Dear Dorothy,

Your #41 arrived today with clipping about Mr. Nurnan's announcement about the barrier along the DMZ. Very interesting.

The Cao Dai are not Buddhists. They are a separate sect, both military and religious. Or better-a religious sect with an army and a political infrastructure. They venerate Confucius, Lao Tze (the founder of Taoism) and also Christ. Many of their founders were Catholics. It was originally purely a religion, then became political. During World War II and after, it had the largest private army in Indochina. They were originally fanatically opposed to the Viet Minh on religious grounds, communists being what they are about religion in general.

The story of this is in L'Enlacement. If you can't hack this, get the condensed translation.

The Catholic Way. Lucien Bodard.

The Cao Dai beliefs are really weird.

They have a pope
regularly contact the departed founders and other saints and get guidance from them. Their seat is in Tay Ninh, where Jesus. Their symbol is Lac Tay carrying Christ on his shoulders. Their great hierarchy is Confucius, Buddha, and Ho Tze, with Christ a sort of second-class citizen. They have on a lower level some saints first class, including Moses. Finally, they have saints of the second class, including, as Daniel, Sun Yat-Sen and Victor Hugo. Also Jean of Arc, St. Bernard, John the Baptist, and all people, Adm. Jaque Duloz of the French and all people. They have a civil war which runs the country. They have a civil war which runs the country. They have a civil war which runs the country. They have a civil war which runs the country. They have a civil war which runs the country. They have a civil war which runs the country. The sound like the war in the 1549-54. They sound like a bunch of nuts, but are gentle and cheap people and generally run their area well. Their history since World War II is one of the real interesting phases of that period. They really were in a crack between their inherent nationalism and the Viet Minh. If the French had treated them right, things would have turned out differently for them both—French and Cao Dai—but just how is a matter of speculation, of course.
I will take a picture of myself and send it to you. The camera has a delay switch so you can do this. You set it all up then trip a switch which will snap it in 4 to 10 seconds. I'm anxious to hear of you talk with Harrigan. He is an en, although perhaps a reformed or improved.

I'm glad you like Temple Dog. I just love them. They are very nice and have long curly hair thicker. The one I like best of all I have seen is sitting on his haunches scolding and a very little temple dog is biting one of his forepaws. They are glazed greenish - not exactly turquoise.

The horses are made of clay - glazed fired but not glazed - the decorations such as saddle, bridle, harness, etc. are glazed. They also have some glow (4 ft high) glazed figures with picture on them - planting rice, etc. might put a small inside tree in one.

Elephant blanket is about the texture of python - a little rougher than calf - and elephant skin - a little rougher than calf - and elephant skin - a little rougher than

Elephant not so much.
They can make fabric shoes with patis, slipcover which can be taken off somehow and washed.

I'm going to apply to teach, too. I have written off for letter of recommendation, transcript, and such.

Glad you like your necklace. The stones are agate - made in India (the necklace is made, the agates mined that is). How about a short one something like that for your mother for Christmas?

Well - the story of the day. I finally got in to see the big colonel today and did we have a talk! Somebody had obviously told him I was mad at being mistreated, and he was primo to give me the business - and did. Nothing I said passed by - he had something to say to everything. What he did not know, however, was that this principal subordinate had told me to bad the company resor. Business and had implicitly promised to let me go if a suitable employment could not be found in a few weeks. This took him a bit back, because said principal subordinate had obviously not told him this.
Anyway, I told him that I would be happy to do anything he wanted, but if what he wanted was surface recon, he probably would have to look far to find someone as little qualified as I. The trouble is that no one bothered to tell the man that what they really wanted was a CDT, and not a manager for the intelligence section. Thus he got mad again and said it was obvious I was mad at not getting a division director job and the war real basis for my complaint. I said that was not the real basis for my complaint, and I didn't give a damn for the management job, and I realized that the power that he could assign me wherever they wanted. However, I said, there is the inescapable fact that the positions of responsibility are negotiated in Washington, and if the man is to be deprived of an agreed position, there is at least an implicit requirement to assign the office in question to a position of something like the same degree of responsibility. He didn't directly admit of this, but he knew damn well it was right. Anyway, having been given some bum dope right this time left with nothing to say, so asked...
what I wanted. I said I simply wanted a job where I could make a contribution somehow—using my training and experience. I said that several places wanted naval officers specifically, and that I wished he would release me to go to one of them. He said he wanted to keep me in J2 if he could, as closed me all over the place, being interrogated. No one really wanted me—fortunately. This is the product of the army system—these bastards are all specialized and spend tour after tour in some miniscule phase of intelligence bureau. Consequently they think that a relativity novice like me has no place in their shop. This is partially right—however, if I put my mind to it, I am sure I could do anything as good as they damn do face with a few weeks of study.

Anyway—I then stopped by the inf. office and told my colonel friend (who is also an air) that the thing was at a critical stage and that if he wanted me he had best do something. He called my boss and said he would appreciate it if I could be released.
on said O.K. That's when it now stands. It is all but cooked. There are a few knotty spots which could yet about the whole bit—such as the fact that the information shop doesn't really have a billet for me to be charged against. However, the information head—an army brigadier general—called the admiral general and said he wanted me, and, according to a friend of mine, all that is required is an official release from VA and they in O.G. Most betting anything that this will flesh, but it seems like a 90% chance that it will, at this time. I do hope it does, because this will be a job where I can write, perhaps adrift with new men from time to time, and maybe even move to a hotel in town and away from these damn Chinese.

Keep fingers crossed.

Love,

[Signature]