

of Korea-American relations will continue. In this Confucian social setting the Korean citizen has responsibilities and few rights. The pluralism Koreans see in their society is not so obvious to us. Therein lies the root of different value systems that need discussion and enlightenment if Korea-U.S. relations are to be put on a solid, long-term foundation of mutual respect.

Robert J. Myers, President of CRIA, has just returned from the Far East.

EXCURSUS 2

T. Chadek on HAITI: THE BOAT-PEOPLE'S RETURN

Port-au-Prince, November 17

There was no overlooking the oil painting that made its appearance last Tuesday in the small resort hotel just up the hill from Port-au-Prince. For one thing it was huge, and for another it was standing on the floor of the small lobby, at lean against a chair. But even more arresting was its subject matter. In a style both sleek and primitive the artist had depicted the cargo space of a colonial ship crowded to the far rafters with slaves, most of them black but a handful of a deep brown hue and a few apparently mulatto. Two likewise light-skinned men stood self-importantly at the left, and at the right a black man raised his chained hands imploringly to the heavens. The hatch above the hold was open. One saw on the deck, silhouetted against a Caribbean blue sky, a squatting sailor and a sentry's rifle and booted feet.

The American visitor exclaimed over the painting. It was, she remarked to the desk clerk in beginner's creole, the way slaves had been brought to Haiti so many years ago, though a few of the anachronistic touches puzzled her—like the obviously modern lines of the rifle and the contemporary dress of the slave-traders.

This was Tuesday, November 11, and in Haiti there had been as yet no statement from the government about the fate of more than a hundred starving and parched Haitian refugees on the Bahamian isle of Cayo Lobos. In fact, according to *Regard*, one of a few small independent weeklies hawked on the streets of the capital, there had been no word at all from the government in the four weeks following an announcement on Télévision Nationale (TNH), the government station, that the shipwrecked group had been sighted. The visitor, like the desk clerk, knew nothing of the events that were being reported in papers all over the world. A vacation, after all....

The visitor had no radio. But alerted by a call from the States on Friday the 14th that the refugees were on their way back to Haiti, she searched around town for the government-leaning *Le Matin* or *Le Nouvelliste*, the evening paper. Many of the refugees, she'd heard, had to be bludgeoned or teargassed by the Bahamian police into boarding the ship, the *Lady Moore*, for the return trip. A big event; a government crisis perhaps. Stop the presses! But no, not a trace of a Port-au-Prince daily.

Thursday's *Le Nouvelliste* found its way to the hotel just before 10 on Friday evening, tucked inside the Friday edition. "Sometimes a problem with delivery," said the desk clerk, and he and the visitor read the government declaration aloud together. Though the paper offered no commentary and the visitor's translation lacked a certain

finesse, her political instincts were aroused now. How would the population react to the returnees? Surely this was an event of some magnitude. Would these people be hailed as tragic heroes or snubbed for one reason or another—including the not wholly unreasonable fear of guilt by fraternity? "My God," said the visitor with a start as she turned up the lobby stairs to her room, "that's what the painting is about!" The clerk agreed.

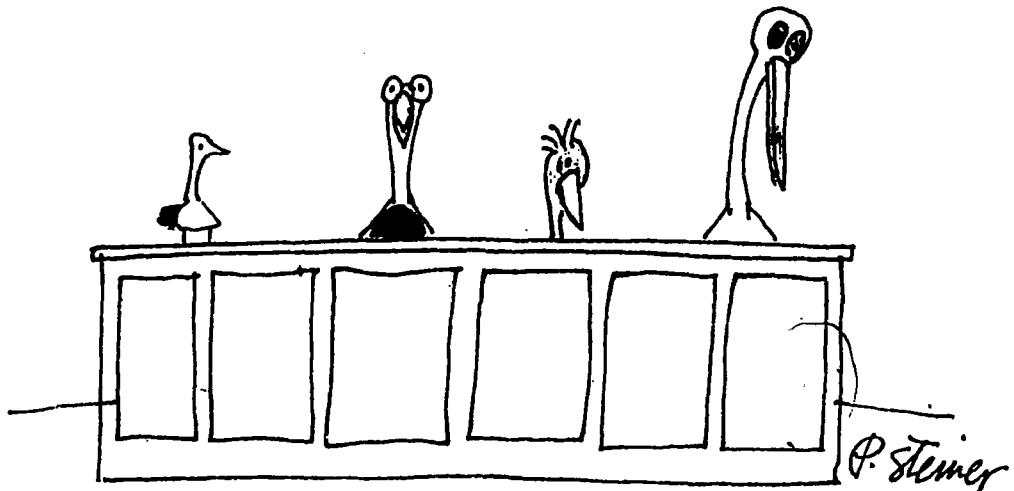
On Saturday the imminent return of the boat-people was not a ready topic of conversation among the staff or the French-speaking guests at the hotel. The Algerian U.N. labor consultant had heard the government declaration on the radio on Friday, but he was more interested in discussing general problems of the *Tiers Monde* over drinks at the hotel bar. One foreign embassy first secretary had heard it on the radio on Thursday, but he'd been in the country for only a couple of weeks and was still "learning." In fact, it hadn't even come up the previous evening at dinner with a high-ranking member of the Haitian Government. "If I'd known you were interested...."

Only Moïse, a young Haitian friend with a sixth-grade education but the instincts of a Solon, had given any thought to the declaration he'd heard read over Radio Métropole and Haiti-Inter, the independent stations. "I don't know what will happen to them when they come back," he said, "but I do not think it will be good."

Moïse and the visitor and two younger friends went to the tourist dock on Sunday for the "repatriation." They were late. The initial crowd—"much people, like Mardi Gras"—had dwindled to three hundred or so by 1:30, but some of the sellers of Pi-Pops and Red Rose ice cream and paté and pistaches hung on. Not all the returnees had left the *Lady Moore* and, in fact, ambulances and jeeps bearing the Red Cross emblem raced onto and off the wharf. There were as yet one large bus and two small ones bearing the ironic inscription "Haiti Tourama" to carry the boat-people from the dock. The small crowd responded to the loaded buses with a sound like a quiet "hello." Soon there were only a hundred or so, and the only stir was created by a police car, siren blaring, that raced onto the wharf. A solitary little man in wash-and-wear shirt, a pistol dangling in its holster, blew short blasts on a whistle and cleared the area in mere seconds.

Moïse and the visitor hastened back to the hotel to catch the 4:00 TNH news. The TV set was not working. But the desk clerk had brought his portable radio and was tuning it to Haiti-Inter. Its reporter related that one Bahamian policeman accompanying the boat had ventured onto the wharf and had been met by a hostile crowd: "We don't need you here." An interviewer had attempted to talk with some of the wounded—there were many broken arms and legs and backs, he said—but the police tried to prevent the questioning. "If we don't die here, we're going to try again," the wounded were quoted as saying.

An acquaintance, a gallery owner, had seen the TNH broadcast on his home set. According to the commentary he'd heard, most of the returnees were in good condition and, no, there hadn't been any mention of the Bahamian policeman. He asserted in confidential tones that as far as he was concerned, if the government took steps to assure these people some decent employment, a chance to feed their families, there would be no reason for such an exodus. Others among his friends were saying this too. The visitor remembered the talk she and the gallery owner had had over dinner a few days before in which he had mentioned his own family's hasty departure from Haiti during the years of Duvalier *père*—was it a brother he said had been killed?—and his unhappy if not uncomfortable exile



in Puerto Rico and Miami. There had been only one or two people at the far end of the room, but he'd lowered his voice in the telling.

The visitor was still curious about that painting. Could the artist have been inspired by *l'affaire Cayo Lobos*? she asked the hotel's *patron*. Well, he answered, he himself had bought it a month and a half before, and of course it had been completed sometime before that.

Even as the U.S. and the U.N. and the Bahamian Government were arguing the status of the Haitian refugees, the exodus was continuing. At almost the very moment the unhappy group aboard the *Lady Moore* set sail on their homeward voyage, 150 more were attempting an escape from Port-de-Paix in Haiti's northwest. A terse report on the back page of Friday's *Le Nouvelliste* had announced their apprehension by the *gendarmerie*.

This morning, Monday, the visitor asked the desk clerk whether his friends and neighbors had been talking about the events of yesterday. "No," he replied, turning back to his duties. Then he looked up, gave a half-smile, and shrugged. "There are a lot of boats...."

T. Chadek, a pseudonym, is a frequent visitor to Haiti.

EXCURSUS 3

Stephen S. Fenichell on HELSINKI WATCH: WHERE'S THE BULL?

During the preliminaries to the Madrid meeting on the Helsinki accords (formally the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe [CSCE]), scheduled to open officially on November 11, a Russian delegate announced that the USSR would not serve as a bull in a ring. The announcement came after nine weeks of haggling over the agenda, the Russians apparently worried about the picadors from the West.

The meeting began on time only because its Spanish hosts stopped the clocks in the conference hall at 11:57 on Monday night, November 10. Groggy from too much talk, too little sleep, and uncertain eating arrangements, the delegates finally agreed on a compromise agenda proposed by a group of "nonaligned" countries.

Thirty-five nations, European except for the U.S. and Canada, signed the Helsinki Final Act in 1975. This

appeared to be another of those treaties filled with good intentions—like the Universal Declaration on Human Rights and the U.N. Charter—which could be signed, half-forgotten, and its provisions honored selectively. The USSR had its sphere of influence in Eastern Europe legitimated, and the Western countries had their human rights cradled in what became known as Basket III. Nothing in Basket III was new or startling, but the pact did call for a review every two years to report on compliance.

"Helsinki Watch committees" sprang up in such unlikely places as Czechoslovakia, Lithuania; and the USSR itself. The first review meeting, in Belgrade in 1978, ended in an impasse, East and West accusing each other of wrecking détente. Spain, however, succeeded in pushing through approval of Madrid as the site of the '80 meeting.

The portents for Madrid were not good. In Russia half the members of the Watch committee were arrested and others held for trial. Czech authorities took similar action. In Madrid the gloves were off. Polite diplomatic exchanges gave way to accusations of war-mongering and oppression. For nine weeks the delegates struggled, the Eastern bloc insisting on a very limited discussion of Basket III and the West arguing for an open session in which violations could be discussed. Looming in the background was Afghanistan and the unrest in Poland.

Outside the Palacio de Congresos an assortment of groups held meetings in churches, hotels, and apartments to make known their concerns. Amnesty International, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Nobel Peace Prize recipient Adolfo Esquivel, and prominent Russian exiles were all present (Andrei Almarik was killed in an automobile accident while en route). In Mainz, West Germany, the pope called upon the nations meeting in the Palacio to respect human rights and religious freedom as required by the Helsinki accords. And just outside the hall an exiled Lutheran minister from Latvia cut a vein in his arms and let the blood drip on a Soviet flag.

On the night of the 13th a compromise proposal submitted by Austria, Cyprus, Liechtenstein, Malta, San Marino, Sweden, and Yugoslavia saved the conference from collapse. Until the Christmas recess the meeting will take up compliance with the Helsinki Act provisions and humanitarian concerns. In January, after the recess, new disarmament proposals and détente will fill the agenda.

We will not know until spring, 1981, who was the bull in this corrida—or whose bull was gored.

Stephen Fenichell, Worldview's U.N. columnist, attended the Madrid conference as a Nongovernmental Observer.