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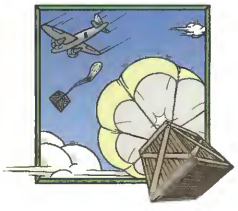

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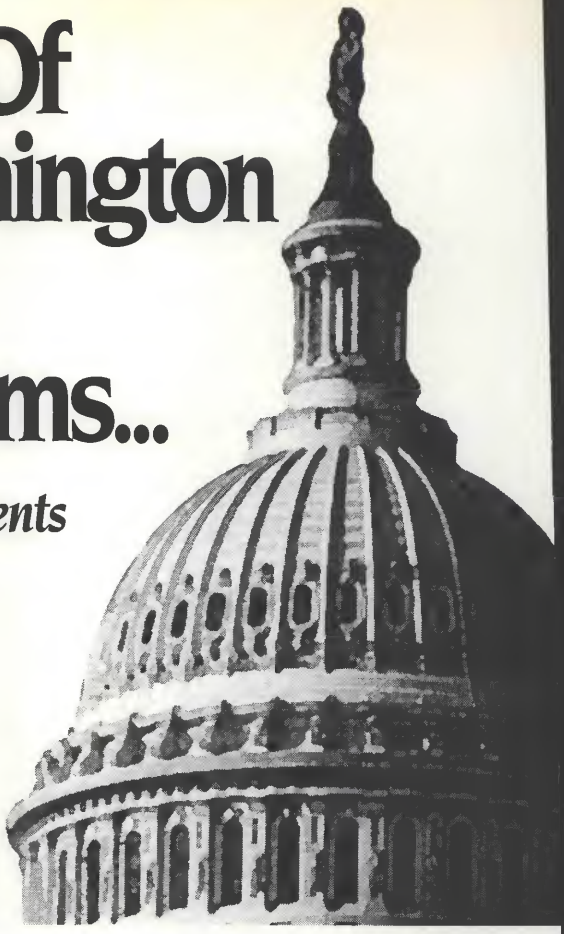

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PRESIDENT'S VIEWS

Taking It To The People

BY F. A. "TEX" HARRIS

The dispatch of veteran spinmeister David Gergen to the State Department to polish its image is but the latest evidence of the department's — and the administration's — continuing inability to convey to the American people the rationale for its foreign policy or for U.S. leadership in world affairs.

Secretary of State Warren Christopher's promise to create an "America desk," staffed by him, which would relate U.S. foreign policy to the concerns of ordinary Americans, has vanished without a trace. On Capitol Hill, as one consequence of this vacuum, resources for the nation's diplomatic front line continue relentlessly to shrink, while in the field the resultant penury invites deeper encroachment into traditional diplomatic turf by the intelligence community and other, better-endowed agencies.

The unchecked growth of neo-isolationism that these developments bespeak, and the concomitant erosion of public support for an activist foreign policy and the institutions to sustain it, are, in my opinion, the greatest long-term threats to the viability of the Foreign Service. If our government is unwilling to make the vital connections between Main Street, America and the rest of the world, the American Foreign Service Association has an obligation to try.

To this end, representatives of a score of U.S. non-governmental organizations concerned with grass-roots education in public affairs and foreign policy came together at AFSA headquarters on June 30 to form the Coalition for American Leadership Abroad (COLEAD). As set out in its charter, the coalition will vigorously promote popular support for the concept that "America's vital interests, well-being and security remain deeply affected by events beyond our borders and that this requires active American leadership. American engagement abroad complements America's domestic concerns. The U.S. can enhance both global peace and domestic prosperity by exercising similar leadership in the world."

Neo-isolationism threatens the Service's future.

AFSA was the prime mover in pulling together this nascent coalition. The coalition's founding members represent great diversity, including grass-roots constituent groups with thousands of individuals. The coalition will expand its membership beyond the ranks of traditional foreign policy types so that its influence will be felt in every community in America.

The coalition seeks to invigorate and coordinate its member groups' efforts to generate public support for a vigorous U.S. foreign policy and an effective Foreign Service; to strengthen foreign-affairs education, research and career development; to support international exchange programs; and to commit the United States to strengthening and participating fully in the United Nations and other international organizations.

The coalition's means to these ends will include speaker programs, such as AFSA's World Issues Forum, to bring discussion of global issues to local civic, religious, fraternal and public service organizations, and a coordinated campaign of press articles, op-ed pieces and letters to the editor focusing on the impact of international problems on vital domestic issues.

A very important instrument will be a media outreach program to involve coalition members in local TV and radio talk shows, until now a hotbed of isolationist sentiment and a forum for xenophobic agitation.

COLEAD's strategy is to increase the effective involvement in international affairs of nongovernmental organizations, the academic community, and rank-and-file citizens through outreach and dialogue. In particular, AFSA will be calling upon its alumni throughout the country to assist the coalition's activities and play a leadership role in their communities in this campaign. As one of the most important initiatives AFSA has undertaken in decades, COLEAD will need your active participation and support. ■

F. A. "Tex" Harris is president of the American Foreign Service Association.

LETTERS

To the Editor:

I would like to call the attention of our Foreign Service colleagues to the fifth anniversary of the tragic death in Grenada of FSO John A. Butler, killed in the line of duty on June 28, 1989.

I had first met John in Washington in the winter of 1988 right after I was assigned to Grenada as permanent charge d'affaires and the political officer position in Grenada was coming open that summer. Upon interviewing John, I was so impressed with him that I told him I wanted him for the job. My family and I arrived in Grenada in June 1988 and John in August, followed shortly thereafter by his wife Elise and daughter Leslie.

John Butler was at the very center of our activities in Grenada. He was responsible for political and regional security affairs. I consider John to have been, as I had put it in his performance evaluation earlier that spring, "one of the five or six most outstanding young Foreign Service officers with whom I had worked" throughout my long Foreign Service career.

At midday on June 28, 1989, John and the embassy's Administrative Officer Roy Sullivan were at the Fort George headquarters of the Royal Grenadian Police Force to discuss security arrangements with the police for the embassy's July 4 reception. Thirteen CARICOM heads of government were to be meeting in Grenada and were expected to attend. John had decided only that morning to go to the meeting with the police in order to wrap up administrative details from a joint military UNITAS exercise which had been held in Grenada the previous week.

Suddenly, Assistant Police Commissioner Grafton Bascombe appeared in the police compound. Under a cloud because of alleged misconduct, including mismanagement of funds for the Grenadian role in the UNITAS exercise, Bascombe had been ordered to return to his home country of St. Vincent but only after clarifying the funding issue. Bascombe entered the office of Acting Police Commissioner Cosmos Raymond and shot him dead. I had left from a meeting with Raymond in the same office not 10 minutes earlier.

Bascombe then rushed into the room where Butler and Sullivan were meeting with the Grenadian police officials. Bascombe opened fire, killing John at point blank range and seriously wounding two Grenadian police officials. Sullivan was miraculously unhurt. Out of bullets, Bascombe went out on the balcony and was forcibly seized by Grenadian officers and locked in a secure room. A short while later, Bascombe himself was found dead in the room, victim, an autopsy later proved to a skeptical public, of a massive heart attack.

John A. Butler, an outstanding Foreign Service officer simply doing his duty, died at age 33. A tragedy for him, for his family and for the Foreign Service. He was cut down in the early stages of a brilliant career. Certainly, it was the worst experience of my Foreign Service career. His picture will be in my office or study for the rest of my life. We miss you, John, and will not forget.

Ford Cooper
Retired FSO
Punta Gorda, Fla.

To the Editor:

A message from down under: Good on ya, Don Terpstra. Your perceptive article, "Diplomacy in the Heartland" (FSJ, June 1994), stated a few unvarnished truths that some of our more pompous diplomatic practitioners should take to heart.

"Experts, opinion-makers and the foreign policy elite are no wiser about the course of (world) events than the average citizen on the street," Terpstra wrote. "America's strength in the face of uncertainty is not expertise and elites, but the ideals upon which this national community ... was built." In Washington these days, however, the alleged "experts" are engaged in a seemingly endless — and infinitely boring — academic process of defining and redefining the nature and direction of American foreign policy. Unsurprisingly, this flawed process produces plenty of confusion but few definitive conclusions or prescriptions for constructive action in a troubled world.

The inside-the-Beltway experts should listen to the folks that

Terpstra interviewed out there in the heartland. They don't want muddled foreign policy "malaise" debates; they want leadership.

I can hardly wait to get back to Carson City, where basic values and common sense prevail. Terpstra's thesis, that Washington is out of touch with the mood of the country, is true on many issues including foreign policy. Thanks for publishing his article.

Guy W. Farmer
Public Affairs Officer
U.S. Information Service
AmEmbassy Canberra

To the Editor:

I have read and re-read Brandon Grove's "Open Letter" in the *Journal*'s 75th anniversary issue (FSJ, May 1994). If I had a hat on, I'd throw it into the air with a cheer! If I weren't already in the Service, I'd sign up for the exam!

He clearly, eloquently told junior officers what they needed to know about our generation of FSO's and our immediate predecessors — Americans for whom the future was to be shaped by what happened 50 years ago today. Just as eloquent and clear was his advice to today's FSOs on how they should serve their country.

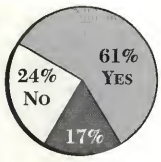
I wonder: Were we drawn more strongly to adventure and the opportunity for national service than new officers are today? Our government and its workings seemed well-nigh infallible when we thought of the recently defeated Axis powers, and of the successor to totalitarianism that faced us.

I'd tell junior officers, and other Foreign Service people, that they may not necessarily be better off with a system that is constantly being tweaked and teased to over-refined perfection. Does the following quote — provided by my able secretary Clayton Tolson — say anything about our organizational atmosphere? It's from C.S. Lewis's *Screwtape Letters:* "We must picture hell as a state where everyone is perpetually concerned about his own dignity and advancement, where everyone has a grievance, and where everyone lives the deadly serious passions of envy, self-importance and resentment."

New officers may, in fact, be more demanding than when we entered the Service. That change might actually be good. But faced with a world and an organization in flux, our senior

READERS' POLL RESPONSE

SHOULD THE UNITED STATES IMPOSE ECONOMIC SANCTIONS ON NORTH KOREA FOR VIOLATING ITS INTERNATIONAL ATOMIC ENERGY AGENCY AGREEMENT ON INSPECTION OF NUCLEAR ACTIVITIES?



"What the U.S. should not do is act as prosecutor, defense attorney, judge, jury and executioner, especially on the word of a now thoroughly-without-credibility CIA."
— B.K., BETHANY BEACH, DEL

"The US has been viewed as the 'Paper Tiger' by Pacific Rim countries. Given Clinton's foreign policy record, he can't afford to waver again."
— R.A., WASHINGTON, D.C.

"I am not convinced it is a U.S.-specific problem."
— C.T.R., FAIRFAX, VA.

"North Korea is already economically isolated — this would just be restating the fact."
— A.L., WASHINGTON, D.C.

READERS' POLL QUESTION

GIVEN INCREASING PUBLIC CRITICISM OF PRESIDENT CLINTON'S FOREIGN POLICY, SHOULD HE SUCCUMB TO SUGGESTIONS THAT SECRETARY OF STATE WARREN CHRISTOPHER BE REPLACED?

❑ Yes ❑ No ❑ Undecided

Comments _____

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leadership has not always been what it could have been. Too often, senior FSOs have tended to temporize, to slide off the point of difficult management issues. Instead of linking maximum effort to maximum clarity with regard to minority recruitment, Service discipline, coning, women's issues and other hot potatoes, management often seemed defensive, apologetic. Meanwhile, our political bosses didn't always help, either, with their suspicion of the Service and desire to give each issue the proper political appearance and spin.

Brandon did well to remind the junior officers of how the service has improved in the past generation, and of the "daunting, intricate and vital" issues our country will face in the years ahead. Brandon's suggestion that we create a permanent under-secretary would help us more successfully address those issues.

Hume Horan
Ambassador
AmEmbassy Abidjan

To the Editor:

The Thursday Luncheon Group (TLG) seeks to work with department officials and the American Foreign Service Association in an honest dialogue to increase the number of blacks taking the Foreign Service examination and entering the Foreign Service. It also seeks opportunities for minority assignments in all geographic and functional bureaus and promotions into the senior ranks. We recently met with the director general and will soon meet with the director of the Office of Recruitment to exchange ideas and offer to assist in recruitment activities. We have never benefitted from the department's "old boy" network and ask no special treatment or favors. Our intention is to ensure that assignment

and promotion policies be based on individual merit and skill.

The TLG is disturbed by recent letters to the *Foreign Service Journal* opposing the department's diversity efforts. There appears to be widespread misconception that white males are losing choice assignments to black officers. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth! Thirty years after the passage of the Civil Rights Act, much still has to be accomplished in this area in the United States. The State Department mirrors the best and worst of America; however, many officers would deny that racism or sexism exist in the department. Sadly, their perception is in error.

There are only 263 black generalists (between mid-level, FS-06 and the counselor-minister level), down 10 from fiscal year 1989. Only one career assistant secretary, one deputy assistant secretary, six office directors (three black GS employees are office directors) and three deputy directors serve in the department. Fewer than 15 blacks have entered the Foreign Service since 1991. No black FSOs hold policy positions on the National Security Council. In the department, the majority of blacks serve in the African Affairs Bureau (AF) and the Inter-American Affairs Bureau, (ARA) while European and Canadian Affairs and Near Eastern Affairs continue to have negligible black representation. At overseas posts, the Clinton administration continues the well-worn pattern of naming blacks to the Third World. Seven blacks currently serve as ambassador, and only one is posted outside of AF or ARA. None is serving in Europe. There are only six black deputy chiefs of mission and three principal officers. Yet, many officers believe that their careers are endangered by black officers. This is simply not true. By their numbers alone, there are not sufficient black

officers to threaten the future of white males in the Foreign Service.

The TLG seeks to promote ethnic diversity and excellence in foreign affairs and offers the following ideas to energize the process:

- Increase recruiting efforts for the Foreign Service exam aimed at obtaining a more diverse pool of applicants.
- Improve counselling for junior officers and new mid-level officers on career opportunities.
- Encourage junior officers to consider studying hard languages.
- Adopt AFSA's proposal to monitor the progress of junior officers.
- Implement the mandatory diversity training program for managers.
- Ensure that excellent officers receive serious consideration to change bureaus and receive opportunities to serve in all geographic bureaus.

The TLG looks forward to a continuing dialogue with AFSA on the diversity issue. Diversity and excellence are not mutually exclusive. The TLG is a multi-racial professional organization dedicated to increasing minority involvement in public diplomacy and foreign policy.

TLG: Fannie Allen, President
Carolyn Coleman, USAID Vice President
Donald Q. Washington, USIA Vice President
Harry Thomas, State Vice President

To the Editor:

Neither of your two printed contributions on "Defining Diversity's Limits" in the May 1994 "Letters" section addressed the most important issue regarding diversity that exists when national security interests are involved. That issue is effectiveness

and must be measured, not in the context of our social mixture and the comparative qualifications therein, but from the context of the society to which we are assigned.

I remember the story of the planning session for a Eugene, Ore., trade delegation to Japan. Pressure was being applied to include women in the delegation to demonstrate Eugene's diversity. The mayor finally asked whether the purpose of the delegation was to drum up business or influence the lifestyle of the Japanese. This same "force it down their throats" approach is the way in which many of our foreign contacts see our assignment approach. I do understand the domestic pressures for diversity, but I believe efforts should be made to resist diversity for the sake of diversity when it undermines diplomatic effectiveness in achieving foreign policy goals essential to our national security.

Three out of the many domestically focused diversity assignments that I have witnessed illustrate my point:

1. A female assigned to a branch post in a Navy-dominated, South American community. The job was tough enough for her male predecessor, a civilian dealing with the military. It was virtually impossible for a female.

2. A black woman assigned as commercial officer in a consulate in black Africa. She lasted only a few months before a nervous breakdown forced a permanent medical evacuation.

3. A female Arabist assigned to a Muslim country with a fundamentalist unfriendly government. Her superb language skills allowed her to do a job, but in a very uphill way, much in the nature of Sisyphus, because of the nature of the male-bonded power structure.

Paul Good
Executive Officer
AmEmbassy Rabat ■

CLIPPINGS

"Word is that the softest, cushiest, most delightful job in the U.S. government may go to Democratic National Committee Treasurer Robert Farmer... The job? Consul general to Bermuda."

—COLUMNIST AL KAMEN, "IN THE LOOP," THE WASHINGTON POST, JUNE 17

'BOLD' APPOINTMENT BY CLINTON CITED

Some 31 U.S. ambassadorships are still empty, a full year after the Clinton administration has taken office, according to a June 25 article in *The Economist*. Although a group of ambassadors was confirmed on June 8, there are still vacant posts in places like Saudi Arabia and Portugal, as well as Bahrain, Belarus, Costa Rica and Lesotho. *The Economist* points to the embarrassing vacancy in India, as well as ambassadorial changes in Germany and Israel. Noted the article, "All this coming and going irritates the American diplomatic corps at least as much as it bothers foreign governments." It continues, "The administration has stepped on Foreign Service toes by trying to put in new appointees before the end of the three-year terms that ambassadors traditionally serve. And the Foreign Service also fears a wave of political nominations. Some 60 percent of Mr. Clinton's nominees are career diplomats — 10 percent lower than in the Bush administration."

The Economist points out that diplomats who expected that the U.S. administration would appoint women and minorities at the expense of career diplomats "need not have worried." Said the reporter of the weekly London-based magazine, "In his first year, Mr. Clinton has appointed eight women, three blacks and one Latino," fewer diversity appointments than under President Bush.

But, the reporter allowed, Deputy Director of the White House Personnel Office Craig Smith made the following promise: "We've made a decision and we're going to put an African American in Jamaica." Quipped *The Economist*, "Bold indeed." ■

FSOs COMPLAINING OF POLICY 'LURCHES'

Foreign Service officers perceive President Clinton as unwilling to give much time and attention to foreign policy problems, and his surrogates — including Secretary of State Warren Christopher — are seen as unable to fill the resulting void, reporter John M. Goshko wrote in *The Washington Post* on June 20.

Interviews with dozens of FSOs indicated that the sharp decline of public confidence in Clinton's handling of foreign policy is "echoed by many of America's professional diplomats." Goshko points out that complaints about the direction of a particular administration are not a new phenomenon in the Foreign Service, but that "the indictment [FSOs] level against the Clinton team is that its policies are so ill-defined or so prone to sudden flip-flops that each one is known colloquially in the bureaucracy as a 'lurch.'"

Christopher said such complaints were due "to the difficulties of adapting our priorities to the post-Cold War world," and Peter Tarnoff, under secretary for political affairs, downplayed the signs of discontent, saying that, "The unhappiness is nothing like the way things were in this building during the Vietnam War or the Iran-contra scandal."

With few exceptions, such as Joan Spero, under secretary for economic affairs, Winston Lord, assistant secretary for East Asian affairs, and Dennis Ross,

coordinator of the Middle East process, the Foreign Service does not give high marks to any of the political appointees in key posts around Christopher, Goshko reported.

Said one senior diplomat, "Christopher has tried to keep a steady course, but ... if the president doesn't show more leadership, you can name all the secretaries you want, but you still won't have a coherent policy." ■

CABLE CRITICIZES DIVERSITY POLICY

A State Department cable, printed verbatim in the July issue of *The Washingtonian*, contains many candid comments from L. Lewis Anselem, political counselor in La Paz, on the push for diversity at the State Department. The cable, discussing two articles on diversity in *State* magazine, "has been making the rounds in Foggy Bottom," according to *The Washingtonian*.

Anselem has strong words to say on the role of the Foreign Service exam, the "evils" of merit and the misleading use of statistics: "I find diversity's obsession with race and gender repugnant and potentially dangerous. ... Qualified women and minority officers are being stigmatized by diversity." ■

PROBLEMS AT HOME TACKLED BY AID

The Agency for International Development has found a new customer for its services: America's inner cities. Thomas L. Friedman, writing in *The New York Times* on June 26, said that, "the good news is that AID has something to offer. The bad news is that parts of Los Angeles, Boston and Baltimore now need it as much as Bangladesh."

AID's charter prevents the agency from financing U.S. programs, but nothing prevents it sharing its expertise and techniques for stamping out illiteracy, promoting programs for immunizations, family planning and other health issues, and nurturing small businesses.

After AID Administrator J. Brian Atwood mentioned that his agency hoped to become more involved in sharing ideas with U.S. cities, Baltimore Mayor Kurt L. Schmoke contacted AID and volunteered Baltimore as the first test case. A new program, christened "Lessons Without Borders," began with a day-long seminar with Baltimore counterparts discussing AID programs that worked. Another conference is planned for Boston in the fall as well as in other cities that have asked for advice. ■

CLINTON'S 'DUBIOUS' DIPLOMATIC CHOICES

The June Issue of *People* magazine lambasted President Clinton for his "five most dubious nominees." Those include Ambassador to Sweden Thomas Siebert, President Clinton's classmate at Georgetown University; former Boston Mayor Raymond Flynn, now ambassador to the Vatican, who was a major Clinton backer in 1992; Ambassador to Austria Swanee Hunt, who donated $250,000 to the Democrats in 1992 and hosted a fundraiser that netted $1 million; Ambassador to Switzerland M. Larry Lawrence, who gave the Democratic Party $10 million since 1952; and Ambassador to the Bahamas Sidney Williams, whose wife, California Congresswoman Maxine Waters, is one of Clinton's most important black supporters.

According to the magazine, which quoted American Foreign Service Association statistics, Clinton's record shows he has appointed 39 percent of available ambassadorships as "purely polit-

50 YEARS AGO

PAY YOUR OWN WAY

The "Editor's Column" of the *Journal's* August 1944 issue urges Congress to vote for representational financial allowances for Foreign Service officers.

"A large percentage of the officers admitted into the Foreign Service in recent years do not have a private income because the department has sought to encourage the admission of candidates from every field of American life. ... Only a small minority in the Service are equipped with personal funds to meet the obligations of their representative capacity abroad. ... A renewed effort should now be made to convince Congress of the urgent need for adequate representation allowances for the Foreign Service and the real necessity of abolishing the undemocratic principle that a Foreign Service officer must have private means in order to do his job efficiently." ■

"Swazi ambassadors serving abroad are allowed to take along only one wife ... leaving the others behind."

— NEWS ITEM, PRETORIA NEWS, PRETORIA, MAY 4

ical payoffs to influential friends. That is a worse record than George Bush (25 percent) or Ronald Reagan's (30 percent)." ■

WIRTH MOVING FAST ON GLOBAL AFFAIRS

In the State Department's Loy Henderson conference room, Timothy E. Wirth, the first under secretary of state for global affairs, recently explained his new responsibilities, which include transnational issues such as the environment, human rights and refugees. Topical bureaus often are regarded as backwater spots, commanding little attention and conveying little status, Thomas W. Lippman reported in *The Washington Post* on June 30. The path to career advancement and prestige in the State Department tradition has long resided in the geographical bureaus.

Lippman wrote, "That could change with Wirth in charge, partly because the Clinton administration appears genuinely concerned about the issues now in Wirth's domain and partly because of the weight of the units that now report to him." Wirth will oversee the work of four assistant secretaries: democracy, human rights and labor; international narcotics matters; population, refugees and migration; and oceans and international environmental and scientific affairs.

The first major item on Wirth's agenda is the international conference on population issues, set for Cairo in September. President Clinton has set a "very high priority" on population stabilization, Wirth was quoted as saying. ■

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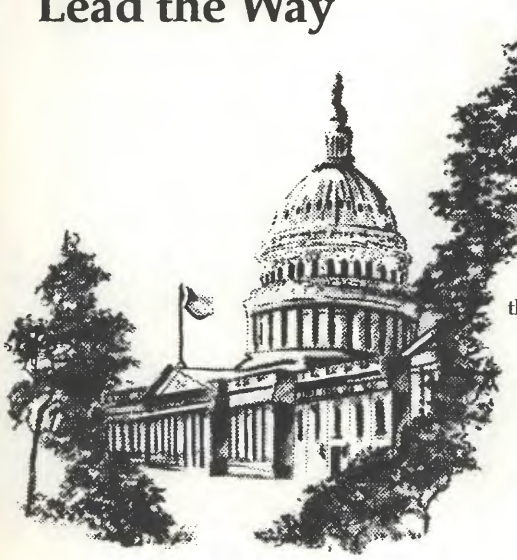

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SPEAKING OUT

The Critical Role of Consular Reporting

BY JOHN P. HEIMANN

The Department of State's decision to continue closing consulate posts reflects more the low priority accorded their functions than it does any real budgetary imperative. The department holds this low view of consulates based on a mixture of ignorance as to what consulates do — and could potentially do — in political and economic reporting and on the poor performance of those tasks by principal officers at many constituent posts.

Congress, on the other hand, usually resists proposals to close consulates because it has a clearer vision of what constituent posts could, and should, be doing to further the foreign political and economic interests of the United States. Members of Congress forget only at their own peril that "beyond the Beltway" is where the origin of much major political and economic decision-making is to be found. Despite Congress's opposition, the State Department has cut staffing at consulates to the point where employees can do only a minimum of reporting and representation.

Although embassies usually oppose, pro forma, proposals to close constituent posts, many political and economic officers privately support closure because they view consular posts as rival reporting entities. When consulates do political or economic reporting, for example, they almost always reflect a point of view different from that expressed in the government circles of capital cities.

Many political and economic officers privately support closure of consular posts because they view them as rival reporting entities.

While all would intellectually agree that a diversity of relevant sources, points of view and outlooks should characterize Department of State reporting from abroad, a great many embassy officers, in fact, profoundly resent non-conformist reporting (by consulates or other agencies) as virtually a personal attack on their Olympian analyses and policy recommendations. Their reaction to such dissidence is to seek to clear and/or coordinate reporting from consular posts so that Washington will have a truer picture of events, i.e. that view which political and economic section people have gleaned in the capital and from brief forays outside.

Principal officers at consulates are not without fault in this sad situation. Too many have come to believe that their status and seniority in the Foreign Service entitle them to manage the post as they see best. The reality is that nobody has that right, not even the ambassador. Complaining and autocratic principal officers are isolated and ignored by the embassy and the department and relegated to virtual Coventry. Sulking consuls and consuls general abound in the Foreign Service, as any inspector can certify. Many in their embassies, not surprisingly, consider the posts of these whining prima donnas as ripe for closing.

How, then, to resolve this unhappy stand-off?

Principal consulate officers should consider as their highest priority to be of service to the reporting function of the embassy's political and economic sections.

John P. Heimann, a retired Foreign Service officer, has served as deputy chief of mission in Moscow and as a senior official in both Paris and Brussels. In Washington, he served in the State Department's Office of Inspector General.

Reporting from the constituent post should be modest in tone, focused in scope (a few big things tersely, well and thoroughly reported, not a scatter of trivia) and should never, never encroach on the embassy's exclusive right to recommend policy to Washington. The goal of consular reporting should be to make the mission's overall reporting the best possible and to make the reporting sections in the embassy look good.

Deputy chiefs of mission should insist that their political and economic counselors actively seek to support and enhance an independent and active reporting function at consulates. (After all, with only a little time and effort at cooperation, counselors get the equivalent of extra staff out of the arrangement.) It is a win/win situation with the embassy reporting sections getting kudos for encouraging a country-wide perspective.

Once consulates start proving useful — even invaluable — to the reporting function at various embassies, embassy management will effectively defend them and department management will take its cue from the embassy. For example, in one case I know of, a political ambassador responded to a Washington proposal to cut his best reporting consulate with a counter-proposal to take all the required budget and personnel cuts at the embassy instead.

We in the Foreign Service must not allow such valuable reporting to drop to the ground unnoticed. If we do, more useful and rewarding Foreign Service reporting jobs abroad will disappear and the much-needed, valuable function of reporting non-conformist views from the provinces will disappear or pass into the hands of other agencies. ■

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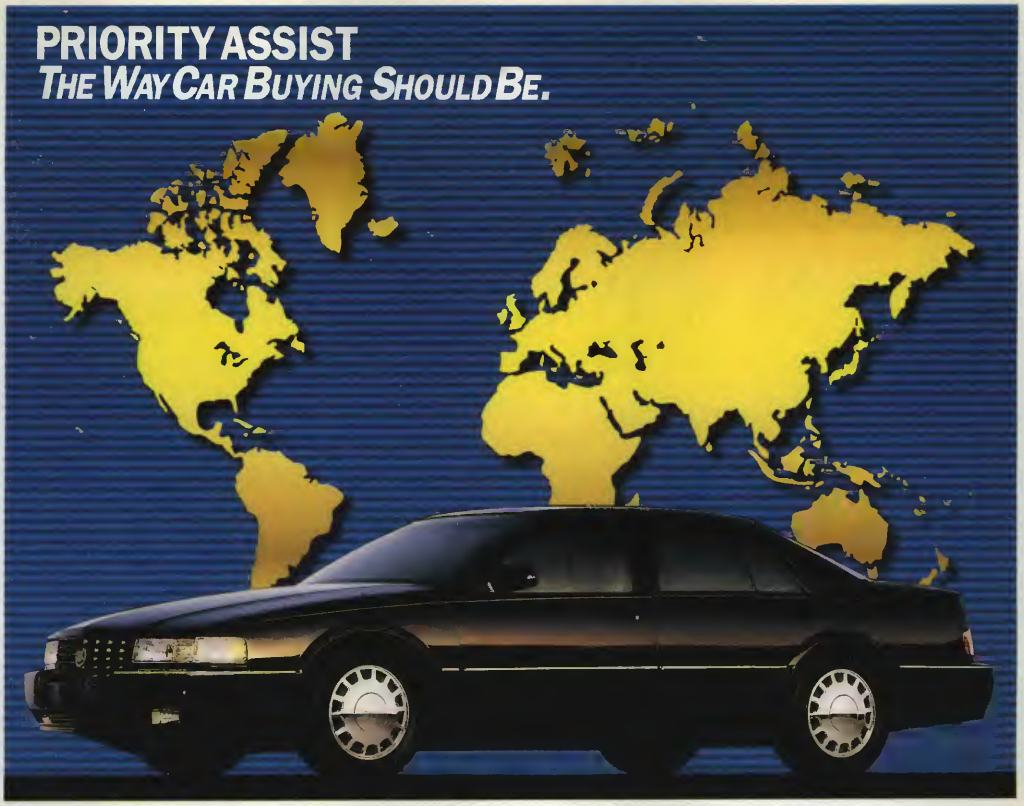

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Understanding the New Political Markets

Free-Market Competition Dictates Political Policy

By John Hawes

In assessing President Clinton's victory on the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), some writers have warned that because the pro-NAFTA coalition was totally different from the budget coalition, and because it was composed in the majority of Republicans, it left the president without a consistent governing base for the future.

The observation is accurate, but anachronistic. Today, both domestic and international political competition is increasingly fluid and ad hoc, demanding new ideas and new combinations for each issue. It is, in other words, becoming more like free-market economic competition, and less like the monopolistic political structures of the Cold War era.

The opening toward more freewheeling domestic and international political competition that began in the 1980s in the former Soviet Union has spread rapidly around the globe. In that sense, the NAFTA vote reflects the American *perestroika*. It marks, as the 1992 election foreshadowed, a period in which coalitions will necessarily shift from issue to issue, where voting blocs have less enduring influence, and where the aggregation of interests and arguments is explicit, hard fought, and sometimes wrenching. The battle lines of the health care debate, as a further example, are no more traditional than those over NAFTA. Nor do the debates over intervention in Bosnia, Haiti and Somalia have anything to do with familiar party alignments.

This new fluidity in the United States parallels shifts both within other countries and between countries, from the shattering of the LDP political monopoly in Japan to the decision of Israel and the PLO to negotiate a peace agreement directly; from the implosion of Italy's corrupt coalition system to the decision of India and Pakistan to begin discussions over Kashmir; from the move toward a democratic constitution in South Africa to the decision by London and the Irish Republican Army to initiate bilateral talks.

Different as these events are in detail, they have a unifying theme: They are "market" driven. They reflect business-like judgments that previous political approaches were too costly, too unproductive, too dangerous. The rejection or cutting down to size of entrenched political groups, from the former Soviet nomenclature to the French farm lobby, from the Israeli settler organizations to

John Hawes, a retired FSO, is executive director of the American-Malaysian Chamber of Commerce. As a FSO, he served in Italy, Ethiopia, India, Austria, Belgium, Morocco, and as U.S. representative to the Open Skies Treaty negotiations.

AFL-CIO, has not been driven by ideology, but by pragmatic assessments that these groups not only could not produce what their societies required, but more importantly, that their claims to monopolistic political status were blocking access to more productive options.

Moreover, precisely because such domestic and international determinations have been non-ideological, the losing groups are not likely to be destroyed by the victors, as might have been the case in the Cold War or in earlier periods of polarized competition. While some groups and individuals may never successfully make the transition to the new and more open competitive environment, those that modernize their approaches and drop monopolistic pretensions may be expected to compete again, as, for example, is already happening with some of the former ruling parties of Eastern Europe.

These new and more "businesslike" political markets have fundamental consequences for the handling of issues within and between states. They are rapidly constituting themselves as the new world order.

Although it is unlikely that anyone will ever adopt "political markets" as a slogan, the concept is no less orderly than that of economic markets. And they are just as global. As with economic markets, which are themselves undergoing a revolutionary expansion and transformation, the penetration of the political markets varies somewhat from country to country and issue to issue. Imperfections and discontinuities abound. Nevertheless, the rules, rewards and penalties of the political markets already affect outlooks and decision-making in the most important countries and on the most important international issues.The five major changes caused by these new political markets include: broadening the range of political options; increasing pressure for political productivity; fostering cooperative competition between major powers; rank-ordering political investments; and heightening competition over values.

In the first change, broadening the range of political options, one finds that more fluid and competitive political markets greatly increase the demand for new ideas and, at the same time, increase the possibility that new political ideas can be organized into new political coalitions.

The Desert Storm coalition, for example, brought together states and interests that could not have been assembled in the previous decade, surprising experts who doubted that such a novel arrangement could succeed. This has now been followed by historic breakthroughs in the Arab-Israeli peace process where, a mere two years later, key actors have changed sides.

This is the point. "Sides" are an anachronism in a competitive political market. The word itself conjures up memories of dreary speeches given at endless Cold War meetings, where the purpose was more to posture than to negotiate. Without such permanent divisions, and without artificial ideological hang-ups, the road is open to far more creative political options.

The same applies to domestic political markets in many countries. Political monopolies have been challenged, from the Congress in India to the five-party coalition in Italy, from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union to the LDP in Japan. The challenges themselves are all different, reflecting the specificity of their societies. But they have all unleashed a flood of new political options, some positive and encouraging, some negative and frightening.

Today, both domestic and international political competition is increasingly fluid and ad hoc ... becoming more like free-market economic competition, and less like the monopolistic political structures of the Cold War era.

On the positive side, politically sensitive openings toward economic liberalization have been pressed forward in countries as diverse as Peru, India, Mexico and China. Democracy has been asserted in Korea and Thailand. New electoral systems may emerge in Italy and Japan.

At the same time, the purveyors of ethnic and religious hatred and division have not been slow to exploit tensions for their own benefit, from Ayodhya to Rostok, from Algiers to Sarajevo. For many observers, both in countries where political markets have been opened and in those which remain relatively closed, these developments have raised questions about the dangers of political openings. Such questions may retard the pace of further political markets themselves. They are unlikely, however, to result in the reestablishment of the old political monopolies.

Where those have collapsed, the scope of competition is such that the only way to deal effectively with the negative appeals is to counter them in the political market. The moribund socialism of the Algerian FLN or the old Indian Congress, for example, could not hope to compete effectively with ethnic and religious appeals, but more productive and forward-looking economic and social programs have a good chance of prevailing over sectarianism in an open political market.

In the second change — increasing pressure for political productivity — it is not just that more options are available. In today's market there is also more competitive pressure to exploit those options to enhance the effectiveness and output of political systems.

This is a major difference from the "if it ain't broke don't fix it" environment of past decades. Then, leaders perceived that the risks for attempting to deal with major structural problems were larger than the risks of allowing them to fester. The result, typically, was the accumulation of political "deficits," consisting of significant international or domestic problems which, although recognized as potentially threatening, were commonly agreed to be beyond the capabilities of the political system to resolve.

Internationally, this included not only the central Cold War disputes but also numerous "regional" problems, from Kashmir to Northern Ireland, all of which consumed enormous short-term energy. Domestically, action was postponed on many issues perceived as "too difficult," for example the growing gap between productivity and workers' remuneration in Europe, or the tangle of racial, educational and welfare problems in the United States. Over time, these accumulated political deficits put no less a burden on their respective societies than fiscal deficits.

Today's competitive market changes the incentive structure for political leadership. While it remains extremely difficult to attack structural issues, the risks of making the attempt are now less than the risks of leaving them alone. Both domestically and internationally, the political market rewards a more entrepreneurial style of leadership, focused on particular objectives rather than on the maintenance of a permanent group of interests. In this situation, risks and rewards can be better calculated and tailored, with leaders assembling the precise assets needed for a specific objective, rather in the style of investment bankers.

At the same time, increasing competition itself makes it more difficult for leaders to stand still, forcing them to look more actively both for profitable opportunities to move ahead and for areas where political losses may be cut, much as economic corporations have been forced to shed layers of fat to compete successfully in recent years. In more open markets, new political competition can come at any time from any direction, from Ross Perot to Morihiro Hosokawa, from Hamas to the Northern League. Political leaders cannot be as complacent as in the past about carrying nonproductive assets.

It is thus not surprising to find efforts to shorten the list of sterile international clashes. In a pattern similar to the Israeli-PLO opening, we now have, for example, the decision by London and the IRA to initiate direct talks in a still unconsummated effort to break out of a nonproductive cycle of violence that has drained not only human and material resources but also scarce political capital. One assumes, similarly, that both Moscow and Tokyo would be prepared to move quickly to resolve the

Northern Territories issue and thereby remove a barrier to expanded relations, although that, too, has so far been blocked by the internal politics of the Russian transition.

Cost-cutting is only the first, and easiest step, however. As with economic corporations, political leaders also have to focus on building political output if they are to prosper in a more competitive environment. This requires attention to the difficult questions of domestic political and economic structures. How, for example, to overcome the political as well as economic barriers to the expansion of employment in Europe? How, for example, to resolve the political barriers to a more complete and cost-effective health system in the United States? Items such as these have not appeared on national agendas by accident. The occasional overlap between the problems facing political and economic executives is not the result of some dark conspiracy; it is simply a matter of being able to deliver the goods to constituents in more demanding market situations.

The third change is fostering competitive cooperation among major powers.

A funny thing happened after the Cold War. Rather than multiplying or dividing, the number of "poles" in the world simply ceased to be either easily calculable or particularly interesting. The political markets have moved quickly to structure a different dynamic, in which an increasing number of significant powers of varying sizes and capabilities compete and cooperate on a range of issues in a bewildering variety of formats.

Although the patterns and specific content of this cooperation and competition are constantly changing, the overall system could be stable for some time. In the first place, almost all political issues of significance, from controlling the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction to strengthening the global trading system, can only be advanced by greater cooperation among major powers.

Second, while all major powers have specific competing interests, few if any of these can be reduced to old-fashioned territorial ambitions or other issues of the kind that might be resolved through conflict. There is no race for colonial possessions, client states or multinational empires.

Third, all major powers are conscious, as noted, of the need to improve their political productivity, which requires both internal efforts and attention to keeping open avenues for cooperation with others. They do not need to take on additional non-productive international burdens or conflicts. It is possible that the market could be destabilized in the future by the emergence of a new set of superpowers. The combined effects of today's economic and political markets, however, make this highly implausible, both because of the accelerating diffusion of economic strength and the growing flexibility of political alignments.

The fourth change is rank-ordering political investments. Domestic and international political markets rank issues for the investment of political capital according to the likely return. This is radically different from the Cold War or any other period of stable coalitions, when political investments were directed largely by a perceived need to counter the opposition, regardless of the productivity of the specific investment.

Factors weighed by the political markets include the gravity of the problem that needs to be resolved,

the prospects of doing so, the costs of the attempt and the positive rewards that may be reaped. Situations that are perceived to have high net rewards will draw major political investment. Desert Storm and the Arab-Israeli peace process have been mentioned, both cases where the threat to be resolved, and the potential rewards to success, were evident. Another example is Cambodia, where the states of Southeast Asia and the U.N. Security Council clearly saw benefits and opportunities in negotiating and implementing a peace accord. Ending the conflict was important not only to Cambodia, but the entire region, anxious to get on with peaceful development after decades of warfare. This interest was, moreover, shared by the members of the Security Council who no longer see Southeast Asia as a productive area of military competition. Moreover, the political and military task of imposing order was seen to be manageable, despite the reluctance of the Khmer Rouge to cooperate.

Political markets favor the strong, the prepared, the innovative, and the well-connected over the weak, the unprepared, the unimaginative and the isolated. This is both their strength and the principal focus of criticism.

Another positive example is the issue of nuclear proliferation in North Korea. Here, the threat to regional security and global nonproliferation is judged to be sufficiently serious to justify sustained attention by the United States, the neighboring powers, and the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA). While there are differences on tactics between the players, there is no difference on the basic objective of ensuring a nonnuclear Korean peninsula. The investment of political energies and creativity has also been spurred by the potential rewards from success, which would not only remove a nuclear threat but could realistically lead to a basic improvement in the security situation in Northeast Asia. The opaqueness of the Pyongyang government and its continuing military strength have complicated and prolonged this endeavor, but will not ultimately derail it.

Conversely, in situations where the threat is less clearly perceived, where the resolution of the issue is more difficult, or where the rewards of even a successful operation seem more nebulous, it will be difficult to generate significant political investment in a competitive market. Bosnia is the most immediate case in point. Here, as soon as the former Yugoslav Federation began to disintegrate, there was a recognition that ethnic violence was likely. However, unlike

the Cambodian or North Korean examples, there was no consensus that such violence would pose a threat to the stability or interests of the broader region.

There was a generalized sense that barbarity within the borders of a supposedly civilized and now peaceful Europe was an embarrassment to national governments and collective institutions, including the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE), the European Community (EC), the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) and the Western European Union (WEU). However, the embarrassment as such was insufficient to overcome differing political positions regarding the Yugoslav successor states or to stimulate more than palliative action.

Moreover, there was no consensus on the threat at the level of the U.N. Security Council. While there was, again, a generalized sense that ethnic conflict was a bad precedent for the globe, this too was insufficiently specific to overcome divergent political positions, including the implications of the issue for internal politics in Russia. Further, if the perception of the threat was, at best, diffuse, the perception of the size and role of the military force required to impose order was far more graphic. It was generally perceived that "peacemaking" would have to precede "peacekeeping" and that the political pain to the peacemakers would be out of all proportion to the potential political benefits to be achieved.

The agony of Bosnia in the present political market is thus very different from what it might have been if the Yugoslav Federation had dissolved two decades earlier. Then, with political "investments" made on the basis of bipolar rather than market considerations, it was widely assumed that the former Soviet Union would have intervened, that NATO would have made countermoves, and that a European war might have resulted. This would not, of course, necessarily have been better for the Bosnians. Or for Europe. Indeed, it was assumed that one of the few factors that kept the former Federation from exploding was the fear of such intervention.

As in any market, states and individuals will have independent evaluations of where particular issues should fit in a political rank-ordering. Such assessments are likely to diverge on given issues. Where they do, states and individuals are likely to move independently, based on their own assessments if they are able to do so. On the other hand, where collective action is required to accomplish a particular purpose, individual assessments will be less important than the amalgamation of assessments by the relevant parties. The bundling of preferences is a classic function of a "market," whether political or economic. The result is unlikely to match the specific preference of any individual actor. It is, however, more likely to be an "accurate" reflection of overall desires than any centrally-directed effort to impose a given "market basket."

The fifth change involves heightening competition in values.

It may seem strange that the end of bipolar, ideological warfare should result in intensifying the competition in values. In reality, however, the freeing of political markets increases the scope and depth of real discussion of values, as opposed to the earlier set-piece battles over formalistic ideologies.

Like any other factor in political markets, values come under greater scrutiny in open cooperation than they did under the old monopolies.

What happens in an open market is not a "clash of civilizations." The analogy, rather, is to an interconnected shopping mall of ideas — a noisy, colorful, crowded process of comparing, trying on, borrowing, pricing, criticizing, mixing and matching "values" from all over.

In an open shopping mall, the most sought-after ideas and processes will be those that themselves promote greater political effectiveness; that open channels of political participation; that reduce racial, religious, linguistic, gender, and social divisions within a society; that increase access to ideas and information; that build barriers against the entrenchment of special interests; that increase the security of citizens and decrease the incidence of violence; that extend the rule of law and guard against arbitrary governmental actions.

No country has a patent on such political ideas and processes. The global pace of change in political hardware and software is too fast and the range of issues that must be dealt with is too large. Rather, world-class ideas and innovations are coming from all levels and directions.

As with international trade, there are two fundamentally divergent approaches to the competitive market in values. One is protectionist, aimed at defending a particular sector of the market. The other is global, aimed at maintaining a dynamic presence in all markets. The former category gets a great deal of attention, but is ultimately less interesting. Its focus is inward, to the members of a particular race, religion or linguistic group, whether to a tiny sect as in Waco, Tex., or a majority of a country, as with the Hindu extremists in India. Their objective is to define and profit from a distinct market niche, which by virtue of its sharp definition cannot compete in the total market.

The second approach, by contrast, has no racial, religious or linguistic boundaries. It focuses on global markets and offers values which are broadly applicable and adaptable. As with any global enterprise, from computers to hamburgers, its success depends on close attention to everything happening in the marketplace. The most successful exporters of values are those most open to the discussion of ideas and most in tune with current requirements. To cite the negative example, the Soviet Union, although priding itself on its ideology, produced in 70 years no political ideas or processes worth emulating. It consequently made very few sales even in the context of a monopolistic Cold War system. In today's more open competitive market for political ideas and processes, the Soviet Union, if it still existed, would not even draw a yawn.

Most major countries of the world, and most major political forces within them, attempt to straddle these two approaches. Most desire a certain degree of protection for "their" values. But at the same time, most are not prepared to confine themselves to narrow market niches. Over time, as the global political market continues to expand, the pressures for increasing the openness of competition in values and decreasing the areas of protection will continue to grow.

The same instincts and talents required for success in competitive economic markets are also needed in today's more open political markets: sensitivity to changing demands, openness to new options, patience and agility in creating novel alliances of people, ideas and resources to tackle problems and exploit opportunities.

In a sense this is merely a return engagement for political markets after a long hiatus. Such qualities have

always been part of the classic political repertoire. At the same time, however, political environments have changed so markedly during that hiatus that the demand for these classic talents has increased to the point that it represents a qualitative change in political practice as compared to previous periods.

In the first place, the market is more truly global than in any previous period, with a far greater range of active players and far fewer inactive areas. This alone multiplies the political options available to all players. The effect, moreover, is compounded by the growing interpenetration of domestic and international politics, further multiplying the number of potential political combinations and the number of issues with which they must deal.

Most states today, regardless of their size or capabilities, have a wide margin for improving their competitive performance in these qualitatively new political markets. Most, like former industrial giants in protected markets, are still relatively inward-looking, relatively fixed on familiar patterns of operation, relatively concentrated on traditional markets and relatively deaf to new opportunities.

Those that make the best transition to today's more competitive markets are those that maximize the range and quality of their contacts with all other relevant countries, that actively seek new political ideas to improve their own performance and that of alliances they participate in, that bring important substantive contributions to potential coalitions, and that are constantly analyzing the opportunities and priorities for productive political investment.

Most of these new market challenges fall to national leaderships, and such leadership will increasingly be judged in terms of how well they do in meeting them. At the same time, the opening of more competitive political markets also creates an important new context for institutions. As with economic markets supported by national and international banking, environmental, food labeling and other regulations, political markets also depend on the continued development of the appropriate institutional frameworks to support them.

Political markets, like economic markets, favor the strong, the prepared, the innovative, and the well-connected over the weak, the unprepared, the unimaginative and the isolated. This is both their strength and the principal focus of criticism. There is no question that today's political markets are already more productive, more balanced and less dangerous than the monopolistic political structures of the post-war period. On the other hand, as with economic markets, there is vocal dissatisfaction with the treatment given by the political market to particular domestic and international situations, from the employment prospects of young black males in the United States to the life expectancy of women and children in Sarajevo.

Such concerns guarantee a continuing debate over the institutional structure of political markets. At the international level this includes, for example, discussions already under way on the future structure of the U.N. Security Council, efforts to strengthen regional organizations and peacekeeping arrangements and proposals to extend and deepen the global impact of arms control measures.

The political markets themselves cannot provide all the answers, but just as the opening of formerly statist economies from Warsaw to Beijing has required detailed consideration of institutions necessary to support new markets, the simple recognition that we are also dealing with new markets in the political sphere is an essential first step to understanding future institutional requirements. ■

From North India To Upstate New York

Hooked on the Boarding School Life

By John Alter

My life has been defined by boarding schools, a claim I make with increasing delight. Defined by three boarding schools, to be exact: Woodstock School, in the first range of the Himalayas of North India, Yale University, and, most recently, North Country School, nestled into the rugged Adirondacks of northern New York, where I now work. Defined by boarding schools and by the larger reality that families are no longer rooted in a single place, a town, a village, a community.

Let me begin with Woodstock. It is a wild monsoon night: Rain thunders on tin roofs, lightning crashes across steep mountain ranges; in a long dormitory 20 seventh-grade boys lie awake, counting the seconds between lightning flashes and rolls of thunder; we are homesick and excited on the first night of the new school year. During the days and weeks ahead we will study English and social studies and Hindi together, play basketball, spin tops, climb mountains, hunt for ferns and romance, and at least a tentative answer to the urgent question: What am I doing here?

John Alter is School Head at North Country School in Lake Placid, New York.

Because our parents worked in places without adequate schooling for us — because our parents, whether missionaries or Foreign Service employees or business executives, global nomads or engineers, could not in good conscience afford not to offer us the best possible education under the circumstances — because, in a few rare cases, our parents believed that such an education is, in fact, always the best possible. These were the major reasons why most of us attended Woodstock in the late 1950s.

Only recently did my mother confide another reason altogether. Woodstock dominated Landour, the eccentric small town perched precariously on the steep slopes of the first range of the Himalayas. Landour, once a British town, had been transformed into an American town, complete with bridge parties, roller skating, the 4th of July, cheerleaders, PTA meetings, deer hunting, chestnut fights — Kim meets Huckleberry Finn. For four months or more each year, our mothers made their way up the mountain from their mission-stations to take up residence in this ideal village.

Adding immensely to the charm of this village, although seldom consciously admitted, were the many Indians, most from Himalayan villages, who, as cooks and gardeners, ayahs

and watchmen, became part of an extended family within which it was a pleasure to be a child.

I graduated from Woodstock in 1965. I graduated as a global nomad, a "third culture kid," having spent most of my first 18 years living in a boarding school in India. I regularly confused in my own mind Tagore and Walt Whitman, the Ganges and the Mississippi, cricket and baseball. When I arrived on the campus of Yale University in the fall of 1965, I discovered that my life in that boarding school, in that unique "third culture" — a hybrid of America and India, as my parents nostalgically imagined it to be, as we foreigners experienced India — was, in fact, a more than adequate preparation for college. In what ways?

First, I was accustomed to the independence from parents and home which college makes so attractive. I knew how to fend for myself in the greenhouse of a campus.

Second, my own experience of rooted rootlessness — I had grown up profoundly aware of how relative values, cultures, metaphors and mythologies are — prepared me to deal with the upheaval of the 1960s. I was comfortable with alienation and relativity. I found no difficulty in imagining and surviving change.

Third, my experiences as a third-culture nomad — I knew something of India, something of America, a great deal about the territory in between — allowed me to respond to the whole range of academic, intellectual and emotional experiences offered by Yale. I knew my way around this Ivy League village.

My career since graduating with a B.A. in English literature in 1969 has shown the enduring influence of boarding school. Confronted with the Vietnam War and feeling from my own experience that I had no interest in fighting in an Asian war, I became a conscientious objector, persuading the draft board to allow me to spend my two years of alternate service teaching English literature at a small Presbyterian college in India, Baring Union Christian College. It was real alternate service. I taught 17th-century poetry, the 19th-century novel and modern literature to the sons and daughters of farmers, most of whom were more literate about tractors than topology.

That responsibility fulfilled, I returned to the United States via Sweden, where I spent a year living in a large expatriate community of Poles, Spaniards, Cubans, Russians and Americans.

Once back in America, I found myself drawn to life in a small East Coast city — Portland, Maine. I became a social worker of sorts, concentrating much of my energy in the effort to provide support and encouragement to inner-city, low-income families. It was extremely challenging, eye-opening work. As an expatriate I had known little of the reality of America. Now, I knew a great deal. I was, at last, culturally bilingual.

Woodstock invited me back in the mid-1980s to serve as guidance counselor, English teacher and basketball coach. Woodstock had changed, dramatically. No longer were the majority of the students the children of American missionaries. Rather they represented the international middle class: Indians, Koreans, Japanese, Africans, Canadians, Dutch, Swedes, Germans, the sons and daughters of diplomats and Foreign Service personnel from a wide variety of countries: a true melting-pot.

Now I have the opportunity to recreate, out of nostalgia and optimism, my own notion that it truly does take a village to raise a child.

And now I'm the head of North Country School. Why? Because now I have the opportunity, with my own young family, to participate in the shaping of a boarding school environment. To bring together — to weave together, using a metaphor actual and literary enough — the best of my many experiences. To recreate, out of nostalgia and optimism, my own notion that it truly does take a village to raise a child.

As I write, I am sitting at the dining room table in Bramwell House, one of the houses on campus. Upstairs my three children and eight others ranging in age from 2 to 15 — five boys, six girls — are sound asleep, dreaming in Spanish, Japanese, Dutch and English of many things: home (Tokyo, Jamaica, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia), HyperCard stacks, barn chores, blizzards, compost, llamas, love. And I am suddenly awake in the long dorm at Woodstock and in my unfamiliar bed during my first night at Yale. Full circle. ■

Mao and MacArthur

Rethinking the Korean War

By William N. Stokes

Recent disclosures of secret correspondence between Mao Tse-tung and Joseph Stalin shed new light on China's role in the Korean War and American efforts to deflect Mao from commitment to Russian strategic aims. We now know several things more.

The first is that the original invasion in 1950 was plotted in Moscow by Stalin, Mao and Kim Il-sung. It was spearheaded by veteran units of the Chinese Communist Fourth Field Army, which were of Korean ethnic origin from China's Liaotung Province. These troops were secretly stationed in forward positions near the 38th Parallel weeks before the war began; they comprised more than a third of the initial attack and accounted for its overwhelming success.

The second is that Mao didn't stop with the deniable subterfuge of Korean ethnic origin. On July 7, 11 days after the initial attack in Korea, he constituted the Northeast Border Defence Army of crack Chinese units to prepare "for an intervention in the Korean War if necessary." By early August, more than 350,000 troops had taken positions on the northern border of Korea. On Aug. 5, while American forces were beleaguered on the southern tip of Korea, Mao ordered his border forces to complete preparations for war operations inside Korea. His correspondence shows he was aiming from the outset at total expulsion of American forces from Korea. The branch of Western scholarship which depicts Mao as reacting to various "provocations" from the West has thus been refuted.

Indeed, Mao's fateful strategic choice dates back to the summer of 1948, even before his first major victory in the Chinese civil war, the occupation of Shenyang (formerly Mukden, Manchuria). At that time the personal representative of Stalin to Mao, I.V. Kovalev, alleged to Mao that the American consulate in Shenyang was gathering tactical military information about the Communist forces and relaying it to the Nationalist command. He recommended that the Communist side, once Shenyang was captured, blockade the consulate, seize its radio station, and detain its staff.

I was then deputy to the American Consul General Angus Ward and know that the single U.S. military attache at the consulate, a major, had left Shenyang in mid-1947 for lack of useful employ. Not fluent in Chinese, he could only report what Nationalist briefers chose to tell him. Moreover,

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William Stokes has 30 years' experience working in Asia as a Foreign Service officer and as the regional director of an industrial management firm, A.T. Kearney, Inc. This is an excerpt from War and Peace with China, *a book written by Stokes and two former assistant secretaries of state for East Asia, Marshall Green and John Holdridge. The book will be published this fall by Diplomatic and Consular Officers, Retired (DACOR).*

the United States had for years abandoned any interest in guiding Nationalist forces, which had ignored U.S. advice not to advance to the northeast in the first place.

So Stalin's advice to Mao through Kovalev was clearly disinformation, aimed at securing a strategic alliance with China. Mao followed this advice, not so much because he was deluded about actions of the American consulate but, as he intimated to the Communist Party, because he was intent on obtaining two fruits from Russia. The first was economic assistance for development in the Communist pattern; Mao knew little about economics, and was mesmerized by the mirage of socialized heavy industry. The second was military cooperation, to fulfill the aim of Mao's slogan, "The East is Red."

It is not as though the new China had been ignored by the United States. When Mao ordered the house arrest of the American consulate staff in Mukden, he thereby rebuffed a U.S. overture for peaceful cooperation, which the consulate had opened on instructions from Secretary George Marshall. (Mao rebuked the northeast leadership for initially welcoming the American overture as the best means to achieve economic reconstruction.)

Even after this insult, the United States persevered in trying to draw China to middle ground. On Jan. 5, 1950, six months before the communist invasion of Korea, President Truman declared: "The U.S. will not provide military aid or advice to Chinese forces on Formosa ... nor does it have any intention of utilizing its armed forces to interfere in the ... civil conflict in China."

Even though this overture was addressed to Mao's primary goal — completing control of Chinese territory — it did not deflect Mao from concluding one month later with Stalin a series of agreements, including a treaty of mutual defense with secret codicils. No American dreamt that the fate of Korea was being decided, but the Foreign Service in China soon obtained specific evidence of Mao's intentions.

In April 1950, six weeks after Mao's return from Moscow, FSO Philip Manhard in Tianjin was given stunning information by a highly-placed party official, who warned that war would soon break out in Korea, with Chinese forces in a supportive role: "You must have noticed that our forces are already moving north through Tianjin (the main north-south rail hub)." Alas, the CIA and the State Department did not give credence to what was believed to be an improbable warning, which Manhard was later able to confirm after the fact from the interrogation of Chinese prisoners of war.

Thus by forceful and massive actions, China was an important if hidden participant in the original invasion of Korea. The new evidence traces a linear and consecutive relationship in 1949 and early 1950 from rejection of Secretary Marshall's peace overture, arrest of its messengers in Shenyang, and China's prewar commitment to armed aggression in Korea — all of which were personal decisions of Mao, some despite tacit demurrers from his senior field officers.

China was an important if hidden participant in the original invasion of Korea.

Was the American theater commander conscious of the danger?

During a transit stop in Japan on our way home in January 1950, Gen. Douglas MacArthur invited the Shenyang staff — Consul General Ward and two of his aides — to a private luncheon. Without inquiring about our experiences with the new regime, he lectured us that the "chaos" in China required greater U.S. assistance for Chiang Kai-shek. He departed abruptly when the consul general disagreed. Grave events would soon turn on MacArthur's deafness to Chinese realities.

When combined communist forces crossed the 38th Parallel on June 25, the inexperienced South Korean army was routed and unprepared U.S. forces from Japan had to be thrown in piecemeal. In committing U.S. land forces, President Truman also ordered the U.S. Navy to interdict the strait of Formosa to prevent hostile action in either direction. Was this a provocation of Mao, causing China to become involved directly in Korea, as some historians have inferred? No, Mao had already involved China heavily, so it was much more a stabilizing reaction to unprovoked attack, taken in light of explicit concern that World War III might be impending. (The USSR was exploding its first nuclear device, and if Stalin had intervened with air power in Korea, as he had undertaken to do, a conflict of the great powers would indeed have been probable.)

Some observers have blamed Secretary Dean Acheson for encouraging aggression in a Jan. 25 speech in Korea by identifying the U.S. defense perimeter as running through Japan and the

Philippines. In fact, he specifically warned in this speech that any aggression beyond that perimeter would be subject to unrestricted U.S. response under the U.N. umbrella.

In the fevered crisis following the Communist onslaught, Acheson in late June made another crucial move toward restraint by opposing acceptance of Chiang Kai-shek's offer of 33,000 Nationalist troops to fight with the United States in Korea. This was the third American initiative for conciliation with China that Mao ignored.

Events would soon justify Acheson's caution about military cooperation with Taiwan. After the invaders had pushed the allies to the southern point of Korea, MacArthur's successful landing at Inchon led to complete reversal of the tri-partite aggression when the original boundary at the 38th parallel was regained.

At this point MacArthur, like Mao before him, was blinded by success. Not satisfied with victory but intent on triumph, he ordered headlong advance to the Chinese border, after assuring President Truman at Wake Island that the Chinese would not intervene further. Foreign Service voices spoke out in prescient alarm: "Bohlen, Kennan, and a few Old China Hands warned that Beijing or Moscow would not tolerate U.S. violation of the 38th parallel," recalled writer David Halberstam in his 1993 book, *The Fifties*.

The White House urgently sought independent field views about the likelihood of Chinese intervention, but found none. Ambassador John Muccio in Korea was isolated from the front and in no position to question the theater commander's official interpretation. Neither, evidently, did the CIA meet its first major challenge: A noted military historian, Trevor Dupuy, has stated that the CIA supported MacArthur's thesis, even though "the presence of Chinese troops in North Korea was undeniable (judging from battlefront intelligence and captives) at the very moment of MacArthur's assurance." Prudent within his means, the president ordered MacArthur not to proceed unless he was certain the Chinese would not intervene, but Truman could not challenge the hero of Inchon until he was more sure of his ground.

Why was the decision left to the field commander? President Truman was never hesitant to make hard decisions. And certainly for U.S. forces to occupy new territory on the mainland, directly upon the Chinese frontier, was not a mere tactical question within the purview of a field commander — even a proconsul like MacArthur. Apparently political reality in a democracy did not enable Truman to oppose MacArthur in the face of general disbelief that the Chinese were willing or able to intervene against U.S. forces. Except for those who had witnessed the denouement of the Chinese civil war, few outside the Foreign Service took the new China seriously, even as a defender of its immediate boundary areas.

MacArthur's open partisanship for Chiang Kai-shek evidently misled him into a profound underestimation of the new China's capabilities as well as its intentions, much as Mao was deluded by the mirage of Moscow. After the Chinese presence in Korea became undeniable, MacArthur reported the troop strength at one-tenth the actual number and pursued his advance straight into the Chinese trap. Even after encountering the Chinese, MacArthur's forces pushed ahead until overwhelmed. Apparently MacArthur paid no more attention to his own battlefront intelligence — or Foreign Service warnings — than

he had paid to the Shenyang staff a year before.

The Chinese mass intervention was so successful because MacArthur overrated the ability of U.S. airpower to isolate the battlefield and underestimated Chinese military effectiveness. As a consequence, American casualties were severe: Only heroic discipline during retreat prevented destruction of the American forces as Mao had planned.

In the midst of a rout in which the Chinese captured Seoul, Gen. Matthew Ridgway succeeded to field command and stabilized the front. Truman and Acheson then planned to offer China a negotiated settlement of differences, much as Marshall had done in Shenyang two years before. Just as this offer was to be conveyed, on March 24 MacArthur destroyed its potential in an insulting — and totally unauthorized — demand for Chinese capitulation, threatening bombardment of the mainland. Given his close association with Taiwan, it threatened to reopen the civil war in China.

At this incredible insubordination, Truman removed MacArthur and replaced him in Tokyo with Ridgway. But the opportunity to offer peace had been ruined. There was no silencing MacArthur, who on his triumphal return to the United States, called for a naval blockade and air attacks on Chinese industrial centers.

In an unprecedented two-person meeting between a supreme commander and a junior Foreign Service officer, Gen. Ridgway summoned me to his private office. He referred to my earlier reporting from Shenyang on railway operations and asked for comment about the proposed bombing of northeast China.

My response: The same Chinese Communist armies engaged in Korea had defeated the Nationalist government's U.S.-trained and -equipped field armies in Manchuria only two years before by successfully operating irregular lines of communication and supply while under unopposed air attack by American aircraft flown by American-trained pilots. They probably could revert effectively to their old ways. Moreover, carrying the war to China proper would unite all Chinese in a national fervor, justifying Mao's decision to invade Korea.

Ridgway's investment of personal time and effort demonstrates his extraordinary care to collect and face facts before arriving at conclusions, regardless of preconceptions. This quality of mind, so lacking in Mao and MacArthur, was marked in the pragmatists on both sides, and is itself a goal of Foreign Service reporting.

Ridgway then recommended to Washington against bombing, based upon a wide variety of information and advice. His conclusion that a cross-border air campaign would not be decisive was later validated in Vietnam, where enormous tactical air campaigns against the Ho Chi Minh trail were unable to halt guerrilla resupply. Also, we now know that the USSR had promised the Chinese air defense of Manchuria if attacked. By this wise restraint, the United States confined the war to Korea, and after an extended stalemate, a durable truce was negotiated.

With two generations of perspective, we can now evaluate what was gained by the Truman decision to resist aggression. The Soviet Union, while suffering no direct loss, saw its Asian protege, North Korea, weakened and isolated. More important, defeat of the joint enterprise with Mao, exacerbated by Soviet failure to provide promised air support, undermined support in China for entente with Russia. Although China's options were limited at first

by Mao's stubborn determination to prove himself right — which prolonged reliance on Russian economic advice and assistance — the seeds had been planted for eventual breakup of international communist solidarity.

Mao, as prime author of the decision to cooperate militarily with the Russians, was the big loser. His avowed goal of destroying American forces and reuniting Korea "in the Red" totally miscarried, weakening fatally his reputation as "Great Helmsman." The direct cost of the Korean War was compounded for China by the consequence of economic isolation.

The subsequent disasters of "The Great Leap Forward" and the Cultural Revolution marked successive steps toward Mao's eventual obloquy. Thus both the Chinese and American "emperors," so much alike in being misled by initial great success and in misjudging their opponents, declined in parallel.

The United States achieved its objectives in Korea: regaining invaded territory and defeating the invasion force. In retrospect, the intervention laid the foundation for subsequent U.N. actions to roll back aggression and keep the peace.

The Republic of Korea was enabled to come of age, soon to become a paragon of market-oriented development and a unique example of democratic political reform on China's borders.

Japan was preserved from having a victorious, militant neighbor on its southern frontier as well as on its north. The Japanese economic miracle received an important initial impetus when its industry was awarded lucrative contracts to resupply U.S. forces in Korea, accumulating vital investment capital and knowledge in the American market.

Though the Korean War ended with confusing compromise and great war weariness, the American decision to combat the invasion stands the test of time. The efforts of the State Department and the Foreign Service to keep China neutral failed to avert a war upon which Mao was determined, but did succeed in limiting the war to Korea and created a foundation for the next U.S. initiative for peace. In 1972, Henry Kissinger's mission achieved the objectives of the Marshall and Acheson restraint toward China. Such continuity and perspective in U.S. foreign policy stand rewarded: China and America today discuss, negotiate and resolve bilateral differences while their economic interests converge to mutual benefit, thus consolidating the relationship. ■

AFSA NEWS

American Foreign Service Association

INSIDE

STATE AGREES TO AFSA PROPOSAL

At AFSA's urging, the Deportment of State has revised its recent guidelines to permit Foreign Service posts to chorge employees for the real cost of home-to-office transportation when that sum is less than $2.70 each way.

The department hod instructed posts last foll to impose o $2.70 one-way fee on oll home-to-office transportation, whether performed by o deputy chief of mission in a sedan or a secretary in a multi-passenger van. The $2.70 represents the average cost of a one-way commute in the Washington area. AFSA chapters worldwide protested this chonge, arguing thot $2.70 exceeded the actual cost of providing shuttle transportation for each employee.

The department has agreed to AFSA's proposal to charge employees the actual cost, reflecting fuel, maintenance, insurance, depreciation, and the driver's wages. The costs associated with all vehicles used for multi-passenger home-to-office transportation may be pooled to determine a single charge at each post. The new regulations apply to employees of all foreign affairs agencies, and ambassadors are urged to extend them to employees of other agencies as well.

AFSA President F.A. "Tex" Harris thanks those post representatives whose analyses of actuol expenses were instrumental in convincing department management to change the regulations.

• AFSA Dateline •

- On July 1, AFSA launched an election campaign seeking the right to represent more than 200 Foreign Service employees of the rapidly expanding Foreign Commerciol Service. Bollots will be counted on August 15. Voting will be secret ond under the control of the Federal Labor Relations Authority.

- It appears that the new "short tour" program for unassigned FSOs will have little effect on employment prospects for retirees at State. State has assured AFSA that the Bureau of Personnel will continue to build a data base to identify qualified retirees to work as members of the Foreign Affairs Reserve Corps. AFSA had offered to organize retirees to enter data.

- AFSA has formed an Information Management (IM) Steering Group of IM Speciolists to oddress issues of concern to their IM colleagues. The group has already met with State Deputy Assistant Secretary John Clark and sent a cable polling IM specialists on the Information Monogement Associate program, which is hiring spouses to work in communications centers.

- AFSA is working with Stote to incorporote in the Foreign Affoirs Monuol (FAM) the foreign affairs ogencies' recent policy stotements borring discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. Stote refined its policy in this oreo ot AFSA's request.

- AFSA will testify on July 25 before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the early curtailment of career ambassadors' postings to make way for nomination of political appointees to these posts. AFSA supports the application of "the three-year rule" allowing both career and political appointees to serve for at least three years.

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STATE DEPARTMENT

V.P. VOICE

• BY TODD STEWART •

Creating a New System

Directar General Halmes has established a steering cammittee an personnel reform ta create a proposal for a new personnel system far generalist officers. I am a member af this steering committee, nominated by AFSA but serving as an individual. The committee is basing its wark an ather studies of the persannel system during the past 10 years; the responses ta Under Secretary Maose's cable in December and the AFSA poll in January; and, inevitably, the persanal views of committee members. Ta supplement the cammittee's first repart, which yau shauld have already received for comment, I wont to describe some of the assumptions on which members have based their wark.

Committee members envisian a Foreign Service af the future with the same general functians perfarmed at present and a leod role in the formulation and execution of foreign palicy. As I noted in last month's column, maintenonce af this responsibility far the coreer Fareign Service wauld require a reversal of the current trend taward the exclusian af FSOs fram the formulatian and executian of U.S. foreign palicy at the senior level.

If FSOs will have senior policy rales in the future, then we must have a personnel system which will attract, recruit, develap and pramate quality officers whase coreer gaal is fareign palicy leadership. The system must alsa affer a fair opportunity far reaching this gaal ar the resulting frustrotions will undermine their performance or leod to their departure. Hopefully, the committee's propasals will meet these criteria, but if future FSOs are excluded from senior policy positions, the new personnel system will rest on a badly flawed base.

Committee members also believe we must attract more career candidates who possess the broad skills and interests af policy-oriented affi-cers but who wish to spend the bulk af their careers in resaurce management pasitians. Can we recruit enough such officers to fill aur mid-level requirements in consular and administrative positians? The cammittee has provisionally concluded this is possible. However, members recognize that our current recruiting methods are not adequote in view of the heovy percentage af uncaned junior officers who prefer political or econamic wark.

A final assumption is that budgetary pressures will prampt impartant changes in the way we da business. First, the Foreign Service will affload all jabs that can be performed mare inexpensively by others: American family members, Foreign Service nationals, expatriate Americans, and – via electronic cammunicatians – Americans based in the United States. Second, reduced staff levels will require Foreign Service personnel abroad to be less specialized. Political and econamic sectians will merge; secretaries will assume functions now perfarmed by officers and other speciolists; ond cansular and administrative officers will take an reporting tasks unreloted to their primory respansibilities.

There is na assurance these assumptians will prave carrect – although I would wager a considerable sum on the third. If they do come to pass, however, the Foreign Service shauld affer an extraardinarily exciting and varied career ta the kind of superior officer we hope ta attract.

Congressional • Update •

BY RICK WEISS
Cangressianal Liaisan

Legislatars, facing an electian in November, are facusing on crime, health care and deficit reductian.

The Senate has started flaar debate on the Foreign Operatians funding bill but will consider 115 amendments befare final passage. The House passed the State/USIA oppropriations bill priar to the July 4 recess, cutting $95 million from State's operating budget request ond taking $10 millian fram radia construction to fund Radia Free Asia aver AFSA's abjectians. In the Senate, the subcammittee supparted the full amaunt

The conference between the House ond Senote on cost-of-living ond locality pay for federal employees is expected to reach a campromise af a combination COLA and locality poy at slightly more than 3 percent for Washington oreo federal emplayees. In the Senate, a proposal ta delay FY 95 COLAs for FS and GS retirees far an additianal three months (until July 1995) was defeoted in the Department af Defense autharization bill. AFSA sent a strongly worded letter to all senators urging that defeot.

The status af the Federal Emplayee Health Benefit Plan (FEHBP) remains in flux, but there is concern that a revamped FEHBP will provide fewer benefits ond cost more for federal employees under the propasals reported by congressional cammittees.

Sen. Jahn Warner (R-Vir.) intraduced legislation to "establish a presidential cammissian ta examine the rales ond missians af the U.S. intelligence cammunity." As Sen. Robert Groham (D-Fla.) stoted in the Senate debate: "This is the time ta step bock ta take o long view and a fresh look at our intelligence priorities...New thinking is required and nothing is sacrosanct. Most importantly in an environment af reduced resources, we must motch meons to ends." AFSA agrees.

AFSA Dateline

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- AFSA's vice presidents and State Standing Committee have endorsed the autlines af a praposed new policy which wauld limit security violations to cases invalving a probable compromise af classified information. Emphasis will shift from catching peaple in a security violation to pramoting gaod security practices. The new policy is expected to reduce the annual number of violations from some 4,000 to fewer than 300.

- State, in response to AFSA's questioning, has determined that transfer-related Foreign Service allowances are not subject to federal income taxes.

- An AFSA secretarial working group has been formed to guide the upcoming renegotiation af the secretarial career program at State. AFSA has offered ta address these issues with State management an the basis af partnership.

- Data is being gathered from 45 nurse practitianers ta support upcoming negatiatians with State management to redefine career satisfaction and incame issues.

- Thanks to $3,000 in contributions including $2,000 from the Charles del Mar Foundation and $500 each from Louis Berger International and Development Alternatives, Inc. and many contributians fram AFSA members, AFSA funded twa summer internships in the State Department and one at AID this summer.

- AFSA continues to monitor AID personnel reform. The proposed unified personnel system contains some components which could severely weaken the Foreign Service.

Support AFSA Scholarship Fund

The Cambined Federal Campaign is quickly appraaching. Members are urged ta suppart the AFSA Scholarship Fund by specifying the AFSA Scholarship Fund for a payroll deduction contribution.

AID

V.P. VOICE

• By Garber Davidson Jr. •

Greetings from Your New VP

As yaur new AID AFSA vice president, taking over from John Pattersan, I would like to introduce myself. Having served as a lawyer in both the Near East and Latin America Bureaus, and as deputy director in the Office of the Caribbean and in La Paz, I have worked with and known many of you. I look forward to working with all of you as we move ahead to tackle the issues which affect us.

On behalf af the Service, I would like to thank John "Pat" Patterson for his superb representation of all of us during the past year. Those of you who have worked with and know Pat can attest to the vision, energy and diligence which he has brought to AFSA. His undaunted efforts to preserve the integrity and rights of the service and to protect individual members will be long appreciated.

We know we are going through an enormously difficult period in AID which threatens the very existence of some of our most basic and time-tested institutions, including the Foreign Service. Recent reorganization actions, "right-sizing," tenuring and selectian-aut practices, initiatives ta diversify the warkfarce, LCE actians and failure ta camply with agreed-upon grievance mechanisms are just a few of the numerous matters which are on our agenda. We are entering an even mare critical periad in terms of agency budgets, and decisions with respect to the people who deliver foreign assistance.

It is ironic that many of the precepts by which the Clintan administratian won the election are now being flagrantly violated or abandoned. In its zeal to reinvent, agency leadership has aften lost sight of the protection of individual rights and the importance of morale-building measures for a group of officers who often serve in uniquely difficult and dangerous lacales. While a cardinal measure in delivering aid is performance of host country governments on human rights, the agency now shamelessly ignores due process in treating its own officers. Instead of creating an atmosphere of partnership and collaboration in the spirit of the president's executive orders, the agency pursues confrontation and a narrow visian which it refuses to share with even senior career officers.

I take on this responsibility to represent all of yau with a sense of humility and a determination to serve as an effective advocate. I will need your participation and support. This is a time in which all of us in the Foreign Service must increase aur vigilance and participatian in preserving and pratecting thase campanents af the Service which are not broken, but we alsa must have the courage and visian to change what is needed. I look forward ta hearing fram and warking with many of you in the future.

Virginia Retirees Urged to Check on Tax Refunds

The Virginia Department af Taxatian has sent averpayment notices to residents/former residents wha paid Virginia tax an their federal annuities in 1985-88. Retirees must respond to Virginia by Nov. 1 to preserve their rights ta a refund, regardless af whether an amended tax return was filed earlier. If a notice has not been received, but the taxpayer believes a refund is due, the Richmond, Va., affice should be contacted at 1-800-730-8730. For further infarmation, please see the forthcoming AFSA Letter or call 1-800-704-AFSA.

In State Department Ceremony, AFSA

AFSA conferred awards in seven categories in a June 28 ceremony at the State Department attended by several hundred friends and relatives, including USIA Directar Joseph Duffey, State Under Secretary Richard Moose and AID management head Larry Byrne. Awards were given to Foreign Service officers for their "extroordinary accamplishment involving initiative, integrity, intellectual caurage and constructive dissent."

AFSA President F.A. "Tex" Harris praised the skills and dedication of the Foreign Service, emphasizing that it is "important for us to recognize our members who demanstrate outstanding qualities." Director General Genta Hawkins Holmes, who cosponsored the ensuing award luncheon in the Benjamin Franklin roam, spoke on the need for excellence in foreign affairs. Luncheon speaker Under Secretary Lynn Davis congratulated the winners and "those in the Foreign Service who work as a team to make individual awards possible." She continued, "We can hear views that are different from the current policies and those of us designing those policies are always ready ta hear new ideas."

Robert B. Richardson, deputy director, Contract and Commodity Division, Office of Procurement, AID, received the *Christian A. Herter Award* for seniar afficers. As the seniar prafessional in commodity management, Richordson ensured accountability for U.S. resources. He dissented from the prevailing view favoring cash transfer programs with less regard for the specific use of funds and advocoted the merits of commadity import programs.

The Herter Award of $2,500, which is given in memory of the late secretary of state, was presented by Christian A. Herter Jr.

Richardson was born in Canada ond graduated from Homilton College in New York. After a Peace Corps tour in Senegal, he joined AID in 1966; he has served in Mali, Nigeria, Maracca, Zaire, Niger, Guatemala and Egypt.

The runner-up for the Herter Award was AID officer David J. Garms, cited for his work in overcoming obstacles to provide foad ta refugees. He serves in the U.S. Mission to the U.N. Agencies for Food and Agriculture in Rome.

The *William R. Rivkin Award* for mid-level officers was won by a graup af 13 Foreign Service afficers: Mirta Alvarez, Jonathan S. Benton, Janet Bogue, Loura Clerici, Ellen Conwoy, Gordana Earp, Morshall Harris, Brady Kiesling, Andrew C. Mann, Jahn Menzies (USIA), James F. Moriarty, Eric Rubin, and Scott Thompson. They displayed integrity and constructive dissent in developing and advocating alternative policy views on the issue af Bosnia. Their concerns, which they conveyed to the secretary of State in a 1993 letter, are still part of the continuing debate over U.S. policy toward Bosnia.

The Rivkin Award of $2,500 is presented in memory of William Rivkin,

AFSA Award Winners

Dazens af AFSA award winners were hanared at a State Department ceremany an June 28. At left, AID FSO Rabert Richardsan displays the Christian Herter Award with presenter Christian Herter Jr. At center, Juniar afficer Thamas Daughton pases with presenter Rabert Fisk after receiving the W. Averell Harriman Award. At right, Rebecca McCullaugh, Avis Bahlen Award winner, (left) warks with Indian wamen in an incame generating praject in New Delhi. At battam, Rivkin Award winners (first raw, L-R): Andrew Mann, U.N. Internatianal Tribunal; Jahn Menzies (USIA), deputy caardinatar, East Eurapean Assistance; Laura Clerici, Natianal War Callege; Brady Kiesling, India desk afficer; (back raw, L-R) Janet Bague, Almaty; Gardana Earp, deputy assistant far Industry, USTR; Janathan Bentan, Pearsan Fellaw; Mirta Alvarez, deputy directar, HA/MLA. Nat pictured: Ellen Canway, cansular afficer, Riga; Marshall Harris, directar, Actian Cauncil far Peace in the Balkans; James Mariarty, Diplomat-in-Residence, East-West Center, Honolulu; Eric Rubin, PAO, Kiev; and Scatt Thampsan, Embassy Sarajeva.

HONORS 26

who served as ambassadar to Luxembaurg, Senegol and The Gambio in the 1960s. Enid Lang, widaw of the lote ambossadar, presented the award.

The group af Foreign Service afficers wha wan the Rivkin Award have all been involved in Balkan cauntry affairs and in early 1993 signed o letter to Secretary Christapher expressing deep daubts obaut the efficacy and consistency of U.S. policy toward Bosnia and promoting a more activist route. In accepting the aword, severol of the group expressed cantinued cancern aver U.S. palicy.

Scott Thampson, pasted at Embassy Sarajevo, explained his involvement in the Rivkin group award in a letter to AFSA: "I found myself in INR covering a number of Bolkon countries during the demacratic revalutians af 1989-90 – a period of intense policy invalvement and creativity far mid-level FSOs. On the Bulgario desk fram 1991-93, os exultotion turned to anxiety and crisis in our East European palicy, I was again fartunate ta find a large group of colleagues whose taugh-mindedness, integrity, vision, and deep sense af values and principles at the care af U.S. palicy have left a lasting mark."

Graup members are now in Washington and on overseas assignments.

The runner-up for the Rivkin Award wos Jomes Jeffrey, deputy directar in Near Eastern Affairs Office af Regional Affoirs. He was honored for his work in making the CSCE on operationol entity when he wos CSCE coordinotor.

Thomos F. Daughton received the *W. Averell Harriman Award* far junior affi-cers. Daughtan wan the award far his actians as a palitical officer in Rabat where he reported on the most sensitive ond difficult issues, including human rights ond narcotics. His objective reports, based on extensive documentotion ond careful analysis, led to significant impravements in both humon rights and onti-drug efforts.

Doughtan groduated from Amherst College and the University of Virginia Schaal af Law and jained the Fareign Service in 1989. He was a consulor affice in Jamaico and then assigned as political officer in Rabat. In Woshington, he served in the Bureau af Neor Eastern Affairs, and this summer became desk officer far the Philippines.

The $2,500 oword wos estoblished by the lote W. Averell Harriman, who served os ombossodar ta the Saviet Union ond Greot Britain ond os under secretory of Stote. The oword was presented by Robert C. Fisk, grandson of Ambassadar Harriman.

The runner-up far the Harriman Award was Susan Thorntan, far her wark

McInturff

os generol services officer ond consulor officer ot the new embassy in Almoty, the most rapidly grawing embossy in the former Saviet Unian.

The aword for Foreign Service secretaries, the Delavan Award, which recognizes exceptianal cantributians to effectiveness ond morale, was won by Sondra McInturff, secretory to the U.S. Liaisan Office in Mogodishu.

As the sole secretary in the Liaison Office in Mogadishu, McInturff lived and worked in a combat zone under trying conditians. Working seven doys a week, she perfarmed all secretarial and administrative duties and alsa handled public relations with the press and TV, Somali officials, U.N. officials, and third country ombassodors.

McInturff joined the Foreign Service in 1990 and wos first assigned ta the Ecanamic Section of the Embossy in El Salvadar.

The Delovon Award wos presented by Ambassodor Williom C. Harrop an beholf af the Delavan Foundation, supporters of this $2,500 oward. Under Secretary Richard Moase accepted the award fram Ambassadar Harrop for

AFSA Achievement Award Winners

The winners of the first annual AFSA Achievement Awards for service ta AFSA are John H. Bierke, AID Glabal Bureau and Charles A. Schmitz, retired State FSO.

Bierke

"AFSA needs the valunteer efforts af its members to be truly successful and this yeor twa new awards recognize the most significant contribution to AFSA gaals," explained AFSA President F.A. "Tex" Harris in presenting the awards. Jahn Bierke, AID, was cited far his wark as chairman af AFSA's cammittee on new foreign ossistance legislatian. "His creative proposals, collegiality and diligence facilitated the work af his cammittee and its autstanding results," said the AFSA citation. "His wark contributed significantly to new legislation which is presently befare the Cangress."

Said Harris, "Mr. Bierke is the epitame af the AFSA activist wha, as the consummate profassianal, is not afraid to tackle difficult problems in the face af cantraversy and even appasitian from superiars. As the first winner af the AFSA Achievement Award, Mr. Bierke has established the model for future associatian honorees."

Charles Schmitz wan the AFSA Achievement Award far his wark as AFSA's first vice president for retirees from 1989-93. "His leadership ond creativity prompted business conferences to enhance America's global competitiveness, a speakers bureau to provide Foreign Service expertise available to the public, and an AFSA business membership called International Associates," according ta the citation. He was also instrumental in urging the Department of State to establish the Foreign Affoirs Reserve Corps. In presenting the award, Harris said, "Mr. Schmitz has left a permanent and impartant legacy ta AFSA."

Schmitz

USIA

V.P. VOICE

• By Razvigor Bazala •

Changing Times

AFSA/USIA is going through a period of significant change. We will soon lose AFSA's USIA Representative Mike Houlahan, who is going to Jamaica as public affairs officer. Mike represented AFSA during the creation of the Information Bureau and advanced AFSA's agenda on USIA's Joint Partnership Council (JPC).

However, we are fortunate that Alice LeMaistre has volunteered to serve on the JPC and Capie Polk has agreed to succeed him as the USIA representative to the Governing Board. Alice and Capie will continue to be backed by Herman Henning and Renee Earle on the JPC; Dan Sreebny on the Broadcasting Partnership Council; Lauren Hale and Mike Braxton at Television and Film Service. Others serving on partnership teams include Elizabeth Carwin, Bruce Byers, Sam Durret, Susan Robinson and Julie Connor.

If you are heading back to Washington this summer, join us at AFSA as we wark to shape a new course far USIA at this critical juncture in the agency's history. We will have many real challenges as we consider the impact of forthcoming budget cuts on the Foreign Service and the very future af USIA.

As for me, this piece was written in Warsaw from where I will travel to Skopje, Macedonia for three months of temporary duty. See you again in Washington around the end of October.

Awards

Continued from page 5

Sandra McInturff. Moose said, "This morning [in Mogadishu] they were wearing their flak jackets, but Sandra was there doing her job. ... She is one of about 900 Foreign Service secretaries who da an exceptional jab in difficult places."

The runner-up for the Delavan Award was Charlotte Stottman, of Embassy Zagreb.

The winner of the Avis Bohlen Award given annually to a Foreign Service family member is Rebecca Jaramilla McCullough, the spause of Dundas McCullough, a Foreign Service officer in New Delhi. The $2,500 award is for a family member whose relations with the American and foreign communities at post have done the most to advance American interests.

In New Delhi, according to her citation, McCullough put her tremendous energy and creativity into establishing programs ta enhance the lives of women in both the Indian and American communities. She wrote a comprehensive guide and canducted workshops for foreign spouses on using volunteer work to maintain and develop skills. She also helped transform the American Women's Assaciation Outreach Committee into a mini-development organization by creating project assistance guidelines.The largest aid project organized several thousand Indian wamen ta make saleable products, providing a much-needed saurce of income.

Runner-up Shelia G. Bridges, wife of Thamas W. Bridges, IM Specialist, was nominated far her work with foster children and child abuse preventian in Pretoria. She has cared for 25 foster children through the years, formally adopting three of them.

The Bohlen Award was established by the Harriman family in memory of Avis Bohlen, the wife of the late Charles E. Bohlen. It was presented by Robert C. Fisk, Ambassador Harriman's grandson.

AFSA is grateful to the American Express Company, Clements & Company, Delta Air Lines and Sebastiani Vineyards for their generous support of the awards luncheon.

The *Matilda W. Sinclaire Language Awards* received $1,000 each for distinction in the study of a difficult language and its associated culture. The awards were established by a bequest of the late Matilda W. Sinclaire, a Foreign Service officer and were first given in 1985.

This year the winners included: Foreign Service officers David E. Brown (Chinese/Japanese), Jason L. Davis (Arabic), Eric H. Madisan (Chinese), USIA's Frank Neville (Chinese), Jaan M. Richards (Urdu), Dauglas A. Silliman (Urdu), and Lisa Tepper (Polish).

Director General Genta Hawkins Holmes announced the names, noting that the winners were all assigned overseas using their new language capabilities and could not be present.

Classifieds

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BELGIAN CHOCOLATES

BY NINA KILLHAM

In the dark space behind the town fair's Screaming Caterpillar, where Belgian girls held the hands of the boys who kissed them, Sarah learned about men. She watched them from her seat as the accordion-linked cars whipped past them, again and again and again. During the half circle when her seat would be plunged into sunlight, Sarah shut her eyes so they worked properly in the dark den. But the ride didn't go round fast enough, for at this pace, anyone with a pupil could see Sarah's open-faced curiosity. The boys leered back and the girls leaned against the plywood wall, chewing their gum with a snap.

MARTHA VAUGHAN

There in the darkness were Sarah's daymares: tonguey kisses, fat fannies squeezed into jeans two sizes too small, puffy French-fried faces topped by identical fringe-cut bangs. Yet she was fascinated. Sarah envied the girls' ease with the opposite sex, how they leaned forward and grabbed their boys by the neck and pulled. These girls knew men in a way she did not.

Sarah was a born foreigner, deposited into the cradle of a Foreign Service officer who uprooted his family and dog every three years at the State Department's request. To Sarah each new move felt like a plunge into icy water from which she would emerge, shaky but hopeful, only to be thrown in again a few years later. It had been six years since she had lived in the United States, six years since she took English-speaking friends for granted, six years since she had gorged on a plastic cheese-drenched Big Mac.

Brussels was all right, really. By now she knew not to get anxious in the first year of moving — it always took at least a year to adjust. But as she neared 15, moving again at the will of her father's career was proving more difficult. It was hard enough to get to know the other sex in general. But how to do it with a sex that didn't speak English?

When the ride slowed down, Sarah stumbled off and walked over to the little stand on wheels and ordered a mess of *frites*. The woman handed her the spiraled paper full of large golden fried potatoes and motioned Sarah to help herself to the squeeze bottle

Nina Killham, who lives in Los Angeles, writes screenplays. A former journalist, she is the daughter of retired FSO Edward L. Killham who served in Brussels, Copenhagen, Geneva and Madrid.

of mayonnaise. French fries and mayonnaise: She had gagged at the thought when first told about the combination, but now she couldn't get enough of it. And it was starting to take effect. Though she was thin, she could already see a new shape in her thighs that she hadn't noticed before. Instead of descending straight down to her knees, she began to see a swelling that rounded her out right below the hip. Cellulite, she read in a magazine. Cellulite, she would cry to her mother, who shushed her with clicks of her tongue and an amused smile.

She walked through the fairground quickly, feeling real and imagined eyes upon her. She was afraid to stay any longer, afraid that someone would approach her and shine a spotlight on her foreignness. It was a short walk from the fair to the metro and, as luck would have it, the red tram was waiting at the stop when she stepped up. She dropped her coins into the conductor's hand and made her way to the back where she could stand and watch out the window at the retreating landscape.

She liked to watch Belgian boys, eyeing them from the obscurity of the tram window. She saw bands of them, walking down the street, kicking at each other and laughing, pulling each around by their belt buckles. They were normal boys, she supposed, with their drab cloths, dull hair. In her mind, though, American boys were brighter. Not that she had really seen American boys recently in person. They peeked out at her from the American magazines she bought at the commissary, clearly bigger, cleaner, cuter.

From the corner of her eye, Sarah caught sight of a North African man getting onto the tram. She could hear him make his way down to the back where she felt him stand close to her.

Not long ago, in Tunisia, a man offered Sarah's father camels for her. In the closeness of the covered bazaar, where no one could move except by pushing forward, where the smells of dripping cooked goat's legs mingled with the imagined breath of rotted teeth, an old man had come out from his darkened street shop and pointed a nubby finger at her. "I give you 100 camels for her," he had said.

"Make it 150," her father had shot back. She clung to his arm as both men roared with laughter. She had been 12 years old.

She remembered that trip with horror — the bright light that bounced off the streets and made her walk with her eyes screwed into slits; the mutilated men sitting legless by the side of the road; the little boy spraying a mother cat and her newborn kittens with pebbles. She watched a man press his finger to his nose and blow forth a stream of mucus which fell like discarded soup to the ground. She cried for the forlorn-looking goats tethered next to market tables. She blinked her eyes away from the cardboard boxes of chicks chirping in the broiling sun.

Each afternoon, when her parents collapsed from touristy exhaustion, Sarah would sit quietly sucking her tepid orange Fanta through a straw and watch from between strands of her falling hair the tables of men who made faces at her like a baby, bulging their eyes, opening their mouths and puckering their lips.

So it was with tense emotions that she watched the North African guest workers who invaded Brussels and who accepted the insults of the Belgians with lofty waves of their hands. When she went shopping, walking down Rue Neuve, Sarah listened to the tight-panted Moroccans who called after her so earnestly that Sarah wondered if she did turn around, would one quietly take her by the hand, walk her back to his small saffron-scented apartment and peel off her clothes?

Still, Sarah was shocked when the man in the tram reached out his finger and ran it down her spine to the small of her back. She gasped and, not being able to move forward, she jumped backward instead, smashing his instep. He groaned and grabbed at his left foot. Everyone turned around to see Sarah and the man staring at each other, breathing heavily, neither one at home enough to vent.

At her stop, Sarah jumped off and ran to her home.

As she opened the back door, which led directly into the kitchen, Sarah knew she would say nothing. She kept such confrontations to herself for some reason, as if telling them would make them exist.

FOCUS

She had never been kissed, but she thought of it often, wondering where the lips would go and if using the tongue would be as revolting as it sounded.

"Oh, good, you're here. You can start by putting toothpicks in the olives."

Her mother, her hair still fragrant from the hairdresser's, was busy getting ready for a dinner party. Tonight, she had hired a cook and waiter to help her. But still, Sarah's dinner party chores did not change: Stab the green olives with multi-colored toothpicks and shake mixed nuts into the red and black Russian dishes.

"How was the fair?"

"It was OK."

"Did you meet anyone?"

"Nooooo." Her mother's dream, she knew, would be for Sarah to walk home from a fair or a skating rink or a swimming pool with a fully-formed, bosom-buddy crowd skipping behind her. Her mother had done her best when Sarah was younger, finding her playmates, introducing her to the children of other Foreign Service officers. But there's an age when no matter how much a parent wants to help, friends can no longer be dropped off like so many casseroles to tide her over through uncomfortable periods.

Sarah walked about the living room, setting the olives on side tables, and swiping pecans from the bowls of mixed nuts, until finally trudging upstairs. She passed by her parents' room and walked into their bathroom. She gazed at herself in the mirror and wondered if she would always live her life in the future, in an imaginary time when she would feel at home.

The States had dimmed for her. Home now was the family's increasingly creaky furniture that never changed, the same green velvet couch having anchored seven living rooms since she was born. Sarah touched her mother's mascara delicately to the tips of her eyelashes, just enough for them to stand out but not enough for her mother to notice.

She left her mother's lipsticks alone.

She had never been kissed, but she thought of it often, wondering where the lips would go and if using the tongue would be as revolting as it sounded. Boys did not scare her as much as the embarrassment of not knowing what to do. She waited in terror for the moment when a boy would pull away from her first kiss, and yell to his friends behind the bushes, "God, this one thinks she's bobbing for apples."

She was a good child. Her parents would never dream she dreamed the things she did. She was a peacemaker.

That night, when the sounds of at least six guests wafted up to her room, Sarah came down dressed in the dress she had worn to her sister's wedding. "What a beautiful dress," a man exclaimed. "She looks, ah ... pre-Raphaelite."

Since Sarah didn't know who Raphael was, she two-fisted the cashew nuts. The ambassador of a small East European country arrived, a swirl of white silk around his neck, and kissed her mother's outstretched hand. Sarah stuck hers out for similar honors but the ambassador deftly turned her hand sideways and pumped. "Very good to meet you," he said.

Red-faced, Sarah returned upstairs, but not before picking a few hostess gifts from the table near the front door. She chose Belgian chocolates and left the mints. Upstairs, in her room with her white and gilded four-poster bed, she put on "My Fair Lady" and began to waltz around the room.

She would spend whole evenings like this. When her parents were out, she would bring the record downstairs and skid across the parquet floor between the living and dining rooms. She played the record over and over. She became Audrey Hepburn with dark hair piled high on her head, and a white dress falling like gauze to her toes.

When she heard the music pounding up through the floor, she knew they had started dancing. It

must be a good party, she thought. Her mother would always scrutinize the clock to determine the success of her parties. If guests sidled out before midnight, she would sit dejectedly back down in a wing chair by the fireplace and pout. Tonight, Sarah could tell by the yells reaching her door, her mother would most likely flop into bed with her slip still on.

She liked it when her parent's parties got rowdy. It made them seem less isolated as a family. Sarah padded down the hallway and slid down the stairs on her butt to watch from behind the banister the adults, twisting on the hallway-turned-dance floor.

Her father's boss reached out and tried to pull her onto the floor. His wife clapped her hands. "Go on," said Sarah's mother. But Sarah slipped her hands through the man's fingers and hopped up the stairs. She sat on her bed leafing through her American magazines. One had a story about four sisters' makeovers. The eldest loved lemon yogurt, it said. How clean and fresh they were. Bright eyes with shiny glossed lips and tanned legs that held no sign of dimples.

She envied them their sisterhood, the gossip she imagined they shared, their coordinated clothes and swept-back, light hair. Sarah lay back on her bed and stared at the ceiling. Older sisters guiding young sisters through the labyrinth of boys. Late-night talks about dates. Swapping clothes and doing each other's hair. Sarah looked at the magazine pages over and over again, hoping the bright, clean taste would sink in, hoping that in the morning when she awoke, she would be transformed from the pale girl with lanky dark hair into a tanned athletic beauty with three sisters and a nice boyfriend and a dance to go to. ■

THE VALENTINE

BY RUTH BENNSKY

February brought full summer to Lima. The sun hammered down, the Andean mountains could be seen again, and the beaches were stacked with sunbathers. The maids no longer wore long-sleeved sweaters under their uniforms, and the kerosene heaters disappeared from sight.

Amidst her busy life, it annoyed Holly that she kept thinking about Valentine's Day coming up. In all their foreign posts where valentines were unheard of, Ben had always remembered Valentine's Day. For him there was no need of an advertising nudge. He always gave her some expensive thing. But she didn't want another gift. She wanted a card — a valentine — a written message. But, she knew she wouldn't get one. Lima didn't have valentine cards. And Ben wouldn't give her one even if they were available. She had ruined that chance years ago.

MARTHA VAUGHAN

At breakfast she brought up the subject. "In two weeks it will be Valentine's Day. I think I shall get you a red tie."

"If you get me one more Inca tie, I'll strangle myself with it."

"Well yes. Of course, some of the designs are quite clever."

Ben said, "The designs are all right — it's that untamable cotton. Did you ever wrestle with a cotton tie?"

And the subject of valentines dribbled away.

Holly was a breezy young woman with short hair and light blue eyes. Ben, 10 years older, was a bear of a man, sometimes teddy, sometimes grizzly but never polar. They were a popular couple both as guests and hosts. Holly's contemporary art collection was the best in the U.S. embassy. She ran her household with ease.

Although she helped out at *Ciudad de Dios* and *Casa Nueva* and volunteered for certain embassy duties, Holly's real pleasure was to go off on her own. She visited the grand colonial cathedrals and the museums with their proud displays of ancient textiles, pots and gold pieces. Her favorite place was old Lima, three blocks from the *Plaza de Armas*. She

Ruth Bennsky was a Foreign Service secretary in Paris, and later met her husband, George Bennsky, now a retired FSO, in Washington. They were posted to India and Peru.

liked the damp cellar smell of the old town, the gargantuan wooden doors, dark and secretive even, with sunshine slanting against them, and the handsome carved balconies high above the narrow streets.

"If a Peruvian ghost shows up in my life," she thought, "it will not be an Inca in a poncho, it will be a high-coifed lady of old on one of these balconies, homesick for Spain and trying to recreate it here."

When she told that to Ben, he said, "My ghost will be smelling like kerosene from these room heaters. He'll be with me a long time because I don't think we will ever get that odor out of my winter woolens."

But he appreciated Peru as much as Holly did. On their time off they travelled about the country. The icy blue Pacific licked at the shores of the driest desert in the world and the Andean mountains shot up higher than any mountains needed to be. And beyond that, the fleshy, stalwart jungle with its roadmap of murky rivers.

"A treasure box of a country," Ben said. "And what a lot they've dumped into such a small box."

Earlier, when USIA had decided to display paintings by unknown local artists in the embassy lunchroom, they asked Holly to screen the artwork. She worked with Alberto Ramirez in the USIA office. He found the canvases and set the selling price with the artist. When Holly turned down a submission, Alberto could shrug hopelessly to the painter and say, *"La Senora ..."* It worked perfectly for everybody.

One morning the first week in February, Ben said, "Luis in my office asked if the nephew of the sister of the mother of a friend of his could bring in a painting for the lunchroom. I think he's coming to USIA today — Jaime Cabello."

"Good. I'll look for it."

That evening he asked, "Did Jaime bring in his picture?"

"Yes, he did. I turned it down."

"You turned it down? But that's why I told you he was bringing it in."

She whirled around. "I choose paintings on merit, not recommendation, not even by you. It was awful."

"Awful. How awful?"

"No originality, no skill. It was a copy of those pictures in the markets of a river and a sunset. His colors were garish, all wrong, solid, no shadows. It did not belong on the lunchroom walls."

"That isn't exactly a gallery of Van Goghs you have in there."

She flushed. "No. It was never intended to be. There are new artists. But they're fairly decent pictures. And there's variety ... for all tastes. Yes, I would love to discover a great painting. A painting with the colors right. I'd take a commonplace or ugly subject if the colors were right. "Painting is nothing but color — one right color by the next right color and so on."

"So you'd take an ugly subject if the colors were right?" Ben was angry. "Did you know Jaime is only 17? He works to help his aunt and her four children — they all live in one of the worst *barriadas*. For extra money he paints and sells his pictures in that outdoor market on the way to the airport."

"If I chose pictures because the artists were worthy, every amateur in Lima would be represented."

Ben continued, "And those 'wrong colors' of his. Maybe his buyers need garish colors to liven up this gray city in the winter. Holly, you have more good taste than almost anyone I know, and I enjoy the beauty of the home you always make for us, but must you be — so eternally superior?"

Their conversation was stilted for the next two days. Superior! And of course she remembered — as much as she wanted to forget — the first valentine he had given her. They had been married three months, and he had given her a pearl ring that she loved plus an enormous valentine — the size of a huge restaurant menu — with the inscription, "My heart is yours." Below blazed a red satin heart as thick as a pincushion. Inside was printed the most sentimental, rhyming poem she had ever read. She had looked up.

"Well, Ben, this is very sweet, I'm sure, but isn't it more for high schoolers? We are a little more mature than this."

"Oh ... right you are."

But before her eyes she had seen some facet of Ben seal itself away as surely as if concrete had been poured.

It was hopeless. How could she expect him to understand what she was trying to say when she, always so full of words, couldn't articulate it herself?

Superior? After a few days she went to Alberto. "If you can get back that painting of Jamie Cabello's, I'd like to display it." When the picture came in, she didn't try to hide it in a back corner, but hung it in the most prominent place and waited for the comments. After one day, someone bought it.

She asked Alberto, "Who bought the Jamie Cabello picture?"

He looked it up and with a big smile announced, "It was the *señor* ... your husband." That night she said to Ben, "I really don't try to impose my ideas about art. I try to select a variety of reasonably good paintings. ..."

"Holly, Holly, it's not like you to beat a subject to death. I had absolutely no right to interfere with your job. I was wrong. But you did a good thing. Now Jamie has a sign in front of his paintings at the market, "Exhibits at the American Embassy."

"So, depending on the political situation, that may help him sell." She smiled. "And you did a sweet thing to buy the picture right away and spare me more embarrassment."

Now she could lead into the subject she wanted. "Do you remember that first valentine you gave me? That sentimental one? I wish I still had it."

"Really? I didn't think you liked it much."

"Well, no. But people do change, mature more, people see things differently. After all, that was six years ago."

"They've been good years, Holly. Very good years."

It was hopeless. How could she expect him to understand what she was trying to say when she, always so full of words, couldn't articulate it herself? Besides, where could he get another syrupy valentine? Can his aunt in Massachusetts airmail him a valentine with plenty of drivel in it? Or could he write one himself? No. He might buy a slushy valentine, but he would never write one. She couldn't even understand why it had become so important to her.

Certainly she and Ben had their share of fun and laughs together. Why did she miss that corny, zany part of him? It was such a small part of him. But she wanted it back. It was like the tiny missing piece of a jigsaw puzzle that shouldn't matter but turns out to be part of the face. It was like the skipped chapter in a book that you find at the end you must go back and read if you are to comprehend the author. She wanted to crack open that cement seal. She wanted to release that special nonsensical exuberance.

On Valentine's Day, Ben came home early from the embassy. Her present for him — a silver letter opener topped by a Peruvian coin — lay wrapped on the table. He carried the usual Valentine package in his big hands, maybe it was the crystal llamas she had admired.

He handed her the gift. "Your valentine."

The package measured about eight inches square and two inches deep. Not the llamas. She ripped off the paper. A flimsy, gray cardboard box almost crumpled in her hands. She lifted the lid. Inside lay a gaudy red ceramic ashtray shaped like a heart. In black lettering was the phrase, "*Mi Corazón Es Tuyo,*" Spanish for "My Heart Is Yours." He had understood. For all her garbled words, he had understood. And he had somehow found — maybe at Jamie's market — this wonderfully tacky, crude red heart ashtray, this valentine message.

Ben said, "It's certainly ugly, but I think the color is right."

And the sound of cement cracking could be heard in the land. ■

POOR SHARPLESS

BY DOUGLAS A. GRAY

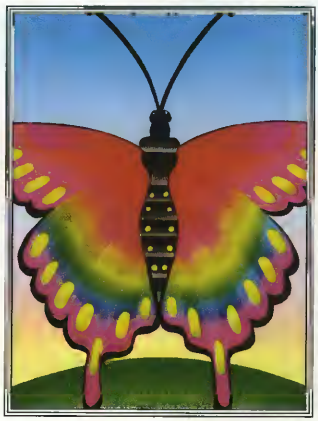
Washington, 15 November 1898

Mr. Scott:

As instructed, I have reviewed the last several months' correspondence from our Consul in Nagasaki with an eye to discovering, as you put it to me, "what ails Mr. Sharpless." Though at first this task seemed quite routine, if not tedious, I soon found several related messages, all referring to an apparently simple matter regarding a citizen's welfare (which, indeed, Mr. Sharpless handled admirably well). I also noted that the first reports we have of Mr. Sharpless's unusual behavior followed soon after this seemingly minor incident.

I thought that reviewing these messages, which I have arranged in the order they were received, might be informative. My recommendation follows.

Richardson



MARTHA VAUGHAN

Nagasaki, 7 April 1898

Sir:

I have lately been made aware of the existence in my district of an American citizen whose present welfare is in doubt, and ask the Department's concurrence for the steps proposed in this message.

Some two years ago, Sorrow Pinkerton, son of Lt. Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton of the *USS Abraham Lincoln*, and so an American citizen according to the definition in Section 1993, Revised Statutes, was born in Nagasaki. His mother, who named him through a strange conceit of her own, has so far provided a loving home for him, though she is now nearly destitute. Pinkerton has since remarried and does not yet know of his son's birth. He and his wife, aboard the *Abraham Lincoln*, will shortly be in Nagasaki.

I have written to Pinkerton to propose that he and his wife adopt his son. Though this may seem bold, I

Douglas A. Gray, a FSO, is the press officer in the Bureau of Political-Military Affairs in the State Department. He has served in Barranquilla, Colombia; Mexico, Nicaragua and in Washington in the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs. This piece is based on Giacomo Puccini's 1904 "Madama Butterfly," the only opera that features a consular officer character in a singing role. Mr. Sharpless is the American consul in Nagasaki.

feel I act in the best interests of the child, who I am bound by my duty to protect. I once warned the young Lieutenant that his hasty actions would lead to no good. I thus feel justified in bearing the sad tidings I prophesied. I hope Pinkerton is now man enough to accept the consequences of his youthful rashness.

One thing troubles me. I fear the mother may yet try to keep the child as a desperate attempt to hold the father also. She is much seized with the idea that Pinkerton will return to her, taken as she was, and as is not uncommon here, at a most impressionable age. In fact, she has rejected at least one promising offer of marriage from a prominent and wealthy merchant, preferring her belief in Pinkerton's return. Her noble birth may also contribute to her pride, and pride is a vice even of the most degraded. A little reason and reflection, however, should make her see the wisdom of the course I propose, as should the love she bears for the child.

Sharpless

NAGASAKI — MAY 2 — UNFORESEEN EVENTS DEMAND URGENT RESPONSE MY REQUEST RE PINKERTON APR 7 STOP DETAILS FOLLOW STOP ABSENT REPLY MAY 5 LATEST WILL PROCEED AS OUTLINED STOP IMMEDIATE REPLY ESSENTIAL STOP SHARPLESS

Washington, 6 May 1898

Mr. Sharpless:

It is not the usual practice of this Department to confirm the acts of its Consuls when these are obviously correct, particularly when the normal delays occasioned in such confirmation preclude in most instances a reply before those acts must of necessity have taken effect.

At your specific request and in this particular instance, we will assert that all the actions you propose in your message of April 7th, motivated as they must be by considerations of the best interest and welfare of a fellow citizen, appear to be manifestly correct.

Scott

WASHINGTON — MAY 9 — REGRET DELAY RESPONDING YOUR MAY 2 STOP FILE OUT FOR ACTION STOP PROPOSED ACTIONS APPEAR CORRECT STOP FULLER REPLY FOLLOWS STOP

Washington, 30 May 1898

Sir:

In your office's accounts for the last month there appears an expenditure for a cable of the 9th to the consulate in Nagasaki. This cable appears to reiterate the substance of an earlier instruction sent to the same consulate on the 6th.

I am compelled to remind you that such an occurrence should not be allowed to happen in future.

Scott

Nagasaki, 2/3 May 1898

Sir:

The situation in the case of Sorrow Pinkerton is completely changed. His mother is dead, a suicide. Unless I receive a response to my message of April 7th by the 5th, I shall authorize Lieutenant and Mrs. Pinkerton to proceed to the United States with their adoptive son.

I am frankly at a loss to explain this tragedy. I thought I had prepared the mother for this shock, even though she was at first most reluctant to accept the situation. Perhaps if I had been more determined to make her see, if I could have found the time to visit her once more, this might not have happened. Surely she would have seen the wisdom and the necessity of the course of action I proposed.

I have spent a sleepless night drafting this message, turning over in my mind the day's events. I cannot see how I could have acted otherwise. I trust the Department will soon ratify the actions I took in the performance of my duties.

Sharpless

Washington, 27 June 1898

Mr. Sharpless:

We are somewhat puzzled to have received three separate messages on the subject of young Pinkerton,

particularly when all your actions in the matter were perfectly consistent with your duties. I need not remind you that those duties, in the broadest terms, are the protection of our citizens and the furtherance of their commercial interests, the latter especially important in an expanding port city such as Nagasaki.

The tone of your last message on this matter, however, compels me to restate the Department's approval of your course of action. Please bear in mind that we consider the whole business closed as of May 6th, as stated in our message of that date.

Scott

Nagasaki, July 15 1898

Sir:

Having researched into and reflected upon the situation of this country, I feel it proper to put the results of my studies into a message. I hope those who may read it find it enlightening.

Japan was completely shut off from the world for over 200 years before Commander Biddle touched at Uraga Harbor in 1846. It has seen nothing but change since. Imagine all the changes America has experienced in the 30 years since the end of the Civil War. Now imagine all these changes taking place in, say, the Europe of the Middle Ages. If in addition one includes the effects of an alien religion's incursions and political progress from the most strict feudalism to a rudimentary form of parliamentary democracy in scarcely 20 years, the force of these changes appears absolutely amazing.

These speedy changes have left some strong traditions in their wake. Western dress is still a novelty and our customs still odd here after 40 years and more. Above all, many people still hold to an ancient conception of duty that is both strange and compelling.

The woman of a prominent family of a century ago, upon her marriage, lived completely for and through her husband, his family and her sons. The match, seldom for love, was often arranged through third parties. Still, history and popular legend afford countless examples of extreme fidelity to the marriage bond, even unto death.

Nothing has changed as much in this society over the past 30 years as the institution of marriage. And nothing has remained more constant than the ideal of duty.

Nagasaki, if it wished to see, had a perfect example of the collision between traditional duty and modern influences in the case of Sorrow Pinkerton to which my recent messages have so often referred. What more natural course for the mother but to give up both him and his father? And yet the poor woman was moved to ritual suicide, piercing a vein in her neck with a knife that was once her father's.

Perhaps, before 1882, she would have continued to live as a sort of concubine, but that condition has not been honorable here since then. Her own family, shamed by her dutiful conversion to her husband's religion, cut her off completely. She was, I have learned, free to remarry, since her marriage to Pinkerton was never officially entered in the family register. Yet, when such a step was suggested to her in my presence, she laughed it off with a sadly mistaken reference to divorce as practiced in America. Remember, also, that she lived entirely for her son. The life of an illegitimate stepson in another husband's household would have been by no means a comfortable one.

At the end, she was incapable of accepting either the Western ways so foreign to her very nature or the ways of modern Japan so foreign to her ideal of duty. She had no other choice. Those for whom she had lived were gone. Her love compelled her, her duty commanded her, to take her own life.

It is clear to me now that these people can never live like us, nor can we live like them, try as we may to understand and adapt to each other. The ocean between us is too wide, and the storms too frequent, for even the sturdiest ships, guided by the most honorable intentions, to cross.

Our impersonal commercial and political interests here may well thrive. But from the blind collision of our cultures, the best we can hope for is to avoid tragedy.

Sharpless

Washington, 8 September 1898

Mr. Sharpless:

While we found your message of July 15th interest-

Now, seldom an hour passes when I do not think of the unbridgeable gulf that separates me from the people here.

ing, we must remind you to confine your future communications with the Department to those more directly relating to your immediate duties.

In this regard, we must report the receipt of a disturbing complaint about your behavior to the officers and crew of the *Mercury*, a merchant ship that called on Nagasaki three months ago. The Master of that vessel said you were "short and surly" during your regular visits.

We realize the press of Consulate business in a busy, expanding port places extraordinary demands on the officers responsible for its prosecution. Please remember that your duties as a representative of your Government also demand that your conduct at all times reflect favorably on that Government.

Scott

Nagasaki, 3 October 1898

Sir:

I do confess that I have allowed the pitiable events of the Pinkerton matter to interfere with the performance of my other duties. Perhaps my outburst on the *Mercury* was uncalled for. It was just that young, cocky Lieutenant who reminded me so much of Pinkerton that I was compelled to remind him, and the rest, that they should behave as honored guests here, not — as so many do — as customers in some exotic brothel.

These merchantmen, aimlessly crossing the seas, stopping now here, now there, like some new species of butterfly — what can they know of the places they visit? What did I know of this place when I first arrived? It was easy enough then to lose myself in my duties, visiting ships, dining with traders, carrying out our treaty rights. Now, seldom an hour passes when I do not think of the unbridgeable gulf that separates me from the people here, or the equally deep divisions opening between their present and their past.

I did nothing other than my duty. That duty was to protect, to provide for, to nourish a poor woman's sorrow. True, I did not create that sorrow. But I was responsible for it even so, responsible for what it moved her to do out of duty.

I will apply myself again to my duty. But how can I hope to reconcile my duty with this alien land, its people and their duties? Inevitable collisions happen every day around me, no matter how I try to stop them. Japan is far from home, and would be so even if home were closer. I am alone here with my duty, even when I am with friends. Perhaps a rest would help. A short, peaceful rest.

Sharpless

Washington, 15 November 1898

Mr. Scott:

Having read the foregoing, and the separate reports of Mr. Sharpless's increasingly erratic behavior, I am sure you will agree it is past time for him to have his rest. If he cannot be relieved at once, perhaps one of our other Consuls could attend to business at Nagasaki in the interim.

Richardson

Washington, 23 November 1898

Mr. Richardson:

Relief is quite out of the question. We have neither the time nor the money for it, nor to support a redundant Consul in Nagasaki. If poor Sharpless is homesick, he'll just have to put up with it. Should've thought of that before he left home.

Scott ■

SPRING MEN, WINTER CHILDREN

BY D. J. DONOGHUE

The ramp of landing craft 1638 swung down onto the steel causeway and the 65 sailors filed off in random order. They straggled down the grid ramp, arms swinging, boondocker boots thumping, and hit the beach. It was their first time on land in 73 days. Four marine-green trucks idled on the dirt road a few yards from where the causeway met the sand. The trucks were to take the sailors into a ravaged district of Beruit. The city that stood, white, a few miles in the distance. To their left stood the airport, which was taking few planes. The sailors were going to rebuild an orphanage that had been razed by enemy guns. No one was quite sure which enemy was responsible.

The faces and the eyes of the young sailors shone with exuberance. The faces and eyes of the older sailors were resigned to the task.

MARTHA VAUGHAN

D.J. Donoghue served as a communicator in Guinea-Bissau, Stockholm and Zagreb, resigning in 1993 to concentrate on writing fiction. His first story was published in 1993 in the literary magazine, Dogwood Tales. *This story is based on a true story of an orphanage in Beirut in 1983.*

Each night, from the ship, they had seen the fires. They had all watched the small fires, hundreds of them, fires that lit the blacked-out city like so many human offerings. They were the fires of the refugees, the displaced ones with no roof over their heads, charred rubble beneath their feet and fires made from the clothing and possessions of the dead to heat their food, stolen canned goods.

The sharp golden glow of the fires fused with the black night and the brilliant red of the tracer rockets that rained down from the green mountains that ringed the city. And the tracer rockets exploded with light, turning night to day, so that others could better aim different, more deadly, rockets into the chosen pocket of rebel resistance. Yes, more light, to continue the fight, light at night, but these nightlights offered no comfort to the refugee children.

Each of the young sailors felt the stirrings of anticipation as he clambered up on the truck. They had all played army as children, with their ray guns and water pistols, and now they were going to see the real thing. They were going to see a battleground, instead of hearing or reading about it. And they were going to do something good. For the rebuilding of an orphanage was a good thing.

The sailors, old and young, were similarly clad in blue dungarees, thin blue chambray shirts that itched, and four-pound black boots. They had white caps on their heads. Pete Freeman, 19, a one-year veteran of the Navy, sat with his thin legs crossed as he bounced on the wooden side bench of the truck that was now moving too fast on a crater-filled road. Pete was skinny, with a baby-skin face and red hair cropped short. His ears showed full and stuck out from his head. "Jughead" was his nickname. His mouth was thin, almost lipless, and his clear, hard blue eyes had caused the high school girls to swoon. His hands, thin fingers from slender wrists, were wrapped around the wooden slats that formed the sides of the truck. Pete felt good about what they were about to do. Rebuilding an orphanage for helpless children was just what his country was all about.

His thoughts and feelings about war were fresh from school. Historical textbooks, grandly written, told of battles and wars with poetic vision. There were victors and villains, heroes and monsters. Right could be counted on to defeat might. And good, backed by superior morality (and firepower), would rise above evil. Ike over Adolf, Black Jack took the Kaiser. Heroes were easy to identify and villains even easier to loathe. There was another war, when he was a kid, this Vietnam thing. But the historians had yet to break that one down into black and white for the unplowed minds of the students, while Pete was still in school.

Pete didn't want to exaggerate his desire to experience war. He might not get it on this trip. His government had yet to classify this one as a war. They were merely "peacekeepers" performing a "holding action" to preserve a "cease-fire" and help prop up a "freely elected," battle-weary Cabinet that less than 10 percent of the people had actually voted for. The Cabinet had needed propping up before.

Pete was told, repeatedly, that they were here to keep the rebels from gaining power. He was not sure exactly who the rebels were — there were three or four different sets of combatants here — but he knew that rebels were not good and certainly could not be trusted. There were a lot of rebels in the world, Pete knew, and not enough freedom fighters. It was tough to tell them apart. In the newspaper photos he saw, these rebels and freedom fighters, they looked the same. Wore the same garb, carried the same weapons, mouthed the same oaths. He couldn't tell until he read the caption beneath the photo. That always cleared it up.

The banter among the boys on the truck was light. Playful kidding and practical jokes. Moser taunted Peterson about the candy baskets he always was getting from his mother. Murphy and Johnson tied the laces of the forever sleeping Smith's boondockers together. And everyone picked on Ernie Wallace for being so small, wearing glasses, and still being a virgin. A nasty hat trick for any man in the military.

The crater-filled dirt road turned into pock-marked pavement beneath the truck's wheels. The fields that had been desolate and deserted out by the airport were now filled with young women and children, the women with rags about their heads, sweating. It was very hot and they were harvesting fruit amidst the shrapnel. Old women wore black, with black scarves around their faces, walking on the side of the road, some mourning, others wailing. The men must have been busy elsewhere. They were not to be seen as the sun rose, higher and hotter. It was the time of day for the shelling to begin.

The shells sang their song, their tenor and basso profundo quaking the earth. The chatter on the truck stopped. The young sailors looked about nervously. They listened. And they trembled, cringing with

every whine, whistle and blast. The shells sounded so close, yet landed far away. The women and children in the fields barely raised their heads. The women walking on the road did not miss a step. The old, black-veiled mourning and wailing women crossed themselves, and then continued to mourn and wail. They were getting close to the city.

The trucks entered the sand white city and the road turned into a game of chicken as the driver swerved to avoid torn-up pavement and crippled people. Some buildings still stood tall, hot and white, lit by the rising sun. The Holiday Inn was still taking reservations, though business had fallen off considerably. Most of the buildings were incomplete, the upper floors torn off and the remaining walls jagged and crumbling. The parts of buildings that were no longer parts of buildings were strewn randomly about the streets and sidewalk. Old men, old and young women, and children wandered and dug through the rubble, searching for food, and for old friends. Older rubble was being rearranged to form new shelter. Recent rubble was still being excavated by international relief agencies in search of human beings.

It was the smell that got to Pete. The only death smell he had previously experienced was the musty hospital smell of his dying grandfather. This air was filled with burning flesh and spent gunpowder and flies and mosquitoes and limestone ash. The stench was overpowering.

They were moving through an area of the city that had recently been bombed. Today, it was not the chosen pocket of rebel resistance. The shelling was a few miles away and the people had time to come out into the air and reload their sanity. The trucks slowed, navigating through the sea of human waves. The sailors saw legless torsos, arms without hands, and heads without necks or bodies being removed from concrete mountains.

They saw a boy, about 6 or 7 years old, hobbling expertly on one leg and they saw a 30-ish woman with only one eye. Some people from the neighborhood were sitting along the side of the street. Eyes glazed, vacant, as the four trucks with the squeaky-clean peacekeepers passed by. The presence of the trucks evoked no sign of acknowledgement from the people. They knew only that they were not the chosen pocket of rebel resistance today, and that the orphanage had been rebuilt before.

The trucks reached their destination and the sailors clambered down, somewhat shaken by what they had seen. Pete was relieved that they had arrived, the job was at hand now and he could focus on the mechanics of what needed to be done.

The orphanage was a barren, refuse-laden lot. It had been completely razed. An entire building, including pipes and wiring, would have to be built. It would be more than a one-day job. Pete fell in line with the others and began to offload supplies and tools from the trucks. Some senior sailors and Red Cross types took charge. Order and organization was established. Pete was glad to receive some orders, relieved to deal with something that was familiar. The Navy, hurry up and wait. He brought a stack of two-by-fours over to the far corner of the lot. It was then that he first noticed the children.

The future residents of the orphanage were milling about, unsmiling. They seemed neither expectant nor sad. As he came closer, Pete felt a twinge of fear in looking at them. It was not their clothes, for they all wore rags, and rags were the spring fashion this year in the Paris of the Middle East. And it was not the fact that they were barefoot and dirty, as this was no shoe-sale city and running water was scarce. It was their eyes. There was nothing in their eyes. Barren eyes, unyielding eyes, the

He pulled out a candy bar from his shirt pocket, removed the wrapper, and held it out to her. She came and took it from him quickly, devoured it in a nanosecond.

vacuous eyes grandfather had after he died. Scary eyes.

The oldest of the children appeared to be about 10 years old. Pete realized that anyone that age and younger had known only the war. Most had probably watched their parents die. And their brothers were probably up in the hills, members of one militia or another. One of their brothers had probably killed another's parents.

A young girl, about 6, stood out from the others. She was pretty, or could have been, with long, straight black hair, deep olive skin and a face that would surely have displayed light if it had ever learned to smile. Pete thought of his younger sister, who was about the same age. This girl displayed none of the inquisitiveness of his sister, none of the light. The girl stood apart from the others, moving a foot in a sweeping motion in front of her, pretending not to look at him staring at her. Queer thoughts struck Pete and he realized that no homecoming queen contests awaited this girl. No frilly dresses and dances. No, it would be carnage vs. corsages, birthdays without cakes, youth without ever having been young, black nights filled with nightmares, red nights lit by tracer rockets.

Dropping the two-by-fours, he approached her, stopped within a few feet and stared. She returned his stare, dropped down to pick up a rock and threw it at him. The rock hit him in the shoulder and it hurt. This girl had tossed a rock or two before. Pete smiled, bent over and rolled the rock back to her. She did not move. He picked up another rock and rolled that towards her. She didn't move. He picked up a smaller rock and tossed it high, from one hand to the other, and then tossed it to her. The corners of her mouth rose in comprehension and she nodded. She picked up a rock and threw it to him softly. He caught it and tossed it back, underhand. Clumsily, her hands came together before the rock arrived and it struck her in the chest. Pete laughed and, angrily, she hurled the rock at him with all her might. He ducked and came closer. She backed away and looked defiant. He pulled out a candy bar from his shirt pocket, removed the wrapper, and held it out to her. She came and took it from him quickly, devoured it in a nanosecond. She smiled, a little chocolate-ringed smile, and Pete thought it was the most radiant thing he had ever seen.

Shots rang out and began peppering the lot. The sailors ran for cover and the children assumed their accustomed positions. Pete grabbed the little girl and ducked behind a concrete slab. He held the girl tight to his chest, breathing hard. He was scared. The girl looked in control. The shots seemed to be coming from across the street, but he could see no one. The girl broke free from his death grip and tried to squirm away. Pete held her tight.

The shots peppered the lot with an irregular rhythm. Fear was crawling all over Pete, a helpless fear. "How can I get out of this?" he asked himself. He wanted to go home. He wanted the whine of the automatic rifles to stop. He didn't want to rebuild the orphanage. He no longer wanted to see the real thing.

His hands and knees, all of him, were shaking. The little girl was rigid, saying, *"Ca va, ca va."*

The firing stopped. The echo of the whine of the rifles passed. Pete heard voices now, crying out in pain. He peered over the slab and saw Ernie Wallace lying about 20 yards away. He was crying and bleeding. Pete rose to his feet and the little girl tugged at his pants leg violently, signalling him to get down.

The first shot hit above the left knee, the second ripped through his upper right arm. The blood felt warm, but he felt cold. He gasped for air and watched the little girl as she, silently, methodically, unsnapped his holster and removed his .45. Then she ran away. ■

CARD-CARRYING MEMBER

BY HAROLD RADDAY

It was probably inevitable that Bob would join the American Association of Retired Persons, but he never imagined how quickly it would age him.

It started two years ago, about two days after his 50th birthday. He got something in the mail from AARP. He just read the return address, noted the bulk rate postage and dropped the envelope in the trash. Junk mail. He didn't say anything.

Over the next couple of months he received more envelopes from AARP and threw them out without opening. What could they have to say to him?

At some point, Ellen said, "You know, now that you're 50, you can join the American Association of Retired Persons."

"Oh? That's nice. But what do I want with a retirement organization?"

"Joan and Larry belong. They get an interesting magazine, discounts on cruises and other benefits. And it's only $5 a year."

"So who has time to go on cruises?"

The next letter Bob received from AARP he opened and read. Ellen had been right. Numerous benefits and only $5 a year.

But what did that have to do with him at age 50, physically vigorous and approaching the most fulfilling years of his career? So he trashed this letter too. But the letters from AARP kept coming. Last summer, around his 52nd birthday, he gave in. He sent $5. He received a membership card, put it in his wallet and forgot about it.

Several weeks later, Bob drove with Ellen to visit their daughter at college. As they pulled up at the motel, Ellen said, "Are you going to use your senior citizen card?"

"My what?"

"Your card from the AARP. Motels sometimes give discounts. It can't hurt to ask."

Bob walked into the motel office muttering, "I certainly can't try to pass for a senior citizen. But I guess I can ask whether they give discounts to AARP members. And I am a member. How embarrassing can it be?"

"Hi! I have a reservation for Duncan."

"Oh, yes sir. It's right here."

"Do you happen to give a discount for AARP members?"

"We sure do. Ten per cent."

"That's good. I suppose you'll want to see my membership card right here."

"No, that won't be necessary."

"Oh." Could she tell by looking at him? Surely not. ■

Harold Radday, a retired FSO, served with USIA in Brussels, Malta, Central African Republic, Kenya, Zanzibar and the Ivory Coast. Before retiring in 1989, he was deputy public affairs officer in Bonn.

ARMCHAIR TRAVELING

A GUIDE TO THE BEST NEW FOREIGN TRAVEL BOOKS

BY KAREN KREBSBACH

For eager travelers too unwilling to brave the summer throngs of tourists or too lethargic to visit a travel agent, there's another way to take a vacation worth remembering this summer. Let your imagination do the walking by choosing among a plethora of new travel guides and memoirs. Enjoy the sights, the sounds, the smells, the sensations of a new land or a familiar city, without leaving the comfort of your hammock in the shade. All titles listed below can be ordered from The Literate Traveller, Beverly Hills, Calif., at 1-800-850-BOOK.

Europe dominates as a favorite locale for travel writers and publishing companies.

If traveling by water is your desire, check out two new guides: *Exploring Europe By Boat* (Globe Pequot Press, 1994) and *Deck With a View: Greece & Turkey* (Link International, 1994). The first is excellent, detailing the ferries, cruises, canal barges and river boat trips available in Scandinavia, Russia, the Baltic Sea, the North Sea, the British Isles, mainland Europe and the Mediterranean. Written by Barbara Radcliffe Rodgers and Stillman Rodgers, this guide profiles some of the continent's most famous waterway tours, from the Norwegian steamer *Hurtigruten*'s 12-day run between Bergen and Kirkenes to the cruise ship tours of the Grecian isles. In addition to maps and photos (albeit black and white), the authors provide necessary phone numbers and addresses to plan a trip by water.

PHIL HOCKING

More problematic is *Deck With a View*, one of a pair of adventure sailing guides by Dale Ward and Dustine Davidson that also includes *Deck With a View: The Caribbean*. Overly simplistic and poorly written, this book also has an irritating tendency to clutter the large, empty spaces of beautiful photos with smaller snapshots. However, if sailing the Mediterranean by sailboat is a dream, the authors do a fair job of providing an initial planning checklist for the do-it-yourselfer sailor.

Some might prefer to read about another water adventurer's living dream. Hailing from the Arizona desert, writer Mort Rosenblum surprised himself when he ended up living on a 54-foot boat moored in the center of Paris, as he explains in *The Secret Life of the Seine* (Addison-Wesley, 1994). He takes the reader on a tour of the moody 482-mile river, France's main artery, including profiles of the variety of

Karen Krebsbach, the editor of the Journal, *has published numerous travel articles and has traveled throughout South America, Central America and Mexico, the Caribbean, West Europe, East Europe and the Mideast.*

people who earn a living on or near the water. Indeed, it's these stories that are the most compelling.

Paul Hoffman, who tries to analyze his childhood forest in *The Spell of the Vienna Woods: Inspiration and Influence from Beethoven to Kafka* (Henry Holt & Co., 1994), begins by quoting W.H. Auden: "A culture is not better than its woods." This memoir of this *New York Times* correspondent's beloved forest, which he describes as "not cheerful, (but) sweet and melancholy at the same time," is engaging and warm, and often equally sweet and melancholy. With a land mass five times the size of New York City's five boroughs, the Vienna Woods has a long history that Hoffman traces with some success from the first 14th century written reference to its modern-day struggles with encroaching suburbia, the Westautobahn and ensuing pollution.

"Virago Woman's Travel Guides," the first featuring New York City, now has zeroed in on Rome and Paris to complete a trio. Designed for "women traveling — for pleasure or business — alone, with other women or with families," these guides are unique in presenting a handful of pages' advice to mothers and solo female travelers. However, only the Rome guide, penned by Ros Belford, is worth a second look, sprinkled with well-researched tidbits about women's issues throughout Roman history and the biographies of famous Roman women, such as Victoria Colonna, the platonic soulmate of Michelangelo; and Vanozza Cattanei, the decade-long mistress of Pope Alexander VI in the late 1400s. But while both books provide the requisite listings of museums and places to see in Europe's two most famous capitals, neither guide is complete as a solo accompaniment to either city.

When British novelist Tim Parks and his wife, Rita, came to Via Colombare in Montecchio for a short stay 11 years ago, neither expected to put down roots for more than a decade, but stay they did. Parks' delightful narrative of life among Veronians could make even Italians smile in recognition, for he appears to have captured the culture's excesses and charms, without apology, in *Italian Neighbors or A Lapsed Anglo-Saxon in Verona* (Ballantine Books, 1993).

And then there's writer Lisa St. Aubin de Teran's dream, which she carried with her through travels in South America, the Caribbean and Europe, of owning a castle "so huge that I could move from room to empty room without disturbing anyone." And, oh yes, its required features included "a pillared loggia, a stone arch, a terracotta balustrade and a line of sentinel cypresses." After three years of searching, she and her family found their dream castle in Umbria, a story beautifully chronicled in *A Valley in Italy: The Many Seasons of a Villa in Umbria* (HarperCollins, 1994). Her story of the restoration of the dilapidated Villa Orsola, which initially sported only a partial roof and no windowpanes, is also a tale of the bohemian lifestyle of this odd four-member family and a portrait of a tiny Italian village where "all things are made to be as enjoyable as possible." This is truly an Italian story.

Many travelers would argue that Italy's most romantic city is Venice, a fact editors John and Kirsten Miller banked on in compiling *Venice: Tales of the City* (Chronicle Books, 1994). This captivating pocket-sized collection of some of the best-known works about the "floating city of roads" includes works from Henry James, Thomas Mann, Jeannette Winterson, J.W. Goethe, Jean Paul Sartre, Lord Byron, William Murray, Lady Anna Miller, Casanova, Marcel Proust, John Ruskin, Orson Welles, Ezra Pound and Edith Wharton.

Heading north to Germany, one of the best new guidebooks out about this country is *Germany By Bike: 20 Tours Geared for Discovery* (The Mountaineers, 1994). Author Nadine Slavinksi claims, "Germans' love of bicycle touring both at home and abroad has made their country a true cyclist's delight." Slavinski details 20 tours from 76 to 281 miles in length, all painstakingly precise, taking riders away from the autobahns and cities and redirecting them through picturesque villages, and past medieval castles and lush vineyards. Pity that only black and white photos are included, but her tips on preparing for such a tour are priceless for the first-time biker.

And if eastern Germany is your destination, veteran travel writer James Bentley's *A Guide to Eastern Germany* (Viking, 1993) remains one of the best tour guides on the market. He takes the reader into the region's great cities of Berlin, Dresden and Leipzig, through the hometowns of such famous German greats as Goethe, Martin Luther and Schiller and into the remains of the former Nazi concentration camps. This fascinating account is jammed with history, though is sadly lacking in maps and color pho-

tographs. No matter, Bentley makes eastern Germany come alive in the imagination.

Surely one of eastern Europe's most mysterious eountries is Romania and Dervla Murphy's entertaining memoir, *Transylvania and Beyond* (Overlook Press, 1993) remains one of the best-selling books on that region. Introducing Rumanians, Magyars, Szekelys, Jews, Gypsies, Saxons, Swabians and Serbs, Murphy takes the reader through the best-known of Romania's three territories of Moldavia, Wallachia and Transylvania.

Since the execution of the Ceausescus on Christmas Day 1989, Romania has embraced its new-found freedom and Murphy was there to bear witness. And hers is a lusty, rich tale, for her adventurous spirit propelled her into situations avoided by most travelers. She is a worthy travel companion, from the first moments of the journey, when her backpack is stolen on a train, to the final chapter, where she notes the rage and disgust on consumers' faces as they view embracing blaek and white models in advertisements in this, "Europe's most raeist country." She successfully blends a travel writer's trained pen with a reporter's trained eye, rendering her prose both entertaining and educational.

Probably one of the most ehallenging destinations these days is war-torn Sarajevo, but the well-informed tourist shouldn't leave home without the *Sarajevo Survival Guide* (Fama, 1993). This odd narrow paperback, complete with lively color photos of this barren, desolate eity, is meant to take the "visitor through the city and instruct him on how to survive without transportation, hotels, taxis, telephones, food, shops, heating, water, information, electricity," notes the author, Miroslav Prstojevic. "It is a chronicle, a guide for survival, a part of a future archive which shows the city of Sarajevo not as a victim, but as a place of experiment where wit can aehieve victory over terror. ... This book was written at the site where one civilization was dismantled in the course of intentional violence and where another one had to be born."

Aehieving a tone that is part tongue-in-cheek, part sarcastie, part serious, this extraordinary paperback is both political and apolitical, literary and objeetive, shocking and poignant. Observes the author, "Sarajevo is a city of slender people. Its citizens could be authors of the most updated diets. No one is fat any longer. The only thing you need is to have your city under siege — there lies the secret of a great shape. ... Sarajevans have lost about four thousand tons (400,000 citizens lost about 10 kilos eaeh)." Tips range from home alcoholic beverages to shopping on the blaek market ("Gifts for your friends should be useful") to sightseeing: "The only inhabitants (of the zoo) still alive are two ponies and several peacocks." Defining itself as "the first guidebook of death," the book's most intriguing part is its haunting color photographs, most of whieh do not have — and require no — explanations.

The newly independent Baltic states were bound to become targets for the adventurous traveler and several publishers have rushed to fill that need, with Jim Haynes' *The Baltic Republics* (Zephyr Press, 1993) and a new addition to the famous "On a Shoestring" series, *Scandinavia and Baltic Europe* (Lonely Planet, 1994). As with all "Shoestring" books, this one is superb, offering detailed accounts of affordable travel to, through, and out of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania.

If one is traveling east to Russia, five new books are recommended: *Frith Maier's Trekking in Russia and Central Asia* (The Mountaineers, 1994); Robert Greenall's *The Explorer's Guide to Russia* (Zephyr, 1994); and three of Paul E. Richardson's books, *Russia Survival Guide: The Definitive Guide to Doing Business and Traveling in Russia, Where in Moscow* and *Where in St. Petersburg* (Russian Information Services, 1994). All five are excellent guidebooks, all aimed at different methods of traveling the region. Richardson's three are jammed with details, ineluding maps, phone numbers and addresses. His fifth-edition guide is the essential businessperson's guide to the region, including listings for periodicals and directories that cover the area, listings for associations and organizations and listings for U.S. lawyers fluent in Russian; it even supplies the latest on customs regulations and teehnical assistance contacts.

While Maier's book provides travelers with the how-to of trekking through Central Asia, Philip Glazebrook's *Journey to Khiva: A Writer's Search for Central Asia* (Kodansha International, 1994) provides the spiritual nourishment to understand that journey. His account of traveling to the fabled cities of

Maier's account of his trip to the fabled cities of Tashkent, Bokhara, Samarkand and Khiva is eloquent and wonderfully satisfying, laced with historical and literary references.

Tashkent, Bokhara, Samarkand and Khiva is eloquent and wonderfully satisfying, laced with historical and literary references.

Dozens of new books on Asia are flooding the bookstores this year. "The Travelers' Tales" series, which defines itself as a new kind of travel guide that provides "inner preparation" for a country by soliciting travelers' anecdotes, has two new Asian offerings: *Travelers' Tales: Thailand* and *Travelers' Tales: India.* Ironically, the Indian book is uneven, while the Thailand collection, which won the 1993 Gold Medal from the Society of American Travel Writers, is superb.

Eric Hansen's *The Traveler: An American Odyssey in the Himalayas* (Sierra Club Books, 1994) would be unremarkable except for Hugh Swift's most remarkable photos. Swift had spent 25 years commuting between the United States and the Himalayas, becoming a solo trekker and, eventually, a mountain guide. "The photos are Hugh's legacy, windows onto an adopted world from which he never fully returned," Hansen wrote about the late Swift.

When Susan Brownmiller left for Vietnam in 1992, shortly after the United States lifted travel restrictions, she took "one small suitcase, one carry-on and 2,000 pounds of disjunctive emotions napalmed into (my) brain from a televised war that won't go away." In her haunting memoir, *Seeing Vietnam: Encounters of the Road and Heart* (HarperCollins, 1994), the writer promises much, but doesn't quite deliver. Interesting for its premise, but disappointing in its delivery, *Seeing Vietnam* is worth reading since it is certain to become one of the first in a long line of travel books on Vietnam.

Moon Publications' second editions of 1994 handbooks to Japan and the Philippines proves the popularity of these Asian destinations with travelers. Both guidebooks, as wont of this series, are excellent, though unfortunately only the Japan book has color photos — and not nearly enough to satisfy the reader's cravings.

One of the best-selling books of the region is still Norman Lewis's *An Empire of the East, Travels in Indonesia* (Henry Holt & Co., 1993), which visits the 200-million-strong nation archipelago of 13,677 islands of the East Indies. Written with a novelist's flair and a journalist's penchant for facts, *Empire of the East* gracefully documents an intriguing region of the world, including a visit to one of the globe's most remote areas: the highlands of Irian Jaya in West New Guinea, where the Yali still practice cannibalism.

The best of a slew of books on China are *Beijing Walks*, written by Don J. Cohn and Zhang Jingoing (Henry Holt & Co., 1994) and Caroline Alexander's *The Way to Xanadu, Journeys to a Legendary Realm* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1994). The first is a straightforward, if somewhat simplistic, guide to one of China's great cities. The second, a powerful and provocative narrative by the American-born Alexander, follows her quest to experience the places on three continents that inspired poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge in his masterpiece, "Kubla Kahn"—from Inner Mongolia to North Florida to Kashmir to Mount Abora in Ethiopia.

Few good travel books emerged on Africa in 1994, though the "Chronicles Abroad" series dispatched one on one of the continent's most historically rich and mystical cities in *Tales of the City: Cairo.* This exquisite collection includes excerpts of works about the ancient metropolis penned by Rudyard Kipling, Alexandre Kinglake, William Burroughs and Lawrence of Arabia.

Travelers preferring to stay within the hemisphere can check out four new books on the Central American/Mexico region. Two countries where North Americans often feel readily at home are the English-speaking Belize and the bilingual Costa Rica, the Switzerland of Central America and home to one of Latin America's largest North American expatriate communities. Christopher P. Baker's *Costa Rica*

These Peace Corps returnees contribute to a collection that recreates the wonder of serious travel for the adventurous, curious and young at heart.

Handbook (Moon Publications, 1994) is chock full of everything you need to know about visiting this lovely country of tropical rainforest, prolific wildlife and friendly locals. It's only problema? Too many tourists. Stacy Ritz's *The New Key to Belize* (Ulysses Press, 1994) provides a practical, if uninspiring guide to Central America's tiniest country. Currently one of the world's ecotourism hotspots, the country boasts the longest barrier reef in the Western Hemisphere, hundreds of caves and 2,000-year-old Mayan cities.

Bruce Whipperman's *Pacific Mexico Handbook, From the Coast to the Mountains* (Moon Publications, 1994) is an excellent resource with 53 maps of Mexico's most beautiful region, which boasts 2,000 miles of beaches, resort towns and famous archeological sites. *Travelers' Tales, Mexico*, compiled by James O'Reilly and Larry Habegger is one of the few new books that captures the paradoxical Mexico of today. "There are many Mexicos," the authors note in their introduction. "Resorts lush enough for anyone, colonial silver cities, stunning desert beauty, jungles, brooding ruins, modern cities, murals the likes of which you won't see anywhere else. It's a disturbing place, too, with serious pollution, official corruption and population problems, but disturbing also in the best sense: You can't go there and remain the same."

Most places in Antarctica probably don't accept American Express, but that shouldn't stop the traveler inspired by David G. Campbell's lyrical travelogue, *The Crystal Desert: Summers in Antarctica* (Houghton Mifflin, 1994), even if, as the author assures, the trip en route is "often uncomfortable and always dangerous." Even in summer, this land is a hostile environment, "beyond the edge of the habitable earth," with precipitation 300 days a year. Yet, the fascination with such an untamed wilderness is captivating for Campbell, and that fascination transmits to the reader. During this briefest of seasons, "Antarctica seemed to be a celebration of everything living, of unchecked DNA in all its procreative frenzy, transmuting sunlight and minerals into life itself, hatching, squabbling, swimming, and soaring on the sea wind," observes the author. He watches the penguins stealing pebbles from each other, the elephant seals wallowing in their own oily excrement, the humpback whales playing in the bay. This is a book about a land that still has not been conquered by humankind.

Leave it to a group of former Peace Corps volunteers to breach the subtle gap between tourist and traveler. Compiled by former Ethiopian Peace Corps volunteer John Coyne, *Going Up Country* (Scribner's, 1994) is a rich collection of 13 essays of adventures in Ecuador, Kenya, Peru, Somalia, Japan, Senegal, Mexico, Cameroon, Grenada, Hungary, Tanzania and Micronesia. These returnees passing on a legacy shared by the 6,000 volunteers scattered about the globe, continue to be a lovely, not-to-be-missed collection that recreates the wonder of serious travel for the adventurous, curious and young at heart. The essays are beautifully crafted with distinct voices, are frequently humorous and often profound. This is definitely worth the read. An intelligent and idealistic lot, the Peace Corps writers offer eloquent, off-the-beaten-track commentary that focuses on people and culture, not sights and sounds. Some even provide insight into the isolation of Peace Corps life that few travelers could understand. John Givens, a South Korean volunteer, recalled in his essay: "One poor, isolated male volunteer became so depressed that his body refused to obey the most basic commands. Get up, eat, drink, pee over there, stop weeping, speak, roll over — all were beyond him. He went home early." Luckily for readers, Givens and these other essayists did not.

Women who love traveling may be especially enamored of Jane Robinson's *Unsuitable for Ladies, an Anthology of Women Travelers* (Oxford University

Press, 1994), a collection of 16 centuries of travel writing by and about women. Why should this collection be different than one written by the less fair sex? Because, as Robinson points out, "Men's travel accounts are of how with what and where, and women's with how and why." Well, that may not be entirely true, and, unfortunately, much of this book is trivial and uninteresting. In fact, this collection reads like the leftovers of Robinson's first offering, *Wayward Women*.

Did you know that travelers over age 50 — now 25 percent of the U.S. population — are the largest, fastest-growing segment of the travel industry and report the highest per-capita travel spending? Nine out of 10 Americans over age 50 are experienced, savvy travelers and this group accounts for one-third of all travelers to Africa and Europe, according to Joan Rattner Heilman, author of *Unbelievably Good Deals & Great Adventures That You Absolutely Can't Get Unless You're Over 50* (Contemporary Books, 1994). If you fall into this age bracket, and unless you have buckets of dollars to waste, do yourself a favor and check out this book, which offers cost-saving travel tips on booking a trek in India, a skiing trip to the Austrian Alps or an intergenerational family safari in Africa.

This book is a useful guide for all seniors, from tour group lovers to solitary vacationers, and includes addresses, phone numbers and exact prices for everything, including airfare, hotels and car rentals.

And to help the traveler maintain a sense of humor, editors Michael and Lisa Cader have compiled a collection of 600 witty tidbits in their book, *But I Wouldn't Want to Live There: Wicked Wisdom From Seasoned Travelers* (Running Press, 1993), that is certain to become a favorite travel companion. For example, why is it better to spend the summer swinging in a hammock and reading about travel than it is to pack up and visit the world in person? Why, as Paul Theroux noted in an entry, "Travel is only glamorous in retrospect." ■

Look for the ad for *"War and Peace With China"* on page 25.

In Memory

Edward John Bash, 79, a retired Foreign Service officer, died June 17 at Humana Hospital in Fort Walton Beach, Fla. He had heart and lung ailments.

A former resident of Arlington, Va., Mr. Bash was born in Olmsted Falls, Ohio. He graduated from Baldwin Wallace College in Berea, Ohio. During World War II, he served in the U.S. Coast Guard.

Mr. Bash joined the Foreign Service in 1947. He served in Havana, Rio de Janeiro and Stockholm. He retired in 1973 and moved to Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

Survivors include three children, Edward John Bash of Washington, D.C., and Alec Shattuck Bash and Mary Hamilton Bash, both of San Francisco, Calif.; a brother, Barnard Bash of Loudonville, Ohio; a sister, Florence Bash Grattan of Mendham, N.J.; and a grandson.

Slator Blackiston, 75, a retired Foreign Service officer, died of cancer June 7 at his home in Bethesda, Md.

Mr. Blackiston was born in Richmond and grew up in Scarsdale, N.Y. He graduated from the University of Virginia. During World War II, he was a U.S. Navy pilot in the southwest Pacific and rose to the rank of lieutenant commander.

He joined the Foreign Service in 1947. For most of his service abroad, Mr. Blackiston was an economics officer. His assignments included the Netherlands, Germany, Haiti, Israel, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Jordan and India. During a tour of duty with the U.S. mission to the United Nations, he worked on Middle Eastern issues. He retired in 1975 as the executive director for international environmental affairs at the State Department.

Survivors include his wife, April A., and a son, Heath T., both of Bethesda, Md., and three grandchildren.

Lucy Therina Briggs, 64, a former Foreign Service officer, died at her home in Hanover, N.H., on May 23, after a long bout with cancer.

Ms. Briggs was born in Washington, D.C., and attended Smith College. She later worked for the Department of the Army as a civilian and joined the Foreign Service in 1957. Her bureau assignments included Intelligence and Research, Consular Affairs and Inter-American Affairs with a brief overseas tour in Lima. She obtained a master's degree in linguistics from Georgetown University and resigned from the Foreign Service to pursue a career in linguistics in 1970.

She obtained her Ph.D. from the University of Florida in 1976. She taught linguistics, Spanish and English at the University of Florida, Dartmouth College, Boston University, Lebanon College, the Universidad Nacional del Altiplano in Puno, Peru, and the Universidad Mayor de San Andres in La Paz.

Survivors include her mother, Lucy B. Briggs; her brother, Everett Ellis Briggs; and five nephews and nieces.

Herman I. Chinn, 81, a retired Foreign Service officer, died of cancer May 24 at the home of his daughter in Denver.

He was a native of Connellsville, Pa., and a graduate of Pennsylvania State University. He received a master's degree in biochemistry from Fordham University and a doctorate in biochemistry from Northwestern University.

Mr. Chinn retired from the Foreign Service in 1975 after 18 years of service. His assignments included Germany, Iran, Sweden, Israel and Yugoslavia. Until 1982, he was scientific administrator in the life sciences office of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology.

He served in the U.S. Army and the U.S. Air Force during World War II and in the Air Force Reserve until the 1960s, when he retired as a colonel.

Survivors include his three children, Susan Messinger and Steven Chinn, both of Denver, and Nancy Chinn of Madison, Wis.; a sister, Sarah Chinn Kalser of Bethesda, Md.; two brothers, Abraham Chinn of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., and Robert Chinn of Connellsville; and a granddaughter.

In Memory

HELEN E. GEEN, 84, a retired Foreign Service officer, died Feb. 26 of a heart attack at her home in Cleburne, Tex. She served in Mexico, Canada, England, Singapore and Czechoslovakia, retiring from the Foreign Service in 1969.

LESTOR D. MALLORY, 90, a retired Foreign Service officer, died June 21 in Lake Forest, Calif.

He was born in Houltin, Maine, and received his early education in Oregon and Canada. He graduated from the University of British Columbia and obtained his doctorate from the University of California.

Mr. Mallory last served as deputy assistant secretary of state for Inter-American affairs. While serving as ambassador to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan from 1953-58, he was instrumental in preserving the monarchy and U.S. interests in the region during the Suez Crisis. He retired from the Foreign Service in 1960.

He is survived by his wife, Eleanor M., of Lake Forest, Calif., and his son, Lester D. Mallory Jr., of Houston, Tex.

CHARLES E. SALTZMAN, 90, former undersecretary of state, died June 16 at his home in New York after a heart attack.

He was a retired U.S. Army brigadier general and a former vice president of the New York Stock Exchange. He graduated fourth in his 1925 class at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point and became a Rhodes Scholar. He left the army for Wall Street, returning to active duty in 1940. He retired from the army again in 1946, after serving as deputy chief of staff of Gen. Mark Clark's 15th Army Group.

From 1947 to 1949, Mr. Saltzman was assistant secretary of state for the occupied areas of Europe. He returned to the State Department in 1954, spending six months as undersecretary for administration. From 1956 until his retirement in 1973, he was a partner in Goldman, Sachs & Co.

LOUISE J. SEEGER, 59, wife of William A. Seeger, a retired executive officer of the Agency for International Development, died of cancer in Troy, Mich., on May 16.

She had accompanied her husband on assignments in Seoul, Monrovia, Kampala, Taipei, Bangkok, Accra and Nairobi. She is survived by her husband, a daughter and six grandchildren.

CLYDE W. SNIDER, 76, a retired Foreign Service officer, died April 27 of cancer in Rancho Mirage, Calif., where he had lived since his retirement.

Mr. Snider graduated from San Diego State University and the University of California at Berkeley. He taught high school in San Diego before his World War II service as an artillery captain in Italy.

Mr. Snider entered the Foreign Service in 1946 and served in Amsterdam, Madrid, Jakarta, Bucharest, Santo Domingo, Mexico City, Naha and Tegucigalpa. He was the principal officer in Naha during the return of Okinawa to Japan in 1972.

Survivors include his wife, Helen, of Rancho Mirage, Calif.; four children, Clyde, Martin, Peg and Ray, the latter a Foreign Service officer currently assigned to the U.S. mission to the United Nations in Vienna; and two grandchildren. ■

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POSTCARD FROM ABROAD

Dodging Scuds in Yemen

BY LYNN A. MITTLER

There was no way to predict that my 10 months of Peace Corps service in the Republic of Yemen would end the dramatic way it did. None of us anticipated that we would one morning be awakened by gunfire and anti-aircraft guns.

The formerly separate countries of Yemen and South Yemen united in 1990, but political divisions soon emerged and the southern leaders left the country, prompting South Yemen to press for independence. After several failed attempts at reconcillation, civil war broke out in earnest this spring in Dhamar, a small town south of the capital Sana'a.

Dhamar is where I lived and taught English at the town's university until early April, when political activity became too unstable and Peace Corps volunteers were temporarily evacuated to Sana'a. We waited there for nearly a month, wondering if we would be allowed to return to Dhamar and finish the semester or if we would be sent back to the United States. On the morning of May 5, we received the answer to our question, and the evacuation began. During this tense period, I recorded the following thoughts in my journal:

May 5: The day started a bit early this morning. At 5:30 a.m. a southern fighter jet flew over, rattling the windows and jerking me out of sleep; in less than five minutes all hell broke loose. Lots of shooting and anti-aircraft activity. I have never been so scared for so long in my life. Now, 37 volunteers are consolidated at the Peace Corps country director's house, waiting for details about evacuation. They have shot down a plane over Sana'a, and bombed the presidential palace and the airport in Aden. There is also ground fighting in the south. How did things get so bad so fast?

I have never been so scared for so long in my life.

We are sitting in the lower level in a tiny room away from doors and windows. It looks like we will be spending a lot of time in this little room. I do OK for awhile, but when the shooting gets heavy, I get pretty nervous. I fear this barrage will continue all evening. People are not too thrilled about not having water or electricity, but spirits are still relatively high.

May 6: I woke up to the biggest boom I have ever heard — a SCUD missile that didn't explode. Most people can't sleep. We are now at the Sheraton Hotel, where several hundred "official" Americans have been consolidated for evacuation tomorrow. The shooting has started again, although in this big place you can barely hear it, except for the anti-aircraft artillery that you feel in the pit of your stomach. It is a constant reminder of what is really going on, even though we are in the comfort of the Sheraton, unlike the Yemenis.

May 7: We are supposed to leave sometime soon on an Air Force C-130 transport plane. The entire Peace Corps staff has shown up to say goodbye. They were all extremely upset and a few had tears in their eyes. I, too, was on the verge of tears, saying final farewells to the Yemenis who have been so much a part of my good experiences in Yemen.

May 8: As we convoyed in buses to the airport, I felt rather like a sitting duck, but I knew that all too soon, I would look back on my 10 months in Yemen as a dream. Even though I sometimes complained about Yemen, I regret not having made a greater impact. I fear that my abrupt and unexplained departure from the university did more damage than the good we have struggled for these last months. The fighting in Dhamar was reported to be heavy and destructive. I wonder how much is still standing. ...

We are finally on the C-130s, crammed in like sardines, strapped down to webbed seats and sweating like pigs. But no one is complaining. We are going home. ■

Lynn Mittler is in St. Louis, awaiting departure for her next Peace Corps assignment in Gabon.

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