Foreign Service Journal

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Foreign Service Journal

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COVER: Adam and Eve by Peter P. Cecere

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Letters

Progress Is Visible

Barbara Good's article on "Women in the Foreign Service: A Quiet Revolution" in the *Foreign Service Journal* of January 1981 focused primarily on women in the Foreign Service in positions falling within the jurisdiction of the Department of State. As a retired Foreign Service Information officer, I should like to add a footnote to her article by focusing on discrimination against women in the US Information Agency and its successor, the US International Communication Agency.

In 1968, two years before Alison Palmer brought the first formal discrimination complaint against the Department of State, I had filed a similar complaint against USIA. I did so with the thought that if I won my case, it might help other women in the agency who had been discriminated against in work assignments and promotions but who were unwilling to risk reprisal by raising the issue publicly. I had four very clear-cut cases of discrimination against me—two in the Civil Service and two in the Foreign Service—and hence felt that I could prove my allegations. As it turned out, there was no contest. The agency readily admitted that I had indeed been the victim of discrimination and placed this verdict in my personnel file. Presumably this helped to obtain a promotion for me to FSI0-2 in 1969, eleven years after having been turned down for a position at that level solely because I was a woman.

My charges and the subsequent decision in my favor caused repercussions within the agency and the climate for the advancement of professional women in USIA-ICA improved somewhat. However, as vice president (USIA) of the Women's Action Organization in 1972-74 and as assistant director (Latin America) of USIA, 1973-1976, I had access to statistics which indicated that, although the situation of women officers in USIA was better than before, the Agency was less successful than the Department of State in overcoming its past history of discrimination. The record of the Agency for International Development was even worse. As far as I am aware, the situation remains about the same today. As Barbara Good stated in her article, "looking back over the last decade, progress is visible while far from enough."

DOROTHY DILLON
Director
Washington Center for
Latin American Studies

Foreign Service Constituency

American consulate Oporto received news of the hostages' release with jubilation, relief and the strong hope that the administration, the department, and AFSA will know how to utilize this tragic event finally to convince the American people that diplomacy is the first line of national security. It is only at great peril that we persist in perpetuating our historical error of neglecting diplomacy and permitting situations to develop whose tardy solutions end up costing us dearly in human life and national treasure. The hostages should prove a precious resource to demonstrate to our citizens just what sort of business the Foreign Service really is and the kind of problems our nation faces in the world today. The department can no longer justify its failure to build a much needed constituency.

ROBERT F. ILLING
Oporto

Great Decisions

The new president of the Foreign Policy Association could not have been happier about James Roush's letter in the January 1981 *Journal* extolling the virtues of the Great Decisions program and urging Foreign Service retirees to become involved.

For those of us who are no longer directly involved in making or implementing foreign policy, we can keep our hand in by participating in a program the purpose of which is to give American citizens greater understanding of international developments and how they affect us—as individuals, organizations or a nation. The energy crisis and the straits of the automobile industry are only two examples of how directly foreign events impinge on our lives. The large and somewhat unexpected increase in Great Decisions program participants this year reinforces my belief that the American people are interested in foreign policy and want the kind of nonpartisan information we provide to help them make informed judgments.

Those who participate as discussion leaders not only have the opportunity to make constructive use of their own experience and expertise but also broaden their knowledge of this country and perhaps gain additional perspective on our foreign policy. Mr. Roush's offer to be a source of further information is a welcome one—I hope he is inundated with inquiries.

Anyone who wishes to get in touch with the Foreign Policy Association directly can do so at 205 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10016 or (212) 481-8450. Needless to say, those who would like to help us in our efforts with contributions can use the same address. We have been engaged in citizen education in foreign affairs for 63 years but it still takes money to keep the machine going.

WILLIAM E. SCHAUFELE, JR.
President

Editor's Note: *To support the Great Decisions program, FPA prepares each year a booklet setting forth the principal issues involved in the eight Great Decisions topics and gives pros and cons of various potential policy responses. Overseas posts can obtain copies of the FPA booklet through the ICA Library in Washington.*

The Consular Field

In "Breakout," Part II, William Veale somehow intends to strip Commerce, Agriculture, Treasury, Defense, AID, ICA and CIA of their independent foreign services and put them under the Secretary of State. But he has a trade-off, of course. He is willing to throw out of the State Department those Foreign Service officers who serve in the consular field. No wonder consular officers feel like the bastard children of State. In the plans for the biggest bureaucratic power grab in history, only consular officers are excluded. My feelings would be hurt if I thought this plan was based on anything but pure fantasy.

JAMES W. CARTER
Buenos Aires

Author's Note: The usual consular functions of visa and passport issuance, protection, and welfare and whereabouts have proved to be among the more quantifiable of the department's activities.

(Continued on page 45)

Communication Re:

Moonlight War at Bex

In somno vinces

They say that sleep
Is not the sweet repose
That once they said
It was

But is instead a battleground
On which we wage a nightly war,
Eyes flashing
Darting
Beneath closed lids
(Rapid eye movements,
REMs, they're called:
Unconscious,
Unwitting,
Unscannable)

Turning
Twisting
In our sleep
To escape the slings and arrows of the night,
Nocturnal counterparts of daytime woes,
To left and right we thrust
To strew the dreamscape with the hacked remains
Of—problems

And then
Gore dripping from our swords and spears
We wake
And start the day
At par,
On even terms
With friend and foe

They say we have no choice
That when we run from battle with these shapes of daytime fears
And seek escape in Sominex
Or Tanqueray
Our eyes are still beneath those lids:
No rems
No sweat
No losses
No victories;
We start the day with yesterday
'S accumulated—problems

If that's all true
Success may lie
As much in sleep
As at the desk
And those like Phil Habib and Harry Barnes
And Carol Laise, Loy Henderson
Owe their success
To wit
To skill
And to dreams,
Equally

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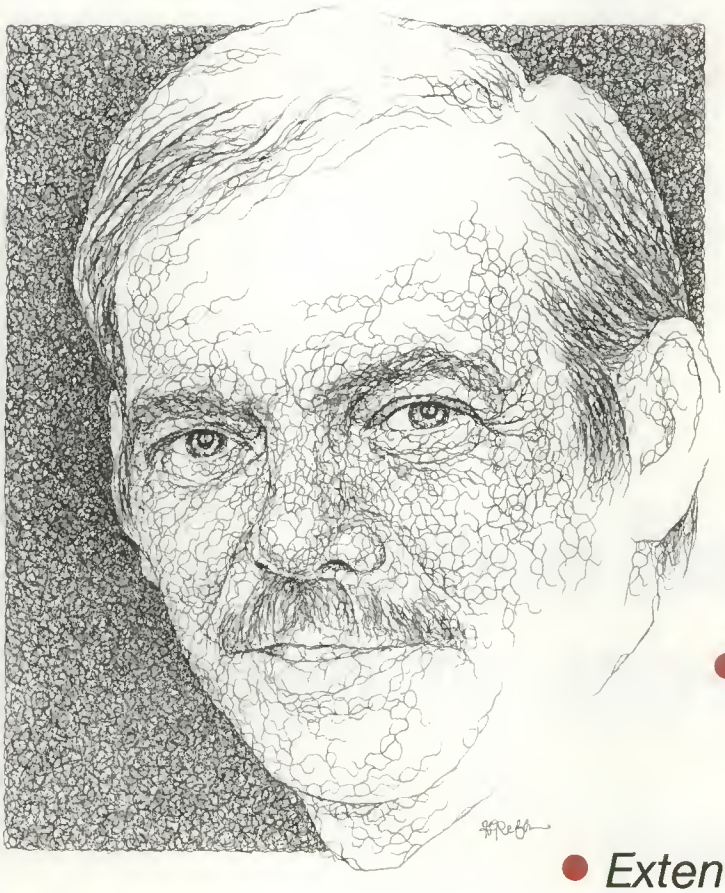

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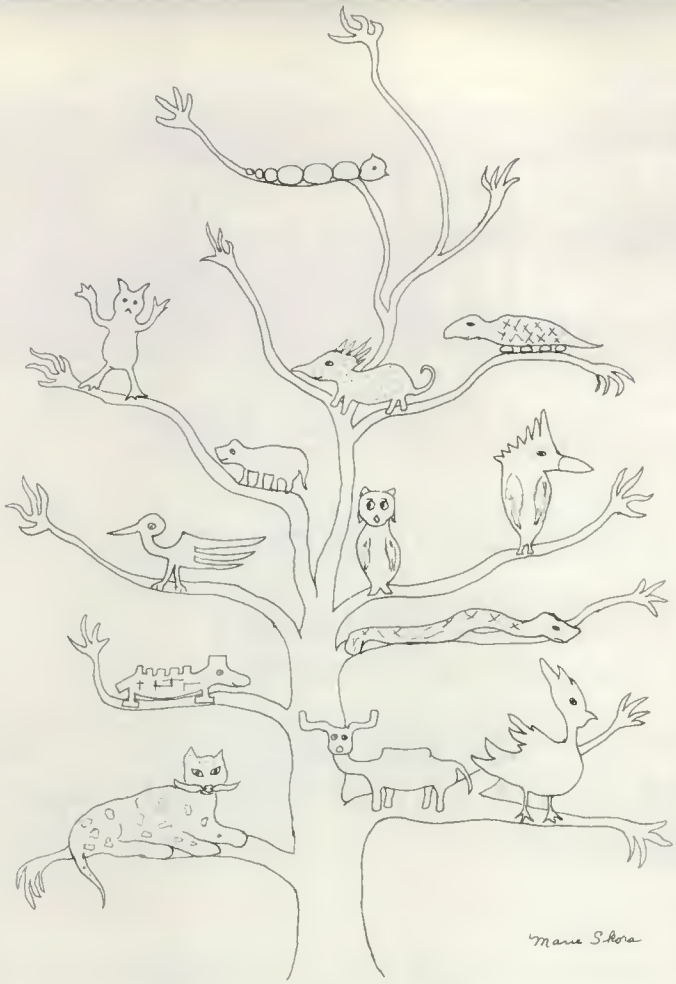

And those others:

Achilles there
Before the walls of Troy.
Patroclus's sally, Hector's insult
Were they the frightful reveries that steeled the hero for the fight,
The dreams a demigod convoked
To still the palpitations of a fainting heart.
Machismo's crutch?

Or nothing more
Nor less
Than Homer's dream.
A poet's way
To cope
With—blindness?

And take old Scrooge:
Imagine if you will the halting breath
The terror
When Marley's ghost assailed him in his bed:
A thousand rems per minute.
RPMs,
Kaleidoscope of Tiny Tim
Bob Cratchit
And crones like vultures
Cleaning his last traces from the land

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And so it was that Scrooge prevailed
Broke the pattern
Bought that turkey
And saved his soul

For then they said of him:
There was a man
Knew how to celebrate the Yule

And as for me
Nard Neher
At BEX,
When I have done my bit to make that place
The place
It ought to be,
Revamped the tests

Shored up integrity
Held compromise at bay,
You'll know the dreams were wild
That night-time ghosts of daytime foes
Were laid in violence,
That remming through the teeming ranks of all those plagues
I slew them all:
Success in dreams

And may they say of me
When this tumultuous duty tour is done:
There was a man
Knew how to sleep!

LEONARDO NEHER
(From *Disposable Poems*, a collection)

Life and Love in the Foreign Service

by S. I. Nadler

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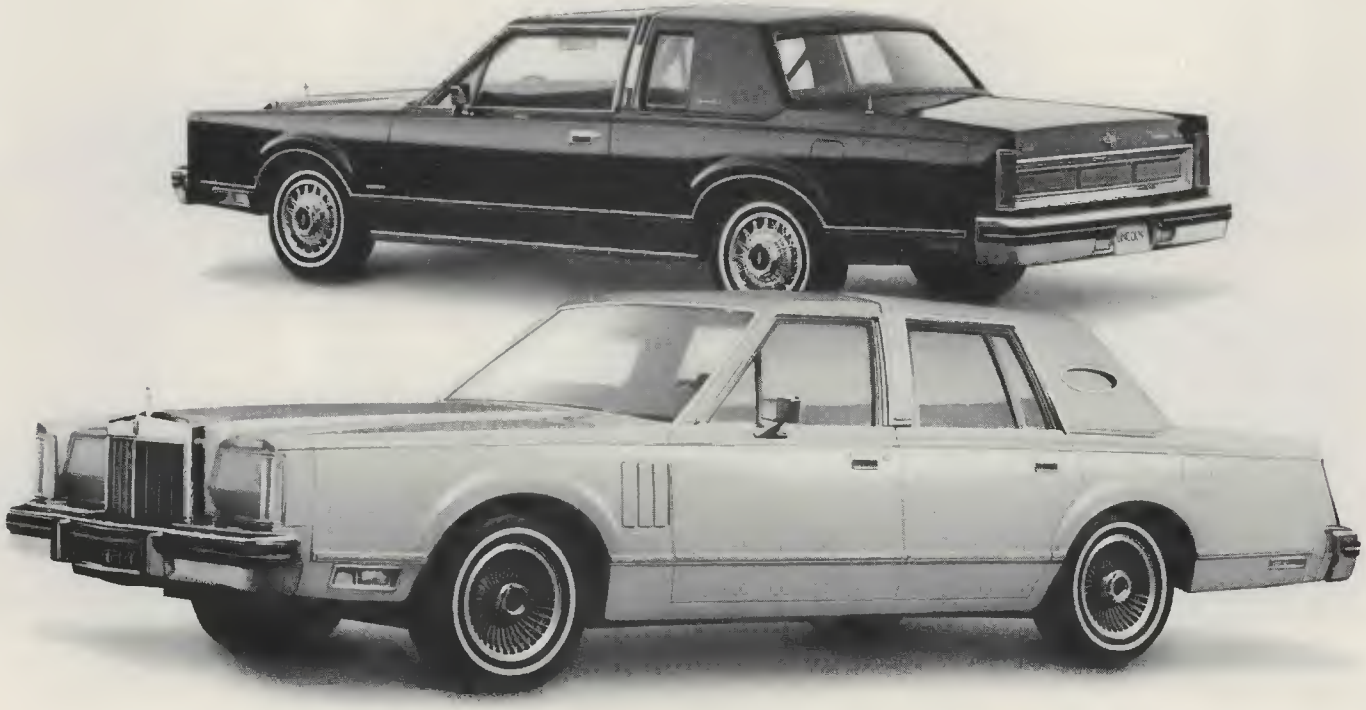

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RETIREMENT INCOME: HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?

On February 26, 1981, after two years of study encompassing 31 public hearings and statements from more than 250 witnesses, the President's Commission on Pension Policy issued its final report. Its principal conclusions can be succinctly stated: 1. A serious crisis confronts our nation's retirement income programs; and 2. early action must be taken to inaugurate a coordinated and comprehensive national retirement income policy.

In its charter, the Commission was asked "to examine the nation's retirement, survivor, and disability systems and develop recommendations for changes that will address current problems and meet identified goals." Not so many years ago such a study would have been regarded by many as an interesting academic exercise. Today, however, its message is one of urgency. Out of the pressures resulting from the aging of our population and more than a decade of relentless inflation, the Commission's findings indicate that many of our country's retirement systems as presently structured and financed soon will be unable to meet their obligations.

During its study most of the Commission's attention was directed towards developing recommendations for strengthening and expanding retirement coverage in the private sector where the problems are most urgent. But the retirement systems at the federal, state, and local levels received their share of attention as well. In particular, certain retirement provisions applicable to public employees were criticized by the Commission as being unduly generous, and recommendations were advanced for their early modification.

On the most fundamental question however—that of establishing an appropriate level of retirement income payments—it appears that the federal government's basic retirement formulas fall well within the boundaries of the Commission's position. In defining the proper goal for a retirement program, the Commission states as its belief "that individuals should be able to maintain their pre-retirement standard of living during their retirement years." Measured against this yardstick, the Commission's own figures indicate that at the time of their retirement, the level of pensions paid to most federal employees falls well short of this goal.

The Commission estimated the retirement income required to maintain a pre-retirement standard of living for married couples retiring in 1980, calculated at various pre-retirement income levels. These figures show that an employee earning $15,000 at the time of retirement would require 71 percent of that amount to sustain his pre-retirement living standard. An employee earning $30,000 would require 60 percent. Moreover, these ratios assume that part of the retirement income is in non-taxable social security payments. Where social security is not involved, the ratios are even higher. By this standard only those federal employees retiring from the upper grades of the federal wage schedules with thirty or more years of service could qualify for annuities sufficient to maintain their pre-retirement standard of living.

The cost associated with early retirement age was identified as the principal issue facing public employee pension plans. The Commission also strongly endorsed mandatory universal social security coverage of all public employees but emphasized that persons already retired and those "eligible for immediate retirement" should not be affected. It urged that the Bureau of Labor Statistics develop a separate cost-of-living index for retired people and it recommended that twice-a-year CPI adjustments applied to federal annuities be reduced to once-a-year immediately.

Some of the Commission's recommendations affecting foreign service retirement surely will be reflected in various legislative proposals during the coming months. In this regard, AFSA's participating membership in the Fund to Assure an Independent Retirement (FAIR), a coalition of 25 federal employee and retiree organizations, insures that the interests of present and future Foreign Service retirees will be effectively represented. Meanwhile, should the charge be made that the federal retirement system provides an unreasonably high level of retirement income to its beneficiaries, one can point to the conclusion of the President's Commission to indicate that this just is not so.

"It is true that liberty is precious—so precious that it must be rationed."—V.I. Lenin

ARMIES IN FLIGHT: PORTRAITS FROM A DISSIDENT DIARY

NICHOLAS DAVIES

In a dramatic late night session in November 1980 the Soviet delegation to the second Helsinki Review Conference finally agreed to allow the meeting to open, after weeks of filibustering to limit discussion of human rights. The Soviet delegation was understandably reluctant to have their country's human rights record aired before the thirty-five nation meeting. As the Madrid conference got underway the authorities in the USSR finally appeared on the verge of success in their fifteen-year effort to crush the dissident movement.

The past fifteen months have witnessed the most severe crackdown on dissent since the movement began. Over the years Soviet policy toward the dissidents has gone through cycles of repression and relative relaxation. Previous repressive campaigns have decimated the ranks of the movement. The present campaign has virtually destroyed it.

The forlorn individuals who today constitute the remnants of the dissident movement in the USSR trace their political origins to what Andrei Amalrik christened the "Democratic Movement" in his famous book *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?* In later years the movement splintered into a variety of factions, including some which could hardly be called democratic. But in its early days the members of the Democratic Movement—however divided by ideology—were united by a respect for the rule of law. They conceived the novel idea that the Soviet authorities should actually observe the human rights supposedly guaranteed in Soviet law and in many international agreements signed by the USSR.

Even during the movement's heyday in the late 1960s its active supporters probably numbered no more than a few hundred persons. At that time, however, the movement could count on the sympathy of a broader spectrum of the Soviet intelligentsia. Hundreds of persons, including some prominent figures in the arts and sciences, signed a series of letters protesting the trials of writers Sinyavskiy and Daniel and others that followed. By 1972, however, the arrest of many prominent activists and heavy pressure on other sympathizers seemed to have shattered the movement. The disappearance of the *Chronicle of Current Events*, a remarkable bimonthly *samizdat* journal which catalogued human rights abuses throughout the USSR, seemed to symbolize the movement's demise.

Unexpectedly, however, the signature of the Helsinki Final Act in 1975 revitalized the movement. At the time, the Helsinki accords were widely criticized as a one-sided deal. Dissidents in the USSR and Eastern Europe, however, took the human rights provisions of the agreement to heart. Activists in a number of Soviet cities formed groups to monitor the Soviet government's compliance with them.

Under the able leadership of Yuriy Orlov and Anatoliy Shcharanskiy the small but influential Helsinki Monitoring Group in Moscow quickly developed into the most visible Soviet dissident body. Functioning as a kind of clearing house for information on

---

The pseudonymous author recently returned to the United States after an extended period in the USSR.

dissident activity and official repression throughout the country, the group issued a stream of carefully researched documents analyzing Soviet human rights practices and exposing thousands of cases of individual abuses. These reports have played an important role in focusing western attention on the denial of human rights in the USSR and in mobilizing world support for holding the Soviet government to account for its violations of international norms.

The Kremlin oligarchs must have regarded the notion that individual Soviet citizens would presume to judge whether their government had abided by an international agreement as breathtaking in its audacity. Eventually, however, the Soviet authorities recovered their composure. In early 1977 Orlov, Shcharanskiy and others were arrested, held incommunicado for over a year and sentenced to long prison terms.

Portrait I: Sasha, the Human Rights Activist*

Sasha is a 35-year-old radio technician. For several years he was associated with the Helsinki Monitoring Group in Moscow. As a teenager Sasha studied at the prestigious Moscow Physico-Technical Institute (PTI), where one of his classmates was Anatoliy Shcharanskiy. Khrushchev established the PTI as a center for specially gifted science students, an effort to produce scientists using the same assembly line techniques the Soviets have used with such success to churn out tanks, rockets and Olympic athletes. The unhappy history of the PTI, however, eventually showed that young scientists are less amenable to these methods than hockey players.

When Sasha entered the PTI dissent seemed remote. The school was supplied with the latest equipment and staffed by a specially selected faculty. In the post-Sputnik era the gifted youngsters at the PTI embraced science with the fervor of a new religion. Most of the students considered themselves loyal Communists who would use their scientific expertise to lead the Soviet Union toward "Full Communism," the Marxist never-never land which Khrushchev had promised would be achieved by 1980.

It was also the era of de-Stalinization and the students at the PTI were caught up in its heady spirit. The drama club held readings of banned poetry by Pasternak and staged the plays of Mikhail Bulgakov at a time when his name was still unmentionable in the official Soviet theater.

The Czech Spring acted upon the students at the PTI like an intoxicant. The young scientists passionately debated Czech efforts to create "Socialism with a Human Face." Czech newspapers were circulated surreptitiously and read with an avidity usually reserved for the forbidden capitalist press.

News of the Soviet invasion hit the school hard. When some students issued a special black-bordered "wall newspaper" to protest the invasion, the authorities stepped in. An investigation was launched and some students and faculty were dismissed. The drama club was abolished and educational experimentation cut back. In unconscious parody of Marxist doctrine, the authorities adopted a new admissions policy to give preference to the children of workers, who were believed to be more tractable.

> "In the entire history of the Soviet Union no person accused of a political offense has ever been acquitted and Sasha was no exception."

Until the vision of Soviet tanks rumbling through Prague shook him out of his apathy, Sasha remained relatively unaffected by the PTI's effervescence. The day of the invasion, however, Sasha wandered about Moscow in a daze. His Communist upbringing had left him unprepared to handle the idea that Soviet troops could be used to suppress the Czech experiment in combining democracy with socialism.

From that day Sasha took more interest in politics. Gradually he was drawn into the dissident movement. One year after the invasion, the 90th anniversary of Stalin's birth brought ominous signs that certain elements in the hierarchy wished to rehabilitate the dead dictator's memory. In one sign of protest, a number of prominent personalities in the arts and sciences signed an open letter calling upon the regime to disavow efforts to rehabilitate Stalin.

Sasha was too young and unknown to participate in this effort. Nevertheless, he and several other young students printed a number of anti-Stalinist leaflets which they intended to distribute on the day of the anniversary.

The leaflets never appeared. Shortly before the anniversary, Sasha and his accomplices were arrested. Evidently, one member of the group had turned his friends over to the police. Sasha spent several months in solitary confinement in Moscow's dreaded Lefortovo Prison. He was released without ever being formally charged with a crime; apparently because of his youth.

At his release Sasha's KGB interrogator, whom Sasha described as an intelligent and seemingly sensitive individual, advised him to settle down to the quiet life of an ordinary Soviet citizen. To reinforce the point, the authorities revoked Sasha's ticket to the Soviet elite. He was denied the right to graduate from the PTI and to enter the Moscow University, on grounds that he had failed to appear for his final exams, which indeed was true since they had been held during his confinement.

Although Sasha no longer took an active part in the dissident movement, he retained his friendship with many dissidents. After 1975, he could not avoid being swept up in the enthusiasm inspired by the Helsinki accords. He began to assist some of his friends who were members of the Helsinki Monitoring Group. When they were arrested, Sasha took a place in the group, even though he knew that eventually he would share their fate.

The Soviet authorities sometimes exhibit a certain tolerance for sympathizers to the dissident movement —unless of course the individual holds a sensitive job, which may include such a mundane occupation as teaching school. But once a person crosses a certain undefined but generally understood line, for example by formally joining a prominent dissident group, he knows that only two fates are left him—arrest or exile abroad. Surprisingly often, dissidents prefer the former.

Sasha and the others whose "Portraits" appear here are real people. Their names and certain details about their lives have been changed to prevent identification.

After he joined the Helsinki Group, much of Sasha's free time was devoted to investigating and compiling examples of Soviet human rights abuses, remonstrances with the authorities, and contacts with foreign journalists. Nevertheless Sasha attempted to lead as normal a life as the circumstances would allow. He managed to retain his job and even to be entrusted with the task of organizing his factory's regular program of political lectures. (He was removed from this position when his lecture on Afghanistan—where he presented side by side, without editorial comment, the Soviet version of the invasion, drawn from official sources, and the western version, drawn from foreign radio broadcasts—attracted an overly enthusiastic response from the audience.)

When the Soviet authorities began the current crackdown, Sasha was summoned to the KGB. Ironically, Sasha's interlocutor was the same individual who had released him from prison ten years earlier. This time he was just as affable, but the message was considerably more grim. If Sasha did not halt his dissident activities, he would be arrested.

Sasha refused to give in. One winter morning the police descended on Sasha's apartment as he was preparing to take his daughter to school. For several hours the police systematically ripped the tiny apartment to pieces looking for forbidden western literature and *samizdat*. When the search was over, Sasha was taken away.

Sasha's wife next saw him nine months later, standing trial in a Moscow courtroom. In the entire history of the Soviet Union no person accused of a political offense has ever been acquitted and Sasha was no exception. He was sentenced to a long term in the camps followed by a number of years of internal exile. Sasha is now an inhabitant of the Gulag.

The mid-1970s witnessed a flowering of dissident activity. Although the movement never recaptured the breadth of support it enjoyed in the late 1960s it spread into a variety of new fields. In 1977 a group was formed to publicize one of the most repugnant Soviet practices, the misuse of psychiatry to confine thousands of individuals in mental institutions because they presumed to question the established order. That same year a small group of disabled Soviet citizens began to call attention to the problems experienced by invalids in the USSR. In late 1978 a new *samizdat* journal, *Searches*, appeared in Moscow. Intended to be a kind of marketplace of ideas, the journal included articles by Marxists, monarchists, liberals, and nationalists among others. Groups of Russian Orthodox, Baptist, and Pentecostal activists joined together to defend their religious beliefs. Nationalists were active in the Ukraine, the Baltic States, and elsewhere in the multi-national Soviet Empire. Finally, late in 1979, a group of feminists in Leningrad issued at least two numbers of their own *samizdat* journal.

In the fall of 1979, the authorities launched the current crackdown with a wave of arrests of nationalist activists in the Baltic States and, in Moscow, the arrest of Tatyana Velikanova, a mathematician, who had reportedly been instrumental in reviving the *Chronicle of Current Events* in 1974. Many other arrests followed. By the end of 1980, the Helsinki Monitoring group in Moscow had been reduced to four individuals still at liberty and the Helsinki groups in other cities had been eliminated. Many other dissident activists had been arrested.

The most severe blow to the movement was the exile of Academician Andrei Sakharov, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize for his "courageous defense of the freedom of the spirit," yet also regarded as the "father" of the Soviet H-bomb and one of a handful of Soviet citizens to have been awarded the Order of Lenin three times. Sakharov's reputation at home and abroad had led many to consider him immune from repressive action. His exile to Gorkiy, a city which foreigners are forbidden to enter, made it clear that no one was safe from the heavy hand of official authority. It also removed the movement's most widely respected figure. By the time of Sakharov's exile he was the only remaining dissident who could automatically command the attention of the Western press. There was no one who could take his place.

According to press reports, Sakharov is held under virtual house arrest. Every movement is watched and no unauthorized visitors are allowed. His guardians have even descended to setting up a special device to jam radio reception in Sakharov's apartment.

Yet Sakharov, by his very existence, continues to present the Kremlin with a dilemma. Fearing either to arrest or to send him abroad, the authorities evidently thought they could still Sakharov's voice through internal exile. But Sakharov has continued to find ways to make his views known, most notably in a statement published in the Washington *Post* in November, 1980, challenging the Soviet authorities to place him on trial. Even if the authorities eventually find the means to silence Sakharov, the memory of this great man, who represents all the finest traditions of the Russian intelligentsia, will be a continuing indictment of a system which can only survive by destroying its brightest offspring.

A development with great potential importance for the future of Soviet dissent occurred in 1978, when a group of workers and intellectuals announced the formation of the Free Interprofessional Association of Workers (known as SMOT from its Russian initials). SMOT's announced aims were to publicize labor problems in the USSR and to assist Soviet workers in pressing job related grievances with the authorities. SMOT was a successor to a stillborn effort the previous year to set up an independent trade union, led by a disabled miner, Vladimir Khlebanov. He was quickly incarcerated by the Soviet authorities in a mental institution, where he remains to this day. The bulk of SMOT's founders are now also behind bars or in forced exile in the West, and the organization appears, for all practical purposes, to have ceased to exist.

In spite of these setbacks the attempt to expand dissident activity into the Soviet working class has major implications for the future. Soviet workers have a number of serious economic grievances, including low pay, poor living and working conditions, and shortages of food and consumer goods amidst privileges for the elite. Even the Soviet leadership acknowledges that the Soviet economy is facing serious troubles. Brezhnev recently admitted difficulties in supplying food and consumer goods to the population. Shortages, of course, are nothing new in Soviet experience. But the

current food shortages are the most severe since 1963, and they are occurring against a background of rising expectations by the Soviet people.

In the summer of 1980, the western press reported labor disturbances in several Soviet industrial cities. These incidents seem to have been a response to specific local problems. They were certainly not an organized protest against the system. Nevertheless, any movement which threatened to tap the grievances of Soviet workers could pose a major problem for the authorities, a concern which probably explains the heavy repression directed at SMOT and its predecessors.

Portrait II: Volodya, the Labor Rights Activist

Until a few years ago Volodya was a young man on his way up. A lawyer by training, Volodya was a middle level official in the Russian Ministry for Social Security, where he was responsible for what we would call workman's compensation and job safety. He was also a leader in his ministry's party organization.

Volodya's future turned less promising when he began to realize that the ministry's policies were intended to protect the interests of the regime more than the workers. Troubled by this discovery, Volodya became more assertive in defending individual cases which came before him. At party meetings he argued that the Soviet state should do more to live up to its claims to represent workers' interests. Eventually Volodya was expelled from the party and fired from his job.

He lives with his wife and newborn daughter in a one-room communal apartment. They share one toilet and a tiny kitchen with four other families. Under Soviet regulations, Volodya is entitled to a larger apartment, but the Soviet housing authorities seldom allocate better quarters to dissidents. While his wife takes a leave of absence from her job to nurse their baby, Volodya makes ends meet by working as a night watchman. His wages are 60 rubles a month. The average Soviet wage is about 160 rubles a month.

Volodya uses his knowledge of Soviet labor law to provide free legal advice to Soviet workers who are seeking redress from some element of the vast Soviet bureaucracy. Many of those who approach Volodya have come to Moscow from the provinces to present—in time-honored Russian fashion—a personal petition to a minister or other senior official. Most of Volodya's visitors hear about him through Moscow's highly developed grapevine. In some instances, however, Volodya knows that lower level officials have directed people to him, perhaps out of exasperation at the persistence of the petitioner or through a perverse sense of humor.

Many of Volodya's visitors are poorly educated and most have found themselves in serious conflict with the Soviet system for the first time in their lives. Volodya listens patiently to their sometimes rambling stories, and advises them about the best way to advance their cases. In a country where a city telephone directory may be considered a classified document, access to information is often an individual's best weapon in a struggle with the bureaucracy. Occasionally Volodya attempts to enter court cases on behalf of a visitor. He claims to have won three of the six cases where the Soviet judge has allowed him to make arguments.

"Taking a leaf from their pre-revolutionary predecessors, it is not inconceivable that future dissident movements will concentrate on illegal underground activity or even terrorism."

Volodya considers himself a Social Democrat. He rejects the bureaucratic insensitivity of Soviet Communism and what he sees as the unnecessary harshness of capitalism. Volodya criticizes the human rights movement for elitism because of its inability—or unwillingness—to establish links with the working class, and derides its assumption that the power of publicity can induce the arbitrary Soviet regime to obey its own laws. (To be fair, most Soviet workers, given the chance, would probably give dissidents the same treatment that some American "hardhats" meted out to the student protesters of the 1960s.)

Volodya believes that real change can only occur when the masses of Soviet working people understand that the system exploits them and begin to act peacefully against the exploitation. He tries to send all of his visitors, even those whom he cannot assist directly, back to their homes with a new sense that it is possible for individuals to take on the bureaucracy.

In the long run, Volodya worries that if the best elements of the Soviet intelligentsia fail to establish contacts with the working class, future economic difficulties could see a repetition of the senseless violence which has characterized Russian history over the centuries.

In conjunction with the crackdown on dissidents, authorities are also taking measures to isolate the Soviet people from foreign contacts. Western correspondents in Moscow have been subjected to intimidating attacks in the Soviet media. Customs controls for foreign visitors have been stepped up. Anti-western and especially anti-US propaganda has reached a shrillness not heard since the Vietnam war. Most importantly, in August 1980, the Soviet authorities resumed jamming western radio stations broadcasting in Russian, including the Voice of America and the BBC. These stations provided a unique window to the outside world for millions of Soviet citizens. As a result, one correspondent recently described the Soviet people as psychologically more isolated from the West that at any time in the past fifteen years.

On October 30, 1980, traditionally observed as "Political Prisoners Day," the Moscow Helsinki group issued a statement which charged that the quickening pace of arrests and trials over the past two years has moved the Soviet Union closer toward Stalinism. The statement's appearance, even though signed by only seven people (one of whom has since emigrated), indicates that the movement has survived, in spite of every effort to stamp it out. Yet repressive actions by the authorities along with the cynicism and apathy widespread among Soviet intellectuals have combined to limit the number of new faces joining the move-

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DIPLOMACY: THE ROLE OF THE WIFE

PENELOPE B. LAINGEN

Under the title, Diplomacy: The Role of the Wife, *Georgetown University's Institute for the Study of Diplomacy has put together a most interesting symposium consisting of 25 essays by exponents of varying—indeed, often sharply differing—points of view. From this publication, which contains a feast of constructively provocative essays, we have selected the following for republication, by permission of the publishers.*

Writing on the subject of the wife in diplomacy strikes me a bit like pontificating on the unsinkability of the *Titanic* after it has gone down. For me, at the moment anyway, the subject is academic, because my husband is a hostage in Iran. Even so, I feel as though my role as a Foreign Service wife has been beached halfway between the Women's Liberation Revolution and the Iranian Revolution.

The Directive of 1972, at first glance, was an inoffensive and well-meaning policy. It was aimed at ridding wives of many of the injustices, anachronisms and hardships of Foreign Service life. With the changing social attitudes toward women, more wives came to judge the two-for-the-price-of-one philosophy of the system as an insult to their intelligence. The directive said they were no longer to be dictated to by other wives. They were to be excused from representational work and the finer points of protocol. They were no longer to be included in their husbands' efficiency reports. These policy changes were to free them from "a narrow and institutionalized responsibility to the husband's career and to the Department of State." They were being given the opportunity to find "a broader and more meaningful responsibility" to themselves. At first blush, no one seemed to see the paradox of such a policy. Those women who sought to be excused from the role of the wife in diplomacy found the directive tailor-made for them and wondered how any wife could take issue with it or misinterpret it.

But for many, including myself, the directive smacked of hypocrisy. It assumed, for one thing, that *all* wives were free to choose what role they would play overseas, putting their participation on a strictly volunteer basis. In fact, many wives, despite the theoretical freedom they had been given, found that they *had* to continue to put in long, exhausting hours toward the official functioning of missions abroad, whether they wanted to or not. According to a time-hour survey conducted by Foreign Service wives, a "substantial majority of wives" in 1977 were still carrying out the traditional role because the expectations remained . . . from their husbands, from the local community, from the American community and . . . yes, from the Department of State itself. It was not necessarily volunteer work, nor was it compulsive. It was compulsory. And *compulsory*, two-for-the-price-of-one service, according to the directive, was illegal!

To many wives the directive also seemed to intimate that those who preferred to choose "wider roles" (which could conceivably mean that they chose to stay home with their careers, while their husbands went abroad) were the ones who were "preserving and strengthening the traditions of our country" by keeping up with the changing conditions within our society. Meanwhile those who continued in the partnership were being told, in effect, that they were no longer necessary to the aims and purposes of the Foreign Service. Oh, it would be *nice*, the directive hinted, if a wife continued to volunteer her efforts of support, but specific representational duties were strictly the responsibility of the officer. Such a policy seemed totally oblivious of the well-known fact of Foreign Service life that representational parties were, almost without exception, managed and creatively executed by the wives.

When I married in 1957, I congratulated myself on falling in love with a man in whose career I could fully share. As a wedding gift, I was given a small book entitled *The Diplomat's Wife*, which was compiled for and dedicated to the Foreign Service wife "whose collaboration is an important factor in the maintenance of our foreign relations." It stated that:

> The main job of the Foreign Service wife, besides making a home, rearing a family and strengthening her husband's morale, is to help him make friendly contacts with the people among whom she is stationed . . . . The wife's job calls for an alert and intelligent interest in the people and the country in which she is stationed and a warm and friendly response to every opportunity to know them. When her time comes to be an ambassador's wife, she will appreciate the help that she gets from other wives. Therefore, as a junior wife, she will help her husband a great deal by having a reputation for unfailing helpfulness.

That was the role I accepted and practiced to the best of my ability for twenty years. True, I made my choice of family over career, but most wives of my generation did not think in terms of their own careers. Even women officers who quit the Service to marry male officers made the choice of family over career. The partnership of marriage within the Foreign Service context was thought by many of us as a career in itself. It would not have occurred to us to ask to be paid. I went overseas with a great deal of idealism and a sense of pioneering, believing that I was fully recognized as an integral and essential part of the Foreign Service. If my husband was part of an elite and select group of people, so, there-

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Mrs. Laingen served with FSO husband in Karachi, Kabul, Valletta. Prior to marriage was research analyst in Federal Bureau of Investigation and in operations research office, Johns Hopkins University. Three sons. Her husband, L. Bruce Laingen, was chargé d'affaires at Tehran and taken hostage in 1979.

fore, was I. Naive as it may seem today, I did not know I was mentioned in my husband's efficiency report until the practice was discarded in 1972, so that aspect of the directive had nothing whatsoever to do with the sense of recognition I felt. As a woman, my self-esteem was intact.

In any revolution, however, in order for a new system to arise, it becomes obligatory to purge the old. This was accomplished in the Foreign Service, as in our society as a whole, by denying the *raison d'être* of the traditional wife. Oddly enough, it was done to women by women, not by men. Husbands had been neatly silenced in the revolution by being labeled "male chauvinists" if they defended the role of their wives or admitted that they could not handle their jobs single-handedly. According to the new radical chic, it was not intelligent to be "just a housewife" or "a smiling doormat." Foreign Service wives, many of whom had given years of Peace Corps volunteer-type work, were called masochists for working without pay. What woman with the slightest shred of pride would allow herself to be caught in a role that any caterer with an eighth grade education could perform? Ambassadors' wives, especially those in small posts, were often left holding the representational bag alone; yet if they complained, they were accused of resentment at the loss "of a traditional right to victimize junior wives." The epithets thrown at the traditional wife were enough to make some of them start throwing crockery at their husbands for getting them into such a predicament. According to Janet Lloyd, former director of the Family Liaison Office, for the first few months following the opening of her office, it was a walking divorce court!

Upon returning to the United States in 1979, I attended a career workshop at the Foreign Service Institute not because I wanted to learn how to write a résumé but because I wanted to see for myself what had happened to the role of the wife in diplomacy. What I observed was a general encouragement of wives to *break* with the traditional role. I saw defensiveness on the part of career-minded wives and reluctance on the part of other wives to say what they believed—that the new ideas might not work in the foreign context. Three wives on a panel summed up for me, more clearly than anything else, what changes had occurred during my absence. One said: "If I cannot find a job in my career field overseas, I will stay home while my husband goes to his post. We may have to divide the children between us." Another said: "If the ambassador says I cannot work at a certain post, I will disobey his ruling and find work secretly." And still another stated: "I have been home for two years in my career, while my husband has been in Saudi Arabia. And, yes, when he was home on leave this year, we *did* have some marital problems."

It is a good idea for a career workshop to teach women to be more confident in themselves, to learn assertiveness in the marketplace, and to be prepared financially for the future. But a career workshop sponsored by the Department of State, in my opinion, ought to be different from other career workshops that one might find in the Washington area. This one made little mention of the realities of Foreign Service life, except to reiterate that lack of continuity made it difficult for wives to have careers of their own or to find jobs in foreign countries. Senior wives (many of them irretrievably stuck in the Foreign Service partnership) were being taught to write résumés. The workshop took it for granted that we were all there to find the big ME, rather than encourage us to continue in a life of service to OTHERS.

The subject of the role of the wife in diplomacy must be a most tiresome one to the managers at the department, who well might ask: "We *gave* you your freedom to choose what is significant and meaningful to you in your life overseas! *Now*, what's the problem?" Who could blame them for their irritation? At the moment, they not only have a number of wives of hostages to contend with, but wives who have been evacuated from various countries who sit in motels with crying children awaiting reassignment; wives who want to work in embassies overseas (which might give long-standing local employees the jitters); officer-wives who want to be at the same post with their officer-husbands; divorced wives who want compensation for past work in the traditional role; wives who refuse to accompany their husband to post, so that separations, divorce, and resignations are on the increase; and wives who, on the principle of the directive, will no longer keep the communities ticking along, nor welcome newcomers, nor give senior wives the time of day, nor ask junior wives to the residence, nor participate in local events.

But the realists are those who are seeking ways to revive the *raison d'être* of the traditional wife before she, too, opts out. The realists are those who know the Foreign Service does not function very well without the wives' participation and their personal brand upon representation. The realists are those who say, like former Ambassador Ridgway B. Knight [in the September, 1980 *Foreign Service Journal*]:

> . . . It was simply foolish to pretend that the separate paths which husband and wife can take without hurting the spouse's work performance and career opportunities in business can also be followed in the Foreign Service. Whether fair or not, there is work . . . *and important work* [emphasis added] . . . to be done by the wife which cannot be done by the FSO. Whether one likes it or not, the Foreign Service couple is seen as an entity by the foreign community where they serve, and the abdication of the wife has a negative impact.

It is my belief that the directive itself points the way to salvaging the role of the wife in diplomacy. For if, as it states, the Foreign Service has prided itself on "preserving and strengthening the traditions of our country" by keeping up with the changing conditions within our society, then the department ought to *pay* wives for the work they do. The pay ethic has become, in our society as a whole, the only viable form of recognition for work performed by both men and women. Distasteful as the idea seems to many, it is one whose time has come. It was not very long ago that wives of officers were barred from becoming officers. Many of us can still remember when an officer had to ask permission to marry a foreigner. Quite a few countries today are far ahead of us in recognizing the wife's role through some sort of financial compensation. It seems ludicrous for our Service to bend over backwards to find posts

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Bruce Laingen Talks with the Journal

Bruce Laingen, faced with a veritable mountain of requests for interviews and personal appearances, nevertheless said that he would be glad to be interviewed for the Journal. *Needless to say, we were delighted with this opportunity.*

Not wishing to avoid the obvious, we asked Bruce how it felt to be back. He said, "It feels good, feels marvelous, wonderful. That feeling began as soon as we left Tehran and hasn't left us yet. It is a beautiful feeling of release, of satisfaction, of pride and of great appreciation for the support we have had from our countrymen. It is hard to articulate one's feelings about the experience because there is so much that one feels. Seventy-two hostages had 72 different experiences and some of these were very difficult indeed. I have the highest admiration for the way they coped. But one of the things we all lacked was the simple but vital freedom to walk out the door. All of us were deprived of that right, and that is what made Iran's action so grievous—72 human beings deprived of their basic right of freedom. It was the more grievous in that it was a right taken from men and women representing their government in diplomatic service and thus a total contradiction of all diplomatic practice.

"Our own transfer to prison occurred in the context of what were plans to move us to join our colleagues just before this past Christmas. But one of my colleague's spark of anger and a physical exchange that followed clearly upset these plans and appear to have humiliated the leader of the student militants who were going to take us. Instead we were moved on the third of January into the prison, even though our colleagues apparently were all by then in the so-called hotel complex. I suppose it was a kind of punishment, because of the earlier confrontation and also because the student militants had wanted to take custody of us all along.

"I deplored the move because of this further violation of diplomatic immunity. Up to that point, the three of us had had some privileges which reflected at least some recognition by Iran of its obligation under international law. But even this was scrapped in those last two weeks. It was a further disgrace for Iran's image. On the other hand, however, I welcomed the move because it gave the three of us some idea of the kind of conditions that our other colleagues had experienced over a much longer period of time. We knew they had been in the same prison because some of them had written their names on the walls of our cells, indicating the time they had been there.

"I said at the outset when you asked me how I feel that I felt pride—pride in my colleagues particularly. I come back from this experience with my confidence in and respect for the Foreign Service in its largest sense greatly enhanced. Many of those in Tehran were volunteers, who went there despite difficult circumstances with regard to families and security. They worked hard and effectively in implementing US policy. They were a cohesive group with a lot of spirit. I was always confident that those qualities would serve them well in captivity and that confidence has been justified in what I have seen of them since our return. I say this not simply for the regular Foreign Service but for all the military and civilian services who were represented there—all of them showed to the American people something of the strengths of the men and women who serve our government overseas."

The inevitable question of possible adverse after-effects for our personnel had to be raised, and, in reply, Bruce said he thought there would be none. "From a layman's point of view, my answer would be no. I think they have bounced back quickly. They showed that at the press conference at West Point. All of us looked to whatever inner strengths we had in those circumstances, including particularly whatever religious faith we knew and could bring to bear. We also had confidence in knowing that our families were supportive and strong and patient. We three in the Foreign Ministry knew this from our much better access to mail. The others were cruelly deprived of contact with their families much of the time. But I have no doubt that they too found strength in the simple confidence that their families were backing them. We also drew strength from the conviction that our cause was right, that our cause was seen as right not only by the American people and government but by people and governments all around the world. None of us, however, knew just how extensive and deep and genuine the support was for us, until we returned home. I think none of us could have anticipated anything so overwhelming. We saw it in Wiesbaden and again at West Point. I expected that the bigger cities might be more blasé, but was surprised to find from the public enthusiasm in Washington and New York that the welcome was universal."

Asked if he thought this public outpouring of affection and relief helped the hostages' adjustment to their return, Bruce said, "I think very definitely that it has facilitated their return. It has been a beautiful experience for us and, I think, for the American people as a whole. We have all had occasion to feel good about ourselves, with renewed confidence in our country, its purposes and its future.

"It seems to me also that the coincidence of our return with a change of administration is a very fortunate coincidence. Whatever our political persuasion, there is hope for progress and new strength whenever there is a change in Washington. I have been especially reassured by the fact that so much of this national interest in our return has been shown by the young people of this country, especially school children. All of us have

The watercolor on the facing page, by Bruce Laingen, is the view from the Foreign Ministry window in Tehran.

received masses of mail from children wishing us well. We have been a perfect school project—and I don't mean that facetiously."

On communication with the outside world, Bruce had this to say, "All of us were supposed to benefit from the Swiss embassy being our post office for incoming and outgoing mail. That agreement was not honored for those held in the compound, although some mail did go to the compound via the Swiss. How much was actually delivered to the hostages there is another question. For us at the Foreign Ministry, except for several months early last year, the system worked reasonably well.

"We knew from the first day where the six who were later given refuge by the Canadians were and we were in telephone contact with them at the beginning. We tried to counsel and advise them to the extent we could. We had informed the ministry at the outset that these six were in the city because, at that point, officials in the ministry were trying to be cooperative with us, and we hoped that we might be able to facilitate their departure. The reaction of the ministry was essentially one of saying that they had enough to worry about as it was. We never raised it with them again. The Canadian ambassador was allowed in to see us on two or three occasions and we had an opportunity to talk about the six with him, a man to whom we feel an eternal debt."

Along with the rest of the world, we had wondered if it would have been possible for the three in the Foreign Ministry to leave the country. Laingen responded that, "Leaving conceivably could have been possible in the first few days. We could have gone to another embassy and sought refuge there but that would have put the responsibility for our security on them, which we thought would be wrong. We took the position with the government that our security was their responsibility. At one point in early December, the new Foreign Minister said we were free to leave. In fact, there was no assurance at any time that we could have left safely. We had no passports, inadequate money, no secure way of getting to the airport and out. There were three other considerations that bore on the possibility of leaving or of attempting escape: first, the practical matter of whether escape was physically possible; second, the hope that we could play some kind of role to facilitate contact with Iranian authorities. We did play that role for the first week or so; after that it became much more tenuous, although we never gave up hope that we might be helpful in some way beyond the opportunity that fairly regular contact with the Swiss embassy gave us to get our views to Washington. Third, we were concerned that if we tried to escape there might be adverse implications. And finally, there was the captain of the ship analogy—a very heavy moral consideration that all three of us felt at the ministry. We were simply loath to consider leaving while our colleagues remained in captivity."

The interview was interrupted at this point by a telephone request from a French TV program for an interview, a request declined because of other commitments. "I assume each of us has dozens of requests; we could all be busy full time as returned hostages. I suppose we cannot escape the fact that we are a unique group, although many others have suffered from acts of terrorism. In our case an entire diplomatic mission was kidnapped and held hostage for blackmail. Even for Tehran this is unique, although something similar happened back in 1831 when a mob stormed the Russian Legation, with all but one of its members killed. But on that occasion, the government immediately sent a mission to Moscow to apologize and to pledge action against the culprits. The contrast between that affair and ours was total."

On the future of Iran—"They've gone too far in the direction of modernization for all of this to have set the country back completely. Even though the modernized element is still a thin veneer, they are the ones who occupy the cities, they are the ones who will continue to have some impact on the political process. The hard-line clerics are unrealistic and impractical. Their system, as conceived by Khomeini, cannot last. What will replace it, or evolve from it, is unclear. Islam will continue to be an ideological force for whomever is in power but there will be a growing influence of pragmatism coming to bear on the revolutionary zeal of the clerics. The revolution itself adversely affected the economic scene in the short term, and that was compounded by the hostage taking and the almost total political and economic isolation of Iran on the world scene that resulted.

"There are many considerations that bear on the outcome of this crisis. But however one feels about policy evolution and the efforts to achieve our release, and debate on that point is understandable, the fact is that all of us at the end are free. None of the 72 was injured seriously, and I think we have come home with our honor intact. It is Iran which stands condemned and isolated. We have not been hurt, they have. There will be debate among us—but I think there can be agreement that there is today new respect for international law and new awareness of the vital importance of diplomatic method and procedure on the world scene, and I think we have the respect of the rest of the world for that.

"This is not going to be the end of terrorism—that threat remains. The dangers are still there, but I think that the way in which Iran has paid, has suffered because of what it did will in itself provide some deterrence against this kind of government-sponsored terrorism happening again. That is not enough, but it will help in the continuing fight against terrorism.

"One would hope that the world community would learn from this experience and seek to fashion more effective international mechanisms and machinery that could be used in the future against governments that condone terrorism. It is not easy to put enforcement mechanisms into international agreements. A new resolution by the last session of the United Nations General Assembly was clearly triggered by this experience, but it is largely words. What would have helped us, in November of 1979, would have been an international agreement that would have seen many countries immediately acting to cut off Iran from all contact, politically and economically. That might not have meant our immediate release, but I believe it would have shortened our stay considerably."

In closing, we asked about future plans. Bruce said, "I'm a Foreign Service officer on active duty and I expect to be assigned to some productive work."

Association News

POINTS TO REMEMBER

OER time is here again, and this year there is a new form—the EER. One of the most important changes is that of the two statements by the rated employee, one is now mandatory, where previously both had been optional. Here in the AFSA office we see a lot of efficiency reports and hear many tales of woe. We would therefore like to inject a cautionary note or two, or three, which you may consider unnecessary. We can assure you, they're not.

Your statement can be extremely valuable. It's one of the few places in the EER where the real, cliché-free you can shine through, minus the water-walking, hitting-the-ground-running gloss that's almost universal these days.

Selection Boards, in attempting to distinguish among several hundred supermen and women, tend to fasten like leeches on two points:

1) examples—we *know* the employee saved the Republic, but when, and how, and was it by accident or design?

2) employee statements—what kind of a mind, a personality, an individual shows through?

Examples are the responsibility of the rating and reviewing officers, although you should insist that they be included even if you have to draft up some suggestions. But you, dear employee, have the job of composing your statements, and this can be a double-edged sword. Do you *want* the real you to show through? Or just selective parts thereof? Do, we beg of you, think. And having thought, think again. Read the statement out loud and imagine how it will sound when read in a small, smoky room by five or six tired men and women suffering from eyestrain who are agonizing over how to catalog you and be fair to you. The boards must rate you against your peers, and promotion opportunities are fewer these days, competition is keen, and reports all too depressingly alike. Help them! This may be the most important piece of writing you do this year.

This is not the place for poor grammar, spelling and typing—or for long philosophical diatribes or cryptic remarks.

Do not take your EER home, have a couple of drinks, compose the perfect ten-page rejoinder and send it in (it happens!).

Do not avail yourself of the opportunity to detail the shortcomings of the Foreign Service, your post, office, co-workers or supervisor. No matter how irresistible the temptation—resist, please.

If you do disagree with your rating, or feel something important has been left out, by all means put it in, but always, always in a positive way, building yourself up, rather than knocking the rest of the world down.

On the other hand, try not to sound as if you are accepting an Oscar, with fulsome praise for all those who "helped you get where you are." It doesn't read well back in that room in Washington.

Do take the full ten days allowed you under the regulations to prepare your statement. If that makes the EER late that's too bad, but not for you. The penalty goes to whomever gave it to you late.

Remember, it's your career, and that statement, for good or ill, will be in your file and be read by Selection Boards as long as you are in the Service. Make it one you'll be proud of ten years from now.

FOREIGN SERVICE DAY 1981

Under the usual joint sponsorship of the Department, DACOR, and AFSA, Foreign Service Day 1981 is scheduled for Friday, May 8. Program announcements and the necessary reservation forms should be in the mail to all Foreign Service retirees not later than April 1.

At 10 A.M. on Saturday, May 9, AFSA will host its annual post-Foreign Service Day buffet/brunch at the Foreign Service Club. AFSA's past accomplishments and future plans will be reviewed, and there will be a full up-date on the latest developments affecting present and prospective Foreign Service retirees.

Since accommodations for the brunch are limited, advance reservations are recommended. If you wish to attend, send your name and address with your check for $7.50 to AFSA, 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

BE FIRM—HELP STAMP OUT N/A

For those secretaries and other support staff whose reports may be written by officers who may be somewhat less than understanding of the intricacies involved in their jobs, we advise firmness.

When your Rating Officer puts N/A after technical skills, managerial skills and leadership, be kind. Do not yell. Point out gently, but firmly, that the outer office is running smoothly, the work is getting done —on time—files are produced on demand, supervisors end up on the right continent when traveling, and that you have just dismantled and reassembled the Xerox Copier for the fourth time in three days. Resist the impulse to run the boss through said Xerox and suggest that the general condition of the office, its morale and productivity, just might be indicative of your possession of some of the qualities mentioned above.

Some concrete examples and qualities needed:

1) Clearing a substantive cable in the department: functional and area knowledge, effectiveness in oral communication, negotiating skill, conceptual ability, judgment, cultural sensitivity, interpersonal skills and, above all else, self control!

2) Dealing with a congressional delegation or conference at post (or an admin conference, a presidential visit, or a Shriners' Convention): most of the qualities listed under 1) plus operational effectiveness, logical thinking, and a pair of running shoes.

3) A normal day at an ordinary post with the usual cast of co-workers, foreign nationals and supervisors—with maybe an electricity failure, no hot water and a few creatures with red spots and 12 legs thrown in: ALL of the competencies, plus a sense of humor, and of caring for others, pride in your work, and prayer.

All joking aside, the competencies in the EER pertain to and are needed by every employee in the Foreign Service—they are not the exclusive property of Foreign Service officers. A little care, thought and time are the only ingredients needed, and that's not too much to expect, is it?

AID/AFSA NEWS

Correction: The sequence of the letters between AFSA and the AID administrator published in this column last month was reversed. The first letter was from AID to AFSA and the second letter was AFSA to AID.

Conversion of Positions: AFSA has written to management requesting copies of all paperwork including decision memoranda relating to the designation of the director of SER/MO and director of office of program management services in PDC from F designated to G designated. We strongly believe that the Obey regulations were violated in both of these cases. Despite repeated requests, no response has yet been received.

The preposterous policy of restricting employee salaries to $100 less than that earned by the ambassador in the country in which they are serving continues to be enforced with the latest excuse being "budget restrictions." AFSA is continuing to press management to remove this totally unjustifiable and arbitrary practice.

The Standing Committee again has informed AID management that they consider the closing of registers for cross-over training opportunities violation of the previous AID/AFSA agreement and will take appropriate action unless the registers are opened and opportunities for staff once again become available.

Early in March AFSA was made aware of management intention to convert 3 GS-15 employees to the new FS-1 salary scale in the executive officer backstop. Management was informed that AFSA would consider this a total refutation of the A/MED program and a highly questionable practice at best. In AFSA's view there are many highly qualified executive officers who could fill the jobs for which these potential convertees were being considered.

NEW MANAGER FOR THE CLUB

Miss Margot Joseph has been appointed manager of the Foreign Service Club. A native of Washington state and a graduate of Cornell University's School of Hotel Administration, Miss Joseph comes to the club from the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Washington, D.C. where she served as assistant manager and convention coordinator. She will continue the emphasis on improvements and innovations in club cuisine and service which have evoked so many favorable comments from AFSA members and their guests in recent months.

Reservations for luncheon and arrangements for private functions may be made by calling Miss Joseph on 338-5730.

A TRIBUTE TO SHIRLEY NEWHALL FROM AFSA

Since 1961, for the past 20 years, Shirley R. Newhall has served first as assistant editor then editor of the *Foreign Service Journal*. Next month she is forsaking the recurrent pressures of publication deadlines to retire with her husband to her native Vermont.

Under Shirley's stewardship the *Journal* has achieved and maintained a distinguished level of editorial excellence, consistently packaged month after month in its characteristically professional and attractive format. Perhaps the best tribute to Shirley's unflagging competence is the remarkable following of editorial advisors and contributors, correspondents, artists, and just plain friends and admirers which she has collected over the years from the ranks of the foreign service, past and present. Her leaving the *Journal* truly marks the end of an era.

As her final day in the editor's chair approaches, AFSA's Governing Board wishes to record a deep sense of gratitude and a sincere "well done" to Shirley Newhall for her long years of dedicated and faithful service to our common constituency —the men and women of the Foreign Service of the United States.

MORE ON TAXES

Q: Is there any tax ruling on ability to deduct as business expense differential between official accommodation exchange and free market rate of local currency?

A: The answer is no. Two current rulings do not allow deductions based on differential between official and free market exchange rate.

However, a gain or loss is to be reported if official exchange rate fluctuates substantially during employee's tour at post. For example, if employee has to convert local currency into US currency upon departure from post and official rate has substantially changed to employee's disadvantage since his/her arrival, a tax deduction may be taken. *Prentice Hall Tax Services* states in this respect: When foreign currency is acquired in the regular course of business and is disposed of, ordinary gain or loss results from any fluctuation in offical value between its acquisition and disposition date are to be reported.

Domicile

On page 21 of the March *Journal* it was pointed out that American citizens do not have to have US domicile but may, in fact, have a domicile abroad. We would like to clarify, however, that this does not apply to active Foreign Service employees stationed abroad. All fifty states and the District of Columbia appear to have determined that *a US government employee assigned abroad*, therefore absent from the US for a fixed and limited period of time only, is not domiciled abroad.

AFSA ELECTIONS COMMITTEE 1981
P.O. Box 57121, WEST END BRANCH,
WASHINGTON, D.C., 20037

The Elections Committee announces that in accordance with AFSA Bylaws, and pursuant to the terms of the 1981 AFSA Election Call, the following members have been duly nominated and have accepted their candidacies for the positions indicated below in the 1981 election of Officers and Constituency Representatives on the AFSA Governing Board.

It will be noted that candidates for all but one of the positions—that of AID Representative—are unopposed. Lots have been drawn by the two candidates for the AID Representative position to determine the order in which their names and campaign statements appear in this and the May issue of the FSJ and on the election ballot.

	ORGANIZATION
PRESIDENT	
1. Kenneth W. Bleakley (The Slate)	State S/S-O
VICE PRESIDENT	
1. Anthea S. de Rouville (The Slate)	State
SECOND VICE PRESIDENT	
1. Ronald Witherell (The Slate)	AID NE/PD
SECRETARY	
1. Joseph N. McBride (The Slate)	State H
TREASURER	
1. Michael Speers (The Slate)	AID AFR/DR
STATE REPRESENTATIVES	
1. Robert Franks (The Slate)	State SY/PSI/I
2. Donald K. Holm (The Slate)	State ARA/ECP
3. Irving Williamson (The Slate)	USTR
AID REPRESENTATIVES	
1. Ralph Barnett	AID ASIA/PD/ENGR
2. William Schoux (The Slate)	AID PPC
ICA REPRESENTATIVES	
1. Stephen Chaplin (The Slate)	ICA PMG/GF
RETIRED REPRESENTATIVES	
1. Spencer King (The Slate)	
2. Charles Whitehouse (The Slate)	

These campaign statements are published in accordance with Article VI(4) of the AFSA Bylaws. In publishing them, AFSA and its Standing Committee on Elections are required by Executive Order 11636 and its implementing regulations, as interpreted by the Department of Labor, to do so without making any modification of their contents. AFSA therefore disclaims any responsibility for the content of any campaign statements made by the candidates. Content is solely the responsibility of the candidates.

It is each AFSA member's responsibility to see to it that his or her proper address and constituency (STATE, AID, USICA, or RETIRED) are on record with AFSA. Ballots will be mailed on or about May 15, 1981, and marked Ballots must be returned by 5:00 P.M. June 30, 1981. If you have not received your Ballot by June 8, 1981, notify the Chairman of the AFSA Elections Committee IMMEDIATELY in writing at P.O. Box 57121, West End Branch, Washington, D.C. 20037 or by "AFSA Channel" cable marked for delivery to AFSA Elections Committee.

AFSA ELECTION—1981—CAMPAIGN STATEMENTS

KENNETH W. BLEAKLEY

Ken Bleakley is now serving as Deputy Director of the State Department's Operations Center following three years as the special assistant to the Assistant Secretary for East Asian and Pacific Affairs.

Ken is a Political Specialist who previously served on the Philippine Desk at State (1977-1978) and on detail to the Office of the Secretary of Defense (1975-77) negotiating the military bases agreement. His most recent overseas tour was as Administrative Officer in La Paz (1973-75), preceded by tours as Political Officer in Panama (1971-73), Panama Desk Officer (1968-71), Protection and Welfare Officer in Madrid (1966-68), and Junior Officer in Santo Domingo (1964-66).

Ken, a 39-year-old native New Yorker, graduated from Georgetown University in 1963 with a Bachelor of Foreign Service Degree and immediately joined the Foreign Service. He earned a Masters Degree in Public Administration at American University in 1970 and completed course requirements for a Masters Degree in Economics at the University of Oklahoma—both through after-hours study. Ken is now the President of the Association. He is also President of Delta Phi Epsilon, national professional Foreign Service fraternity. He received the Secretary of Defense Meritorious Civilian Service Award in 1977 and the Department of State Superior Honor Award in 1979.

Ken and his wife Jane, a corporate officer of Government Services Savings and Loan, have two daughters: Karen, 14, and Monica, 12.

THEA DE ROUVILLE

Thea de Rouville, FS-4, Secretary. Graduated from the University of New Hampshire, B.A., 1954. Graduated from Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School, 1955. Two years experience in private industry as secretary to Director of Personnel in large industrial firm. Joined Foreign Service in 1957, served overseas 15 years. One of the founders of SEPTEMBER 17, Member of the Board 1976-1977, Chairman 1977-78, Co-Chairman 1978-79. Became active in AFSA on returning to Washington in 1975. Member of AFSA State Standing Committee 1976-1979, Chairman 1979-present. Elected Vice President of AFSA in 1979.

RON WITHERELL

Ron Witherell is Chief of AID's Near East/North Africa division of the office of project development. He has been a desk officer in the Latin American and Near East Bureaus. His Foreign Service has been in El Salvador, Paraguay and Chile as an associate mission director and program officer.

Ron has a BA in history from the University of Miami and an MS in management from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He studied international relations at the University of Connecticut. He served in the air force.

Ron has been active in AFSA since 1975, serving as vice president of AFSA's Chile Chapter. Since 1977 he has been on the AID Standing Committee, and is Treasurer on the current Governing Board.

JOE MCBRIDE

Joe McBride, State Representative on AFSA Governing Board since 1977 is an FS-2 (new class) Political Officer. Member of State Standing Committee since 1976, former President of Junior Foreign Service Officers' Caucus (JFSOC). Before his current assignment in "H," he did a Pearson tour on the Hill (Congressman Jonathan Bingham), economist on Israeli Desk, PM Special Assistant, Political Officer at the fall of Saigon. Joe joined State after five years with AID FSR-5 Program Officer/IDI Bangkok and DDSA CORDS MR-iv. B.A. Brandeis, M.A. SAIS.

MIKE SPEERS

Mike Speers joined AID as a project officer in 1963 and converted to the Foreign Service in 1964. He has served in Pakistan, The Ivory Coast and Liberia and currently serves as a senior project officer in the Office of Development Resources of the AID Africa Bureau. He holds degrees in International Politics and Economics from Princeton and in Finance from New York University. Prior to joining AID he was an officer of the Chase Manhattan Bank and also worked in the area of credit, acquisition and marketing with two other US corporations. He served in Army Intelligence during the Korean War.

BOB FRANKS

Bob Franks, FS-4, graduated from the University of Chicago and taught at the University for several years. He joined the Department of State in 1977 as a Security Officer, and is currently a Special Agent in the Passport and Visa Branch of the Office of Security. He has been active in AFSA since 1978. Bob has been an active member of the State Standing Committee since April 1980, vigorously advancing matters of particular concern to security and staff employees.

DONALD HOLM

Mr. Holm is an FS-2 Consular Cone Officer. He began his Foreign Service career in Addis Ababa where he was Chief of Consular Section from 1972 to 1974. This was followed by an assignment as a consular officer in Madrid, and then as Chief of Consular Section and Deputy Principal Officer in Guayaquil. Mr. Holm is currently assigned to the Office of Regional Economic Policy, Bureau of Inter-American Affairs. He served on detail to the National Security Council in 1980. A native of Minnesota, Mr. Holm is a graduate of McAlester College, and attended law school at the University of Colorado. Prior to entering the Foreign Service, he served as a Peace Corps volunteer in Ethiopia, and as a medical corpsman in the Vietnam War. Mr. Holm is an ex-officio member of the Consular

Officers' Association Board of Directors. He received the Department's Meritorious Honor Award in 1977. His foreign languages are Amharic and Spanish.

IRVING WILLIAMSON

Irving A. Williamson, Jr. is an FS-2, Economic Officer. He joined the Foreign Service in 1967 and has served at the following posts: Port Louis, Mauritius; Antananarivo, Madagascar and Geneva, Switzerland. In the Department he has served in EB, Personnel and the Operations Center. He has also had a detail to the Treasury Department and is currently on detail to the office of the US Trade Representative. Irving has a B.A. from Brown, a M.A. from SAIS, and a J.D. from George Washington University.

RALPH E. BARNETT

I am a Civil Engineer Advisor with the Asia Bureau, Office of Project Development. I have been with the US government for fifteen years, the last eleven with AID. My first five and one-half years with AID were spent in Vietnam where I was evacuated from DaNang two days before it fell. My other overseas tour was in Abidjan, Ivory Coast. I am now beginning my third year in Washington on a rotation assignment.

I was brought up in Augusta, Maine. After completing my college career at the University of Maine (B.S. in Civil Engineering—M.A. in Public Management), I returned to my native Augusta where I owned and operated a construction company. During that period I served a term as President of the Board of Aldermen in local government and in 1959-60 was a member of the State Legislature. My current hobbies include tennis, carpentry, and part-time teaching at Northern Virginia Community College.

The October 1980 enactment of

the new Foreign Service Act is the beginning of a new era. Following up on the implementation of particular facets of the act will require special attention. I feel that my early career activities, coupled with my eleven years of experience with AID—both overseas and in Washington, D.C. give me the qualifications necessary to insure that AID would be well represented on the governing board of AFSA.

WILLIAM P. SCHOUX

I joined AID in 1966 and my positions have included: provincial representative and assistant program officer in Vietnam; desk officer in AID/W; program officer in Paraguay and Panama. I am presently Chief of Central Programs Coordination in the Planning and Budgeting office of PPC. I am married to Christina Hussey, an AID foreign service officer, and we have one child.

I am a candidate for AID Representative because I believe in fair treatment for AID's foreign service personnel. I am particularly interested in fairness with respect to assignments, promotion and career status. Too many of us have sat in isolated posts wondering how we could affect the assignment process, what it takes to qualify for one of the few promotions, and why a career in AID's foreign service seems as much related to luck as it does to competence and good planning.

The subject of assignments is perhaps the greatest interest to most of us, particularly to the junior officers. There is nothing quite so demoralizing as feeling at the mercy of an assignment process managed by people you don't know, meeting in a place you visit infrequently. I will work to open up the assignment process to provide earlier, more accurate information on available positions and to inform you on what basis a particular position was filled.

Promotion is a topic of interest to everyone. Most of us remember all too well the period of freezes and limited promotions for the foreign service. To protect promotion opportunities for the foreign service, I will work to see that management is challenged on every proposed outside-hire when qualified in-house people are available and I will seek to ensure that there is greater correlation between personal grade and position grade.

The establishment of a rational career system in AID for foreign service personnel is high on my agenda. I fully support commissioning of AID foreign service officers and would like to see a career status for AID like that of State and ICA. I advocate the establishment of useful career counseling in AID so that each foreign service person is not left to his/her own devices in attempting to plan for career advancement.

STEVE CHAPLIN

Steve is an FS-1 from Hawaii who received a B.A. from Kenyon College, an M.A. in history from UCLA and participated in an Agency university training program assignment at George Washington University's Sino-Soviet Studies Institute. He has served in Buenos Aires, Mexico City, Hermosillo and Bucharest. He currently serves as Chief of the Fast Media Guidance Unit in USICA's Policy Guidance office.

Steve Chaplin—USICA Representative

I have been an AFSA member for over a decade and I currently serve on the Education Committee. The major reason I accepted the Board position is my conviction that in recent years the professional interests of USICA's foreign service personnel have not been well represented by AFGE.

It was largely AFSA's astute bargaining and extensive congressional contacts which assured a higher pay provision in the new Foreign Service Act. It was AFSA's thorough research and convincing arguments which led to the best possible agreement on Senior Foreign Service eligibility and time-in-class provisions.

It is important that USICA's foreign service professionals work more closely with our foreign service colleagues in State, AID and Commerce if we are to achieve the benefits and recognition we deserve. This can only be done by developing a substantial increase in AFSA membership and through greater participation in AFSA committees.

As the USICA representative on the AFSA Board I need to know your concerns and your proposed solutions. If elected, among the items high on my action agenda for the coming year are:

*Launching a membership drive to create a larger and more vigorous AFSA unit within USICA.

*A personal concern that the Agency does its utmost in attending to family-related matters such as: working opportunities overseas for spouses; improved overseas schools for dependent children; providing housing, educational and other allowances to the maximum limits allowed by law.

*Informing the public of the vital role of public diplomacy world-wide in serving our national interests and significant role played by USICA in this process.

On those issues which most affect USICA foreign service personnel I will be an effective advocate in obtaining Board support.

With the active support of my USICA colleagues, I would like to participate in the effort to provide USICA foreign service professionals with the type of leadership they deserve.

SPENCER M. KING

During my twenty-eight years in the Service I served in Bolivia and Czechoslovakia, as DCM in Eucador and the Dominican Republic and as Ambassador to Guyana. I am a graduate of the National War College. Service as a traveling inspector and subsequently as Deputy Inspector General gave me a broad perspective of the Service, based on visits to our missions in roughly 100 capitals. A tour as Chief of the East Europe Branch of the Voice of America generated an interest in international communications and I hope AFSA may again represent the foreign service employees of ICA.

I have worked closely and harmoniously with the other Retired Representative on the present Board, Ambassador Charles Whitehouse, and look forward to continuing to do so on the next Board. We are concerned with the welfare of the Service's retired members, some 2,000 of whom belong to AFSA, as well as the broader aspects of the Service as a whole.

CHARLES S. WHITEHOUSE

Charles S. Whitehouse was born November 5, 1921 in Paris, France where his father, Sheldon Whitehouse, was serving as Counselor of Embassy. Ambassador Whitehouse graduated from Yale University in 1947. He served in the U.S. Marine Corps 1942-1946. From September 1948 to 1966 Ambassador Whitehouse served in Belgium, Turkey, and Cambodia as well as the Department. In 1966 he graduated from the National War College and served as DCM in Conakry, Guinea. He was then assigned to Viet Nam as Deputy for CORDS, military Region III in 1969-1970. During 1971, Ambassador Whitehouse served as acting Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian Affairs. He returned to Viet Nam as Deputy Ambassador in 1972, and became Ambassador to Laos in September, 1973. He was transferred to Thailand in May 1975 and remained there as Ambassador until his retirement in August, 1978. Ambassador Whitehouse was awarded the State Department Superior Honor Award in 1968, the AID Distinguished Honor Award in 1971 and the State Department Distinguished Honor Award in 1973. Ambassador Whitehouse is married to the former Mary C. Rand of Minnesota. They have two sons and a daughter.

AWARDS

Nominations are now being accepted for the 1981 Joseph C. Wilson Award for achievement and promise in international affairs. The award, a $10,000 honorarium funded by Xerox, is given annually to an American citizen near the mid-point of his/her career, who has made a significant contribution to the improvement of understanding among people, nations, or international institutions.

Some past winners include: Morton I. Abramowitz (1980) ambassador to Thailand, who was a catalyst in organizing international relief efforts to save the Cambodian people: Hermann F. Eilts (1979) a career diplomat, for strengthening US relations with Egypt and Saudi Arabia and assisting in Egyptian-Israeli peace talks.

The nominating guidelines are as follows:

1) A biography of each candidate more detailed than what appears in *Who's Who*.

2) A supporting statement of two to five pages by the nominator.

3) Names, addresses and telephone numbers of three other persons competent to appraise the nominee's qualifications.

4) Nominations for the 1981 Award must be received before May 15, 1981.

Send to:
Joseph C. Wilson Award Committee
935 Sibley Tower Building
Rochester, New York 14604

THE VISA

JOHN A. BOVEY

Squeezing himself and his bags through the revolving door of the Hotel Kasteel, Tom Calhern pushed his way into the street, only to find that there were no taxis in sight. He had forgotten that the town was celebrating the first anniversary of the Liberation. Bombed-out windows, still gaping at the ruins, were festooned with the Dutch tricolor; on public buildings the royal motif was marked by strings of orange globes that pulsated on rationed electricity in the April dusk. Now and then a bicycle bell tinkled wanly or a jeep roared past, but the pavements were left open to the Rotterdammers, who walked about mechanically, still in the daze of deliverance, waving small flags and raising their voices in tentative song. Less inhibited were the soldiers and sailors, mainly British and Canadian, who formed up in knots, bumping and shoving each other like good-natured hippos and raucously shouting their favorite ballad:

Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down
And do it again.

Liberation Day, Calhern realized, was going to be far from ideal for moving, even for a fledgling vice-consul who had learned from the Army to travel light (all his belongings were in his two suitcases) and travel fast. To outlanders—especially if they were "civilian pigs"—the bedraggled city offered inconvenience with no compensating throb of heroic recollection, no sense of relief from ordeals.

But self-pity was surely not the right note for an American. With his bags bumping about his ankles, Calhern set off toward the Great Canal. He looked back once at the twin towers of the hotel and the windows that glittered above the expanses of rubble. The exemption of the hotel from bombs and from the fire that had gutted the surrounding blocks was a favorite target of the Rotterdammers' irony. A pain in the ass, Calhern had told himself a dozen times; in moving out, he had opted—was he being priggish?—for a closer view, a greater share, of the troubles of Europe. Perhaps he would find reality again at the Pension Rohrabach.

The Rohrabachs rented their extra rooms to prevent the housing autocrats from quartering the military or the dreaded refugees from Indonesia on them. Vice-consul Mills, who was also a slave on the visa assembly line, had lived there; when he was transferred to Antwerp, Calhern had snapped up his room, sight unseen.

Panting from his climb (elevators rarely worked these days), Calhern paused before a spotless brass plate marked "Engineer Teodor Rohrabach" and rang the bell. The man who immediately flung open the door, as though he had been awaiting his cue, was a burgher of substance: tall, angular, florid, with sharply slanted eyelids and impenetrable pupils like those of a goat. Calhern knew he was about sixty: according to Mills, he had served in the Dutch Marines after the First War, and despite a rounding of paunch, he had kept a heroic carriage.

The rooms were laid out on a lavish scale and strewn with loot, colonial and domestic: Javanese pottery, silver bric-a-brac, Delft jars. On the walls hung brown-gravy landscapes in gilt frames; giblets of oriental carpeting trailed over tables and chairs as well as the floors. But no vestiges of opulence could quite efface the chill that lingered after four winters without fuel.

Calhern's impression that everything had been "laid on" for his arrival was reinforced by his first glimpse of Mevrouw Rohrabach, who was posed as chatelaine in a wing chair before an almost imperceptible fire. She looked at least twenty years younger than the engineer, and she deployed a voluble and slightly gamy charm, twisting her rings on pale fingers, fluttering blue-veined eyelids, patting blue hair, which she wore tightly curled at the ends, like that of the jack of spades. In a pastiche of French and Dutch—her mother, she explained, was a Walloon—she warbled of the delights of Paris and Brussels and New York. But her gush did not drown the Belgian zest for bargaining.

While her husband stood by the window, cracking his knuckles, she opened the bidding briskly. "*Enfin, monsieur*, fifty guilders a week then. Is that agreeable?"

"Mr. Mills told me thirty-five."

Her eyes narrowed, and she sought firmer ground in Dutch: "Your friend did not have the best room. And he rarely ate breakfast here."

Calhern happened to know that the second statement was untrue. And haggling always made him feel like a duffer. "Maybe we could settle for forty. The hotel was only fifty-five—and with private bath."

"Ah, private bath!" She shook her blue curls at him, as though he had affronted the civilization of Erasmus and Vermeer. "No, that we cannot offer. We have few of the American comforts nowadays."

The engineer loomed behind the wing chair. "Forty-five if Mr. Calhern agrees to stay for six months, eh Grietje? Mr. Calhern is an American official, after all, and we can never repay our debt to the Americans."

"*Bien entendu*," his wife fluted. Authority had clearly given her an elbow in the ribs. "Quite right, my dear."

Calhern's toes curled. But what the hell: the hotel had probably filled his room within minutes; retreat was cut off. "Okay then," he said. "Perhaps I'd better put away my things."

"Let me find Leni." Mrs. Rohrabach got up, smoothing her skirt over her hips; the gesture seemed to erase the rufflings of her temper too. "Leni will help you. She is at your service—as we all are."

Calhern expected to hear that the servant was clean if not clever. And then he remembered there was a daughter. "Not bad either," Mills had told him. "She needs fresh air,

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John Bovey is a former Foreign Service officer who has served in Rotterdam, Casablanca, Paris, Oslo, Washington and The Hague. He now lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Reprinted with permission from Desirable Aliens, *published by University of Indiana Press.*

poor girl, and development: there's plenty of room for development."

But pity was misplaced: Leni turned out anything but a drudge. She followed him into his room like a kid sister, and while he hung his clothes in a gigantic wardrobe, she raced about, flicking at imaginary dust, her breasts joggling under a skimpy white housedress. She had her mother's round face, but her high color was her father's, and probably the yellow hair that swung about her shoulders. Her pale eyes didn't waver before Calhern's stare, and she kept up a soft chatter in textbook British-English, interspersed with caressing murmurs of *"Als'tu-blieft"* as she handed him towels or opened drawers.

"Your English is perfect."

"Do you think so? We study it in school. Everyone learns English, you know."

"Do they?"

"Naturally. Before—I mean up to now, it was German. But that's finished for good." She tweaked at the silk bedspread. "I hope one day to go to your country. Is it very difficult?"

"Right now it's not easy."

"Is it so expensive?"

"It's not that so much. But there are lots of people who want to come now. We haven't got room for everybody." He smiled. "We're not so hospitable as we used to be."

Leni pouted at his irony. "I can't believe that." She glanced around the room. "Everything looks quite okay, don't you think? It is time to drink coffee. We ought not to keep my parents waiting."

On the Friday after his move Calhern stayed late at the consulate. Spring had doubled the business of the visa section, and the old brick house in the Parklaan (it had been confiscated from a Dutch Nazi and turned over to the Americans) seemed to be packing in half the Netherlanders, with their tales of woe and their pleas for escape. Calhern wanted to shine at his first post. He wanted to sympathize with those who waited stolidly on the benches in the old drawing room that lay beyond the glass doors of his office. But he had begun to resent the importunate who covered his desk with mounting piles of blue folders. Tonight he resolved not to leave the building until he had settled the hash of at least half the applicants whose dossiers filled his "pending" box. For nearly an hour he sifted through boasts of wealth and achievement, past and to come, and protestations of political virginity, and when at last he looked up, the consul general was peering in at him through the glass doors.

Twenty-five years of skeptical games with regulations had hardened the consul general to the whimpers of immigrants, and Calhern, as he slid open the doors, was shamefully glad to see his lantern jaw and sardonic smile.

"Cheer up, Tom," he said. "They'll live even if you don't get them all past Ellis Island."

"I suppose they will, sir, but I can't separate sheep from goats. After a while they all look alike."

"Some of the goats will get around you. Fortunately most of them are harmless."

"What about the collaborators?"

"Who will they collaborate with in the States? In another five years, when we've spent our moral passions, they'll get in scot free."

"Some of them are pretty notorious, though. Would you give a visa to the owner of this house?"

"Of course not. But that's a question of public relations. Black and white are clearer to the survivors. And to politicians back home, too." He shrugged. "Never mind, Tom: at least you'll get practice saying no. It's not the worst of training: too many diplomats have been ruined by the desire to please."

Calhern grinned. "I know what you mean. I've just moved in with Mills's Dutch family. I have a feeling they want something too."

"Ah, the Rohrabachs. He's a tough nut, the engineer. The wife is pretty dreadful, I'm told: a frustrated butterfly. There's a girl too, isn't there?"

"Yes, sir. But it's the parents I wonder about."

"Then I'd say you're not making the best use of your spare time. Why not come along now and have dinner with my wife and me? We can offer you a bourbon—unless you'd rather drown your worries in Dutch gin?"

"A bourbon sounds much better."

At the pension the dishes had been cleared long ago, and the three Rohrabachs sat by the fire. Calhern was conscious of a break in their talk when he came in. Leni embroidered; her mother knitted; Mynheer entered figures on a yellow paper, tapping his long chin with his pencil.

"So"—Mevrouw pointed a knitting needle roguishly at him—"so you have dined late this night."

"Yes, and worked late too."

"Ah, *le pauvre*! And what keeps you so busy?"

"My wife has not heard," said the engineer, "of the sudden popularity of your country. But there are others who have, eh?"

Leni looked up from her work. "Of course they've heard of it, Papa. Why wouldn't they?"

"Quite right, my dear. Why not? What's left for them here? First our enemies destroy our cities, and now our friends are relieving us of our colonies."

Calhern ignored this thrust. "Everyone has troubles these days."

The glance that passed between the older Rohrabachs was an exclusion: a child—and a foreigner! What does he know of trouble.

"We have friends in New York," said Mrs. Rohrabach, with a shiver of complacency. "Very kind—oh, so kind all during the Occupation. Clothes, and then the food packages—even when we didn't need them. The Schermerhorns, on 72nd Street. Very wealthy. But perhaps you have heard of them?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Petroleum," said the engineer.

"*Très gentils, les* Schermerhorns." Mrs. Rohrabach raised her needle like a wand. "*Et très, très riches.*"

The engineer cracked his knuckles. "They visited us here, Mr. Calhern, before the war and the rebellion in the Indics."

"Ah then," said his wife, "this town was not too bad."

When her parents had turned in, Leni lingered in her chair with her work; Calhern stood looking into the fire, one arm on the mantel. "Is the town really so dead?" he asked. "Seems to me there's plenty to do if you look around a little."

"Where do you look?" Leni was wide-eyed. "Or is that a question one ought not to ask?"

"No harm in asking. Well, just down your street there's a first-class museum. The symphony's starting up again in the fall. A beautiful park. Plenty of cafés. The hotel I stayed in has a place to dance that doesn't look too bad."

"Oh, I know the Kasteel. But I

haven't been there in ages. Not since—" She broke off and picked at her embroidery.

"Did Wally Mills take you there?"

"No, never. The last time I went was four years ago. My cousin took me. It was my seventeenth birthday. Marshal Rommel was there, and the gauleiter. They sat at our table for a minute and bought champagne for us."

Calhern stared. But as it came through Leni's prattle, the scene was touched with nostalgia, a vignette of brighter days.

"I'd always figured that Dutch people spent their time blowing up dikes or brooding by the hearth. You know the kind of stuff you imagine if you're not on the spot." He smiled. "Somebody told me once that Paris nightlife was hottest during the Reign of Terror."

"Oh, at first we had no reign of terror. Later it was different, when people hadn't enough to eat, and there was all the business with the Jews. But at the beginning, the Germans behaved well. They tried to make up for the bombing, which wasn't too bad actually. It was the fire more than the Germans that destroyed the city."

Calhern doubted these distinctions were her own; she seemed as impervious to irony as a doll. "You must have seen a lot of them."

"Of the Germans? Oh yes. But surely Papa has told you."

"Told me what?"

"He had a brother in the army, and several nephews."

"Were they captured by the Germans?"

"No, no, they were in the Wehrmacht. One branch of Papa's family comes from Dusseldorf. My German cousin was stationed here. Hugo was in the engineers, so they put him in charge of the beaches and forts at Scheveningen. He wasn't old but he was very clever. It was Hugo who took me dancing at the Kasteel." She pushed back the curtain of her hair: her blue eyes clouded. "Poor Hugo: he had your room, you know."

Calhern gazed into the fire. "And what happened to him?"

"Oh, Hugo is dead."

Calhern pulled himself up short: he didn't want to say he was sorry. And the vision of Leni in the arms of the young lion, stopping in the park while his mouth covered hers, climbing perhaps into the bed he now occupied—that he couldn't stomach. Then he remembered that Leni was just seventeen when Marshal Rommel bought her champagne. It would have been gross—profane, really—to sour her memories with the catechism of the liberators.

"Why not give the Kasteel a whirl ourselves? I mean why not go dancing there some night?"

"Oh, I should love it."

"How about next Monday?"

"Wonderful! I shall ask Mama."

"You think she might object?"

"I don't think so. It's just the way we do things. My parents will want me back by eleven." She reddened. "You'll think us dreadfully old-fashioned."

As she got up, the log in the fire collapsed with a shower of sparks. "No, not at all," Calhern said. "it's just that in the last few years I've forgotten a lot of things."

On Monday Calhern glanced up from his files to see Engineer Rohrabach in the waiting room. Huge and tweedy, he towered over the other rain-soaked applicants like the ghost of middle-class Rotterdam. When Calhern opened the glass doors, his landlord came marching down the rows of desks like a captain among galley slaves, clicked his heels and held out a paw.

"I have come to find out about going to your country."

Calhern slid the doors shut and placed a chair. "What a surprise!" he said. "Business? Pleasure? A long stay?"

"That depends on many things." Rohrabach wiped the raindrops from his forehead. "You may recall that we spoke the other night of the Schermerhorns in New York."

"Yes."

"Schermerhorn may need more engineers in his refineries."

"Ah, then Leni and your wife would go with you?"

"Later perhaps. I might make a short visit to look around first. I wanted to talk with you before we decide."

"The trouble is that the quota for immigrants is used up."

Rohrabach raised an eyebrow, as though he had caught a junior engineer palming off a faulty design. "I'm told that some visitors manage to stay all the same."

"It's been done, but it's not legal. It's unfair to the others who have to wait. But no harm in your registering: we can screen you right away while you make up your mind." He fished out a form and pushed it across the desk. "Mr. Schermerhorn should write a letter about your job. You'll need a birth certificate, military records and so on. And from The Hague a certificate of political reliability."

Rohrabach sighed. "The war has reduced everything to absurdity. How, may I ask, do the Americans measure reliability?"

Calhern smiled at this echo of his chief. "Maybe it is absurd, but that's how we have to operate right now. No Nazis wanted, no communists, fascists, anarchists—you name it."

"Most commendable!" The blunt manicured fingers folded the form over twice. "I can see no problem. But I mustn't keep a busy man from important work."

In the waiting room, the engineer's gaze came to rest on the mantelpiece, above which the tiles were inscribed in Dutch: "East, West, Home is Best."

"It's a strange slogan for immigrants, isn't it?" Calhern said.

Rohrabach gave a laugh that was more like a bark. "The owner of this house would find it even more ironic than you do."

The owner, Calhern knew, was lodged behind barbed wire at the edge of the city. "Yes, I've heard about Mynheer Willems."

"A sad story: misunderstandings, and a terrible injustice. But no one in Holland has quite recovered his sanity." He sighed again. "We've spent many evenings in this room. Quite a place in the old days."

"I hope that new tenants are not too much of a comedown." Calhern said, and instantly regretted his words.

Rohrabach gave him a mournful, marble stare. "The Americans would never be unwelcome, my dear fellow."

Calhern felt a stirring of mistrust. They stood uneasily, looking through the long windows at the garden, all matted and dismal in the rain, and the gray river beyond.

"One other thing." Rohrabach held out his hand. "I'd rather you said nothing to my wife for the moment. Or to Leni."

"I never talk shop outside the office."

In the dining room of the Hotel Kasteel, Calhern and Leni elbowed

their way through the crowd that revolved in a viscous mass on the narrow dance floor. Once they were settled at their table, they had to shout at one another above the loud talk around them and the clash of cutlery and the thumping tangos and jazz.

Leni's technique startled him: cheek glued to cheek, heavy work with belly and knees in the tango dips. If her German cousin had taught her to dance like that, he had apparently left her with no idea of the effect on the male animal. But there was nothing insidious about Leni. Mills had been right: she had budded but not ripened; there was room for development. The little round breasts that lifted her silk blouse were like early fruit, and when she shook out her straight yellow hair, she seemed unconscious of exploiting an asset. The women he had known in Brussels and Paris carried themselves with a half-hidden emphasis that let you know you could score without protestations. Leni remained a schoolgirl, and while Calhern felt no desire for reckless commitments, he was happy to recover in her something of his own past.

"What was it that happened to your cousin Hugo?" he asked as the band began beating out a slow waltz.

She drew back in his arms, but without missing a step. "He was killed at Scheveningen: a mine that went off by mistake. It was too horrible."

"I don't know what made me ask."

But Leni's transitions covered any gaffe. "Mama and Papa were heartbroken—Mama especially. She rather fancied Hugo—I mean for me, of course. And the next man was not nearly so nice."

"The next man?"

"The one they quartered on us. He was an engineer too. We always seemed to draw them—I suppose on account of Papa. They never stopped talking to each other about some big project near The Hague. It was a terrible bore."

"But with your cousin it was different."

"Yes." She hung fire for an instant. "I know what you're thinking, but it wasn't that, Mr. Calhern. How can I explain without sounding silly."

"You might start by calling me Tom."

"Okay then: Tom." Her cheek brushed his and she gave a little laugh. "Hugo came from a better family than the other one. He was much younger and less touchy—about politics, I mean. He wasn't a real Nazi. He knew us better: he was more like a guest."

Calhern had heard a dozen times how the Dutch hosts gnawed on beetroots or passed out in the street. "Your guests didn't appreciate your hospitality much," he said.

When they were back at their table, Leni, flushing a bit, said, "You really ought not to take it seriously, Tom, that we had Germans in our home. Where in Holland weren't there Germans?"

And now where weren't there Americans or British? But for Leni the whole business was personal: she had only shades of sympathy to mark her frontiers.

"I don't take it seriously, Leni." He glanced at his watch. "And speaking of home, it's almost midnight."

Leni paled. "Heavens! Mama will be in a state."

On the following evening he came in to find Mevrouw Rohrabach lying in wait in the salon. She beckoned him in with an air of conspiracy and cornered him on the leather sofa. When she had poured him coffee, she sat twisting her ringed fingers.

"Leni," she said finally, "is a bit anxious about last night."

"Oh?" He set down his cup and grasped the slippery arm of the sofa. "I hope nothing was wrong. I'm sorry we were late. It was my fault entirely."

"It's nothing serious. We know you are a reliable young man, Mr. Calhern. And Leni had a marvelous time: quite like the old days. But she doesn't know how to repay your kindness."

Calhern smiled: for Leni the old days didn't stretch back very far. "There's nothing to repay. I had a good time too."

"I'm so happy to hear it." Mrs. Rohrabach raised her eyes to his: he caught just a fleeting glint of malice. "Leni has asked me to help her—she's a bit shy, you know—and quite by chance I find that I can. I have an invitation for you."

"From Leni? I didn't know she was so shy."

"Well, it's not exactly from Leni. It's for both of you, from an aunt of my husband in Warmond. The baroness"—she faintly underlined the word—"is giving a small dance for some officers who have just returned from Indonesia. Friday next. I do hope you are free."

Calhern suspected that if he refused, it wouldn't help Leni much. "I'm free," he said, and then with tinsel enthusiasm, "I'd be delighted; it sounds great."

"Oh, Warmond is not Paris," Mrs. Rohrabach trilled, "but the house is charming. You will see a little of the old Holland. Of course it is a bit far, and we have no car."

"I'm sure my boss will let me take a jeep."

"What fun! *Voilà qui est reglé.*" She got up briskly, as though he might elude her at the eleventh hour. "We do like Leni to have a good time. We don't want all her memories of Holland to be sad."

"Memories?" Calhern got up. "Mr. Rohrabach has told you about his plans then."

Her veined eyelids dropped. "My dear boy, what's a wife for if not to discuss plans? And you were so kind to help him with the visa."

The past tense struck him as airy. "I hope," he said with emphasis, "that everything will be all right."

She gave a moué which in younger days had no doubt proven irresistible."I had understood from Teo that it was all settled."

"Not until it's signed and sealed." Why did the Rohrabachs always make him sound pompous? "I'm sorry, but that's how it goes with visas."

Patting her curls, Mrs. Rohrabach rallied her optimism. "I'm sure you will find a way to help us. And of course it's important for Leni—for her future, I mean."

Calhern stared through the window at the barges ploughing up and down the Great Canal. "I'll do what I can."

"Oh, do," cried Mrs. Rohrabach. "We are counting on you."

The Rohrabach papers arrived at Calhern's desk a few days later. The Schermerhorns had provided a cagily worded offer of support. The Dutch bureaucracy had authenticated the past: birth, baptism, residence, innocence of crime. And the document at the bottom of the pile declared over a florid scrawl and the seal of the Security Police, that about the politics of Teodor

Rohrabach and his wife Gertrude, residing at Keizerstraat 38, nothing unfavorable appeared in the files.

Calhern turned this paper over several times, holding it to the light as if to make out some cryptogram in the brief, bland text.

He started to call the consul general, and then, with his finger still in the dial, he saw that he would have to divulge the source of his doubts. Did Leni's involvement really matter? He found, to his dismay, that it mattered a lot. He put the phone back on its cradle and tossed the file into the box marked "pending."

In return for cigarettes, the consul general's chauffeur had tuned up the second-best jeep for the trip to Warmond. The roar of brick pavement under the tires discouraged conversation, and Leni, after a few tentative chirpings, tucked her chin into her coat collar and surrendered to the buffeting wind. So they rolled along for over an hour until the old village appeared, sharp on the darkening horizon.

The house was a baronial relic: solid storeys and jelly-roll gables planted athwart a sandy avenue, lined with the wispy poplars that fill the landscapes of Hobbema. The interior was no disappointment: great rooms opening into one another, wainscoted in oak, which two centuries had rubbed to buttery smoothness. There were acres of parquet, glistening in the candlelight, and tapestried chairs and towering cupboards surmounted by blue jars.

The baroness was of a piece with the house: a fragile, silvery old woman in black, who really should have been wearing a ruff. She pecked Leni on either cheek and pumped Calhern's hand twice, welcoming him tersely in a deep, husky voice. He could have embraced her for abstaining from the usual tribute to the liberators. Here at last was the Europe he had hoped to find when he left the hotel, with a Dutch woman capable of judging her country's latest deliverance on her own terms.

The rooms soon filled with bud-lipped girls in pale, fluffy dresses and horsy young Dutchmen, many still in khaki or blue. Some of the faces were scrubbed and ruddy; others still pallid from the concentration camps of Java. Calhern felt incongruous—the city slicker in the manor. But the great-aunt and Leni's friends soon put him at ease. Three fat musicians—accordion, piano, violin—pulled, thumped, and scraped: mostly polkas and waltzes, which he danced with more gusto than skill. Leni was much in demand, but he didn't lack for other partners. An ancient butler, with his white tie askew, shuffled about with punch and cakes, and at midnight the queen was toasted in sour champagne.

After that Leni hunted him out. Her upper lip was beaded with sweat, and she gave off a faint musk of exertion. She led him onto the balcony overlooking the garden, where the buttresses of the brick wall swam in the dimness like the beams of a galleon. Calhern saw that she was uneasy: Cinderella awaiting the fateful strokes.

"We've a long trip to make, Tom."

"Whenever you say." He mopped his brow. "How about one more polka for the road? I'm just beginning to catch on. I'd like that last dance to be with you. Your mother won't worry, will she? After all, your aunt can vouch for you."

"I hope you don't always take Mama literally."

"Why not? She told me I'd enjoy it here, and she was right."

"No, no, I mean about me—all that business about me being too shy to invite you. When she told me that," Leni added in a burst of unfilial frankness, "I said she really mustn't exaggerate so."

"Why didn't you just ask me yourself?"

"I wasn't sure I really ought to. But Mama is more clever."

"You mean she thought I might escape? But why should I want to escape from you, Leni?"

She put her arm through his. "Oh, if it was only me—"

"What in God's name are you driving at?"

"It's all of us. We count so heavily on you."

Shades of her mother! But what a difference! "If you're talking about going to the States—about the visa—what can I tell you? You'll just have to be patient."

"I'm not impatient. It's Papa who is in a hurry. He means to talk to you about it again. And very soon."

Calhern wished he could put his hands over his ears. "Well, until he does talk, why don't you and I just forget about it? We've got better things to talk about."

"No, no, I must tell you. You must know everything if you're going to help us. It wouldn't be right to hide anything." She took a deep breath. "Papa has many rivals, as you can guess. Some of them are rather envious of his career—of his success, I mean."

"What can they do about it?"

"They have powerful friends in The Hague, and they've begun to spread stories about his work during the war. It's what I told you before: forts and missile places and so on. The *procureur* may even open an investigation."

Calhern put his hands over hers. "Excuse me, Leni, but you're not helping your father by telling me these things. And I wouldn't think dashing off to the States would do him much good either."

Leni withdrew her hand from his. He saw that he had been crude, but he counted on her straightness. "I'm not sure he could clear himself," she said. "When it comes to the Occupation, everyone is a little crazy: we're worse about our own people than we are about the Germans. Look what happened to the poor man who owned your consulate." For a minute her upturned face was that of a stranger; her resignation reached depths he hadn't imagined in her range, and he was alarmed for her. "Suppose Papa does clear himself. Who do you think will ever remember only that?"

"Maybe it's not all that terrible. Anyway let your father and me handle the American end. No need to drag you into it."

"I'm dragged in already. I'm up to my neck. Ever since you came, Papa and Mama have been—well, surely you understand why we're both here tonight."

"Didn't you want me to come here, Leni?"

"Dear Tom, don't pretend to be stupid. Of course I wanted you to come. But see what I've got you into: it complicates everything."

"Not unless you want it to. Don't you know that I trust you completely?"

"Oh trust! That's very nice, but it's not much good to me."

He stood breathing the frugal perfume that floated up from the garden. "Please try to forgive me, Leni. I'm sorry, I had no idea—"

"I was afraid that's what you would say." When she turned, he saw that her cheeks were wet.

In the drawing room the baroness was taking a rest in a highbacked chair, enthroned in a circle of youth, their faces shining in the light of the candles that had begun to gutter in their sconces. She rose with the men, and there was a round of bows and handshakes and clicked heels as the outlanders took their leave. She went with them to the portico and stood in the triangle of light from the open door while Calhern stammered his thanks in Dutch, to which the old woman replied in kind, with just a nod of her silvery head, as if he had spoken her language all his life. When the great door shut behind them, the night insects in the grass took up again their soft shrilling.

In the hall of the pension the nightlight glimmered in its red glass. Leni glanced at the clock, suspended in the arms of a Dresden shepherdess. "*Hemel!*" she whispered, "it's after two."

She stood there, motionless. Almost without thinking, Calhern, as if to efface the smear of shame that the evening had left, leaned down and, taking her chin between his fingers, kissed her gently on the mouth. Her lips lingered on his, and in a rush of warmth, he lifted his arms to embrace her. Just then he heard, from the darkness at the far end of the hall, the whine of an unoiled hinge and a faint click.

He turned sharply: there was no one and no light under the doors. All in an instant he had droped his arms; they were numb, as though circulation had stopped. He whispered a goodnight and tiptoed away. Groping for the handle of his door, he looked back. Leni stood in the flickering red of the nightlight. Her shadow leaped enormous on the wall, but she had not moved at all.

Brushing past the clerks, the engineer strode through the waiting room and flung open the sliding doors. Calhern's heart skipped a beat, but Rohrabach's good morning was cheerful. He sat down without ceremony.

"I have come to find out whether my papers are in order."

"I've looked at them all." He swallowed. "I'm sending them up to the consul general today."

"Part of your routine, I suppose."

"Not always. But I'm new at the game, and the chief has dealt with documents and regulations all his life."

"And with the bureaucrats who provide them, no doubt."

Calhern looked up. "Exactly," he said.

The engineer's large, clean hands were folded serenely in his lap. His linen coat and yellow vest, old-fashioned but impeccably cut, were freshly laundered. His face shone with health. For a minute Calhern thought that the dark shadows Leni had traced for him must be a dream.

"Your chief will know then, Mr. Calhern, what value to attach to all that paperwork. But you look doubtful. Is something missing?"

"The political certificate seems sketchy; it doesn't really say anything. Maybe you can fill it out a little—especially if you expect to move permanently to the States."

"Aha! You see me as a fellow citizen. I'm highly flattered." He leaned forward. "But what more can I tell you?"

"Can you tell me anything about the war years?"

"You refer, no doubt, to the Occupation. Well, nothing much happened to me: I was no longer young enough."

Calhern saw pitfalls in the underbrush of Rohrabach's reticences and of his own. He sought a path around them, sought so intensely that he nearly lost sight of the imposing figure across the desk.

"You kept on with your work? Was it a success?"

"It didn't go badly. It wasn't always easy, I can tell you."

"Did you have help?"

"I'm not in the habit of asking for help."

"But you had connections in Germany—relatives in the Wehrmacht. Isn't that right?"

Rohrabach's eyelids sharpened. "You've been pumping my daughter."

"Oh, pumping! I've talked with Leni, sure. Why not? She's told me nothing there's any point in trying to hide."

"To hide from *you*—well, perhaps not." The engineer gave a mirthless guffaw. He threw himself back in his chair, spreading a hand on his knee as if lecturing a grandchild. "Put yourself in my place, Mr. Calhern; try to see things like a Netherlander. We had to live; we couldn't all stay alive on tulip bulbs. And we had families. At times we made concessions: we did things we didn't much like. That does not mean we were Nazis."

"I didn't say you were a Nazi, Mr. Rohrabach."

"You've gone to a great deal of trouble to avoid the word."

"Okay, let's use it. Not all Hollanders did what the Nazis wanted."

"My dear fellow, you must not take offense if I say that you are not very experienced. Do you really believe that all my compatriots fought as they now claim to have fought? Those who did resist had perhaps less to lose than the others."

Calhern stared at the gold watch chain that girdled the evidence of the engineer's survival. "Lots of them are dead."

Rohrabach's cheeks darkened. "And so no politicans are interested in blackening their names."

"And none of them wants to go to the United States."

The engineer rose, planting his knuckles on the edge of the desk. "I should like to see the consul general."

"I'll ask for an appointment," Calhern said. "At your risk, of course."

"My risk?" Rohrabach's pupils dwindled to dark points. "If your chief has had so much experience, he is probably familiar with the ways of vice-consuls too, eh?"

"Are you going to get Leni mixed up in all this mess?"

"Leni is a very innocent girl. My wife has had a long talk with her." Rohrabach folded his arms. "Perhaps you don't realize how simple Hollanders interpret your behavior."

"I'm the simple one; I can see that. Maybe it's your wife who should talk to the consul general." Then Calhern saw the greater danger: his bitterness drained away. "Isn't it really Leni who could set the record straight?"

Rohrabach sat down again, slumping forward on his chair. Some protective impulse, some tenderness welling up from depths Calhern had never expected to sound, washed at the layers of guile that the years had deposited at the corners of his eyes. The expression came and went in an instant, like the shadow of a cloud, but without it, he would never have known the engineer at all. Now he could understand how the Germans had melted down their foes into ac-

(Continued on page 40)

"I would have my magic bring bright
green trees out of the snow of the mountains . . ."

FREYJA

STEPHANIE HUGHES

This is the legend: the Vanir and the Aesir had been at war for as long as rival factions of gods may be, and it was recognized that an end must come before the World Tree toppled with the rage of their battles. Therefore the Vanir sent three of their best, Njord, Freyr and Freyja, as hostages to the land of the Aesir, to dwell there forever. Odin pledged his word not to renew hostilities. The hostages became symbols of peace and great plenty.

How things have changed.

My father said the other day, "It might have been us." That's true; we've had our share of hardship posts. That's why the recliners in our family room are not quite so cozy as they might be as we watch the evening news.

And Freyja said to Loki: "We are the disinherited, Njord and Freyr and I. We no longer belong to the Vanir; if we were to go back after such a length of years their ways would be strange and hot to us. We have dwelt in the worlds of the Northern isles too long. You might have a scrap of remorse."

I was not afraid as I watched the bright orange flames of an ammo dump blown up outside Vientiane. Or even as I stood quite still on the shaking, splitting earth in El Salvador, and stones fell in the street and the people screamed and ran, nowhere. I suppose children mostly fear the ghouls and the spirits, the insensible; that which we could touch, hear, taste, see we could dodge, because it was a part of grit and aluminum real things. I had to grab my composure only once: in one of the main streets of Calcutta, when the beggars lay deformed and brown and filthy across the sidewalks, and the ribbed cows coughed as they wandered thinly down the alleyways. But I defy the strongest among you to have withstood that walk. The sound of suffering shoots composure all to hell. I admit a furtive gasp for relief when I reached the cool white and water and green of the American consulate general. I was very young.

But I have ridden a horse on the slopes just above Darjeeling, and I remember a poverty-stricken old man in Central America who gave me a mango so large it took my two fists to hold it. If I reach out my hand I can touch a bit of pottery from the back streets of Thessaloniki, an endragoned vase from China, a tiny copper bowl from Tibet. The people and the earth are always right. So what is left to bring such wrong?

And Freyja said to Loki: "But you don't understand, I love you who have dwelt here since the bridge was first forged. I have learned to love even you, Loki, who lies to me, who steals my necklace. But once I took my falcon shape and winged over the great branches of the World Tree, and suddenly I wanted to smash myself against the wall that holds me in. Out of the land of the Vanir. Out of my home. This freedom of the bird's shape is a mockery, and Loki, I am homesick. The magic here is darker, the paths to the spring rain more perilous, the suffering so very frightful. What good is my gentle magic here? Answer me that, Loki, and you may keep my necklace and my falcon shape forever."

Rainbow bridges and great stone walls. Do the walls keep us in or out? I don't know, truly. I suppose it depends on whose side you call "home." The frightening thing is that everyone knows their personal view correct; every country believes its essential rightness. That is the great pull of a universal religion: everyone will think of the same bearded patriarch and harmony will reign. Never mind variety. At least there will be no more wars, no more hostages.

And Freyja said to Loki: "You all do your separate little jobs here. That was not our way. Heimdall is your guardian. Baldur is your sacrifice. Thor is your hammering warrior. Odin is your father, Frigga your mother. And you are a very devil among gods and goddesses. The Vanir do things differently. They share all the responsibilities, the growing of the corn and the ruling of the state, so that none may bear too great a burden in one area. But you seem happy, and who am I to say what's right or wrong?"

Who am I to say what's right or wrong?

But it was wrong, it was wrong, I'm sorry, but it was wrong. The great arched and columned white building, whatever language was spoken inside, whatever flag or alphabet displayed, was the one uni-

(Continued on page 44)

Stephanie Hughes writes: "My father is a retired Foreign Service officer; he had lived in places I only dream of before I was ever born. I had my share of Foreign Service life in Finland, El Salvador and Laos. I graduated from the College of William and Mary last May and now have all I ever wanted, at this point in my life anyway: good friends, good apartment, good editing job, three thousand books, the Beethoven symphonies, an occasional bottle of very good wine, and time and peace to write."

Bookshelf

Vietnam Revisited

THE PRESTIGE PRESS AND THE CHRISTMAS BOMBING 1972: *Images and Realities in Vietnam, by Martin F. Herz and Leslie Rider. Ethics and Public Policy Center, $5.00 (paper).*

The controversy over Vietnam continues. A body of revisionist documentation, headed by Guenter Lewy's *America in Vietnam* has been slowly mounting. Its import is to challenge the conventional criticism of America's conduct of the war.

The latest study in this genre is an interesting monograph by Ambassador Martin F. Herz (ret.), assisted by Leslie Rider. Ambassador Herz, now director of the Institute for the Study of Diplomacy at Georgetown University, concludes that the "prestige press" in his study—the New York *Times*, the Washington *Post*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and CBS—deliberately allowed their editorial positions of opposition to the 1972 Christmas bombing of North Vietnam to shape their news coverage, and this in turn violated journalistic obligation to provide balance and fairness. But he also notes that the failure of the US government to defend its actions deprived the media of information it might have used to provide more "balance." Other conclusions are that the charges of "carpet bombing" of Hanoi were without foundation; that the bombing was "not disproportionate" to "accepted practice of warfare"; that the main effect was not military but psychological and symbolic; and that this was plausibly instrumental in getting the Vietnamese back to the table in a better frame of mind to negotiate a settlement.

Ambassador Herz uses a content analysis of the above five organizations' news output during the period December 9-31 to show that each devoted substantially more lineage to opposing views than to supportive ones. Acknowledging that critical material was more readily available, Ambassador Herz nevertheless feels that the media should have provided balance by giving equal space to defenders of the administration's action.

But is equal lineage the essence of fairness in media? Some readers will recall that Washington clergymen denounced the Christmas bombing to their establishment congregations as "blasphemy"; that there were candlelight vigils at the White House; and that there were manifestations of protest and outrage throughout the country and the world. It was, in short, pretty strong stuff and it was certainly news. To suggest that the prestige media should have "balanced" this protest with an equal number of lines from administration supporters is to deny what Ambassador Herz himself freely admits—that there was a great preponderance of critics and the administration itself remained largely mute in its own defense. If Ambassador Herz demonstrated that the media failed to report or distorted what administration spokesmen said, or that administration supporters were as numerous as its critics, his charge of "patent bias" against the media would be more persuasive. But he doesn't, and it isn't.

There are other problems. If the bombing was so psychologically

powerful that the North Vietnamese were effectively scared back to the negotiating table, as Ambassador Herz suggests, how does that square with his contention that the Hanoi population was so dispersed, and the bombers so accurate, that civilian casualties were "surprisingly small?" If casualties were small, and the bombing was "not militarily effective," which is another assertion made by the study, wherein lay its effectiveness?

Further, if the bombing was a success in bringing the Vietnamese back to the table, which Ambassador Herz believes but admits that no one can prove, shouldn't he also deal with the devastating impact that the bombing had on Congress and US willingness to support the Thieu regime after the agreement was signed? And, if B-52 losses were "acceptable," an assertion made by military spokesmen which Ambassador Herz accepts, left unanswered are the reports at the time that the Pentagon was putting pressure on the administration to end the bombings because B-52 losses were crippling our strategic attack force. These considerations made the bombing seem something less than the unqualified success its defenders have claimed it to be.

What Ambassador Herz has proved is that five of the prestige media devoted much more news space to critics of the Christmas bombing than to supporters. Whether this constitutes "deliberate shaping of the news," as Ambassador Herz maintains, is a matter of opinion.

Among Vietnam observers there is a substantial body of opinion that believes the US media bear a major share of blame for the communist victory in Vietnam. For those who so believe, Ambassador Herz's study will be welcome grist.

—WILLIAM LENDERKING

Unquestioned Answers

MODERN DIPLOMACY: *The Art and the Artisans; edited by Elmer Plischke. American Enterprise Institute, Studies in Foreign Policy, paper, $9.25.*

The editor of this anthology is now adjunct professor at Gettysburg College, after several years as chairman of the department of government at the University of Maryland. A prolific writer on US diplomacy and foreign policy, Dr. Plischke was for years a leading member of the Secretary's Advisory Committee on the annual publication "Foreign Relations of the United States." He was a member of Ambassador Murphy's staff in post-war Germany.

The authors of the essays and excerpts from books by some thirty contributors (forming neither a compendium nor a consensus) deal with the practice of diplomacy, and not with the formation or analysis of policy. Foreign Service officers Barnes, Briggs, Eilts, Gibson, Kennan, Kohler, Morgan, Schaetzel, Stearns, Swayne and Yost; an equal number of department officers including Secretaries Root, Rusk and Kissinger are the major participants in this illuminating variety of opinions. There are pointed observations on secret and public activities, trenchant comments on political contrasted to career envoys, and citations of personnel problems. Both the opportunities and the limitations of the diplomatic function are demonstrated in revealing and humorous anecdotes.

Readers of this *Journal* now have a ready reply to the question "what can I do to prepare for the Foreign Service examination?" It is "read—and absorb—Plischke's *Modern Diplomacy.*"—WILLARD F. BARBER

DIPLOMACY: THE ROLE OF THE WIFE

from page 19

for tandem couples to live together (when they have both accepted careers over family), but to do nothing to enhance and dignify the natural resource of the traditional partnership. It seems self-defeating to encourage wives to find fulfillment in careers, inside the Foreign Service, yet not to attempt to rebuild a self-esteem and a sense of purpose for those who accept a role that would make for better esprit de corps at post.

Nevertheless, having said all that, the realists are also those who know that by now it is probably too late to recall many wives to the traditional role . . . those who are successfully launched in their own careers. And so, perhaps the department will have to ask a wife, before she departs for a new post: "Do you want to be a private person or a partner?" There may be some who will want to remain private persons at some posts, but become partners at others. The partner would be given a salary of her own—not a share of her husband's salary, as the Yugoslavs do—as recognition of her as an individual in a role with its own identity and worth. If a position were not filled, it would indicate that the husband-officer had accepted the responsibility of the wife's role also, either by doing the work himself or by hiring someone. Surely, in this age of computers, some equitable pay scale could be worked out according to the requirements of each post and position. The partners should have access to language courses, briefings on important policies of the moment toward a certain country, and courses of study on the cultural aspects. Wives know they are not the officer in the family, but it is ridiculous to think that American women, especially senior Foreign Service wives, can sit at a table with ministers and heads of state like empty-headed, chiffon-clad mannequins.

Just because the wife may not be trained and paid (yet), just because some wives hate the work and do not consider it important, just because the chores are nebulous and hard to nail down on an employment résumé, just because the department chooses to ignore her role as a fact of Foreign Service life . . . does not mean that the special role of the wife does not exist. Often difficult and tiring, still unrecognized and unrewarded, it is *work* for the United States government. Down through history, wives have played an essential and integral role in the Foreign Service. The question is: Does the United States still value that kind of in-depth representation? Can wives be convinced that they are needed? Or is it too late and impossible to "Raise the *Titanic*?"

Diplomacy: The Role of the Wife—A Symposium *is obtainable by writing to: Institute for the Study of Diplomacy, School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20057. The cost is $4.50 when payment accompanies order. The publication has 88 pages, with a foreword by Ellsworth Bunker and an introduction by Martin F. Herz. Contributors include men and women, Americans and foreigners, a Foreign Service psychiatrist and an educationist.*

THE VISA

from page 35

complices when they assembled their hostages at the sites that were marked throughout the city with little crosses and withered flowers.

"Look," Calhern said, "I don't expect Leni to do anything like that. I wouldn't want her to. I'm sure you wouldn't either."

"I would rather not budge from Rotterdam."

"But why should I refuse the visa?" Calhern said softly, almost to himself. "The papers are all in order."

Rohrabach's chin jerked up: he didn't grasp yet that the cage stood open. "What about your chief?"

"He won't mind if I take a gamble on my own. It's about time."

"Mr. Calhern, are you in love with my daughter?"

"I might have been," Calhern brought it out slowly, "if I'd been given half a chance. But it was finished before it could begin. You don't give me credit for much, do you? This business that you and your wife cooked up, did you really think it would work?"

This time the engineer's half-smile was not ironic. "The war has taught us many new habits, but maybe they are just new kinds of naïveté."

"You can pick up your passport tomorrow." They both stood up. "I may not see you again, Mr. Rohrabach, I wish you luck. Really."

Rohrabach gripped his hand. Then he turned away and crossed to the sliding doors, pushing them slowly apart, as if Samson heaving against the pillars of the temple. He looked back once. "You are the lucky ones," he said, "because you can still make such choices."

By the time Calhern had finished his report, twilight had come down. A breeze from the river stirred the papers on his desk. He stapled the Rohrabach dossier together with a thump and tossed it into his out box. As he was locking his safe, the consul general looked in.

"Working late again. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing. Rohrabach is going to the States. Family later, I think."

The chief's glance stopped just short of a wink. "You'll be moving then. Let me know if I can help."

Calhern didn't answer for a moment. "Thanks," he said finally. "I'll be all right."

From outside the door of the pension he heard women's voices rising and falling, first separately and then together. When he opened the door, there was a squeak of panic from down the hall, and he caught a glimpse of Mevrouw Rohrabach's curls whisking out of sight as she took refuge in her bedroom.

He bathed his face and packed his bags as meticulously as if he were journeying to the end of the world. After a few minutes he heard the clicking of heels; the front door slammed and there was silence. But when he tiptoed into the hall, Leni stood there waiting. She wore the thin house dress he remembered from his first evening at the pension. She had drawn her hair back so tight that her eyes narrowed at their corners, but he couldn't see any trace of tears.

"I just wanted to thank you," she

said, with a stiff little nod that reminded him of her aunt, "and to tell you—to tell you how happy you have made us."

"*You* don't look very happy."

"No more do you." Now the words came all in a rush. "Believe me, dear Tom, it wasn't my idea to threaten you. I am ashamed, ashamed!"

"I thought you knew me better, Leni."

"Don't go on. I know it's dreadful, what they've made you do. I have had a terrible quarrel with Mama about it. But what can I say?"

He reached out and touched her neck. "You don't understand: there's nothing dreadful. It wasn't because of any threat that I gave your father his visa. I have nothing against your father."

"But you do. You know everything." She drew away from him, clenching her hands together, shaking her head like an insistent child. "You learned it from me. And if you had waited, you would have learned it from others."

"I didn't want to wait."

"So then"—she marshaled all the logic of her simplicity—"so you have made an exception out of kindness."

"Oh, kindness! Dear Leni, you're the one who makes all the exceptions."

She turned this over, and Calhern saw from her face that he had better extinguish the spark before either of them could breathe on it. "Everything is okay, okay. Stop worrying about it. Otherwise you'll get me worrying too." He took her hands in his. "And now I really must be going."

"You're leaving us?"

He couldn't help smiling. "Well, I don't think your father will put me in charge of the pension. And of course, you and your mother will be leaving too one of these days."

"You won't stay to say goodbye?"

"I don't think I'd better. I'll send the driver for my bags as soon as I find something."

"I understand." Now at last her eyes filled. "I shan't see you again."

"Oh, I'll be around." He groped for a formula. "Who knows? Maybe I'll see you in the States."

She withdrew her hands from his, as though she didn't dare to press on a surface so fragile. If only she would scream at him, or throw something. Or hit him in the face. But of course she wouldn't, and her abstention was worse than any reproach.

"Many thanks, Leni," he said, "for everything—most of all to you."

She turned away without a sound.

Along the Great Canal, the arc lights bobbled on their wires, stabbing the black water with their reflections. Bars and dance halls hoisted their impudent emblems to the wind; from one of them a party of sailors erupted in disorder. They shouted and peered at Calhern and then up and down the street, like submarine creatures stranded by the tides that were ebbing all around them. At the bend of the canal, the towers of the Hotel Kasteel came into view: the windows twinkled above the wreckage, as oblivious as the stars.

He would find no comfort there, no refuge from the desolation that worked within him and around him. But really, he told himself, there was nowhere else for him to go.

ARMIES IN FLIGHT

from page 17

ment in recent years. As long-time dissidents are arrested or emigrate, few people are stepping forward to take their places.

Barring a return to full-blown Stalinism at least some elements of the dissident movement will probably survive the present crackdown, as they have survived others in the past. It is possible, however, that the character of Soviet dissent will change in the future. Greater economic difficulties could lead to a recrudescence of dissent in even sharper forms. Taking a leaf from their pre-revolutionary predecessors, it is not inconceivable that future dissident movements will concentrate on illegal underground activity or even terrorism.

Under the tsars the Russian revolutionary movement passed through peaks and valleys of activity which were caused by prevailing social-economic conditions and by the strength of official repression. In the same manner, the contemporary dissident movement in the USSR may be heading into a historical trough. The movement was born as the hopes for cultural and political liberalization engendered by Khrushchev's de-Stalinization vanished into the greyness of the Brezhnev era. The dissidents have fought a long and valiant rear guard action but it is not in their power to rekindle the spirit of hope alone. The movement needs a fresh infusion of intellectual vitality which can only occur through a change in the intellectual and political climate of Soviet society as a whole. There are few signs of such changes in the Soviet Union today.

Portrait III: Tolya, The Cynic

Tolya is a young writer for a popular science magazine. His specialty is foreign scientific developments. Tolya speaks American English with colloquial fluency and has visited the United States several times on official exchange tours. He dresses in western clothes and is exceedingly proud of his extensive collection of bluegrass music.

Tolya has never had any connection with the dissident movement. Except for Sakharov, whom he considers one of the greatest men in the USSR, Tolya has nothing but scorn for the dissidents. He considers them ineffectual and unrepresentative, and he cannot understand why westerners lavish such attention on them.

Tolya is a Communist because membership in the party is a prerequisite for success in his profession and a requirement for foreign travel. Although Tolya derides the inanities of official ideology, he is careful to ensure that the necessary obeisances to Marxism-Leninism appear in his own articles. At heart Tolya considers himself a liberal and a westernizer; he is acutely aware this makes him a distinct minority in the contemporary Soviet Union.

Tolya admires from afar many western democratic values, for example, freedom of expression. He resents having to write lies even though he will not stop.

Tolya also admires the relative efficiency with which western economic systems distribute the fruits of production. Sometimes, indeed, Tolya leaves the impression that consumerism is what most appeals to him about the west. He knows how

successful young professionals like himself live in the west, and finds the contrast with his own situation—for example having to stand in line for hours to get a decent piece of meat to serve guests—terribly galling.

But Tolya is no black marketeer, whose only concept of western culture is a pair of jeans he has cadged from a western tourist. Neither is he blindly attracted to the west in disregard of his own country's cultural values. He speaks with genuine horror, for example, of the punk rockers he once saw on a New York street with safety pins stuck through their cheeks. Russian literature is Tolya's special love. His Moscow apartment is filled with a collection of classic Russian literature, which it has taken him much effort to amass in a country whose own classics are printed in disgracefully small editions and generally sell out in a matter of hours.

Tolya's views on the current Soviet political scene are a paradox. He condemns the present leadership for lacking the courage to reform an increasingly arthritic political and economic system. On the other hand, his hopes for the political future amount to a desperate wish that Brezhnev will live forever. Any conceivable successor, Tolya fears, is bound to be worse.

Tolya believes that US policy toward the USSR is too weak because it assumes that the Soviets genuinely want good relations with the west. Tolya knows the Soviet system cannot tolerate any challengers, either in domestic or in international politics. In his view the USSR will strive to expand its influence throughout the world until it is checked by superior force and will.

Ironically, Tolya is chiefly concerned about the supposed weakness of US foreign policy because of its impact on Soviet internal politics. Tolya's nightmare is that if the Soviet Union emerges victorious in its struggle with the west—and he is convinced the Soviets are winning this struggle because the west refuses to believe in its existence—the Soviet leadership will pursue its natural inclination to impose an even more repressive order at home and abroad.

Tolya personifies a fatal weakness of the liberal Soviet intelligentsia—its lack of nerve. Tolya pleads for a firm American policy toward the Soviet Union because he hopes it will eventually force the Soviet leadership to come to grips with the country's internal problems, but he is unwilling to make any effort himself to bring about change. Privately, Tolya pokes fun at the geriatric Soviet leaders and incisively analyzes the flaws of the Soviet system. In public he is a model of conformity. He defends his behavior by pointing out that any effort on his part to alter the state of affairs would only lead to his own destruction without having the slightest impact on the system.

Tolya's excuse is the age-old rationale for inaction in the face of tyranny. But it also happens to be a self-fulfilling prophecy. History will probably judge that the dissidents' most significant achievement was in finding the courage to escape from this paralyzing dilemma: to speak out against the abuses of a system they knew possessed the power to destroy them.

FREYJA

from page 36

versal symbol we had, and is it now to be crumbled, slowly, in every corner of the globe? And what, pray, are we to put in its place? And if they say, "You should have known, you should have *expected* . . . " as the bullets start flying through the beautiful windows in every country, even (dare I suggest such a horrible thing?) even on Massachusetts Avenue, I will tell you what to say. I will tell you what to say with sad bewilderment just before the Armageddon grinds up like a mechanical tortoise: "But, my God, it was *inconceivable* . . ."

And if they are not satisfied, at least you are not lying.

And Freyja said to Loki: "I have no experience to help me understand your indignation. So you would tell tales of me to Odin, or to Thor? What have I done that was evil? I would have my magic bring bright green trees out of the snow of the mountains, and scatter death on the wind to be blown away. I do only what I have done at home, but if you think this magic evil and wicked, then send me home. I'd as lief go home. But do not threaten me, Loki, for that is how the wars started before. Do you remember? When we ripped off the very bark of the World Tree, in our madness, to make weapons? And Baldur knelt at the foot of the rainbow and cried in anguish at our folly?"

On my mountain in El Salvador, where the orchids grow wild, there was only enough road to make potholes. The families went up the mountain about once a month to gaze across the valley at Izalco, which rose smoky and grey with lava like a quiescent dragon. The families ate outside, spreading red and white checkered cloths on the picnic tables and laying out neat places with paper plates and napkins and the second-best silverware. The thin wild dogs, mostly yellow spaniels, sat waiting for the chicken bones. Izalco sent up a dark wisp of smoke. The place was called Cerrro Verde.

Sometimes it rained, and we huddled inside the lodge. It was quite dangerous to drive off the mountain in the tropic rain. The danger came not from tooth-jolting, or in getting mired, but only in that amid the sheets of water and splashed-up mud it was hard to distinguish between road and mountain. There wasn't much difference between them when it was clear.

A great eruption was predicted for Izalco, and Cerro Verde would very likely be demolished. But the people came back. They came back to see such strange beauty, so far from their caged understanding. In their own way they dearly loved the wild orchids and the quiescent dragon. So the people came back every year. Was that not very foolish of them?

And Freyja said to Loki: "Bear your tales of a heavier magic to Odin; I do not think he will listen. And let me return to burdening nothing but ears of corn, and breaking nothing but the shells of new-hatching falcons. And give me back my necklace, Loki, for you have taught me nothing I did not know before."

LETTERS, *from page 4*

The yearly consular workload package is testimony to this fact. Since, in my view, the consular function is one of the more programmatic functions of the department, it could best be performed by a specialized agency established *within* and subordinated to State. Also, since these consular functions are closely related to the travel services performed by the quasi-official US Travel Service, it makes sense to include the latter's function in a proposed Consular and Travel Services Agency (CATSA). As I spelled out in Part II, the director of this agency would receive guidance from the proposed executive under secretary, who would be the senior career FSO in the Department.

Granted, it would be no easy task to incorporate in similar subordinate, specialized agencies the overseas programmatic activities of other departments and agencies. At the same time, however, it was never my intent to remove the consular function from the department, let alone offer it up as some kind of trade-off to capture the foreign services of other agencies.

In Part III, I proposed a sharper distinction between generalists and specialists. Since consular work is a specialized area in foreign service work, in the same vein that political, economic, and administrative work are specialities, it only seems appropriate to include a consular service along with some fifteen other specialized foreign services in an expanded foreign service personnel system. Clearly, I do not want to remove consular officers from the State Department. Indeed, beyond the more usual consular functions, I believe there are important roles for consular officers to play throughout the department and its other specialized agencies, both at home and abroad. For just two examples, consular officers would be assigned to each of the regional bureaus, and to any specialized agency set up to deal with refugee and humanitarian affairs. Beyond this, however, the system I propose would have as a key feature the flexibility to allow a capable consular—or for that matter, any other—specialist to develop into a foreign service generalist available for the highest responsibilities.

On Public Dissent

The press has reported that Ambassador Robert E. White, a career officer, was dismissed from the Foreign Service because of a conflict between his views on El Salvador and those of the Reagan administration.

If true, this would be ominous. There should be room for diversity in the Foreign Service. If a career officer holds views on a particular situation that are at variance with those of the elected leadership, he should be given a different assignment, perhaps one that is less in the public view, and not forced into retirement. He can be "rusticated" but should not have his head chopped off for many reasons;

First, it has a chilling effect on other dissent. Second, senior officers, even (and sometimes especially) when they hold unpopular views, represent a national asset. Third, an administration that forces a career diplomat into retirement over a policy difference conjures up memories of times when the diplomacy of the United States was severely damaged by such steps.

Fortunately, I believe the situation of Ambassador White was different. The press has reported—though not in connection with his retirement—that he was offered a position as senior inspector and that he declined that position as below his dignity. Only then, I understand, was Section 813 applied to him.

Now, I believe that while a free play of ideas is desirable in the department and the Foreign Service, nobody is guaranteed an ambassadorship at any particular time. Ambassadors have gone on to become inspectors, deputy chiefs of mission, country directors, diplomats-in-residence and to other posts of less than ambassadorial rank.

Another thing that may be noted in connection with the White case is that while every Foreign Service officer should be (and is) free to dissent through appropriate channels, *public* dissent is another matter.

So when Robert White declared, according to the New York *Times* of March 12, "I regard it as an honor to join a small group of officers who have gone out of the Service because they refused to betray their principles," he may be overstating his case. He was not, apparently, asked to betray his principles. He was offered an honorable—though not highly visible—position in the Service. He continued his dissent in public; and in effect he preferred a position outside the Service where he could publicly advocate his views, to remaining in the Service in temporary eclipse.

His decision to quit—for it appears to have been his decision rather than that of the administration—is thus an honorable one, but not a necessary one. His case, if I am correctly informed about the facts, does not involve the career principle which we should be alert to defend.

Perhaps the situation as explained above is the reason why, up to this writing, AFSA has not raised its voice in connection with this matter.

MARTIN F. HERZ

Editor's Note: Ambassador Herz, a retired officer and former board member of AFSA, has expressed views which are very close to those of the present Governing Board.

Thanks to AFSA

We have received the following letter from Bruce Laingen:

Dear Ken:

On behalf of all my hostage colleagues and their families, now enjoying freedom again, I would like to express our thanks to AFSA for the magnificent support that we enjoyed throughout our captivity.

More specifically, we are grateful for the heart-warming messages of congratulations from AFSA Chapters all around the world that heralded our return. They reminded all of us once again that we are a strong and united professional service, with the closest personal bonds.

We are also grateful for the way in which AFSA, its staff, and many others volunteered their time and work on many occasions during the crisis, particularly in relaying messages to our families and in other ways making easier the lives of our loved ones during our absence.

We know, too, that this past year has been one of major achievement for AFSA and the Foreign Service as a whole, above all in the enactment of the new Foreign Service Act. From all that we have learned, AFSA can have great pride in what has been accomplished.

L. BRUCE LAINGEN
Former Chargé d' Affaires of the US in Tehran

The JOURNAL *welcomes the expression of its readers' opinions in the form of letters to the editor. All letters are subject to condensation if necessary. Send to: Letters to the Editor, Foreign Service* JOURNAL, *2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.*

Foreign Service People

Marriage

Reppert-Reams. Joanne Reppert and Peter Reams were married on January 17 in Washington, D.C. They are assigned to State PA/PC and State EUR/NE respectively. Mr. Reams is the son of Ambassador (ret.) and Mrs. Robert Borden Reams.

Births

Hillas. A son, Kenneth MacLean, born to FS and Mrs. Kenneth Hillas, Jr., on March 10, in Washington, D.C.

Deaths

Cabot. John Moors Cabot, who was US consul general in Shanghai when the consulate was taken over following the Communist capture of the city in 1949, died February 23 in Washington, D.C. He also served as the top-ranked US diplomat in Finland and as ambassador to Sweden, Colombia, Brazil, and Poland. For a brief time in the first Eisenhower administration, he served as assistant secretary of state for Inter-American affairs. As ambassador to Poland, during the Kennedy administration, he represented America in its only regular contacts with the Peoples Republic of China. He entered the Foreign Service in 1926 and retired from his post in Warsaw in 1965. He then served as deputy commandant of the National War College. He is survived by his wife, the former Elizabeth Lewis, of 1610 28th St. N.W. Washington, D.C., 20007 and by four children, a sister, and 11 grandchildren.

Klebenov. Elwyn Klebenov and Susanna, wife and daughter of Eugene Klebenov, died February 3 in Dedham, Massachusetts. Mrs. Klebenov had served with her husband in Panama, Bogota, Oslo and Washington. In addition to Eugene Klebenov, survivors include children Hope, Tilia and William, all of Dedham, Massachusetts.

Lambert. David A. Lambert, general services officer in Yaounde, Cameroon, since 1979, died January 3 in Yaounde after an automobile accident. Mr. Lambert earned two bachelor's degrees, first from The Citadel in South Carolina and later from Columbus College in Georgia. He entered the army, serving for eight years, then joined the Foreign Service in 1976 as a security officer at the Washington Field Office. A native of Cleveland, he is survived by his wife, who may be reached c/o William West, 421 Yearling Dr., Berea, Ohio, and an infant daughter.

Xanthaky. Theodore A. Xanthaky, retired counselor of the US embassy in Lisbon, Portugal, died in Lisbon on February 20. He began his Foreign Service career in 1920 and served at Rio de Janeiro and Lisbon before his retirement in 1957. He is survived by his wife, Dorothy Osborne Xanthaky, formerly of the Canadian Diplomatic Service, and two sisters.

COVER ARTIST

Peter Cecere was born in Brooklyn, New York in 1939. Educated as a lawyer, he joined ICA's foreign service in 1967 and has served in Cochabamba, Montevideo, Mexico City and Washington.

He has always collected *something* since earliest childhood but his first tour in Bolivia introduced him to the marvelous world of folk art. His home is a veritable museum of antiques and collectibles. As his collections grew, so did the desire to try working with his own hands. After many years of *mañanas*, in the summer of 1979 he impulsively took a piece of firewood and began carving his first figure—a baker named Ralph Lincoln. He has completed nine figures to date including a butcher, a striptease dancer (The Fabulous Norma Vincent Peel Live Tonite), a beefy weight lifter (Mr. Wonderful) and a Barber Shop Quartet.

Pete will be moving to Quito in July to serve as the information officer. He is especially happy about the assignment because Ecuador is a country rich in folk art tradition. He hopes to continue his carving there.

Adam and Eve is Pete's second carving. It is made of a single piece of poplar log 39" high, except for the devil which is carved from scrap pine construction lumber.

Pete has a collection of Adam and Eve figures of ceramic and wood from several countries but he swears on a stack of Bibles that he is not a "creationist."

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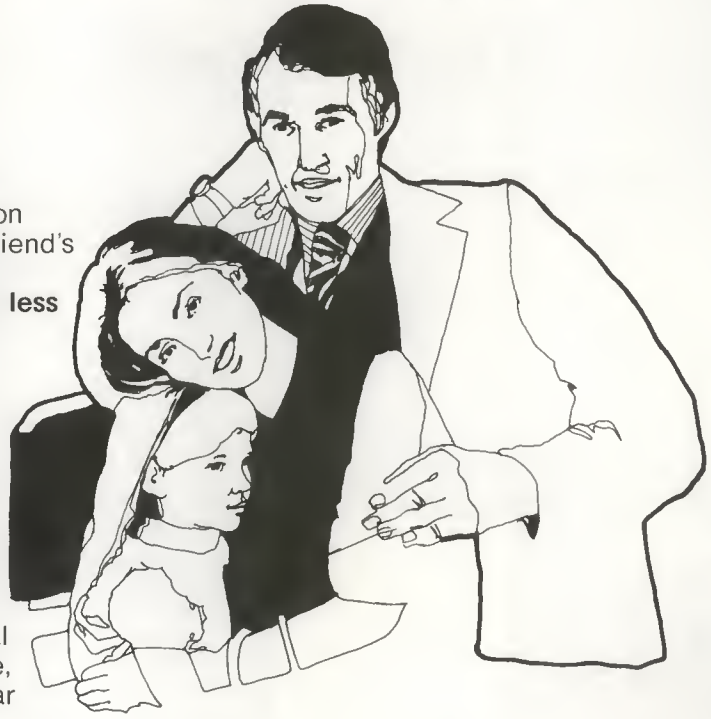

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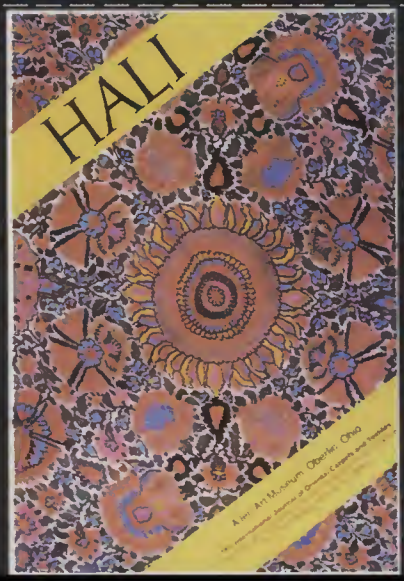

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