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Fulbright Hits Press Reports Of Speeches

Central Idea in Talks
Sometimes Ignored,
Senator Declares

United Press International

Sen. J. William Fulbright (D-Ark.) said yesterday that the press sometimes ignores the central idea of his speeches and plunges him into a controversy over a minor observation.

Fulbright said the press has a responsibility to make some reference to the major theme of a Senator's speech if not to actually summarize the contents.

"So frequently have some major newspapers neglected to do these things that I am beginning to despair of having my ideas accurately conveyed through the press.

"I sometimes find after making a speech that my central point or idea has been ignored and, instead of a dialogue developing around some policy suggestion, I find myself embroiled in a silly controversy over some minor observation which would as well have been left out of the speech."

In a speech to the National Press Club, Fulbright tem-

pered his criticism when he said his only important complaint about the press is the failure sometimes to convey the essence of messages and not just the parts that lend themselves to controversy.

Fulbright said "... I hope I have made it clear that my complaint has to do with what is emphasized not what is criticized."

The Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee said he regretted some of the things he said in recent

speeches "not because of the meaning I attached to them but because they lent themselves to interpretations I did not intend."

He said his speech on the "arrogance of power" was not about the arrogance of any individuals who hold power "but

about the tendency of powerful nations, of which the United States is the current example, to get puffed up about all the terrific things they think they ought to be doing with their power."

Similarly, Fulbright said, he was not setting himself up as an authority on the morals and recreational activities of American soldiers when he talked about Saigon being a brothel.

"What I was referring to was the inevitable impact on

a fragile Asian society of Western soldiers of different culture, background, and race, with plenty of money to spend, behaving in a way that is to be expected of men at war; men whose daily lives are filled with hardship and the dangers of death."

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. PASTORE, Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

The question is on agreeing to the resolution. The yeas and nays have been ordered, and the clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk called the roll.

Mr. LONG of Louisiana. I announce that the Senator from New Mexico [Mr. ANDERSON], the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. NELSON], the Senator from Oregon [Mrs. NEUBERGER], the Senator from Connecticut [Mr. RIBICOFF], and the Senator from New Jersey [Mr. WILLIAMS], are absent on official business.

I also announce that the Senator from Connecticut [Mr. DODD], the Senator from Illinois [Mr. DOUGLAS], the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. EASTLAND], the Senator from Ohio [Mr. LAUSCHE], the Senator from Montana [Mr. MANSFIELD], the Senator from Wyoming [Mr. MCGEE], and the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. RUSSELL], are necessarily absent.

I further announce that, if present and voting, the Senator from New Mexico [Mr. ANDERSON], the Senator from Connecticut [Mr. DODD], the Senator from Illinois [Mr. DOUGLAS], the Senator from Ohio [Mr. LAUSCHE], the Senator from Montana [Mr. MANSFIELD], the Senator from Wyoming [Mr. MCGEE], the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. NELSON], the Senator from Oregon [Mrs. NEUBERGER], the Senator from Connecticut [Mr. RIBICOFF], the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. RUSSELL], and the Senator from New Jersey [Mr. WILLIAMS], would each vote "yea."

Mr. KUCHEL. I announce that the Senator from Illinois [Mr. DIRKSEN] is absent because of illness.

The Senator from Nebraska [Mr. HRUSKA], the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. SCOTT], and the Senator from Texas [Mr. TOWER] are necessarily absent.

If present and voting, the Senator from Illinois [Mr. DIRKSEN], the Senator from Nebraska [Mr. HRUSKA], the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. SCOTT], and the Senator from Texas [Mr. TOWER] would each vote "yea."

The result was announced—yeas 84, nays 0, as follows:

[No. 76 Leg.]

YEAS—84

- | | | |
|--------------|----------------|--------------|
| Alken | Fulbright | McIntyre |
| Allott | Gore | Metcalf |
| Bartlett | Griffin | Miller |
| Bass | Gruening | Mondale |
| Bayh | Harris | Monroney |
| Bennett | Hart | Montoya |
| Bible | Hartke | Morse |
| Boggs | Hayden | Morton |
| Brewster | Hickenlooper | Moss |
| Burdick | Hill | Mundt |
| Byrd, Va. | Holland | Murphy |
| Byrd, W. Va. | Inouye | Muskie |
| Cannon | Jackson | Pastore |
| Carlson | Javits | Pearson |
| Case | Jordan, N.C. | Pell |
| Church | Jordan, Idaho | Prouty |
| Clark | Kennedy, Mass. | Proxmire |
| Cooper | Kennedy, N.Y. | Randolph |
| Cotton | Kuchel | Robertson |
| Curtis | Long, Mo. | Russell, Ga. |
| Dominick | Long, La. | Saltinshall |
| Ellender | Magnuson | Simpson |
| Ervin | McCarthy | Smithers |
| Fannin | McClellan | Smith |
| Fong | McGovern | Sparkman |

- | | | |
|-----------|----------------|----------------|
| Stennis | Thurmond | Yarborough |
| Symington | Tydings | Young, N. Dak. |
| Talmadge | Williams, Del. | Young, Ohio |

NAYS—0

NOT VOTING—16

- | | | |
|----------|-----------|----------------|
| Anderson | Lausche | Russell, S.C. |
| Dirksen | Mansfield | Scott |
| Dodd | McGee | Tower |
| Douglas | Nelson | Williams, N.J. |
| Eastland | Neuberger | |
| Hruska | Ribicoff | |

So the resolution (S. Res. 179) was agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate commends the President's serious and urgent efforts to negotiate international agreements limiting the spread of nuclear weapons and supports the principle of additional efforts by the President which are appropriate and necessary in the interest of peace for the solution of nuclear proliferous problems.

The preamble was agreed to.

THE ARROGANCE OF POWER

Mr. MCCARTHY. Mr. President, on May 5 Senator FULBRIGHT delivered the third of the Christian A. Herter lectures at the School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University, entitled "The Arrogance of Power." On May 10 Senator FULBRIGHT addressed a convocation sponsored by the Center for Democratic Institutions at Los Angeles on the subject "The University and American Foreign Policy."

There has been a good deal of discussion and of editorial comment about these speeches. I am sure that the Senator from Arkansas did not expect that everyone would accept his analysis without any reservations or all the applications of his views to contemporary foreign policy. I do believe that he has raised a number of issues and questions which deserve the kind of discussion and debate necessary to have well informed citizens in democratic government. In one of his speeches Senator FULBRIGHT stated:

I am not convinced that either the government or the universities are making the best possible use of their intellectual resources to deal with the problems of war and peace in the nuclear age.

The kind of critical challenges he has been raising can be most helpful in moving us to make this intellectual effort.

I ask unanimous consent that these speeches be printed at this point in the RECORD. I also ask unanimous consent that the article about Senator FULBRIGHT which appeared in Life magazine in May also be printed in the RECORD, since it provides an insight into his scholarly and reflective approach to problems and to his character and convictions.

There being no objection, the speeches and the article were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

THE UNIVERSITY AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

(Speech given by Senator J. W. FULBRIGHT on Tuesday, May 10, 1966, at a convocation sponsored by the Center for Democratic Institutions, Los Angeles, Calif.)

The prospect of death, which used to be a matter for individual contemplation, has become in our generation a problem for the human race. The situation to which we have come is not a unique one in nature; other forms of life have been threatened

with extinction or become extinct when they could not adapt to radical changes in their environments. What is unique for man is that the change of environment which threatens his species was not the work of mindless forces of nature but the result of his own creative genius. Unlike other forms of life which have faced the danger of extinction, we have had some choice in the matter, a fact which tells as much about man's folly as it does about his inventiveness. Having chosen to create the conditions for our own collective death, however, we at least retain some choice about whether it is actually going to happen.

It is hard to believe in the destruction of the human race. Because we have managed to avoid a holocaust since the invention of nuclear weapons twenty years ago, the danger of its occurrence now seems remote, like Judgment Day, and references to it have become so frequent and familiar as to lose their meaning; the prospect of our disappearance from the earth has become a cliché, even something of a bore. It is a fine thing of course that the hydrogen bomb hasn't reduced us all to nervous wrecks, but it is a fine thing that, finding the threat incredible, we act as though it did not exist and go on conducting international relations in the traditional manner, which is to say, in a manner that does little if anything to reduce the possibility of a catastrophe.

I am not convinced that either the government or the universities are making the best possible use of their intellectual resources to deal with the problems of war and peace in the nuclear age. Both seem by and large to have accepted the idea that the avoidance of nuclear war is a matter of skillful "crisis management," as though the techniques of diplomacy and deterrence which have gotten us through the last twenty years have only to be improved upon to get us through the next twenty or a hundred or a thousand years.

The law of averages has already been more than kind to us and we have had some very close calls, notably in October 1962. We escaped a nuclear war at the time of the Cuban missile affair because of President Kennedy's skillful "crisis management" and Premier Khrushchev's prudent response to it; surely we cannot count on the indefinite survival of the human race if it must depend on an indefinite number of repetitions of that sort of encounter. Sooner or later, the law of averages will turn against us; an extremist or incompetent will come to power in one major country or another, or a misjudgment will be made by some perfectly competent official, or things will just get out of hand without anyone being precisely responsible as happened in 1914. None of us, however—professors, bureaucrats or politicians—has yet undertaken a serious and concerted effort to put the survival of our species on some more solid foundation than an unending series of narrow escapes.

What we must do, in the words of Brock Chisholm, a distinguished psychiatrist and former Director-General of the World Health Organization, is nothing less than "to re-examine all of the attitudes of our ancestors and to select from those attitudes things which we, on our own authority in these present circumstances, with our knowledge, recognize as still valid in this new kind of world."

I regret that I do not have a definite plan for the execution of so considerable a project, but I have an idea as to who must accept the principal responsibility for it: clearly, the universities. I agree with Dr. Chisholm, who writes: "I think every university has an obligation to consider whether its teaching is in fact universal. Does it open all possible channels of knowledge to its students? Does it teach things in true perspective to each other? Does it take the same attitudes about other cultures as it

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pick up American soldiers who will pay outrageous fares without complaint; that as a result of the American influx, bar girls, prostitutes, pimps, bar owners and taxi drivers have risen to the higher levels of the economic pyramid; that middle class Vietnamese families have difficulty renting homes because Americans have driven up the rent beyond their reach and some Vietnamese families have actually been evicted from houses and apartments by landlords who prefer to rent to the affluent Americans; that Vietnamese civil servants, junior army officers and enlisted men are unable to support their families because of the inflation generated by American spending and the purchasing power of the G.I.'s.¹¹

The Secretary of Defense recently reported with pride that his Department is providing 9.2 pounds of goods a day for each G.I. for sale in the P.X.'s; what the Secretary neglected to point out was that these vast quantities of consumer goods are the major source of supply for the thriving Vietnamese black market. It is reported that 30 thousand cans of hair spray were sent to Vietnam in March of 1966; since it is unlikely that the American fighting men are major consumers of hair spray, it seems reasonable to suppose that this item has found its way to the black market.

One Vietnamese explained to the *New York Times* reporter whom I mentioned that "Any time legions of prosperous white men descend on a rudimentary Asian society, you are bound to have trouble." Another said: "We Vietnamese are somewhat xenophobe. We don't like foreigners, any kind of foreigners, so that you shouldn't be surprised that we don't like you."¹²

Sincere though it is, the American effort to build the foundations of freedom in South Vietnam may thus have an effect quite different from the one intended. "All this struggling and striving to make the world better is a great mistake," said Bernard Shaw, "not because it isn't a good thing to improve the world if you know how to do it, but because striving and struggling is the worst way you could set about doing anything."¹³

One wonders as well how much our commitment to Vietnamese freedom is also a commitment to American pride. The two, I think, have become part of the same package. When we talk about the freedom of South Vietnam, we may be thinking about how disagreeable it would be to accept a solution short of victory; we may be thinking about how our pride would be injured if we settled for less than we set out to achieve; we may be thinking about our reputation as a great power, as though a compromise settlement would shame us before the world, marking us as a second rate people with flagging courage and determination.

Such fears are as nonsensical as their opposite, which is the presumption of a universal mission. They are simply unworthy of the richest, most powerful, most productive and best educated people in the world. One can understand an uncompromising attitude on the part of such countries as China or France; both have been stricken low in this century and arrogance may be helpful to them in recovering their pride. It is much less comprehensible on the part of the United States, a nation whose modern history has been an almost uninterrupted chronicle of success, a nation which by now should be so sure of its own power as to be capable of magnanimity, a nation which

by now should be able to act on the proposition, as expressed by George Kennan, that "there is more respect to be won in the opinion of the world by a resolute and courageous liquidation of unsound positions than in the most stubborn pursuit of extravagant or unpromising objectives."¹⁴

The cause of our difficulties in southeast Asia is not a deficiency of power but an excess of the wrong kind of power which results in a feeling of importance when it fails to achieve its desired ends. We are still acting like boy scouts dragging reluctant old ladies across the streets they do not want to cross. We are trying to remake Vietnamese society, a task which certainly cannot be accomplished by force and which probably cannot be accomplished by any means available to outsiders. The objective may be desirable, but it is not feasible.

There is wisdom if also malice in Prince Sihanouk's comparison of American and Chinese aid. "You will note the difference in the ways of giving," he writes. "On one side we are being humiliated, we are given a lecture, we are required to give something in return. On the other side, not only is our dignity as poor people being preserved, but our self-esteem is being flattered—and human beings have their weaknesses, and it would be futile to try to eradicate [them]."¹⁵ Or, as Shaw said: "Religion is a great force—the only real motive force in the world; but what you fellows don't understand is that you must get at a man through his own religion and not through yours."¹⁶

The idea of being responsible for the whole world seems to be flattering to Americans and I am afraid it is turning our heads, just as the sense of global responsibility turned the heads of ancient Romans and nineteenth century British. A prominent American is credited with having said recently that the United States was the "engine of mankind" and the rest of the world was "the train."¹⁷ A British political writer wrote last summer what he called "A Cheer for American Imperialism." An empire, he said, "has no justification except its own existence." It must never contract; it "wastes treasure and life;" its commitments "are without rhyme or reason." Nonetheless, according to the author, the "American empire" is uniquely benevolent, devoted as it is to individual liberty and the rule of law, and having performed such services as getting the author released from a Yugoslav jail simply by his threatening to involve the American consul, a service which he describes as "sublime."¹⁸

What romantic nonsense this is. And what dangerous nonsense in this age of nuclear weapons. The idea of an "American empire" might be dismissed as the arrant imagining of a British Gunga Din except for the fact that it surely strikes a responsive chord in

¹⁴ George F. Kennan, "Supplemental Foreign Assistance Fiscal Year 1966—Vietnam," Hearings before the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate, 89th Congress, 2nd Session on S. 2793, Part 1 (Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1966), p. 335.

¹⁵ Norodom Sihanouk, "The Failure of the United States in the 'Third World'—Seen Through the Lesson of Cambodia." Reprinted in *Congressional Record*, September 28, 1965, p. 24413.

¹⁶ George Bernard Shaw, *Getting Married* (1911).

¹⁷ McGeorge Bundy is said to have said that in an interview with Henry F. Graff, Professor of History at Columbia University, who reported it in "How Johnson Makes Foreign Policy," *New York Times Magazine*, July 4, 1965, p. 17.

¹⁸ Henry Fairlie, writer for *The Spectator* and *The Daily Telegraph* of London, in "A Cheer for American Imperialism," *New York Times Magazine*, July 11, 1965.

at least a corner of the usually sensible and humane American mind. It calls to mind the slogans of the past about the shot fired at Concord being heard round the world, about "manifest destiny" and "making the world safe for democracy" and the demand for "unconditional surrender" in World War II. It calls to mind President McKinley taking counsel with the Supreme Being about his duty to the benighted Filipinos.

The "Blessings-of-Civilization Trust," as Mark Twain called it, may have been a "Daisy" in its day, uplifting for the soul and good for business besides, but its day is past. It is past because the great majority of the human race are demanding dignity and independence not the honor of a supine role in an American empire. It is past because whatever claim America may make for the universal domain of its ideas and values is countered by the communist counter-claim, armed like our own with nuclear weapons. And, most of all, it is past because it never should have begun, because we are not the "engine of mankind" but only one of its more successful and fortunate branches, endowed by our Creator with about the same capacity for good and evil, no more or less, than the rest of humanity.

An excessive preoccupation with foreign relations over a long period of time is a problem of great importance because it diverts a nation from the sources of its strength, which are in its domestic life. A nation immersed in foreign affairs is expending its capital, human as well as material; sooner or later that capital must be renewed by some diversion of creative energies from foreign to domestic pursuits. I would doubt that any nation has achieved a durable greatness by conducting a "strong" foreign policy, but many have been ruined by expending their energies on foreign adventures while allowing their domestic bases to deteriorate. The United States emerged as a world power in the twentieth century not because of what it had done in foreign relations but because it had spent the nineteenth century developing the North American continent; by contrast, the Austrian and Turkish empires collapsed in the twentieth century in large part because they had for so long neglected their internal development and organization.

If America has a service to perform in the world—and I believe it has—it is in large part the service of its own example. In our excessive involvement in the affairs of other countries, we are not only living off our assets and denying our own people the proper enjoyment of their resources; we are also denying the world the example of a free society enjoying its freedom to the fullest. This is regrettable indeed for a nation that aspires to teach democracy to other nations, because, as Burke said, "Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other."¹⁹

There is of course nothing new about the inversion of values which leads nations to squander their resources on fruitless and extravagant foreign undertakings. What is new is the power of man to destroy his species, which has made the struggles of international politics dangerous as they have never been before and confronted us, as Dr. Chisholm says, with the need to reexamine the attitudes of our ancestors so as to discard those that have ceased to be valid.

Somehow, therefore, if we are to save ourselves, we must find in ourselves the judgment and the will to change the nature of international politics in order to make it at once less dangerous to mankind and more beneficial to individual men. Without deceiving ourselves as to the difficulty of the task, we must try to develop a new capacity for creative political action. We must rec-

¹¹ Neil Sheehan, "Anti-Americanism Grows in Vietnam," *The New York Times*, April 24, 1966, p. 3.

¹² *Ibid.*

¹³ George Bernard Shaw, *Cashel Byron's Profession* (1886) Ch. 5.

¹⁹ Edmund Burke, "On a Regicide Peace," (1796).

ognize, first of all, that the ultimate source of war and peace lies in human nature, that the study of politics, therefore, is the study of man, and that if politics is ever to acquire a new character, the change will not be wrought in computers but through a better understanding of the needs and fears of the human individual.

It is a curious thing that in an era when interdisciplinary studies are favored in the universities little, so far as I know, has been done to apply the insights of individual and social psychology to the study of international relations.

It would be interesting—to raise one of many possible questions—to see what could be learned about the psychological roots of ideology: to what extent are ideological beliefs the result of a valid and disinterested intellectual process and to what extent are they instilled in us by conditioning and inheritance? Or, to put the question another way, why exactly is it that most young Russians grow up believing in communism and most young Americans grow up believing in democracy or, for that matter, what accounts for the coincidence that most Arabs believe in Islam and most Spaniards in Catholicism? What, in short, is the real source of ideological beliefs and what value do they have as concepts of reality, much less as principles for which men should be willing to fight and die?

I recently had the privilege of a luncheon with the distinguished Johns Hopkins psychiatrist, Dr. Jerome Frank, and he explained to me some psychiatric principles which may be pertinent to a better understanding of international relations. He pointed out, for example, that an ideology gives us an identity beyond our own trivial and transitory lives on earth and also serves the purpose of "organizing the world" for us, giving us a picture, though not necessarily an accurate picture, of reality. A person's worldview, or ideology, says Dr. Frank, filters the signals that come to him, giving meaning and pattern to otherwise odd bits of information. Thus, for example, when a Chinese and an American put radically different interpretations on the Vietnamese war, it is not necessarily because one or the other has chosen to propound a wicked lie but rather because each has filtered information from the real world through his ideological worldview, selecting the parts that fit, rejecting the parts that do not, and coming out with two radically different interpretations of the same events.

There is a "strain toward consistency" which leads a country, once it has decided that another country is good or bad, peaceful or aggressive, to interpret every bit of information to fit that preconception, so much so that even a genuine concession offered by one is likely to be viewed by the other as a trick to gain some illicit advantage. A possible manifestation of this tendency is the North Vietnamese view of American proposals to negotiate peace as fraudulent plots. Having been betrayed after previous negotiations—by the French in 1946 and by Ngo Dinh Diem in 1955 when, with American complicity, he refused to allow the elections called for in the Geneva Accords to take place—the Hanoi Government may now feel that American offers to negotiate peace, which we believe to be genuine, are in reality plots to trick them into yielding through diplomacy what we have been unable to make them yield by force.

Another interesting point is the shaping of behavior by expectations, or what is called the self-fulfilling prophecy. Thus, for example, China, fearing the United States but lacking power, threatens and blusters, confirming the United States in its fears of China and causing it to arm against her, which in turn heightens Chinese fears of the

United States. Professor Gordon Allport of Harvard made the point some years ago that "... while most people deplore war, they nonetheless expect it to continue. And what people expect determines their behavior." "... the indispensable condition of war," wrote Professor Allport, "is that people must expect war and must prepare for war, before, under war-minded leadership, they make war. It is in this sense that 'wars begin in the minds of men.'"²⁰

Another striking psychological phenomenon is the tendency of antagonists to dehumanize each other. To most Americans China is a strange, distant and dangerous nation, not a society made up of 700 million individual human beings but a kind of menacing abstraction. When Chinese soldiers are described, for example, as "hordes of Chinese coolies," it is clear that they are being thought of not as people but as something terrifying and abstract, or as something inanimate like the flow of lava from a volcano. Both China and America seem to think of each other as abstractions: to the Chinese we are not a society of individual people but the embodiment of an evil idea, the idea of "imperialist capitalism;" and to most of us China represents not people but an evil and frightening idea, the idea of "aggressive communism."

Obviously, this dehumanizing tendency helps to explain the savagery of war. Man's capacity for decent behavior seems to vary directly with his perception of others as individual humans with human motives and feelings, whereas his capacity for barbarous behavior seems to increase with his perception of an adversary in abstract terms. This is the only explanation I can think of for the fact that the very same good and decent citizens who would never fail to feed a hungry child or comfort a sick friend or drop a coin in the church collection basket celebrate the number of Viet Cong killed in a particular week or battle and can now contemplate with equanimity, or indeed even advocate, the use of nuclear weapons against the "hordes of Chinese coolies." I feel sure that this apparent insensitivity to the incineration of thousands of millions of our fellow human beings is not the result of feelings of savage inhumanity toward foreigners; it is the result of not thinking of them as humans at all but rather as the embodiment of doctrines that we consider evil.

Dr. Chisholm suggests that "What we the people of the world need, perhaps most, is to exercise our imaginations, to develop our ability to look at things from outside our accidental area of being." Most of us, he says, "have never taken out our imaginations for any kind of run in all our lives," but rather have kept them tightly locked up within the limits of our own national perspective.²¹

The obvious value of liberating the imagination is that it might enable us to acquire some understanding of the view of the world held by people whose past experience and present situations are radically different from our own. It might enable us to understand, for example, what it feels like to be hungry, not hungry in the way that a middle-class American feels after a golf game or a fast tennis match, but hungry as an Asian might be hungry, with a hunger that has never been satisfied, with one's children having stunted limbs and swollen bellies, with a desire to change things that has little regard for due process of the law because the desire for change has an urgency and desperation about it that few Americans have ever ex-

perienced. Could we but liberate our imagination in this way, we might be able to see why so many people in the world are making revolutions; we might even be able to see why some of them are communists.

Having suggested, as best an amateur can, some of the psychological principles that might be pertinent to international relations, I now venture to suggest some applications.

Paranoid fears, says Dr. Frank, are not entirely false fears; certainly, China's fear of American hostility, though distorted and exaggerated, is not pure invention. In dealing with paranoid individuals, Dr. Frank suggests, it is generally desirable to listen respectfully without agreeing but also without trying to break down or attack the patient's system of beliefs. It is also important not to get over friendly lest the patient interpret effusive overtures as a hostile plot. Dr. Frank also suggests that the paranoid patient is certain to rebuff overtures of friendship many times before beginning to respond.

Applying these principles to China, perhaps the best thing we can do for the time being is to reduce expressions of hostility, put forth only such limited proposals for friendship as might be credible, and otherwise leave her strictly alone. In the wake of the historical trauma to which I referred last week, China's fear and hatred of the West is probably still too deep and likely to remain so for some time to come, to permit of positive cooperation, or, indeed, of anything beyond what we might call mutually respectful relations from a distance.

Before China can accept the hand of Western friendship, she must first recover pride. She must recover that sense of herself as a great civilization which was so badly battered in the nineteenth century and, with it, the strength to open her door to the outside world. Having been all but destroyed as a nation by the forced intrusions of the West, China must first know that she has the strength to reject unwanted foreign influences before she can be expected to seek or accept friendly foreign associations. Or, to make the same point from the side of the United States, before we can extend the hand of friendship to China with any expectation of it being accepted, we must first persuade her that we respect her right to take what we offer or leave it as she thinks best. There is no better way to convey this message to China than by leaving her alone.

If we can give our imaginations a "good run" as Dr. Chisholm recommends, we are likely to learn that the "way of life" which we so eagerly commend to the world has little pertinent either to China's past experience or to her future needs. China, Dr. Fairbank tells us, is a society in which the concept of "individualism" which we cherish is held in low esteem because it connotes a chaotic selfishness, the opposite of the commitment to the collective good which is highly valued by the Chinese. Similarly, the very word for "freedom" (tzu-yu) is said to connote a lack of discipline, even license, the very opposite of the Chinese ideal of disciplined cooperation. Even such basic Western ideas as "loyal opposition" and "self-determination," Professor Fairbank points out, are alien to the Chinese. The cultural gap is further illustrated by the difference in attitudes toward philanthropy: to Americans, it is a Christian virtue; to the Chinese it is, unless reciprocal, insulting and degrading—something that we might keep in mind if relations ever thaw enough to make conceivable American economic aid or, more plausibly, disaster relief in the event of some natural calamity such as flood or famine.²²

²⁰ Gordon W. Allport, "The Role of Expectancy," *Tensions That Cause Wars*, Hadley Cantril, ed., (University of Illinois Press, 1950), p. 43.

²¹ Broch Chisholm, *Prescription for Survival*, *ibid.*, p. 76.

²² John K. Fairbank, "How to Deal with the Chinese Revolution," *New York Review of Books*, February 17, 1966, Volume VI, No. 2, p. 14.

In the light of these profound cultural differences, shall we, in Mark Twain's words, "go on conferring our Civilization upon the peoples that sit in darkness, or shall we give those poor things a rest?"²³

There are, I think, some limited positive steps which the United States might take toward improved relations with China. It would do the United States no harm in the short run and perhaps considerable good in the long run to end our opposition to the seating of Communist China in the United Nations and, depending on events, to follow that up with some positive suggestions for more normal relations. The United States has already proposed visits by scholars and newspapermen between China and the United States, and, although these proposals have been rejected by the Chinese, it might be well, though not too often and not too eagerly, to remind them of the offer from time to time. In proposing these and other initiatives to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee as major components in a policy of "without containment isolation," Professor Doak Barnett made the point that "In taking these steps, we will have to do so in full recognition of the fact that Peking's initial reaction is almost certain to be negative and hostile and that any changes in our posture will create some new problems. But we should take them nevertheless, because initiatives on our part are clearly required if we are to work, however slowly, toward the long term goal of a more stable, less explosive situation in Asia and to explore the possibilities of trying to moderate Peking's policies."²⁴

The point of such a new approach to China, writes Professor Fairbank, is psychological:

"Peking is, to say the least, maladjusted, rebellious against the whole outer world, Russia as well as America. We are Peking's principal enemy because we happen now to be the biggest outside power trying to foster world stability. But do we have to play Mao's game? Must we carry the whole burden of resisting Peking's pretensions? Why not let others in on the job?"

"A Communist China seated in the UN," Fairbank continues, "could no longer pose as a martyr excluded by 'American imperialism.' She would have to face the self-interest of other countries, and learn to act as a full member of international society for the first time in history. This is the only way for China to grow up and eventually accept restraints on her revolutionary ardor."²⁵

The most difficult and dangerous of issues between the United States and China is the confrontation of their power in southeast Asia, an issue which, because of its explosive possibilities, cannot be consigned to the healing effects of time. I have suggested in recent statements how I think this issue might be resolved by an agreement for the neutralization of Vietnam under the guarantee of the great powers, and I will not repeat the specifications of my proposal tonight.

Should it be possible to end the Vietnamese war on the basis of an agreement for the neutralization of southeast Asia, it would then be possible to concentrate with real hope of success on the long difficult task of introducing some trust into relations between China and the West, of repairing history's ravages and bringing the great Chinese nation into its proper role as a respected member of the international community. In time it might even be possible for the Chinese and Taiwanese on their own to work out some arrangement for Taiwan that would not do too much damage either

to the concept of self-determination or to the Chinese concept of China's cultural indivisibility—perhaps some sort of an arrangement for Taiwanese self-government under nominal Chinese suzerainty. But that would be for them to decide.

All this is not, as has been suggested, a matter of "being kind to China." It is a matter of altering that fatal expectancy which is leading two great nations toward a tragic and unnecessary war. If it involves "being kind to China," those who are repelled by that thought may take some small comfort in the fact that it also involves "being kind to America."

On November 14, 1860, Alexander Hamilton Stephens, who subsequently became Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, delivered an address to the Georgia Legislature in which he appealed to his colleagues to delay the secession of Georgia from the Union. "It may be," he said, "that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous, but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear if we yield to passion and without sufficient cause shall take that step, that instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous and happy—instead of becoming Gods, we will become demons, and at no distant day commence cutting one another's throats. This is my apprehension. Let us, therefore, whatever we do, meet these difficulties, great as they are, like wise and sensible men, and consider them in the light of all the consequences which may attend our action."²⁶

What a tragedy it is that the South did not accept Stephens' advice in 1860. What a blessing it would be if, faced with the danger of a war with China, we did accept it today.

In its relations with China, as indeed in its relations with all of the revolutionary or potentially revolutionary societies of the world, America has an opportunity to perform services of which no great nation has ever before been capable. To do so we must acquire wisdom to match our power and humility to match our pride. Perhaps the single word above all others that expresses America's need is "empathy," which Webster defines as the "imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another being."

There are many respects in which America, if it can bring itself to act with the magnanimity and the empathy appropriate to its size and power, can be an intelligent example to the world. We have the opportunity to set an example of generous understanding in our relations with China, of practical cooperation for peace in our relations with Russia, of reliable and respectful partnership in our relations with Western Europe, of material helpfulness without moral presumption in our relations with the developing nations, of abstention from the temptations of hegemony in our relations with Latin America, and of the all-around advantages of minding one's own business in our relations with everybody. Most of all, we have the opportunity to serve as an example of democracy to the world by the way in which we run our own society; America, in the words of John Quincy Adams, should be "the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all" but "the champion and vindicator only of her own."²⁷

If we can bring ourselves so to act, we will have overcome the dangers of the arrogance of power. It will involve, no doubt, the loss of certain glories, but that seems a price worth paying for the probable rewards, which are the happiness of America and the peace of the world.

²³ Alexander Hamilton Stephens, "Secession," in *Modern Eloquence* (New York: P. F. Collier & Sons, 1928), Vol. II, p. 203.

²⁴ John Quincy Adams, July 4, 1821, Washington, D.C. Reported in *National Intelligencer*, July 11, 1821.

[From Life magazine, May 13, 1966]

THE ROOTS OF THE ARKANSAS QUESTIONER

(By Brock Brower)

It's hard any longer to catch the flash of sweet-water Ozark crick that runs through Senator J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT's stony eloquence. Mostly, these days, he's keeping to dry, somber, history-minded warnings against the "fatal presumption" that, he fears, could lead America, via Vietnam, to become "what it is not now and never has been, a seeker after unlimited power and empire."

All this, like as not, in the formal rhetoric of white tie and tails. Even when he does take an incidental turn as a plain Arkansas country boy, everybody claims to know better than to believe this. They count him rich enough back home, smart enough all around the rest of the world, and long enough in the U.S. Senate—21 years—to have got over any of that he ever had in him. The countrification is purely for emphasis now, just his way of shooting an extra-hard public look over the top of his tinted glasses at the store-bought Vietnam and China policies of that other hillbilly, Dean Rusk.

Otherwise, according to those who see him as the only temperate and credible public critic of a whole series of Administration positions, Senator FULBRIGHT belongs at this critical moment not to Arkansas but to world opinion. The silly mistake too many of these intellectual admirers of his make—even as they put him atop a kind of opposing summit of American foreign policy—is to think it's some kind of secret burden for him to have come from Arkansas at all.

"They think Arkansas and the South are millstones around his neck, says one northern urban liberal, who has found out differently since going to work for his hero on the Foreign Relations Committee staff, "but they're wrong. He knows his roots."

In fact, there is an underlying parochialism in the senator's harshest arguments against the U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. Vietnam to him is "this god-forsaken, little country" for which any Arkansas traveler, remembering some of the dragged-down patches of the Ozarks, could only feel sympathy if he ever stumbled across it.

"I wonder why these people are so dedicated?" he asks rhetorically about the Vietcong. "Why do these people do this? How do they come by their fanaticism? Well, coming from the South, with all its memories of Reconstruction, I think I can understand. They've been put upon, and it makes them so fanatical they'll fight down to the last man."

It's an attitude he can see people taking down in his own mountain corner of Arkansas, a place never so far from his mind as some would like to have it; a place, in fact, where he went to live at one earlier time in his life when he left a job in Washington, D.C. and spent seven apolitical years, teaching law part time and living on an isolated hill farm called Rabbit's Foot Lodge.

"It was a curious hybrid," he admits, probably the closest thing there'll ever be to an Ozark teahouse. It was built rustic enough, out of adzed logs and clay calking, with lots of wide porches all around. But whoever put it up had clearly been to China and, from down below the spring, looking back up at the muley roofline, it didn't take much of an eye to see it was practically a damn pagoda. For a man who hates even the noise of his wife's snow tires, that Oriental log cabin offered just about the right amount of peace and quiet. In the midst of the acrimonious hearings over Vietnam—with much of the uproar centering around his own vigorous dissent from the Administration's handling of the war—Senator FULBRIGHT didn't mind thinking an occasional long thought about what it used to be like down

²³ "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," from *Europe and Elsewhere*.

²⁴ Statement of Professor A. Doak Barnett before the United States Senate Foreign Relations Committee, March 8, 1966, pp. 2, 13-15.

²⁵ John K. Fairbank, "How to Deal with the Chinese Revolution," *ibid.*, p. 18.

there, with no politics "to take time and energy away from the substance of things."

"It's very serene country," he says, brooding a little. He went there to live in 1936, bored with life in the capital as a Justice Department antitrust lawyer. His wife Betty was with him, very far from her own Republican upbringing on Philadelphia's Main Line. "It was just like taking a squirrel who's been in a cage all its life and letting it out in the fresh air. You know that Main Line life? It's ba-ronial!" The squirrel got loose with a pot of paint and had the whole inside of Rabbit's Foot Lodge done over in Colonial White instead of leaving it Mountain Dark, but other than that and kicking all the roopy chickens out of the cellar Betty managed to fit right in with local ways—a handsome, sophisticated woman who could still be "just as plain as pig tracks" with anybody she happened to meet.

BILL FULBRIGHT wasn't doing much besides teaching at the University of Arkansas, scene of his former glory as a Razorback halfback, a few miles away in a little Ozark town called Fayetteville that his family a-quarter-to-a-half owned. He loved teaching and the life at the university; and when the trustees suddenly decided to make him president at the tender age of 34, he felt pretty well settled. He could even stay right on out at Rabbit's Foot Lodge because the university didn't have any official manse to house its president back then.

The only one who thought to worry about them way out there was Betty's mother. When she opened up her Philadelphia Inquirer one morning and saw pictures of bales of cotton floating around in the Arkansas floods of 1938, she wired her daughter: hadn't she "better come north immediately and bring the two children." Betty wired back that the floods were as yet 1,700 feet below them and still 300 miles away. And when a hurricane struck New England later that year, they telegraphed her mother: hadn't she better come down to Arkansas to avoid being hit by a falling elm tree?

That's the way they go about keeping everybody up-to-date and informed down in Arkansas. With a needling kind of courtesy. In fact, nobody's ever going to settle for a simple, straight answer as long as there's time to work one up into a little more elaborative shape. The senator often goes to work in that same way at committee hearings, politely needling the witness in order to elicit the fullest sort of disclosure. He doesn't, for instance, just want to find out what prospects were for free elections in Vietnam in 1956. "Now [the chances] have always been poor, and will be for a hundred years, won't they?" he gently prods Dean Rusk. "That was not news to you. . . . Have they ever had them in 2,000 years of history?" And possibly one of the senator's annoyances with Dean Rusk is that the Secretary keeps giving him the same, simple, straight answers—which somehow fail to satisfy FULBRIGHT's own deep doubts about the nature of the war—and won't even try to put his replies into any more instructive form. But the senator can sympathize with the Secretary of State: "It's a hell of a job."

In late 1960, when there was loose talk around that FULBRIGHT might be picked for Secretary of State in Kennedy's cabinet, the possibility thoroughly distressed him: "It's not my dish of tea. I'd hate the protocol, and I'd be damned uncomfortable getting up and giving speeches with which I didn't agree. The poor fella in that job never has time to think for himself."

None of the kind of time for reflection that existed out at Rabbit's Foot Lodge, where the steps down to the spring are too steep to be taken any more than one at a time. "That water was so clear and cold," he likes to remember. He didn't have a single political connection, beyond the co-

incidental fact that his local congressman, Clyde T. Ellis, had been coming to his classes to pick up a little constitutional law. "I had no idea I'd ever be in politics," he insists. "I sometimes wonder what would've happened if Mother hadn't written that editorial."

"Oh, I don't mean I ponder over it all that much," he says, quickly dismissing that kind of bootless speculation. Nobody else should give it too much thought either, except just enough to keep in mind that, despite a quarter century in public life, Senator FULBRIGHT is essentially a private man manqué. More than any other senator, he comes forward to address himself to issues from the privacy of his own thoughts, and promptly returns there as soon as his opinion has been offered. Not that he doesn't enjoy the measure of political prominence that is his as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee—always much in the headlines after another mumbled, seminal speech on the Senate floor, and often seen around social Washington with his wife, who dutifully mends the holes in his protocol. But, as one of his aides explains the difference between him and most senators: "When he's busy, he's busy behind a closed door."

He is an anomaly, especially in gregarious Southern politics, a man of intellect, almost a seminarian, pursuing an aloof career as an often dissident public counselor—he's been called "the Walter Lippmann of the Senate"—with no more real political base than perhaps those few capricious jottings in his mother's newspaper long ago.

Mrs. Roberta Fulbright, an old school-teacher herself, was the kind of woman who makes the local Rotarians wonder how far she might've gone if she'd ever been a man—only they wonder right out loud and proudly, pleased to see the local library and a university dormitory named for her. Back in 1906 her husband, Jay Fulbright, got the family off the farm in Missouri by setting up his first little, two-person bank in Arkansas and thereafter pushed the Fulbrights' fortunes to an estimable point. But, in 1923, he died suddenly, leaving Mrs. Fulbright with six offspring; BILL FULBRIGHT, their fourth child, was 18 at the time.

"We came very damn close to going to the poorhouse," FULBRIGHT says, exaggerating some, "but she managed to salvage enough of a nest egg to start over again." That is, she let go the bank stock but kept the lumber business, the Coca-Cola bottling plant, a lot of real estate and a few other Fulbright Enterprises—including a newspaper. Eventually she accumulated enough leverage to clean up the whole county once—but good, throwing out a corrupt courthouse gang and dragging her own man, Buck Lewis, with his big horse pistol, down to Little Rock to get him appointed sheriff.

"But her one big love, besides her family," says FULBRIGHT, "was that newspaper." It's now the Northwest Arkansas Times, and turning a tidy penny. But back then it was The Democrat, a sorry investment, mostly useful for printing the columns Mother Fulbright scribbled together after nobody in the family was left awake to talk to her anymore. ("She loved to talk, God, she loved to talk! She'd wear us out, staying up at night.") She'd write until 3 o'clock in the morning about anything from cooking to politics, or sometimes both at once: "Our politics remind me of the ples the mountain girl had. She asked the guests, 'Will you have kivered, unkivered or crossbar?' All apple. Now that's what we have—kivered, unkivered and crossbar politics, all Democrats." And so Mother Fulbright wrote a thing or two about a Democrat named Homer Adkins. In fact, right after Adkins' triumphant election as governor in 1940, she wrote that the people of Arkansas had just traded a statesman, Governor Car Bally, for a glad-hander and a backslapper.

Governor Adkins returned the compliment

by stacking the university board of trustees high enough to have her son fired as president. So then Congressman Ellis came up to his ex-law professor, almost like it was after class, and said since he, Ellis, was going to announce for U.S. senator next Saturday, "you ought to run for my place."

"I'd have never dreamed of it," says FULBRIGHT. "I hadn't even been in three of the 10 counties in all my life." But he was pretty much at loose ends, so he got around to those last three counties before Saturday and carried all 10 in the fall of 1942 to win the House seat. And when Governor Adkins decided to run for U.S. senator in 1944, so did Congressman FULBRIGHT; and he beat Adkins, and three other candidates—kivered, unkivered and crossbar.

"Homer Adkins," his mother wrote as her final word against her old enemy, imitating his bad grammar, "has come and went." And her son has now been and gone to the Senate for four terms, not so much a political success as an outsized civic achievement for which the whole state of Arkansas feels it can humbly take a worldwide bow: "He's just as smart as \$700." "He's known in every corner of the world." "Who the hell'd've ever dreamed we'd have an international scholar from Arkansas?" "He's an institution. People don't vote against institutions."

"You can beat him," an adviser once told Governor Orval Faubus, who was eager to try in 1962, and might be even more ready in 1968, "if you can get him down off that cloud they got him on."

He's lucky, too, to have that cloud under him, because he really has little taste for the gritty, down-to-earth politicking it normally takes to survive at home and conquer in Washington. He doesn't chew cut with the snuff-dippers back in Arkansas, but he's never been a member of the inner "club" in the Senate—nor much wanted to be—despite his prestige and seniority. In fact, not a few of his colleagues in the Senate view him as a cold and scornful figure, a bit of a cynic, a lot of "a loner," dourly impatient with most lesser mortals—or, in Harry Truman's succinct phrasing, an "overeducated Oxford s.o.b."

There may be a touch or two of truth in that indictment, but the only part of it that could solidly be called a fact is Oxford. He did go there for three years as a Rhodes scholar, from 1925 to 1928, though he prefers to think of that experience as a sort of personal liberation rather than any detriment to his character. It freed him of the local countryside and provided that grounding in the greater world which ultimately—if not exactly at that moment ("All I did at Oxford," he claims, "is have a hell of a good time—played games and studied the minimum")—led to his commanding interest in foreign affairs.

"Remember, I'd never been anywhere to speak of," he explains. "I'd never been to New York or San Francisco or Washington or any of those places. And here I'm picked up out of a little village at an early age * * *"—he was pushed in his studies by his father's telling him every summer: "Go to school, or go to work"; and washing Coke bottles bored him—" * * * and suddenly I go to Oxford. It has a tremendous impact on your attitude."

The best of Europe was opened up to the roaming hill boy within him, and he came away from this Grand Tour and his reading of Modern History and Political Science at Oxford with a wide-eyed internationalist outlook that, going right over the top of his squinty mountain conservatism, gave him a very odd expression indeed, especially in later politics. Unreadable, practically.

Of course, it probably has to be unreadable if he is going to make it suit all the various interests that comprise both his Arkansas constituency and his worldwide following. At one extreme are those rich planters from eastern Arkansas—far less liberal than even

His own people up in the Ozarks—who control huge cotton allotments and large voting blocks, and often truck "their" Negroes to the polls to swell a highly deliverable part of the total vote for Fulbright. (Even this is an improvement, according to Mrs. L. C. Bates, past president of the Arkansas NAACP. "They used to didn't even truck 'em. They'd be in the cotton fields when they voted 'em.") But at the other extreme is that widespread and admiring conclave of liberal intellectuals who, also for possessive reasons, embrace Fulbright as more "their" senator than anybody they ever helped elect from their own state. His out-of-Arkansas supporters can't vote for him—some are foreign nationals—but they expect a lot from him, and he is well aware of that expectation. So he is trapped, representing east Arkansas at the same time he is trying to function in somewhat the same intellectual manner as the M.P. whom Oxford University used to send up as its representative to the British parliament. As a result, Fulbright's voting record is crazy-quilt, his politics are pretty much a standoff, and his public countenance—unreadable.

"Nobody knows where to put Fulbright," says Jack Yingling, one of his past legislative assistants, trying to explain why the senator's independent manner seems to annoy so many routine-minded politicians. "He pops up here, he pops up there."

He popped up first in 1943 with a mere five lines of legislation that quickly became famous as "the Fulbright Resolution," a historic gesture that put the House of Representatives on record, even a little before the Senate, as favoring "the creation of appropriate international machinery"—i.e., the United Nations—to keep "a just and lasting peace" after the war. Two years later he offered, as a kind of "economy measure," a plan to use counterpart funds from the sale of war surplus overseas to finance a student exchange program, which ended up as the Fulbright Scholarships. He seemed to be casting his total allegiance with those who advocated the extension of U.S. foreign aid programs throughout One World. But he has since popped up as one of the sharpest critics of "the arrogance" with which he believes the U.S. has handled the whole business of helping other countries, too often forcing anti-Communist military ties upon smaller nations, thereby blunting the positive effects of the aid and creating dangers of U.S. entanglement that need never have existed, e.g., in Vietnam.

On domestic issues he pops up most often as a southern conservative, willing to filibuster against the repeal of the so-called right-to-work law and able to vote against civil rights legislation even after President Kennedy's call to conscience in 1963—to the chagrin of his liberal friends, who will never convince labor that he isn't a Bourbon, or the NAACP that he isn't a bigot. Yet the worst political attacks upon him come from the superpatriots of the southern right wing, who suspect, quite correctly, that his heart isn't really in his racial posture and who know that his deeper convictions include a thorough disapproval of "our national obsession with Communism" and a large distrust of the military mind, along with considerable boggling at what it costs to keep that mind at ease with its grim, strategic thoughts.

"He's shocked as a kid by the expense of the military," an aide observes. He has a gut reaction against the amount of money that must go into building an aircraft carrier—money that cannot then be used to build roads and schools in such places as Arkansas—and he is appalled on similar grounds at the expenditures for the space program. ("It's one of our greatest mistakes. I couldn't possibly have the language and power to say that strongly enough. I've made every effort to cut [the space] appropriation down. I don't care about a mild,

gentle program. But this thing just blossomed from nothing into five billion dollars!")

On the other hand, he greatly admires the World Bank for offering liberal terms under which a smaller nation can negotiate a generous loan—while still retaining its national pride—and he would prefer to revamp the U.S. foreign aid program to channel most of its millions, with no military strings attached, through that multilateral instrument: "I never heard anybody say, 'World Bank, go home!'"

For this high-minded approach to the amity among nations he has been honored with full academic pomp in country after country as a kind of international culture hero. But usually on these state visits he manages to pop up at the local marketplace, going over the fruits and vegetables and handwork like a junketing 4-H leader. "I like to see what they raise, what they make," he admits, ready to shop Fiji the same way he would War Eagle, Ark.: "You can understand then how the superiority of the Westerner can be so offensive. Sure, we have a hell of a lot of money and can make bombs, but in the local markets you can see other people showing a lot of talent too." He can no more pass by a busy stall in any of the world's bazaars than he can drive by a fruit stand in the Ozarks without stopping for apples. "Here he is," one of his speech writers remembers from a trip the senator made to the South Pacific, "peering over his half glasses at fresh fruit in Tahiti. And he ends up back at the hotel with five different kinds of mangoes."

In sum, no one position ever really quite leads to another in the unfolding of Fulbright's scattered public stands. The senator himself rather facetiously explains this situation by saying, "I like to feel free to take each issue as it comes. On many issues I don't have an opinion, and then I'll trust another's judgment. But that's voluntary." However, his independence of mind also involves far more complicated mental gymnastics. He happens to have remarkable powers of preoccupation. "He tends to think of one issue to the exclusion of all others," explains a member of his staff, and often such an issue will assume the proportions of an intellectual crisis with him. "He usually has about one of these a year. Last year it was what to do about the foreign aid program.

"This year it's the Far East." He closets himself in his senatorial office—much the way a student at Oxford "sports his oak" to study for his examinations—and reads everything he can lay his hands on about what's worrying him. Also: "We bring him people." He mulls over the problem, educating himself in its history and all its possible ramifications, and then finally comes out of his darkened chambers to give a speech or hold a hearing or offer a bill—sometimes to do all three. By then, it is more than likely that the issue has become uniquely identifiable with him—more through his scholarship than his sponsorship: he simply knows the matter best—and sooner or later, in one phase or another, it will acquire his name.

In fact, it is amazing the number of diverse matters that are named Fulbright, considering he is not generally regarded as a mover of men or a perpetrator of events.

Things occasionally pick up his name even though he has little or nothing to do with them. When a letter was sent to the President by 15 senators expressing agreement with Fulbright's stand on Vietnam, Johnson's aide Jake Valenti began carrying it around the White House as "the Fulbright letter," though it was in no way his; Valenti simply grabbed that letter by the easiest handle. In a sense Fulbright's name, with all its past associations, has become that kind of eponym lately. It identifies a new mode of thinking about international affairs—

inquiring, from a sense of history, how a foreign populace may achieve its own political maturity, free of outside prescription, including any based too closely on the American experience.

Of course, not all things Fulbright are universally popular. He has come in for some heavy criticism about his views on Vietnam. But there still is no doubt that once his name is attached to a particular position, even his boldest detractors are forced into a grudging respect for it. He can never be dismissed as a maverick, the way Senator Morse of Oregon can, even when they hold practically the same views.

Fulbright has stratagems that assure him this respect; he is deftly courteous, even with a needling question, and he can be deftly elusive—even seems to enjoy being elusive—trailing off through a series of elliptical qualifying remarks that end suddenly with an abrupt, barely related question tossed back at his original interrogator. (He'll discuss his practically nonexistent religious views this way or, for that matter, anything touching himself too closely.) But he is also accorded genuine respect because of the astonishing breadth of view he does, in fact, possess.

From up on his Ozark hilltop—territory more Pioneer West than Genteel Southern—he really can see all the way from east Arkansas to the farthest reaches of the greater world and he is always very cannily relating the one to the other. He will strike just the right note, for instance, with a delegation of visiting Africans after they have explained their difficulties, by saying, as he did recently, that he can understand their problems: "You're about where we were 30 years ago in Arkansas."

And, if he measures the greater world by Arkansas, he is equally willing to measure Arkansas by the greater world. "I come from a very poor state," he never ceases to reiterate, and he likes to talk about Arkansas as if it were an underdeveloped country that had just shaken off the yoke of Arkansas Power and Light's oligarchical rule but still had to depend on foreign aid. He investigated the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the early 50s, he says, to protect it from politics, since he believed the RFC was "the major agency for aid to the underdeveloped states." He has consistently voted for federal aid to education, although voters in Arkansas distrusted Big Government moving in on them, because he believes better schooling is clearly the one best hope for an emergent people. "They forgave me because, 'Well, he's an old professor,'" he thinks. But there are certain internal problems which, he argues, no emergent people will allow anybody from Washington to touch at this stage in their development.

Fulbright did not intervene during the 1957 integration crisis at Central High School in Little Rock, though that incident made Faubus' name almost infamous enough to cancel out Fulbright's own around the world. Fulbright was in England at the time, and he stayed in England for what some caustic wits said "must have been the second semester at Oxford." The NAACP's Mrs. Bates for one, will never forgive him: "I've never quite understood him. He's an intelligent guy. Why does he have to sell his soul and his people like that? This man has a brain and he's shown in every way where he stands. The majority of the liberals here told up he wouldn't sign the Southern Manifesto [a pledge by southern congressmen to fight the Court's segregation decisions]. But he did. No, I'll listen to Faubus more than I'll listen to Fulbright." But Fulbright, thinking of the enfranchised among the emergent people of Arkansas insists, "You don't trifle with them, especially about what concerns them socially." Congressman Brooks Hays publicly supported school integration and was widely applauded for his

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courage. FULBRIGHT was not. But Brooks Hays shortly lost his seat as congressman from Little Rock.

FULBRIGHT personally is a gradualist who approves of the fact that both the University of Arkansas and Fayetteville's public schools have been integrated. He tries to explain his quandary by saying that he will not buck a white majority "in a matter of this deep interest, in an area where they have knowledge and experience equal or superior to my own." With this rather flimsy justification, FULBRIGHT rides out any and all criticism of his votes against civil rights, arguing that it is simply a question of his political survival. He insists he is then left free to go against his constituents on matters where their knowledge and experience are not equal to his own—on foreign aid, for instance, for which he originally voted, "even though I felt they did oppose it, because they thought they needed it [aid] more."

Lately, however, FULBRIGHT has been wondering if his own people in Arkansas couldn't have done a better job with U.S. foreign policy than anybody in the federal government, including himself. "Maybe their instincts about foreign aid were right," he ponders. "As you know, I've been having second thoughts myself. After all, how did we get mixed up in Vietnam? You could say this whole thing started out of an aid program."

That was a long time ago, however, and his own tardiness in taking cognizance of the situation in Vietnam causes him considerable chagrin. FULBRIGHT remembers Vietnam, from the '50s, as "a very small operation, I wasn't at all concerned. I was entirely preoccupied with Europe. I don't recall we ever had a hearing on Vietnam." But early this year FULBRIGHT sported his oak for another period of intense study—"a Europe man" setting out to learn a whole new field: the other side of the world—and when he came out again, he started a long series of hearings that eventually brought him to some grim conclusions of his own.

In Vietnam he feels that the U.S., at worst, inherited the position already lost by the French in an abandoned colonial war; or that, at best, we interfered misguidedly in a civil struggle that might have resolved itself sooner had the U.S. not intervened. The Communist involvement in the war is not, for FULBRIGHT, the deciding factor; and, indeed, he is doubtful about that whole line of reasoning: "Everytime somebody calls it [a people's movement] 'Communist,' it's reason for intervention." He's convinced this approach has caused the U.S. to initiate too many mistaken troop movements—particularly into the Dominican Republic not too long ago—and that's "another thing that poisons me in this direction."

Moreover, FULBRIGHT feels that something is basically wrong when the U.S. can become so inextricably involved in the woes of a tiny country like Vietnam that a land war with China looms as a larger threat to the world than ever did the most painful destiny the tiny country might have found for itself: "I'm ashamed that the United States—a big, magnanimous country is picking on the little countries, trying to squash 'em. Why don't we challenge Russia or China directly, if that's how we feel?" He has now come to suspect that what has happened is that the U.S. has gone into too many areas of the world with an abundance of good intention all wrapped up in aid to 83 developing countries—83 possible sources of commitment, and subsequent overbearance—and that one or another of these ties was bound to ensnare us in an unwanted conflict. He has supported foreign aid and since the proposal of the Marshall Plan in 1947; but, "Back when all this started, I didn't think the United States would be so arrogant about it."

That, for FULBRIGHT, is the abiding error. As one of his staff puts it, he has "a strong

distaste for the destructive psychological effects of the donor and the suppliant. That's at the core of his reasoning. You don't humiliate people. He appreciates the pride a little country has in telling off a big country."

Indeed, FULBRIGHT feels that the best hope for peace lies in reaching some general accommodation with Communist China so as to save the little countries of Southeast Asia neutrally whole, and he has gone on the Senate floor to argue that position.

So far, nobody has exactly leaped to the support of his proposals and, indeed, nothing of FULBRIGHT's vigorous dissent from Administration policy has yet emerged as anything concrete, even from his own committee. The President is still the power broker: "As long as he's there and there's a two-to-one majority, he's running the show. He has control of this Congress, including my committee. I have a lot of the younger members with me, but they're afraid to expose themselves. They know they can be gutted," FULBRIGHT uncomfortably lacked committee support even for an amendment to the Vietnam aid appropriation that would have dissociated the Senate from any implied approval of Johnson's present course of action.

"I hate like hell to be in the minority," he admits. "It does give me pause." But it's far from a new position for him, and he has always had the inner resources to last it out until he is proven right or wrong. Actually he is really at his best when he is unhesitatingly outspoken.

"One thing you damn soon find out," recalls one faculty member who knew him at the university as a teacher, "and that's what BILL FULBRIGHT feels." It's something he gets partly from the Ozarks, but it's also something he gets from having been a professor. When he speaks out, he sounds almost as if he were exercising tenure as much as his rights as a senator. His dissents from majority opinion seem almost scholarly obligations—as if he wanted to offer a lesson in civics, full of learned references, as much as set down his own opinion. On such occasions he is especially prone to quote Alexis de Tocqueville, the traveling Frenchman who more than a hundred years ago analyzed the intellectual danger of too much conformist thinking in this country in his classic, *Democracy in America*. "De Tocqueville says things so much better than I could. About the tyranny of the majority. I always have the feeling that book could have been written about America 10 years ago."

Ten years or so ago FULBRIGHT was quoting De Tocqueville in his at-the-time lonely public opposition to Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, whose tactics violated—above all else, for FULBRIGHT—"the code of the gentleman that our democratic society presupposes." FULBRIGHT has always believed that decent conduct within the Senate, one member toward another, is needful for its survival; and when the majority of senators didn't at first seem to find this true, he vigorously dissented. It is still the vote in which he takes the most pride, the only nay that was cast against the appropriations for McCarthy's investigation in 1954. The Ozark part of it was that FULBRIGHT didn't actually make up his mind to do so until he was on the Senate floor and McCarthy insisted on a roll-call vote.

"That put the clincher on it," Jack Yingling remembers. "FULBRIGHT was damned if he was going to be on record as voting for it."

The professorial part was that he promptly rose to speak against the "swinish blight" of anti-intellectualism—and from time to time thereafter dropped quotations from the Bible and Jonathan Swift into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD as gibes at McCarthy's loudness and smear tactics. FULBRIGHT considered McCarthy to be "like an animal."

McCarthy kept up a noisy stream of abuse against "Senator Half-Bright"; but FULBRIGHT waited him out, standing up as the only one willing to be counted, until other senators gradually joined him in sufficient number to pass the censure motion that toppled McCarthy. ("This idea that everything is done by an 'inner group,'" an old congressional hand scoffs. "What they do, they're forced to do by people like FULBRIGHT.") The senator has been a whipping boy for the right wing ever since; and whenever he stirs up another ruckus over superpatriotism, as he did in 1961 with a memorandum to Secretary of Defense McNamara concerning military sponsorship of civilian seminars in anti-Communism, the letters pour in.

But for all its intellectual flair, his clash with McCarthy really lacked the majestically banked thunder of his loftier disagreements with presidents of the United States, which have almost become a habit with him. So far, he has crossed every Chief Executive of the last two decades at least once: Truman over RFC scandals, Eisenhower over Dulles' Middle East policies, and Kennedy over the Bay of Pigs invasion.

Indeed, FULBRIGHT may have been slow in getting around to crossing Johnson, and he has been criticized for that. If he was so opposed to U.S. involvement in Vietnam, why did he act as floor manager in August, 1964, for the Bay of Tonkin resolution, which Johnson has used ever since as a color of congressional authority to take "all necessary steps" to repeal aggression?

"I was derelict there," FULBRIGHT admits, another result of his tardy realization of the true situation in Southeast Asia. "It would probably have been healthy to have gone into conference and had some discussion. But Goldwater had just been nominated. You know how the lines were drawn."

FULBRIGHT was for L.B.J. "publicly and privately"—much closer to Johnson than he had ever been to any previous President. Truman and FULBRIGHT are friends now, but that was hardly the case when FULBRIGHT was investigating influence peddling in the RFC. Kennedy—or the Kennedys, really—he'd never gotten to know; they struck him as a cold lot. Stevenson was much more his candidate; and then, for reasons of long friendship and some mutual understanding, Johnson. They used to sit next to each other in the Senate when Johnson was majority whip, and Johnson invariably deferred to FULBRIGHT on foreign policy matters: "See Bill. He's my Secretary of State." In return, FULBRIGHT looked upon Johnson as "a political genius," backed him for the presidential nomination in 1960 and campaigned strongly for him in Arkansas against insurgent Goldwaterism two years ago.

But they are really antipodal human beings, and even back in their days together in the Senate there was a fatal indication of what would eventually happen in FULBRIGHT's realization that "Johnson just wants to pass bills—he doesn't care what's in them" and in Johnson's impatience with FULBRIGHT's inability at Foreign Relations Committee meetings to "for _____ settle it" in time to get home for supper.

A split was bound to come between the man interested in substance and the man of politics. The issue turned out to be FULBRIGHT's dissent over U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic: "I was reluctant to do it. I'd had preferred that an opposition member do it. But they're all for him. My final consideration was, here's all of Latin America wondering about us. Somebody ought to give the other point of view."

FULBRIGHT tried to couch his speech of last September as a criticism of bad advice given the President, but it still made Johnson furious. Afterward, besides delivering a series of petty social snubs, Johnson lessened any meaningful communication with FUL-

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RIGHT on foreign policy down to a point where he conferred in whispers with Dean Rusk during the entire time that FULBRIGHT made his last effort to propound his views on Vietnam at a White House meeting of the congressional leadership.

"I have to defend my position whether I like doing it or not," FULBRIGHT said just before beginning the public hearings on Vietnam late in January. But he has managed to accomplish something more than significant than that. He has used the pressure within Congress for an open airing of the whole range of U.S. foreign policy—pressure that has come particularly from younger members of both houses—to pull the Foreign Relations Committee together again after several frustrating years of chronic absenteeism and foundering morale.

"We were always so plagued by the foreign aid bill," he explains. "That cursed thing took up three quarters of our time. No member really liked it. They were bored with it. It about destroyed the spirit of the committee."

But from the beginning the policy hearings revived everybody's spirits, including FULBRIGHT's—at one particularly low point, he had thought of resigning from his chairmanship—in part because he allowed the Vietnam hearings to develop in a much freer style than is normally his custom.

In the attempt to debate Vietnam and understand our China policy, FULBRIGHT threw a heavy burden upon other senators during their allotted 10 minutes of questioning. Much to his delight, most of them came forward with informed contributions. "I've never seen them enter into it so deftly," FULBRIGHT says of his colleagues. "I was surprised by the intelligence of some of their questions. They were extraordinarily good." The whole exercise brought the Foreign Relations Committee out of its intellectual doldrums to serve once more as the classic American forum for probing—and, indeed, doubting—presidential certainties about foreign policy, whether they are Wilson's Fourteen Points or Johnson's.

This is a considerable accomplishment for FULBRIGHT—and much in line with his desire to substitute "new realities" for "old myths" which he believes Americans learned too well during their Cold War childhood—but it has not been without its political hardships. Despite his penchant for privacy, he is not immune to the deliberate coldness with which he is being treated by the White House, where his intransigence is being met with a policy of containment and isolation. Also, there has been some speculation as to how well that cloud his constituents have him on would hold up back home, what with Faubus, his eye on 1968, trying to fan it down with outbursts against FULBRIGHT's hampering the war effort.

But Arkansans, for some reason, seem to be equally proud of both Faubus and FULBRIGHT these days, and nobody back home wants to see a confrontation that would lose Arkansas either one or the other. FULBRIGHT can pretty much depend upon their many mutual backers doing everything over the next couple of years to keep them well apart, despite Faubus' obvious wish to close with him in mortal combat.

Beside, it's nearly impossible to bring BILL FULBRIGHT to care much about that kind of danger anyhow. "Maybe you can say I've been here long enough not to give a goddam," he says, almost apologizing for his perseverance in the hearings. But the matter goes much deeper than that. Carl Marcy, staff director of the Foreign Relations Committee, can tell if he's off base in any suggestion he offers if FULBRIGHT snaps back at him: "But you're giving me political advice!" The Senator doesn't want it. Often, when told something isn't good politics, he'll reply, "Wait two or three years. It will be."

"His is the approach of reason," a long-time associate concludes, "and if it doesn't appeal to his reason, it doesn't appeal to him at all."

But that does not mean that FULBRIGHT'S reason is a cold, purely cerebral kind of instrument. It is actually just the opposite: a bit old-fashioned, the kind of reason associated with Edmund Burke's great 18th Century political appeals for liberty within tradition and limited human circumstance. "I do have a habit of liking old things," FULBRIGHT smiles. "Old cars, old shoes, old wives." He's had the same Mercedes for 10 years and won't paint it because then he'd have to worry about scratching the paint.

One pair of shoes from London he wore for 30 years, and "I means," says one Arkansan who greatly admired them, "they were all cracks." And Betty, the senator says, is part of that feeling of security he's always had, so that "It never bothered me that I might be defeated." Reason, he feels, is the force by which such little instances of human feeling are kept politically alive, wherever possible, in a dangerously graceless world. "He finds it increasingly difficult to understand these grandiose abstractions about society," one staff man observes. "He'll often oppose some particular approach to a problem simply because 'Nobody says anything about people being involved.'"

He is very much people himself, right down to his foibles. Ever since his father's early death, his own mortality has worried him, and at 61 he follows a strict regimen that includes constitutional before breakfast and bloodletting games of golf. ("Sinking that putt," says his wife, "is a passionate thing with him.") Lots of times he doesn't think anybody near and dear to him has a grain of sense, and he lectures them at length and accordingly. He can be as tight as a burr with money. "I'll tell you something," one Arkansas millionaire says, "if both his legs were cut off at the knee and you offered him yours for a nickel, he wouldn't have no use for 'em." And he has his petty moments—even during public hearings when his dislike of generals sometimes escapes his taut courtesy. Yet, with all these personal quirks, he retains a remarkable simplicity—"the kind of simplicity," as one staff man puts it, "that is beyond sophistication."

A story is told of Fulbright's trip to Naples in 1962 to participate in some ceremonies of acclaim for his student-exchange program, during a time when the U.S.S. *Forrestal* happened to be gaudily and mightily in port.

The aircraft carrier seemed to attract any number of junketing congressmen that spring—mostly those concerned with military appropriations—and FULBRIGHT happened to run into a party of them in a Neapolitan square one day. They tried to drag him along to visit this vast tonnage of floating American glory, but he insisted his own business lay down a different street—at the binational center where American "Fulbrights" gather with Italian students to carry on the important business of simply hearing each other out, much the way he himself once did at Oxford. Finally, after he'd politely put off the congressmen and turned back in the direction of the cultural center, he shook his head and said to one of his staff, "Those fellas just don't know where the real power is."

To come out with a statement like that, FULBRIGHT had to put a lot of what normally passes for sophistication far behind him. But he is more than willing to do so. Indeed he anxiously searches for ways in which "the real power" can be brought to bear upon problems that so far have not been solved by such mighty exhibits as the U.S.S. *Forrestal*. He wants people to begin to "think the 'unthinkable,'" to search among what he terms realistic, if unsettling, alternatives—

and not solely among soothing myths—"to find some rational way other than war to settle problems."

"I don't for a moment think that we'll get rid of all wars," he cautions. "We'll have to accept the fact that there are going to be local wars and then try to be very discriminating about them." Even that, however, will take more patience than he is at all sure—following De Tocqueville's ancient doubts about a democracy's handling of foreign policy—Americans can summon up.

"FULBRIGHT has a pretty modest conception of what you can do," says another aide, "but he will take great satisfaction in a modest achievement." And he does indeed take great satisfaction in the modest achievements of the past few months, during which he feels committee witnesses have helped Americans become a lot more "discriminating" about "a local war" in Southeast Asia.

The question, then, naturally arises whether FULBRIGHT should be satisfied with this modest achievement. Should he perhaps attempt to become more than a thoughtful critic: a forceful critic and, for once, go after support for his position instead of waiting, as he always has, for interested parties to come to him?

That would go against his whole nature. It is hard to imagine him at the head of anything so formal-sounding as a Loyal Opposition, even if its objectives were the embodiment of his own thinking. His impress, on the contrary, continues to depend upon his utter independence, which allows him to raise a voice that carries great influence, if little—or no—power in the deliberations of the Senate.

"It's sort of like the inventor and the manufacturer," an aide says. FULBRIGHT helped invent the McCarthy censure, for instance, but he was only minimally involved in its eventual manufacture. "It's the machinery that runs the Senate," FULBRIGHT insists, and he wants never to be a part of a machine. In fact, there is an inherent repulsion within him against the whole modern mechanization of human affairs, such as to lead him to protest against something as big as a moon shot or as minor as the replacement of the commodious old wicker cars in the Senate subway by a clanking train.

"A man has to act within the possibilities of his own personality," says a close aide, "and FULBRIGHT is a private man. He could do more to solicit support. But he doesn't, partly because he thinks it's bad taste to bother people. If they like what he says, they'll say so." But this same aide admits that he himself is worried sometimes by the senator's political quietude and has pressed him on occasion about the possible disappointment he may give his loyal adherents everywhere in the world. Should he not possibly face up to the inevitable obligations of his clear private thinking: to leadership? "When you talk to him about that, he squirms," the aide says. But he notices one small sign of concession: "I don't really get the idea he wants me to stop talking."

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. PELL in the chair). The Chair recognizes the Senator from Florida.

ACCREDITATION OF THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY

Mr. HOLLAND. Mr. President, some weeks ago I was appointed by the Vice President as a member of this year's Board of Visitors to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. In addition to distinguished members of the Board from the House of Representatives and from academic and other groups, I had