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 least against a chair. But even more arresting was its subject matter. In a style both sleek and primitive crowded to the far rafters with slaves, most of them black satellites, most of them black.

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, created by a police car, siren blaring, that raced onto 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 rumbled 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 Gov-
ernment 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 offi-
cially on November 11, a Russian delegate announced
that the USSR would not serve as a bull in a ring. The
pronouncement 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 legit-
mated, 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 unlike-
ly 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 protocols 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 ex-
changes 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 Bas-
ket III and the West arguing for an open session in which
violations could be discussed. Looming in the back-
ground 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 recipi-
ent 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 requir-
the Helsinki accords. And just outside the hall an exile
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 sub-
mitted by Austria, Cyprus, Liechtenstein, Malta, San Mar-
ino, 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
dismantlement 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.