling the errors and slips that creep into the cables during the coding, transmitting, and receiving processes. Even if the machines are infallible, a copyist may strike a wrong letter, a telegrapher may omit an entire line of code groups in transmitting a message, or a receiver may transpose a couple of symbols. Such "garbles," as they are called, can render important sections meaningless or even make impossible the decoding of everything that follows.

Occasionally an expert clerk, by a combination of guessing, recording or transposing a letter or group or two, can find the error. Sometimes checking at the telegraph office will reveal a missing group or

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line. If not, a "service message" must be sent to the originator and often valuable time is lost before the corrected text is received and decoded.

In the days of the simple colored codes—the Old Gray Code, for example, which preceded the Brown—experienced coding hands eventually memorized most of the more common five-letter symbols in the book. In the late twenties a senior consul who was about to retire was given a testimonial dinner by his staff at the Shanghai Consulate. Rising after the toasts, he made his farewell speech in gray, to the consternation of the uninitiated but to the delight of the old-timers who followed the address with ease.

During the thirties a young officer assigned to the embassy in Stockholm was having trouble finding his niche in the diplomatic profession. In every branch to which he was assigned he turned out to be misfit. In despair his chief finally assigned him to the code room. Almost at once the number of garbles in Stockholm's cable messages soared. The department code room complained and the ambassador asked the young man for an explanation.

"Everyone knows," the neophyte explained, "that good code clerks don't use the book and I'm just following their example. Since I'm only beginning, you can't blame me if I guess wrong once in a while."

All cables emanating from the department are automatically sent over the name of the secretary or in his absence the under-secretary, acting. Likewise messages from missions end with the name of the chief or of his acting deputy. While it is a useful way to find out who is on the job and who has gone on a vacation or a diplomatic excursion, it has often led to confusion.

It is said that when James Byrnes was appointed secretary of state, an assistant found him on his first morning in office laboriously reading and penciling answers to dozens of messages signed by important ambassadors overseas. The assistant explained that Byrnes' subordinates would draft the answers but Byrnes insisted that any personal message from an important ambassador deserved a personal answer. Only after the rules were made clear did the new secretary realize that the messages were not quite so personal as he had supposed from the signatures.

Novice ambassadors have been similarly misled. One of them, read-

ing a message signed "Hull" complaining about an error in the embassy's accounts, was found by a subordinate in the depths of despair. "To think," he said, "that with all the other troubles Mr. Hull has we have to burden him with this mistake."

However, occasionally the secretary or an ambassador will indeed draft a message himself. An experienced officer will detect it at once by the use of the word "I" instead of the usual editorial "we." To dispel any doubts of novices, the sender may begin his message: "From the Secretary."

The drafter of a telegram ordinarily indicates whether it is confidential, secret, top-secret, or of even a higher classification. Occasionally a message will begin "Eyes only for the ambassador," meaning that the code clerk who decodes it must hand it personally to the chief. Before the introduction of the machine it was not unusual for a cable to come in beginning "To be decoded only by the ambassador." The awe such messages inspired in the code room was generally mitigated by the delightful sight of the ambassador cursing and sweating over unfamiliar code books and intricate cipher tables.

But the complicated coding devices of today require skilled operators; the ambassador and the subordinate officers who in the old days were detailed to coding during crucial periods are no longer called upon. Though they are doubtless pleased with this development, it deprives them of what once was an important element in their training.

Nowhere was verbosity so conspicuous as in telegrams being enciphered by a weary code clerk. The more exhausted he was and the more hunger gnawed at his stomach the sharper his eye became in spotting unnecessary words and the quicker his mind in devising more concise ways of saying the same thing. Though he was not allowed to change a syllable of the text before him, he invariably left the code room vowing that when he rose to the eminence of a drafting officer no code clerk would be given the excuse of calling him "a verbose son-of-a-bitch."

Even before World War II, the air raids and upheavals of modern warfare raised the question of what happens to an embassy's communications when the cables are broken or the commercial radio facilities are knocked out. The obvious solution was for every embassy to have

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its own radio transmitters. However, international lawyers generally agreed that the ether, like airways, belonged to the state beneath it and could not be utilized without permission. On security grounds as well as for practical reasons governments were reluctant to grant others the right to use the limited radio frequencies available within their territory.

However, the ease with which a transmitter could be concealed within an extraterritorial embassy and the difficulty of proving, if not detecting, that such a transmitter was operating provided too great a temptation to many governments. As early as 1917 Yardley had discovered the German Legation in Mexico using a clandestine transmitter to communicate with Berlin.

Furthermore, totalitarians resorted to illegal transmitting for espionage and other purposes, and eventually the less total democracies were forced to follow suit. Today it may be assumed, though the State Department will deny it, that every large American mission has its own transmitters for use in emergency. Whenever possible the permission or at least the tacit understanding of the local government is sought before the transmitters are operated, as in the case of the ambassador's communication system in Beirut during the 1958 disturbances.

XIII

Consuls, Codes, and Couriers: 3

DESPITE the coding machine, the basic means of diplomatic communications still remains the classic one of couriers. Since the earliest times one of the basic rights of an embassy has been that of sending couriers whose dispatch cases were immune from search or seizure. The right, however, was not always meticulously observed. Back in 1380 B.C. an Egyptian king, wishing to send a message by courier through an area in which his diplomatic status might not be recognized, had the courier's head shaved, wrote his message on the scalp and waited until the hair had grown over it before sending him. In those days diplomacy apparently operated in a more leisurely fashion than today.

One night over three thousand years later the Nord Express from Paris to Moscow was lumbering slowly across the steppes. The single sleeping car had only a few passengers: an American lady on a visit to her son in the American Embassy in Moscow, a couple of German engineers, and the Japanese diplomatic courier en route to Tokyo from Berlin where a German-Japanese alliance, the text of which was secret, had just been negotiated.

The passengers were all asleep when the train suddenly stopped and the conductor announced that the car had broken an axle. Fortunately, he added, another sleeping car was standing by quite by chance on the adjoining track. Equally fortuitously, a staff of porters also were available—apparently just standing about in the steppe in

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the middle of the night waiting for a chance to earn an honest kopeck.

Lest the train be late in Moscow, the passengers were told simply to hustle across the track to the new car in their night clothes. Their baggage would be transferred by the waiting porters. After a mad scramble and the confusion that ordinarily accompanies any such operation in Russia, the passengers settled back in their new car. It was hitched to the train and the journey was resumed.

Next morning the Japanese courier joined the American lady at breakfast. Grinning broadly and hissing with mirth, he told her that his dispatch case had disappeared during the midnight transfer.

"But," he added gleefully, "it wasn't my real dispatch case at all. This is where I carry secret messages," he boasted and raised his left arm to which was firmly manacled what looked like a little toilet kit. "And all that 'wreck' for an empty bag!" the little Japanese giggled.

In 1641 the British established the first modern courier service. Known as the king's, or queen's, messengers, these couriers have since traveled around the globe carrying what is known in British diplomatic circles as the "bag." (In American jargon it is the "pouch" and in French the "valise.") Recruited largely from retired police officers, the king's messengers wear a small silver greyhound as a symbol of their proud profession. The symbol predates that of any busline by several centuries.

In his diaries John Quincy Adams, who was American minister to Russia from 1809 to 1814, indicates that most of his correspondence with Washington was carried by the imperial Russian couriers. In fact, on several occasions the Czar's ministers dispatched special couriers to carry the American minister's urgent mail—an undertaking which, in the age of post horses and sailing ships, was not to be compared in simplicity with arranging a transatlantic flight today. It never seems even to have occurred to Mr. Adams that his messages might be tampered with but this, of course, was in the days when gentlemen really did not read each other's mail.

During World War I the United States organized a courier system using Marines and soldiers as couriers, but with the end of the war it was disbanded and the pouch was once more sent by mail or entrusted to any American who happened to be going its way. During that chivalrous age even confidential dispatches were often sent through the ordinary mails. Locked and fastened with heavy wax seals, they

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were not, one then presumed, inspected by customs officers or border police. More secret documents were usually turned over to American travelers known to the diplomatic mission, who were given letters appointing them "bearers of dispatches." It was considered quite an honor to be entrusted with diplomatic mail and it also entitled the bearers of dispatches to preferential treatment at frontier stations. They therefore did the work for nothing.

However, the age of totalitarian diplomacy was already forcing itself upon the attention of reluctant State Department officials. Though other governments, too, sent pouches by mail, these generally contained only newspapers, personal mail, and similar nonsecret correspondence. On one occasion in the early thirties the Polish minister in a Balkan country called on the foreign minister to complain about the tampering with his diplomatic mail. He did not, he explained, object to the local authorities' opening his mailbags, since they contained only nonconfidential material. However, he considered it an affront that they should have been so thoughtless as to reseal them with the official seal of Finland.

During the London Economic Conference in 1934, President Roosevelt learned for the first time that the State Department had disbanded its courier service years before. Astonished, he ordered that it be reestablished immediately. Small sums were allotted to the embassies in Paris and London to hire one courier apiece. But these single couriers were hardly able to take care of the pouch mail in totalitarian countries, where even personal correspondence could not be entrusted to the public mails because of the censorship.

To supplement them, the personnel of embassies in dictatorships took turns carrying the pouch. It was a somewhat slipshod performance, but somehow no pouches were ever lost—for long. At one Eastern post an elderly consul who was retiring was asked to carry the pouches to a neighboring country on his way home. His departure was celebrated with a large farewell banquet but next day a telegram arrived from his destination reading: "We have the courier. Have you got the pouches?" Fortunately they were still in the pouch room where the consul had forgotten to pick them up after his banquet.

As war approached, the totalitarians' interest in diplomatic pouches grew warmer and their methods cruder. When the Soviets took over the Baltic States, the American diplomatic missions there were liqui-

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dated and their archives sent to Tallinn across the Finnish Gulf from Helsinki.

After a considerable number of pouches had accumulated in Tallinn and the pressure from the invading Russians increased, Henry Antheil, a young code clerk in Helsinki, whom I had known well, volunteered to hop across the gulf in a commercial plane and fetch the pouches. On the return flight the plane was attacked by an unmarked fighter and crashed into the sea, with the loss of all aboard. Finnish fishermen who witnessed the attack reported that the plane had hardly struck the water before an unmarked submarine surfaced and began rummaging in the wreckage. Whether the submarine retrieved the pouches has never been officially established. However, at least one letter believed to have been in the lost pouches inexplicably reached its destination months after the incident.

About the time the plane was downed a British diplomat, Sir Gordon Vereker, bound for London from Riga on a Swedish ship and carrying several "bags," found himself in an awkward spot when a German warship drew alongside and seized the vessel. With considerable presence of mind the diplomat slipped into the galley, tied some fire irons to his pouches and hurled them through the porthole. Nevertheless, some nonsecret pouches were seized, together with the diplomat. He was temporarily interned and then exchanged. The pouches, which contained some personal correspondence including a number of pin-up photographs belonging to bachelor diplomats in the Baltic States, caused considerable ribald mirth among the German naval authorities stationed at Hamburg, where I was then serving. Efforts to protect the dignity of these British cousins, some of them close friends, by taking over the "art" objects as the custodian of British interests were rejected by the Germans on the ground that the pin-ups were war booty.

After these incidents the State Department for a time substituted pouches perforated with brass rings to facilitate sinking in emergencies at sea until it was pointed out that the mail inside the pouches was just about as buoyant as the sacks themselves.

During and after the war the U. S. Diplomatic Courier Service was greatly expanded and improved. Today sixty-six couriers cover the globe on courier routes emanating from three overseas courier centers—Frankfurt, Panama, and Manila. These three centers are

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connected with Washington by military planes which feed the diplomatic mail to them. In a single year U. S. couriers cover over four million miles—mostly by air. The couriers call only at centrally located missions, from which local couriers distribute the pouches to neighboring posts.

The couriers themselves, unlike their more staid colleagues, the queen's messengers, are young bachelors. They must be college graduates and pass a severe screening, for applications for the positions greatly exceed vacancies. Normally a courier remains with the service for six or seven years, after which he can try for entry into the regular career Foreign Service or return to a less hectic civilian job.

At any large airport a traveler may encounter the tall, thin American with crewcut head and rumpled seersucker suit ambling off a plane behind an airline porter rolling a baggage truck filled with what looks like U. S. mailsacks marked "Dept. of State" and heavily padlocked. Ordering a cup of coffee, he will sit down in a corner surrounded by his pouches, an invoice spread before him, checking and rechecking the little linen bags he has removed from one of the large sacks. Presently another crewcut in a slightly better pressed suit accompanied by a chauffeur in the American Embassy uniform will appear. Together they will check more invoices, exchange little sacks and larger pouches, signing receipts and initialling lists while harassed airline officials cluster about them with warnings that they are delaying the plane. Finally, their paper work completed, they part shouting to each others: "Tell Smitty I'll see him in Lagos Thursday and don't forget to ask Jim about those empty pouches in Tabriz." Preceded by a porter with his pouches, the first courier hurries to his plane. The pouches are not taken to the hold but are stacked beside him on a reserved seat. The plane warms up and he is off on the next leg of his run.

A normal courier run may start from Frankfurt and end there twenty-nine days later. The first stop is Geneva, then Rome, Athens, Cairo, Addis Ababa, and Nairobi. Traveling day and night, pausing only for connections, he reaches Nairobi in two and a half days. There he "stages," that is, another courier, like a relay runner, picks up his pouches and goes on southward while he rests a day or two and flies up to Kampala in Uganda, then to Mogadiscio in Somaliland and north to Aden. Thence he flies back to Nairobi, where he in turn

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picks up the baton from the courier who left Frankfurt a week after he did. He flies south to Salisbury, Rhodesia, and to Pretoria, in South Africa, and then strikes north up the west coast to Leopoldville and finally to Lagos in Nigeria where he stages again, this time for four or five days during which he makes a side trip to Abidjan on the French Ivory Coast and to Duala in the French Cameroons. Then he again relieves the next arrival at Lagos and proceeds to Monrovia, Dakar, Casablanca, Nice and Paris, and finally to Frankfurt. After a day or two of rest there he is off again for Geneva and points south.

Contrary to myth, couriers are seldom overtly attacked and they never carry guns. However, the planes they ride in are occasionally shot at—and down—for violating forbidden territory. One courier, Frank Irwin, was shot down in his plane by Tito's forces in northern Yugoslavia. Though badly wounded, he retrieved his pouches from the burning plane and stayed with them until properly relieved by U. S. officials. Then he was carted off to a hospital, where he remained for over a year recovering from his wounds.

Like the code room, the pouch room, usually next to it, is behind a steel door beyond which innumerable locked gates and iron grills keep out everyone, including embassy officials who are not directly concerned with its operation. In sensitive posts someone is on guard there twenty-four hours a day.

The other service branches of the embassy are ordinarily concentrated in the administrative section. Here is the personnel office, where leave records are kept, identity cards issued, and complaints of officers and their wives dealt with.

The accounting officer is a key member of the administrative staff. Embassy accounts, like all government accounts, are run on the principle that though a diplomat can be entrusted with the country's most vital interests he is not to be trusted with the disposition of a four-cent stamp. When during the War I was ordered to open a diplomatic mission in Afghanistan I was accompanied to Kabul by a single American clerk. The innumerable accounting forms and procedures, tables and statistics we were required to submit each month occupied the full time of the clerk and at least half my own, though the sums we were authorized to spend were considerably less than the clerk's salary.

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Even so, I apparently neglected my duties to the United States General Accounting Office. Some years after leaving Kabul a stern message from the GAO notified me that I had overpaid the clerk one month by several dollars. As the war was still going on and my mind was fully occupied with other matters which seemed more important, I ignored the notice. It was followed up by perhaps a dozen reminders. When peace finally came I wrote out a check for the amount I had allegedly overpaid the unfortunate clerk. A half year later an apologetic letter from the accountant general returned the check explaining it had all been a dreadful mistake.

The equipment of an embassy is with few exceptions supplied from Washington. Local purchases of even scratch-paper and pencils are made under penalty of a disallowance in one's accounts. Before I left to open the mission in Afghanistan, the department had assured me that all necessary equipment would be awaiting my arrival. Nothing in fact was awaiting me and the only equipment we received in our first six months of operation was a water cooler which was badly smashed up en route and for which we had little use. The pads and pencils I eventually bought and donated to the government. A typewriter we borrowed; for an official seal I used my thumbprint; for the rest we did without.

This hasty tour of the diplomatic plant has not touched on a score of other government offices scattered throughout the building and very possibly in seven or eight other buildings in the foreign capital: the Defense Department's Army, Air Force and Navy attachés; the International Co-operation Administration; the United States Information Service; and a dozen other special agencies which together probably outnumber the embassy staff by three to one.

Though many of these agencies are temporary and their relationship to diplomacy is tenuous, they directly concern the ambassador and his immediate staff. Each of them has a keen interest in some aspect of our foreign relations. Each has its own particular point of view and its own specific goal. Whether regarding such minor questions as local wage scales or the more serious problem of a soft versus a hard policy toward the host country, each agency has its ax to grind.

After a period of semi-autonomy immediately following the war, all agencies overseas today at least nominally are under the supervision of the ambassador. Normally this authority is understood and com-

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plied with. Occasionally it is resented. Frequently there are genuine differences of approach, and to enforce compliance with U. S. policies as worked out by the State Department requires all the tact an ambassador can muster.

"Co-ordinating and supervising other overseas agencies of the government," a senior career department official states, "has become the major task of an American ambassador. Reporting, negotiating, representing and defending our interests may be his primary responsibilities, but how well he accomplishes these depends on how well he co-ordinates his often highly individualistic team."

XIV

Diplomacy and Intelligence: 1

THE diplomat, Callières says, has two principal functions: to conduct the business of his master and to discover the business of others.

Today it is the latter function that probably occupies the diplomat most. It is often referred to as "intelligence," though it is neither a substitute for wisdom nor a cure for stupidity. In the broadest sense, intelligence is any kind of information, but it usually means the information a statesman would like to have in making decisions on policy or a general in planning his campaign. As such it is called "strategic intelligence."

The diplomat is chiefly interested in information bearing on political or diplomatic events, though he is expected to report on military matters as well. Two hundred years ago his principal concern was with prospective alliances involving royal marriages and the varying state of temperature of a monarch's feelings toward his neighbors, his wife, and even his mistress.

The diplomat, however, was expected to know a great deal more than the marital doings of his host. The state of the royal treasury, the prospects for further revenues, the state of manufactures, meager though they were, and agricultural conditions, even two centuries ago, were recognized as having an important bearing on the power potential of a ruler. The diplomat was expected to be familiar with the geography of the area—not only those provinces ruled by his host but such other parcels of real estate as those to which he laid claim or on

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which he had designs. He also studied the legal system and the social customs of the common people.

According to Callières, the ideal diplomat included among his reports a portrait gallery not only of the King but of the influential personages around him and of such rivals and pretenders as threatened his regime. Each portrait described as intimately as possible the subject's personality, his talents and weaknesses, his likes and prejudices, his romances, and his politics.

Finally, the ambassador was expected to report on the state of military preparedness of his host. Two centuries ago this was not the problem it is today. Monarchs generally courted a reputation for military strength and were only too glad to show off their troops to foreigners. Since types of weapons were few and their design simple, a good military estimate needed to include scarcely more than the numbers of troops, their condition and morale, the state of their equipment, the state of repair of major fortresses, and the state of the treasury's ability to meet the military payroll.

National patterns of behavior were even then of concern to diplomats. Callières recommended that they acquire an intimate knowledge of the host's country's history, not only to be able to display their erudition but, more important, to learn from past events what a land and its ruler might do in a given set of circumstances in the future.

It was not sufficient, Callières warned, simply to study the dispatches of one's predecessors; it was necessary to keep an eye on new developments so that past reports, carefully preserved in the archives at home, could constantly be brought up to date.

The methods pursued by eighteenth-century diplomats in obtaining their information were varied. Their primary source was, of course, the monarch himself and his ministers, with each of whom a diplomat was expected to maintain the most intimate relations possible. Other diplomatic colleagues were prime sources and the diplomatic corps, then as now, kept up a lively trade in gossip, rumor, and occasionally hard facts.

Callières especially recommended as sources vain or disgruntled courtiers who might by their indiscretions give away important state secrets. Nor was he above bribery, and suggested that especially suitable for this type of information collecting were ballerinas and others who had private access on intimate terms with the ruling personalities.

Ballerinas have contrived ever since to play a role in intelligence. During World War II when the Moscow Ballet was evacuated to Kuibyshev with the diplomatic corps, many friendships between the dancers and the diplomats developed which did not go unnoticed by the secret police. On one occasion a young girl in the troupe who had been "going steady" with a clerk in our embassy was approached by the secret police with instructions to find out through her American friend what the United States' real attitude was toward the question of Indian independence. Unfortunately neither the girl nor her friend had the vaguest inkling of the subject. In their dilemma, the clerk discussed the matter with the ambassador and a report was worked up of what the latter thought it would be useful for the Soviets to know on this subject. The report was then passed on through the ballerina to the secret police, who never apparently suspected its source.

In parliamentary countries, such as Poland and England, Callières recommended that diplomats carefully cultivate the members of the Diet or Parliament as good information sources. For this purpose he suggested that Parliamentarians were especially impressed by a good cuisine and plenty of wine.

Objectivity in reporting was even then strongly emphasized by leading writers. Not only must a report be carefully considered and the information conveyed tested as to source and compared with other sources, but a diplomat worthy of his salt should never fear to tell the bad along with the good. Callières relates at length the sad predicament of a brilliant and honest Spanish diplomat, Don Estevan de Gamarra, who complained to his Foreign Office that he was never promoted whereas younger and less able diplomats were advanced over his head.

"You have only yourself to blame," the Foreign Office told him. His dispatches, they pointed out, always contained distasteful truths which "set the King's teeth on edge." To report what the State Department wants to hear is still a temptation to American diplomats. Especially in critical times, when both the public and the officials are prey to their emotions, it still requires courage to report unpopular truths which may set the State Department's teeth on edge.

A few well-chosen spies were essential to a well-run eighteenth-century embassy. Despite the relative lack of security regulations in a royal court, there were always a few rumors or plots incubating that

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could be ferreted out only by the use of paid informers. In fact, the employment of a modest stable of spies was considered so essential that the diplomat was expected to pay them out of his own pocket—and very liberally at that. The ambassador seldom dealt directly with these figures but employed intermediaries or subordinates in order to be able to disavow them if double-crossed. Even in those days the double-agent was a familiar figure.

When, nearly a century later, America was introduced to diplomacy by Benjamin Franklin, neither the methods nor the goals of the diplomatic information gatherer had altered significantly. In seeking friends and allies for the American revolutionary regime, Franklin still found it useful to trade tidbits of gossip with his colleagues at the court of Louis XVI or to enlist supporters by an occasional flirtation with a lady in waiting or a prominent courtesan.

But during the nineteenth century a rapid change took place. With the growth of international trade, the commercial rivalries, and the race for colonies, economic and commercial questions began to overshadow the petty personal rivalries of courts. Dynastic issues and genealogical charts gave way to statistical tables in the priorities of the diplomatic intelligence seekers. The technical advances of the industrial revolution raised the search for new machines and inventions to a primary concern.

The giant strides in the equipment of armies, improvements in the accuracy of firearms and new mechanisms for rapid firing, put a premium on spies capable of filching the design of a new breechloader or a machine gun. In 1894 the French Captain Alfred Dreyfus was accused of selling plans for a breech mechanism to the Germans.

Railroads greatly increased the speed with which armies could be mobilized and transported to one frontier or another. The rapid rise of Prussia as a military power under an integrated General Staff likewise made troop movements and mobilization plans important intelligence targets. If France could put her armies into the field on $M + 5$ day and Germany on $M + 4$, it became imperative for each to have the earliest possible warning that the enemy was getting ready to press the mobilization button. Just before World War I, the Austrian chief of staff was convicted of selling Austria's mobilization plans to the Serbs.

To satisfy this mutual interest in one's neighbor's military estab-

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lishment, governments eventually agreed to exchange military experts to reinforce the diplomatic staffs of embassies. These military attachés not only had the advantage of being able to appraise a new weapon or tactic better than the peaceful diplomat but they could be more easily controlled, and visits to military installations, maneuvers and inspections placed on a reciprocal basis.

Though not involved in these European rivalries, the Civil War taught the Americans the necessity of military intelligence. In a frantic search for an "expert" the Northern armies chose Allan Pinkerton, a famous private detective, to head military intelligence. Only after many months did it occur to the generals that military intelligence and gumshoe work had little in common and an experienced army officer eventually replaced Pinkerton.

World War I, a preview of the age of total warfare and total diplomacy, saw the appearance of experts in finance, transport, food and communications, who assisted the diplomats in negotiations and information gathering during both the fighting and the peacemaking. However, the experience of America, a neutral for nearly three years and a combatant only in the last year and a half, was brief and the lessons learned, like that of Yardley and the Black Chamber, were soon forgotten.

In the periods between the wars, the principal intelligence continued to come from the embassy chancelleries and the military attachés. A few experts were trained in specific regions like Russia and the Far East where normal channels of information either did not exist or were blocked by police action and strict national security. But the average American career diplomat continued to be a general practitioner of the profession.

It is fashionable today to criticize the meagerness of the information our diplomats furnished prior to World War II. With the advantage of hindsight it is not difficult to find wide lacunae in the State Department's information archives accumulated during the prewar years. Almost completely lacking were such basic data as harbor capacities and characteristics, airfield construction, road and railway characteristics, population statistics, social structures and health facilities, mineral and mining figures, smelting capacities, and agricultural acreage. Such elementary intelligence as biographical information was spotty.

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But one should bear two factors in mind before assessing the blame. In the first place, until the rise of the totalitarians international finance, shipping, communications, and commerce were in private hands, usually large corporations, trusts, cartels or banks which had maintained their own private information services adequate to their purposes. Morgan, Harjes et Cie in Paris, the National City Bank in Berlin, and the Matson Lines in the Far East each had its own representatives and seldom called for information from the government. Furthermore, who before Pearl Harbor had foreseen the need for data on dock facilities at Saigon or a description of the beaches of Normandy?

Secondly, one must recall that as late as the thirties the foreign policy of the United States was largely distinguished by its nonexistence. The diplomats and consuls were under the strictest instructions to observe but not to meddle. What they observed was what the State Department of an isolated country needed to know to be adequately posted on events abroad. It would be untrue to charge that the American Foreign Service kept the State Department less well informed than were the foreign offices of the other great powers on matters in which the latter were not specifically involved. In fact, foreign diplomats in the years immediately before World War II had come to consider the American Foreign Service one of the best informed in the world. When war finally came, the State Department knew as much on every important development as any other capital and better than most including Moscow.

Whether the same can be said for the intelligence furnished by the military attachés is doubtful, but the fault lay not with the attachés. Their job is an expensive and thankless one. Congress had never looked kindly on the attachés, and their pay and allowances were until just before the outbreak of the war so meager that only those with independent incomes could undertake the job. Furthermore, service in foreign capitals did not improve an army officer's promotion prospects. Nor did the attachés escape the problem of honest Don Estevan, whose frankness blocked his promotion. G-2 in Washington was no more immune to emotional prejudices than were other quarters not in daily contact with world politics and, like them, it was inclined to equate immorality with incompetence. Thus, because Hitler's regime was morally bad it could not, many officers in G-2 assumed, be militarily effective. The result was that any connection between military

intelligence and an intelligent military was largely coincidental—though not totally absent.

In the last years of peace the American military attaché in Berlin was both competent and courageous. Week after week Colonel Truman-Smith sent reports to G-2 that the Reichswehr was rapidly becoming the finest fighting force in Europe. But his reports were discounted and his warnings disregarded until the German armies swept across France, annihilating its forces in a couple of weeks and hurling the British back across the Channel minus their precious equipment. Then Truman-Smith's reports were hurriedly dug out of the files and reread and the colonel's subsequent advice more carefully heeded.

In Moscow another military attaché with strong political prejudices saw or thought he saw in the Soviet armies a force capable of containing the wicked Nazis and the, to him, even wicked Japanese. With more passion than perspicacity he reported to Washington every boastful claim of the Stalin regime to military invincibility. While certain elements of the political world in the United States found comfort in his reports, the military who considered the Bolsheviks no less evil than the Nazis discounted his conclusions and in the end he was replaced.

When war broke out between the Germans and the Russians, the military attaché's office in Moscow was staffed by officers with no previous political or intelligence experience. As the Reichswehr surged across the steppes in the summer of 1941 one of the attachés, convinced that Stalin was all but defeated, was asked whether he had considered the implications of Napoleon's Russian campaign. "We military men make history," he replied. "We don't read it."

Under the circumstances, the confusion that prevailed in Washington military circles about the outcome of the war on the eastern front was understandable. Later, at Yalta, Stalin himself confessed that the rose-bespectacled attaché had been grievously misled by Soviet propaganda and that until long after his departure the Soviet armies had been woefully ill-led and ill-equipped. And General Winter, who had played so formidable a role in defeating Napoleon, this time proved ineffective in hurling back the Germans for three years, until the Russian armies had been re-equipped, retrained, and their old officers replaced.

But, despite reasons and excuses advanced for the inadequacy of

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the intelligence-gathering agencies, the fact remained that the archives in Washington were ill-prepared to assist those who had to quarterback the total war which confronted them after Pearl Harbor. With one blow Pearl Harbor swept away many misconceptions, prejudices, and obsolete practices. On that day began a new era in the American diplomatic and military intelligence effort. The effects are still with us. Some of them represent a major advance in providing American statesmen and generals with the information they need to survive the struggle facing us. Others, like all measures designed to avoid the repetition of specific disasters of the past, seem to disregard the possibility that future disasters may take forms that the present system is not designed to cope with.

The first remedy to cure the ailing military patient was the formation early in 1942 of the Joint Intelligence Committee under the Joint Chiefs of Staff to operate a co-ordinated military intelligence system. In the civilian field General William Donovan was appointed co-ordinator of information with the duty of collecting and disseminating to appropriate officials all available strategic intelligence.

It quickly became apparent to Donovan that the problem was not merely one of assembling and disseminating available intelligence but of vastly increasing the intelligence available. For that purpose the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) was eventually organized under Donovan's energetic leadership. Soon the OSS was dispatching agents all over the globe under various forms of cover and with various degrees of training. Their reception by the diplomatic officers of the Foreign Service was not precisely warm.

In Kabul two young men appeared as teachers in the local English-language school. Both spoke Persian, the language of Afghanistan, both were students of Central Asia and above average in knowledge and intelligence. But neither had ever been out of the United States and neither had had any previous military or diplomatic experience.

Shortly after they arrived they officially confirmed to me what I and others had already surmised—they were secret agents of the OSS. Precisely what they were to do in Afghanistan was unclear, except that they were under instructions to increase the flow of information from Kabul to Washington. Since I considered that my own reports contained all available useful intelligence I was not a little miffed at the young men's audacity when they handed me a coded message

containing, they said, important secret information, with the request that it be sent through diplomatic channels to Washington.

Having been reared in the tradition that all messages from a diplomatic mission are read and approved by its chief I demanded to see the true text of their message. The inevitable argument ensued. After a few exchanges with Washington, it was agreed that the two men would in future collect and pass on to me any strategic intelligence they might succeed in unearthing.

Not many months elapsed before one of them was sent home with dysentery. Shortly thereafter the other international spy, incurably homesick and miserably unhappy in a primitive town which, he complained, did not even have sidewalks, also departed and ended up in the Army.

Apprehensive of the trouble the OSS agents might easily stir up in their inexperienced enthusiasm to gather information, the career diplomats' attitude toward them was not only understandable but often justified. For example, if one of the two young men in Kabul had been caught sketching a nineteenth-century fortress or a French 75 mm., with which the Afghan Army was equipped, the odds were that even if they were not blown from the mouth of a cannon, as spies had been in Afghanistan only a generation before, the American Legation would at the very least be put in a corner from which no valuable information whatever could be reported. The objection to the neophytes from OSS was not that spying was immoral or undiplomatic but that successful espionage was for experts not in Central Asian archaeology or history but in espionage.

The reaction of General Donovan's staff was equally understandable: how does a country which has shunned espionage throughout its history develop spies? The answer was, only by trials, often costly errors, and long experience. The old governments of Europe had been in the business for centuries and occasionally still made mistakes. Though the American neophyte is precocious and has learned fast, he still has much to learn. Fortunately he knows it.

Besides plunging bravely into the tricky world of international espionage, the OSS also tackled the equally delicate task of political warfare, dropping pamphlets designed to stir up political unrest in enemy territories, organizing and arming guerrilla forces, and acting as a political advance guard for the Allied armies both in Africa and

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in Europe. In Washington imaginative inventors, engineers, and chemists developed a whole armory of devices to cause the enemy trouble in the areas they occupied. The chief and often fatal handicap of these home-grown and homebred troublemakers was their inability to envisage conditions behind enemy lines where passions were strong, risks enormous, and the costs of failure supreme.

Two years after my first unhappy encounter with the OSS I found myself a part of Donovan's organization as head of a mission to Tito's guerrillas. There my predecessor told me that a few months earlier a plane had parachuted to him a case of gadgets dreamed up by the OSS troublemakers in Washington, which he was instructed to demonstrate to Tito's troops in order to interest them in their use. But again the trouble was that the nasty-minded men in America were not nearly nasty-minded enough for conditions in enemy-held territories.

Reluctantly my predecessor took the case to Tito's headquarters where a group of hard-boiled guerrillas and saboteurs had been assembled to see the demonstration. The first item in the case—called a "Who-Me?"—was a tube of evil-looking substance. The instructions with it explained that the user should make his way into an enemy-held friendly city. Upon encountering an enemy officer about to enter a public restaurant or café, he should deftly and unobserved smear some of the contents of the tube on the officer's uniform. As soon as the officer sat down in the warm restaurant the stuff would give off such a foul odor that he would be forced to withdraw humiliated.

Tito's guerrillas were unimpressed and my predecessor turned to another gadget consisting of a piece of string attached to a rag impregnated with a special chemical. The instructions explained that if a guerrilla was being chased by enemy security police using bloodhounds, he should drag the rag behind him. The scent left by it would make the bloodhounds sick and end the pursuit.

Tito's officers began to look bored and the demonstrator took up a device called the "Hedy-Lamarr Panic Creator." The guerrilla agent, according to the instructions, was to make his way into an enemy city where a Nazi leader, preferably Hitler, was to make a public speech. After penetrating the auditorium, the agent was to fasten the Hedy-Lamarr under the rostrum and adjust the timing device to go off during the speech. Tito's men began to stir. Then, the instruction went on, if all went well, the gadget would explode with a deafening,

panic-creating roar but without harming anyone. "You mean after all that it wouldn't even hurt Hitler?" the officers asked, bewildered.

Hastily the American turned to his last gadget, a small pistol with a long barrel. Dramatically he shot it at a tree in the garden. It ripped a slash of bark from the trunk but the shot was completely silent.

"Now that," the officers said, their eyes glistening with excitement, "is something we could use. Give us five thousand." He was forced to explain ruefully that the silent pistol was in heavy demand and short supply. Only the one in his hand was available.

It would be most misleading to imply that all OSS agents were homesick neophytes or that their missions behind enemy lines were confined to demonstrating Hedy-Lamarrs and Who-Mes. In Switzerland, Allen W. Dulles, an experienced and sophisticated expert in foreign affairs, organized and operated one of the most effective espionage centers of any power during the war. Not only did he have agents within Hitler's key ministries in Berlin but it was he who persuaded the German commander on the Italian front to surrender weeks before V-E day.

Furthermore, the parachuted missions behind enemy lines performed daring and highly effective tasks blowing up bridges, tunnels and supply trains, harassing enemy troops, and collecting invaluable strategic and combat intelligence. One of them parachuted into a German air force garrison and elected himself a member of the Nazi officers' mess, where he gathered invaluable bits of information which he thereupon radioed back to headquarters from a transmitter concealed in an abandoned barn on the outskirts of town. Another OSS agent, a painter by profession, was in heavy demand on the Italian front, where every night or two he slipped through the lines and, on encountering a lone enemy soldier, put him out of action with a blackjack, stripped him of his identity documents and strolled back home to tell the local commander what troops were opposing him.

It was in Washington, however, that Donovan's OSS made its greatest and most lasting contribution to the science of developing diplomatic and military strategic intelligence. Starting with all but empty files, OSS was called upon to gather and collate an encyclopedic mass of information both for the military leaders and for the diplomatic policy makers. The range stretched from geographical studies on possible landing fields to the political convictions of obscure resist-

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ance fighters.

To solve the problem Donovan recruited scores of professors, teachers, and specialists in every branch of knowledge from cartography to the social and political sciences. Applying the methods they had used in laboratories and workshops rather than those employed in chancelleries and ministries, they set about piecing together the parts of the puzzle that were at hand and searching through libraries, newspaper files, interviews with travelers, and finally the reports of their own agents for the pieces that were missing.

When pieces were still lacking with which to finish the picture they turned to sociological, psychological, and other scientific principles to find the needed information. Much of their work was for purely military purposes: encyclopedias of areas in which the troops were to operate and later to rule by military government. But much also concerned purely political problems: what was the true character of the partisan movement in Yugoslavia? Was Tito a Yugoslav nationalist as he often professed or a dyed-in-the-wool Stalinist as he subsequently, though temporarily, revealed himself to be? Was Mao Tse-tung an agrarian reformer or a Communist? To answer these questions, OSS sent special missions to observe and report from the source, while back at home every scrap of information about these men and their movements was gathered, evaluated, and collated.

These methods were to old diplomats a complete innovation, and the results were, as might be expected, not entirely trusted. Political decisions in foreign affairs, they had always believed, were made on the basis of reports from professional diplomats who culled them from conversations at the dinner table or during calls at the Foreign Office or even from press reports and editorials but never from the calculations, no matter how scientific, of sociologists.

XV

Diplomacy and Intelligence: 2

WITH the end of the war there arose the question of what to do with the OSS. Some, like President Truman, objected to its continuation for fear it might become another Gestapo. The military and the State Department opposed it as a rival intelligence agency. Yet its accomplishments during the war were sufficient to prove the value of a research and analysis staff, and each department wanted to take over this unit for itself. As for the central information clearinghouse, as far as this concerned foreign affairs it should, the State Department insisted, be returned to the department where it had always been since the Revolution.

The idea of an independent agency was vigorously defended by those who had helped build the OSS. If the diplomats were leery about OSS intelligence, some professors were downright contemptuous of the State Department's system based on diplomatic reports. Indeed, they implied that none but their own was entitled to be called an intelligence system. All old systems, including the centuries-old diplomatic method were dismissed as obsolete. Only those who had been trained during the war in OSS could be called intelligence experts and the diplomats who had for hundreds of years acted in that capacity had, they implied, been impersonators.

In the end a compromise was reached. Research and analysis were bodily transferred to the State Department. Military intelligence went back to the Pentagon and a Central Intelligence Authority, later the

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Central Intelligence Agency, was created from the remains of OSS.

The specific functions of the CIA were to advise the President and the National Security Council on intelligence matters; to recommend co-ordinating measures, to correlate and evaluate intelligence and disseminate it; and to perform certain other functions including, one may assume, espionage and undercover political warfare measures.

The Central Intelligence Agency today supervises two important jobs which before the war were performed within the State Department or not done at all: the national intelligence survey and the national estimate. The first is a basic survey or superguidebook of other nations, the second an estimate of some specific problem by American intelligence experts. At present the intelligence surveys are being written by State Department personnel but with the assistance and supervision of CIA.

The national estimate is an effort to reach a consensus of the opinion held by the so-called "intelligence community" in the CIA, the armed services, the State Department, the Atomic Energy Commission, and occasionally experts from other interested government departments. The CIA is responsible for collecting the views of each agency, which are then assembled in a composite paper and discussed by the "community" until an accord is reached. If irreconcilable views still persist, minority opinions are set forth in footnotes. The estimate is then forwarded to the proper authorities.

There are several types of national estimates: the straight estimate, which attempts to assess another nation's future performance assuming no change in U. S. policy, and the general estimate, which attempts to weigh the consequences of a possible change in U. S. policy. For example, the President or another member of the National Security Council may request a national estimate on the reaction of the Soviet Union if the United States landed troops in the Lebanon. Or the Central Intelligence Agency itself may decide that a national estimate is currently needed to determine the threat to American security of a revolution in Venezuela. In both cases the estimate is confined to intelligence and tries to avoid as much as possible any suggestion for future U. S. policy.

In addition to these functions the CIA performs several others of almost equal concern; for example, it carries out espionage activities, which, as a result of Pearl Harbor and the war, are no longer beyond

the pale of American government activities. Although these operations are wrapped in the deepest secrecy, a few facts about modern espionage are available and worth noting. In the first place, it is not, as already suggested, a game for beginners. Espionage requires the most careful recruitment, training, preparation, and supervision—all by experts. In the second place, the information obtained by espionage is usually a small proportion of the total intelligence gathered. It may well be a vital part, but expressed in percentages it may not amount to more than 4 or 5 per cent of the whole picture, the rest of which is pieced together from diplomatic sources or materials published in the newspapers, trade journals, scientific papers, and from foreign government declarations and speeches.

Finally, not all secret information is obtained by espionage. Much is marked "secret" or even "top secret" not because it was obtained by violating a file cabinet but in order to protect some legitimate source or to prevent others from knowing what we know. For example, an indiscreet foreign official may tell the American ambassador of plans afoot by his country to invade a third country. If it became known that the official had divulged this fact or even that the United States was aware of the plans, it not only might be dangerous for the indiscreet source but might provoke his government into drastic and undesirable action. Also, if it is known that the United States has certain information, others can more easily deduce what course of action the United States will adopt.

An American ambassador is also inclined to classify his own views and recommendations as "secret," though they compromise no vulnerable source, in order to protect his own position. For example, if his opinions of persons at his post became known, his own relations with them might well become strained.

The label "secret" on a report entails certain risks. Human nature's craving for information that is not common knowledge almost automatically raises the value of any tidbit marked "secret" and lowers the importance of information not so classified. The result is that frequently an unreliable rumor, if labeled secret, may carry more weight than an established fact. Consequently information obtained through secret channels, such as espionage, though generally less reliable than more easily available knowledge, is likely to take precedence in the councils where policies are determined.

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The compromise reached in the liquidation of OSS returned to the State Department primary, but not exclusive, responsibility for collecting overseas information on political, economic, cultural, and social matters obtainable through overt, or normal, diplomatic channels. This does not mean, however, that if a CIA representative, in the course of pursuing other objectives, learns something of political significance he must forget it. On the contrary, he is expected to pass it on to his ambassador or diplomatic representative.

All information obtained by diplomatic channels is made available in Washington to the CIA in accordance with its basic charter as the co-ordinator and evaluator of all intelligence. In a foreign capital, however, the ambassador, the senior American government representative, is, theoretically at least, entitled to know what other agencies are up to. This often places him in an awkward position if other U. S. agencies are engaged in undercover work. Even Callières warned that a diplomat should keep a discreet distance from the activities of undercover agents.

However, even in the best organized spy system it frequently happens that a valuable agent falls into the hands of the police of a friendly state. It then occasionally becomes necessary to request diplomatic intervention to spring him. Much of a diplomat's time has often been taken up persuading reluctant ministers of justice, police chiefs, and judges to release shady characters connected with other government agencies who had got caught in local counterespionage nets.

The normal resolution of this dilemma is for an ambassador to insist on being informed in general terms of the activities of his intelligence agents but to remain ignorant of the details of all specific operations. Thus the intelligence agent may tell the ambassador that he proposes to investigate the tie-up between a local opposition leader and the Kremlin. He will not, however, tell him that he intends to tap the man's telephone, seduce his secretary, or blow his safe.

In pursuing his major occupation as a reporter, the modern American ambassador and his staff have, with a few changes, stuck to the practices employed by diplomats for the past two hundred years. Their sources continue to be confidential talks with their host government's ministers and exchanges of gossip, speculation, and facts with their diplomatic colleagues at cocktail parties and dinners. Political officers continue to cultivate Foreign Office officials, members of Parliament,

leading editors, and of course the American journalists who in the course of their search for news frequently pick up very useful reports.

A member of the staff is likely to be assigned to cover the opposition, reporting their disagreements, following closely their successes and failures at the polls for indications of a possible parliamentary upset, and carefully noting the programs they advocate in case they should come to power.

The methods of extracting information, too, have remained largely unchanged and, as Callières noted, parliamentarians continue to be attracted by good food and to become more communicative with fine wines. Some diplomats, however, have adapted their methods to the increasing tempo of modern life. Instead of the leisurely dinner party, they have favored the businessman's lunch from which wives are excluded and where less time is wasted on formalities.

In one respect a more profound change has taken place. The ambassador continues from time to time to compose a deep "think piece" or survey of relations in general, giving his views of the future and his recommendations on possible changes of policy. But the staff that two decades ago also was used to prepare lengthy dispatches, including their estimates and conclusions resulting from penetrating research, today confine themselves more to reporting simple facts, leaving the basic research and conclusion drawing to be done in the State Department, to which the research and analysis staff of the old OSS was transferred.

After its transfer this staff was promptly broken up into regional units and subordinated to the regional political divisions. Thus, for example, the researchers who had been specializing on Soviet affairs were amalgamated with the Eastern European Political Division.

Immediately the experts of the new intelligence method raised a hue and cry, arguing that intelligence should be strictly isolated from the policy makers. Too close association between the two, they insisted, would tend to destroy the objectivity of the intelligence experts. If subordinated to the policy originators, they would be under pressure to make intelligence estimates that favored the policies adopted. Besides, they said, the political personnel would inevitably call on the intelligence experts to do odd chores, taking them off their long-term research projects.

Both arguments are in part sound. Just after the war,

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when OSS was still in existence, its field mission to Austria included a research and analysis unit composed of a number of very competent professors and specialists in Austrian affairs. When our troops entered Vienna we assumed responsibility for feeding the starved population of our sector of the city. The question then arose whether to refine the wheat we received from America and give them white bread or leave it brown. General Clark asked the OSS unit to conduct a survey to find out which the Viennese preferred. As I was in charge of the mission I turned the problem over to the learned professors. They objected violently. One of them explained he was doing a study on Austrian state-church relations. Another explained he was making a survey of Austria's long-term economic prospects. A third had an equally weighty and doubtless valuable subject under study. Somewhat peremptorily I explained that our immediate problem was to feed the Austrians, not to analyze their religion or economy. Reluctantly the professors gave in and reported back a few days later that the Austrians, deprived of white bread since Hitler's take-over, now wanted only the whitest possible. After a week of the diet, however, the luxury-loving Viennese changed their minds and begged for the more nourishing black.

As a result of the objections to breaking up the research staff, General Marshall, on becoming secretary of state, was prevailed upon to reverse the decision and once more research and analysis were taken off and isolated in their tower where they churned out their long-range estimates and studies. They are still in their tower at the time of writing. How much they are contributing to the formulation of sound policy remains to be seen. A brief survey of their output indicates they are chiefly engaged in gathering materials for high-level public speeches and re-analyzing foreign newspapers long since scrutinized in foreign capitals by our embassy staffs.

In one area the modern approach to strategic intelligence has produced an entirely new intelligence method variously known as Kremlinology, Sovietology, or Bolshevismology. Because of the secrecy which shrouds the Soviet Union's inner workings, Russian specialists have adopted an extreme variant of the research analysts' approach to learn the Kremlin's secrets. Reading every available newspaper or magazine, they carefully study the names of those reported present at congresses, the lists of recipients of awards which the Soviet Union

uses in place of material incentives, the signatures under published letters of condolence on the deaths of prominent leaders, the signatures of articles and letters of factory managers and technicians to editors, the promotions and demotions obscurely printed on the last page of *Pravda* and *Izvestiya* and, of course, the order of the pictures carried in parades on national holidays, to determine the relationship of the various individual members of the ruling hierarchy. For example, if Comrade Ignatiev was listed as county party secretary in the Ukraine during Khrushchev's tour of duty in Kiev and subsequently appears as a party official on a higher level in Moscow he is labeled a Khrushchev man. Should he at any future time be demoted, it might mean that Khrushchev's power is slipping. If a man bearing the Malenkov label is promoted, it can mean that Malenkov himself is staging a comeback.

Quite aside from the painstaking research this process demands, it has often been derided as based on faulty assumptions, abstruse reasoning, and farfetched conclusions. Occasionally the methods of the Kremlinologists recall the example often cited by General Hoyt Vandenberg to illustrate the difference between hard fact and speculation:

A Kentucky mountaineer went to call on his neighbor but found only his small son at home.

"Where's your paw?" he asked the boy.

"Gone fishin'."

"How d'ye know?"

"Had his boots on and 'tain't rainin'."

"Where's yer maw?"

"Outhouse."

"How d'ye know?"

"Went out with a Montgomery Ward catalogue and she can't read."

"Where's yer sister?"

"In the hayloft with the hired man."

"How d'ye know?"

"It's after mealtime and there's only one thing she'd rather do than eat."

Despite such criticism, if we accept research and analysis as the basis for intelligence we can hardly argue with those who pursue the

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method to its logical conclusion. Furthermore, the Kremlinologists can claim a number of major successes in prediction. After all, it was they who noted the absence of Beria's name from a list of spectators at a state performance of the Moscow Ballet and predicted his downfall weeks before it was finally announced. Subsequently Khrushchev was generally listed in the press as "first Secretary" of the party, indicating he was the first among equals in the supreme Secretariat. One day a sharp-eyed Bolshevismologist noted in *Pravda* that he had been labeled "First Secretary." Immediately the expert concluded that he had in fact been raised to a new plateau of supreme power. Others, who had failed to detect the transformation of the lower-case *f* to a capital *F*, only much later came to the same conclusion.

The dearth of intelligence on Russia has attracted the curiosity of other branches of the social sciences. A psychologist, utilizing the public utterances of prominent Bolsheviks, has produced a study of the political behavior patterns of Communist leaders which, it is claimed, was used by the military negotiators of the Korean truce at Panmunjom to explain the odd behavior of their Soviet opposites.

As yet, however, the professional diplomats are not inclined to abandon Callières entirely in favor of the socio-anthropologists and the new scientific intelligence methods. In fact they question whether the new methods of intelligence gathering and evaluating are alone an adequate substitute for the older methods which have stood the test of generations of diplomacy.

Few would deny the valuable contributions that the intelligence experts of OSS and subsequently of the CIA have made to the science, if it be one, of collecting and evaluating information. Few would deny that a central archive of basic intelligence was greatly needed before the war, not simply as a convenience for ready reference but, more important, to spotlight the gaps in the picture puzzle that needed filling.

The effort to bring together and reconcile the views of experts from the diplomatic, the military, and the scientific worlds in one national estimate has certain advantages over leaving decisions to individuals who may be prejudiced or subject to blind spots. Such persons are not unknown in the State Department or other branches of the government: the devotee of Chiang Kai-shek or Adenauer, the man to whom de Gaulle is anathema, the Anglophile and the Anglophobe, all are

still with us and will probably be for generations to come.

Nor can the professional diplomat quarrel with the need for technical experts. The financial specialist, the mineralogist, and the automation expert must be consulted and their judgment given serious consideration if we are to have expert intelligence about the future intentions of our enemies and the prospects of our allies.

However, the problem lies in how these experts are used and what relative weight is given to their views.

One of the difficulties about "collective wisdom," as Churchill contemptuously called it, is that it does not so readily find acceptance in the minds of the policy makers. Its anonymity, its lack of personality, its cold, hard approach do not carry the same conviction as a report, no matter how superficial, from a man-who-has-been-there. Can the collective report, therefore, overcome the preconceived ideas, the pictures created by casual conversations with articulate but inexperienced observers as well as does the report prepared by the qualified man on the spot—the diplomat?

After his one brief visit to Moscow, Chancellor Adenauer came home to announce that Russia was in grave difficulties because of a drop in the birth rate: during his entire visit he had not seen a single baby carriage. Furthermore, he had not seen a smiling face. Adenauer has at his disposal an unusually competent intelligence organization, but not one of its anonymous reports made the impression on him or had the powerful influence on his views that those allegedly non-existent baby carriages and smiles did.

Perhaps a greater drawback to the "collective wisdom" is the danger it runs in the process of being "boiled down" and its differing opinions reconciled. Could not some significant truth be boiled away? Does not reconciling differences risk meaningless compromises in lowest common denominators? The defenders of the system insist that differing views are not compromised but argued out and the views of those who still do not agree are duly recorded. But does one always exhibit the necessary courage to refuse to conform to the majority opinion, especially when the clock in the conference room is approaching six?

Estimates and conclusions are the products of thought, and pure thought cannot but be individual. In fact is there such a thing as collective thinking? The weighing of infinitely complex relationships and the sorting out of hypotheses and selection of the one most applicable

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to the circumstances must be the work of individual minds. Any attempt to synthesize the products of several minds must end by reflecting the product of none.

There is also a communications difficulty in endeavoring to reconcile the conclusions of the diplomat on the spot with the efforts of a researcher in Washington. The most detailed and complete report supporting an ambassador's reasoning cannot begin to enumerate the intangible but significant facts that entered into his decision. How does a scientific intelligence expert take into consideration and evaluate a subtle smile he never saw or a handshake he never felt? Can one evaluate the mass reactions of a crowd at a demonstration one has not witnessed?

Furthermore, there are the language nuances to overcome in translations. Suppose the ambassador in Moscow asks Khrushchev's opinion of a new plan for disengagement and Khrushchev replies "Nichevo." Suppose even that a tape recording of the interview were made available to the collective thinkers in Washington. The answer could be correctly interpreted as "nothing," which it literally means. But a slight shrug might give it the entirely different meaning of "so-so." Or a smile and gesture could give it the meaning it has when you see a pretty girl: "Not bad at all." Who but the interviewer can interpret the correct meaning and how is he to explain his reasoning?

I do not suggest that we can ever again dispense with the immensely valuable contributions of the scientific intelligence experts. However, I suspect that at least some of their methods were inspired by the gigantic mass of facts raised by modern problems to overwhelm the decision maker. And as is so often the case in the face of these massive assaults on the mind, numbers have been mobilized to substitute for the mental capacity to grapple with them.

It would seem probable that the new techniques of intelligence will remain a useful auxiliary of, but never a substitute for, the established methods of diplomatic intelligence gathering, reporting, and evaluating.

XVI

The Battle for Men's Minds: 1

REPRESENTATION is the term used to describe a diplomat's efforts to demonstrate through his personality, manners, hospitality, and erudition the admirable qualities of his country and thus the advantage of maintaining close friendly relations with it. While the wise diplomat seeks to win for his country the admiration and respect of others, he will not waste his time trying to inspire the deeper emotion of affection. International love is a fiction the search for which has frequently ended in embittered frustration, particularly among Americans whose passion for popularity is seldom understood and practically never required by our neighbors.

In the era of absolute monarchs representation was almost exclusively directed to the small group around the king, whose opinions carried weight in the determination of national policy and with whom the diplomat sought to ingratiate himself by every means possible. When a British ambassador in Paris was asked by the French King to hold the candle lighting him to bed, it was generally acknowledged that the Englishman had achieved the pinnacle of success as a diplomat at the royal court. When another British ambassador, Sir James Harris, in St. Petersburg almost succeeded in establishing even more intimate relations in the imperial bed of the Empress Catherine II he was merely fulfilling his representational duties vis-à-vis his imperial hostess.

As the incidence of power within nations shifted away from the

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absolute monarch to the parliament, to the market place, and eventually to the pub the need to broaden the scope of representation was not immediately recognized. Diplomats continued to prefer the luxurious atmosphere of the courts to the noisy mobs.

There was another basic obstacle to diplomats' pursuing the voters to the polling place. While host governments condoned a certain pressure by diplomats in international matters, they considered interference in domestic politics out of bounds to foreign ambassadors.

The French and American Revolutions had accelerated the shift in power from the palace but it was Karl Marx who first exploited it systematically and openly advocated flouting the diplomatic rule of noninterference to incite the proletariat of the world to rise against their governments. The Bolsheviks enthusiastically followed his advice. At their very first diplomatic negotiation, the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty with the Germans, in 1917, the Soviet diplomats headed by Trotsky hurled revolutionary pamphlets from the windows of their special train and delivered fiery harangues to the German troops to rise against their masters, while the German diplomats and generals looked on speechless with amazement at this gross violation of diplomatic protocol.

But the Russians had staked their fortune on world revolution and had no intention of being stopped by mere diplomatic rules. Though they failed everywhere in their initial attempt to stir up revolution, they kept right on trying. In 1927 a prominent Bolshevik, Rakovsky, serving as ambassador in Paris, had the audacity to advocate publicly that in the event of war the French proletariat join forces with the Red Army. The French government immediately demanded Rakovsky's recall but the rebuff was ignored by the Communists.

Using not only their Communist parties abroad but also such devices as Soviet Friendship societies to foment trouble and, if possible, insurrection, the Soviets continued to interfere openly in their neighbors' affairs. In 1933 when Roosevelt negotiated the recognition of Russia with Litvinov, the Soviet diplomat promised that his government would support no organization inciting the forcible overthrow of the American government. However, Litvinov had hardly arrived home in Moscow before the Communist International was again appealing to its affiliates in America to incite rebellion.

These pre-World War II Soviet efforts were for the most part

clumsy and ineffective. It took the genius of Hitler's propaganda minister, Goebbels, to raise "total diplomacy" to an art by exploiting the advanced techniques of radio broadcasting. With powerful transmitters which leaped unimpeded across national frontiers he hurled vilification and abuse at Hitler's enemies abroad and sought support among foreign populations for his master's totalitarian doctrines. The Germans, like the Russians, also organized cells, friendship societies, and "bunds" of Germans overseas to spread the Nazi cause with considerable effect.

Mussolini, the poor man's totalitarian, likewise used the radio to stir up trouble among his enemies. Even before World War II his Radio Bari, directed toward the Middle East and as far as India, preached revolt from British colonial rule, to the acute discomfort of the British who constantly protested the flagrant violation of diplomatic usage.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, Mussolini's minister in Kabul, Pietro Quaroni, succeeded in recruiting the Indian revolutionary, Chandra Bose, for the Italian propaganda service. Chandra Bose was at the time in a British prison in India, but the resourceful Italian arranged his escape and brought him as far as Kabul, together with his male secretary. At this time Soviet Russia, still neutral, had no compunctions about offering Chandra Bose safe passage via Moscow and Berlin to Rome. However, while they were waiting for their travel papers, hidden in a native inn in the Kabul bazaar, Bose's secretary fell in love with the innkeeper's son and contracted gonorrhea. He was shipped back to India and eventually a substitute secretary was spirited to Kabul.

After this awkward delay Bose and his new secretary traveled across Russia as far as Berlin. There Hitler, jealous of his fellow totalitarian's propaganda coup, kidnaped Chandra Bose and put him to work on the Nazi radio network. Toward the end of the war, while he was escaping by plane to Japan, Chandra Bose's spectacular career came to an end in a plane crash on a Pacific island.

Even prior to the war the Western democracies were not entirely idle in this radio diplomacy. Ever since the twenties the BBC in Britain had been building up an audience all over the world which listened faithfully to the cool, dispassionate voice from London giving the news as London saw it—or wanted it seen. The French government, too, attempted to thwart the Nazi campaign by radio. However,

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at home its own people lent themselves all too readily to foreign propaganda. Even before the totalitarians it had long been a standard procedure of Paris newspapers to offer their services clandestinely to foreign powers. Prior to World War I the counselor of the Russian Embassy had been hauled into court, sued by a newspaper editor for not paying his agreed subsidy on behalf of the Russian government. He successfully pleaded diplomatic immunity. Subsequently a Russian, Arturo Raffalovich, became disbursing agent for the Russian government among French newspapers and, according to documents published after the Bolshevik Revolution, distributed millions of rubles not only to newspaper publishers but also to individual journalists.

During the twenties and thirties *L'Humanité* was avowedly financed by the Soviets. *La République* was considered German subsidized. The well-known columnist, Jules Sauerwein, was suspected of taking money from numerous sources including the Germans and the Turks. When M. Sauerwein in a column in *Le Matin* expressed doubts about the correctness of Turkish foreign policy, it was assumed that Constantinople was in arrears in its payments to him. Another famous commentator, Pertinax, who wrote in the *Echo de Paris*, was widely regarded as in British pay.

Only the United States among the great powers refused to participate in the propaganda war. When a Paris editor offered his paper for sale to the United States his proposition was indignantly rejected by the American Embassy on instructions from Washington. The American abstention was due in part to its isolationist policies which precluded any involvements in Europe. In part, however, it sprang from a moralistic repugnance to all "propaganda," which was associated in the public mind with anarchist and Bolshevik underground conspiracies to overthrow the Constitution with a combination of pamphlets and bombs. Just as Secretary of State Stimson had forbidden code breaking because gentlemen did not read each other's mail, his successors shrank from the dirty word "propaganda."

But with Pearl Harbor these inhibitions quickly vanished and the United States sprang enthusiastically into what was then called "psychological warfare." The Office of Facts and Figures, a creation of President Roosevelt, now became the Office of War Information. Eager to participate in the war effort, writers, publicists, journalists, editors, public relations experts and advertisers hurried to enlist

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in the OWI to fight the Battle of Men's Minds.

The Voice of America was organized to broadcast around the globe and around the clock. Pamphlets, books, and even paper match boxes carrying the democratic message were smuggled or dropped into enemy countries and distributed more openly in the neutral and friendly areas. The Voice transmitters initially were weak and short-ranged and the pamphlet dropping was fraught with difficulties.

In the very first days of the phony war in 1939, the British had conducted a pamphlet-dropping operation on Germany. RAF planes swept over Hamburg and other West German towns dropping leaflets as they went. Unfortunately their navigation was poor or high winds carried off the pamphlets, for few found their way to the streets of Hamburg. Stationed in Hamburg at that time, I sometimes spent my Sundays shooting roebuck in a forest some thirty miles north of the city. There the forest floor was often white with British leaflets. They were clumsily written and poorly printed. Even the British Information Ministry was apparently not too proud of them, for it declared their contents to be "war secrets." When a few months later I brought some samples to London and showed them to newspaper friends, one was reproduced in a British newspaper. An investigation thereupon was instituted by Parliament to discover how the pamphlet had "leaked," so I cut short my visit and went on my way.

The American military, too, mounted a massive psychological warfare operation, using radio, leaflets, and various forms of "black" and "gray" information campaigns to confuse the enemy generals and subvert the troops and civilian populations.

When the war ended there was no turning back to the less noisy diplomacy of pretotalitarian days. Hardly had Germany and then Japan surrendered before the Soviets re-aimed their propaganda guns, turning them from their former enemies on to their former allies.

Initially there was considerable pressure, particularly from Congress, to dismantle the entire OWI organization and to abandon the propaganda effort which they still felt had an unsavory and un-American flavor. But the efforts of Radio Moscow, combined with the more brutal suasions of the Soviet armies in Eastern Europe, were convincing proof that the war had not ended. It had just become a shade cooler. Greatly reduced in size, the OWI staff was transferred to the State Department and with sharply cutback budgets continued to broad-

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cast over the Voice of America and to turn out the movies, pamphlets, and news bulletins that OWI had originated.

In the early postwar years the fiction of friendly relations with Russia continued, and the Voice broadcasts pursued a policy known as the "full and fair picture." The picture was often self-deprecating and replete with confessions of our shortcomings but careful to avoid criticism or attacks on the Soviet system. Nor was any propaganda directed to Russia herself.

The reasons for this odd approach were several. A few known fellow travelers had during the war infiltrated into key positions whence they still advocated a friendly-to-Russia line. Others, accustomed to the wartime pro-Soviet line, found it difficult to change. Furthermore, the State Department, always cool to the OWI in wartime and unenthusiastic about the "psychological warriors" it had inherited when OWI was liquidated, either overlooked or ignored its responsibilities to bring their propaganda into line with the new cold war situation.

But in 1947, at the urgent insistence of the diplomats familiar with Russia, including Averell Harriman, recently ambassador in Moscow and then secretary of commerce, broadcasts directly to Russia were inaugurated and the tone of the other broadcasts changed to a much more vigorous anti-Communist approach. The fellow travelers were eliminated and the rest of the staff re-oriented to a more realistic line. At the same time a slick magazine in Russian was printed for distribution in Moscow.

The new line was welcomed in America but the competence of its dispensers was not so readily accepted by either Congress or the public. The touch of the red tarbrush was not easily eradicated and the potential effect of propaganda was doubted because of the inherent inability of the international broadcasters to demonstrate through listener ratings or sales figures, as commercial radio could, that they were being listened to. Nor were all career diplomats convinced of the effectiveness or the propriety of international propaganda. This was especially true of those who had not themselves experienced the massive and powerful Soviet propaganda apparatus in operation. Consequently such attention as they gave the Voice was halfhearted and often contemptuous.

The initiation of the Russian broadcasts was also attended by con-

siderable amateur bumbling. When I was dispatched to New York to recruit a staff and start the Russian broadcasts I had scarcely tuned in on a broadcast for years, let alone produced one. When, after several weeks of practice, the first program went on the air the *New York Times* asked to print the text in full. Scheduled for that day was a discussion on artificial manures. The purpose of the talk was to demonstrate subtly how American technology had made a surplus problem out of what in Russia remained a desperate shortage problem in agriculture. Only with difficulty did the public relations officials persuade me to substitute another program, which duly appeared in the *Times*.

For several weeks after the broadcasts began, the embassy in Moscow reported difficulty hearing it. The program was relayed from a transmitter in Munich which should have been powerful enough to put a good signal into European Russia. The radio engineers were baffled by the failure to get through until a batch of letters arrived from a colony of former Cossacks who had emigrated to Peru, expressing their appreciation of the Russian-language broadcasts which, they said, they were receiving very well. It turned out that the antennae in Munich had been accidentally reversed, so that the main signal was going backwards to South America. After the hookup had been rewired, Moscow reported the programs coming in strong and the Peruvian Cossacks stopped writing.

Though the wrong-way antenna was kept from its attention, Congress continued to be skeptical of the broadcasting effort and the budget was so low that unpaid volunteers including Averell Harriman's daughter, Kathleen, were recruited to help in the studios, in violation of government regulations.

An indirect result of Congressional suspicion was the polemical tone of early cold war broadcasting. Many diplomats familiar with Russian psychology advised the Voice to adopt a cool, dispassionate, almost impartial attitude in addressing its Soviet audience. However, anxious to prove to Congress and the public that the Voice was not soft or pro-Communist, we frequently fell to the temptation of broadcasting bitterly sarcastic, almost vitriolic, anti-Stalinist attacks and even for a time persuaded the BBC to do the same.

The result was that the programs lost much of their credibility while doing little to persuade the skeptics on Capitol Hill of our anti-Communist attitude. However, while the broadcasts themselves failed

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to convince Congress of their effectiveness, *Pravda* succeeded dramatically when it bitterly denounced the new Russian broadcasts. From then on our appropriations gradually increased.

However, although *Pravda* had convinced the American press, public, and Congress that propaganda to the enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain was justified and perhaps worthwhile, public opinion continued to be suspicious of diplomacy by propaganda to other areas and skeptical of the ability of government bureaucrats to conduct it effectively.

Typical of this repugnance was the attitude of a powerful group of senators toward the broadcasts of the Voice to the free world. Persuaded that the Voice of America programs to Europe and South America were incompetently run and that professional networks could handle them better, these senators had directed that the programs be farmed out in large part to NBC and CBS. Some months later, after I had taken over the entire broadcasting operation, a script writer at one of the networks produced a show that referred to the state of Texas as having been "born in sin." Not only Texans but most of Congress erupted and I was ordered to Washington, where both the Senate and the House were to hold investigations.

The night preceding my appearance before the senators I rehearsed my testimony. With my hat hung on a bedpost in my hotel room to represent the senators, I hurled annihilating arguments at it. I pointed out that not only I but numerous superiors had personally warned the Senate that to farm out the broadcasting was courting precisely the trouble that had now occurred.

Next morning I took the witness stand before a dais from which twelve stern faces peered down. I launched into my explanation but only a few words were audible before a question interrupted me. I paused just long enough to deal with it and went back to my explanation, but a third and then a fourth question were already buzzing about my ears. After almost an hour of this procedure the hearing ended. I was never permitted to finish my explanation, but the senators seemed to know what I had in mind. At all events the committee eventually recommended that all private international broadcasting at government expense be abandoned. From then on international broadcasting became the exclusive responsibility of the Voice of America.

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The Voice continued to struggle along on limited budgets until once again the Kremlin succeeded where the State Department had failed. In the course of a single day in the spring of 1949 more than a hundred powerful jamming transmitters went on the air all over Russia trying to drown us out.

From then on Congress was more generous. In 1950 it appropriated another ten million for radio facilities, in 1951 forty-one million and then another ten million. With these funds powerful new transmitters were set up in Munich, Salonica, Manila, and Tangier. A broadcasting relay ship, the *Courier*, was fitted out and dispatched to the Eastern Mediterranean to boost signals into the Middle East and southern Russia.

In addition to funds for construction, operating funds were greatly increased and by 1958 had reached the sum of almost a hundred million dollars. Meantime the Voice and other information activities had in 1953 once more been transferred from the State Department to the independent United States Information Agency.

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The Battle for Men's Minds: 2

IN 1959 the USIA was operating the Voice of America and a global network of information centers in more than eighty countries. It published pamphlets and magazines, arranged exhibits of Americana, translated cheap editions of American classics, maintained a free news service for impecunious newspapers around the world, distributed press photographs, and even produced movies for illiterate audiences.

Although independent, the USIA worked closely with the State Department in Washington. Abroad its agents were even more closely integrated with American embassies and consular establishments. Public affairs officers, cultural officers, press officers, and their subordinates operated information centers and libraries, arranged lectures, distributed books and pamphlets, serviced editors with news files, photographs, texts of U. S. government declarations, and stood ready if called upon for editorial advice. They also arranged for their ambassador to address public gatherings, helped handle his press relations, and generally acted as an extension of his arm in spreading his representational activities, once limited to a handful of leaders in the capital, to the widest possible audience throughout the country.

In addition the State Department was administering the highly effective Fulbright Program whereby foreign students and political leaders were brought to the United States to see for themselves how American democracy operates.

The theory behind the information program is relatively simple.

As representative government has spread around the world and the power of ultimate decision has shifted from the absolute monarch to the masses, the diplomat has been forced to widen the stage on which he carries on his representational functions in order to persuade the decision makers of the desirability of friendly relations or alliances with the country he represents.

But the theory immediately runs into difficulties both in principle and in practice. True democracy exists in no country of the world. Even in the United States the ultimate decision maker, the voter, is often content to let a much smaller body of opinion make decisions in foreign affairs than he would be in domestic matters more directly affecting his daily life.

Even in the Soviet Union public opinion has certain ultimate sanctions, as is demonstrated by the fact that the Soviet government probably spends more money on trying to influence its own public opinion than on any other nonmilitary activity. However, in such countries public opinion operates only indirectly, limiting the power of the dictator to cut off all contacts with the outside world—which even Stalin found it impossible to do—or his freedom to undertake aggressive war against countries with whom the masses have no quarrels.

Furthermore, the propaganda output of the totalitarians during the past thirty years has been so great and so intense that it has numbed the senses and increased the resistance to all types of propaganda, whether it comes from a fuhrer, the first secretary of the party, or a democratic government.

The rise of nationalism during the past century, with its concomitant distrust of foreigners, also has increased the resistance of many countries to the diplomatic blandishments of a foreign information service. Furthermore, to reach the masses effectively one now has to speak their own languages. For this reason the Voice of America today broadcasts in forty different languages—in six to India alone.

Another practical difficulty is that of designing the approach to one's audience. The old-fashioned diplomat had a more or less single standard of tastes and erudition to cope with. The international information officer today has hundreds. A pamphlet on Communism designed for Germans would hardly be suitable for Laotians, to whom Moscow is a city four hundred days' march away.

In 1952 the information service sent a team of Hollywood writers

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and producers to Germany to make films for German audiences on the Communist menace. The result was a film entitled *Streetcar Called Freedom*. It was a naive fantasy about a streetcar which breaks loose in East Berlin and after dashing through its drab streets crosses into West Berlin, where the shops are full, the people gay, and life is free. It was possibly the sort of demonstration of the disadvantages of Communism that would appeal to a Hollywood audience that had produced its share of naive fellow travelers. But when the film was tried out on a German audience, including a young student from Hamburg, the student walked out halfway through the showing. Asked his opinion, he replied with one word: "Thick." It was a relatively polite reply for a nation that has been cut in two, half of it enslaved, its men jailed and its women raped, and scarcely a family unharmed by Communism.

When the OWI first faced the problems involved in working out an effective propaganda approach, one might have supposed that it would have turned to the diplomats for help. However, for numerous reasons nothing of the sort occurred. Not recognizing that the OWI job was merely an extension of their own profession, the diplomats were delighted to let someone else cope with it. Like their predecessors, they were reluctant to leave the sedate, comfortable, and congenial atmosphere of the grand salon and go to work among those who had inherited authority from the feudal prince. When war broke out the Foreign Service also found itself saddled with enough problems and could scarcely have handled OWI's without extensive recruiting.

For their part, the OWI people saw little or no connection between their tasks and those of the stuffy diplomats. In consequence, each went his own way and when their paths crossed it was usually without warmth. The policies and goals that OWI followed were neither defined nor supervised by the State Department but came directly from the White House.

Ignored by and ignoring the State Department and the Foreign Service, OWI soon found a source of advice and guidance among the advertisers and public relations experts of Madison Avenue, who quickly put an all but indelible stamp on America's initial international propaganda effort. The superficial similarities between advertising and propaganda, like the superficial similarities between diplomacy and journalism, led inevitably to a confusion in both the methods and the aims of the propagandist which have persisted until the present.

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The current director of the Information Service, George Venable Allen, has frequently referred to democracy, freedom, and human liberty as "products to sell." "Many of the United States Agency's techniques," he has said, "are borrowed from the tried and true tested methods of the [advertising] industry and many advertising men have joined in our work of convincing other peoples of this country's desire for a true and lasting peace."

Quite aside from the essential difference between marketing a pharmaceutical and convincing others of our desire for peace, the analogy between the two tasks breaks down in more fundamental aspects. If one must have an analogy between the information service and other activities, then perhaps the missionary provides a more apt and accurate one. His job, like that of the propagandist, is to "sell," if one must use the expression, not a soap or a toothpaste but an idea. He works in areas untouched by Gallup polls and other market-testing devices, where tastes, cultural levels, languages, and national aspirations have no parallel in the United States. Only after carefully studying the social and cultural background of his potential followers does he seek through whatever techniques seem suitable to persuade them of his beliefs.

The analogy has certainly not been lost on the Communists, who dispatch to foreign areas not supersalesmen but fanatical believers in and students of the Communist religion whose emphasis is not on the techniques of persuasion but on the persuasiveness of the theory they are propagating.

The Soviets, too, have appreciated as none others that the purpose of the propagandist is first and foremost to facilitate diplomacy. In fact, the real chief of a Soviet diplomatic mission is likely to be not the ambassador at all but a devoted party official who has made his life-work the study of Marx's doctrine, including his strictures on the weaknesses and vulnerabilities of capitalism.

Essentially the task of the American propagandist since the days of Franklin has been to demonstrate by whatever techniques are available the admirable qualities of the American system, political, social, cultural and economic, and thus to facilitate the conduct of foreign relations by smoothing the way for the policies the diplomat seeks to implement.

The advertiser, by the very nature of his profession, tends to empha-

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size not the "product" but the technique. A propagandist, though he must learn the most effective way of writing a radioscript, running a library, or setting up an exhibit on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, has as his stock in trade American political, cultural, and social objectives and policies. Before he begins to "sell" them he must know not only these policies but also the political, cultural, and social objectives of others with which he is seeking to harmonize our own.

Frequently during my association with the Voice of America I was faced with the choice of filling a post with an expert in American broadcasting techniques or an expert in the politics of some area of the world to which we were broadcasting. Invariably it proved easier to teach the political specialist the basic techniques of script writing or broadcasting than to teach the skilled broadcaster the infinitely more complex and intricate differences and similarities between the American objectives and the foreign objectives he was harmonizing.

The detrimental influence of the public relations expert and the advertiser on the Information Service's recruitment and training program is illustrated by the proposal of the present director to establish a career service of information specialists, thus once more putting technique ahead of substance.

Today in many foreign cities one finds a large American information center staffed by cultural, information, press, film, and public relations "specialists." Across the street in a shabby office in the French Consulate sits an unprepossessing little man with a modest manner, a shabby suit, and a tie that seldom is straight, who knows intimately every personality and trend in Western painting, literature, and philosophy. When a congress of writers or philosophers gathers in the city, the behind-the-scenes services of the American "specialists" in furnishing a hall, printing a program, advertising the congress, and entertaining its guests will be greatly appreciated. But the little Frenchman will be on the platform expounding his French doctrines.

The press officer of one information center which I know well is an amiable woman thoroughly trained in the operations of a newspaper and the needs of an editor. Her only failing is that her comprehension of major political issues, aside from the "guidance" she receives from Washington, is nil. That she should follow current events in the local press or develop original thoughts on pressing political problems never occurs to her. Nor would it occur to a foreign affairs editor of

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the local paper to consult her in preparing his news copy or his editorials.

That the successful propagandist must, first and foremost, be thoroughly familiar with his "product" was demonstrated during the war when Thornton Wilder was assigned by the Air Force to the American Military Mission in Belgrade as cultural officer. The Soviets had already flooded Belgrade with Russian films, ballet exhibits, libraries, and endless lecturers. But, singlehanded, Wilder, by circulating among the writers and journalists, the editors and critics of Belgrade, was able to re-establish the ascendancy of Western cultural standards and put the Russian effort to shame.

Wilders do not grow on trees nor do they crowd the government hiring halls in Washington. Only seldom do they volunteer for foreign lecture tours under Information Agency auspices. It is not therefore suggested that USIA attempt to staff its information centers with Wilders, Hemingways, or Faulkners but it is urged that in recruiting and training its representatives it stress not the technical skills of the salesman but in matters political, political skills and in matters cultural, cultural skills.

The problem of inducing adequately qualified people to participate in the information program has been further complicated by stringent security regulations of doubtful validity or effectiveness, militating against the employment of refugees and political exiles. When the rare political defector from the West seeks refuge in Moscow, the Kremlin loses little time in putting him to work for its cause—generally in the propaganda field where, because of the nature of the operation, even the most wily double-agent can do little harm under proper supervision. In the United States, however, security rules make it all but impossible to employ the most willing and useful defector for this innocuous task.

While recruiting a staff for the Russian radio program the writer was introduced to a phenomenal Russian refugee who, because of his size, his huge head covered with unruly gray curls, and his lumbering gait, was known as "the Bear who walks like a man." "The Bear" had been a Socialist under the czars and had frequently served time in Siberia. During one of his exiles he had been approached by a criminal exile called Zoza who was serving time for robbing a Tiflis bank and who, lacking the indispensable item of Siberian existence, a teakettle,

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had borrowed the Bear's and failed to return it.

Subsequently the Bear and Zoza, now calling himself Stalin, had met again and the stolen teakettle had not helped to cement their relations. A deep political feud developed and in the end the Bear was forced into exile, first in Prague, then in Paris, and finally in New York, where he established a reputation as the first Sovietologist or Bolshevismologist, carefully following every twist and turn in Soviet developments.

Some days after I had hired the Bear, my administrative chief in the Voice of America, an ex-radio tenor, remonstrated that the man was highly suspect by the security staff. "Not only is his English impossible," he told me, "but he writes for a Socialist weekly—in *Russian!*" No amount of argument dissuaded either the ex-tenor or the FBI that the Bear was not only an invaluable asset because of his familiarity with Kremlin affairs but that his anti-Communism was far more profound than either J. Edgar Hoover's or his agents'. Indeed, during the brief period I was allowed to use him his only shortcoming was the regularity with which his weekly radio talks suggested that the filcher of his teakettle be assassinated.

The misconception of the role of the propagandist is nowhere more apparent than in the thorny problem known as "policy guidance" in USIA. Policy is in essence the substance of a propagandist's task. United States policy toward a given development is its political attitude deriving from established principles, patterns of thought, and national interests, with all of which the diplomat is expected to be familiar. Granted that in the complex world relations today special efforts must be made in Washington to keep him informed, he should then be expected to know how his government will react to a given situation.

Since technical skills in the arts of advertising and public relations have too often in the past been the criteria in selecting information staffs rather than substantive experience in international politics and diplomacy, it has been necessary to devise an elaborate system for feeding "policy" into the information organization much as blood is transfused into the body of a person short of red corpuscles. Each morning the public relations staff of the State Department meets to determine what should be departmental opinion on the major events of the past day. Attending this meeting is a representative of USIA with the dashing title of "fast guidance co-ordinator." After the col-

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lective mind has been made up, he hurries to his own office where "policy guidances" are prepared and cabled to information centers around the globe. These guidances not only give the daily line on events but instruct the centers what points should be emphasized and what played down. Supplementing these daily cables are special guidances on particular problems, giving the background of the event, what Washington is saying, and what points to stress.

One suspects that it is partly because of this arid and stultifying policy (or thought) control apparatus that it is difficult to lure top-quality people into the information service. To compensate for the lack of highly qualified propagandists, quantity is too often substituted. However, Parkinson's law is not a cure but a disease. Numbers beget numbers, which in turn stifle quality.

There is perhaps a still more serious drawback to the influence of the advertisers in propaganda. Salesmen have a tendency not only to oversell their wares but to oversell their capabilities. There is evidence that the salesmen of the Information Agency have overestimated the capacity of the weapon in their hands. Instead of regarding it as an auxiliary part of the machinery for conducting foreign policy they tend to look upon it as an independent force.

"Good foreign policy and good propaganda," says George Venable Allen, "go hand in hand." One might suggest instead that propaganda is the cowcatcher of diplomacy, attached integrally to it and designed essentially to sweep the impediments from the path of the man who is implementing policy—the diplomat.

Alone, propaganda has no creative force. It cannot forge alliances with our friends nor spark revolutions to annihilate our enemies. But as the handmaiden of diplomacy, as an extension of the diplomat's arm, it can and frequently has significantly furthered our international interests.

One of the dangers of considering propaganda an independent force is the temptation it arouses to acquiesce in a bad policy because it makes good propaganda. One need only recall the 1953 "liberation" policy which ended so tragically in Budapest three years later. Similarly it tends to raise false hopes at home and substitute them for less agreeable realities. A high-powered transmitter, it has been argued, costs less than a third as much as an intercontinental bomber. Let us, therefore, forgo the bomber and build the transmitter.

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A thorough understanding of the limitations of the propaganda gun is as essential to its efficient operation as knowing the range of a piece of artillery is to its firing. While it can fan an existing flame it cannot light fires. The Hungarian revolutionaries were perhaps stimulated by Western broadcasts but the spark that started the revolution was made exclusively in Hungary. Propaganda can enhance the results of good policies and good diplomacy and can mitigate the effects of bad policies and poor diplomacy, but it cannot be a substitute for either policy or diplomacy or indeed exist without them.

The American propaganda weapon is still in its infancy. That it should have experienced growing pains and suffered from a few childhood diseases is hardly astonishing. That it is essential to our defense against totalitarian diplomacy is indisputable. That it will develop into a powerful auxiliary arm of American diplomacy depends on whether its leaders and Congress understand its proper role, its limitations, and its need not for numbers but for qualified personnel.

XVIII

Diplomatic Privileges and Immunities: 1

IN an earlier chapter it was suggested that the first diplomat was probably a caveman who visited his neighbor to arrange a truce and came home alive. The operative clause of this definition is the coming-home-alive one. A basic principle of diplomatic practice is that you may not kill, jail, or even poke the nose of a diplomat no matter how much he may seem to deserve it.

The rule of immunity is variously interpreted by the Byzantine and the Western school of diplomacy. In the West an entire body of law and custom has been built up to protect the diplomat, his family, and his aides and give them the greatest possible freedom. In the East, on the other hand, the tendency is to curtail an ambassador's movements as much as possible without actually taking his life. From the time when Liutprand was locked up in Constantinople in his "horrible house" with five lions and no running water, to the current American ambassador in Moscow, diplomats in Eastern countries have been frustrated and thwarted, sometimes with Oriental tact and courtesy, sometimes with brute force.

The difference does not derive from varying concepts of hospitality. In fact, the Byzantine is apt to be more lavish in his hospitality than the Westerner. Nor does the Western attitude stem from any superior native morality. Indeed, several centuries ago the courts of Western Europe had as low an opinion of foreign diplomats as Moscow has today. The Western code of immunities has been built up during those

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centuries in the belief that diplomacy is useful in preserving peace. In the East diplomacy is, to paraphrase Clausewitz, an extension of war by other means.

The first recognition of diplomatic immunity in Anglo-Saxon law is known as the Act of 7 Anne. This act was promulgated in 1708 after the Russian ambassador in London had been arrested and badly mauled by several irate merchants to whom he owed money.

Today it is a basic rule that a diplomat not only may not be arrested but is entitled to an even greater degree of protection than the ordinary citizen. When Hugh Gibson, an American diplomat, was beaten up by a newspaper reporter in Havana in 1912, the reporter was first released by the judge, who said he did not care whether the victim was an American diplomat or a Cuban bum. After a strong protest from Washington, the reporter was finally given thirty months on the ground that Gibson, as a diplomat, was entitled to greater security than an ordinary citizen.

Assassination of ambassadors has been a favorite means among dissidents of getting even with unpopular governments. In the October Revolution enemies of the Bolsheviks assassinated the German ambassador in Moscow to stir up trouble between the Bolsheviks and Berlin. In 1923 a Soviet diplomat at the Lausanne Conference was murdered by White Russians. Four years later the Soviet minister in Poland was murdered by a Russian monarchist. In the Lausanne case the murderer was acquitted by a Swiss jury on the ground that his victim had not been invited to the conference. In the latter case the murderer got fifteen years.

Diplomatic immunity technically begins when the diplomat enters the country of his assignment and does not end until he leaves it, whether he leaves of his own accord or has been expelled. In fact, it continues to operate even if he dies at his post. In 1916 a French secretary of embassy was shot dead in a hotel bedroom in London. A local coroner started to hold an inquest but when the French ambassador objected the British government conceded that the diplomatic corpse still enjoyed immunity.

A diplomat is subject to neither civil nor criminal local law. In most Western countries diplomats even enjoy special protection from attacks in the press. Satow, the British authority on diplomatic practice, maintains that where a government controls the press it is its duty to prevent attacks on diplomats. The Soviet authorities of the

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Byzantine school are of quite another opinion. They have frequently inspired personal attacks on diplomats and on one occasion at least have sponsored a book containing scurrilous attacks on the personal lives of American diplomats.

The book, entitled *The Truth about American Diplomats*, allegedly written by a disgruntled ex-American citizen who had been employed in the Moscow Embassy, was published in Moscow in 1949. It dwells at considerable length on the political and personal habits of the then principal American diplomats engaged in Soviet affairs. Since the supposed author was ignorant of many allegations contained in these juicy anecdotes, it is clear that they were taken from Soviet secret police dossiers. A curious fact about the book is that none of the personal details not published in any standard reference book predates 1941—the year the Germans attacked Russia and almost captured Moscow. There is thus reason to believe that when Moscow was hurriedly evacuated by the government in the fall of that year the secret police burned most of its dossiers on individual diplomats.

However, the loss should not prove too costly, since the Soviet government has long made a practice of framing or attempting to frame diplomats and manufacturing evidence against them whenever it finds this convenient. For example, a young married clerk in the Moscow Embassy sends his wife for a vacation in Switzerland. As he is sitting alone in his apartment a few evenings later, two young women ring the doorbell and enter. Speaking a foreign language, they begin making crude advances. Unless the young clerk is a cool, quick operator, the Soviet police may soon be in possession of a highly compromising photograph, together with two witnesses, with which to start blackmail operations, diplomatic immunity from which is not part of the Byzantine code.

Or, to take a more recent case, an officer of the embassy is asked to obtain some literary materials not available in Russia for a number of Soviet citizens. Acceding to the request, he reads some weeks later in the Soviet press that he has been attempting to buy and bribe honest Soviet workers with cheap gifts from America, just as the early English colonizers "bought Indian natives with glass beads and varicolored chintzes," as the Soviet press put it.

Diplomats may not be arrested for traffic violations. In some South

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American countries diplomats are even tacitly permitted to go the wrong way down one-way streets. When a Belgian diplomat was caught speeding at 55 m.p.h. down Massachusetts Avenue in Washington, the only recourse of the traffic authorities was to complain to the State Department. When a Washington policeman remonstrated with an Ecuadorian diplomat for parking in the wrong place, the driver told him it was "none of his damn business" even if he parked his car in the middle of the street.

On one occasion an Elkton, Md., policeman stopped the minister of Iran and his wife on a charge of speeding. When the diplomat protested explaining that he was the Iranian minister, the policeman replied: "I've heard of Baptist ministers and Presbyterian ministers but never of Iranian ministers." Whereupon he hauled the unfortunate man to jail. Before the American government could make amends, the Shah had ordered the breaking off of diplomatic relations.

Diplomatic immunity extends not only to the ambassador and to his diplomatic (as distinguished from his clerical) staff but to his own family. The French and British authorities have even extended diplomatic immunity to estranged wives of diplomats living apart from their husbands.

There are, of course, exceptions to the immunity of diplomats' families. When the son of the American minister in Guatemala shot and killed another American in 1902, his father disclaimed diplomatic immunity for him on the ground that he was in business for himself and not connected in any way with the legation.

In times past friends of diplomats have frequently sought diplomatic immunity on the ground that they were allegedly employed as officials by an ambassador. In England, for example, a debtor claimed diplomatic immunity as the stableman of a foreign diplomat who kept no horses. Another claimed he was the cook of a diplomat who had no kitchen. A third said he was a gardener of a foreign envoy who had no garden. In 1823 in a famous court case a defendant claimed diplomatic immunity on the ground that he was a choirboy in the Portuguese ambassador's chapel. He lost the suit.

Diplomatic immunity extends even to the giving of testimony in court. Occasionally a diplomat may volunteer to give testimony, as the Venezuelan minister in Washington did when he appeared in court as a witness against the assassins of President Garfield. In such

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cases, however, the diplomat's government must consent to his waiver of immunity, and American regulations specifically forbid American diplomats from testifying without first obtaining the consent of Washington.

The immunity a diplomat enjoys belongs not to himself but to his office and cannot personally be disposed of. In 1906 the son of the Chilean *chargé d'affaires* in Brussels was accused of murder. His father renounced immunity for his son, but the Belgian courts refused to accept it until the Chilean government had given its official approval. The Chilean government did so and the son was eventually acquitted.

Occasionally the prohibition against waiving one's immunity can prove embarrassing. In 1949 I flew into Sofia on Christmas morning, where I found a message from the American minister that I was expected at Christmas dinner immediately. However, the Bulgarian immigration authorities claimed that my entrance visa was not in order and insisted on fining me several thousand leva, which amounted to about \$3. I pointed out that they could not fine me and I could not permit myself to be fined. However, their regulations made no exceptions for diplomats. While we discussed the problem I was reminded by my appetite that the minister's Christmas dinner was getting cold. The impasse was finally settled when I offered to make a charitable contribution of \$3 to be used for the widows of Bulgarian policemen.

Fees for municipal services, such as garbage removal, telephones or light, are not considered either fines or taxes, and a diplomat is not exempt from paying them. However, this fine distinction is not always understood by unread diplomats. Before the war the German chief of protocol in Berlin once complained that half his time was occupied explaining to wives of certain South American diplomats that they were not exempt from paying streetcar fares.

Not only are the persons of diplomats immune from the law, but their offices and homes may not be entered by the police without formal permission. In 1827 the British and American governments had a prolonged dispute, arising when the London police arrested Minister Gallatin's coachman in the legation stable. Gallatin did not object to the arrest of the coachman, whom he had already fired, but he strongly objected to the violation of his stable's immunity. The British authorities refused to admit their error but took urgent steps

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to see that the London police never did it again.

On one occasion in Berlin the irate landlord of the Rumanian Legation ordered the Rumanian minister to vacate his house. The minister refused. Thereupon the landlord sent for some masons and had them build a wall around the front entrance. The minister tore down the wall and simultaneously complained to the German Foreign Office. When the landlord attempted to rebuild it, the Foreign Office sent police to prevent him and to safeguard the diplomat's right of entrance. The frustrated landlord thereupon donated the building to the German government as a poorhouse, but still the Rumanian stayed on.

The immunity of the embassy is not always a blessing. In the thirties the embassy in Moscow housed, among others, three sisters who worked as scullery maids, known affectionately as "the Three Little Pigs." The youngest and prettiest eventually found a husband but the husband found no home. When she became pregnant it was suggested she move, but she had no place to go. As her time approached, the embassy arranged for a maternity hospital to take her in, but she still refused to move in the mistaken belief that if her child was born in the embassy it would be an American citizen. The police who stood guard outside the embassy were appealed to but they claimed they were forbidden to enter the premises. An appeal to the Soviet Foreign Office brought the reply that, since the embassy was extraterritorial, they could not intervene. Eventually the burly administrator of the embassy deposited the girl in an ambulance and took her to the maternity hospital. Soon afterward her two sisters disappeared, and nothing was ever again heard of the Three Little Pigs.

It might be pointed out that the Bolshevik government was not always so strict in its interpretation of diplomatic immunity. In 1918 it ordered Soviet troops to break into the British Embassy in Petrograd, where they destroyed the archives and a good deal of furniture.

The growing popularity of picketing in recent years has posed a problem for foreign embassies. The practice seems to have started in Washington during the Manchurian Crisis, when in 1937 local Chinese picketed the Japanese Embassy. Not long afterward American anti-Fascists rented a plane and trailed a huge sign reading "Quarantine the Aggressor" over the Italian Embassy. Later police confiscated a sign from a demonstrator in front of the Italian Embassy proclaiming

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that "Mussolini Murders Babies." Eventually Congress passed a law making it illegal to demonstrate or picket within five hundred feet of a diplomatic mission.

Nevertheless, picketing continued, and with the establishment of the United Nations in New York it grew into a standard practice. The habit spread after the war to European countries, the victim usually being the Soviet Embassy. The Soviet government, unable to lick the craze, joined it, and on several occasions student groups were "spontaneously organized" to demonstrate in front of Western embassies in Moscow. The demonstrators once took their jobs a little too seriously and after smashing several hundred windows in the American Embassy laid out the Moscow policemen sent to restrain them.

These organized Moscow demonstrations call to mind an interesting aspect of international picketing illustrated during the Goebbels-organized anti-Jewish pogrom of November, 1938. For two days crowds roamed Berlin's streets, smashing windows of Jewish shops, looting the showcases, and often invading the homes of Jewish shopkeepers. On the second evening of that appalling episode I was walking through the streets accompanied by my Russian-trained police dog. A crowd of young hoodlums threatened me and in Russian I commanded the dog to stand guard. As the dog's hackles rose and he growled angrily, the mob backed off. But one of the leaders had recognized the Russian phrase and in answer to his question I said I was a Soviet journalist. The questioner then ordered the crowd off and took me on a stroll down the Canal Embankment explaining that he too was a Communist who had been instructed by the party to organize gangs of hoodlums to join the anti-Jewish riots. "It's the only way," he explained, "to show these lethargic Berlin workers what power they have if they would only use it against the right people." One wonders whether this may not apply to lethargic Moscow workers as well.

Since embassies are off limits to police, they have become favorite sanctuaries for fugitives. Diplomatic practice prohibits giving asylum to ordinary criminals or fugitives from justice. American Foreign Service regulations prohibit granting asylum except to protect persons in immediate mortal danger from mob violence.

However, in some countries where politics are occasionally conducted by means of mobs political asylum in embassies has become

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a habit. In South America, for example, ousted politicians frequently seek safety in foreign embassies from the soldiers of their successors. Currently there are at least a half dozen politicians holed up in foreign missions in South America, one of them for the past eight years.

In Europe most authorities maintain that embassies do not have the right to grant political asylum. Nevertheless, even there it is occasionally resorted to. In 1958 the unsuccessful Portuguese presidential candidate opposing President Salazar took refuge in the Brazilian Embassy in Lisbon.

At the time of the Hungarian Revolution the Catholic Cardinal Mindszenty sought refuge from arrest by Soviet troops in the American Legation. He is still there. Other revolutionaries, searching for a more "neutral" asylum, fled to the Yugoslav Embassy, where they remained for several days until the Soviet-supported counterrevolutionary regime of Janos Kadar lured them out by promise of safe-conduct to their homes. The promise was kept just long enough for them to be put into a bus, since when none of them has ever been seen again. The assassination of several who were on the bus was subsequently admitted by Moscow.

A happier ending for a case of asylum occurred in the Soviet Embassy in Paris in 1929. The counselor of the embassy had received peremptory orders to return to Moscow. Suspecting that this presaged his liquidation he promptly left the embassy but was unable to take his wife and child with him. He appealed to the police, explaining that his ambassador was on leave and he was in charge. As he was therefore entitled to waive immunity for the embassy, the police entered it and rescued his family.

In some Moslem countries a form of asylum known as "bast" has grown up, based on the principle that no gentleman refuses hospitality to callers. Sir Mortimer Durand, a British minister in Tehran, relates in his biography how this operated on occasion:

One day a eunuch from the royal palace galloped up and told the minister that the ladies of the Shah's harem were in open revolt against their lord's decision to marry the daughter of his gardener. Since she was the sister of one of his wives, this was against Persian custom. In protest the harem had decided to go on strike and seek "bast" in the British Legation. The minister sent back word he would be delighted and highly honored. When he discovered that the harem

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numbered almost three hundred ladies he ordered a tent camp set up for them on the legation lawn.

After the camp had been established the eunuch reappeared to inspect the arrangements and declared them entirely satisfactory. Before galloping back to the palace to collect his three hundred ladies he confided to the minister that the Shah was furious but that the ladies were adamant and already climbing into their carriages.

But then, as Sir Mortimer waited for his guests, the eunuch appeared again like a whirlwind, wild with excitement, and shouted, "The Shah has yielded."

Following the Reformation, an important diplomatic immunity was the so-called "right of chapel" which allowed ambassadors to maintain churches of their own faith in countries where it would not otherwise be permitted. The right was often limited. For example, the ambassadorial chapels were sometimes forbidden to ring bells. Services had to be read in the language of the diplomat to discourage native heretics from attending them.

The right of chapel was revived after the establishment of the atheist Bolshevik regime in Russia. During the thirties the British ambassador, Lord Chilston, a Catholic, had his own private chaplain in the embassy. When the United States recognized the Soviet regime, Maxim Litvinov specifically acknowledged its right of chapel. However, like other Soviet concessions, the right was frequently nullified later by the simple device of refusing visas to foreign priests.

Perhaps the most prized of all diplomatic privileges is freedom from taxation. This privilege, legal authorities maintain, is not strictly speaking a legal diplomatic right, but is almost always conceded as a matter of international courtesy. The Russians circumscribe the privilege by setting quotas for embassies, limiting the amount of goods they may import.

Ordinarily a diplomat is not taxed by his host's country for his official or personal property. In many countries he is even exempt from taxation on any private business he may run on the side. However, this is not always so. American regulations prohibit U. S. diplomats from running businesses on the side, so the case seldom arises, though occasionally problems are posed involving royalties that diplomats may collect from books published in the country of their assignment.

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A more important aspect of this immunity is the privilege of duty-free import. During the Prohibition period in the United States, foreign embassies in Washington were allowed to import liquor in unlimited quantities—a privilege prized equally by the diplomats and by their American guests and friends.

Diplomats, and particularly their wives, are so imbued with this privilege that they often go to the most extreme lengths to exercise it, buying their supplies and luxuries abroad rather than on the local market.

Before World War II, on setting out from Moscow for a vacation in Persia I was asked by colleagues from several foreign embassies to arrange for large shipments of a natural sparkling water known as Abali, produced at natural springs northeast of Tehran. "It is the best water for mixing Scotch and soda in the world," my colleagues insisted. The shipment was considerable and it took much of my vacation time arranging for it. When I was about to return to Moscow, diplomatic friends in Tehran asked me if I could not arrange a shipment of a natural sparkling water called Narzan, produced in Soviet Georgia. "It is the only decent water for mixing Scotch and soda," they assured me.

A year or two later, when I was transferred to Berlin, my Chinese servant, complaining about the kitchen equipment in my apartment, asked me to get him a good kitchen knife. I replied that I would immediately send to Sheffield, England, for one. A German friend, overhearing the remark, shook with national pride and asked indignantly what was wrong with German steel. Next day he sent me a knife from Solingen.

The privilege of free import is especially prized in the case of wines, liquor, and tobacco—luxuries which are usually not only highly taxed on import but subject to heavy excise taxes in the countries of their origin. Since liquors and wines can be produced excise-tax free in bond for export in most countries, the saving in both import and excise tax often reduces their cost, when imported under diplomatic privilege, to a small fraction of their open market value. Vintage champagnes which sell for \$10 in New York can be imported by diplomats for less than a dollar. Tax-free American cigarettes cost about a quarter of the local price.

However, since some countries do not permit the sale of bonded

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goods to local diplomats, curious anomalies arise. An American diplomat in London, for example, must pay several times more for his Scotch whisky than if he were stationed across the channel in Amsterdam.

The British, on the other hand, grant rebates for clothing purchased for export. A foreign diplomat in England may take advantage of this by having his London tailor send his suits to his port of departure when he goes on vacation. However, when he returns he must leave his London suits behind or else pay duty on them.

An important right of a diplomat is that of free communication. This does not mean that he does not have to pay his telegraph and telephone bills, but it does permit his couriers to carry his correspondence in sealed pouches across the frontier. This is a legal right and not a privilege. However, it can be and often is abused by using the pouch to import items—such as currency—that are contraband even for diplomats.

In the early thirties most foreign embassies in Moscow, for example, met their local expenses with rubles bought on the illegal open market abroad and imported by pouch. When the United States recognized the Soviet Union it objected to this subterfuge and demanded that the Soviet government supply its diplomats with sufficient currency at the black-market rate, legally, through the Soviet central bank. Under heavy pressure to obtain recognition, Maxim Litvinov acceded to this request. However, when the embassy was established in Moscow he welshed on his promise and privately told Ambassador Bullitt that he would have to get his rubles the same way other embassies did—that is, by importing them illegally in the pouch.

Since the Soviet frontiers were rigidly closed, the only way rubles could find their way to foreign black markets was with the connivance of the Soviet government itself. The standard source for purchasing rubles in the early thirties was Riga, Latvia. Later, when the Soviets took over Latvia, the black market by tacit agreement moved to Warsaw. Finally, when Hitler and Stalin destroyed Poland, the exchange place shifted to Tehran.

To each of these cities Soviet government agents would assiduously carry their sacks of rubles while foreign couriers would travel in another compartment carrying their empty courier pouches in which to bring the rubles back. The procedure, though cumbersome, had

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the advantage of saving the Soviet government's face by maintaining the fiction that the ruble was worth its nominal value.

The couriers' pouches are often put to uses not originally contemplated. Diplomats of smaller countries are not above importing expensive foreign watches, nylon stockings, and cameras to sell on the black market. Though most countries forbid the export of national works of art, diplomats of even the greatest powers have been known to ship large pouchfuls of paintings, antiques, and other art treasures across frontiers.

One final prerogative of ambassadors is the right to be addressed as "Excellency." The right dates from the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 and when strictly interpreted is limited to ambassadors. However, it has long since been extended to ministers and even junior diplomats. In fact, the head porters of most European hotels apply it to any guest who tips adequately.

The early American aversion to titles prohibits the use of "Excellency" for its own diplomats. These, if of ministerial rank or above, are addressed as "The Honorable." Foreign Service officers of career are addressed by the State Department as "Esquire," and all other employees simply as "Mr." However, in letters addressed to foreign envoys the State Department invariably begins "Your Excellency" and ends "Accept, Excellency, the assurances of my highest consideration. . . ." (Chargés d'affaires are offered only "high consideration.")

The British have a more elaborate formula. Though they begin "Excellency," "Sir," or "My Lord," depending on the recipient's title, the terminations are varied.

Ministers for foreign affairs rank the fullest treatment:

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration,

Monsieur le Ministre,

Your Excellency's obedient Servant

Foreign ambassadors get the same treatment omitting the flight into French "Monsieur le Ministre."

Letters to a British ambassador abroad end:

I am, with great truth and respect,

Sir

Your Excellency's obedient Servant

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Instead of "respect," a British minister gets "regard" and a British chargé d'affaires must content himself with the "great truth" alone.

Though these practices may appear stilted, especially when, as all too often, the body of the letter contains a scorching protest or a withering reprimand, at least they serve to tell the recipient he should not take it too personally.

XIX

Diplomatic Privileges and Immunities: 2

CODDLED and pampered behind this formidable barrier of international law and custom, untouchable by the police, beyond the reach of the tax collector and the customs inspector, the diplomatic corps, one might suppose, would be the world's greatest breeding ground for adult delinquents. However, along with the immunities there has developed a diplomatic ethic based largely on custom which more or less adequately takes the place of the laws from which diplomats are exempt.

Since governments, on the whole, pick their diplomats with some regard for their ethical standards, crimes and even minor delinquencies are comparatively rare in embassies. Occasionally young foreign diplomatic secretaries who owe their positions to powerful relatives at home and are not seriously interested in diplomacy as a career make themselves objectionable by indulging in petty smuggling, fast driving, and by generally disturbing the peace. But these are not genuine diplomats—merely sons of the rich who would flout the law whether protected by diplomatic immunity or not.

The diplomatic ethic demands that diplomats observe local laws and regulations that are not abhorrent to their own beliefs or customs, especially in matters involving public security and health (quarantine regulations and the like). Occasionally, however, local custom is either contrary to the diplomat's creed or imposes undue restraints on him—for example, the religious practices imposed by local law in

Moslem countries. In such cases he is justified in disregarding them.

Up to a few years ago, if a driver ran over and killed a tribesman in the mountains of Afghanistan—not an unusual accident in the crowded bazaar streets or the narrow nomad-filled mountain roads—the driver's life was forfeited by local feudal law to the family of the victim, who might kill him on sight. However, if he expiated his crime by offering a sheep to the bereaved's relatives, and the gift was accepted, the blood feud was terminated. A young European with a penchant for wild driving who was living in Afghanistan while I served there boasted that he invariably carried a sheep in his car in case of emergency. Diplomats dispensed with the sheep and relied on their diplomatic immunity.

The diplomatic ethic possesses powerful sanctions. In the first place, a self-respecting government and its ambassadors are too jealous of their good name to permit it to be sullied by the misbehavior of the embassy staff. Theoretically, but rarely in practice, a diplomat may be tried in the courts of his own country for crimes committed on foreign service, provided the crimes are recognized by the home country, and punished according to its judicial standards.

In the past ambassadors have been known to assume the right to try subordinates guilty of crimes. In 1603 the Duc de Sully, on a mission from France to England, learning that a member of his retinue had killed an Englishman, promptly tried and condemned him to death and then requested the lord mayor of London to send around his executioner to carry out the sentence. Horrified at Sully's severity, the lord mayor persuaded him to turn the offender over to him for punishment. The murderer was subsequently pardoned by the English King.

Nowadays the most an ambassador can do to an offender on his staff is to demand that his government recall him. Some years ago a secretary of the American Embassy in Tokyo was arrested for gambling on a train—not an offense in the United States but a grave one in Japan. The offender pleaded diplomatic immunity and escaped punishment in Japan, but his chief promptly sent him home.

For an aspiring diplomat recall under such circumstances is ordinarily a severe if not fatal blow to his career. If the offender happens to be the ambassador himself, the normal practice is for the host country to suggest through its ambassador in the offender's country

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that the latter has "outlived his usefulness" in this present post. Thereupon, if the facts appear to justify it, the ambassador is usually ordered home for consultation—and disciplined. In such cases, since neither government wants relations disturbed, the case is handled with great discretion and seldom appears either in the press or in the case books of international law.

When a government suspects that a foreign diplomat is gravely abusing diplomatic courtesy—as distinct from diplomatic right—it can withdraw the courtesy. For example, during the Hitler regime an American diplomat in Berlin was suspected by the German police of smuggling gold and other valuables out of Germany on behalf of German Jews. He was stopped at the Belgian frontier and his baggage searched. The goods were found and the diplomat was quietly withdrawn from Germany. This procedure has one drawback. If the search fails to reveal contraband, the host government lays itself open to the charge of abusing diplomatic courtesy.

In other cases of alleged violation of diplomatic ethics a host government has two recourses: it can declare a diplomat *persona non grata*, or no longer welcome, and request his recall or, in extreme cases, it can dismiss him without notice.

This latter procedure is referred to as "handing him his passports." The phrase is an anachronism, since no ambassador has more than one passport and ordinarily keeps it in his safe. However, in the old days host governments themselves issued passports to permit foreigners to enter or leave their territories; they were in fact simply exit visas. Hence to hand an ambassador his passports is a polite but firm invitation for him to go home. Similarly, if an ambassador is being withdrawn by his government because of displeasure with his host's government, he may in his turn "ask for his passports," which means he has been instructed to break relations as, for example, upon the declaration of war.

Occasionally a diplomat is declared *persona non grata* for personal reasons, such, for example, as repeated violations of traffic regulations or habitually disturbing the peace of his neighbors. However, lawlessness is a far less frequent cause for declaring a man *persona non grata* or handing him his passport than are political offenses.

There is considerable difference of opinion whether a government need make any explanations for dismissing or requesting the with-

drawal of a foreign diplomat. Most English authorities claim that a reasonable explanation must be provided. The American government has frequently requested a foreign ambassador's withdrawal without offering any explanation, contending that no explanation was necessary. However, it has occasionally refused to withdraw its own ambassador without adequate explanation.

Refusing to accept a request for withdrawal invariably puts the refuser in an awkward position. The host government simply ceases to do business with the ambassador and there is nothing much the sending government can do but retaliate by breaking relations.

During the 1848 revolution, which swept through Europe from Spain to Poland, the Spanish government adopted some very repressive measures against its liberal politicians. The British government then ordered its ambassador to suggest a little moderation to the Spaniards.

Showing somewhat more zeal than diplomats are traditionally expected to exhibit, the ambassador, Mr. Bulwer, wrote a formal note to the Spanish government advising it "to return to the ordinary form of government without delay." Incensed by this obvious intrusion into its internal affairs, Spain demanded Bulwer's recall but the British refused to comply. The Spanish foreign minister then wrote a personal letter to Bulwer suggesting with Old World courtesy and charm that he should "anticipate as much as possible the leave he was contemplating." Bulwer angrily replied he would not be hustled by anyone. The Spaniard then sent him his passports. After several ill-tempered exchanges of diplomatic notes the two governments broke off diplomatic relations.

When Franz von Papen, the German military attaché in Washington, was declared *persona non grata* during World War I for allegedly engaging in plots to blow up American ammunition plants, the German government withdrew him. However, they did not recognize his guilt or punish him in any way but allowed him to pursue his career, the high point of which came two decades later when he persuaded Hindenburg to appoint Adolph Hitler chancellor of Germany.

The most notorious case of demanding the withdrawal of a diplomat from Washington was that of Sir Lionel Sackville-West. During the presidential campaign of 1888 Republican supporters of President

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Cleveland's opponent, anxious to prove that Cleveland was "pro-British," wrote a letter purporting to have come from a former British citizen asking the British minister for advice on how to vote. The British envoy wrote an innocuous reply indicating that Cleveland was a conciliatory President and enclosed a clipping from the *New York Times* supporting him.

The Republicans promptly published the letter, thus greatly embarrassing Cleveland among the anti-British Irish. He therefore demanded Sackville's immediate recall. When the British government hesitated, he handed him his passports.

The London *Times* observed with considerable justification that "a more ridiculous spectacle has rarely been witnessed in any civilized country than the flurried and unmannerly haste" with which Sackville-West was dismissed.

Times and circumstances have changed in the seventy years since Sackville-West departed from Washington. One need only recall the Italian elections of 1948, when not only private American citizens and organizations but the American ambassador himself campaigned vigorously and successfully for the democratic parties against the Communists. Nevertheless, interfering in politics still requires a certain amount of subtlety. When Mrs. Luce, subsequently ambassador to Rome, intimated to Italian voters that continued aid from America depended on a strong anti-Communist vote, the indignation she aroused was as helpful to the Communists as Sackville-West's innocent letter had been to the Republicans in 1888.

A recent case of the withdrawal of an American ambassador involved George F. Kennan, an experienced professional diplomat serving in Moscow. Arriving in Tempelhof Airport in Berlin on a vacation, Ambassador Kennan was besieged by journalists for his impressions of Moscow. Some of his questioners appeared to be so naïve that Mr. Kennan, in his anxiety to make the situation clear, momentarily forgot he was talking for publication and employed rather vivid language in his description of Soviet practices. The Soviet Union thereupon declared him *persona non grata* and the American government recalled him "for consultation."

The dismissal of an ambassador generally either follows an unheeded request for withdrawal or involves a very grave breach of diplomatic etiquette. When in 1584 the Spanish ambassador at London

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was discovered in a plot to depose Queen Elizabeth in favor of Mary Queen of Scots he was handed his passports and told to get out of England without delay. Three years later the French ambassador in London was accused of attempting to assassinate the Queen. However, on this occasion the Queen did not dismiss him but simply read him a severe lecture on the role of an ambassador and admonished him not to try again to assassinate her.

In 1720 the newly appointed Russian ambassador in London, on instructions from Peter the Great, delivered a written bill of complaints to the British authorities and simultaneously arranged for it to be published in the London press. The complaint was so violent that the ambassador was handed his passports and given a week to get out of the country.

The United States has been a leader in dismissing or requesting the recall of ambassadors. In 1792 the French minister, Genêt, was declared *persona non grata* for using the United States to fit out privateers against the British. In 1809 E. J. Jackson, the British minister, was declared unwelcome for offending the secretary of state. In 1863 the United States demanded the recall of the Salvadorian minister for attempting to violate the neutrality laws. In 1871 the American minister in St. Petersburg was instructed to request the recall of the Russian minister in Washington because of lapses in his personal and official conduct. In 1898 the Spanish minister in Washington was declared *persona non grata* for writing disparaging remarks about the American President in a personal letter that was subsequently published in Havana during World War I. In 1915, the Austrian minister in Washington was asked to leave for allegedly attempting to instigate strikes in the United States.

The American Congress, well aware of the agreeable immunities and lucrative privileges of diplomats, for many years regarded them as adequate compensation for its representatives overseas. The first permanent official of the State Department was paid \$500 a year and after one year quit for a better paying job, thus posing a problem for Foreign Service personnel and recruiting officers that has persisted almost to this day.

Not until the diplomatic service was amalgamated with the much better paying consular service in 1924 was any pretense made of pro-

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viding a living for diplomats. Since then, as Congress has grown aware of the importance of the country's foreign affairs and of the necessity of maintaining a competent staff to manage these affairs, salaries have risen comparatively rapidly. Today salaries start at \$4,000 and rise to \$25,000 for ambassadors in the most expensive posts. Despite this liberality, the American diplomat is probably less adequately compensated than his colleagues from any other great power. The discrepancy arises not in the salary scale but in business expenses. These are a niggardly fraction of what the British, French, and Soviet governments grant their representatives and far below what any private concern maintaining overseas establishments must pay to attract competent employees.

Congress does not and probably should not provide the generous premiums private companies pay personnel required to live in strange conditions overseas. These are part of the diplomat's job and living abroad, sometimes with hardships, is implicit in his contract of employment.

However, the business expenses of a diplomat are often unusually high. Though he cannot expect to be compensated for the hardships of living in a tropical swamp or an arctic wilderness, it would seem reasonable and it is acknowledged by other governments that he should be reimbursed for the extra cash he must pay out in order to do his job properly. Congress, too, in authorizing legislation has recognized this obligation but all too often the amount appropriated is woefully inadequate.

Diplomatic privileges and immunities make up for only a small part of the surcharges on living a diplomat's life. Though his income is not taxed abroad, it is taxed by the United States. Surcharges begin when the diplomat and his family buy their wardrobe for their first post. Though the American Foreign Service has no uniform, the diplomat must have his dinner jacket, tails, and morning coat and his wife must have suitable dresses. These are even more essential in the small out-of-the-way post than in the greatest metropolis.

A family transferred from Norway to Malaya might as well feed its wardrobe of woollens and tweeds to the moths and start afresh with tropical clothes.

The government today generally provides living quarters or rent allowances for housing. However, initial installation costs, from

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recutting the curtains to rewiring the television set, are all diplomatic "extras" that recur with budget-breaking frequency at every transfer. In addition to altering the clothing on his back, the frequency on his phonograph and the safety gadget on his car, he must budget for the change of schools, schoolbooks, and equipment for every child in the family.

The most heart-rending bleat that is sounded each year at the appropriation hearings is for entertainment allowances—"whiskey money," as some congressmen call it. It might be argued that diplomats should lead modest, retired lives, entertaining and being entertained only by their friends. Instead of elaborate banquets they should give business lunches at the local Schrafft's as everyone else does. It might also be argued that it is chic to be shabby and that they should occupy small apartments and wear slippers to supper while their wives prepare the meal in slacks or shorts.

The suggestion is not perhaps as absurd as it sounds. Probably the great majority of American diplomats would enthusiastically welcome such innovations. Foreign politicians, like most businessmen and Washington bureaucrats, overworked and surfeited with social engagements, would likewise shed few tears at the passing of the interminable diplomatic dinner.

In my own experience I have repeatedly found the small daily lunch meeting with local politicians, with the emphasis on brevity rather than on food and wine, far more conducive to accomplishing the business of diplomacy than the mixed gathering which meanders leisurely through five courses and as many types of drink.

Unfortunately, ancient customs, the traditions of diplomacy, and the human hankering to keep up with the Joneses are not so vulnerable to the tempo of modern life as are the habits of a business community. Like the ticker-tape parades of New York, the ceremonial visits to the Unknown Soldier's Tomb and the White House Easter-egg roll, diplomatic receptions, banquets, and balls are generally expected, if not demanded, in most capitals.

The traveling American public also expects to be entertained in the manner long associated with diplomatic tradition. Not only congressmen but businessmen, artists, writers, editors, ballet troupes, college bands and basketball teams, wrestlers, swimmers, and rope climbers, not to mention social climbers, consider it not a privilege but a right

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to be entertained in the grand diplomatic manner at "their" embassy. Not a few career diplomats, eying their precious supply of whiskey, have listened tight-lipped as American visitors demanded a double Scotch from the butler explaining loudly, "What the hell, we taxpayers pay for it!"

Occasionally there is appointed an ambassador, usually from outside the career service, who deliberately shuns the social life of his colleagues and associates. Before very long his host government's officials, resenting his aloofness, will forget about him or subject him to slights which ultimately reflect not on him but on the sovereign state that he officially represents. His colleagues will omit him when entertaining foreign notables and even sometimes complain to their own governments of his indifference.

But even more inevitably gossip, rumors, complaints and even public denunciations will filter through to Congress from slighted American citizens to the effect that Ambassador X is not doing his job, is ignoring his obligations to the American community, and is deliberately standing aloof from the affairs he is charged with observing and reporting on.

Unlike the business community or even his friends in government at home, the diplomat knows no forty-hour week. Nor can he confine his entertaining to the "social season." His season for dispensing hospitality is the full twelve months of the year.

Though one might well deplore the waste of time, money, and refreshment, no informed or responsible authority can deny the obligations imposed upon an ambassador by custom. Yet frequently he is required to shoulder expenses that rightfully belong to his government. The most notorious instances are the embassies in London, Paris, Rome, and Madrid. In those posts the obligations exceed the allowance by as much as three and four times. The ambassador in Paris, for example, can expect to pay \$60,000 or \$70,000 a year for the privilege of representing his impecunious government.

Nor does the problem stop with the ambassador. Unable to cope with the hordes of visitors by himself, he must turn to his immediate subordinates to carry some of the burden. In recent years the deputy chiefs of mission in both Paris and London, career officials with only their salaries and meager allowances, have been forced to request transfers because they could not finance the difference between their income and their expenses.

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If the privileges and immunities of diplomatic life appear enticing, it is, nevertheless, a fallacy to assume that the American Foreign Service is a way of making a fortune. No one ever got rich on the money he saved buying refreshments for his guests at a discount.

XX

Protocol

"PROTOCOL and striped pants," President Truman once wrote to me, "give me a pain in the neck." His sentiments would be virtually unanimously seconded by the American Foreign Service. Yet the fact is that American diplomats continue to observe the strictest protocol and don their striped pants to attend ceremonial affairs almost daily. Why?

Anthropologists claim that the more primitive the community the stricter are its conventions. Savage tribes are ruled largely by taboos and almost meaningless rituals. Nature's most primitive noblemen, whether in the trappers' camp or the trading post barroom, enforce their petty conventions at the point of a gun.

Most diplomats would perhaps resent being classified as anthropologically primitive, but in a sense their community is just that. Outside the local law, beyond the jurisdiction of the courts, the diplomatic corps would be a lawless community were it not for its self-imposed ethics and rules which together comprise protocol.

From its earliest origins, but especially after the emergence of national states in the Middle Ages, the diplomatic corps in every capital was a leaderless mob of inviolable representatives of sovereigns, each of whom considered himself at least the equal of his colleagues. Unlike barnyard fowl, they had no established pecking order. Occasionally the political or religious dominance of a Holy Roman emperor or a pope was universally acknowledged and his representative accorded

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precedence over other diplomats. But with these exceptions, the rivalry of diplomats for the place of honor was just as keen as the rivalry between the sovereigns themselves. The seventeenth-century struggle between the French and Spanish kings for domination of Europe was, for example, reflected in miniature in every court where the Spanish and French ambassadors fought for precedence.

In 1661 the French and Spanish embassies in London both sent delegations, as was the custom at the time, to meet a newly arrived Swedish ambassador at London dock. As the cortege escorting the new arrival formed up for the return journey, the French contingent tried to squeeze into the place of honor behind the Swede's carriage. Thereupon the Spanish delegation, which had providentially brought an armed escort of about forty men, set upon the French delegates and hamstrung their horses, wounded the coachman, and generally raised havoc. When the smoke settled the French were out of action and the Spaniards were in the place of honor. When Louis XIV heard about the incident he was so incensed that he broke off diplomatic relations with Madrid.

A happier solution was found about the same time in The Hague when the Spanish and French ambassadors' carriages met in a narrow street and each solemnly refused to pull over for the other. After a long dispute it was finally decided to pull down a fence at the side of the road so that they might pass without either giving way to the other.

The Russians were no less assiduous in defense of their prerogatives. A century after the above incidents, at a court ball in London, the Russian ambassador, arriving early, sat down in the place of honor at the right of the Austrian ambassador of the Holy Roman Emperor. The Frenchman, arriving a few minutes later and finding what he considered his place taken by the Russian, leaped over the back of the bench on which the Austrian and the Russian were seated and managed to squeeze between them. The brawl that followed led eventually to a duel between the Frenchman and the Russian in which the Russian was wounded.

The great powers of the day were by no means alone in defending their seniority and place. The United States in its early history was constantly claiming that its dignity had been offended, and sent endless streams of protests to foreign governments.

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Despite the efforts of Grotius and other authorities to establish order out of this chaos, nothing could be done until the Napoleonic Wars had so upset the hierarchical tables that some sort of international rule became essential. At the Congress of Vienna, therefore, a special convention was drawn up establishing precedence among diplomatic envoys. To overcome the pretensions of the various courts to first place the convention adopted the principle of "first come first served." Thus the ambassador who has served longest at a post is considered the senior and every other one takes precedence according to the date on which he presented his credentials. Ministers rank among themselves according to the same principle.

There are, of course, exceptions. For example, in Catholic countries the nuncio, the ambassador of the Vatican, is automatically the senior member of the diplomatic corps, known as *doyen* or *dean*. The Rules of Vienna, as the convention is called, cannot be considered international law and their observance is entirely a voluntary matter. However, most nations recognize it and enforce its practice in their capitals.

The dean of the diplomatic corps and his wife, the *doyenne*, or, if he is a bachelor, the wife of the next senior ambassador, have certain special rights and duties. At some royal courts the *doyenne* must present the ladies of the diplomatic corps to the sovereign. At most posts the dean can convoke meetings of the corps and organize joint action involving the community. He may never, however, take a political lead in other than purely local questions and may never invoke the names of his colleagues without their consent.

As spokesman for the diplomatic corps the dean is not without influence. Partly because of this many smaller powers, including the Scandinavian countries, often keep their ambassador at a post for ten or twelve years as against the normal three or four. Their ambassadors thus are often deans of the corps and enjoy a precedence over those of larger countries because of their length of service.

The Vienna Rules solved the problem of seniority between diplomats but this, in most capitals, is only half the problem. Where, for example, does an ambassador rank in Washington vis-à-vis the Vice-President or the Chief Justice? Local ground rules, established by the host government, generally regulate these touchy problems. For this purpose governments employ a chief of protocol or master of ceremonies as the arbiter of local custom. What does a frustrated diplo-

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matic hostess do when confronted by an insoluble seating problem: the senior guest at her dinner party is a woman ambassador, her other guests include the Vice-President's wife, and the host, her husband, has just come down with the mumps? Instead of calling the whole show off, the hostess can submit the list of guests to the local chief of protocol and he is obliged to come up with a solution. The chief of protocol's decision is not binding but is generally accepted lest some guest take offense and blame the hostess.

In recent years husbands of ambassadors have created new problems to perplex protocol chiefs. Frequently a vigorous female ambassador will insist that her husband be seated above ministers. However, ministers represent sovereign states. Husbands represent something less. Husbands of ambassadors present other anomalies. When Winthrop Aldrich was American ambassador in London rumors spread that Mrs. Henry Luce, then in Rome, was to replace him. Meeting Mr. Luce in New York, Mrs. Aldrich is reported to have said to him: "Henry, I hear you are after my job."

The Rules of Vienna are fairly easy to apply when it comes to arranging ambassadors Indian file in a cortege. But how do you seat them around a square or rectangular table or on a reviewing stand? Universal protocol rules have largely solved the table problem but the rules for placing ambassadors on reviewing stands are less uniform. If there are only two to place, the order generally accepted is 2-1 (the senior on the right). With three, the order is generally 3-1-2 (senior in the center). With four, usage splits. The British claim 4-3-2-1; but other authorities argue it should be 4-3-1-2. With five, it becomes complicated: 5-3-1-2-4. However, even these rules have their exceptions: for example, in Scandinavia and Turkey and in certain religious ceremonies in Catholic countries, the left-hand place is the place of honor.

The rules of protocol are often based on plain common sense. For instance, at a formal banquet on which side of the table should the hostess sit? Since she is the last to enter the dining room, any parking lot attendant could tell you she should sit on the side nearest the door.

A newly arrived ambassador has his first taste of protocol when he prepares to present his letter of credence to the chief of state of the host government. This is not the prime minister but the sovereign or president or, as in Russia, the chairman of the ruling council. He

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will already have been met informally at the station or airport by the chief of protocol and will have sent the foreign minister a carbon copy of his letter of credence and of any speech he feels moved to make on the occasion.

On the morning set for the presentation the new ambassador, if he is an American, puts on his tails with a black waistcoat and white tie for reasons we shall discuss presently. His staff, including his military attachés in their dress uniforms, foregather in his parlor. At the appointed hour the chief of protocol of the host government arrives either in a state limousine or, in Madrid, for example, in a state carriage drawn by six horses for an ambassador but by only two for a minister. Usually extra coaches or cars are sent to take the ambassador's staff. At the palace, provided the country is a monarchy, he is greeted by the foreign minister and the court chamberlain and eventually taken to the throne room, where he bows once on entering, once when he is halfway across the room, and a third time as he stops before the King. He then hands him the letters and does or does not make a speech. Ordinarily the chief of state will carry on a few minutes of desultory chatter the length of which is severely prescribed lest he talk longer to one ambassador than to the next. At a signal the ambassador brings forward his staff and presents them individually and then, in royal ceremonies, makes his exit walking backwards at least part of the way. For those not accustomed to it, walking backwards can be the most awkward part of the ceremony. The King of Afghanistan requires an ambassador to take only three symbolic steps backwards, and then he may walk out like an ordinary human being.

The ambassador and his party are then escorted back to the embassy in the coaches or Cadillacs. There he can take off his wing collar and, if he wants to impress his new staff, break out some champagne.

Now begins what is probably the most burdensome of all diplomatic functions: the making of calls. Every new ambassador must personally call on every other ambassador in the capital and receive the first calls of all ministers, except the representatives of countries his government does not recognize. Each call must be returned in person. Since there are often sixty or seventy ambassadors to call on, the calls often last no more than ten minutes during which there is scarcely time to discover what one's colleague looks like.

The custom of calls is probably one of the most anachronistic aspects of diplomatic protocol. When there were only a few embassies

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in a capital, when mails were slow and business was conducted leisurely, the call had a useful function in permitting an ambassador to get to know his colleagues and form at least a first impression of their personalities. Today it is an empty ritual which only consumes precious time.

In many capitals the calling routine is extended to members of the diplomatic staff. Even third secretaries are required on occasion to call not on ambassadors but upon their wives, this being the ceremonial manner of getting on the ambassadress's invitation list.

The calling card is an equally anachronistic auxiliary of the formal call. Before coming to a new post every ambassador and every secretary of embassy should be informed by his embassy how many calling cards he should have engraved. (Since protocol secretaries in embassies are invariably among the most snobbish of human beings, they almost instinctively run their thumbs over every card they receive to make sure it is engraved and not printed.)

The calling-card routine requires that every new arrival, including the least important member of the diplomatic staff, send his cards to every diplomatic member of every other embassy and legation. Ordinarily this is done automatically by the embassy's protocol secretary, who simply stuffs the required number of the newcomer's cards into an envelope and adds one card from the ambassador signifying that he is presenting (by messenger) his newest secretary. Thereupon the receiving embassy protocol secretary stuffs the required number of cards in another envelope and sends it back. The land-office business thus created for engraving companies has occasionally tempted secretaries to establish a calling-card clearinghouse, whereby the cards are returned to the owner for use on another occasion.

Calling-card lore is replete with quaint symbolic signs. A card with a dog-eared corner means that it was delivered in person by the owner and ranks above the unbent card in social if not in reissuance value. The letters "p.p.c.," "p.r.," "p.f.," and "p.c." penned in the lower left corner signify "pour prendre conger" (to take leave)—sent when the diplomat is leaving a post—or "pour remercier" (to thank)—sent after enjoying a colleague's hospitality—or "pour feliciter" (to congratulate) sent on national holidays and similar occasions—or "pour condoler" (to condole)—sent after a national or personal bereavement.

Diplomats had hardly been invented before host governments dis-

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covered they could be bribed to great advantage. Simultaneously the home governments discovered the same phenomenon. As a result it early became taboo for ambassadors to receive valuable gifts. Thereupon host governments began to resort to conferring valuable decorations as a form of bribe. Home governments retaliated by forbidding ambassadors to accept decorations without special permission. When two of her ambassadors violated these instructions, Queen Elizabeth I sent them both to jail.

The United States government today is particularly strict about refusing to let its diplomats receive decorations. The Constitution itself specifically forbids government officials to accept presents, titles, or decorations from foreign governments. This can cause embarrassment, especially when a foreign sovereign at a public ceremony unexpectedly pins a medal on an American diplomat's coat. In the past on such occasions the State Department agreed to take the medal in question and hold it in storage until the recipient had resigned or retired. Nowadays, however, this graceful escape is closed and the recipient of an honor must send it back by return messenger. Special exceptions have, however, been authorized by Congress in exceptional circumstances involving allied governments in time of war.

An exception to the rule is also permitted in the case of small token gifts of no great value. In some countries, for example, it is the custom for guests to send flowers or small trinkets to a host after a formal party. These need not be returned. They do, however, pose a problem for diplomats and their wives who must scour the local market for suitable trinkets.

American business corporations have recently discovered what diplomats have known for many centuries—that wives are valuable auxiliaries. The Venetians, who were the first to establish permanent embassies, were initially skeptical on the subject of wives and required ambassadors to leave them at home—to avoid indiscretions. But they were required to take their own cooks—to avoid poisoners. When Ambassador Bullitt recruited his embassy to reopen diplomatic relations with the Soviets in 1933 he stuck to the old Venetian rule and with few exceptions took with him only bachelors as junior officers. However, as the Venetians doubtless discovered, the romantic attachments and resulting complications of the bachelors soon outmatched

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any indiscretions wives might have committed and today the recruiting policy for the Moscow Embassy is quite the reverse—preferably no bachelors.

Although the State Department has not gone as far as American businessmen in subjecting wives to intelligence, psychiatric, and social tests, it does take a good look at the spouses before the neophyte diplomat completes his probationary period. But this rule does not apply to wives of politically appointed ambassadors.

Before World War I the German government considered the social distinction of the ambassador's wife so important that when it wanted to name a certain Count von Hatzfeldt as ambassador to London, he was informed that before he could be appointed he would have to divorce his American commoner wife of Jewish extraction. Hatzfeldt refused, but eventually agreed to a legal separation for the duration of his assignment.

The social life of a diplomatic colony is carefully circumscribed by international and local protocol rules. Often the smaller and more primitive the host's country the more jealously are the rules observed. Even at the most informal parties the host will violate protocol in arranging the "placement" or seating order at his table at his own risk. Many a diplomat from a small country, finding himself improperly seated, has sent for his hat and coat and gone home.

The fact that the seating arrangement puts together people with no interests or even language in common makes no difference. During my year and a half in Kabul, my protocol rank followed the Iranian *chargé d'affaires* and night after night I found myself seated beside his fat and jolly wife who could speak nothing but Persian. My knowledge of that language soon showed a marked improvement.

Local protocol often prescribes whom you may and may not invite to dinner. Sometimes the chief of state does not allow diplomats to invite him to dinner lest he be forced to spend his life on a round of diplomatic banquets. In some capitals diplomatic secretaries are not supposed to invite ambassadors to formal dinners.

When Ambassador Davies was in Moscow he wanted to give a dinner in honor of the newly arrived Italian Ambassador Rosso. He was much put out when told that he could not invite any other ambassador since all of them outranked Rosso and therefore automatically were entitled to the place of honor.

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The forms of diplomatic entertainment, contrary to general belief, vary little from those in other walks of life. They include everything from the crowded cocktail party to the stiff "white tie" ball or reception where ancient aristocrats, their chests agleam with miniature decorations and their shirt fronts gaudy with bejeweled orders, dodder about gulping champagne.

Graham H. Stuart, in his authoritative *American Diplomatic and Consular Practice*, warns against "extravagant opulence" in diplomatic entertainment and cites as an example a Spring Festival given by Ambassador Bullitt in Moscow. In fairness to the ambassador it must be said that the arrangements for the festival were made in his absence by me as my first effort as a diplomatic impresario. It was never repeated. But in self-defense it might be added that at the Spring Festival there were no comedian waiters who intentionally spilled soup down the necks of indignant diplomatic guests as they did at a gala performance given by Ambassador Dawes in London. The worst that happened in Moscow was that a baby bear forgot himself on the gaudy tunic of a Soviet general, not by prearrangement.

Mr. Stuart warns also against "parsimonious frugality." After serving some years with Mr. Bullitt in the thirties I was transferred to Berlin under William Dodd, a professor of history whom Roosevelt had recruited as ambassador. At the first embassy reception I attended in Berlin Ambassador Dodd, taking his youngest vice-consul aside and with an air of admonition not unmingled with pride, confided that one could give a reception for two hundred people with only one bottle of gin if one was careful. The punch he served bore unmistakable evidence of the ambassador's carefulness.

At that time, when peoples were choosing sides between the dictators and the democratic world, it was sufficient to attend one of the glittering receptions of the Italian ambassador, arranged with impeccable taste by his wife Countess Atolico, and compare it to Ambassador Dodd's frugality to know who was setting the pace for the diplomats of the smaller uncommitted nations represented in Berlin. Dodd's frugality, in part due to his own lack of private means, demonstrated his and his compatriots' contempt for Nazi Germany, but it also contributed to the picture Hitler was attempting to paint of a miserly Uncle Sam indifferent to the good opinion or even to the fate of Europe.

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When Dodd was eventually withdrawn his place was taken by Alexander Kirk as chargé d'affaires. Being a wealthy man, Kirk reversed Dodd's policy and entertained extensively. Each Sunday he invited several hundred people to a buffet luncheon. At that time, to save his food resources, Hitler had decreed that Sunday luncheons for Germans should consist of a single, simple dish. Kirk's lunches therefore became popular among not only his colleagues but German high officials as well, most of whom had standing invitations to come each week. On one occasion when Kirk was suddenly called to Paris for consultation on a Saturday afternoon he instructed his deputy, then George Kennan, to cancel the weekly luncheon. Upon his return from Paris he called in Kennan and thanked him, but remarked that he had forgotten to notify two people of the cancellation—his chef and the Japanese ambassador.

Parsimony can take many forms. One American ambassador used to serve cheap local wines from bottles bearing the labels of famous Rhine or Burgundy vineyards. Once when entertaining a visiting foreigner known to most of the guests as a great authority on Rhine wines, the ambassador served a particularly ordinary native product in a Rhine wine bottle. As the distinguished guest took a sip and carefully rolled the liquid around his tongue, the other guests watched in awkward silence. Then the guest put down his glass and bowed to the ambassador. "Most unusual," he commented and ostentatiously reached for his water glass.

The same ambassador also invariably saved the place cards of his more frequent guests, including his staff. His daughter was charged with cleaning them up after each meal with an India-rubber eraser. As the cards grew grayer the ambassador's staff grew more indignant until they adopted the expedient of surreptitiously dunking their place cards in the red wine. No amount of rubbing could take out the stain and the cards were finally replaced.

The main occasion for entertaining is invariably an ambassador's national holiday—the Fourth of July for the Americans, the King's or Queen's Birthday for the British, Bastille Day for the French, and so on. A generation ago it was more or less obligatory for diplomats to call on their colleagues on the national day and "sign the book"—a guest book prominently displayed in the embassy front hall—after which they were free to go home. Even today in royal courts it is the

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practice to put out the book on festive occasions—the marriage of a member of the royal family, the coming of age of an heir, or the birth of a prince—whereupon the diplomatic corps is notified that their signatures are awaited.

But nowadays, instead of putting out the book on national days, one usually gives a reception complete with cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. Though essentially a national holiday reception is to receive the congratulations of one's colleagues, in the period between the wars it became customary for the American community in a foreign capital to expect the ambassador to entertain all his compatriots at a giant reception. The result was that gradually the Fourth of July became the occasion not to receive colleagues' congratulations but to alleviate the homesickness of the American colony. In Paris the Fourth of July became a monstrous free-loading operation to which even tourists temporarily in France flocked with or without invitation and often the number of guests reached several thousand.

Not to be outdone, American ambassadors in smaller capitals tried to emulate their Paris colleague by making their receptions as big as possible. An American ambassador in Prague once advertised his reception in the local papers, inviting "all Americans and friends of America." His staff was somewhat startled when a popular bargirl well known for the lavish manner in which she bestowed her affections on lonely foreigners appeared at the Fourth of July in a flashy low-cut dress and a huge picture hat. Asked by an acquaintance what she was doing at the embassy on the Fourth of July, she replied archly that she was the best friend of a lot more Americans in town than one might guess.

The Fourth of July is by no means the only occasion for diplomatic entertainment. As air travel has grown so has the number of important officials visiting foreign lands. Congressmen, prominent editors, assistant secretaries of departments, to say nothing of the secretary of state himself, all require luncheons or dinners or even business breakfasts. During his two years as ambassador in Paris David Bruce once complained that he'd had exactly one meal with his family—and that was a breakfast.

Then there are the parties one must give to repay one's colleagues for social obligations. Even when there are no visiting firemen to entertain, one's colleagues can force even the most retiring diplomat

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into throwing parties. In Moscow, between the wars, few officials came from abroad requiring entertainment, since the Soviets were frugal with visas and neither Moscow's business nor her pleasure attracted foreign firemen. Bored embassy wives made up for the lack by constantly giving dinners, dances, receptions, and cocktail parties, each one of which created a dozen more obligations on her guests to return the hospitality. Thus the breeding of social events became as prolific and incestuous as that of rabbits.

As Moscow between the wars demonstrated, a bored diplomatic colony is bad public relations. To avoid a bad name among diplomats, a host government will often go to great lengths to keep its guest ambassadors and their wives amused. Though the ambassadors of the larger countries are ordinarily kept busier than they care to be, other embassies are less put upon. Furthermore, their wives, including Americans, relieved of most of the household chores by adequate staffs of servants, often find time hanging heavy. Consequently, the host governments, if they are properly advised by their protocol chiefs, will make great efforts to organize entertainment. Gala performances at the theater or opera, concerts, and art exhibits are the commonest ways of keeping diplomatic colonies out of the mischief arising from idleness.

Other forms are wine-tasting expeditions to famous cellars, boat trips on famous rivers, and the oldest form of diplomatic entertainment—hunting stags, wild boar, pheasant, or other game. (Strangely enough, diplomatic fishing parties have never caught on. Perhaps it is because diplomats are usually too gregarious or garrulous to enjoy standing silent and alone by a trout stream.)

A generation ago the ability to shoot a gun was as important for the diplomat as being able to waltz. But today standards are lower and a diplomatic shoot is often regarded by experienced hunters as one of the more dangerous pastimes. I have spent the better part of several diplomatic shoots flat on my face in a ditch while bullets whistled above me. On one occasion at a state shoot in Germany I was "contained" behind the thick trunk of an oak by a colleague with a rifle on the next stand until I discreetly waved a white handkerchief on the end of a stick. My neighbor subsequently explained that he had seen something move and thought it was a stag hiding from him behind the tree.

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Even the Soviets have not been able to remove all the traditional sport from diplomacy and will if pressed provide shooting for diplomats—at a fee. Under Socialism, they explain, one must pay for one's pleasures. Only when Communism has been fully established will everything be free. In capitalist countries the dogma is ignored and all state shoots for diplomats are on the cuff.

Since World War II, however, the Communist lust for respectability has grown, and shooting preserves and deer parks have once again come into their own as marks of distinction. A few years ago at a reception given by Marshal Tito for Mr. Khrushchev on the broad terrace of the White Palace outside Belgrade, guests were startled when, at the end of dinner, Tito leaped on a chair and clapped his hands. Suddenly several huge spotlights lit up the palace park beyond and a magnificently crowned stag blinked bewildered into the glare while the Eastern guests roared approval. A few months later Khrushchev, not to be outdone, was escorting some American diplomats around his estate outside Moscow. Approaching a grove of trees, he put two fingers in his mouth and let out a piercing whistle, whereupon an entire herd of stags leaped from behind a thicket and galloped off across the lawn.

Before the men's fashion market moved from Paris to London, where it was decreed that men should wear only the dullest clothing, the male of the human species, including the diplomats, delighted in appearing just as gorgeously attired as their brethren in the bird world. Since then on ordinary occasions only the military have been permitted to display their sartorial vanity.

Court dress was obligatory in all capitals and the smaller the capital the gaudier the costumes were supposed to be. Even today for gala occasions many countries provide a ceremonial uniform for their diplomats.

However, when the United States came on the world scene, young, self-conscious and imbued with its mission to propagate the republican ideology, it resented not only the pomp and pageantry with which royal courts surrounded themselves but also the "nonsense and flummery" of court dress.

Benjamin Franklin, we have noted, made his first appearance at the court of Versailles dressed in an old coat, his balding head wigless, and supporting himself on a crooked crabapple cane. He soon dis-

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covered, however, that if he was to make any contribution to the preservation of the then frail American Republic he had better conform to local usage rather than combine an attack on European sartorial habits with the business of making allies for his country. He thereupon devised for himself what he described as a modest but elegant court uniform. Subsequent American envoys followed his example.

In 1817 the State Department prescribed as diplomatic court dress a blue, silk-lined coat, a cape embroidered with gold, white knee breeches with gold buckles, white silk stockings with gilt shoe buckles, a three-cornered hat "not so large as those used by the French nor so small as those of the English," a black cockade with an eagle attached, and a sword.

This remained the uniform until the Age of Jackson, when the Common Man decreed that the coat should be black. In 1853 Secretary of State Marcy issued instructions that American diplomats should show their devotion to republican institutions by discarding the three-cornered hat, sword, and knee breeches and appear in court "in the simple dress of an American citizen," which included long pants—then worn chiefly by workers and waiters.

Marcy's idea commended itself to a number of American diplomats struggling under the financial burden of maintaining the more elaborate wardrobe. However, when they tried out the idea they met with varying success if for no other reason than that monarchs disliked having their throne rooms used as fashion shows for dangerous republican propaganda.

The Swiss Republic welcomed the idea warmly. The Swedish King, however, told the American minister that he would receive him on business in any costume he wanted to wear but that when he appeared at court he would wear court costume or not come at all.

James Buchanan, the future President but then minister in London, had the most difficult time of all with Mr. Marcy's innovation. He started cautiously by sounding out Queen Victoria's master of ceremonies, Sir Edward Cust, a crabbed old general. Sir Edward curtly suggested that Buchanan either wear court dress to court or absent himself. He went so far as to say that, though the Queen was above such matters, "the people of England would consider it presumption" for him not to wear court dress. Buchanan retorted testily that he did

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not care whether he ever appeared at court or not. When he was subsequently invited to the opening of Parliament with an invitation reading "in full court dress" he simply stayed away. This was immediately picked up by the London press, including the *Times* which printed "an indiscreet and rather offensive remark."

Apparently Queen Victoria had more sense and tact than her master of ceremonies and sought to work out a compromise with the American minister. She sent word that if he should wear a small sword to distinguish himself from the court servants it would be all right with her. Buchanan did so and was greeted by the Queen with "an arch but benevolent smile." Thus the problem of appearing at the British court in "the simple dress of an American citizen" was settled for nearly a century until it was broached again by the singular attitude of Ambassador Charles G. Dawes. When asked whether he would wear the usual knee breeches at court occasions Dawes told the questioner, "You can go plumb to hell." The London protocol authorities and court officials humored Dawes with considerable understanding not only in the matter of dress but in his other peculiar manners.

Current regulations, backed by a federal law, require American diplomats to wear on formal occasions a tail coat and white tie and, instead of the normal white one, a black vest such as is worn by waiters in pretentious restaurants. In fact, except for the white napkin on the left forearm, there is often nothing to distinguish the waiters from the American diplomats, a circumstance that has given rise to confusion. On one occasion a testy old American minister was asked by a lady at a diplomatic reception whether he was the butler. "No," he answered angrily. "Are you the chambermaid?"

When Ambassador Choate was serving in London and attended a reception in the prescribed uniform he was approached as he was leaving by another guest resplendent in court uniform. "Call me a cab," the guest demanded imperiously.

"You are a cab, sir," Choate promptly replied. Then he added: "At least you had the courtesy not to ask me to call you a hansom cab."

The history of Soviet diplomatic costumes provides an interesting parallel to the American but has a slightly different ending. Immediately after the October Revolution the Bolsheviks were suffering from the same inferiority complex and sense of mission that the Americans had demonstrated after the Revolution of 1776. Their diplomats were

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required to appear in the simple dress of a Soviet citizen—a business suit, though dungarees would have been more logical. Furthermore, they were not called “ambassadors” but simply “plenipotentiaries,” to avoid the stigma of bourgeois flummery. However, the unfortunate “plenpots,” as the title was abbreviated, soon discovered that under the Rules of Vienna they thus lost their rank as ambassadors. Thereupon the Kremlin dropped its devotion to the common man and named its diplomats “ambassadors” as everyone else did but continued to refer to them for many years in their home press as “plenpots.”

Toward the end of the thirties Stalin abandoned even these pretensions and formally renamed his envoys “ambassadors” both openly and privately. He also devised for them a most elaborate costume which closely resembled the full-dress Soviet military uniform except that crossed quill pens replaced the crossed swords or guns.

Nevertheless, in Moscow the Kremlin leaders continued to appear at official receptions in their business suits even when formal or informal (black tie) wear was prescribed for foreign guests. Thereupon several foreign ambassadors decided collectively that if their hosts were not going to bother to change for dinner they would not either, and appeared in business suits. The Communists were visibly miffed.

Since the October Revolution is only forty-odd years old it is too early to say whether the next generation of Bolsheviki will raid the Kremlin museum, where the old royal robes are still preserved, to add color to their diplomatic receptions.

XXI

Mr. Ambassador: 1

SOME three hundred years ago the Duke of Tuscany complained to a Venetian official that the Venetian ambassador in Florence was stupid. The official said he was not surprised since there were many fools in Venice. "We have fools in Florence too," the duke replied, "but we take care not to export them."

Diplomacy, according to Callières, is so important that the fate of even the greatest state depends on the skill of its diplomats, whose qualifications both natural and acquired cannot be examined with too great care. What are these qualifications?

When Sir Henry Wotton, three hundred years ago, said that "an ambassador is an honest man sent abroad to lie for his country," he was promptly fired by King James I. Others who have parroted the aphorism more recently have been punished less severely for not knowing their business.

Whatever the qualifications of a modern diplomat, the art of deceit is certainly not one of them. Moral integrity, according to a leading French diplomat, Jules Cambon, is the essential quality of an ambassador: "He must be a man of the strictest honor if the government to which he is accredited and his own government are to place explicit confidence in his statements."

It might appear superfluous to stress this question of honesty were it not for the peculiar temptations of an ambassador, cloaked in his immunities and free from supervision, to be dishonest and the many

occasions on which ambassadors have succumbed to them.

Dishonesty can take many forms. One ambassador whom I served regularly swindled his clerks out of a substantial percentage of their salaries whenever he exchanged their money for them. On one occasion he handed me a bill from a local contractor for \$90, together with \$30 in cash to pay it. "And I don't want the natives to think I'm a kike either," he admonished.

However, intellectual dishonesty is more common among ambassadors than petty swindling. A European ambassador during the evacuation of Moscow watched from the window of the diplomats' train as it wandered across the farm lands of Russia where unharvested wheat, potatoes, and cabbage were rotting and frozen. But when he arrived in Kuibyshev he reported to his government that the countryside seemed to him prosperous and well supplied with food. In his anxiety to prove to himself that the Russians could withstand the German attack he had seriously misled his own government. Within months the United States found it necessary to send Russia shiploads of food to replace the imaginary crops the ambassador had seen on his departure from Moscow.

Earlier an American ambassador in Eastern Europe had been informed by a reliable German source that the Germans were about to invade his host's country. He was persuaded by his wife not to inform Washington lest it order the evacuation of the women of the embassy and leave him to the mercies of an adventurous woman correspondent then in the capital.

Less blatant but occasionally no less dangerous is the temptation to color one's reports of conversations in a way that will reflect greater brilliance on the reporter's part than is warranted. For example, the dispatch writer may report a dazzling *bon mot* that occurred to him only after the conversation he is describing. "Never report what you said," an old career diplomat once warned me, "and you'll never get in trouble."

Nicolson warns against a more common form of moral inaccuracy, that of quibbling: "All too often diplomatists are so afraid of being accused of lack of judgement that they avoid expressing any judgement at all. In evading these responsibilities they are omitting to perform one of their most desirable duties."

Frequently a government will instruct its ambassador to tell his

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host government unpleasant truths which will displease it and therefore make his own position more difficult and detract from his popularity. Thus he will be tempted to soften his government's harsh words and give a false impression of its attitude.

Frequently the inexperienced diplomat, consciously or unconsciously, assumes the role of advocate for his host's country vis-à-vis his own. Anxious to be loved, he himself falls in love with his hosts. The result is that his dispatches take on the color of a lawyer's brief rather than a dispassionate objective report. Occasionally the opposite temptation arises when his love is rebuffed and he takes every occasion to condemn his host unfairly.

Localitis—the belief that one's post is the navel of world affairs—is a frequent cause of coloring one's attitude. During the years before the war a colleague serving in a series of small posts in Central America wrote me regularly that his present post was the most important in which he had ever served. His enthusiasms merely amused me until during my service in Kabul I found myself convinced that the world's political axis revolved around the mountains of the Hindu Kush.

Combined with an unavoidable unfamiliarity with conditions elsewhere, localitis frequently puts a severe strain on an ambassador called upon to carry out a policy that is contrary to his honest convictions, based on his limited knowledge. So long as he remains ambassador, however, he is bound by his oath of office to follow his orders.

A distinguished American ambassador, Hugh Wilson, has described the dilemma as that of an attorney vis-à-vis his client. He must do his best to persuade his client of his view, but if he fails and the client follows a course against the attorney's conscience he must withdraw. In 1958 the American ambassador in Indonesia was instructed to carry out a policy with which he so deeply disagreed that he requested a transfer and was sent as ambassador to Prague.

In addition to absolute honesty in relation to one's own government and to one's host's, the wise diplomat will be equally forthright toward his diplomatic colleagues. This does not mean that he will always tell them everything he knows but that he will never deliberately lie or mislead them. Temptations to do so are frequent in diplomatic life, where no two ambassadors represent identical interests.

Though a false statement can occasionally produce a short-run

advantage, truth will inevitably overtake it and the lying ambassador will eventually find his reputation for reliability ruined not only with victims of his lie but among the entire freemasonry of diplomacy. A reputation for trickiness will follow a diplomat around the globe as tenaciously as the dossiers prepared by his diplomatic colleagues pursue him from post to post.

In diplomacy as elsewhere no question is indiscreet, though the answer well may be. However, in professional diplomatic circles questions on delicate subjects are by convention considered "indiscreet." A hundred fifty years ago Lord Malmesbury advised a young diplomat: "If, as frequently happens, an indiscreet question which seems to require a distinct answer, is put to you abruptly by an artful minister, parry it either by treating it as an indiscreet question or get rid of it by a grave and serious look; but on no account contradict the assertion flatly if it be true, or admit it as true if false."

Despite the strictures of the authorities on diplomacy from Callières to Cambon, it would be fatuous to deny that deceit occasionally is resorted to by diplomats of small caliber. Few ambassadors measure up to the standards of Callières and their recourse to deception is a good measure of their imperfection or, as he puts it, "the smallness of their minds."

Except for a brief period during the twilight of the Romanov regime, honesty has played no significant role in Byzantine diplomacy as practiced by the czarist or the Soviet Russians. Soviet diplomats in their negotiations neither proffer nor expect honesty. Nor do they find it demeaning to be caught out in deliberate lies, as illustrated by the case of Simyon Tsarapkin in Seoul. It is largely because of this difference in diplomatic method that negotiations between Byzantine and Western diplomats are often so fruitless. Until the former learn, as the latter learned centuries ago, that probity facilitates negotiation while dishonesty paralyzes it, diplomatic dealings between the two schools will continue to suffer.

Except for probity, no natural qualification is so important to the diplomat as political sense—what the Germans call *Fingerspitzengefühl*. Asked what quality he sought most in new recruits for the Foreign Service, Deputy Under-Secretary of State Loy Henderson recently replied, rubbing the ends of his fingers together: "Political sensitivity—without it a Ph.D. is useless. With it a high school student

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is invaluable." Harder to define than to identify, it is the ability to sense the significance of the political forces playing on a given question and correctly to measure the resultant reaction.

Political sense is not like the instinctive knack of an old-fashioned weather prophet for seeing in a single sign—the wind direction, an aching bone, or the flight of a hoopoe—that it will rain tomorrow. Nor is it the intuitive power of a Hitler to see in a crowd's reactions the possibilities of a course of action. It is more like the ability of a talented meteorologist to recognize and then synthesize all available data into a prediction of the course and strength of a storm or of a skilled diagnostician to identify a disease. Yet it is more than a skill in weighing ponderables. It is a gift for dealing in abstract political phenomena, like the natural gift for music, mathematics, or linguistics present in some people and absent in others.

Political sense, however, does not assure adequate solutions for political problems any more than a correct diagnosis assures a cure. But it does guarantee that a policy maker is not operating in the dark.

The material on which the politically sensitive observer works is as varied as the forms of political expression. It may be the tone of an editorial, the results of a by-election or the reaction of a cab driver to a rise in the gasoline price. Anyone can observe any of these phenomena and report it accurately. But it requires political sense to distill from it what political meaning it may contain and to detect from a combination of observations trends of opinion or subtle shifts in policies.

The best known advice to diplomats is Talleyrand's "*Et surtout pas trop de zèle*"—"And above all don't get excited." In another chapter I have alluded to the diplomatic goat-getter and the necessity for keeping one's temper.

There is another aspect of Talleyrand's "*zèle*" that is equally important, especially for the American who by nature tends to be enthusiastic, unorthodox, and attracted to gimmicks. In the explosive atmosphere of the atomic age, hastily contrived, untested, or novel initiatives are liable to provoke dangerous reactions from the startled governments on whom they are tried. Surprise may be essential in war, but in diplomacy it has no place and can, indeed, produce catastrophic countermeasures.

By the same token, when one's adversary is a diplomat of the Byzantine school, where good faith and Western orthodoxy play no role, the Western diplomat must be both cautious and unexcitable lest his moral indignation, when struck a foul blow, provoke an ill-considered and rash retort.

Diplomats stationed behind the Iron Curtain, where daily provocations are routine, must constantly keep in mind that the international relations entrusted to their care have roots too profound and conflicts too ponderous to be susceptible of fundamental change by brash or ill-considered actions on their part. In the thirties it was risky and probably unwise to close the Panama Canal to Soviet ships because of a quarrel over a customs inspector. Today it would be folly to shoot at such flies with sixteen-inch guns.

The sensitivity and impressionability of newly established governments in other areas of the globe likewise call for calm and caution from the diplomat, even at the risk of being called stuffy. In a recent best seller, *The Ugly American*, the authors condemn a professional diplomat for rejecting the services of a twentieth-century minnesinger on a red motorcycle to win an election against Communists and of an amateur American astrologer to win the friendship of a local potentate. In real life when the professional diplomat is replaced by the gimmick-minded amateur diplomacy tends to become a circus with Uncle Sam cast in the role of the clown.

While affability and good nature, both outstanding American characteristics, are generally recognized as invaluable to the diplomat, they must be tempered with dignity. The picture of his government that the professional diplomat seeks to convey is one not only of friendship but of strength. In choosing its friends and allies, Cardinal Richelieu once said, a state should be governed not by sentimental attachments but by the respect the candidate commands because of his power.

Tolerance also is an indispensable trait of the good diplomat. Lord Malmesbury, writing in the seventeenth century, advised the young aspirant to leave his national prejudices at home and avoid taking offense at customs foreign to the British tradition. "Nothing goes to conciliate so much," he said, "as this sacrifice of your national prejudice to theirs." He was not suggesting that the British diplomat discard his bowler for a turban or even wear a burnoose rather than a tuxedo

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at dinner but that he tolerate the idea that a turban or a burnoose may not be inferior to the Savile Row product.

For the modern American diplomat it is becoming increasingly difficult to display this virtue. At home in America tolerance is often hard pressed by conformism and in our relations with our neighbors we tend to adopt a similar attitude expressed in the slogan "Selling the American way of life."

In *The Ugly American* the authors have with considerable justification criticized the isolation in which American diplomats live in their gadget-equipped ghettos. One wonders, however, whether this is entirely the fault of the diplomat or whether it does not reflect the parochial narrowness of Washington bureaucrats and legislators.

All writers on the Ideal Diplomat have dwelt at length on the virtue of discretion. "Secrecy," says Callières, "is the very soul of diplomacy," and the ability to guard secrets is basic for the diplomat.

The first place where secrets are guarded is in the chancellery safe. When Sir Knatchbull-Hugessen, the British ambassador in Ankara during World War II, left the keys to his safe in his trousers pocket, it was an invitation to his astute valet, known as Cicero, to filch and sell his secrets to the Germans. Needless to say, this lapse on the part of a popular and able diplomat made him the laughing stock of the profession. In this era of total diplomacy, physical security is daily threatened by new devices and methods which the modern diplomat must constantly guard against.

Secrets, however, can be filched from the head as well as the safe. "The warmth of wine will often lead to the discovery of important secrets," says Callières, and until recent times an indispensable qualification for a diplomat in the hard-drinking northern capitals of Europe was a strong head. Even today the garrulous ambassador is a favorite dinner guest, particularly if he possesses valuable secrets.

The gambling diplomat, while he may be discreet with his colleagues, is a favorite target for blackmailers. In 1938 a Scandinavian diplomat was tried by his government and convicted of selling secrets to the Poles to pay his gambling debts.

Women are, of course, a classic source of indiscretion. Lord Malmesbury specifically warns against what he calls "attachments." "If the other party concerned should happen to be sincere it absorbs too much

time," he says. "If insincere it leaves you at the mercy of a profligate and probably interested character."

The warning was not based on any puritanical or moral grounds. In fact it was Lord Malmesbury, then Sir James Harris, who attempted to seduce Catherine the Great in her St. Petersburg boudoir. What he objected to was "engaging one's heart"—not flirtation or even seduction.

An American code clerk with whom I shared quarters for a brief time early in my career made a regular habit of engaging his heart to young ladies. In London during World War II he lost it to a Russian émigré who, he thought, was working for a movement to restore the czarist regime in Russia, a cause also close to his heart. To help her along he showed her a number of secret cables exchanged between Roosevelt and Churchill. The girl's cause, however, turned out to be Hitler's, and when Scotland Yard caught up with him my friend was sent to prison for seven years.

A more discreet bachelor ambassador whom I knew well was famous for the beautiful "nieces" who were constantly visiting him. When eventually one turned up whose pulchritude was well below his standards, his colleagues were forced to the conclusion that she really was a niece.

Courage is one of the attributes Callières insists a diplomat should have and he cites the case of a French ambassador who failed to draw his sword and challenge the Emperor Charles V to a duel when the Emperor insulted his master, Francis I of France. Francis angrily fired his nondueling envoy and vowed never to appoint another ambassador who was not an accomplished and enthusiastic swordsman.

Today another type of courage is required of diplomats. It is not sufficient to exhibit physical bravery, as Ambassador Winant did in London when he wandered through the streets during the blitz helping the victims and encouraging the fire fighters. Often a diplomat must draw heavily on his moral stamina to report and defend views unpopular at home. During the McCarthy era American diplomats abroad had to have considerable bravery to take stands unpopular with the senator and his friends.

Birth, breeding, and looks were once important criteria in selecting diplomats; one writer cites the mother of the Empress Catherine of Russia, who advised Frederick the Great to select as ambassador to

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St. Petersburg a young man with a good complexion. Considering Catherine's habits, one wonders whether her mother was not pimping for her. Today wealth is still useful to amateurs seeking ambassadorial posts, though breeding and looks are no longer essential. However, as Callières acidly observed, a government can supply a brilliant but poor ambassador with money but it cannot equip a rich but stupid one with brains.

Wit, while often an asset in diplomacy, can, if not properly controlled, raise havoc with a diplomat's career. Between the wars a young career officer serving under Minister John Flournoy Montgomery, who had made his fortune in the dairy business, suggested a little too loudly that his chief's motto should be "All I have I owe to udders." The young man was demoted and transferred.

Many years later an ambassador who allegedly coined the phrase "Dull, duller, Dulles" soon found himself in a secondary post in Asia.

In 1959, when Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce implied that Senator Wayne Morse's judgment was affected when he was kicked in the head by a horse, she found it expedient to resign as ambassador to Brazil.

A catalogue of the basic virtues deemed necessary for an ambassador could, and sometimes has, filled several volumes. However, in addition to his natural qualifications, the would-be diplomat needs a long and arduous training before he can qualify for a post. Most authorities insist that no government should employ a diplomat until he has served an adequate apprenticeship.

The training should begin at home with a study of history. The trainee should learn economics and geography. The politics and personalities of the principal courts are considered essential study matter for the novice. In countries with parliamentary government, the rules of parliamentary procedure should also be learned. In other countries, a century ago, the diplomatic student was expected to familiarize himself with the genealogies of the reigning houses. Today the genealogies could be replaced by a careful study of the history, programs, and leading figures of the various political parties.

Once his homework has been done, Callières advised, the would-be diplomat should travel extensively, not as a tourist but as a student of political science, to meet the leading political figures and learn the characteristics of the political systems that govern foreign countries. Unless one traveled, he warned, one would never learn that the insti-

tutions and customs of foreign countries are often fundamentally different from one's own. Hence one would be tempted to make analogies that would be both superficial and misleading.

Languages have always been important to diplomacy. Even before World War I, when French was the diplomatic *lingua franca*, diplomats were expected to know German, Spanish, and Italian. Callières thought Latin essential to a finished diplomat. Though the last is scarcely useful today, it is even more important to know at least the basic languages and, if possible, one or two of the widely used but less common tongues such as Arabic or Russian.

It is not essential for a diplomat to be a perfect linguist. It is usually sufficient if he knows enough to carry on a political discussion and to read the daily press. Too great familiarity with a foreign tongue often, as Bismarck noted, provokes suspicion. A German speaking English with a Carolinian drawl or a Russian with a Brooklyn twang gives the impression of operating under a disguise.

XXII

Mr. Ambassador: 2

NATIONS, it has frequently been observed, are judged by their representatives abroad. For this if for no other reasons governments should take special pains in selecting their envoys. In the seventeenth century ambassadors were often selected from one of three professions: the church, the military, and the law. Today the first is seldom a source of recruits except for the Vatican. Though generals and lawyers are frequently appointed to diplomatic posts, most authorities agree that neither group is well suited to diplomacy.

Although on rare occasions brilliant generals have become excellent ambassadors, most have been failures. The military career has indeed little in common with diplomacy, and not only because one is directed toward war and the other toward peace. The headquarters atmosphere with its stress on procedures, channels of command, and external discipline is totally different from that of the chancellery, where individual methods are employed, informal relationships exist, and rank plays a lesser role.

There is an even greater difference in the subject matter of the military career and that of diplomacy. The one deals with weapons, logistics and organization; the other deals with political concepts, the written word, and personal relations.

A diplomatic friend, after reading in the papers of the appointment of a series of generals and admirals to diplomatic posts, asked facetiously: "Do you suppose that one day they will appoint Amba-

sador Smith to take command of the Sixth Fleet or Counselor of Embassy Jones to head the 45th Jet Fighter Squadron?"

Although it is commonly supposed that a legal career is an advantage for diplomats and though many lawyers have been appointed to embassies, law in some respects is even less suited as training for a diplomatic career than the military profession. In fact Nicolson maintains that "the worst kind of diplomatists are missionaries, fanatics and lawyers." "The training of a lawyer," says Callières, "breeds habits and dispositions of mind which are not favorable to the practice of diplomacy. The occupation of a lawyer," he adds, "which is to split hairs about nothing is not a good preparation for the treatment of grave public affairs in the region of diplomacy."

Whether or not splitting hairs over nothing is the basis of a legal career, the superficial similarities between the law and diplomacy are perhaps one reason for their incompatibility. The lawyer, like the diplomat, deals in debate and compromise. A knowledge of law is essential to the diplomat, an ability to negotiate is essential to the lawyer, and a knowledge of human nature is essential to both.

But when the lawyer turns to international problems these similarities lead him to the false conclusion that diplomacy is a form of law. His whole training has accustomed him to presuppose a court where right is distinguished from wrong, legal from illegal, and where there are police and jails to enforce decisions. Moral as well as legal concepts govern his thinking.

When the lawyer faces a problem he attempts to solve it by legal agreements in which every contingency is foreseen and every detail is strictly defined. He seeks to regulate affairs by hard and fast formulas within a completely ordered system.

None of these concepts apply to international affairs. Even international law, which covers only a tiny part of the field of diplomacy, has few sanctions. The World Court can regulate but a fraction of the daily disputes and differences which occupy diplomats because sovereign states refuse to submit to a higher sovereignty despite idealistic proposals that they should do so.

The traditions, customs, and histories of different countries, areas and religions, on which their moral as well as their legal concepts are based, vary greatly. In Western countries Christian morality and principles prevail. In Arab lands the ethical rules of the Koran are the

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basis of law. In the East Buddhist ethics dominate. In England only a judge may condemn to death. In Germany not even a judge has the power of pronouncing death but in Eastern lands a killer's life is at the disposal of his victim's family.

Nowhere is the difference more marked than between Western and Byzantine concepts of justice. In the Soviet Union a war to establish or defend a Communist dictatorship is a "just" war, a lie to the same purpose is a white lie, and what the West considers truth is often a bourgeois falsehood.

Diplomacy mediates not between right and wrong but between conflicting interests. It seeks to compromise not between legal equities but between national aspirations. Among nations, despite the efforts of statesmen since Grotius, no ordered system with a unified process of law enforcement exists. Furthermore, a nation's interests, aspirations, and the power to satisfy them vary from year to year, indeed from day to day. What yesterday was satisfactory may tomorrow be intolerable and unenforceable.

When the Western Allies relinquished their sovereign rights over Western Germany they sought to regulate the new relationship by the so-called "Germany Treaty." Owing largely to the preponderance of lawyers in the negotiations, particularly on the American side, a contract was drawn up that tried to foresee every contingency and provide by legal agreement for solutions to problems that until then had rested with the victorious powers as a result of the war. The abolition of cartels, the guarantees of democratic government, the punishment of war criminals, and a thousand other details were negotiated by a host of lawyers and legal experts as though a system of law existed into which the agreements might fit.

When after months of intense negotiation an agreement was reached, the chief German negotiator, State Secretary Hallstein, himself a brilliant professor of law, bursting with pride asked an Allied diplomat who had not participated in the negotiations what he thought of the treaty. The diplomat replied bluntly: "It is not a treaty at all. It reminds me of the fine print on the back of my fire insurance policy."

The diplomat's judgment was more than vindicated within months. By granting Western Germany her sovereignty, the treaty fundamentally altered the power relationship of the signatories. The limitations that it sought to impose upon the Germans became meaningless

because the power to enforce them no longer existed. Those obligations the German government assumed which corresponded with her national interests remained in force. The rest, in a matter of a few years, vanished all but unnoticed. All that remained were a few general principles, implicit but not explicit in the treaty, which reflected the realities of the new relationship created with the re-establishment of German sovereignty.

To the church, the military, and the law the twentieth century has added a fourth potential reservoir of ambassadors—business. It is widely believed, particularly in America, that diplomatic negotiations are essentially business deals and that the best negotiator is therefore a shrewd Yankee horse trader operating under the cover of a pair of striped pants. As a result, a number of successful businessmen without diplomatic experience have found themselves pantless and shirtless at the end of a negotiation with experienced diplomats.

However, diplomatic negotiations differ fundamentally from commercial or business dealings. In the first place, business, like the law, is conducted within the framework of a regulated system with self-enforcing powers. Business to a large extent is regulated by the laws of contracts. Even international business deals generally provide for arbitration in the courts of one or the other contracting party. Diplomacy has been defined as "commerce in mutual benefits" or the harmonizing of interests. Only as long as mutual benefits accrue or harmony prevails is there any real assurance that the agreements will be fulfilled.

The businessman who has concluded a "deal," whether to buy a factory or sell a shipload of coffee beans, knowing that the contract is binding, can often scarcely wait to announce his triumph to his stockholders and assure his associates of the profit he has made. The diplomat, however, never proclaims a diplomatic success. On the contrary, he will endeavor to advertise the benefits he has sacrificed to the other party.

In the second place, unlike the average businessman, the diplomat cannot pick and choose his associates. He must deal with the political power that rules. Nor can he ever be sure when power relationships will change and the government he rebuffed yesterday must be wooed as an ally today. Only the amateur or the Byzantine diplomat slams doors. The professional may say "perhaps" or "tomorrow" but he never

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says "no," whether to a treaty of alliance or a request for a loan to build a dam.

Thirdly, unlike the businessman's, a diplomat's negotiation is never finished. A treaty may be signed and sealed but it is seldom irrevocably delivered. So long as it remains in force it is subject to modification, renegotiation, or denunciation. For example, the United States may find it advisable to establish airbases in Spain. Delicate feelers are first put out by the ambassador in Madrid. If the Spanish government responds favorably, formal negotiations are begun. Long discussions and haggling follow on sites, payment for and final disposition of the fields, the labor terms and material costs to build them, and legal jurisdiction over the American airmen who will eventually man them.

Even when the treaty has been signed and ratified, the diplomat's job has scarcely begun. Differences of interpretation of the most precisely drafted text will arise. Unexpected obstacles will develop as construction crews go to work, equipment is imported, and finally the crews and their families move into their strange environment and start to adjust themselves to local customs and laws. Each of these problems must be ironed out in endless negotiations. Meantime the mutual benefits accruing to the Spanish and American governments will fluctuate with new political or economic conditions and the development of new weapons.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization, now ten years old, is practically in a perpetual state of renegotiation. Scarcely a week passes without discussions between the diplomats stationed at NATO headquarters to smooth out difficulties, modify impractical commitments, or even occasionally to prevent the entire edifice from collapsing because of conflicting interests between the partners, whether Turkey and Greece or England and the United States.

If churchmen, soldiers, lawyers, and businessmen make poor diplomats, Callières maintained, dilettantes make the worst of all. Men of small minds, he said, should content themselves with jobs at home where their errors may be easily repaired; for errors abroad are too often irreparable. Acknowledging that there is always a temptation to use ambassadorships to pay old debts or to quiet petty blackmailers, he warned that the public interest must be supreme and that government officials should steel themselves against the pressure of political friends or relatives seeking diplomatic posts. Those who become am-

bassadors for the prestige it affords are like the ass in the fable who mistook as meant for himself the homage paid the statue of the goddess he was carrying on his back.

Despite these and many other warnings from other statesmen, the export of fools in the guise of diplomats has continued to the present day and has frequently elicited complaints like the Duke of Tuscany's.

Such complaints are generally made discreetly and are carefully kept from the press. Some time ago, the Canadian prime minister is said to have complained that Canada had suffered her share of American dilettantes and hacks as ambassadors and pleaded that it be sent a professional diplomat. The President then sent a distinguished career officer.

After World War II the government of Luxembourg, having been host to a series of political party favorites as American ministers, let it be known in Washington that its patience was exhausted. If the next appointee was not a career official, it intimated, it would refuse to receive him. The United States again acceded.

The chief of one European state once complained to me that only two of the last six American ambassadors to his country had done a satisfactory job. The two he named were the only professionals among the six.

Other governments have grown accustomed to nonprofessional American diplomats, tolerating them as part of the American system of conducting diplomacy. However, as Nicolson points out, the United States has suffered much from political appointments under the "spoils system." "The capitals of Europe and Latin America," he says, "echoed with the indiscretions of these amateur diplomatists and much damage was done to all concerned . . . by politicians whose intelligence and conduct were not consonant with the dignity of the United States."

Nevertheless, the spoils system continues to dispose of many diplomatic posts. Today only four of the fourteen American ambassadors in important Western European posts are professionals. Because many non-European posts, especially in out-of-the-way places, do not attract office seekers, the percentage of professionals on a global basis is somewhat higher. Even so, about half our embassies are still headed by amateurs whose only training has been as successful bankers, salesmen, or race-horse breeders. Not all have been failures. Indeed some have revealed the rare talents of a born diplomat.

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It is popularly supposed that ambassadorships are bought by rich men with social ambitions or socially ambitious wives. This is only partly true. Aside from the professionals appointed from the career service, many ambassadors are selected by the President or the secretary of state because he genuinely believes that they possess the attributes of a good ambassador. They are good mixers. They make friends easily. They are conciliatory and have pleasing personalities or they have some special tie with a particular country that will make them popular there.

President Roosevelt, who, according to John Gunther, shopped about for ambassadors like a housewife shopping for potatoes, selected Professor William Dodd as ambassador to Germany because he was a specialist in German history and a fanatical enemy of Nazism. Dodd was a great scholar but a disastrous diplomat. President Eisenhower appointed an ambassador to Southeast Asia because he knew the country well from the frequent big-game shooting expeditions he had made there.

Nevertheless, money plays a prominent role in the distribution of diplomatic prizes. By making a substantial contribution to a political party, office seekers can enhance their chances for a diplomatic post, particularly if they or their backers can discover something in their background that passes for a diplomatic qualification: they have traveled abroad or know a lot of foreigners or are accomplished hostesses.

An old friend of mine who had served for many years in the Foreign Service found promotion slow and his chances of getting an embassy by way of the career ladder slight. Thereupon he resigned from the service and made a substantial contribution to the Republican party. Within months he had a good embassy.

In the roaring twenties a wealthy playboy was left a large fortune by his father, together with precise instructions about its disposition. One provision instructed him to make a heavy contribution to the Republican party. However, the elections of 1932 were in the offing and some of the playboy's Democratic friends persuaded him that the Republicans did not have a chance. His father, they argued, would have been just as pleased to back Franklin Roosevelt. He agreed and after the election found himself heading one of the choicest embassies in Europe.

Contributions to parties need not be monetary. Editors who put

their papers behind a political candidate can often count on an embassy for themselves or some member of their families. A lawyer may help a leading candidate to clear up a messy lawsuit and get an appointment to Sweden. Even mediocre journalists, by writing stories favorable to a candidate, can get a job as ambassador.

Exile to an embassy overseas has long been a way of sidetracking political opponents. Hitler thus got rid of former Chancellor Luther by sending him as ambassador to Washington. Chancellor Adenauer rid himself of a rival in his party by sending him as ambassador to London. More recently the head of Iraq's revolutionary government, after condemning a rival to death, offered to reprieve him if he would go as ambassador to Germany. The condemned man refused!

Some years ago a novice congressman from New York, having displeased his local party bosses, was offered by them either the embassy in New Zealand or the embassy in Portugal if he would step down and not run for re-election. Doubting their ability to dispose of embassies in this cavalier fashion, he made inquiries in the State Department and to his amazement learned that both posts had been put at their disposal. Nevertheless, he rejected the offer and is still a prominent member of Congress.

The national committees of both major parties supervise the disposition of political appointments to embassies through an informal system whereby the party in power maintains within the State Department and on the department's payroll a small group whose function it is to watch over the disposition of such patronage as becomes available within the department or the diplomatic service. They keep an eye out for possible openings for loyal party followers, check appointments with the patronage bosses of the state from which a candidate comes, and from time to time clean out the political appointees who have expended their patronage claims or dun them for further contributions.

Patronage bookkeeping is very informal, a circumstance that occasionally leads to misunderstanding and even bitter recriminations. An old friend of mine, a political incumbent of an embassy, was approached by his national committee chairman with the suggestion that he increase his annual contribution to the party or resign. The ambassador was well off, so he gladly upped his donation and settled back for another term in his pleasant embassy. However, the national

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chairman was suddenly replaced and the new man, searching for a vacancy for a prominent politician in need of a job, reneged on his predecessor's assurances and my friend found himself an ex-ambassador. Unfortunately, there is no court of equity where patronage claims can be adjusted, so he built himself a house on the Riviera and has lived there happily ever after.

Since public opinion polls are not perfect and elections are notoriously unpredictable, eager office seekers occasionally contribute to both major parties. This practice is considered unethical by some politicians and is frowned upon by patronage bosses. However, since the contributor usually uses his wife's name for one contribution and his own for the other, it is not always easy to check.

Listening on the embassy radio to the returns coming in on the Willkie-Roosevelt campaign, I was astonished to hear my boss, a Democratic appointee, cheering the early lead established by Willkie. Blandly he announced that he had switched allegiance to the Republicans and had backed their candidate heavily. When Roosevelt caught up and eventually passed Willkie, however, the ambassador was equally unconcerned. His wife, he announced unabashed, had maintained her loyalty to the Democrats with an equally substantial contribution. The ambassador survived two more elections and eventually died "in harness."

Although embassies are usually much sought after, it occasionally happens that a deserving party follower prefers his rewards in the form of a judgeship or a post office nearer to home. In the thirties a Texas claimant to party favors was asked whether he would like to be minister to a Baltic capital.

"Minister?" he asked incredulously. "Hell, I've never even been in a pulpit let alone ordained." Nevertheless, he was induced to accept the post, where his lack of religious qualifications became all too apparent when he finally departed.

During the same period a patronage dispenser in Washington telephoned a deserving office seeker in South Dakota to offer him an embassy in Eastern Europe. Unfortunately, the man had a namesake in the same town and the call went to the wrong person. Not until the latter was on his way to his new embassy was the error discovered.

Before the establishment of the career service in 1924, all embassy officials were expected to submit their resignations when the presidency

changed hands. After that, career officers below chief of mission were considered permanent. In fact, several career ambassadors, assuming that they too were exempt, failed to submit their resignations. However, they were quickly put right by the White House and since then after every election all chiefs of mission whether career or political appointees submit their resignations.

Partly as a consequence of this practice, professional diplomats who have risen to ambassadorial rank often find their careers suddenly terminated when their resignations are accepted by a party in power in need of patronage posts. Since there is no way for a career diplomat to remain an ambassador for more than a limited period without an embassy, he must thereafter retire. Legislation to create a reserve pool of ambassadors who can retain their employment for several years is, in fact, one of the pressing needs of the Foreign Service today.

After every election the political patronage staff within the State Department sits down with the professional personnel director to divide the spoils. It has become a political tradition for presidential candidates to pledge their support of the career principle and to promise not to replace career ambassadors. However, in view of the automatic resignation procedure, it is relatively easy to circumvent such pre-election pledges.

Whenever a new party comes to power it is customary to demonstrate statistically that the number of professional diplomatic incumbents has been increased or at least not decreased. This statistical game is fairly simple to play no matter what inroads the patronage committee has made on the embassies, since the number of embassies has in recent years steadily increased with the creation of new independent states, many of which political office seekers do not consider desirable.

The most desirable diplomatic posts are generally those in Europe, especially London, Paris, Rome, and Madrid. The so-called "commuting embassies," Ottawa, Mexico City, and Havana, whence an incumbent can easily commute to his office in New York for the transaction of his personal business, also are highly in demand. Where climatic conditions are good outside Europe or where there is a special interest for an office seeker one also occasionally finds political appointees.

One office seeker with a large family in comfortable circumstances not long ago sought for and got an embassy in a far-off primitive post.

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Asked by a friend why he wanted to give up his comfortable existence in Delaware for a squalid Asian city, he replied blandly, "My psychiatrist recommended it." Apparently the remedy for whatever mental disease ailed him was a success, for after serving several years there he applied for and got another embassy.

Not infrequently it becomes necessary to dismiss an ambassador to make room for an important politician who has lost an election or has been ousted from his job for other reasons. When the prospective victim is a political appointee it is relatively simple for a national committeeman or departmental patronage official to write him that the party deems its obligations to him fulfilled. Even this formality is not always observed. In 1958 an ambassador in Scandinavia read in the local morning paper that Washington had appointed a successor to him. Angrily he cabled for confirmation and shortly received it together with an urgent request for his resignation.

If the prospective victim is a career appointee, on the other hand, the procedure is more delicate. An old professional friend of mine with many years of service was happily serving out the last year or two before retirement in a not particularly pleasant post when suddenly a courier delivered an urgent letter from the State Department. It stated that it had been reconsidering his allegedly long-expressed wish for early retirement and reluctantly had decided to accept his resignation as ambassador. Since his successor, a New York lawyer, was planning to leave for his new post within a few days, it was suggested that he leave his embassy within the week. Sadly and bitterly the old diplomat wired his resignation, packed hurriedly, and retired on a substantially lower pension than he would have received had he been allowed to serve out his full career.

Diplomatic procedure demands that before a new ambassador is appointed the receiving government be asked if he is acceptable. However, American national committees have often found this procedure superfluous. When Robert Butler, the retiring finance director of the Democratic National Committee, was selected as ambassador to Australia, not even the State Department was aware of the appointment until it was publicly acclaimed at a banquet in honor of the appointee. Accustomed to being ignored in such matters, the department said nothing but the Australian government made it clear that it found

the American way of conducting diplomatic business both highhanded and discourteous.

Although the Senate under the Constitution is empowered to pass on all diplomatic appointments, its responsibility has until recently been fulfilled with perfunctory regularity. Only on the rarest occasions has an appointment aroused such animosity that the appointee has withdrawn. When, for example, Edward J. Flynn, the retiring chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was turned out to grass as minister to Australia in 1943, the public reaction against him was such that he was persuaded to request that his nomination be withdrawn.

Although, as we have noted, authorities on diplomacy have laid great stress on the prior training of an ambassador, the State Department has found it necessary to compress a political ambassador's briefing on the country to which he is assigned to a few weeks or even days. Largely because of the shortage of time, it frequently happens that an ambassador is not even able to pronounce the name of the country to say nothing of the name of its highest official, as Ambassador Gluck found to his sorrow. One ambassador assigned to Yugoslavia boasted to his friends that he was on his way to Czechoslovakia and constantly confused the Masaryks with the Karageorgeviches.

Once arrived at his new post, even a professional ambassador expects to spend weeks if not months familiarizing himself with conditions and making the acquaintance of the host country's officials. For the political appointee a special and often costly routine has been established. As counselor or deputy chief of mission, an experienced professional will ordinarily be assigned to him. In addition, a junior professional officer is frequently designated as personal assistant to keep the ambassador informed of diplomatic usage and to reduce his diplomatic gaffs to a minimum. Against the weeks it takes a professional to work himself into a new post, it is an old axiom among career diplomats that an amateur often requires years.

It would be unjust to ascribe to pure cynicism this haphazard way of manning the key foxholes in the outer perimeter of our national defense. Whereas provincial party bosses and parochial national committeemen may deliberately overlook national interests, the political leaders in whose name the appointments are made are frequently

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sincerely persuaded that the appointees foisted upon them actually possess qualifications popularly associated with "diplomacy"—affability, social grace, or Yankee shrewdness.

Furthermore, it is widely believed that the long-distance telephone and the cable have reduced the role of a diplomat to that of a Western Union messenger boy and that the risk of the irreparable damage, of which Callières warned, has been eliminated. Disregarded is the warning of Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes. "It is perfectly idle," he said testily, "to believe that we can get along without diplomatic representatives. . . . We cannot rely on direct messages. We need the man in personal contact with other men in transacting the business of their government." The leading French diplomat Jusserand was even more explicit. "Experience has already shown and will more and more show," he said, "that no invention, no telephone, no airplane, no wireless will ever replace the knowledge of a country and the understanding of a people's disposition."

Few statesmen or diplomatic authorities have argued that diplomatic posts should be filled exclusively from the trained career service. Callières urged that men of letters be enlisted. Others have warned against the incestuous habits of mind that a closed professional service inevitably induces.

Every political generation produces a half dozen or more individuals capable of making a distinguished contribution to diplomacy without going through the long and arduous training of the professional service. If they are familiar with government practices and particularly foreign problems and have demonstrated their political sense, their appointment to diplomatic posts not only puts their talents to valuable use but also serves to refresh, invigorate, and inspire the career personnel. In recent years David Bruce, John Sherman Cooper, Chester Bowles, and Douglas Dillon have rendered outstanding service to the country in diplomatic posts. Great Britain, too, has frequently brought new blood into its career service through such men as Sir Oliver Franks.

Politicians have argued earnestly that the present method has for over a century adequately served our political system, providing the essential means for financing costly campaigns. For centuries, they point out, other countries also staffed their entire civil service by the same method. Indeed, up to the Crimean War the British Army was officered almost exclusively by the sale of commissions.

MR. AMBASSADOR: 2

One of the most vigorous defendants of the present system, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, who has herself served as ambassadress, has pointed out that despite occasional lapses the United States has not done too badly with it. "In 181 years of our diplomatic history," she has said, "America has not yet made the irrevocable diplomatic blunder."

Could Lord Raglan, the British commander in the Crimea, have put the case for his officers more strongly as the Light Brigade charged into the valley of Death?

XXIII

The U. S. Foreign Service

A FEW years ago, on a visit to Germany, Senator Bourke Hickenlooper asked an American diplomat his reaction to a Congressional investigation of the Foreign Service then in progress.

Congressional investigations, the diplomat replied, reminded him of the German game laws. These, he explained, strictly prescribed the seasons of the year, the times of day, and even the types of weapon with which every form of game from stags to rabbits could be hunted in Germany.

"There is only one exception," the diplomat went on. "You can shoot at any season and at any hour with any weapon you like at wild pigs. It seems to me," he concluded wistfully, "that the Foreign Service are the wild pigs of Capitol Hill."

The hunting of the permanent officials of the State Department is nothing new. Thomas Paine, the forerunner of the first secretary of state, was dismissed on security grounds for leaking secrets to the public. James Lovell, Paine's successor in charge of foreign relations, was considered by Congress "of such eccentricities and temper as to lead at times to doubts of his sanity."

Yet not all diplomats have had so poor a reputation. Indeed many of them during the Revolution enjoyed at least as much prestige as the generals, and their successes in winning allies among the governments of Europe were hailed with as much enthusiasm as military victories.

During the first two generations of the Republic's life diplomatic

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experience was considered an important if not essential prerequisite to high office. As I pointed out in an earlier chapter, until the election of William Henry Harrison, all our presidents with the exception of Washington and Jackson had served either as secretary of state or as a minister, and several had served in both capacities.

During the interlude that followed Jackson, as we have noted, diplomacy and diplomats enjoyed a sixty-year vacation. But ever since Wilson's failure at the Versailles Conference demonstrated the need for a professional service, the question of how to select, train, and organize a career service capable of handling twentieth-century diplomatic problems has continuously perplexed both Congress and the public.

Although these problems are more complex, extend over a far greater range of subjects, and require a much larger service than in the past, the principal tasks of the diplomat and the manner in which they are solved have not fundamentally changed, nor have the basic rules governing his selection, training, and management.

Ten centuries ago Liudprand was brought up, carefully schooled, and thereafter apprenticed to his father and his uncle, both ambassadors, before his patron, Emperor Otto, considered him competent to take over a diplomatic mission. In the intervening centuries, as already noted, the aspiring diplomat was expected to ground himself thoroughly in the basic subjects of history, economics, linguistics, and even science and then to travel abroad to study the political institutions and social customs of foreigners. Only after a probationary period was he finally considered sufficiently trained to become a full-fledged diplomat.

These principles were broadly followed in carrying out the Rogers Act, which in 1924 created the first American professional diplomatic service. Candidates were accepted at the bottom only and by means of stiff competitive examinations, lasting several days, in history, economics, mathematics, law, and one or two foreign languages. While previous foreign travel was not required, those who passed the written examinations were again orally examined to determine by personal interview whether they possessed the personality and adaptability necessary for living and working in foreign countries.

The system worked admirably and within a few years the rich young socialites who had staffed many of our embassies were replaced by able young men determined to make diplomacy their life profession.

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Though they attracted little attention at home, the new generation of diplomats were soon winning recognition among their foreign colleagues as astute and able professionals.

With remarkable foresight, as early as the late twenties, the State Department was sending some of the ablest among them abroad to study, sometimes for four years, the languages, histories, and social problems of what twenty years later were to become the most critical areas: Russia, the Far East, and the Arab lands. Several of these early specialists later became the experts on whom we have relied in these countries since World War II—George F. Kennan and Charles E. Bohlen in the Russian field, Raymond Hare, now ambassador in Cairo, in the Arab field. The Far Eastern specialists, though invaluable during the crucial war years, later succumbed to the Congressional purges which followed the Communist take-over in China.

Other young officers, after demonstrating special qualifications during service in the field, were sent to universities for postgraduate work in economics and finance. But the great majority of the new recruits were assigned to general diplomatic and consular work, carrying on such limited negotiations as the isolationist policies then prevailing required, protecting American economic and political interests, and above all, keeping the State Department informed of the complex political maneuvers that were to culminate in World War II.

Despite the renovations accomplished by the Rogers Act, a bit of the old flavor of socialite diplomacy was carried over with the senior diplomats incorporated into the new service. The Ivy League colleges for some time continued to provide the majority of candidates. Expensive tutoring schools flourished to prepare those who could afford them for the stiff competitive exams. In the oral examinations the elder diplomats continued to judge the candidates largely on their "appearance, manner and adaptability."

To these older diplomats "appearance" sometimes meant a well-cut suit from Savile Row or Brooks Brothers. "Manners" meant in part graceful agility with a teacup as taught by the masters' wives at the best Eastern boarding schools. "Adaptability" meant, among other things, the ability to mingle inconspicuously in any society including the "best" Continental salons.

Because of their upbringing and early associations, these older diplomats had become adept in the social amenities. They knew their

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French wines and Scotch whiskeys, their brandies and their ports. Frequently they had joined their diplomatic colleagues on fashionable hunting parties at the estates of Europe's old aristocracy or on the Scottish moors.

In Washington, too, they had followed the pattern set by the old society known as the Cliff Dwellers. As soon as they had been admitted to the service they had bought houses in Georgetown, joined the Metropolitan Club, and spent their weekends at country estates in Virginia or on the Eastern Shore. One of them, a rich young bachelor from the West, not only acquired a large house but hired an interior decorator from New York to furnish it. A less well-to-do colleague, invited to inspect the finished product, looked about the flamboyant entrance hall and announced to his young host, "I'll buy a bottle of champagne but I won't go upstairs."

Though many of the old service members were socialites, a considerable number were expert diplomats as well. C. Pinckney Tuck, Theodore Marriner, Alexander Kirk and Jay Pierpont Moffat were not the last of the snobs but the mentors of the first of the new class of professionals and among the most skilled and polished of the diplomats to whom the country is deeply indebted. However, a little of their "European" manner was transmitted to the new service in its earlier days and raised the eyebrows of Congressional visitors, foreign correspondents, and traveling private citizens.

Since the Foreign Service had specifically been removed from the spoils system, it was considered almost bad form to have too close associations with congressmen lest one be accused of currying political favor to further one's career. Publicity, too, was shunned. Even as late as 1936 a junior diplomat, offered a berth on the maiden voyage of the airship *Hindenburg*, was warned by the Foreign Service personnel chief to keep his name off the published passenger list.

Yet the service suffered from weaknesses that only later became apparent. The administrative heads of the service in Washington comprised a small, tightly knit group accustomed to old-fashioned administrative methods with a high degree of paternal supervision. At the top stood Wilbur J. Carr, who had run the consular service since its establishment in 1906 and had taken over the administration of the combined service in 1924. The personnel director under him knew almost every officer personally and administered discipline, supervised

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promotions, and determined assignments not on the basis of impersonal standards or fixed rules but largely as he himself saw fit.

Acutely aware of the suspicion of Congress, the administrators in Washington sought to avoid conflict for the new service by submitting only the most modest budget requests, with the result that, though one could live on one's salary in many posts, it was a tight squeeze. Little or no provision was made to reimburse struggling young diplomats for the costs of essential official entertainment or even of studying foreign languages. Indeed, because of the shortage of personnel, it was generally strictly forbidden to study the local language during office hours. Embassies, too, were poorly equipped physically, and housing was often deplorable.

Despite these defects, for the small prewar staff of six or seven hundred diplomats the system functioned well enough and continued to attract able young men. The Ivy League monopoly was gradually broken as college students in other areas became aware of this new Foreign Service career. When Franklin Roosevelt became President he made it abundantly clear that American diplomats who stuffed their handkerchiefs up their shirtcuffs were not looked upon with favor. Examining boards modified their standards of "appearance, manners and adaptability" so that the "men with the hoe," as they were sometimes called, stood as good a chance as the suave candidates from fashionable Eastern schools.

By 1934 candidates began to be rejected because they were too European. One, who had passed his written examinations with high marks, was turned down because his manners were too Continental, and he was advised by the oral examiners to spend a year working on a Western ranch to get more Americanized. After having fulfilled this advice, he appeared for the second time, was again rejected and told to work for a year in a filling station. Finally at the third try he was accepted and is today an outstanding senior diplomat.

Successful candidates in the written and oral exams were commissioned as "unclassified" officers and sent to the field for a probationary service which lasted approximately a year. Theoretically those who did not live up to expectations in that period were dropped without further ado. In practice, however, less than a dozen failed to survive the probation in the first twenty years of the Foreign Service.

At their probationary posts, generally a consulate, they were assigned

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for a few months at a time to each of the various sections or desks: visas, passports, commercial reporting, administration and coding, seaman and welfare sections. After about a year of training the probationers were recalled to Washington in groups of twenty or more.

For three months they then attended the Foreign Service School in a dank gloomy room in the basement of the old State Department. There they listened to lectures on the whys and wherefores of the complicated consular and administrative procedures they had learned in the field. They visited the various bureaus of the department, worked in the code room, watched the operation of the geographic desks where diplomatic instructions to embassies were prepared, and also visited and were briefed by other government agencies, such as the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture, which had special interest in their future work as diplomats.

Toward the end of their school term the student diplomats were asked to submit three preferences for their first permanent post. On the last day of school the director of personnel appeared in person to read out their assignments. It was always a tense moment in their careers, for many imagined that their first assignment would determine their entire future. Assignment to an obscure consulate, they felt, meant eternal stagnation in consular posts. A busy embassy, on the other hand, would give them, they thought, a quick opportunity to demonstrate their diplomatic talents and would mark the beginning of a dazzling career.

The actual assignments seldom corresponded to their expressed preferences, but they had already been warned of that. After they had learned their fates, they were taken in a group to call on the secretary of state, who gave them a collective word of encouragement and an individual handshake. For some, like myself, it would be their only glimpse of their chief in their entire careers. From then on they would daily write dispatches and cables directed to the Secretary and frequently receive instructions in his name but perhaps never would they see him again.

Finally, the handshaking over, they would assemble on the south steps of the old State Building for their class photograph with the director of the school and sometimes, if he could spare the time, with the chief of personnel. Years later these photographs would be a vivid yardstick of their relative progress. This face would have dropped from

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sight. That one would appear periodically in the *New York Times* And the owner's? If he had pushed ahead, the photograph would hang prominently in his office. If he had fallen behind, it would be hidden away in the den at home.

Despite their inadequate salaries, stunted staffs, lack of recognition from the Hill, and the inherent weaknesses of Wilbur Carr's paternalistic administrative system, the morale of the service in the prewar years was high. Intensely proud of having qualified for the most selective service in the government, the members jealously defended the two principles on which it was founded: entrance at the bottom by competitive examination and promotion on merit.

Though they knew they would never be as rich as others who had selected careers in private enterprise, they had the great satisfaction of working for the biggest boss of all. Having pledged themselves to serve anywhere in the world, they knew that, though occasionally life in a pleasant embassy would be plush, more often than not it would be uncomfortable, unhealthy, and even dangerous for themselves and their families.

Among themselves they complained of their hardships and small salaries, their ill-equipped offices and inadequate housing, especially during the depression years when their salaries were severely cut, and for several years recruiting was interrupted with fatal results. But secretly they usually enjoyed their martyrdom. Like members of a little mendicant religious order, they derived an almost masochist pleasure from the ill-treatment they suffered at the hands of Congress and the public.

When war struck in 1941 and recruiting once more ceased, there were about eight hundred officers in the service. About a quarter had come in prior to 1924. About a hundred had been amalgamated in the service from the foreign services briefly maintained by the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce. The rest, some five hundred, had entered at the bottom through the front door of competitive examinations.

Since Congress had failed to provide funds for recruitment during the economic depression of the early thirties there was, however, a yawning gap of four years in which no one was taken into the Service.

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The absence of these age groups was especially apparent when war came a few years later.

By then Wilbur Carr and his team had retired but their successors had carried on their paternal administration without elaborate personnel procedures or trained administrators. The officers themselves often argued, a little lamely, that they had entered the service to perform the diplomatic and consular functions of government not to be mere administrators, and whenever they could they had passed the administrative chores of the service to the noncareer clerks who, still less adequately paid and less rigorously selected, were untrained for the job.

Against this structure, the gigantic problems of total war diplomacy broke with devastating effect. Significantly, it was not a Foreign Service officer but an outsider temporarily called into the department who first recognized the inadequacies of the system for the tasks before it. Lawrence Duggan, a Latin-American expert, quickly realized that the embassies' staffs would never be able to cope with the problems of ferreting out Axis agents, preventing trade with Axis countries, assuring the availability of South America's raw materials for the United States war industries, and a thousand other jobs that the war effort demanded.

Since the Foreign Service officials were adamantly opposed to taking into their ranks outsiders who had not gone through the competitive procedure, Duggan proposed the recruitment for the "duration" only of an Auxiliary Foreign Service who would not be required to meet the stiff educational, age, and other standards which guarded the front door of the regular service.

Soon the Auxiliary Service equaled in size the regular Foreign Service. At first its members were often regarded with suspicion and not a little contempt by the regulars. But, staggering under their wartime burdens, the regulars were in no position to reject the help of the newcomers, who eventually found themselves welcomed by the overworked embassy staffs.

But even the Auxiliary Service was an inadequate remedy. As the wartime agencies in Washington expanded and demanded more and more services, the embassies were swamped. The agencies first complained bitterly of the poor service they were getting and eventually sent their own representatives abroad to handle their requirements.

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These newcomers were even less warmly welcomed than the auxiliaries. Most of them were untrained in diplomatic procedures and many showed little comprehension of foreign mentalities or the way in which servants of different governments do business with each other.

Bypassing the embassies, they swarmed into foreign government offices and tried to do business with them as they would with American firms or government departments at home. The result was often not only confusion but open resentment on the part of the foreigners, whose ruffled feathers the regular American diplomats then had to smooth back into place.

On their part, the representatives abroad of the wartime agencies often considered their colleagues in the Foreign Service timid, stuffy, and downright incompetent. Doubtless some Foreign Service officers were all three of these things when faced with urgent wartime needs which they had never before in their careers encountered. Long trained to pursue a passive diplomacy of noninvolvement, some were unable to adapt themselves to the need for deals, agreements, and commitments deeply involving American interests which the total war required and which the newcomers of the wartime agencies were demanding.

On the other hand, the majority of career officers quickly recognized the need for the new policy of involvement in international affairs but insisted that it be pursued by the established procedures of international diplomacy. They therefore objected strenuously to the hasty improvisations and imprecisions of the deals the wartime agencies and their representatives were making behind their backs.

Early in the war a Lend-Lease Mission arrived in Moscow to negotiate an agreement on wartime aid to Russia. After several sessions in the Kremlin with Stalin, the Marshal dictated what he understood to be the schedule of deliveries and the conditions for them. This was translated by the Soviet Foreign Office into English and suddenly produced in treaty form at a huge Kremlin banquet, ready for signature by the three Allies.

An American Embassy official attached to the mission as chief interpreter and secretary vigorously objected to signature, pointing out that the English version was not only ungrammatical but frequently inaccurate. For example, one provision called for the delivery of several

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hundred jeeps several months before the date of the agreement came into force. The Lend-Lease representatives equally vigorously objected to the stuffy formalism of the diplomat and insisted on going ahead. "The escape clause releasing the United States from obligations in case of unforeseen obstacles," they explained, "will take care of the inaccuracies. Besides, our primary purpose is to win Stalin's confidence. If we begin by nit-picking his document it will only arouse his suspicions."

The diplomat stood his ground, pointing out that the embassy and not the Lend-Lease Mission would be held responsible by the Soviets for carrying out the agreement. If even before the treaty was signed we did not intend to fulfill some of its provisions, the Soviets could easily impugn American good faith.

In the end the diplomat won the argument. Signature of the treaty was postponed till the next day, and all night he worked with a staff of experts and translators until a new, more precise version was ready for signing.

Such disputes were not confined to Moscow; they arose in every embassy around the globe and often wound up on President Roosevelt's desk for adjudication. Not a great admirer of the Foreign Service, Roosevelt frequently sided with the wartime agencies. But occasionally Cordell Hull, whom he not only liked but respected, insisted on the maintenance of the prerogatives of the State Department and Roosevelt gave in.

The end of the war brought no relief for the Foreign Service. On the contrary, its problems were greatly increased. Many of the tasks that had arisen during the war remained alive while the agencies that had performed them were disbanded. The OWI, OSS, Lend-Lease, and half a dozen other wartime boards and commissions left a large legacy of work: propaganda, information, and financial settlements. Furthermore, the agencies left huge staffs to be taken care of. With the war's end many of these returned to their old professions but many others, sometimes not the most competent, had found their wartime experience in government to their liking and decided to stay on. Where were they to be put? How were they to be integrated into the regular government establishment? What was to happen to the Auxiliary Foreign Service?

Unfortunately, the State Department had still acquired no adequate

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administrative machinery for planning and supervising the recruitment and training of the staffs to perform the jobs it had inherited from the wartime agencies, let alone the jobs performed by the Auxiliary Foreign Service.

The members of the service, still strongly defending the principles on which the career had been founded—entrance at the bottom by competitive examination and promotion only on merit—insisted that these principles be applied to expand the service to the size necessary to handle its problems. But it was too obvious that such procedures would not provide the necessary trained manpower for at least a decade. Furthermore, congressional appropriation committees acting in the name of economy regularly cut the Foreign Service's budget requests to enlist new officers, with disastrous results to the recruiting program.

As the urgency grew, Congress finally reconsidered its attitude and authorized the immediate enrollment in the upper grades of 250 new Foreign Service officers from the Army and the Auxiliary Service. But the Foreign Service was so jealous of its career principles that, even though its need for more hands was desperate, only 165 of the 250 authorized were recruited.

Eventually the patience not only of Congress but of the political heads of the State Department itself was exhausted and a group of so-called professional administrators was brought in to put the necessary reforms into effect.

When the old career officers looked at these new administrators they did not at first realize what they were up against. Measured against the austere paternalists like Wilbur Carr the newcomers seemed like bumptious young interlopers—certainly not to be taken seriously. "They seem to forget," one Foreign Service officer said loud enough to be heard by the new men, "that they are essentially valets. Instead of pressing our pants they are trying to wear them." Tactless though the remark may have been, it was not unjustified. The newcomers, many of them graduates of schools of government administration, were unfamiliar with the objectives, problems, and methods of diplomacy. Yet, instead of confining their efforts to administrative problems, they rashly injected themselves into the substantive work of diplomacy. Furthermore, they established their own criteria for selecting, promoting, and transferring Foreign Service personnel, employing princi-

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ples that might apply to domestic organizations but hardly to a diplomatic service.

The new administrators, unlike the old Foreign Service officers, made no pretense of shyness or aloofness in their relations with Congress, with whom they cultivated powerful friendships. By parroting old prejudices about cooky pushers and striped pants they found many allies on the Hill in their struggle against the "clique" of career officers. Exploiting the public dismay aroused by the discovery that several wartime employees of the State Department had apparently been Soviet agents, they made the most of their administrative security powers to harry and eventually rout the career officials from all authority over their own service.

Ruthless persecutions often resulted in needless resignations or dismissals and occasionally even in suicides; in addition, the recruitment of new officers was again interrupted. As in 1933 and in the war years, this failure to provide new young officers was a final fatal blow to the service established by the Rogers Act.

In the end the brave little mendicant band suddenly found itself wandering leaderless and aimless through the postwar Washington maze. Defeated, angry and sullen, some career officials resigned and the rest withdrew into their shells. Eventually the crude, roughshod methods of McCarthy and the "valets" aroused the resentment of the press and the public, and little by little their powers were curbed.

But the main problem of how to expand the service and how to recruit the additional staff remained unsolved. Thereupon a series of outside commissions made surveys and drew up plans for a new expanded Foreign Service. These surveyors and planners consisted largely of leading politicians, industrialists, bankers and educators, and even young college graduates. But they all had one thing in common. With the exception of Herbert Hoover, none had any knowledge of or experience with professional diplomacy.

Plan after plan was approved and ordered into effect. New charts were made. Officers were shifted from box to box and desk to desk. New classifications were established and Foreign Service officers found themselves one day Class III, the next Class IV, and the following day Class II. But still the basic problem of expansion was postponed until in 1954 the problem was put into the hands of the secretary of state's Committee on Personnel, generally known as the Wriston Committee

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from its guiding spirit Dr. Henry M. Wriston, then president of Brown University.

The committee included a retired professional ambassador and one former Foreign Service officer, but Dr. Wriston, its energetic chairman, dominated its proceedings and drafted its final report. By this time there was strong public pressure to abolish the troublesome Foreign Service altogether and amalgamate it with the Civil Service. The efforts of the professionals were, therefore, directed not so much at planning a better Foreign Service as at salvaging whatever they could of the professional corps of diplomats.

Within three months the committee made its report and this time Secretary of State Dulles ordered the service to implement it without further delay or procrastination. The report pointed out that public confidence in the Foreign Service had been shaken. This was a classic understatement. Doubtless the reports of Red infiltration into the State Department had increased misgivings about the American diplomatic effort but, as we have already observed, the public had never really understood the functions of the Foreign Service and had regarded it with indifference bordering on contempt.

With respect to the problem of expansion, the Wriston Committee recommended a crash program to amalgamate into the service all jobs in the State Department "where their official functions coverage"—that is, practically all political, economic, consular, and administrative positions that handled jobs similar to those in embassies abroad. In addition the senior clerical staff was to be merged with the officer staff. Within two years, the report advocated, the service should be increased from twelve hundred to four thousand by this means.

Furthermore, to compensate for the repeated interruptions in recruiting it recommended that each year five hundred new officers be brought into the service at the bottom. To facilitate this increase, Dr. Wriston suggested simplifying and liberalizing the examination procedure, that is, making it easier, and modifying the previous emphasis on language qualifications. To offset this liberalization, the committee recommended that the Foreign Service Institute—the successor to the old Foreign Service School—be strengthened and that facilities for "in-service training" be augmented. Broader recruiting methods, including nationwide competitive scholarships, were likewise urged to "assure a more faithful mirroring of American life."

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Finally, the report recommended that the Foreign Service follow the example of American industrial organizations in encouraging specialization among its members and recruiting specialists in various fields who would concentrate on specific problems or specific areas of diplomacy, such as economic or Far Eastern affairs, from the start of their careers. Later they would broaden their activities to become "generalists" in the diplomatic field.

Under the direction of a distinguished New York stockbroker, Charles Saltzman, the program was put into effect. Some years earlier Saltzman had sought my advice about whether he should enlist in the Foreign Service and had been advised not to do so on the ground that he had no diplomatic experience or background. Now he was placed in the position of reforming this very service.

Though Saltzman was a man of great integrity, good will and ability, the Wriston recommendations failed to restore the collapsed service morale or to achieve the essential reforms contemplated. Not only veteran diplomats but even junior officers continued to resign and applications for entry fell to a minimum.

Under the crash program about fourteen hundred State Department officials were transferred from the Civil Service rolls to the Foreign Service. This aspect of the Wriston reforms brought considerable hardship to many old civil servants whose previous terms of employment had not, as had that of members of the Foreign Service, included service at any overseas post at the will of the department. Firmly settled in their Washington homes, where they had lived all their lives, they were suddenly uprooted and ordered abroad. Some resigned. Some wangled transfers to other departments. Others reluctantly packed up, went overseas, and did their best to adapt themselves to the voluntary exile of the diplomatic service—some successfully.

A number of these department officials were specialists in various fields on whom the department had relied heavily in its dealings with technical government agencies which had interests abroad. At few embassies was their special knowledge put to the fullest use and the Foreign Service officers sent home to replace them seldom had the technical qualifications to fill their jobs.

Eventually an experienced Foreign Service officer, Loy W. Henderson, was appointed administrative chief, thus at last handing back to the Foreign Service responsibility for its own affairs. Henderson was

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still on the job as this was written five years later. Under his direction many of the professional administrators and amateurs who had moved into the department after the war were eliminated and the key administrative posts of the service were returned to career officers with diplomatic experience.

Under Henderson, despite the sacrifice of the specialists, at least the problem of essential expansion was solved. However, the annual recruiting of five hundred junior officers was never even approached, seldom averaging more than a quarter of that figure despite a considerable relaxation of standards and a simplified examination system which used modern testing devices instead of the old-fashioned written exams.

The earlier examinations had included lengthy comprehensive tests of the candidates' knowledge of history, economics, mathematics, English, and law. They had taken several days to administer and sometimes months to evaluate. Though they had provided a thorough measure of the candidates' basic knowledge and education, they had been, in the opinion of Dr. Wriston, a university president, too cumbersome and "expensive."

The new tests recommended by Dr. Wriston and devised by the Princeton Testing Service consist of multiple-choice questions whereby the candidate is required to write no more than his own name. The rest of the examination is spent in putting X's in squares. Candidates who have passed it successfully complain that it fails to test their hardly acquired knowledge in the subjects that qualified authorities have for centuries prescribed for aspiring diplomats. An inarticulate engineer, they complain, stands as good a chance of passing as a man who has spent years training himself not only in the basic disciplines but in the art of self-expression—a fundamental requirement of diplomacy.

Older diplomats confronted with the new recruits have complained that they frequently lack the basic education which a polished professional requires. (One is reminded of the complaints of leading scientists of the lack of qualifications of science students in American universities today.)

However, as Dr. Wriston points out, the new form of testing has the advantage of quick and cheap administration. By means of machines, the new examination papers can be processed in a matter of

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minutes while the older examinations took trained academicians days to grade.

Despite the badly needed administrative improvement achieved by the Wriston reform, professional diplomats still entertain grave doubts that the concepts on which the new type of foreign service is based are entirely sound. They are even skeptical that the new service can win the confidence of either Congress or the public, which, as Dr. Wriston correctly pointed out, is essential to a strong diplomatic service.

Both in its composition and in its recommendations the Wriston Committee provided evidence of a less than complete comprehension of the true role of diplomacy. Like almost all other commissions, teams and survey groups named to reorganize the Foreign Service, the majority of its members were recruited from circles having little or nothing in common with the diplomatic profession. One suspects that the senior political officials appointing these groups themselves regard diplomacy not as a profession but as an occupation, qualification for which requires no special knowledge, training, or experience.

There is further evidence that the drafters of the Wriston Report spent more time studying the precedents provided by industrial organizations, banks, and universities than those provided by diplomacy itself over the past two thousand years.

"The Foreign Service Officer Corps" says one passage of the report, "has developed on the nineteenth century [*sic!*] theory or philosophy that diplomacy is fundamentally a field for 'generalists,' political specialists with a generalized knowledge about practically everything likely to have any connection with the conduct of foreign affairs. . . . The hard fact is," the report avers, "that in diplomacy as in other areas of collective endeavor, the 'generalist' theory has been out-moded by events." The development of "generalists" for top management posts it continues, "has been all but abandoned by large scale private enterprise—first by business, not much later by banks and finally by universities. . . . Prevailing management practice today emphasizes the development of an individual around his specialty, with the generalism coming later as he approaches full maturity."

Quite aside from the doubts often expressed that a chemistry professor makes the best college president, the notion that the problems of diplomacy are comparable to those of large-scale private enterprise

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business, banks, or universities seems to be based on unfamiliarity with what diplomacy is all about. The most superficial study of the profession would reveal that the so-called "nineteenth century theory or philosophy" is at least a thousand years old. Though the past twenty years have seen profound advances in technology, communications, and international intercourse, it does not necessarily follow that these events have suddenly outmoded practices that have existed for nine centuries during which progress was comparable at least in extent if not in speed to that of the past twenty years.

The manner in which the Foreign Service Institute and the facilities for "in-service training" have been expanded provide further evidence that the basic principles of diplomacy are not yet wholly understood. At the Wriston Committee's recommendation the director of the Institute in which candidates are to be taught diplomacy is a distinguished educator—not an experienced diplomat. His permanent teaching staff includes not one professional career officer. As a student of the institute once described it to me, the faculty regards professional diplomats as underprivileged adults whose only salvation lies in at least a modicum of progressive education.

Because of the inadequacy of language studies in American colleges and universities, the language training conducted by the institute is a valuable contribution to American diplomacy. It is open to question, however, whether languages are not more quickly learned by study not in a Washington institution but in a school or college in the country where the language is spoken and where the student, living in a native family, is constantly subjected to hearing and speaking it.

However, the institute's initial orientation course is regarded by many of its students as a thorough waste of time and the so-called advanced courses as even less useful.

Senior diplomats in the Foreign Service today doubt the contribution to a diplomat's training of the courses that form the bulk of the institute's activity, including such subjects as "reading rate improvement" and "conference leadership"—described in the institute's catalogue as "effective arrangement and management of conferences, planning agendas, incentives to participation, crystallizing and recording results."

The mirth which such courses provoke among professional diplomats gives way to resentment when the institute expends some of its

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\$5 million budget to improve senior American diplomats with courses in social psychology, cultural anthropology, and conceptual methods of analysis. Since the days of Callières, they believe, the professional diplomat has been trained by a thorough grounding in the basic disciplines of history, economics, and languages followed by active experience. They fear that the educationalists' efforts to produce better diplomats will be as costly and unsuccessful as the "life adjustment" courses designed to produce better high school students.

However, professional diplomats welcome the practice of sending younger diplomats to outstanding universities to study the languages and politico-economic conditions of a critical area—provided no better way of obtaining the experience and knowledge is available in the area itself and provided it is not regarded as the only way to acquire the label of "specialist" or "expert."

In the late fifties, working with me in the U. S. political Liaison Office in Bonn, was a young Foreign Service officer who was in daily if not hourly contact with leading officials, members of Parliament, editors, and commentators. In fluent German he discussed with them every political or economic facet of the critical German problem.

One day he came to me and asked to be nominated for a course on Germany being given at Harvard University to which young diplomats were then being sent. Asked how he imagined that any such course could compare with the opportunity he had to study the problem at first hand he answered that he did not believe it would but, since he wanted to specialize on German affairs, it would be necessary for his record to study the German problem on the banks of the River Charles rather than on the Rhine. His application was approved by the State Department and he left Bonn to spend a year in Cambridge.

One final misconception about the diplomat's job shared by Congressmen and the public is that the chief function of an American diplomat is to be a model of the average American. As Congressman Leo W. O'Brien picturesquely put it, there should be a "massive transfusion of Main Street into the arteries of the foreign service."

The Wriston report reflects the same view. The Foreign Service Corps must become "more broadly representative of American life," and to this end it recommends a recruiting system to "draw upon young Americans from all states and from all walks of life" by setting up quotas for each state in accordance with its population. To achieve

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this aim is one of the reasons given for lowering the entrance requirements of the service, which heretofore had aimed at recruiting not the representative average but the best.

Though representation is an important function of diplomacy, it is only one of many and certainly not the most important. Its purpose, as Benjamin Franklin discovered, is not to depict the average American or provide a parade of regional American types, the result of which inevitably would be that the embassy in New Delhi would draw, say, the typical cowboy, Tokyo the typical Southerner, and Rio the typical Yankee. The real purpose is to represent the best available, be he from Seattle or Fort Lauderdale, from Main Street or the Main Line.

While it is most desirable that the American diplomat act like an American and not like a "European expatriate," to use Franklin Roosevelt's phrase, it is equally important that he be qualified in other respects to observe, to negotiate, and to protect American interests. For one thing we can be sure of, when he is pitted against a Soviet diplomat across the green baize, Moscow will have selected as his adversary not the best worker or best peasant in Omsk or Tomsk but the roughest, toughest, shrewdest, and ablest Mr. Tsarapkin from whatever oblast or walk of life he comes.

In recent decades sociologists have noted with misgiving a growing prejudice in the United States against elites and a preference for the conforming average. Fortunately this has not always been the case. The drafters of the Constitution certainly had an elite in mind when they created the United States Senate. The Corps of Cadets at West Point, the Midshipmen at Annapolis, and the Marine Corps have always regarded themselves as elites. In World War II the Commandos with their careful selection, special training, and special equipment were publicly acclaimed as an elite.

When the Soviet Sputnik started its travels, American scientists suddenly emerged from their ill-paid and ill-regarded obscurity and were hailed as an elite. To cope successfully with the critical problems of the cold war the United States requires no less of an elite in its Foreign Service. This in turn requires a basic comprehension of the diplomatic profession and a readiness to accord its practitioners the same recognition accorded the soldier, the scientist, or the surgeon.

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Chapter IV. For the history of Western diplomacy I am largely indebted to Sir Harold Nicolson's *The Evolution of the Diplomatic Method* (New York: Macmillan, 1954), *Diplomacy* (New York: Harcourt, 1939), and *Peacemaking* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1933). I have also made use of Sir Ernest Satow's *Guide to Diplomatic Practice* (New York: Longmans, 1957) and to Graham H. Stuart's *American Diplomatic and Consular Practice* (New York: Appleton, 1952).

Chapter V. The account of Luitprand's mission is taken from the German translation of the Latin original, in the Munich State Library. The observations of Emir Abdur Rahman are quoted from *The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan* (London, 1910). E. V. Tarle's observations on "bourgeois" diplomacy are quoted from *Istoriya Diplomatiiya*, edited by V. P. Potemkin (Moscow-Leningrad, 1945). Descriptions of Byzantine diplomatic practice are taken from *Byzantine Civilisation*, by Steven Runciman (London: Longmans, 1933).

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Chapter VII. My principal source for the historic methods of diplomacy is François de Callières's *On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes*, translated by A. F. Whyte (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1919). I have also referred to Cordell Hull's *Memoirs* (New York: Macmillan, 1950) and to Nicolson's and Kennan's works cited above.

Chapter VIII. In addition to Callières, materials on the mechanics of negotiation are taken largely from Satow and Stuart, cited above.

Chapter IX. Much material on conference diplomacy is taken from Nicolson's works cited above, especially *Peacemaking 1919* and *Diplomacy*. My quotations from Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge are taken from the *Hearings before the Subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations United States Senate, Eighty-fifth Congress, First Session*.

Chapter X. The quotation from Hugh Gibson is taken from *Hugh Gibson 1883-1954* (New York: Belgian American Educational Foundation, Inc., 1956).

Chapter XI. Stuart's *American Diplomatic and Consular Practice* has been used in describing some of the functions of a consul.

Chapter XII. The story of Herbert O. Yardley has been taken from Yardley's *The American Black Chamber* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1931). I have also used *On Active Service in Peace and War* by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy (New York: Harper, 1947).

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