

should be trying to persuade him to publish an article that the newspapers had said we wanted to suppress.

I told Mr. Hersey I still hoped to convince him that he had done great injustice to the *Saturday Review*. We would be glad, I said, to turn over all the relevant materials to a third party—perhaps his book editor or his literary agent or his lawyer—in order to ascertain whether the article had been “suppressed.” I thought it absurd that two men who had strenuously urged conciliatory procedures for contending nations should not themselves turn to a trusted third party to help establish the facts and bring them together again. Mr. Hersey said he did not think the third-party idea was a good one.

Two days later, a letter arrived from Mr. Hersey, repeating the request that his piece not be published. He returned the fee for the article. In reply, I reassured him that the piece would not be published without his consent. I sent back his check; he had clearly written the article in good faith and was entitled to it. I later sent him some recent editorials from *SR* on the subject of the military-industrial complex in order to demonstrate he was in error if he thought any discussion of this subject was verboten in the *Saturday Review*.

THESE, then, are the basic facts of the case as I know them. The entire episode adds up to a terrible assortment of misinformation, misunderstanding, and wretched communication. Worst of all, it need never have happened.

If I had it to do all over again, what would I have done differently? In light of what happened, I would have attached the highest priority to reaching John Hersey in order to communicate my decision to him personally. My hope, too, is that if John Hersey had it to do all over again, he would not have believed the worst before talking with me.

Reflecting on this episode, what seems to me to be the most unfortunate aspect of the entire affair is its negative symbolism. Both John Hersey and I have been identified all our lives with the cause of world peace. Yet we ourselves had become enmeshed in flash reactions, violent words, and a public confrontation.

Related to this line of thought is a melancholy fact that has become increasingly apparent to me over the years. The most difficult and precarious enterprise in the world is effective communication. It is the ultimate art. In that respect, we all have a lot to learn. —N.C.

Special Report **Dirty Tricks Korean Style**

by Donald Kirk

Washington

LIKE Frankenstein's monster gone amok, an amorphous, almost indefinable entity known as the Korean Central Intelligence Agency has turned on its creator, the United States. In the best tradition of international skullduggery, the KCIA has successfully penetrated one branch of the American government through bribery and influence-peddling, has set up within the U.S.A. a nationwide spy network to harass Koreans living here as well as to spread propaganda throughout this country under the guise of religion and culture—and permits some of its most valued provocateurs to bank huge sums in the process.

Payoffs to congressmen, intimidation of political opponents, confidence-gaming through fronts ranging from a karate school to a dance troupe—these provide the spectacle of a foreign government gnawing into the fabric of the American system and indicate that our republic may have more to fear, from the viewpoint of internal integrity and security, from the intelligence apparatus of a relatively weak military client than from the secret services of some of its worst enemies. South Korean president Park Chung Hee opened his American “offensive” six years ago in a desperate bid to solidify Korean-American relations during the period of American withdrawal from Vietnam and détente with China. The offensive's final impact has been twofold. First, the nature of Korean operations in America has resurrected the same set of questions about the wisdom of supporting an inherently dictatorial regime that tormented Americans during the Vietnam era. Second, and of more immediate interest, is the issue of how the Koreans could have insinuated their way, on an official level, into the American confidence.

“The KCIA is the government within the government,” says Professor Lee Jai Hyon, a former Korean press attaché in Washington. Lee was largely responsible for touching off the present investigation by broaching the topic of Korean tac-

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tics in America at an inquest on “human rights in Korea” conducted last year by the Congressional Subcommittee on International Organizations, chaired by Minnesota Democrat Donald M. Fraser. “Anything the Korean government does,” says Lee, who now teaches at Western Illinois University in Macomb, “is done through the control mechanism of Park's dictatorship, which is the KCIA.” In fact, it was only after the KCIA had grown into a multi-tentacled monster with power over all sectors of Korean society that it turned to the American front.

“The KCIA is by far the most important organ in the Korean government,” says an American who knows many of the religious, political, and intellectual figures arrested, questioned, tortured, convicted, or held without trial for the “crime” of opposing Park's rule. Indeed, the functions of the KCIA vastly exceed those of a normal national police agency. The KCIA not only monitors the contents of newspapers, infiltrates religious, political, and academic organizations—all as one would expect under such a regime—but also directly controls approval of applications for passports and export licenses, invests heavily in private enterprise—and even dabbles in organized crime.

Talk in the privacy of a dimly lit coffee shop in Seoul to almost any vaguely discontented student or professor or priest, and one inevitably hears serious reports of torture in the main interrogation center, hidden behind trees and underbrush on South Mountain overlooking Seoul, or in ostensibly private homes. Go to the American Embassy and ask for explanations, and one hears only dulcet rationalizations. “We cannot interfere in internal Korean problems” is the easiest explanation of why the United States has failed to oppose the trend formalized four years ago in the promulgation of a new constitution that legalized the suspension of civil rights and the “election” of the president by a kind of cheering section known as the National Conference of Unification.

IT WAS against this background of *de facto* tolerance of haphazard greed and cruel one-man rule, buttressed by sophisticated torture techniques borrowed from the Japanese, that U.S. diplomats and agents largely remained silent as the KCIA ventured upon the American scene. Always there were convincing rationales—at the bottom of which remained the pervasive fear that compelling Park to change his

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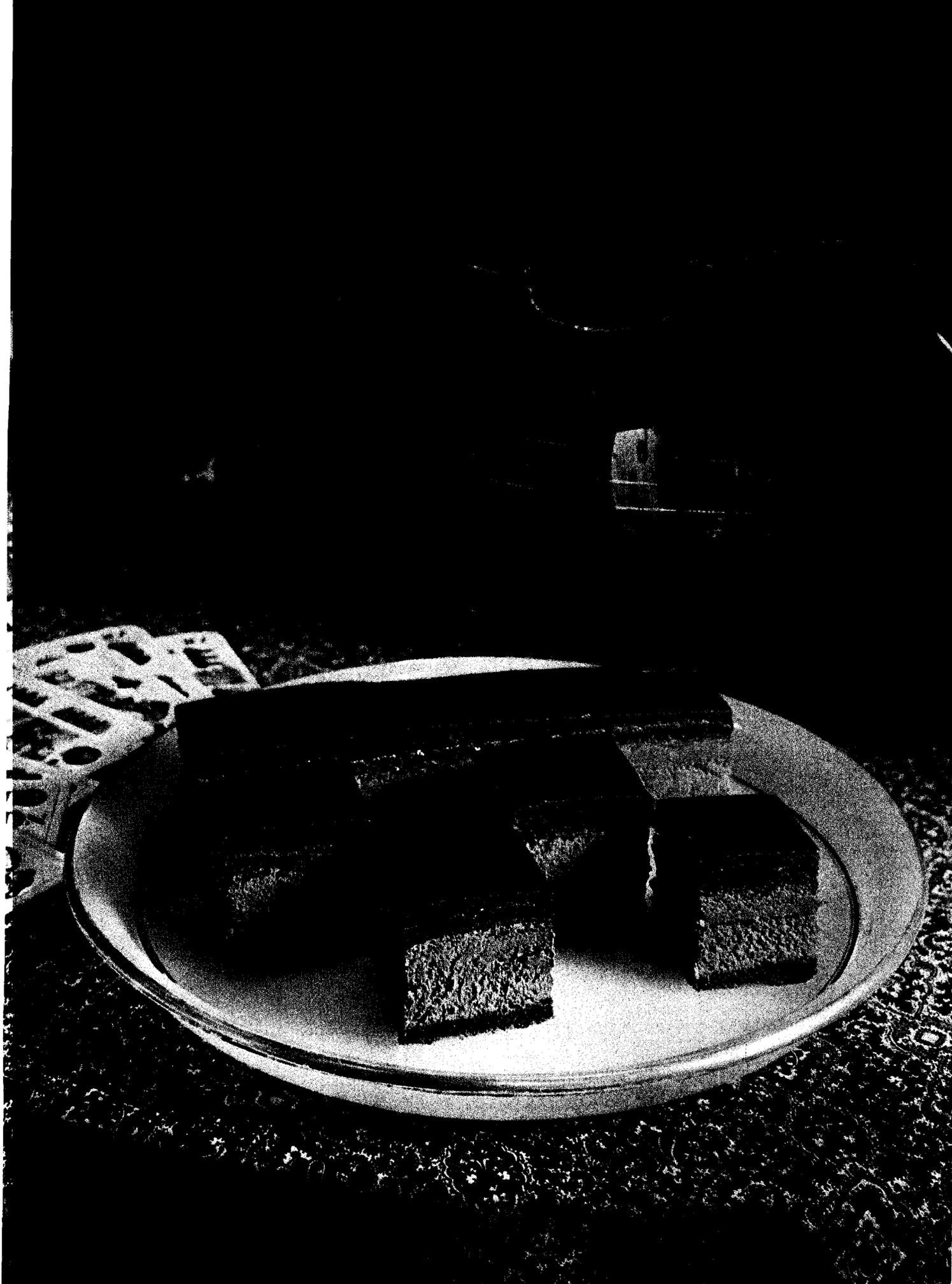
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Cities in Winter

Cities bloom with the first chill winds. Urban forests are the inverse phenomenon of trees and flowers. They sprout with plumage as the winter descends. For it is then, amid the flakes and the gusts, that shoppers hustle, that stores burgeon into brightly lit bazaars. The flute of winter trills not from a meadow but an orchestra pit. The deployment of actors on the boards is a seasonal quickstep. The poet lyricizes spring, but the playwright disports in winter, for it is then that he is chrysalis no longer. The cities in winter are nurtured by the warmth of the café, nourished by the

expectant bubble of audiences before curtain rise. Museums burst effervescently into flower. Ancient civilizations creep from storages and assemble in galleries like fragments of far-flung clans called to convention by tribal drums heard only by the membership. A garden of conversation and wit blooms in private parlors and public halls.

Spring in the fields is for lyres; winter in the cities is drumrolls that quiver the tinsel, that rustle the imagination, that stir the intellect. And that is romanticism, too. —H.S.

Vienna

GEMÜTLICH is probably the most Viennese word in the German language. Other cuisines may be *haute*; Vienna's is *gemütlich*. The atmosphere in a coffeehouse, the sound of a Schubert *Lied*—when it's good, it's *gemütlich*.

The word sighs with cozy pleasure, comforting warmth, ease; that is, with the essence of Vienna's classic charm. And winter is Vienna's *gemütlich* season. Who notices that the physical sun hasn't come out for a week, when coffeehouses like the Frauenhof glow with silk-shaded chandelier lights, plush banquettes, welcoming piles of newspapers, and waiters bowing as they serve the world's best coffee. With such cushioning, Vienna's fabled cynical wit sheathes itself in velvet across the coffee cups: "*Küss die Hand*" ("I kiss your hand") or "*Servus*" ("I am your servant"), all the dear little Austrianisms that make a Viennese drawl the most lovable form of German.

Of course, Vienna is not a German city. It is Austrian, the capital of the old Hapsburg Empire, and so it retains multi-national souvenirs: a Bohemian accent to its food, a Hungarian flair for intrigue, an Italian courtliness. To this day even the speech is spiced with imported words. In the quiet air, the large, soft snowflakes drift down gently under street-lamp lights—even in coldest February, winds seldom howl through the town—and chestnut vendors set up their ovens to peddle, not *Kastanien*, the German word, but the Italianate *Maroni*. The most Viennese way of all with chestnuts is what you might expect from the home of *Sachertorte mit Schlag*—the *Schokolademaroni* sold in confectionary shops, chocolate-dipped chestnut puree shaped into plump little hearts.

Winter weather sets you up properly for Viennese cooking, which is not much a matter of salads and light nothings. It is very much a matter of hot sausage at *Würstl* stands in the nighttime streets (you can play it safe with a familiar

frankfurter, but do try the garlic-rich, fat-studded *Burenwurst* that is manna to the Viennese) or roast goose (wonderful at the Hauswirth or the *Gülden Drachen*) or suckling pig (toothsome at *Wegenstein's*, where you can also savor bear schnitzel or spit-roasted baby boar). Thick soups simmered from beans and a ham bone, lusciously smoked pork with caraway seed nestled in the crackling are sturdy delights to enjoy at one of the snug urban inns—the *Beiseln*—that dot streets whose ambience ranges from the inner city's Baroque palaces to the Social Democratic modern of housing projects in the outer districts. In a *Beisel* like *Zur Stadt Krems* (tucked away in an obscure side street at *Zieglergasse 37*), *Gemütlichkeit* practically steams the windows, as neighborhood patrons hum Viennese folk songs over pitchers of house wine.

The *Beiseln* are cheap and *echt*, the in-town alternatives to the wine gardens (*Heuriger*) in the vineyard suburbs ringing the city. Not that the *Heuriger* aren't as alive and well in winter as in summer. Proceedings merely adjourn from outdoor trestle tables under the trees to little *Stuben*—low-ceilinged, wood-paneled rooms where the wine is just as heady and tile ovens keep things cozy. A place like *Das Alte Haus* in *Grinzing* is, if anything, at its most *gemütlich* in its indoor incarnation. The zithers and accordions still play, the customers still sing along—*Wien bleibt Wien*.

Music in Vienna means, most of all, the State Opera, which this winter, from January 16 through 27, will mount a Richard Strauss festival featuring six of his operas, from *Salome* to *Der Rosenkavalier*. The difficulties of casting and staging six Strauss operas in a dozen days make this a rare and spectacular event. But the festival couldn't be in more splendid hands: Karl Böhm, Strauss's disciple and greatest living interpreter, is the conductor in charge. The casts include rising young stars of the Strauss repertoire like Gundula Janowitz, Viennese favorites like Leonie Rysanek and Walter Berry, international superstar Birgit Nilsson essaying something new for her in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, and visitors like our own Judith Blegen (in *Arabella*), who are arousing uncommon anticipation. The advance demand

Fred Lyon

*Cards, violin, a rose, and pastry are Vienna's mark—
"Calorie guilt? Schatzerl, it's cold outside."*