

*Handwritten:* Kerner  
State of Road

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## Coming Chaos

I FIRST BECAME a minister in November 1972. The terror of indiscriminate killing continued unabated in the country as a whole, but in government circles it was quiet enough, for the Cabinet was cowed and submissive. Nor was there any trouble from the army, which was totally taken up with the absorption of Asian property. I thus had an extended opportunity to see Amin the administrator. I watched his brute ignorance and wily deceptiveness in action, and began to see how impossible it would be to change things from within.

The way I became a minister typifies Amin's method of making decisions. On November 4, 1972, at about 1:15 P.M., I was on my way from Kampala to Entebbe to attend a graduation ceremony at an institute attached to the Ministry of Culture, of which I had been the permanent secretary for just over a year. My minister, Yekosfati Engur, was to officiate at the ceremony, due to start at 2:15 P.M. Halfway to Entebbe, I heard an announcement on the car radio stating that four ministers had been fired for inefficiency and slowness. One of them was Engur.

I did not feel there was anything particularly sinister in these firings. Engur was the only Langi in the cabinet, which—in the wake of the September invasion—was reason enough for him to be fired. But he was also slow, as Amin said, and hardly of ministerial quality. (He was arrested and imprisoned in 1974, kept in prison for about

## COMING CHAOS

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two years and then killed along with other prominent Langi in early 1977.) The only dismissal into which I could read a deeper motive was that of Professor Banage, Minister of Animal Resources, who had been a zoology professor at Makerere University. Amin was now painfully aware of his own reputation for stupidity, and to fire a professor would have given him considerable satisfaction.

I continued to the ceremony. It was to take place on a hill overlooking the airport and State House. As soon as I arrived, I telephoned the personal secretary in the Command Post to find out who the new minister was so he could come immediately to officiate. The secretary told me the President was in a meeting, but said she would pass on my message. I left the number and asked for Amin to call me back. I telephoned a few friends, including the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Wanume Kibedi, to see if any of them knew. No luck.

There was no chance of cancelling the ceremony, for hundreds of guests had been invited from all parts of Uganda and the proceedings were to be covered by the press and television. I decided that I would have to officiate. Fortunately I had prepared the minister's speech, and had a copy with me. I put on my academic gown, took my place at the head of the procession and led the way into the main hall. The ceremony continued without incident for about half an hour, with students coming up to the platform to receive their graduation scrolls from me. Then a policeman made his way to the rostrum, and asked me to go to the telephone. The assembled guests must have been wondering what was going on. First, Engur had not appeared; now I was being called away. As I rose, there was a murmur of uneasiness. It was Amin on the phone. He asked me where I was. I told him, and added that I was having to officiate, because my minister hadn't arrived.

He said, "That's very good. The minister has been fired. You take over. After the ceremony come and see me

at Command Post." I replied, "Right, Your Excellency," and went back to the main hall. My return was greeted by loud clapping as the audience saw that everything was all right. In Uganda, people who leave rooms escorted by policemen seldom come back.

After the ceremony I returned to Kampala where the President officially told me to take over the ministry. I did so at once, disguising the reluctance I felt at joining a disgruntled and disillusioned Cabinet. In the ministry, little changed. I did not even change offices. I had been preparing papers for the forthcoming Commonwealth Youth Ministers' meeting, due to be held in Zambia in January 1973. I simply went ahead with the work and got ready to go to the meeting myself.

Knowing what I did about the nature of Amin's rule, why did I serve? Mainly because I was not yet ready for the only alternative: flight. It was an alternative that several senior ministers chose at this time. Early in 1973 the Minister of Education, Edward Rugumayo, went to a meeting in Mombasa and decided not to return. He was able to arrange for his fiancée to join him in Nairobi, on the pretext of shopping for their wedding. He sent a telegram from Nairobi, stating that he could no longer be a party to mass killing, for which he blamed Amin. After Amin received the telegram, he appeared at a Cabinet meeting in a towering rage and demanded that any similarly dissenting minister leave at once. No one moved. The chairman of the East African Railways, Dan Nabudere, also fled, saying that he could no longer see officials killed without protest. My replacement as Amin's permanent secretary, Z. Bigirwenkya ("Big" to his friends), who had been on leave for several months, thought Amin was about to move against him, and vanished.

In March 1973, Uganda's Ambassador to Germany, John Barigye, refused to return home after the murder of his brother. His letter of resignation was a classic: he spoke of Amin's reign of terror, of the death of innocent

people, of Amin's own complicity in "these barbarous acts" and concluded: "I have no alternative but to hereby tender my resignation, for this I believe is the only way I can listen to the dictates of my conscience and to universally held principles of civilized conduct."

All Amin could do in retaliation was to tell us that he had, "with immediate effect," stopped Barigye's salary. The following month the Foreign Minister, Wanume Kibedi, fled to Kenya. From there he went to London where, a year later, on June 21, 1974, in the form of an open letter of Amin, he issued a scathing denunciation of the regime. This was subsequently presented to the UN Secretary General as evidence of the gross violation of human rights in Uganda since Amin came to power.

Throughout 1973, the administration was preoccupied with the chaos resulting from the distribution of the Asians' property, an operation that began in late December 1972, when I was fortunately already in Zambia for the Commonwealth Youth Ministers' meeting. Amin appointed committees, run by ministers and officers from the army and police, to allocate the abandoned Asian property (although many properties he presented as gifts directly to family and friends). It was a chaotic business. There were no lists of applicants. The committees just moved from building to abandoned building, with applicants lining up outside in crowds, to be interviewed publicly. The properties were allocated on the spot. Each committee dealt rigidly with a particular area. One committee might allocate a shop on the main street, while around the corner another committee would dispose of its warehouse, and a third would hand out the cars from its garages. One furniture store had its showroom allocated separately from its workshop.

When the committees arrived to allocate the businesses, there was supposed to be someone to assess the goods in the shop, but this was an impossible task. In practice, the new owners just took down some of the goods or broke open the safes, and paid off the officials.

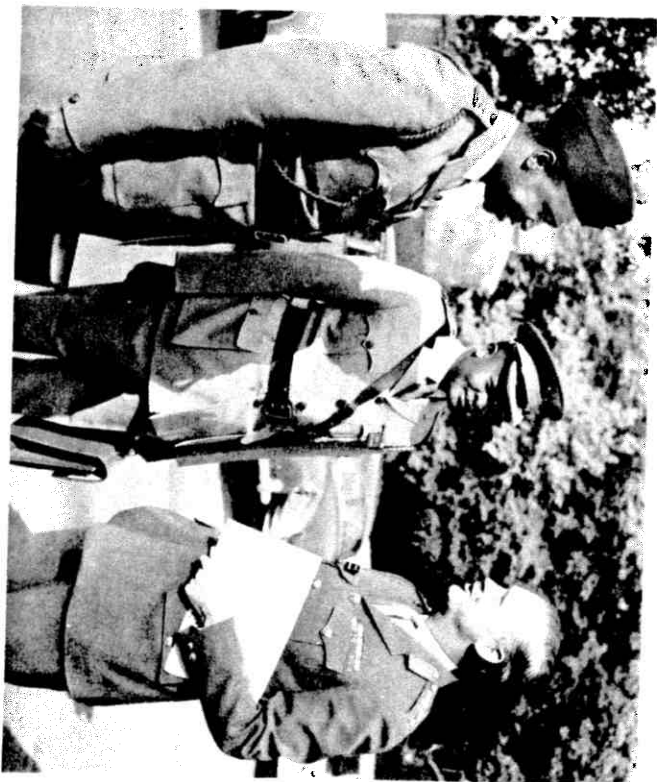
Officials in various ministries daily took home piles of shirts, shoes, jewelry, instruments, kitchenware furniture, food—anything they could lay their hands on. With this loot, the officials would then start their own businesses.

Haste and confusion notwithstanding, the ministers insisted on looking into the applicants' qualifications too closely for Amin's liking. A few weeks after the work started, he told the ministers to go back to their ministries and hand the whole job over to the army officers. This meant that the army—in effect Amin's Nubian friends—got everything from then on.

Thus people with no education, and no knowledge of business, were given big firms like the furnishing store Fazal Abdullah on Kampala Road, or General Motors on Bombo Road, the main importers of Peugeots. Some army officers became fabulously wealthy. One is reputed to have taken over about twenty houses in various parts of Uganda. Another reputedly acquired two dozen trailers, cars and trucks. Many officers neglected their duties to manage their new businesses, and could be seen in full uniform behind their counters, selling off their goods.

The new owners were completely at a loss. They did not know the prices of the items in their shops, and would ask customers, "How much did you pay for this before?" The purchaser simply named his own price. Goods were sold off for a fraction of their true value. The owner of one clothes shop took the collar size of his shirts as their price; a size 15 shirt sold for 15 shillings. Pharmacies were given to totally unqualified people, who sold off their drugs—poisons included—to anyone who asked. The army officer who received Kampala's top dental surgery, near Portal Avenue, ripped out the equipment and sold it. Many of the owners simply plundered the stocks and left, locking the buildings and sending the keys to the Ministry of Commerce. There was no way of tracing the vanished owners—there were no lists of who got what, and

## THE RISE TO POWER



Amin, aged thirty-five, chats with General Sir Richard Hull, together with the then Lt. Col. Mulinge, now commander of Kenya's armed forces. Amin was then a lieutenant colonel. KEYSTONE PRESS AGENCY LTD.

In another scene staged to humiliate local Britons, Amin sets himself up as a literal white man's burden. The occasion was a reception during the OAU summit conference in 1975.  
KEYSTONE PRESS AGENCY LTD.



OPPOSITE, ABOVE: James Callaghan, then British Foreign Secretary, concludes a 1975 visit that ensured the release of author Dennis Hills (RIGHT), who had been threatened with death by Amin for calling him a "village tyrant" in his book *The White Pumpkin*.

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BELOW: Bob Astles, the Englishman who has for years been Amin's professional lapdog, was originally his pilot. He has no official post but is used for various errands and public relations jobs. His wife, Mary, a Ugandan, was recently made a minister.

SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL

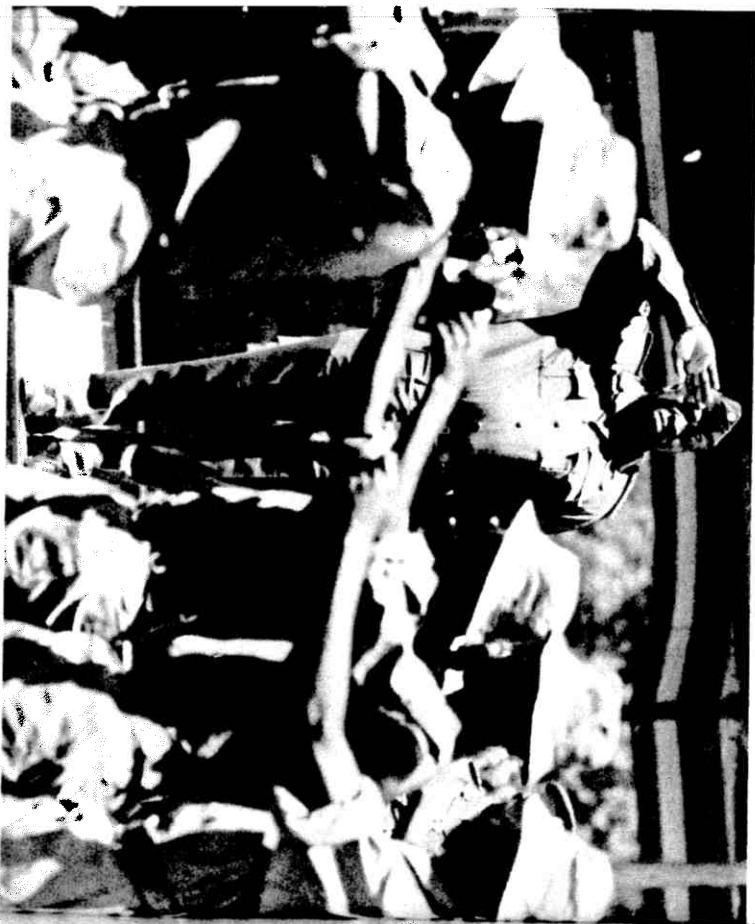


certainly no serious valuations of the properties involved.

The new owners had no interest in the future of their businesses and nobody was prepared to reinvest even if they knew how. They took all they could and built houses in their home villages. Soon all that tremendous wealth—millions upon millions of invested pounds which had been sustaining the country for decades—was to be scattered and lost for good. For a few months, however, Amin's henchmen, the army and countless government employees, were happy.

Among the richest prizes were the huge estates of the multimillionaire Madhvani family at Kakira and those of the Mehta family at Lugazi. Both were looted. The main Madhvani estate—apart from the vast Madhvani empire of companies and factories—employed several thousand people. The three main houses were palatial, with fountains in the living rooms and chairs with fitted stereophonic speakers. The property—furniture, carpets, draperies, pictures, works of art by the score—was taken to the vacant car showroom in Jinja, where an "auction" was held and the goods simply handed out to the troops. The houses, which could have been used for state visitors, were left empty. Amin himself took over one of the Madhvani houses in Jinja, a beautiful place with luxurious bathrooms and a massage parlor. He also took the Madhvani cars—the Mercedes and Cadillacs—and kept them at State House. It became commonplace to see him driving them around Kampala, to the considerable embarrassment of his ministers and officials. It showed the head of state to be what he was: a robber chief.

By mid-1973, the huge amounts of Asian wealth and property, which could have continued to support the country, had almost vanished. Dairy farms had been allocated to butchers, who slaughtered the milk animals and sold off the meat; since then the country has had little milk. Salt and sugar; bread, cheese; cars and their accessories; household goods—all the essentials of civilian life became increasingly rare.



The black dictator takes a salute at a review of soldiers wearing regulation issue jungle hats, at Masaka in 1976.  
PRESSEAGENTUR

The fate of Nakasero Soap Works—one of the biggest soap factories in the country—was typical of the effects of the reallocation. In 1973, the new owner was given nearly 25 million shillings' worth of foreign currency to import raw materials. Yet that year the factory produced just 15 million shillings' worth of goods. It would have saved ten million shillings for Uganda to have imported soap instead. But that would have been impossible: the import companies had collapsed also. They were abandoned by the new owners, who feared they would be imprisoned or killed if they did not do a good job. Few foreign suppliers would agree to do business except on cash terms. Today soap, if you can get it, costs 40 shillings (five dollars) a cake. In some villages, they crush pawpaw leaves to make a soap substitute.

Amin was amazed at what was happening. He never realized that businesses needed educated people to keep them running. He thought you just had to press a button and sit back. To save face, he instructed his ministers to blame the economic chaos on the old machinery left behind by the departed Asians. His attempted remedies only made matters worse. Some new owners were dispossessed and their assets seized. The businesses were either taken over by the government or allocated to other friends of Amin. Consequently all the new owners felt thoroughly unsafe, and made sure that if they were ever dispossessed, there would be very little that they could be dispossessed of. Nobody put any money in the banks; people preferred to keep it in their own houses in mattresses or in boxes.

Throughout 1973, and thereafter, the country's economic plight was accentuated by a massive brain drain. We had already lost the doctors, lawyers, accountants and other professionals of Asian origin. Now thousands of Ugandan professional men and women, on whose training the government had spent millions of shillings, fled. By 1977, fifteen ministers, six ambassadors and high commissioners, and eight

permanent secretaries—in effect deputy ministers—had fled into exile. Two Vice Chancellors of Makerere University fled. Professors, heads of departments and lecturers fled by the score. Makerere lost professors of medicine, physics, agriculture and history. The dean of the medical school fled. Consultants and doctors fled. Nurses, midwives, teachers, and professionals of all kinds vanished in uncounted thousands. Today more of Uganda's professional talent live out of the country than in it.

The new generation of professionals that should be in training hardly exists. Schools cannot reorder books or needed equipment. Makerere University itself cannot supply books or pencils or pens. Paper is hard to get. Light bulbs are a rarity, and are stolen if not kept under lock and key. Under such conditions study becomes almost impossible.

From 1974 onward, signs of economic chaos multiplied. We used to export sugar, and have an export quota under the Lomé Convention, which links a number of African, Caribbean and Pacific countries with the EEC. Now we can preserve our export quota only by importing an equivalent amount. The official price is seven shillings a kilo; the black market price is fifty.

We used to export cotton, but now we are producing about as much cotton nationally as we produced in one district, Busoga, in 1948.

No one in Uganda ever thought he would be short of salt; now it is a luxury. Many wash the crude salt from lakeside pans in order to live.

It is often impossible to get bread, for the wheat imports are erratic. Many foreign airlines have abandoned restocking facilities at Entebbe Airport, because bread, butter, sugar and eggs are very seldom available.

Tea, a traditional staple of the economy, is almost unobtainable. (The manager of the Brooke Bond Tea Factory, Mr. Maseembe, was executed for his failure to



provide sufficient quantities.) Amin exports whatever he can to London to pay for his imported luxury.

Before I left, I had not seen butter in the shops for many months. I hadn't seen bacon or cheese for years, both once local products.

This is the way things are in Uganda in 1977. In 1973, the process of collapse had already begun. Early that year, Amin moved against his own Cabinet. On February 22, he sent most of the ministers away for a month's holiday. He just announced on the radio that all the surviving ministers of his first Cabinet—which excluded me and a couple of other recent appointees—were to go on leave, and that all permanent secretaries were to take charge as ministers, "with immediate effect." Suddenly, the government had two sets of ministers in most Cabinet posts. In part, his decision reflected his bitterness at the defections by senior officials. But largely it came about because the Cabinet, long since reduced to impotence, was still reputedly a force to be reckoned with. He had heard once too often that he was lucky to have such a capable Cabinet, when he himself was such a hopeless fellow.

At the first meeting of the new Cabinet in early March Amin told his ministers that they were doing much better than their predecessors. The following week he announced that the displaced ministers were to take a second month's leave, since their replacements were doing so well. Finally, all the old ministers were retired (except four—Charles Oboth-Ofumbi, Emanuel Wakweya, Justus Byagaire, and Erinyo Oryema—who were told to take on the demeaning task of assessing Asian property.)

In some ways the new Cabinet resembled Amin's first, in that it was made up largely of permanent secretaries with civilian backgrounds and considerable experience in government. But at the same time, Amin started to appoint military personnel as ministers without specific responsibilities. They were clearly being held in the wings

to take over office later. This did not bother many of the civilians in the Cabinet, because we hoped privately that army officers would be able to exercise more influence on Amin than civilians could. But it soon became apparent that this hope was a false one: Amin would never allow any minister—military or civilian—to establish a power base that would threaten him or limit his arbitrary rule. He began to use Cabinet appointments as a way of cutting officers off from their military contacts. He even ordered those officers in nonmilitary posts to wear civilian clothes and to stay away from their army units, an order that was so unpopular he had to rescind it rapidly.

Cabinet meetings, which were rarely attended by Amin, were generally quiet affairs, despite the slaughter in the country at large. We all heard regularly enough of the arrests and killings. Sometimes these atrocities touched our daily lives, when our friends or our staff were affected. But we could do nothing. Any comment to Amin would risk our lives, and the lives of our families. We therefore kept our heads down and got on with the routine business of government.

And routine it was. Ministers were reduced to little more than ciphers. We were forbidden to discuss anything of significance, because such subjects were classed as security matters. Since nearly half the country's budget was devoted to the armed forces, we could not discuss the budget seriously. (The published figures, then and now, bear no relation to the realities.) We were not allowed to discuss Amin's decision to buy American planes (although we would have preferred to spend the money on buses) because he declared the purchases a security matter. We could not even talk about inflation—currently running at over four hundred per cent—because military men were running the businesses. The beating and murdering of civilians was declared a security matter. Even the murder of our own colleagues in the Cabinet was classed "security."

Amin seemed to enjoy humiliating his officials. This was typified by his treatment of his new Foreign Minister, Michael Ondoga. Ondoga, a plump little man, who made no great impression on first acquaintance, had been appointed Ambassador to the Soviet Union in 1971. In mid-1973, he was recalled by Amin to take charge of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs following the detection of Wanume Kibedi. Ondoga came to Kampala to receive his appointment, then returned briefly to the Soviet Union to collect his luggage and make his official farewells. He had been there just two days, when Amin announced on the radio that his new Foreign Minister would be dismissed even before he took office unless he returned immediately to start his work within forty-eight hours. He did return within the allotted time, bringing with him an accordion as a conciliatory gift to Amin. (Amin can in fact play two songs, both love songs, and both with calypso-like tunes. To one of them he puts his own words: "I love this slim girl from Kyaggwe"—Kyaggwe is the part of the country his fourth wife, Medina, comes from. He often entertains visitors by singing these songs. He can't play much else.)

Ondoga got off to a bad start in office with his near dismissal in Moscow, but I never did discover why Amin conceived such a violent dislike of him. Clearly, though, he had made up his mind to get rid of Ondoga. At the end of 1973, Ondoga took over an abandoned Asian house near Amin's Command Post. It had become established practice for senior officials and ministers to move at will into any such property they fancied. But when Amin found out what Ondoga had done, he was furious; without even telephoning to ask him to move elsewhere, he ordered the Military Police to go to the house and throw him out. If the Minister of Foreign Affairs cannot live in a house of his choice, I thought, he won't last long. Ondoga must have had the same thought. For security's sake, he began going out only in the company of friends.

Amin made his move at the end of February 1974, one

week after I was made Minister of Health. He marched into a Cabinet meeting, and remarked that some ministers thought they were too important, and that one of them, Ondoga, thought he could make himself immune by "appointing extra bodyguards." It immediately struck me that Amin must have tried to have Ondoga arrested, but had been foiled by Ondoga's own security precautions. No doubt he was smarting under the irritation of being unable to have him killed discreetly.

Fresh from this sudden castigation of one of our number, we all moved on to a graduation ceremony at Makerere University. As we walked together to the ceremony, I joined up briefly with a senior member of the Ugandan Foreign Service, Princess Elizabeth Bagaya of Toro, who had trained as a lawyer and was at that time acting as a roving ambassador. She was a good-looking, capable woman. It was widely known that Amin admired her, and that she had rejected his advances. I suggested that she sit with us. She hesitated; "Well," she said, "no, thank you." To open the ceremony in front of several hundred diplomats, academics, and guests, Amin rose to speak. He called Elizabeth Bagaya up to the rostrum. Out of the blue, he announced that he had fired Ondoga as Foreign Minister, and proceeded to introduce his new Foreign Minister, Elizabeth Bagaya. I looked across at Ondoga who was sitting not far away. He was clearly shocked and horribly humiliated, yet he had no alternative but to clap like everyone else. Amin never told him what he was supposed to have done wrong.

After this, Ondoga's days were numbered. Unlike Wanume Kibedi, he had waited too long to flee. He was followed everywhere. Eventually, they waylaid him while he was taking his daughter, Peace, to her school, which happens to be close to the headquarters of the State Research Bureau. As he drew up in his car, a State Research vehicle pulled alongside. Several men leapt out, surrounded Ondoga's car, and ordered him to get out.



Then in front of his daughter, several teachers, and many parents they beat him up. He tried to resist, but he was a small man, and nobody came to his aid. It was clear to all those watching that this was another bird for the kill. One of the attackers was a Nubian Presidential bodyguard, a notorious killer known as Hassan. He and his henchmen forced Ondoga into the State Research car which then sped away, while one of the thugs helped himself to Ondoga's car. (Hassan is now a senior official with Transocean Uganda Ltd., a government transport company.)

On the following Sunday, I came home from a reception to find a message awaiting me from the President. He asked me to check the identity of a body, reportedly that of the former Foreign Minister, which had been taken to the Jinja Hospital mortuary. Since I had not been available, the chief medical officer there had arranged for identification and for a post mortem. The doctor, an Englishman named Crawden, told me that Ondoga had been shot and stabbed. His head had been battered in and some ribs broken by a heavy, blunt instrument. The body had been immersed in water. (One of my contacts told me later that, two days after Ondoga's arrest, he had seen a helicopter hovering over the source of the Nile. Something—he thought it was probably a body—had been thrown out. It could well have been Ondoga.)

I told the President about the state of the body. He clearly knew already and made no comment. He simply sent Colonel Malyamungu to check the identification. A guard was placed at the hospital mortuary to prevent the relatives from taking the body away. I assumed that this was a temporary measure, but to my surprise, I learned that the army had been told to place the body in a coffin and fly it to the West Nile for burial. I doubt if the relatives had a chance to see it.

Ondoga's successor, Princess Elizabeth, never seemed particularly popular with Amin. The job was an

impossible one. Amin always acts as his own Foreign Minister. He may have appointed her in the hope of winning her affections, but if so he was disappointed. Her intelligence, beauty and independence probably only served to anger him further. His treatment of her was oddly contradictory. In November 1974, he sent her to New York to defend him before the U.N. Perhaps fearing she might defect, he praised her inordinately even before she delivered her speech. He announced that she was far more intelligent than Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. She did, indeed, make a most impressive defense of Amin, and received an ovation in the Assembly. To make doubly certain of her return, Amin awarded her the Order of the Source of the Nile, Second Class (the Order of the Source of the Nile, First Class, is reserved for heads of state), announcing that she was to receive it on her return. She never did receive it. Instead, she was placed under house arrest. A few days later, she was allowed to come to a Cabinet meeting. During this meeting she was summoned from it to the President's office. She came back after only a few minutes, picked up her bag and left without a word. It was obvious something was wrong.

Later that day, the President announced that he had dismissed his Minister of Foreign Affairs, for the most extraordinary reason: he said that she had had sexual intercourse in the bathroom of Charles de Gaulle Airport, Paris, on her return from New York. He never said who with. This was both a deliberate insult and a deliberate lie, but it was also comically nonsensical. One may, I suppose, have sex anywhere—but a public toilet? In private we laughed ourselves to tears at Amin's action. We also knew, however, that it had a sinister dimension. Fortunately for Elizabeth Bagaya, she was able to flee to Kenya.

My tenure as Minister of Culture, 1972-74, was not particularly demanding. Within my own ministry there were few problems. I had to ensure that football matches between army teams and civilians were properly

controlled, otherwise the bitterness towards the army tended to erupt into open violence. One particular club, the Express (since banned by Amin), was nicknamed the "Club of the Dead" because so many of its officials and supporters had been murdered. In any Army-Express match the army team had to win. If it lost, the crowd would be in for a beating for being "anti-army."

I also had to organize the Heartbeat of Africa, Uganda's national dance troupe. After the coup, Amin took considerable interest in this troupe—his wife Medina was a Heartbeat dancer. The troupe had to be immensely expanded—from forty to about four hundred—to ensure the inclusion of dancers from all parts of Uganda. The Heartbeat troupe almost became synonymous, in Amin's mind, with the Ministry of Culture. Amin insisted on having them with him when he went on tours, both nationally and internationally.

By early 1973, Amin had already established the routine that has been a feature of his government ever since. Being semi-literate, Amin finds it difficult to do office work—reading, writing and dictating. He signs his official papers wherever he happens to be, for he has no files and seldom takes notes. He may talk to a minister for hours and jot down no more than one or two words. His secretary's job is mainly to make abstracts of his conversations for broadcast on the radio.

He administers the country by talking to people on the telephone, which allows him to dramatize his own importance. "I am meeting here with the Defense Council . . ." he will begin, when in fact he is alone or with a girlfriend. I have been the "Defense Council" on several occasions. In my experience, the phrase—when it is not an outright lie—means that he is with one or two people from whom he has had a report about the person he has just telephoned. Everyone knows that if he says he is with the Vice President or the Chief of Staff he may well not be.

The atmosphere that he creates, therefore, is thick with

lies and distortion. Sometimes though, when it suits him, he tells the truth. This interweaving of truth and falsehood engenders a universal suspicion in which people will volunteer information, true or false, in an effort to remain in his good graces. Such information never buys his favor for long, for he distrusts everyone and betrays all confidences. Several times he has said to me, "You think so-and-so is your friend? Wait till you hear what he is saying about you." He accepts reports with equal interest and equal distrust whether they come from drivers or ministers, privates or senior officers.

Amin mostly operates from his residences and hotels. He moves around constantly for security purposes. When he calls you on the telephone, you can never tell where he is. If you ask where he is, he will immediately suspect you. He has telephones everywhere—in every room, at the swimming pools, at the places where he takes warm baths and massages. They have direct lines, with their own numbers. But if anyone phones him at those numbers, he will suspect them of spying. The only safe way to contact him is to call State House and allow the operator to make the connection.

Knowing his methods, the Cabinet kept quiet and tried not to attract his attention. Indeed, 1973 was the quietest year I ever had in government. But underneath, as the Asian wealth was dissipated and the shortages rose, forces were at work that were to transform the country. It was a deceptive and ominous peace.