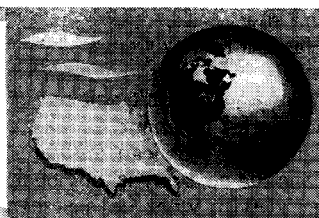


As Others See Us



LONDON:

Policies and Puzzlements

THE BEST THAT can be said about U.S. foreign policy this year is that it does not exist. It is almost too painful to believe that the excursions and adventures of the last twelve months are logical elements of a recognizable policy. That is not to say that American policies have ever been well defined. But from time to time it has been possible to see the contours: "containment" in Europe after the Second World War, "democratic social reform" in the underdeveloped world in the Kennedy years. There were plenty of contradictions, of course, but there was a shape to policy.

The present Administration, as far as one can tell, has roughed in none of the details and has drawn little of the outline of a foreign policy. Mr. Johnson does not appear to be traveling a definable course, however devious (as Kennedy was), or even quietly adrift (as General Eisenhower was). Rather he is on a Quest, impelled by mysterious forces toward some unknown but holy goal. The metaphor may be imperfect, but hardly any other can explain the dreadful crusade in Vietnam, the terrible swift sword in Santo Domingo, the haughty damnation of both Indian and Pakistani houses, and with it the sincere reiteration of the rhetoric of freedom and self-determination and *alleanza*.

Americans love epic adventures, and the President is the perfect epic hero: tall, powerful, pragmatic, philistine, sentimental, unrepentant, single-minded. He goes from crisis to crisis, gut-reacting and shooting from the hip (to recall an unhappy phrase). Unfortunately, Mr. Johnson's reactions—and those of some of his advisers—are not always the wisest. A regular White House correspondent, who has been covering the President since he took office, suggests that in the case of the Dominican rebellion Mr. Johnson swung half-circle the pistol he had been aiming at Vietnam and fired, without blinking, at the Caribbean. Now Lyndon Johnson may be the fastest gun in the West, but in that case he had more firepower than he needed. He hit the good guys and the bad. . . .

The U.S. is the major shareholder in the world. It is the biggest producer, the biggest consumer, and its capacity to enforce its will (and its willingness to do

so) is unsurpassed. The crisis in American foreign policy involves the way in which power will be used.

In Asia, for the time being, there is little hope that it will be used sparingly. The predictions of further increases in troop strength and firepower are coming true too rapidly. White House aides are quite frank to admit that the Administration sees no end to the Vietnamese conflict in sight: the war is neither winnable nor losable, nor, it seems, negotiable. . . .

Russia remains the most intriguing area for American diplomacy, and the most baffling. For a long time the Administration was counting on the Soviet Union to end the war in Vietnam for the United States. That hope seems to be fading. Still, U.S. and Soviet interests seem to be parallel in most international endeavors. That consists largely in keeping everyone else down, but it is nevertheless a mutuality of concern on which to build an alliance of sorts. But with things going as they are in the Far East, the tentative relationship will erode, and we all may be back where we started fifteen years ago.

Perhaps the Cold War is the only proper setting for Mr. Johnson's Quest. More than anything, it has deadened the conduct of American affairs over the last decades with what Stanley Hoffmann, the political theorist, calls "the curse of continuity." How to break the desperate cycle ought to be the first concern of any American President or Secretary of State. But the present incumbents have hardly tried, and there is no reason to

believe that the New Year will bring a fresh start. —Andrew Kopkind in the *New Statesman*.

MELBOURNE:

Long Road to Victory

THE VIETCONG's grim outlook seems to be that they can outlast their opponents. They hope that if the war can be sufficiently prolonged public opinion in the United States may cease to support the Johnson Administration's tough line. In this war, the winning of ground can hasten victory only if it allows a reconstruction that wins the confidence of the people. Inducing the Vietnamese leaders to accept this policy will be a big element on the way to victory.

—Melbourne Herald.

MANCHESTER:

Double Decline

THERE WAS A TIME when the mediation of Britain seemed an essential component in any rapprochement between Russia and the United States. Today it is hardly essential; there are other nations equally capable of acting as brokers and indeed, as Senator Mansfield's visit to Moscow has recently shown, the Americans can dispense with go-betweens and maintain a dialogue with the Soviet Union by themselves.

The decline of British influence over the East-West conflict parallels a decline in the importance of the conflict itself. The threat to the world posed by the Russo-American cold war is comparatively unimportant, compared with the new cold war building up between China and America, or the threat of nuclear proliferation, or the explosion of race hatred.

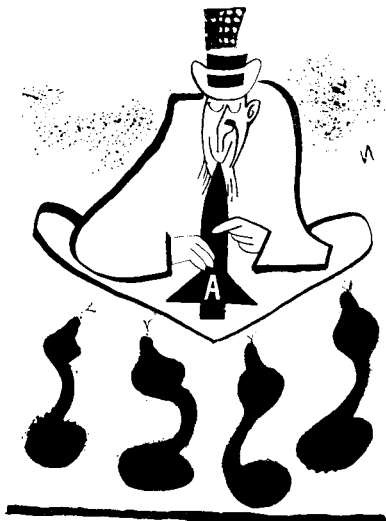
—Manchester Guardian Weekly.

BELGRADE:

Assessing the Blame

THE THEORIES according to which either Communism or U.S. imperialism must be blamed for all the world's misfortunes should be abandoned. Never could one nation, irrespective of its grandeur and strength, or one philosophic and political doctrine be an inviolable judge over all others. Every such attempt has been a failure in the end.

Nevertheless, a theory according to which Communists and their ideology are blamed for all misfortunes is widespread in the U.S., and it seems that lately it has been becoming an official theory. . . . On the other side, on Asian soil there is a theory according to which



—Krokodil, Moscow.
"Dancing to his tune."

U.S. imperialism is the exclusive culprit in all misfortunes of mankind.

It is high time that such theories were abandoned, and replaced with a sober and objective appraisal of reality. . . .

—Radio Belgrade.

FRANKFURT:

Charting a Course?

PRESIDENTIAL FOREIGN POLICY advisor McGeorge Bundy was offered and then accepted the post of president of the Ford Foundation. Mr. Bundy's ultimate aspiration was to become Secretary of State. But the president of the Ford Foundation plays a rather influential political role. An energetic occupant of that office would represent a factor that would have to be reckoned with inside or outside the United States. Later, a leap back into a high policy-making government position could easily be accomplished from the seat of the president of the Ford Foundation.

—Frankfurter Rundschau.

VANCOUVER:

Recognizing China

U.S. DEFENSE SECRETARY McNAMARA's warning to the NATO foreign and defense ministers that China will have intercontinental nuclear missiles in ten years or less is designed to strike a tremor of fear in the West. And it does.

It underlines the rapid buildup of Chinese military power. As Mr. McNamara says, China already has the world's largest conventional army. It could threaten large areas of Asia with conquest while using its nuclear threat against Russia and the West.

The Americans seem to want action from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to curb this threat.

The proper arena in which to meet it is the United Nations.

It is positive now that no meaningful talks about disarmament can be held without Peking. Washington, which has reluctantly acceded to studies exploring the possibility of a disarmament conference with China present, had better digest this fact.

The long fight to exclude China from the United Nations must now, of course, be abandoned.

Ignoring Peking won't make it go away. If change is to be wrought in China's uncompromising and trouble-making attitude, it must be brought about either by war or by reasonable negotiation. And war is unthinkable.

China, it is true, shows small disposition to accept an invitation to join the U.N. Its announced conditions for coming in are so preposterous—they would

make China the world's supreme arbiter—that they indicate the most cynical disinterest.

Once in, what sort of an actor would China be? It can be expected that peace would depart from the U.N.'s halls, for a start.

But these implied difficulties have to be faced. There is no other way of overcoming them.

It may be argued that China's possession of a small stockpile of bombs still leaves it small potatoes alongside the nuclear giants, Russia and the U.S.

Danger lies in the potential for blackmail as much as anything else. There is also the fact that China's growing strength in nuclear weaponry will drive India and others to seek membership in the nuclear club.

This possibility demands that the U.N. and the great powers bend all efforts to seek agreement against the proliferation of such weapons. Obviously China cannot be left out of such talks and such a treaty.

—The Sun.

HAMBURG:

American Anachronism

YOU HAVE MET HIM every day for years, everywhere, in coffee shops, supermarkets, drugstores—the average American. He is always friendly, progressive, thinks in a practical manner, likes to simplify and standardize.

Consistently he utilizes the potential of modern technology in his private

sphere. He is completely familiar with the technical aspects of all the facilities offered to him by the prosperous society in which he lives. But he lives, thinks, and counts by yardsticks of a past colonial age. He has not yet broken the sound barrier of the metric system.

Ninety per cent of the world's population uses the simple metric system in daily life. Meter and kilogram are the bases of all measures and weights. The United States, however, a modern country, still uses an outdated system of weights and measures often derived from nature and thus varying in dimensions. Feet, ounces, inches, gallons, or miles of different length are the tools of the average American, a stranger in the metric atmosphere.

America's evolution in the metric system is, however, taking place in many fields. In medical science, blood transfusions are measured in cubic centimeters, blood pressure is taken in millimeters. The size of wounds and kidney stones is measured in centimeters. In space travel, the Gemini Control Center announces the distances between satellites in kilometers. . . .

Yet the metric atmosphere cannot enter into the fully automated kitchens and the air-conditioned supermarkets when it has not yet reached the elementary schools. Thus the average American continues to live in his sparkling world of prosperity, measuring by yardsticks on which the dust of centuries has settled.

—Die Welt.

Travels Among the Americans

By DAVID WIDGERY

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, by the editor of England's national student magazine, "U," appears here through special arrangement with the American student magazine "Moderator," which is publishing a longer version in its current issue.

ENTRY TO the U.S. rather sets the tone: you have to be fast, unscrupulous, and all the time pretend to be hugely bored. One man took a tangerine out of my pocket while the other consulted J. Edgar's *Dictionary of the Bad Guys*. The immigration officer smiled unconvincedly and, with all the conviction of a palsied carrot, hoped I would enjoy my stay. Well briefed in the smiling ways of American supermarkets, I asked him if my fare was refunded should he forget to welcome me. This led into some playful banter about how if he had his way I'd be deported straight away with a haircut like that.

In Boston tragedy struck. I was casually handing out nickels and dimes,

nonchalantly jaywalking the crossings, and having my stab at the American way of life. Then I was got down an alley by some Negro kids, beaten, and had my wallet stolen. I'd like to say I missed the sentimental items most, a few petals from York, newspaper clippings of my cat's funeral, and my Institute of British Journalists card, but in fact I missed the money. The passport was more serious, though. You don't own a British Passport; you are only the bearer and you hire it from the Foreign Office at thirty shillings for five years. I eventually found it in a delicatessen.

Meanwhile, however, our luckless hero battled on, buying a 99-day/\$99 Greyhound ticket which gave him unlimited bus travel for three months. When I told Americans about this, they looked ironic and rolled their eyes. I traveled about 16,000 miles on Greyhound without substantial discomfort.

I became such an expert on seat position and deployment in Greyhound that I was almost unbeatable. No one swung their case with more dexterity, or feigned