

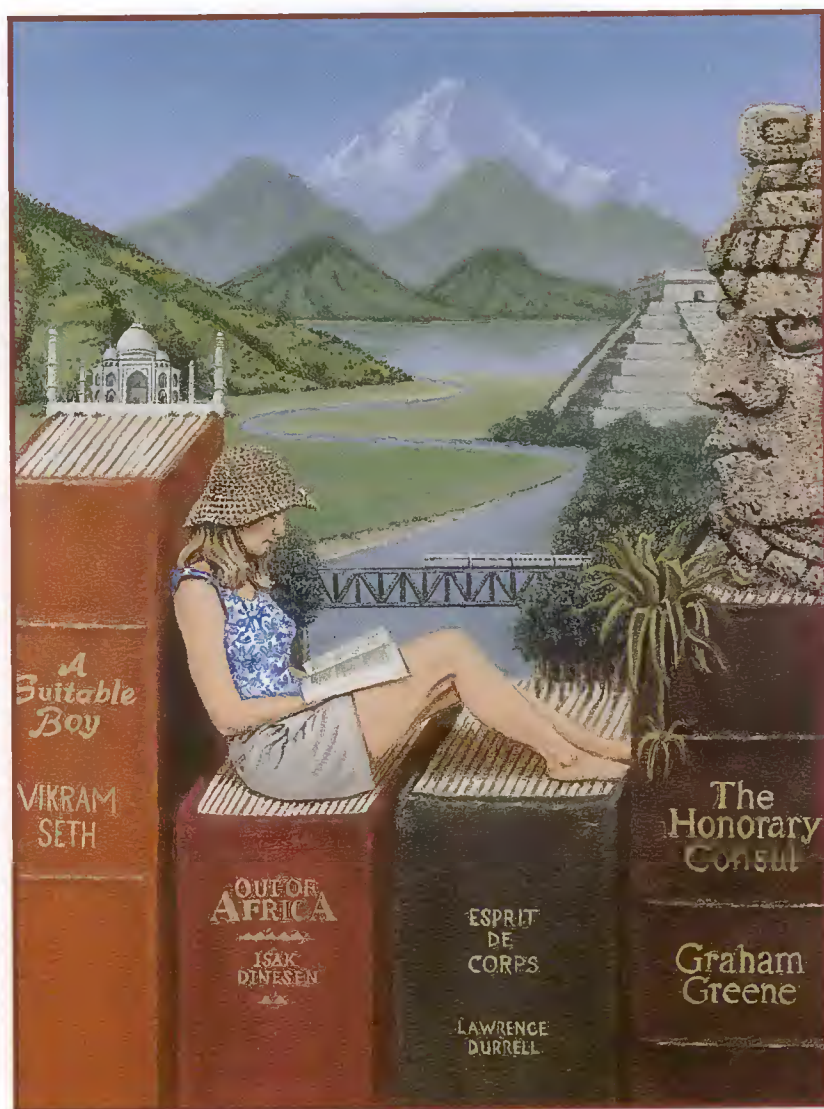
I WAS A SEOUL SURVIVOR ■ FIXING THE OIG ■ PREGNANT IN KAZAKSTAN

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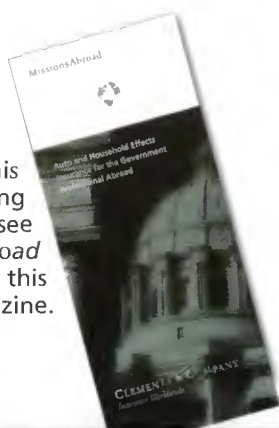
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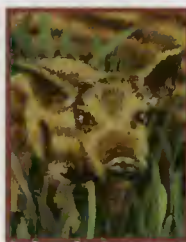
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PRESIDENT'S VIEWS

The Inspector General, the Senator and AFSA

BY DAN GEISLER

If you have read the last several issues of the *Foreign Service Journal*, you already know about the complaints we've heard about the Inspector General's Office of Investigations (OIG/INV), which investigates individual employees accused of waste, fraud and abuse. Note that this is not the office that periodically inspects embassies and bureaus, and against which we have no complaints. The complaints we receive about OIG/INV come not only from the targets of investigation, but also from witnesses, translators, and coworkers of targeted employees.

True, there are two sides to every case, and it is not our intention to adjudicate allegations ourselves. But whatever you believe about individual cases, one fact can't be denied: There's been a breakdown in trust that damages both the Foreign Service and the inspector general. We believe a strong inspector general is vital to the credibility of the Foreign Service, and a fair investigations process is vital to the credibility of the inspector general.

In the *AFSA News* section of this issue, you will find our recommendations for strengthening the discipline process. Half of them deal with OIG/INV. We developed them after extensive consultations with the other federal inspectors general, federal law enforcement officials (including OIG/INV staff), and private attorneys. We can monitor whether or not the

*AFSA has made
recommendations
on how the IG can
improve — but only
in areas where we
can monitor
implementation.*



State inspector general implements them. This is important, given the breakdown in trust. We will know, for example, if the OIG starts to allow interviews to be tape recorded. We will know if the OIG clarifies its confusing warning form. We will find out if the OIG sets up an internal affairs unit, or reports to the secretary of State on cases that drag on too long.

There are two other areas, however, where we have not made recommendations because we could not monitor implementation. That doesn't mean we don't care about them. But we recognize that the inspector general needs to exercise professional judgment. We do not expect an outsider to second-guess this judgment in each and every investigation.

The first area: when to open an

investigation. An open case holds up a career. Commissioned officers can not be promoted while a case is pending. We have reports of cases that drag on for years. Yes, years. Many allegations come anonymously via the IG Hotline. Some charges are credible; some are not. Some are credible but are too minor to spend money investigating. OIG/INV decides when an allegation warrants opening a case. There is a concern that OIG/INV staff indulge in too many trivial cases — and that they are too quick to assume that the accused are guilty until proven innocent. We can't monitor those assumptions.

The second area: leaks. We have reports that OIG/INV staff selectively leak information to punish people when OIG/INV has failed to get its desired result in a case. This allows investigators to act as prosecutor, judge and jury to block a promotion or Senate confirmation. It's wrong, but it's impossible to monitor.

In fairness to the OIG/INV staff, we should admit that it's equally impossible for them to prove they are innocent of leaking. AFSA, of course, believes that the assumption of innocence applies to all. Again, that's why regaining trust is so important. Otherwise, the State inspector general's staff will operate under constant suspicion.

What's the first step the inspector general should take to regain our trust? She should state publicly that she will implement our proposals immediately. If she does, we will monitor and report on progress, and help her regain your trust. ■

Dan Geisler is president of the American Foreign Service Association.



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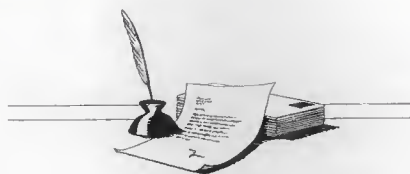
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Hamilton on OIG Reform

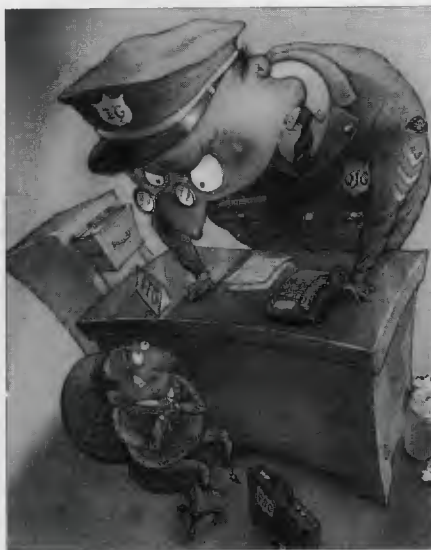
I was pleased to note that Inspector General Jacquelyn Williams-Bridgers ("The OIG Responds," May *FSJ*) recognizes the need to improve the current balance between employee rights to due process and the ability of the OIG to conduct effective criminal investigations. The OIG and I agree that our ultimate goal in reforming the OIG is to ensure fair and credible investigations. I believe that the conference language on H.R. 1757 — which was crafted with Williams-Bridgers' advice, participation, and concurrence — will help us strike this balance.

The conference provision had three key elements. The one that so troubles the IG requires OIG investigators to provide prior notice to a subject of a criminal investigation that federal law enforcement officials will be present during a formal interview.

I want to address Williams-Bridgers' two main objections to this requirement: one, that prior notice will undermine undercover investigations; and two, that prior

notice need not be provided, because it is not strictly required by U.S. criminal law.

First, the provision is written to give OIG enough flexibility to protect the relatively small number of investigations that require undercover work. Where undercover work



RENEE MANSFIELD

is necessary, or where intelligence matters are concerned, H.R. 1757 allows the OIG to waive the notification requirement. It also exempts those instances where the OIG has reasonable ground to believe that notice would encourage witness tampering, the destruction of evidence, or the endangering of life.

By the time OIG and a federal agency conduct a formal interview, an investigation has proceeded well beyond the undercover stage. H.R. 1757 requires notice just prior to this

point in an investigation. It would not interfere with the covert gathering of evidence that might take place over weeks or months of an investigation, and would only minimally intrude upon the latest stages of an investigation.

Second, while prior notice may not be required by U.S. law, I believe it would improve public confidence in the fairness of OIG investigations. It is clear from the complaints received by many members of Congress — myself included — that too many OIG investigations are not perceived to be fair, and their results are not taken as credible.

The lack of transparency diminishes OIG's authority on individual cases, and it erodes the OIG as an institution. Discredited investigators will be doubted, and their conclusions will undermine — not protect — the integrity of the agencies they serve. If its investigations are seen as careful and objective, the OIG can improve witness cooperation, increase the impact of its conclusions, and ensure that it is a lever for agency reform.

In an effort to increase the transparency of its internal investigations, the FBI last year expanded the due process rights of its employees beyond the requirements of the law. Under the new procedures, an FBI employee subject to an administrative inquiry can bring counsel to an interview. Previously, this right was only available in criminal investigations. The FBI was not obligated to

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LETTERS



take this step — just as the OIG may not be legally obligated to provide notice prior to a non-custodial criminal interview. But, the result is to improve the integrity, effectiveness and credibility of the FBI's investigations.

I believe that this prior-notice provision is very important to striking the right balance between due process and investigative responsibilities, and I will continue to work to see it enacted.

In the meantime, I commend the steps the OIG is taking to comply with the other two prongs of the H.R. 1757 provision. Williams-Bridgers notes that the OIG has provided updated pamphlets that describe employees' rights in an investigation, and that the OIG is currently revising its internal press guidance. I welcome both of these steps as important progress toward our shared goal of ensuring that the rights of employees are protected.

*Rep. Lee Hamilton (D-Ind.)
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.*

Those Secretarial Blues

I applaud Linda Eichblatt for speaking out in the April issue of the *Foreign Service Journal* for a remedy to the "secretarial problem."

Recruitment of secretaries is already difficult because the word is out that there is no future for them with the Foreign Service and there is little hope for improvement. But perhaps that is the way it should be. Let's just write off the vocation of secretary and even office management specialist since most of these are luxuries in today's "lean and mean" and technologically sophisticated embassies. We have tried to get recognition, promotion, development, upward mobility, training, equal pay for equal work,

and so on with little if any success. As long as there is someone available to answer a phone, file or otherwise push papers, he or she will continue to be asked to do exactly that.

However, many junior officers would welcome the opportunity to give up some duties, i.e. acting as control officers, doing biographic and other routine reporting, delivering routine démarches, compiling economic reports, working in visa sections, writing cables and briefing papers, and researching reports, to secretaries who would thus gain extremely valuable experience. Thin human resources would thereby be used to much greater benefit.

Language training, area studies, joint orientation for all Foreign Service personnel and crosstraining in general services or consular or administrative duties would result in better distribution of human resources, greater job satisfaction for secretaries, more "success stories" in upward mobility efforts, and more productivity for all Foreign Service officers.

I believe secretaries have proven their dedication, bravery, qualifications and willingness to take on new responsibilities. Give us a chance. We have the experience, the education, but also our own financial responsibilities, that easily justify receiving equal pay for work of equal value. Many more secretaries than commonly known are already performing duties which when done by a junior officer bring higher salaries and lead to automatic promotions. I for one spend at least half my working week on the visa line, for no extra pay, after taking the required training for a consular commission.

I personally am totally happy to be a member of the Foreign Service. I am proud to be associated with an

effort to bring some good to the world. My education and experience have made me that type of person. I am not alone. I would therefore like to challenge management to make better use of the valuable human resources which it already has instead of always looking for ways to recruit from the outside.

*Barbara Jacquin
DCM Secretary and
Consular Officer
U.S. Embassy Ouagadougou*

Reinventing AID Unrealistically

While appreciating the general focus on USAID found in the May *Journal*, I found the lead article, "Let's Really Reinvent USAID," very disappointing. Professor Sullivan got the easy part right — describing USAID's history of multiple and ever-changing mandates — but on the much more difficult and important question of what to do to "reinvent" the agency, several of his recommendations are seriously misguided. He cites, for example, the organizational structure and successes of the Inter-American Foundation as a model for USAID. I agree that the IAF has had a successful history, but consider it a type of development boutique whose structure and autonomy, while appropriate to its narrow grassroots mandate, is not a realistic model for the entire bilateral foreign assistance program of a country like the United States. It's very difficult to imagine Congress granting a similar degree of autonomy to USAID, nor should it. As admittedly frustrating as it can be at times, I and my colleagues work for the U.S. taxpayer, and are accountable to them through our representatives on Capitol Hill.

Professor Sullivan's other major recommendation, that USAID should

LETTERS

transfer "political" programs to State and concentrate solely on humanitarian and development assistance, is extraordinarily naive. The category of program he terms "Security Assistance" is, I assume, actually that known by the term "Economic Support Fund" (ESF). It's not clear if Sullivan realizes that post-appropriations decisions on ESF country allocations and funding levels are currently made by State, albeit with significant input from USAID. To suggest that this apolitical aid should instead be managed completely by State officials "who would not have to find development justifications for grants (not loans) which are clearly designed for political purposes only," shows a profound misunderstanding of how and why these resources are programmed.

The reality is that ESF resources, while perhaps rightly viewed as an incentive for good political behavior in the Middle East, are in many other countries basically just another source of developmental assistance funding. In Mozambique, for example, USAID is using an ESF program to support the streamlining of civil procedures, with the objective of making a largely dysfunctional court system available to the average citizen. This, and many other similar ESF programs I could cite, certainly are not examples of "political aid" under any definition of the term.

The related recommendation made by Sullivan that "State should do democracy and civil society and related projects" is even more off-track. Sullivan states that USAID officials would undoubtedly oppose such a move, which is true, and for good reason, but he fails to note that host country governments and civil society groups would be aghast at such a proposal. Sullivan clearly does

not understand the political dynamics overseas where direct U.S. Embassy involvement with nearly any development activity, save humanitarian programs, would raise concerns by the aid recipient of being co-opted if not manipulated by the U.S. government. Indeed, even USAID often needs to distance itself from the democracy activities it funds, often through relying on U.S. PVOs, universities, and host country NGOs. For example, the State University of New York (SUNY) has been successfully strengthening the



ANDRE LUCERO

National Assembly in Mozambique through a multi-year, USAID-funded program. I would argue that were such a program to be managed by State it would have never been approved by the Mozambique Assembly, even with SUNY's involvement as the implementing agent.

Finally, I'd like to comment on Sullivan's assertion that (U.S.) aid has failed to have a measurable impact on developing countries and even when countries like South Korea and Brazil (and Costa Rica, and Tunisia, and Thailand, and ...)

have graduated from foreign aid, that U.S. assistance has not played a major contributing role. From my point of view foreign assistance is always in a supporting role, with the real responsibility for development lying with the leadership (and people) of the country itself. No amount of aid will have a sustainable impact in the Burmas and Zaires of the world. On the other hand, recent multi-country research by the World Bank indicates that foreign assistance does have a measurable impact over the medium-to-long-term if recipient governments are good development partners, i.e., are economically reform-minded and generally democratic. I believe this evidence holds true of USAID's work over the past 25 years as well.

From my admittedly limited in-the-trenches perspective, what USAID needs is not more independence, nor consolidation into State, but to be simply allowed a few years to consolidate and hone the current organizational re-engineering, which is generally on the right track. More than anything, what USAID requires is greater support from the American people.

Thomas E. Johnson, Jr.
USAID/Mozambique
Democracy Team Leader

Pro-Life and Pro-U.N.

Miles Pomper's "Strange Bedfellows" (April 1998) reports that congressional Republicans run the risk of alienating their domestic constituencies if they "budge" on linking anti-abortion provisions to United Nations and IMF funding.

Pomper fails to note that the administration is influenced by similar domestic considerations. The abortion industry is an important



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Democratic Party political supporter and campaign donor. Affiliates of abortion industry giant and administration ally Planned Parenthood are the primary beneficiaries of U.S. government subsidies that facilitate the advocacy of abortion abroad. (The administration claim that government funds are not used to directly promote abortion is disingenuous. Monies are fungible.)

Only a domestic political agenda could explain the administration's adamant refusal to compromise and its unbending determination to sacrifice genuine national security concerns on the altar of abortion. Secretary Albright, traditionally renowned for her light touch in relations with the Hill, rails about "black-mail" and dismisses a legitimate congressional proposal as a "legislative hostage." Such language can only be aimed at a domestic cheering section.

Promotion of the killing of unborn innocents in the Third World serves no conceivable U.S. national security objective. With appropriate American attention and oversight, a strong United Nations and a healthy IMF can serve U.S. interests. Congressional abortion foes have moved from their original positions and shown willingness to compromise. The administration should find the courage to risk the ire of the abortion industry and do the same.

John Treacy
FSO, USIA Washington, D.C.

USIA: Motion Denied

Howard Shapiro, responding to the rebuttals (February *Journal*) to his initial article in the December *Journal* moved that, absent any counter-arguments to his basic premises, they be accepted by acclamation. Motion denied.

Shapiro accuses USIA of setting "thoroughly unrealistic goals." Is that surprising? The U.S. government has always set lofty goals — putting a man on the moon, eliminating poverty, curing cancer.

Shapiro also asserts that USIA fails to attempt to assess the effectiveness of its programs. We attempt all the time. However, we do not measure effectively the impact of most of our programming. Until recently, no one thought of doing so. That does not excuse the failure to do so, but no organization is going to produce reports in which management (in this case, Congress) has no interest. Now that Congress has clearly demonstrated its interest (the Government Performance and Results Act — GPRA — of 1993) things have changed. USIA, along with all government agencies, has to learn how to comply with the letter and spirit of GPRA.

Finally, Shapiro declaims that USIA's evaluation and promotion system is completely subjective. But what personnel evaluation system is not? Unless you reduce success to a single factor (making huge amounts of money for the firm, producing more cars, arresting more drug dealers), a completely objective evaluation of a person's performance is beyond human capability.

There remains the fundamental question: does the public diplomacy that USIA practices matter? The answer is clearly yes. In 1988, USIS Thessaloniki sent the Vice Mayor for Cultural Affairs (a seemingly minor post, but given the political party structure of the country, an important one) on an International Visitor program, ostensibly to learn about the organization of cultural festivals. Upon his return he told me, "I left thinking the U.S. a racist and stratified society, and returned realizing that only the U.S. could have dealt with those problems as well as it has."

LETTERS

In La Paz, where I have served since early 1996, press commentary on counter-narcotics issues has undergone an impressive change, from 50 percent negative commentary and 44 percent positive in the last quarter of 1994 to over 85 percent positive commentaries thus far in the second quarter of 1998. Although USIS cannot, and should not, take sole credit for this change, the concerted efforts of several generations of FSOs, working closely with a capable and talented FSN staff, devised and carried out programs designed to have just this effect, and then measured it.

Work like that, conducted by USIA every day and fully coordinated with U.S. foreign policy goals, does matter.

Stephen B. Morisseau
Press officer, USIS
U.S. Embassy La Paz

USIA's real accomplishments

Please allow one dissenting voice before Howard Shapiro strides to the podium and proclaims the death of USIA by popular acclaim. Shapiro's "basic premises" don't ring true with my experience.

Ludicrously unrealistic goals? Every time I walk through the USIA doors I see a plaque which says "Telling America's Story To The World." Personally, I find that goal more realistic than our long-running "war on drugs" and the even longer "war on poverty." Has the State Department achieved world peace and universal support for U.S. foreign policy yet? On the other hand, how many political and business leaders around the world have a better understanding of the U.S. thanks to USIA?

It's certainly unrealistic to claim that a USIS post will garner complete support for U.S. policies from every editor in the host country. A realistic goal is to make our views known in circles where

they might not otherwise be heard. The results can be measured — yes, Howard, measured — through press placement and the tone of subsequent editorials. Put simply, setting unrealistic goals is a management flaw, not a reason to abolish entire agencies. A senior USIA FSO should know the difference.

What do we accomplish? In Croatia, our goals from 1992 to 1995 were to advocate U.S. policy on ending the war in former Yugoslavia, to help transform university facilities necessary for a democratic, free-market society, to strengthen private media and to help NGOs play a role in civic society. Did we single-handedly change Croatia in three years? Of course not. But the short-term results were clear enough. Ask the professors and students at law and economics faculties who now use our textbooks and study under lecturers who benefited from USIA exchange programs. Ask the 100,000 people who turned out in the streets to protest the government's attempt to close down a private radio station. I don't stay up nights wondering if we made a difference there. I'm sure many other USIS officers could fill this journal with similar examples.

Dale Baker
Public Affairs Officer
USIS—Mauritius ■

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CLIPPINGS



"Pretty much the entire membership of the United Nations hates us, because we haven't been paying our dues, which the member nations desperately need so they can continue carrying out the vital U.N. mission of parking illegally all over New York."

— COLUMNIST
DAVE BARRY IN
THE MIAMI HERALD,
APRIL 19, 1998

THE CHEERY SIDE OF THE INDIAN BOMB

While the conventional wisdom in Washington has condemned India's explosion of five nuclear devices in May, Martin Sieff writing in the June 22 *National Review* argues that a nuclear India actually benefits U.S. interests.

Sieff says it's time for a strategic U.S. opening to India, similar to the opening to China in the early 1970s. At that time, gifted U.S. leaders realized that China could be used to offset the Soviet threat.

"Now," writes Sieff, "it is China to which we need a counterweight. India could play that role. ... All we lack is a Nixon or Kissinger to see it." Sieff, a reporter for *The Washington Times*, says that America's "theological obsession with nonproliferation and arms control" makes it hard even for conservatives to see this new opportunity.

The containment of rising Chinese power is the great challenge for U.S. statecraft in the coming decades, he argues. The establishment of a "U.S.-India axis" could keep East Asia from coming under Chinese influence.

Another bonus, says Sieff: India could be a nearby base for defense of U.S. interests in the Persian Gulf.

HIGHWAYS ARE PASSÉ, ADOPT A MINEFIELD

Taking its cue from the successful nationwide "adopt-a-highway" and sister city programs, the United Nations Association of the USA recently announced a new "Adopt-a-Minefield" program in its *Interdependent* magazine.

Formally launched at a press conference after the December 1997 landmine-ban conference in Ottawa, Canada, the UNA-USA's Adopt-a-Minefield program allows cities, schools, church groups, corporations, civic clubs, athletic leagues and even individuals to adopt pre-selected minefields around the world. These sponsors will then raise the funds necessary to clear the area of mines, while the United Nations Office for Project Services (UNOPS) and the United Nations Development Program oversee the demining process abroad and return the land to productive use.

The Adopt program was inaugurated by three California wineries — Beringer Wine Estates, Wente Vineyards, and Robert Mondavi Winery — each of which donated funds for the "Mines to Vines" campaign, a separate element of the Adopt program. Each vintner will take on a mine-infested tract of land and transform it into vineyards.

According to the State Department, there are about 26,000 casualties from landmines every year. And with over 100 million untriggered landmines in more than 64 countries, this number is likely to grow unless demining efforts are stepped up. One of the strengths of the UNA-USA's program is that it is "specifically designed . . . to move beyond the political and policy debates typically associated with banning the use of landmines," reported Oren Schlein in the spring 1998 *Interdependent*.

The UNA-USA's program is an example of the renewed interest in the dangers of mines around the world. On December 3, 1997, delegates from over 100 countries met in Ottawa, for the signing of a landmine-ban treaty.

Although the United States attended



CLIPPINGS

the Ottawa conference, it did not sign the treaty. The U.S. had previously announced its Demining 2010 Initiative, a campaign that aims to raise \$1 billion annually to eliminate all landmines threatening civilians by the year 2010. In May, when the State Department held an international conference concerning its Year 2010 initiative, it showcased the UNA-USA's program as an example of successful public-private partnerships.

HUNGARY FOR NATO? IT'S HARD TO DIGEST

The entry of Hungary, Poland, and the Czech Republic into NATO may be a done deal, but that doesn't mean it makes sense militarily. So says Michael G. Roskin, professor of political science at Lycoming College, in an essay published in the summer edition of *Parameters*, the U.S. Army War College Quarterly. Roskin argues that the issues involving the admission of the three Central European republics go far beyond the question of hurting Russia's ego in the expansion process. He offers the case of Hungary as an example of the often-overlooked strategic problems of NATO expansion.

Hungary doesn't border on any other NATO country, and unlike Greece and Turkey, two other non-contiguous NATO members, it lacks access to the sea, leaving it virtually isolated in a potential crisis. Does this geopolitical isolation matter? Yes, says Roskin, given Hungary's continuing tensions with its neighbors Romania, Slovakia, and Serbia over those nations' ethnic Magyar minorities. Hungary has been feuding with Slovakia, for example, over

language rights for Slovakia's ethnic Hungarians.

Roskin states that offering Hungary's neighboring states concurrent NATO membership is not a likely solution to the problem. To the west, Austria has displayed no interest in reversing its 40-year policy of neutrality guaranteed by the 1955 Austrian State Treaty, while Slovenia's mountainous geography and lack of infrastructure prevent its qualification as an alternative. Slovakia is also an unlikely choice for NATO expansion; not only are there tensions with Hungary, but it lacks the internal democracy necessary for membership. Roskin concludes, "Of all NATO members, Hungary would have by far the biggest ethnic and border problems with neighboring countries, and it would be precisely the hardest country for NATO to defend."

THE REAL TRADE GAP IS IN ENFORCEMENT

There's a lot more to U.S. trade policy than negotiating agreements, says Jerry Hagstrom in the June issue of *Government Executive* magazine. Just as important as whether the president gets the authority to sign "fast-track" agreements is how well the U.S. government enforces the agreements it signs.

Hagstrom makes the case that U.S. agencies are missing the boat, especially when it comes to policing non-tariff barriers to trade such as safety regulations and subsidies, which are harder to check on than simple tariffs.

While the value of U.S. trade has surged from 13 percent of gross domestic product in 1970 to 32 percent in 1997, key

50 YEARS AGO

"Suddenly the radio blared forth, completely without warning, 'The King has abdicated,'—and added nothing to that bare announcement. At first I couldn't believe it. Of course it had been common talk for months that the Communists were making life just as difficult as possible for King Michael, frustrating him at every turn, but also everyone knew how deep was his devotion to his country; how strong his love for his oppressed people," wrote Margaret Hudson in the August, 1948 issue of the *Journal* concerning the forced abdication of King Michael of Romania on December 30, 1947.

"Soldiers cordoned the civilians and endeavored to form them into a ring till finally there was a crowd sufficient to warrant the term 'spontaneous demonstration,' as it was reported in the newspapers."



trade agencies have sustained cutbacks in recent years. For example, Hagstrom reports, the Commerce Department's Market Access and Compliance Unit has gone from 230 people in 1993 to 150 today. The number of analysts working on Japan has dwindled from 21 to 8.

Sen. Byron Dorgan, D-N.D., argues that the executive branch also lacks determination. The senator told Hagstrom, "We don't have much of a stomach to go to the mat and enforce these agreements."

The American Chamber of Commerce in Japan also faulted U.S. agencies for weak implementation. The business group wrote in a 1997 publication, "It has often been more important for the two governments to reach agreements than to undertake the difficult task of monitoring the agreements to ensure that their implementation produces results."

Not surprisingly, trade officials have a different view. U.S. Trade Representative Charlene Barshefsky calls her agency "lean and mean," though she has requested additional enforcement officers for 1999.

And Geoffrey W. Wiggins, director of the Foreign Agricultural Service's Multilateral Trade Negotiations Division, told *Government Executive* that USDA quickly investigates complaints brought by U.S. firms.

150 ACCOUNT FUNDS GO UP IN SMOKE

If you thought the worst was over in terms of budget cuts for foreign affairs, think again.

The June 17 *Washington Post* reported that a tentative agreement between the administration and Congress on funding had unraveled. Said Secretary of State Madeleine

"The true statesman does not despise any wisdom, howsoever lowly may be its origin."

— MARK TWAIN, 1889

Albright, "This year, we have been given an unacceptably low allocation."

President Clinton had asked for \$19.6 billion for fiscal 1999 (that excludes U.N. arrears and multilateral development banks). International affairs spending in fiscal 1998 is \$19.1 billion, up from \$18.2 billion in 1997.

The Republican-led Congress is moving in a different direction, however. The Senate budget resolution allocated in June \$18.9 billion for foreign affairs, while the House Budget Committee approved \$18.5 billion. Among the factors cited by GOP leaders: the death of the tobacco bill, which was expected to bring in billions in new revenues; a \$217 billion highway spending agreement; and the desire to cut taxes.

If the budget cut goes through, it is expected to take an especially large toll in foreign aid, though final figures will not be known until the foreign operations appropriation bill is passed, probably in the late summer or fall.

In the meanwhile, AFSA, working with the Coalition for American Leadership Abroad, continues to lobby strongly for increased funds for the 150 Account.

SACHS BULLISH ON SOUTHERN AFRICA

In the wake of President Clinton's visit to Africa, business is taking a fresh look at the often ignored continent. And Harvard economist Jeffrey D. Sachs, known from Bolivia to Poland as the guru of free markets and privatization, says a second look is justified, especially in Southern Africa.

Sachs is director of Harvard's Institute for International Development, and is co-chair of the advisory board for the annual Africa Competitiveness Report.

Interviewed in *Earth Times* for June 1-15, Sachs cited Namibia as a reason for optimism, praising the government's management of the country's resources and its ability to draw in foreign investment. Namibia "understood from the beginning ... that as a coastal economy, as a natural resource trader, it should be an open economy ... part of the world market."

Sachs acknowledged that it will take time before the perception of Africa as a dangerous and backward continent disappears altogether, particularly because of "the constant turmoil in so much of Africa until recent years." Other problems are the prevalence of malaria in the region and Southern Africa's lack of telecommunications infrastructure.

But if South Africa, Namibia, and Botswana lead the way by successfully modernizing their economics, other governments in the region will quickly begin to play catch-up, Sachs said.

"If [countries] can follow the right policies, they can attract capital," Sachs said, "they can attract technology, they can attract the improved management . . . that allow them to gain a foothold in the world economy." ■



SPEAKING OUT

How to Fix the Office of the Inspector General

BY DANIEL HIRSCH

As a member of the IG Reform Working Group, an ad hoc committee of FSOs dedicated to promoting constructive change by the State Department Office of the Inspector General, I read Inspector General Jacquelyn Williams-Bridgers May *FSJ* article with a mixture of disappointment, irony and affirmation.

Disappointment at OIG's allegation that the authors of the March *FSJ* articles were not worthy of credibility, simply because some of them had been unjustly accused by OIG itself. Given the lack of oversight or controls to prevent abuses of power by OIG investigators, this is a particularly reprehensible position. Four of those authors are FSOs currently serving in positions of trust and responsibility, another is a respected member of Congress and another an experienced congressional staffer. All are supporters of a strong OIG, but were forced to question its investigative integrity by clearly documented events. It is disappointing that, faced with so many closely-matched allegations, from a variety of sources, OIG reacted with blanket denials and unfounded insinuations.

Irony, at OIG's evident distress at the mere possibility of finding itself in the position in which it routinely places FSOs. While I do not wish to see OIG agents "insulted," "abused"

Daniel Hirsch is currently serving as an administrative officer at the U.S. Embassy office in Abuja, Nigeria.

*We need to overcome
the huge cultural gap
separating OIG from
the foreign affairs
agencies.*



or "harmed by the publication of false, malicious and misleading information," as the inspector general alleges, I cannot understand how competent outside review of OIG activities could hurt OIG's mission.

And affirmation, because OIG's article confirms both the points of the March *FSJ* articles and the need to overcome the tremendous cultural gap separating OIG from the organizations it was created to understand: the State Department, USIA and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

For example, while OIG denies carrying out 12-year vendettas, they admit that "the investigative process can take too long." It is easy to substantiate, with documents originated by OIG, investigations that have continued for many years. Studies by OIG itself show an average of about four years, and I am quite familiar with a case that has remained open for eight. Given OIG's assertion that

"a delay of (some 14 months) in making an allegation of unprofessional conduct unfairly removes from the investigators the ability to respond ... when the passage of time has allowed important context to be irretrievably lost," one must wonder what purpose is served by such extended activities, except to blur the memories of those who could support the subject of the investigation in a later rebuttal, or to pressure the subject to accept unjust charges to avoid high legal fees and an indefinite "hold" on his or her career.

OIG's article also alleges and decries the making of accusations without evidence. In a case I know well, OIG's report was based exclusively on hearsay concerning events which, by law, must be documented in specific records which demonstrably existed at the time of the investigation. Not only did OIG fail to provide those records to support their charges, but also, when records were presented contradicting OIG's charges, OIG ignored them. Ample evidence later developed that that report further distorted information through incorrect and incomplete portrayal of testimony, lack of context, and other techniques.

The OIG article assures employees that OIG/INV agents are well trained to carry out their investigative responsibilities, then describes not the skills that would enable them to determine whether FSOs had

SPEAKING OUT



erred in their professional conduct, but rather their training in law enforcement, law and criminal justice. No one has questioned OIG's ability to catch murderers and thieves, and no one objects when OIG removes such persons from our midst. However, OIG must always be aware that subjects of investigations have rights, and not every such person is guilty. OIG/INV's budget depends on finding as many instances of FSO malfeasance as possible. INV promotions are based on the number of high-profile cases developed, and contrary to OIG's undocumented denials, INV agents use their skills to gather derogatory information, not to objectively assess what actually transpired.

It's worth noting that, while the IG claims that none of the points raised by the March *FSJ* have merit, OIG's own investigation into a controversial investigation in 1991 admitted that the department of OIG investigators left "considerable room for improvement," that they used coercive tactics during interviews, that they were needlessly confrontational, and that they failed to project an image of objectivity. The OIG report blamed inexperience, inadequate training and the personalities of the agents involved.

Investigator Ignorance

Despite ample training as policemen, OIG/INV agents (unlike those in other sections of OIG) are completely unfamiliar with the realities of Foreign Service work. And the vast majority of OIG cases involve allegations of professional misfeasance by FSOs, so that knowledge of Foreign Service practices is necessary to pursue these investigations intelligently.

While OIG criticizes one author

for "musing" about an OIG process about which he allegedly "knows very little," and alleges the unfairness of taking the word of outsiders over that of career professionals, OIG/INV agents who have never been trained to do our jobs, never served at an overseas post and apparently know very little about Foreign Affairs Manual regulations, routinely make charges which any



RENEE MANSFIELD

Foreign Service officer would know to be unfounded.

For example, in a case I know well, OIG/INV insisted that any non-official use of a U.S. government vehicle, including home-to-office transportation, is illegal. In doing so they refused to acknowledge 6 FAM regulations clearly allowing posts to use government vehicles for non-official purposes when local public transportation is unsafe or unavailable, or whenever such use might benefit the government. In the same case, OIG/INV agents incorrectly applied laws to employees of an independent company contracted by the embassy, that should, by law and legal precedent, only apply to direct-hire

employees of the U.S. government. As a result, they incorrectly ascribed a criminal aspect to acts which are routinely, and legally, carried out at American embassies all over the world on an almost daily basis.

One would imagine that OIG could prevent such problems by employing the knowledge of the inspectors who already staff other sections of OIG. Several inspectors have confirmed to me that this does not happen. Moreover, OIG's Office of Counsel has, on at least one well documented occasion, prohibited OIG inspectors from weighing in to prevent such an embarrassing miscarriage of justice. That instance also violated the right of the employee, described in FAM, to obtain voluntary testimony on his or her own behalf.

"Rights" under the OIG

OIG asserts that the employees who drafted the *FSJ* articles were all accorded the "rights dictated by the Constitution, by federal case law and by Justice Department policy." These are rights accorded defendants in a judicial setting. However, for cases handled by a non-judicial administrative process, as most of these cases were, many of those rights don't apply. Other rules, including FAM regulations, do. Although several sections of the FAM are devoted to OIG activities, OIG has repeatedly stated in writing that it is not subject to FAM regulations. In at least one case described in the March *FSJ*, OIG used this legally untenable justification to avoid according the employee his rights under 3 FAM 4300 sections 763.1, 763.2, 766.3 and 766.57. If OIG acknowledges employee rights that don't apply, and ignores rights that do, what rights has it really accorded the employee?

SPEAKING OUT



OIG asserts a willingness to widen and deepen its dialogue with AFSA, its intent to circulate more information explaining OIG's mission, and a desire to meet with FSOs to explain OIG's position. Given OIG's refusal to recognize its problems, that is only a very small step in the right direction. A more constructive step would be to acknowledge that OIG/INV has fundamental problems and to listen to and learn from, rather than lecture, as many members of the Foreign Service as possible. The following questions might be addressed during such a discussion:

1. Absent an independent internal affairs unit to investigate charges of malfeasance by OIG employees, what procedures are followed by OIG to investigate such charges?
2. OIG reports are often based solely on interview records drafted by the investigating agents. What procedures ensure that OIG/INV reports accurately and completely portray all information gathered during the investigation?
3. Given the separation of functions within OIG, what procedures ensure that cases concerning professional conduct are reviewed by an officer with professional experience in the activities being questioned?
4. If OIG is exempt from FAM regulations, what are employees' specific rights to confront and rebut the alleged evidence against them?
5. What are the actual number of cases investigated by INV each year? What number are recommended for disciplinary action? How many cases are successfully grieved or appealed, and on what basis?

In conclusion, it is clear that OIG, which provides oversight of State and other agencies' employees, must itself be subject to oversight. The IG recently created an Allegations Review Committee consisting of deputy assistant inspectors general within her office to review allegations of misconduct against OIG agents. While this development is a step in the right direction, and shows that the IG at least recognizes the problem, only an independent body will have the needed credibility. At present, no mechanism exists within State and related

agencies to seek justice if you believe you were subject to OIG abuse. Such a situation is unhealthy.

We in the OIG Reform Working Group feel strongly that the taxpayers' right to honest, fair and efficient government applies fully to the State OIG. We are prepared to work with State Department leadership and the IG to work out a reasonable program that will serve all of us. We hope that they are willing to meet us on the road to reform. ■

HOW TO CHECK YOUR OIG FILE

Is the IG keeping a file on you? Has the IG gone into your Official Personnel File in the State Department? There is only one way to find out: You must file a Freedom of Information and Privacy Act request. State Department employees, both Civil Service and Foreign Service, have the right under the Privacy Act [5 U.S.C. Sec. 552(a)] to file a request for any file on them maintained by OIG. While OIG may and will liberally use the various exclusion provisions to deny release of material, employees at a minimum will know that OIG has a current or past interest in them.

Unlike your OPF to which you have official access, you do not have official access to your OIG file. This is particularly important for promotions and confirmations, given that anyone may make an allegation and that allegation will be documented and a file may be opened. If you are an FSO up for promotion and a case is opened against you, regardless of its outcome OIG/INV will share the contents of your file with staff and members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. You may not have seen your file, but a lot of others will. In our view, OIG/INV uses these files to circumvent the outcome of State's disciplinary system and essentially to reverse the judgments of promotion panels.

Making an FOIA Request

According to State Department instructions, you may FAX (202-647-5094) or mail (but not e-mail) your request. You are asked to describe the records you are seeking as clearly and precisely as you can (all records held on you by OIG). Send your request to: Margaret P. Grafeld, Information and Privacy Coordinator, Office of Information Resources Management Programs and Services, IM/IPS, Room 1512, Department of State, 2201 C Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20520-1512. Additional information is available on the web at <http://foia.state.gov/faqs.htm>.

— The OIG Reform Working Group

THE PROPER WAY

By JOSEPH SALVO

The four wild pigs had returned in the late afternoon to trample Mamadou's onion fields again and he only had two shots left. He had just made a new batch of powder but only two ball bearings clacked together in his shot bag. To get more he would have to salvage a vehicle or walk five days south to the Saharan trading town of Djenne.

Oumar, his oldest son, was there for six weeks. During Oumar's absence Mamadou was the village guardian in addition to performing his usual duties as the village healer. Mamadou earned extra money working as a healer and selling his handmade gris-gris. All of the young men were away working in the capital or in France. Mamadou himself had worked in France. For 15 years he had learned their language and repaired cars outside Lyon.

In France he had accepted Islam. For Mamadou there was no conflict between the Prophet's religion and the much older practices of the healers. Islam presented new ideas and that knowledge, like a tasty thorn tree grub, was not to be wasted.

Since the beginning of the planting season, the sow and her young had dug up his irrigation canals and eaten his onions. If he shot the sow, she would fall in his field. The three young ones were recently

weaned and might not survive, but while they lived they would return to the dead sow and flatten his onions. The unclean animal would have to rot where it fell unless Mamadou could convince an infidel to take it.

Since the troubles began to the north, there were more visitors. Doctors with medicines and men with guns usually went north. Southbound traffic consisted of refugees on camels or ancient Berliets swaying with high, unstable loads. Perhaps someone would take the pig.



JODY MAY

Mamadou loaded his flintlock and rested the barrel on the low, stone wall surrounding the onion field. The barrel was made from a Land Rover steering column, good quality steel. Mamadou had used modern weapons, but modern weapons brought trouble. The gendarmes would come. He would have to buy ammunition. It was better to make your own weapons.

The report echoed off the rock-face that overhung his houses and granaries. The three young pigs scattered and a long squeal came from the sow as its front legs collapsed into a supplicant's posture, a posture used by caravan leaders for

a thousand years to beg water from the Dogon.

Travelers were still visiting Mamadou's village, even though the last of the great caravans had stopped here in the time of his grandfather. The Dogon had what travelers wanted and all travelers, benign or dangerous, wanted something in the middle of the Sahara.

F O C U S

Travelers were still visiting Mamadou's vil- lage, even though the last of the great caravans had stopped here in the time of his grandfather.

Oumi, his youngest wife, shyly looked around the corner of their house, making sure he was safe. She was dressed in a skirt of mud cloth and nursed their youngest daughter. Oumi answered his wave with a smile and returned inside.

His three wives said he was handsome. Almost two meters tall, his bare feet were wide and calloused. His strong, clever hands were the color of dark brown rock. His were hands that could set a broken limb, make a child's toy or write a letter to France.

The houses appeared to be part of the cliff. The muted red and brown mud-block walls mimicked the texture and shadings of the rock. Dwellings and granaries emerged along the base of the cliff, thin trapezoids with small openings for light set high on the walls.

With a final grunt, the sow disappeared beneath the tall, straight onions. The unbroken green of Mamadou's onion field was restored. The green was soothing and vibrant at the same time, like steaming Tuareg mint tea after a long journey. The onions were the only splash of color in a landscape dulled by the reddish dust that covered Mamadou, the rocks, everything.

In an hour the vultures would rise with the heat of the day and they would soon find the pig. He had more important things to do than smell the unclean dead and chase carrion eaters.

He stood up and moved to the shade of the cliff. His knee, injured while salvaging in the desert, made sounds like pebbles in a sack. Guardian of the village was a younger man's job.

Mamadou cleaned his flintlock. Then he poured in powder from a Zebu horn, carefully tamped the powder with a Peugeot dipstick and reloaded his last ball bearing.

Joseph Salvo is an FSO with USAID who has served in Japan, Senegal, Thailand and Peru. He has studied at writing seminars at the University of Iowa, Bennington College and Sewanee University.

He sat down on a rock and smoked his pipe as his wives tended a fire. He told stories to the children as the ground cooled. Shadows cast on the rockface seemed to be etched on the surface of the stone, the slow accretion of a thousand years of stories told by the same fire.

He did not enter his house until long after the light of the rising full moon made his fields green again.

The young pigs did not return.

The next day the smell came when the sun was overhead. The odor of incompletely burned diesel fuel reached him before the sound of the engine. He sent the children inside to tell their mothers. The sound arrived as the vehicle struggled to crest the hump of loose black shale on the western boundary of the Dogon colony. Mamadou guessed it was one of the Japanese four-wheel drives coming up from the south. Perhaps they would want the pig or a granary door.

Dogons were famous for their granary doors. Mamadou had visited the big museums in Paris. They had many of the ancient meter-square Dogon doors. Each door was solid ebony carved with the talismans of the four clans and the images of protective spirits. Such doors were rare now. The ebony forests were gone and most Dogons used replicas that they sold to tourists.

He stood up. His flintlock was an arm's length away and propped against the cliff. A Toyota Land Cruiser coated in reddish dust, rolled into view and stopped ten meters away, near the low stone wall. Petrol and water cans were strapped to its roof. The engine ran and no one got out. The darkly tinted windows were closed.

The fields on this side of the escarpment were his. The forty or so villagers on the other side may or may not have heard the vehicle, but they would not venture here unless he sent for them. His own family would have already gone down to the safety of the cavern.

F O C U S

Voices came from inside the car. The exhaust was oily and curled straight up in the dead noon air. The car needed new rings.

Mamadou waited as polite custom required. He watched five vultures patrolling the air space above the dead sow. The driver's door opened and a dark, thin man got out. He wore a turban and a gun in a holster.

"Salaam malekum." Peace be with you, the man said in the proper way.

"And with you also," replied Mamadou, also in Arabic.

"I am Farouk. Please sell us some water."

"I am Mamadou. It would please me to offer you water as a gift."

The man nodded and got back into the car. Mamadou noticed the springs of the vehicle were compressed. There were at least two persons and heavy cargo inside. The heat came off the ground in waves now; the temperature was on its way to 120 degrees.

Both rear doors opened at the same time. On the side closest to Mamadou a tall man with a shaved skull and sunglasses got out. A black machine pistol hung from a strap over his shoulder and he was drinking from a large brown bottle of "33" beer. The man approached Mamadou and stopped a few paces away. They stood that way for several minutes.

"Salaam malekum," said Mamadou after the man did not offer the greeting.

"Bonjour, parlez-vous français?"

"Salaam malekum," said Mamadou again.

"That's a very nice flintlock," the man said, again speaking in French. "Not as nice as my HK, but nice enough. Farouk get over here." The driver's door opened and the northerner came over.

"Ask him how much he wants for the flintlock."

The driver turned to Mamadou and said in Arabic, "I apologize for the manners of my friends. He asks what price you require for your weapon. It is old, but we'll offer you a fair price."

Mamadou watched the third man, who was standing on the other side of the hood. He was shorter than the other two, more cautious, possibly the leader. They would overheat their engine if they let it idle much longer. One of the vultures boldly settled into a

thorn tree close to the onion field.

"I would be happy to sell it to you, but it is old and does not shoot straight."

Farouk translated this into French. The man with the sunglasses nodded, took another drink and said, "Farouk, go with this guy and fill our jerry cans."

Farouk got two cans off of the Land Cruiser and asked Mamadou to lead him to the water. Mamadou did not look at his flintlock, which was still resting against the rockface.

"Christ, how does anyone live in this cursed place?" Mamadou heard the bald man say to no one in particular.

Farouk followed Mamadou past a granary to the entrance of Mamadou's house and waited respectfully outside. Mamadou entered the cool dark. The floor was covered in Zebu skins which also hid one of the entrances to the cavern where the well was located. The only sources of light were the doorway and a small star-shaped opening high on the opposite wall. The ceiling was at least five meters high. Farouk handed the jerry cans to Mamadou inside the house. Mamadou began to fill them using a gourd floating in the large water jar placed against the far wall. When the cans were filled, Mamadou handed one to Farouk and followed him back to the Land Cruiser.

They were in front of the granary when the report of the flintlock caused Farouk to drop his can. As the onion field came into view Mamadou could see two men standing on his onions near the body of the pig he had killed yesterday. The one in sunglasses was holding the flintlock. Smoke still flowed from its barrel.

The short man was dressed in fatigues. He had a steady gait as he walked out of the field toward Mamadou, crushing more onions. Like the bald man, he carried a small weapon, maybe an Uzi, on a sling under his right arm. He greeted Mamadou.

"Salaam malekum."

"Malekum Salaam," said Mamadou.

"My name is Froun," said the short man.

"I am called Mamadou."

Froun was older than the other two and walked like a soldier. He looked at Mamadou and continued.

F O C U S

Vuarnet placed the flintlock in the vehicle.

Then he unslung his weapon and shot

Farouk twice in the back of the head.

"There were some pigs in your onion field. My associate, ah, Mr. Vuarnet, shot one. We will take it with us."

Vuarnet was speaking loudly in French and holding another brown bottle.

"I was sure I missed them until I went over there and saw one down. It's a monster. What a shot. I got the biggest one. There must have been a half dozen of the beasts."

Vuarnet spoke to the short man. "The lying kafir bastard said the gun was broken. It's an antique, must be a hundred years old. They probably have some other good stuff, too. We should have some fun, Jan. Like that time in Shaba."

"Quiet," said Froom, reverting to French. Froom told Farouk to help Mamadou carry the pig to the vehicle.

Farouk started to complain. "But that beast is unclean..."

"Do it now," Froom said, watching Mamadou.

Farouk turned to Vuarnet. "You should have asked permission. It is the man's only weapon."

Vuarnet placed the flintlock in the vehicle. Then he unslung his weapon and shot Farouk twice in the back of his head. Farouk flew forward onto the dust and rolled over on his back. From the exit hole where his right eye had been a faint wisp of vapor rose straight up in the still air.

Froom walked over and stood very close to Vuarnet. Vuarnet took a step back. Froom spoke in soft French to the taller man. Froom directed Vuarnet to help Mamadou put the pig into the Land Cruiser. He turned to Mamadou and said in Arabic: "We will pay you for the water and for the flintlock. Please help Vuarnet put the pig in the back of our vehicle."

Vuarnet led the way into the field, cursing under his breath. Mamadou followed in his footsteps. Vuarnet grasped the sow's rear legs with both hands. Mamadou led on the way back to the car, retracing their steps and holding both the sow's front legs in his left hand. At the car Mamadou noticed that the sow already had three small maggots around the bullet wound. They swung it into the back of the Toyota on top of some long narrow wooden crates stenciled with

the letters HK. Vuarnet opened the driver's side door and got into the car. Froom came up to Mamadou.

"Where is everybody, your people?"

"In the millet fields on the other side of the cliffs."

"Show us your house."

Froom, his right arm resting on his Uzi, stopped at the first granary and looked at the door. He continued to Mamadou's house and, unin-

vited, walked in. Mamadou followed.

"I've always wanted a Dogon door."

Froom walked over to the water jar and used the gourd to sluice water over his head and neck. The water dripped off his head into the jar and onto the hide-covered floor.

"Il fait chaud, comme la chatte d'une putaine, eh?" Too hot, said the short man in French, looking for an answer. Mamadou didn't reply. Froom walked around the room, bent down, ran his hand over a hide on the floor, then went outside. Froom opened a small pouch on his hip and held out some Swiss money.

"I don't have any of your local currency," he said in Arabic. "I want to buy the door on your granary."

"The door is very old and fragile. If you take it I will have nothing to protect our food from the animals that want to share it."

"You're right," said Froom. He took three more notes from his pouch and handed them to Mamadou. "That's for your flintlock, the door and the water."

Mamadou waited for three breaths, then carefully took the money from the man. Froom held out his hand to seal the deal. Again, Mamadou waited, longer this time, but then he shook the man's hand.

Mamadou looked at the short man. "I will wrap the door for you so that it does not get damaged," he said. "Would you like me to wrap the weapon also?"

"No," said the short man. "Just wrap the door, but do it quickly. We're already running late and it will be dark soon."

"Are you going overland or on the road?" asked Mamadou.

"What road?"

"The one the French built when I was a young

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man. The one that goes north to the place where they exploded the big bombs."

"I thought that one didn't start for another 100 kilometers."

"No. If you go due east it begins less than a kilometer away."

"I'll think about it. Bring the door out to the car as soon as you finish."

Froon left while Mamadou took the door off its hinges and laid it gently on the hide floor. He got out some flattened tin cans that he bought from a man who sold such things in Djenne and, using the tin cans as a protective layer, wrapped the door.

By the time he brought the door out of the house it was dark. Froon was shouting at Vuamet, who was behind the wheel of the Land Cruiser and appeared to be falling asleep. Mamadou loaded the door in the Toyota and the men left without thanking him. The driver used too much clutch and ground the gears as the Toyota headed east, gathering speed over the cracked rock.

Mamadou sat down on his rock and took out his pipe. Allah would forgive him for touching the unclean. Farouk had shown the proper respect. Mamadou would return the honor and bury him with the Dogon dead.

His wives would soon bring him water to bathe and an evening meal. Then he would relate the day's events and tell his regular stories.

He would replace the door with another like it from a Lebanese who made such things in Djenne. A new flintlock would require many hours, but Mamadou enjoyed the work. He shifted into a more relaxed posture.

The government in the capital still had not replaced the bridge a few kilometers up the paved road. Perhaps the Toyota would avoid the precipice, though it was almost impossible to see it in time, even during the day. A vehicle in a hurry would go over the edge and hang up on the pile of other wrecks at the bottom of the ravine.

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Petrol usually drained away and any fires were brief. The tin can wrapping would protect the door from the fire, but the flintlock would be damaged by the heavy boxes of weapons in the car.

If his knees cooperated, he would visit the ravine tomorrow. If the Toyota was there, he would at least save a trip to Mopti for ball bearings. If the car had performed a slow half somersault and landed on its roof, as many cars did, then he would sacrifice a goat upon his return.

A roof landing would avoid serious damage to the undercarriage and the steering column. Steering columns from English Land Rovers made good rifle barrels, but Toyota columns made the best ones. ■

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FRENCH FRIES AND GRAVY

By JOHNNIE PRATHER

The smell of French fries was making Doug sick. These golden beauties had brought him to Paris. At least they had played a part in bringing him. After days of trying to find the perfect ones, crisp, crunchy, and hot enough to erase all other potatoes from his memory, he was ready to call it quits. The smell of tubers tossed about in bubbling oil stuck in his nose.

Everything about Paris was beginning to stick somewhere in his twenty-eight-year-old body. Last night's beer, he told himself. It had taken a lot to wash down that plate of greasy fries. *Les frites*, they said. The menu had said the best frites in Paris. Empty promises.

Doug felt sluggish and used up as he crossed from the narrow street of the Left Bank onto the Ile de la Cité to walk in the shadow of Notre Dame. The sight of buttresses soaring up and into a delicate arch to support massive stone walls failed to lift his mood. The crowd of German and Japanese tourists in front of the cathedral soured him. He stopped feeling used up. He just felt used.

Just as he broke through the crowd of sweating tourists, a Japanese girl, a teenager he thought, approached him with a little dipping motion that was almost a bow and asked him to take her picture. He

pretended not to understand and pushed on. Embarrassed by this boorish behavior, Doug turned around a few steps later to look for the girl and saw that she was talking to an energetic looking boy about her age. The teenagers had already started to giggle like best friends sharing a secret.

Cut off from the pleasures of youth, used, boorish. These feelings were getting to be like old friends. He had made their acquaintance when his pretty wife of less than a year announced she couldn't live without the love of a bull rider who followed the rodeo. Living

in a small Oklahoma town as the wife of a high-school English teacher, even one who coached football on the side, just wasn't what she had in mind. She wrote this news on a card mailed three days after Christmas from someplace in Colorado where she was skiing with an old friend, she said. The front of the card wished "Season's Greetings" in four languages.

His grandpa died a month later of a disease that wasted his liver in a hurry. But when the old man saw how Doug drooped over his failed marriage, he found time to add a footnote to his will earmark-

ing three thousand dollars for a trip to Paris. "It's gravy money," he wrote. "If Paris doesn't perk you up, you'd better see a psychiatrist."

Doug knew something of what Paris meant to his grandpa. The old man's army unit had been part of the liberation in 1944 and the magic of that time had



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Talking to a French

*woman in English
wasn't as easy as just
walking up and
saying "hi."*

swelled in Doug's imagination ever since he was a child. He had no idea his grandpa knew what a psychiatrist was, though. As long as Doug had known him, the old man had raised cattle and said little.

Duty-bound to get the most out of this trip, he slugged on to Ste. Chappelle where, the guidebook announced, he would see the oldest stained glass windows in Paris, a towering kaleidoseope that laid out biblical adventures in vividly colored shards. Each ray of sun coming into the chapel turned into a giddy jewel when it passed through these ancient bits, or so the guidebook said.

Once inside the chapel, Doug's heart lifted as his eyes took in a sight of extraordinary beauty: a woman's ass molded into a pair of Levis. Levis exactly like the ones he had worn every day of his life. Exactly like the ones he had seen on his grandpa's skinny ass and on his dad's bulbous one. He had seen jeans like these on friends of all sizes and ages, on healthy young men and on nubile young women. But never had he seen them like this, made into a work of art by a fine behind. Looked at from the side, the ass defied gravity as it rose from the small of its young owner's back and swelled into a fulsome orb. From the back, two perfect mounds spread invitingly.

Months of seeing a predator every time he looked at an attractive woman evaporated. Everything about this one enthralled him, her straight auburn hair cut in a boyish style, her funny shoes with very high heels, her freshly tanned arms, her tiny breasts, her memorable behind.

Everything in his body wanted to speak to the young woman, to make some connection with the possessor of such gifts. But what would he say? "Hi, my name's Doug Jackson. I come from Oklahoma. Can I buy you a cup of coffee?"

She might speak some English. A lot of young French people did. But talking to a French woman in English wasn't as easy as just walking up and saying

"hi," even when she was standing alone in a public place. His French was college vintage and rusty even though a lot had been dusted off in three days. Bonjour came out "bone jure." He could hear the flat vowels of the plains but he couldn't change them. He felt self conscious every time he spoke.

He tried eye contact. She fidgeted with a strand of hair and twitched enough to suggest restlessness. But her gaze never strayed from the sparkling bits of glass telling the story of Adam and Eve. Doug thought he might ask for an explanation. The idea appealed. A woman having such a succulent bottom might provide real insight into the fall of Adam. The request began to form into words. French phrases sprang up. His confidence grew.

Doug approached the marvel drawing so near he could feel the warmth of her body. Just then, a prissy looking man wearing painfully tight jeans appeared from nowhere, put his arm around the delicate, forbidden waist, and said something like "belle, n'est-ce pas?"

Doug dragged himself out of the jewel box into the open air. He could hardly breathe.

At the river, he leaned over the retaining wall gasping. He stayed there for a long time, letting his eyes follow the slow movement of the current carrying the broad, brown ribbon to the Atlantic.

Looking at distant horizons relaxed him. At home on the plains, he could watch the weather coming. Could see how the sun cast cloud shadows on the dry prairie grass. Could see cars stirring up red dirt 10 miles away.

Europe's abrupt horizons made him feel penned in. He had stood on narrow streets and looked up to find stone gargoyles three centuries old leering back. He had invited a bad crick by dropping his head back till the chin stuck straight up so he could gaze through Notre Dame's darkness at the glowing rose window. And he had put his nose almost on the glass that protects the Mona Lisa hoping to feel the voltage of her smile. Here at the river, he could let his eyes stretch out through open space and his mind follow.

Johnnie Prather is a Washington, D.C. writer.

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He gathered enough energy to make his way to a sidewalk cafe and order a beer. After all, he thought, Grandpa entered this city only a couple of tanks behind Leclerc. The least I can do is enjoy it.

The feeling of being unlucky in love and unlucky in lust would not go away. And he thought about his grandpa who refused to eat French fries after the war. "Once you ate 'em in Paris," the old man said, shook his head, and smiled. He always smiled when he said Paris.

Doug suspected something other than French fries accounted for the big grin. He never asked for details, but he did imagine. He had read Hemingway.

He sipped his beer and began thinking about what to write on postcards to friends and family, what words would make his trip sound enviable. His thoughts kept sliding away to the easy pleasures Paris offered his grandpa's generation. He was jealous of the old man's good time. And he missed him.

None of these difficult feelings showed up in the cards. He told his mom about the Mona Lisa and his dad about the leering gargoyles. He told his colleagues they were missing the finest meals ever put before a hungry man. He told his drinking buddies about the French women in blue jeans.

He stopped writing when an ancient woman approached his table demanding his attention. She was as thin as a stick. Her fallen face was made up like a Toulouse-Lautrec painting, garish hues, ill-matched sides, color outside the lines. The painted wonder spoke.

Doug's French offered little help with the flood of sounds coming at him. He vaguely recognized one phrase as "Tu veux voir?" which he took to mean "Do you want to see?" Uncomfortable at what she might show him, Doug tried to find a discouraging word but failed.

The woman handed him an over-stuffed paper bag and propped her cane against the table. She took off her coat and draped it on a chair.

He began to squirm. Thoughts of her black skirt sprawled on the sidewalk made him cringe and he wanted in the worst way for her to end this public strip tease. The hot-looking sweater would follow the skirt. He hoped she would stop at the underwear. He prayed she wore underwear.

She raised her arms over her head until they were

straight, bent over and touched the sidewalk. "Voilà," she said. "Je suis en forme." She took a bow and waited for approval. Greatly relieved that the ordeal had ended with her fully dressed, Doug applauded.

The waiter hurried toward the two shooing, as he scooted. The limber bag lady offered him the French gesture of revulsion, arranged her fading red hair, took up her cane and shopping bag, and went on her way chattering.

A broad smile came to Doug's face as he watched her. Her refusal to surrender Paris to tourists, foreigners and abrasive waiters half her age gave his spirits a lift. If she can keep going, I can keep going, he thought.

So he finished the last postcard, the one where he wrote to a coaching buddy about the gorgeous woman hanging around his table and the amazing, perfect French fries to be had if you knew just where to find them.

He would go home a liar, a spinner of tales. He resigned himself to that with little trouble. He liked telling stories, choosing the right detail, creating an illusion.

So he set out on a long walk in search of fodder to fuel the stories he would tell sometime in the future. After an hour or so, he was nearing Place Pigalle, one of his grandpa's favorite haunts. He was stopped by a sandwich sign blocking part of the sidewalk. The sign showed an artist's version of a gigantic bowl of French fries, each one as big as Doug's arm. They looked crisp. The tan edges against yellow centers told him that. And they were hot. Trails of white rose up in a cartoon image of steam. In hand printed letters, the sign bragged of "les meilleures frites de Paris." The place looked to be no more than eight feet wide. Could the best fries in Paris be found in this dive? Doug answered his own question. Besides, his feet hurt.

He sat on a tall stool at the narrow counter. Despite having rosy cheeks that suggested he was a cheerful soul, the counterman did not smile. He just looked at Doug and waited. "Frites," Doug said. "Frites," the counterman replied. "And a beer," Doug added consciously trying to make "bee-air" sound French. The man pulled the beer, wiped his hands on the long white apron ballooning over his stomach and disappeared into what Doug took to be the kitchen. The sizzle of

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slightly damp potatoes sliding into boiling oil announced the wait wouldn't be long. And it wasn't.

Sweaty now from standing over hot oil, the counterwoman reappeared holding a blue bowl heaped with fresh golden fries. The steam rose in curls just as the poster promised. The potatoes smelled divine. Doug approached the offering with reverence.

The first bite was crisp, hot, fresh and full of flavor.

So was the second. He reached for the third.

He became aware of a woman's high pitched voice speaking to him, asking for something, he thought.

He couldn't make out what she said. So he turned to take a look, hoping her age, her attitude, her stance would help him make out what she was saying.

Her voice had not prepared him for what stood in the doorway. She was a woman of 30 transformed into a palette of red. Curls the color of freshly shined copper sat on her head in a heap. The light from the street lamp behind her played on the curls and they shone like a halo.

She looked straight into Doug's eyes, gave him half a smile, and waited for him to speak.

He just stared.

Unusually tall for a French woman, she wore a slick fuchsia rain coat that ended high on the thigh. The coat hung slightly open and he could see the suspenders of a garter belt making streaks against her flesh. Tiny pink roses graced the fasteners where they stretched her net stockings into tight peaks.

"Good Lord," Doug whispered.

The woman snaked toward him, glowing. Doug's eyes glued to the widening opening in her coat and what it revealed. A black lace corset shoved tiny breasts into creamy puffs threatening to spill out of their shells. Between them she had pinned a pink rose, one slightly larger than those that held her stockings.

She wore a pound of makeup, each ounce applied with an artist's care. Kohl lined her eyes so elaborately they begged comparison with Nefertiti. Her eyelashes were thick and long. She had penciled a beauty mark next to her glistening vermilion lips.

*The woman snaked
toward him. Doug's
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it revealed.*

Her eyes looked directly into Doug's no more than a foot away.

"Esssss-suuuuu-quuuuu," she hissed.

"Est-ce que," he repeated. He understood. It was a question.

"Tu veux." He was following. "You want." Some communication was going to happen.

"Manger." "Eat." Of course. He was eating. The French fries. The perfect potatoes. She pointed to them.

"Ça," she said.

He offered the bowl.

She brushed her hand against the pink vinyl pulling it back. Doug could see the point where the corset came to an end, the short ruffles of black tulle floating over each hip, the panties, the hair that curled against her white groin. She placed her hand on her hip and said, "Ou ça?"

He got very red and sat very still, stunned.

"Va-t-en, Cerise," yelled the counterwoman trotting out of the kitchen and waving his arms. She refused to budge. He squeezed around the counter, took her by the elbow and steered her toward the door.

She pulled herself away, turned to look at Doug, and flipped her coat open one last time. She stepped elegantly into the summer evening, a woman accustomed to being admired.

The silence in the cafe was sudden and total. Doug whispered what she had said to him. "Est-ce que tu veux manger ça or ça?" The question burned in his brain. He could repeat it forever.

"Well, I'll be damned," Doug said, laying a twenty franc note on the counter. "Gravy. French fries and gravy." ■

Essay an Essay?

The *Journal* is interested in a new genre: the book review essay. Made famous by *The New York Review of Books*, this form includes reviews of several current books about the same topic within one thoughtful essay. To try your hand, contact Managing Editor Kathleen Currie at (202) 338-4045, ext. 524 or by e-mail at currie@afsa.org

THE EXPAT'S FILES

BY ROBERT J. CAIOLA

A famous Southern senator once said that American expats live in pretentious luxury. This is the case some of the time, but not most of the time. I ought to know. I am an expat dog. I go by the name of Shack. I've seen it all.

Like most expats I have wanderlust, although I can tell you that flying — particularly if it is in fourth class, which means in the airplane's hold — is no cage of giggles or even a barrel of laughs. When I complained to Bob, my expat master, about my accommodations on our trip from Swaziland to Zimbabwe, he claimed his experiences flying tourist class hadn't been much better. He said he had been forced to sit in small seats, eat bad food, contend with schedules that changed and flights that were cancelled without notice. He can really rant and rave about this topic. Still, he is slowly developing a sense of humor about life abroad and its many pitfalls.

In February I walked with Bob to Harare so he could get a haircut. We had found a barber in January, but when we returned the barber shop had closed.

"Too bad," Bob said. "Nice chap, and a good barber." All expats talk a little like the Brits.

We then found a barber shop which seemed more upscale than the first one. We went in and, while we

waited, watched the barber, a gigantic Angolan, clip several other men's hair.

"I don't want a crew cut," said Bob when his turn came.

"I don't want a crew cut," he repeated. "Please use the scissors, not clippers, on my hair."

"Right. No problem," said the barber.

I watched as Bob clutched the chair's arm. The barber never moved from Bob's left side as he reached over his head to snip, snip, snip. Twenty minutes later, the barber was pleased with the first crew cut he had ever performed using scissors.

Bob tried to laugh, but I knew he was in a state of shock because when we left the shop we turned for home in the wrong direction. Luckily, I was there to steer him in the right one.

So, Mr. Senator, while it may take Bob a few disastrous haircuts to find the right barber, it sometimes takes him a full two-year assignment to find the right doctor; any dentist; a brilliant, yet tolerant, bridge partner and, most important, a kind and

knowledgeable vet to take care of me.

Another problem faced by expats is that they invariably refer to the country they are in by the wrong name. When Bob wants to talk about Zimbabwe, he usually refers to it as Swaziland. When he recalls incidents that occurred in Swaziland, he



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says Botswana or South Africa. Sometimes I wonder if he knows where his real roots are.

Even my name gets confusing. I'm called a Rhodesian ridgeback. Simple, you would think. But it's confusing.

First, Rhodesia no longer exists. Wouldn't you think that someone would have changed my pedigree to Zimbabwean ridgeback? No such luck. To boot, Rhodesia is a name not held in good graces by many Zimbabweans, what with its history of colonial exploitation and the war of independence. When someone asks my pedigree, I fear that the answer will mean a dirty look and a kick. Rhodesian, indeed!

I wasn't even born in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia. I was born in Swaziland. I've never applied for a change of citizenship, so as far as I know, I am a citizen of Swaziland. Shouldn't I be called a Swazi ridgeback? Most expats take the citizenship of their homeland with them no matter where they live, so it never occurred to me that I might not be a Swazi ridgeback.

What's even worse, I don't have the distinctive ridge that gives ridgebacks their name. Most dogs of my breed have ridges of hair which grow along their spines in the opposite direction from the rest of their coats. I was one of only two pups without ridges in my litter. Shamefully, I was the last of the group to be selected by an owner. (Bob assures me that he would have selected me even if he had had a choice, because I was so ornery. Still, I have to wonder because of the way he carries on about the beauty of ridges.)

Besides, I'm not even a full-blooded, one-hundred-percent ridgeback. Apparently, my paternal grandma took a liking to a St. Bernard, and you can

*Apparently, my
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you can guess
the rest.*

guess the rest. The Ridgeback Kennel Group here in Zimbabwe did not invite me to become a member. In fact, they refused to talk to Bob about it. I'm not too disappointed, since I wouldn't want to be associated with snobs.

Just like some of the expats I've met, I'm a mess when it comes to identity. I mean, I've met Americans who have never lived in America! I was born in Africa and I

live with Americans, but ridgebacks were first bred in Europe. Identity can be a problem for expats, particularly ridgeless ridgebacks denied membership in the club of their ancestors. Bob thinks I'm very happy with my life, but I have lonely days when I feel like an exile.

Ridgebacks were bred to hunt lions. We are fearless, or at least we don't fear lions. (To be quite candid, I get somewhat antsy around the behemoth called the cow). The newspapers carry stories about ridgebacks chasing stray lions out of villages. There are no lions in my yard, but if one came in, I'd root it out quickly. I spend most of the day sleeping or catting, but when I am not resting I practice and train for that time. In fairness, ridgebacks are rarely put to the test for which we were bred. For that I am most saddened.

You see, the face of Africa is changing. Lions don't roam the bush as they did only a half-century ago. Perhaps we ridgebacks did our jobs so well that we frightened away those lions we did not hunt down. We may have had some help from people, too, though. People called colonists wanted to tame the land and build huge farming empires, so they bought up the best land and brought in plows. They bought tractors to pull the plows and suddenly there were monolithic tobacco and sugar cane farms dedicated to profit. Lions were forced off the land. According to ridgeback folklore, we ridgebacks can claim the lion's share of this achievement, but I'm suspicious of folklore that is too simple and straightforward.

Robert J. Caiola is a math and science teacher at the Harare International School in Harare, Zimbabwe, where he lives with his wife, Sally Collier, country director for the Peace Corps.

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*Just like some of the
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People who used to live in the bush and compete with lions for wild game were put to work by the large farmers. They lived in small camps and enjoyed the benefits of doctors who were brought in to work in clinics and dispense medicine. They enjoyed the good life. More of their children lived. They seemed more secure. One day they realized that there were no lions anywhere where they lived, but there seemed to be people everywhere. Meanwhile, the large farmers became so rich and accumulated so much stuff that they worried about being robbed.

Since there were no more lions to chase, ridgebacks became watch dogs.

Bob laughs because I always wag my tail when I watch at the gate. (I wouldn't wag my tail if a lion came by. I'd be a fierce lion-hunting dog once again. I'd return to my intended vocation. I'd stop trying to adjust to this new world, one in which the former African community has been broken by high walls and locked gates and a terrible, high-pitched noise that goes off when someone opens the wrong window or door.)

Expat families face other pitfalls, like the large number of visitors who want to visit moderately stable, spectacularly beautiful countries like Zimbabwe. A few months after they arrive in Zimbabwe, expats have usually learned about "must" places to visit: game parks, Victoria Falls, lodges in the bush and in the mountains, houseboats on Lake Kariba and other truly wild places. Expats learn all this quickly because they are anxious to prepare for a deluge of visitors. Some of the visitors, bless them, even call the trip the best of their lives.

However, Bob entertained one visitor who found the entire stay most unpleasant. He didn't care for Bob's selection of activities or places to visit. He growled most inappreciatively when Bob played Vivaldi during dinner. He made a number of terrible statements, two of which have become our own family folklore, causing great merriment.

The visitor made the first statement when, on the last day of his visit, Bob made a Herculean effort to

please him by taking him to the finest restaurant in the city for Sunday brunch. With the first pleasant words from his mouth, the visitor said, "You know, Bob, all your tours of this country should begin here because this place embodies this country's food and decor at its best."

Bob did not think this was an appropriate thank you.

The evening before the visitor's departure, we all sat in the living room after dinner. Bob leaves the front door open most of the year, which is great for cross-ventilation, but something of a problem because insects, particularly moths, can get in. Now I may be a fearless lion-hunting ridgeback, but in the absence of lions, I am not afraid to admit that I chase birds (never caught one) and moths (with which I have had moderate success). On this night a particularly crafty moth aviator entered the premises. I went into action, but could not zero in on its maneuvers. I somehow ended up half off the couch as the moth continued its aerial acrobatics.

Our guest screamed with laughter.

"You know, Bob," he said, "your friend's dog, Humphrey, has an IQ much higher than Shack's."

Well, would you believe that! Humphrey is a purebred golden retriever, the epitome of predictable dullness. I was outraged. Bob wanted to growl, but laughed instead. It seemed a fitting conclusion to another miserable evening, but it has given us a few laughs when I do something stupid, which is not too often.

So, Mr. Senator, why don't you try to entertain guests in a foreign place, then have them rail against you for your low IQ?

When our family travels in a government-owned car, we aren't allowed to pick up hitchhikers. So when Bob drives our own car, he tries to say "thank you" to Zimbabweans for their hospitality by giving them a lift. When I ride in the back of our Jeep 4x4, which is often because we go hiking regularly, Bob says it's like a candid camera scene. One person jumps in the front. Two jump in the back. He says hello. I lick the two in the back. They jump out of the car, followed by the one in the front. You would think I'm vicious or something!

FOCUS

Most of the best friends with whom we can relax are also expats. I'm from a litter of 11 pups and all of my litter mates were distributed among expats. When we visit them on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, I am invited so that I can frolic with my brothers and sisters.

When I become exhausted, I take tours of the houses we are visiting with a particularly keen eye for their African decorations. One family owned masks, mostly frightening ones. I didn't linger long in that house. Another was into tapestries. No wall in any room showed for all the weaving hanging around. Many things clashed, but some were quite colorful and beautiful. One family was into stone sculptures. Scores of heads in different poses and carved from different types of stone were lying around the house. Some were lovely and gracious. Others were as frightening as the masks. One country's ambassador had a crocodile sculpture with

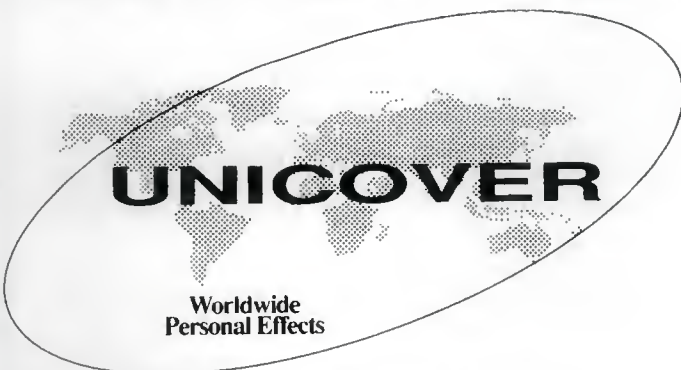
whom I was prepared to do battle, until I realized that the poor thing wouldn't have had a chance against the fiercest of lion-hunting dogs.

Expats excel at the long-neglected art of using acronyms. Consider the term "PC." It might mean politically correct or Peace Corps. "AID" might mean Agency for International Development or autoimmune disease. Expats never get their acronyms mixed up. If they did, a world of information might crumble, collapse, disintegrate. A few years ago, acronyms were mysterious and impenetrable to Bob. Now he can now toss them off without a stumble: "The RPCVs returned to PC/W after their COS conference to discuss the value of their ISTs and the brilliance of the CD and her APCDs in managing the writing of the IPBS, the PSR, and the QTRS." (You may write to the author for a translation.)

I'm beginning my fourth year of life and my fourth year of living with this family. They joke that when we go back home to America only two seats will be paid

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F O C U S

*Ridgebacks were bred
to hunt lions. We are
fearless, or at least we
don't fear lions.*

for by the U.S. government, so I get one of them. Bob or his wife will have to stay. I sure hope that they get three seats, even if I have to go fourth class again.

I'm also entering the prime of my life, but the vet gave me a vitamin supplement the other day when I went for my home leave check-up. Why in the world should I take vitamins? Don't normal diets provide sufficient amounts of the things you need to live? In much of Southern Africa, the waterways are polluted with bilharzia, a disease transmitted from snails to humans and, I understand, back again to snails. Countries try desperately to keep their water supplies clean, but with rising populations this is very difficult and expensive. Bob says it's the area's number one problem. He keeps everyone in the family, including me, out of rivers and lakes. Fortunately, I hate water.

I've been observing other dogs in my travels around here. Like me, expat dogs are well-fed, well-groomed and are taken to the vet for periodic maintenance.

Local dogs are frail, underfed, listless, mangy, scrawny and sometimes disease-ridden. They are also bad-mannered and bad-tempered, with no tolerance for the likes of me. I try to put the misery of my brother canines from my mind, but their plight shakes me to

my core. I cannot escape from the reality that I enjoy privilege. I even hear Bob talking about the guilt he feels in this third-world country. Why is it that he drives an air-conditioned car instead of pushing an overloaded wheelbarrow along the road? These constant reminders of inequality in the world can be quite a burden, Mr. Senator.

In one respect, our Southern senator is correct. Expats in the third world do live in luxury in comparison with people who were born here. I think he should move abroad and live for a while as an expat so he, too, can sample our advantages while trying to maneuver through all the pitfalls we face. ■

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THE DIPLOMAT CLUB

By RUTH KLING

The birthday cards started arriving unexpectedly six years before. The cards always say, *Happy Birthday from the staff and management of the Diplomat Hotel, Kowloon, Hong Kong. Alpheus Loo, Manager.*

They arrive addressed to Walter Innes Napier, Associate Director, the Marlin Institute. The name is not quite right. People who know him call him Win for short. He has never been the associate director. He was an associate fellow once a few years ago and still maintains an office of sorts at the Institute, although the project he worked on was over long ago.

The birthday cards always have a photograph on the cover. The photo is usually an exterior view of the hotel or a picture of the manager and his employees. The photos indicate that the landscaping hasn't changed much since Win was there. Small palm trees still line the drive and large pots of hibiscus still decorate the veranda. The Diplomat and its surroundings, however, have changed since the sixties. The hotel added a new wing in the '70s. The new brick edifice looms behind the original colonial style building. Neighboring skyscrapers now block out the sun.

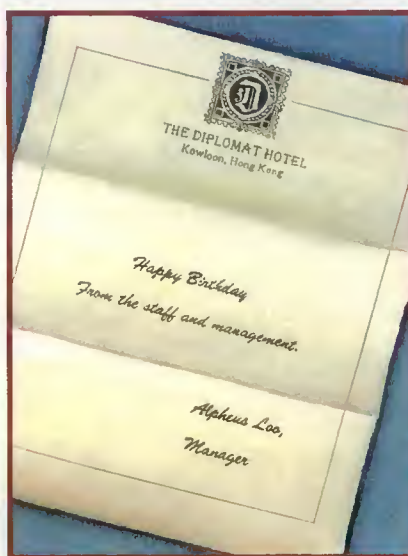
The latest card has a photograph of the hotel staff standing around the bar in the newly renovated Ambassador Lounge. It includes an invitation, an

invitation to a reunion of the original Diplomat Club members. Win hasn't been back to the Diplomat in over 20 years.

Win rarely receives invitations to anything these days. His two ex-wives live in other cities and his three children are very busy with their own lives. Most of Win's friends are also quite busy or have retired to warmer climates. He had always intended to purchase a condo or cottage on the eastern shore of Maryland or the Outer Banks of North Carolina, but somehow that had never transpired. Today the cost would be too high. But back when he was in the Foreign Service he could have managed it if he had only been able to save something.

The Diplomat Club was founded in the early sixties by young expatriates living in Hong Kong who decided that they needed a club — a place to play tennis and a pool to swim in where they wouldn't be bothered by the locals. They wanted entertainment rooms for special occasions and a bar where they would be served strong drink with courtesy. They chose the Diplomat for its colonial charm. The hotel owners needed an infusion of money to refurbish the hotel.

Win always places the cards in his correspondence pile on his desk. Eventually they become buried with other unanswered letters, contest entries, offers of important journals essential to his research and an occasional note from a colleague. Win's desk is now at the end of a hallway next to the service door of an



JODY MAY

AFSA NEWS

American Foreign Service Association



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USIA Office: (202) 401-6405
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AFSA News Editor: Wesley Ann Gadard

PAYING OUR DUES: TIME TO RESTRUCTURE

By Dan Geisler
AFSA President

During my second month on the job, I got a letter from an active duty Foreign Service colleague resigning his membership in AFSA. He said the dues weren't fair. Serving in the lower mid-grades, he paid almost the same dues as someone earning four times as much.

We took a hard look at our finances and our dues structure, and reached two conclusions. First, our structure isn't fair. Second, we need to stabilize our finances by generating a little more income. Not a lot more.

AFSA is still the best buy around. When I told a Montgomery County sixth grade teacher that I pay \$187 a year in union dues, she didn't believe me. She pays more

than \$400, and earns less than half what I do. Our Civil Service colleagues in AFGE who earn \$35,000 pay \$225 in dues. At that salary level, an AFSA member pays \$93.

But the spread in annual dues — from \$93 to \$213.50 — doesn't match the spread in salaries from FS-09 to SFS. To make dues fairer, we propose making AFSA cheaper for those who earn the least, while raising dues somewhat for those who earn the most. (See table on page 3.)

How much money is involved? We propose cutting FS 9-7 dues by 30%, and FS 6-4 dues by 10%. For the mid-grades, we want an extra 30 cents per week (15% increase) for seniors, another dollar and a quarter per week (30% increase).

We would also like to make retiree dues fairer. For our retired members, the dues structure

Continued on page 2

• AFSA Dateline •

• Secretary of State Madeleine Albright has accepted AFSA's request to serve as honorary chairperson for next year's 75th Anniversary of the Foreign Service. The Rogers Act, signed in 1924, established the modern merit-based Foreign Service. Since AFSA was founded the same year, we will be celebrating our anniversary as well. Under the direction of Ambassador Brondino Grove, AFSA is organizing a year-long series of events in the U.S. and of our overseas missions.

• AFSA is collecting donations for the James B. Moran Memorial Scholarship.

Mr. Moran, who was U.S. Ambassador to the Republic of the Seychelles from 1987 to 1991, served 39 years in the Foreign Service. He died of his home in Springfield, Va. on February 16. Donations in his name, payable to the AFSA Scholarship Fund, may be mailed to AFSA Scholarship Coordinator Lari Dec.

• Michael Corbett, a security engineering officer with State, has joined the AFSA governing board to replace Steve Romero. Corbett's extensive experience in labor management relations will serve him well on the board.

Continued on page 9

• BY MAGGIE DOWLING •

Negotiation Goal: MORE !

A FSA FAS contract negotiations began June 22 and should continue through most of the summer. On management's request, the entire contract was re-opened to include all agency policies affecting Foreign Service officers. Consequently, at the conclusion of the negotiations, we will have one comprehensive document addressing nearly all relevant policies — awards, assignments, waivers, training, language incentives, selection boards, performance evaluation, medical clearance and others.

Last January, about 20 AFSA FAS members began meeting weekly to prepare for the talks. Now we often meet twice daily reviewing management's proposals and preparing our counter-proposals. AFSA's proposals and counter-proposals are based on comments received from our members, from legal opinions of AFSA attorneys and from the committee members' experience and research into the issues. We have also carefully studied other foreign affairs agencies' policies and incorporated their best aspects. Our focus is always on what we perceive to be the greater interest of our membership and how we can ensure the maximum contribution by AFSA members to the mission of the agency.

Committee members are often spotted carrying a huge notebook with the Foreign Service Act and FAM. (The Foreign Service Act takes precedence over any contract agreement and the contract takes precedence over the FAM.) As a result of this process, our members are extremely well informed on a wide spectrum of Foreign Service issues. On top of this, we all do our regular jobs — the jobs for which our performance evaluations are now being written. In the past few months, the following

AFSA members have been the leading contributors to this important effort: Peg Thursland, David Salman, Dave Young, Evans Brawne, Bob Macke, Melinda Sallyards, Geoff Wiggin, Alan Hrapsky, Gregg Young, Merritt Chesley, Christine Sloop, David Kiefner, Hoa Huynh, Rick Helm, Rager Wentzel, Eric Trachtenberg, Sharynn Nenon, Jonathan Gressel.

Peg Thursland and I are the lead negotiators for AFSA; Ted Haroschak, far management. His team includes Richard Affleck, Mark Holt (both ICD), Denis Feters, Tam Westcat, Brenda Freeman, Cathy McKinnell, Cannie Delaplane and Dee Linse. FAS labor management specialist, Jahn Riconda

laid the groundwork for us, and Debra Donnelly took over after his departure. Most importantly, our administrator, Lon Hatamiya, supports us and assures us that resources will be made available for this effort. With hard work and commitment by both the management and AFSA negotiating teams, we can hope for an agreement that will provide a fair, equitable and professional work environment in which to achieve the agency's goals.

What do we want for AFSA members? Well, to paraphrase a great union leader from the past, we want more! More fairness, less injustice. More respect, less dismissal of genuine concerns. More transparency, less smoke and mirrors. More uniformity in implementing policy, less favoritism. More of the new participatory management style of Lon Hatamiya, less of the agency's traditional top down way of doing business. Things are changing. Hopefully, this contract will secure the progress made and ensure continuing advances in both the personal and career aspirations of every employee. Thanks for the comments. Keep them coming.

"As a result of this process, our members are extremely well informed on...Foreign Service issues."

Paying Our Dues

Continued from page 1

hasn't changed for over a decade and no longer reflects the variation in retiree annuities. We would not raise dues at the lowest annuity level (\$25,000 and under), but we propose a slight increase at the mid-level and the largest increase for retirees with annuities over \$75,000 (roughly the active duty FS-02 salary level). Retirees would continue to pay less than active duty members in the same salary/annuity range, because retirees do not benefit from much of AFSA's labor-management work. Since we do not have information on annuity levels for current retiree members, the new dues structure would be voluntary and implemented on the honor system.

The dues restructuring would yield an extra \$160,000 per year of revenue. We need about \$200,000, and plan to fill the gap by signing up new members.

Here's why we need the money:

Staff Salaries — We pay some of our lawyers and staff with masters degrees around \$30,000 a year, about what a receptionist makes in a Washington corporate office. We've been lucky in attracting talented, dedicated people. But turnover has been a problem, especially on the legal side where members get personal help in grievances and disciplinary investigations from AFSA. Because AFSA staff don't get step increases and a cost of living adjustment every year, their salaries have fallen below market level. We need to bring them up.

Technology — Let's not make the State Department mistake by falling off the technology curve. Internet mail and the Web are pushing out cables as our means for communicating with members. Our listserver, AFSANET, gets 100-200 new subscribers every month. To keep pace, we need to modernize our server, our PCs and our printers, and to upgrade our software. The short-term costs will run about \$38,000.

Afterwards, we will bring in a staff person to maintain our Web page, AFSANET, Diplomats on Line program, and other computer-based activities.

Reserve Funds — We own our building at 21st and E Street free and clear, but we have maintenance costs. Right now we have to replace the second floor roof, and upgrade our wiring, security system and fire alarms. Near-term cost is \$45,000. With new revenue we can cover these projects from reserve funds, rather than borrowing from the bank as we did last time.

Dues Referendum Notice

In accordance with the AFSA bylaws, the Elections Committee gives notice that it has received from the AFSA Governing Board a proposal for restructuring AFSA dues. As provided in Articles IV, VI (1)(a), and VIII of the bylaws, the Committee will submit this proposal, accompanied by statements, if any, from the proponents and opponents of the proposal, to the AFSA regular membership in a secret ballot referendum. A majority of valid votes received will determine the result.

The proposed changes in AFSA dues are set forth in the table below.

Ballots will be mailed October 1, 1998 with voting instructions and statements for and against the proposal that are submitted in accordance with the instructions below.

Statements for or against must be received by September 15. They should be addressed to Elections Committee, AFSA, 2101 E Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20037, fax 202-338-6820, e-mail afsa@afsa.org, or sent by AFSA channel cable. Statements must be no longer than 500 words and signed by at least ten regular members, and no two statements may be signed by the same member. The Committee reserves the right to shorten statements from the end if necessary to meet space limitations.

Ballots must be returned by November 15. They will be counted and the results announced promptly.

Active

Category	Current Dues	Proposed Dues	Percent Change	Change Per Pay Period
FS 7,8,9	\$ 93	\$ 65	-30%	-1.10
FS 6,5,4	\$137	\$123	-10%	-.60
FS 1,2,3	\$187.50	\$215	+15%	+1.10
SFS	\$213.50	\$278	+30%	+2.50
Associates	\$ 57	\$ 75	+30%	

Retiree

Category	Current Dues	Proposed Category	Proposed Dues
Annuity under \$25,000	\$51	Annuity under \$25,000	\$ 50
Annuity \$25-35,000	\$62	Annuity \$25-50,000	\$ 75
Annuity over \$35,000	\$71	Annuity \$50-75,000	\$100
		Annuity over \$75,000	\$125



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• BY RILEY SEVER •

More FS Positions Lost

June was not a good month for FSOs at USIA. We were left standing at the altar three times as Civil Service colleagues and political appointees eloped with plum senior assignments.

The first breach of promise was the indication that Director Joseph Duffey intended to convert the Deputy Associate Director of the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs from an FS to a GS slot by naming Judy Siegel of the Senior Executive Service to the position.

There are too few FS jobs in the E Bureau now and the lack of significant Foreign Service perspective on educational and exchange issues will undermine the relevance of that office to the field. Already, input from officers in the field comes at the lost stages of policy debate rather than in the formulation stage. Not a E Bureau Foreign Service deputy will only exacerbate this problem.

The second breach of faith was the announcement of career civil servant, Bruce Gregory, to the USIA Foreign Service position on the faculty of the Notional War College. AFSA has the highest respect for Gregory, the Staff Director of the U.S. Advisory Commission on Public Diplomacy, but we were surprised that Director Duffey ignored the Senior Officers Assignment Committee's recommendation of an FSO. According to the agency's announcement the position is "officially designated as Advisor on Media Affairs,...this position calls for an officer with experience in press work and special expertise in politics and diplomacy."

The third betrayal was the proposal to assign Robert L. Schiffer as a schedule C political appointee to a specially created

MC level position in Vietnam as the Special Advisor for Exchanges to the Ambassador. Schiffer, the former head of the Office of Private Exchanges and currently assigned to OPIC, has no East Asia area experience and does not speak Vietnamese. The draft job description is vague and seems to usurp some of the traditional authority of the PAO. In addition,

Schiffer's appointment will cost approximately \$500,000 a year at a time when USIA, alone among the foreign affairs agencies, is facing a budget cut in FY99. To fund this position, posts may be closed or yet more FSO positions abolished.

When I told Director Duffey that his recent decisions reinforced the impression among USIA FSOs that they are held in disdign by

agency management, he reassured me that this was not the case. He responded positively to our concerns about the War College position and is moving to establish a second position for the Foreign Service.

He was not receptive to our concerns about the position in the E Bureau. However, he will consider our arguments in favor of an FSO or for the creation of two deputies in the E Bureau, one FS and one GS. If, as is expected, Siegel is made Deputy, we can only hope that she and the Director will seek Foreign Service input in the E Bureau.

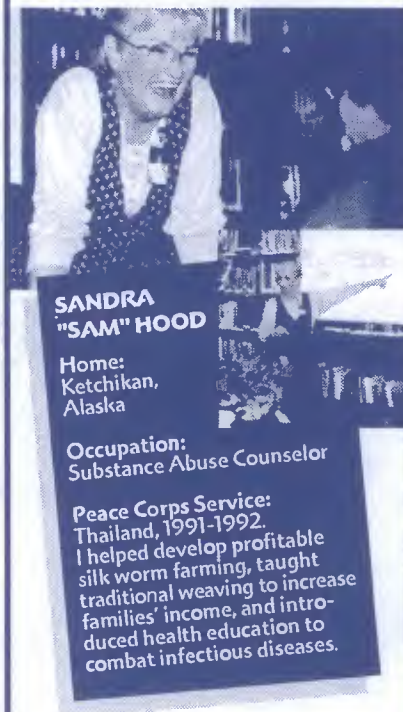
Regarding our objections to the schedule C appointment of Robert Schiffer to Vietnam, the Director was adamant. He explained that "strategic interests" support Schiffer's appointment.

If June is an indication of the career prospects of USIA's Foreign Service, we may need to contract the services of a real matchmaker to ensure that we don't continue to lose out to our GS and schedule C colleagues.

"...Civil Service colleagues and political appointees eloped with plum senior assignments."

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Inside

THE FOREIGN SERVICE COMMUNITY

AFSA Members in Action

• **Richard Gardner**, ambassador to Spain from 1993 to 1997, has been given the Thomas Jefferson Award by American Citizens Abroad. The organization established the award in 1993 in honor of the 250th anniversary of the birth of Jefferson. Gardner, who was cited for outstanding service to American citizens living overseas, is the first U.S. ambassador to receive the award.

• **Diana Deverell**, a former FSO, has published a novel with a Foreign Service heroine. According to her old boss, Deane R. Hintan, *12 Drummers* Drumming is a "dynamite action thriller."

• **Nelda Lateef**, daughter of retired FSO **Victor Lateef**, has published *Women of Lebanon: Interviews with Champions for Peace* (McFarland and Company, Inc. 1997).

• FSO **Rust Deming** was cited by Ruth Barnstein, president of Rollins College, for helping resolve a conflict over the return of a Japanese statue brought to this country as a war trophy and donated to the college in 1946. According to Barnstein's account in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, May 8, 1998, "It was Rollins graduate Rust Deming, then deputy chief of mission in the U.S. embassy in Tokyo, who helped persuade us that returning the statue would serve as a symbolic gesture of friendship to an important American ally and trading partner."

*Do you have news about an AFSA member or of an event of interest to the FS community?
Fax it to (202) 338-8244.*

AFSA's New Security System

AFSA is installing a new security system at headquarters using access cards similar to the government badge system. Visitors to the building will use a door intercom to gain admittance into the AFSA office. The Association will be trying out different options over the summer to see what works best for daytime and after-hours security. Our goal is to have a safe, secure environment that is accessible to members.

USAID

• FRANK MILLER •

A Foundation for AID?

In the *Journal's* May issue Denis J. Sullivan suggested reinventing USAID. He describes USAID as an agency with a split personality that "exists more to promote U.S. interests abroad than to promote development in poor nations."

Sullivan's cure is to divide the agency in two. State would handle all political aid including democracy and civil society projects and USAID would become an independent foundation concentrating on development and humanitarian assistance.

U.S. foreign policy goals and sustainable development are not mutually exclusive. Self-sustaining development in poor countries is a high priority of U.S. foreign policy. Open, growing economies improve the quality of life for citizens, and create more exports and jobs for the U.S. Sustainable economic development also addresses widespread poverty, instability and collapse of existing social structures which could lead to costly deployment of U.S. military to restore order.

Through USAID, the secretary of State and president can directly influence the policy and program direction of developing countries. USAID's rapid response to conditions in Bosnia, South Africa, West Bank/Gaza and Cambodia demonstrates the value of a development program supporting our foreign policy objectives. These programs have fostered democratic change and economic recovery. Aid to Bosnia went hand in glove with our military commitment. The military does not project power singly; aid projects power as well and a country unable to apply it prudently is weaker.

Our program in Eastern Europe is aiding an historic transformation toward democracy and free markets. A major part of USAID assistance to this region is devoted to strengthening the conditions needed for open markets and trade. U.S. exports to the region have tripled in the last decade and will continue to grow. Without these programs the economies of Eastern Europe cannot promote enough

growth to create jobs or enough income to pay for social services.

USAID has played a crucial role in developing democracy and civil society in El Salvador. During the transition from war to peace USAID has reactivated small businesses, cooperatives and farms through training, technical assistance and credit to over 100,000 ex-combatants and civilians; and increased infrastructure such as potable water, roads, electricity, health and education services. Our programs have helped build democratic institutions, increase civic participation and strengthen municipal governments. Four out of five ex-combatants now consider themselves reintegrated into Salvadoran society.

This kind of country-wide impact in sectors like economic development, environment, population and democracy is beyond the scope of a foundation. While foundations often do good work, they do it on a very small scale. A foundation could not maintain USAID's global leadership in development or provide cooperation and leverage with other donors like the EU, World Bank and bilaterals. A foundation cannot transform the sustainable development of a country and its people.

The conversion of USAID to a foundation would be used by Congress to justify deeper cuts in U.S. foreign assistance. Sullivan calls for closing most USAID overseas missions. Over time the U.S. foreign assistance program would become increasingly isolated from U.S. foreign policy interests and vulnerable to further budget cuts.

USAID's advantage is that it administers development assistance through technically staffed in-country missions. Ironically, other donors, including the World Bank, are now looking into ways to emulate USAID's field missions just when Sullivan would have us abandon our greatest strength. Giving up USAID as an important foreign policy tool is not in our national interest.

1998 AFSA/AAFSW Academic M

The American Foreign Service Association (AFSA) and the Association of American Foreign Service Women (AAFSW) are pleased to announce the winners of the AFSA/AAFSW Academic Merit and Art Merit Scholarships for 1998. The competition is open to Foreign Service high school seniors at home and abroad.

Over 80 students competed in this year's program. Applicants for the Academic Merit Awards were judged on grade point average, Scholastic Assessment Test (SAT) scores, essay, letters of recommendation and extracurricular activities. In addition to being judged on the above criteria, students competing for the Art Merit Award submitted an entry in one of the following categories: visual arts, musical arts, drama, dance or creative writing. Academic Merit Winners and the Art Merit winner, Katharine "KB"

Jones, received \$1,000. Ms. Jones won for her paintings and sketches in the visual arts category. She competed against 13 other students for the Art Merit Award. Those winning Honorable Mention were awarded \$200 as was Lucy Seche for writing the best essay and Moy Horo for her community service activities.

A total of \$23,200 was awarded this year with the Association of American Foreign Service Women providing nearly half of the funding through the proceeds from its annual BOOKFAIR held each fall. AFSA's Committee on Education along with volunteers from the foreign offices community spent approximately 8 - 10 hours searching the students. For information for applying for an AFSA/AAFSW scholarship contact Lari Dec at (tel.) 202 944-5504 or (e-mail) scholar@afso.org.

Continued on page 10



REBECCA BENEFIEL - daughter of Elizabeth and Michael (CS) Benefiel; American Embassy School, New Delhi, India; Class Valedictorian; National Merit Scholar; attending Yale University majoring in humanities.



SARAH BRACKEN - daughter of Judy (USAID) and Joseph (STATE) Bracken; International School Manila, Manila, Philippines; 1998 MVP Varsity Rugby; will study biology at the University of Virginia.



MARY ANNE CHRISTENSEN - daughter of Morgia and Cosey (STATE) Christensen; American International School, Vienna, Austria; AP Scholar with Honors; will study genetics and music at Stanford University.



ALLEGRA CIRA - daughter of Christine and Carl (USAID) Cira; Coral Gables High School, Coral Gables, FL; active in drama; member of Spanish National Honor Society; attending University of Miami.



NATHANIEL GOGGIN - son of Ruth and James (USAID) Goggin; Coiro American College, Coiro, Egypt; National Honor Society; Eagle Scout; attending University of Chicago.



ARIANA GUSS - daughter of Lucille and Brian (USIA) Guss; Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology, Alexandria, Va.; Co-captain of 1998 JETS TEAMS Competition - 1st Regionally; attending Virginia Tech.



RANA HAMDY - daughter of Drs. Mano and Farouk (FAS) Hamdy; Colegio Moyo, Guatemala City, Guatemala; AP Scholar with Honors; outstanding Achievement in math and science; attending Johns Hopkins University.



MAY HARA - daughter of Aguri and Hugh (USIA) Hara; National Cathedral School, Washington, D.C.; AFSA/AAFSW Community Service winner; National Merit Commended Scholar; attending Cornell University.

rit and Art Merit Award Winners



DAVID HUTCHINSON – son of Eleno and Anthony (USIA) Hutchinson; Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School, Bethesda, Md.; National Peace Essay Contest Maryland state winner; attending University of Chicago.



KATHARINE JONES – daughter of Debbie and Philip (USAID) Jones; Yorktown High School, Arlington, Va.; National Honor Society president; AFSA/AAFSW Art Merit Award winner; attending Columbia University.



KRISTIN LION – daughter of Donor (Ret-USAID) and Linda (USAID) Lion; Langley High School, McLean, Va.; varsity swimming team letter; attending the College of William and Mary majoring in biology.



ELIZABETH NACH – daughter of Thuy and James (Ret-STATE) Nach; Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology, Alexandria, Va.; National and French Honor Societies; attending Duke University.



DANIEL NORLAND – son of Mary Hortnett and Richard (STATE) Norland; St. Andrew's College, Dublin, Ireland; National Merit Commended Scholar; attending Yale University majoring in politics.



MEGHAN O'DONNELL – daughter of Sharon and John (Ret-USAID) O'Donnell; Oakcrest School, Washington, D.C.; Senior Class vice pres.; National Honor Society; attending the College of William and Mary.



STEPHANIE PRASTER – daughter of Rebecca and Thomas (STATE) Proster; Leysin American School, Leysin, Switzerland; Co-captain of soccer team; member of the Student Council; attending Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



SHANDON QUINN – son of LeSon and Amb. Kenneth (STATE) Quinn; Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology; Alexandria, Va.; captain of swim team; attending Princeton University majoring in chemistry.



MEGHAN RHOAD – daughter of Lorraine and David (USAID) Rhoad; American International School, Tel Aviv, Israel; National Honor Society president; National Merit Commended Scholar; attending Harvard University.



ALEXANDRA RITCHIE – daughter of Noomi (STATE) and John (STATE) Ritchie; Greengates School, Mexico City, Mexico; National Honor Society; majoring in broadcast journalism at the University of Texas at Austin.



EDMUND SCHWARTZ – son of Phyllis and Karl (USAID) Schwartz; W.T. Woodson High School, Fairfax, Va.; AP Scholar with Honors; National Honor Society; attending University of Virginia majoring in biology.



LUCY SECHE – daughter of Susan Conning and Stephen (USIA) Seche; George Mason High School, Falls Church, Va.; AFSA/AAFSW Best Essay winner; National Merit Commended Scholar; attending University of Virginia.

PROTECTING EMPLOYEE RIGHTS IN A STREAMLINED DISCIPLINE PROCESS

BY SHARON PAPP, GENERAL COUNSEL

A FSA has undertaken a number of measures designed to speed up the Foreign Service disciplinary processes and improve employee procedural protections. Our actions were prompted by complaints from members and management officials regarding the investigatory tactics of the State Department's Office of the Inspector General (OIG). We are also concerned about a January 1998 OIG report to House International Relations Committee Chairman Benjamin Gilman that recommends major changes to the disciplinary and grievance systems – changes which would greatly diminish Foreign Service employees' procedural protections. (See *FSJ*, March 1998 and May 1998.)

AFSA's overriding goals are to ensure that warranted discipline is swift and certain and that employees are afforded the fullest measure of due process throughout the disciplinary and grievance procedures, as required by the Foreign Service Act. We have made a number of recommendations to the OIG and the director general which are designed to meet our goals without hampering the OIG's ability to ferret out employee misconduct. (For a complete list of recommendations, go to AFSA's gopher site at www.afso.org)

Advance Notice for Interviews

Employees have complained that OIG special agents sondbagged them by showing up at post without announcing the purpose of their visit in advance and questioned employees about events that occurred several years earlier. While such tactics are appropriate in some circumstances (for example, during an undercover investigation or when the OIG has reason to believe a suspect might flee or destroy evidence), AFSA recommends that where these special circumstances do not exist, witnesses and the subjects of OIG investigations should be given 48 hours advance notice of the purpose of the OIG's visit. Employees would be able to review relevant documents to refresh their recollection, and they

would have a chance to contact AFSA or private counsel to arrange representation during the interview. Preparation for OIG interviews is extremely important because employees' honest mistakes about the facts have led to disciplinary action against themselves and others.

Employees also report that the OIG has refused their requests to have their interviews tape recorded. Under current practice OIG special agents take notes of their interviews; the notes are written up as an information record form (IRF) but the IRF is not given to the interviewee. Thus, the interviewee has no opportunity to verify the accuracy of the IRF. A year or two may pass before the interviewee finally sees the OIG's record of the interview. AFSA is aware of numerous complaints from witnesses and subjects of OIG investigations that the OIG's IRF is inaccurate and/or incomplete. We have proposed that the OIG honor employees' requests to have the interview tape recorded. Complaints against the OIG regarding the accuracy of the IRF or the conduct of special agents could easily be proved or disproved by listening to the tape recording of the interview.

Eighteen Months Is Too Long

Another concern is that the OIG investigative process is too long – 18 months, on average, and sometimes much longer. An open OIG investigation holds up tenure decisions, promotions and certain senior assignments. AFSA has proposed that the OIG be required to complete administrative investigations within 12 months or the inspector general should have to report the reason for delay to the secretary of State.

Furthermore, AFSA has recommended that the OIG immediately notify employees when the case against them has been closed. Employees who are aware that they are under investigation tell us they have been left twisting in the wind, not knowing whether the OIG has completed its investigation or if the

allegations against them have been found groundless.

Once the OIG completes an investigation against an employee, the OIG investigation file is forwarded to the State Department's Office of Employee Relations (PER/ER) for possible disciplinary action. The employee may rebut the disciplinary proposal. If the proposal is upheld by the PER/ER DAS, the employee may file a grievance with the State Department grievance staff (PER/G) and, if necessary, with the Foreign Service Grievance Board (FSGB).

Employees against whom disciplinary action has been proposed have told AFSA that the Office of Employee Relations lacks the expertise to decide whether disciplinary action is warranted, and merely rubber stamps the OIG's findings of misconduct. Several employees have also complained that the penalties proposed by PER/ER are unduly harsh and inconsistent with penalties that have been imposed against others for similar or more egregious misconduct. These employees have been forced to file grievances with PER/G (which has several attorneys on its staff well-versed in these issues) to have the disciplinary action overturned or the penalty mitigated.

AFSA has proposed that the Office of Employee Relations be restructured to combine the PER/ER and PER/G functions into one or to incorporate into the PER/ER process PER/G's legal expertise in disciplinary cases. Under AFSA's proposal, employees who are dissatisfied with the Department's decision would file a grievance directly with the Foreign Service Grievance Board (skipping the PER/G level grievance). AFSA believes its recommendation will enhance employee procedural protections because PER/G's expertise will be utilized earlier in the process. In addition, the process will be faster for those cases that go to the FSGB since grievants will skip the PER/G level of appeal. AFSA has also recommended that PER/ER improve its sentencing

THE EAGLEBURGER HAS LANDED



Bob Nard

AFSA President Dan Geisler (L) and former Secretary of State Lawrence S. Eagleburger trade quips at the AFSA awards ceremony held in the Benjamin Franklin Diplomatic Reception Room on June 23. Eagleburger was given the Lifetime Contributions to American Diplomacy Award. Three FSOs, an FS secretary, a Community Liaison Officer, and an FS family member were also honored.

guidelines and do to base of penalties to ensure that similar offenses receive similar penalties.

Reduced Employee Protection

The OIG's January 1998 report to HIRC Chairman Gilmon recommended a number of changes to the grievance system which would diminish employees' procedural protections in the area of disciplinary cases, without speeding up the process. For example, the OIG recommended the elimination of prescriptive relief in most disciplinary cases. Under current law, an employee who is subject to disciplinary action may keep a letter of discipline from being inserted into his or her official performance file until after a final decision by the Foreign Service Grievance Board regarding the appropriateness of the discipline. AFSA believes prescriptive relief is extremely important as disciplinary letters stay in an employee's file for one or two years, making promotion or tenure extremely unlikely while the letter is in the file. Thus, letters

should only be inserted in files once the FSGB has ruled in favor of disciplinary action.

The report also recommended the elimination of an employee's right to have an oral hearing before the FSGB in a discipline case (a right which is enjoyed by Civil Service employees.) AFSA opposes this recommendation because we believe that an employee should have the right to confront his or her accusers and the right to an oral defense.

Another OIG recommendation is that employees who wish to grieve a suspension of less than 14 days no longer be permitted to take their case to the Foreign Service Grievance Board. These employees would have to file a grievance with an arbitrator, and if AFSA declined to take the case on their behalf, they would have to pay the arbitrator's bill (which can run up to \$750 per day). If AFSA agreed to take the case but lost, AFSA would have to foot the arbitrator's bill. The OIG's recommendation could therefore

have grave financial consequences for employees and AFSA. In addition, employees would be denied the opportunity to have their cases decided by the FSGB, a board which is composed of members with experience in the Foreign Service personnel system. AFSA has opposed this recommendation because it will not enhance efficiency and will diminish the rights of Foreign Service employees.

AFSA recently met with staff members of one of the subcommittees of the House Committee on Government Reform and Oversight to discuss its recommendations relating to the OIG investigative process. (The subcommittee is holding hearings on the Offices of the Inspector General government-wide). We have also had several informal meetings with the director general and the Office of the Inspector General to discuss our recommendations. Formal meetings will take place in the near future.

All employees should know their rights when speaking with the OIG. The State Department OIG has recently updated its pamphlet, "The Office of the Inspector General Investigative Process." AFSA also has guidance available which spells out one's rights during an investigation, and AFSA's attorneys are available to represent members with OIG investigations, disciplinary actions, and grievances.

Dateline

Continued from page 1

- AFSA is cosponsoring with the Thursday Luncheon Group (TLG) a minority intern this summer to work in Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott's office. Colvin Christopher begins his assignment in July and specifically works with the Deputy Secretary's speechwriter.

- The 1996 AFSA/TLG intern, Stacy Williams, has gone on to acquire a prestigious two-year Presidential Management Internship (PMI) which began in the fall of 1997. The PMI program was begun during the Carter administration to have the nation's "best and brightest" consider government service careers. Williams' internship is with the Office of the Inspector General of the Department of State.

Continued from page 6

Academic Merit Honorable Mention Winners:

Nicole Cohen – daughter of Manique and Lewis (STATE) Cohen; Woodrow Wilson Senior High School, Washington, D.C.; attending Wesleyan University.

Amanda Lewis – daughter of Marjorie (USAID) and John (Ret-USAID) Lewis; The Madeira School, McLean, Va.; attending Rice University.

Amira Pierce – daughter of Daad and William (STATE) Pierce; Surabaya International School, Surabaya, Indonesia; attending New York University.

Denise Sharma – daughter of Anita and Dennis (USAID) Sharma; Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology, Alexandria, Va.; attending Duke University.

Katherine Stocking – daughter of Anne and Thomas (STATE) Stocking;

South Lakes High School, Reston, Va.; attending Westmont College.

Elina Urli – daughter of Pirkka (STATE) and Michael Hintan; American International School of Johannesburg, Johannesburg, South Africa; attending University of Virginia.

Amanda Vockerodt – daughter of Alison Raphael and Victor (STATE) Vockerodt; Montgomery Blair High School, Silver Spring, Md.; attending Wesleyan University.

Eric Wiener – son of Sharan (STATE) and Howard (STATE) Wiener; Georgetown Day School, Washington, D.C.; attending Bowdoin College.

Art Merit Honorable Mention Winner:

Ayesha Khan – daughter of Karen Langeteig (former STATE) and Hasan-Uddin Khan; Lexington High School, Lexington, Mass.; attending Barnard College.

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F O C U S

The secretaries at the consulate started a vicious rumor that the youngsters from the Christian Youth Service project came from brothels.

electrical closet. To get to his desk Win has to maneuver his lanky frame past a large copy machine and stacked cartons of paper. He sits every day from nine until three listening to the swoosh, swoosh sounds of paper traveling through the copy machine. The ozone smell of copier ink permeates that end of the hallway.

At noon Win goes to the small public toilet on his floor. He washes his hands and face, then combs his thinning gray hair, smoothing the hair with a hand after each stroke of the comb. He stands in front of the small metal-edged mirror out of habit, but doesn't look in the mirror when he combs his hair; instead, he looks down at the sink and contemplates what he would write to the club's manager. *Dear Sir, For the past six years I have apparently been on a computerized birthday card list of former patrons of the Diplomat Hotel. I would appreciate it if you would be so kind as to remove my name from your mailing list as I am no longer a member of the Diplomat Club.*

He wonders if he should mention the upcoming takeover of Hong Kong by the Communists but thinks that perhaps that is a subject best left alone.

Win then eats lunch in the Institute's member's dining room. He rarely varies from his habit of eating whatever the chef offers as the daily lunch special. Sometimes he wishes that they still served liquor in the dining room.

The birthday card from the Diplomat is the only card that he has received for the last few years. None of his children nor either of his ex-wives sends him cards. His sister died ten years before of liver trouble. Win originally joined the fledgling club associated with the hotel so that he could play tennis and entertain in the club room. He lived at the Diplomat for a few months during the separation from his first wife, Blanche. The card brings back pleasant memories of the hotel: its polished wooden bar, cool, dim interiors and efficient, friendly waiters. He also

remembers the feel of cool gin and tonics after a hard game of tennis in the heat of the afternoon, the incredible damp heat of Hong Kong.

Sometimes in the hot, humid summers of Washington, D.C., Win is reminded of Hong Kong, in particular the smell of hot pavement, cape jasmine and the dank smell of poor drainage. The dining room of the Marlin Institute with its paneled walls, high ceilings, hushed tones and

civilized clink of glasses and silverware also reminds Win of the Diplomat's club room. The consul general pulled Win aside there once during a cocktail party Win had arranged.

"Good job, Napier," the CG said as he gripped Win's shoulder. "Belonging to a club like this is a smart move. By the way, I read that report you wrote at State last year and I thought it was excellent, really top-drawer."

The praise still rings in Win's ears as he sits at his desk in the far end of a hallway of the Marlin Institute. Win again feels that hot rush of pride and embarrassment that he felt that day 30 years before. He could see the plaque behind the bar that lists him and other officers of the Diplomat Club. The plaque honors them for their charitable work with the Christian Youth Service Project. The plaque lists their names along with their occupations. Win's name is followed by *Consulate of the United States of America, Hong Kong*. He wonders if the plaque is still there.

Some secretaries at the consulate started a vicious rumor that the youngsters from the Christian Youth Service Project came from brothels and some of them were prostitutes themselves. Win was concerned about this attitude. He himself had placed a girl in the clerical pool at the consulate. He spoke to the head of the personnel office, Bob Wilson.

"Don't worry, Win," Bob said, "those bats in the office are just jealous. The new girl is a reminder to them that they couldn't get one of their own kids a job here. Don't worry."

Ruth Kling is a writer and a China specialist at Johns Hopkins University.

F O C U S

Blanche thought that the other officers were snobs and their wives were two-faced.

The new girl, Annie, was young and inexperienced. The old battle axes in the secretarial pool scared her. Win could tell. He began to defend Annie. He felt somehow responsible for her. After all, it was Win who was a member of the Club and the one who helped with the program for disadvantaged youth. He had Annie moved to his floor so she could escape the gossip of the other clerical help.

No one was sure exactly how old Annie was. The priest at the orphanage guessed that she was about sixteen when she arrived in Hong Kong, so that meant that she was about eighteen when she left the orphanage to start working at the Consulate. Her silky black hair was cut in the orphanage's regulation chin length, bangs-across-the-forehead style. She had smooth golden skin.

Annie typed well enough and answered the phone in a pleasant, singsong voice. An efficient secretary was important. It didn't hurt if she were pretty as well. Win knew how these things could reflect well on a man.

Annie's greatest quality was that she listened to Win. She giggled when he spoke to her and covered her delicate teeth with her hand. She wore lovely Chinese style dresses that somehow reminded Win of butterflies. Annie never questioned him, at first. She would listen to him talk about the office, his boss and his wife, then smile her sweet smile. She never disagreed with Win. Once, after a hard day in the office, she touched his hot forehead with her cool hand.

Win always removes the response cards that come with the invitations. He places a little check by the word regret. He plans to send them back with a handwritten note on the Institute's letterhead. A handwritten note would be a nice touch. He no longer has a secretary at work, and his manual typewriter at home has letters that stick.

Once he wrote a letter to Dickie Watson, an old friend from his club days, explaining why he couldn't attend the reunion and what was going on in Washington. Win relates some old story that Dickie probably has forgotten — a crazy trip they took to Macau once to gamble. On second thought, Win real-

izes, maybe that was someone else who went to Macau with him. The letter never made it into an envelope and it still sits there under another letter and a proposal in Win's "to do" file. The response cards end up as book marks and note cards. One serves as a coaster for his coffee cup

on his desk at home.

It was Bob Wilson who went with Win to Macau, Win remembers as he sits at his desk at the Marlin Institute. Bob liked to smoke Cuban cigars and drink Scotch. He got the cigars from Dickie Watson. It was during the boat ride to Macau, Win remembered, that he confided in Bob. He told Bob about the two of them.

"Don't listen to those old biddies in the office," Bob said. "They're just jealous. They wanted to find you a nice 'little wife' themselves. Don't worry. Everybody does it."

Bob's "little wife" lived in an apartment in Wanchai, an unsavory area near the water. She constantly nagged Bob to move her to Kowloon. Eventually she moved to Kowloon on her own after Bob left Hong Kong for Saigon.

"It's different with Annie, Bob." Win sighed. "You don't understand. I really love her."

"Of course you do, Win," Bob said as he clenched a cigar in his teeth.

Win puts the sixth and most recent birthday card in his briefcase. He places his hat on his head and walks past the young man at the copy machine. This young man always wears a cologne that reminds Win of a certain brand of insect repellent. He walks down the street staring straight ahead, pursing his lips, thinking of what he will write to Mr. Loo, the current manager of the Diplomat.

Dear Sir, Thank you for your considerate cards. I am sorry to say that I will not be able to attend this year's founders reunion of the Diplomat Club. I look forward to next year when I hope to be able to visit your lovely city.

Blanche thought that the other officers were snobs and their wives were two-faced, gossiping about each other and making fun of their Chinese servants. Blanche didn't play ball. She wouldn't go along like

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the other wives. She had a temper. She let herself go after the twins were born. Even with an amah and a cook she couldn't cope.

"Win, the cook left the head on the roast chicken again."

"Win, the laundry starched everything again."

"Win, where are you going? You're always going to that club of yours."

He found it interesting that after so many years he could barely remember what Blanche's face looked like then, but he could still hear her grating voice.

Blanche was right about one thing. They were all snobs at the consulate and their wives were worse.

"I hear you have a new secretary," Bob's American wife, Meg, said to Win at a cocktail party at their home. "She's one of those orphans isn't she?"

"Yes, she is," Win replied, sipping his drink and trying to think up a subtle way to change the subject.

"Miss Lee told me all about her the other day when I dropped something off for Bob. I'm just curious.

What made you take her on? Surely one of the more experienced secretaries would make more sense. I mean charity is all well and good, but don't you want a competent secretary?"

"I didn't know you took such an interest in our work," Win replied. "And she's competent, a little young, but good at her job. She doesn't gossip like some of the old bats around here do. I can't stand that," he said, looking straight at Meg in her lime green cocktail dress and heavily made up face.

Miss Lee was the head secretary in the clerical pool and had worked there for almost 20 years. She was probably in her fifties and always wore a cheongsam, a Chinese style dress with a Mandarin collar and buttons straight up the front. Her cheongsams never had provocative slits up the sides or fancy embroidery. She spoke with a slight trace of an English accent. She intimated to Win that Annie was up to no good. "She has been seen with a tall American," Miss Lee said to Win one day, looking up at him towering over her small,

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F O C U S

Annie's greatest quality was that she listened to him.

barrel-shaped frame.

One day the priest from the orphanage came to talk to Win at the office. Father Graham was a 60-year-old American who had lived in Hong Kong for many years. He had been interned by the Japanese during the war and now walked with a cane. He sighed a lot and had the soft eyes of a secret drinker.

"Mr. Napier, I won't waste your time. Annie came to speak to me the other day. She told me everything. Now I'm not saying that we at the orphanage don't deserve some of the blame here, but our purpose is to help these girls and boys out of desperate situations. They're refugees, most of them, and they don't always have the good sense to say 'no' to someone they ought to say 'no' to," Father Graham said, sighing and attempting a knowing wink that made him look as if he were fighting back tears.

Win couldn't look him in the eye. He picked at the corner of one of the olive drab files piled on his desk, exposing the pulpy lighter green of the paper inside. Father Graham sighed again, waiting for Win to say something.

"Mr. Napier, we trusted you. You have broken that trust. What are you going to do about it?"

There was a water shortage the year Win lived at the Diplomat. Hong Kong's fresh water came from Communist-controlled territory in the hills, north of the New Territories. Regular citizens of Hong Kong and Kowloon had to line up for water. There were fights and small riots.

The wealthy and foreigners could manage, but Annie lived in a slum somewhere near the waterfront. She needed to bathe and drink clean water. How could Win refuse her that? The most basic of human needs, water, was denied her. Of course she should stay with him at the Diplomat. What else could he do?

"Mr. Napier, may I have a word with you?" Mr. George, the English manager of the hotel, said as he cornered Win in the club room during lunch one afternoon.

"Of course, Mr. George, what can I do for you?" He replied.

"It's something of a delicate nature, Mr. Napier. I was hoping we could discuss the matter in my office.

When you have finished your lunch would you be so kind as to meet me there?" George asked in a fake servile manner.

"Of course, Mr. George," Win said as he glanced up from his newspaper. "I've been meaning to speak with you anyway."

He knew that George was trying to get the better of him. Win wasn't fooled. Win knew how to talk to people like that. You make it clear that you are doing them a favor by giving them a minute of your valuable time. An old buddy of Win's at State had once told him about this tactic: "Always make out as if you are the one who had the idea first." He didn't make it to the manager's office that day. He knew what the problem was. That rule about guests was really not fair. Win was a member of the Diplomat Club, a founding member, and entitled to special consideration, even allowing a guest to stay with him in his rooms.

Life with Blanche was unbearable. She had taken to calling Bob's wife, Meg, and once or twice had even called Bob at the office to complain about his "girlfriend."

"You've got to be more discreet, Napier," Bob said. "Just tell Blanche you won't see her again. A little white lie is a good thing now and then."

"I can't lie to Blanche. Anyway, I've already told her the truth. She wants a divorce. And I think I should marry Annie," Win said.

"For chrissake man, what are you thinking?" Bob said, a look of exasperation in his eyes. "A divorce is one thing you can weather in a career, but don't marry the girl. You can fuck her all you want, but if you marry her, by God, you can kiss your career goodbye."

The CG took Win aside after a meeting one day, one of those unbearably hot and oppressive days. "I'm only going to say this once, Napier," he said. "Get rid of the girl."

The place they moved to was an old three-story building with a drab, mold-stained exterior. Their ground floor apartment looked onto the back of the shed occupied by an old man from Fukien who was the handyman.

Annie started visiting a Buddhist shrine in their neighborhood. She burned incense in their rooms when Win wasn't home and she had been nagging him

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lately about drinking too much. He noticed that around the apartment she wore an old sleeveless night dress that was stained yellow with age and faded red and gold slippers that hung off of her feet and made a slithering sound as she shuffled across the threadbare carpet.

Sometimes Win could not bear the cloying smell of incense mixed with the damp smell of mildew. The bar at the Diplomat was the only place he could escape the damp heat and incense that permeated their apartment.

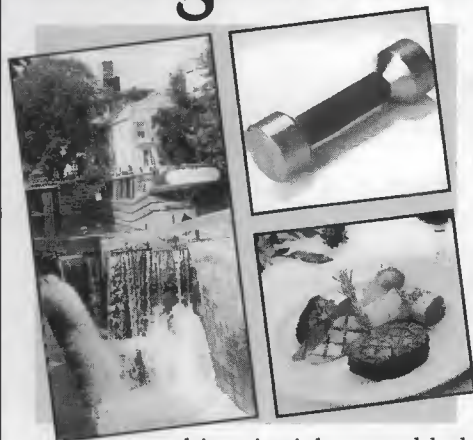
The Diplomat's bar was always cool because of its new air conditioner and ceiling fans. It had a pleasant smell of cigarette smoke and leather chairs with no hint of the damp that permeated the rest of Hong Kong. The Diplomat was quiet. A man could think there. It was on the other side of the harbor, a world away from Hong Kong and the consulate.

The walk to the apartment house just above Wanchai seemed longer each time Win came home

from the consulate. Although the Diplomat was across the harbor from work and home, Win looked forward to the hour-long trip from Hong Kong. He enjoyed sitting in first class on the upper deck of the ferry. The hills of Hong Kong were green and deceptively fresh-looking from far away. Tourists stood on the wooden decks taking photos of junks in the harbor. Well-dressed expat commuters sat reading newspapers. No one ever asked anything of him as he sat on the wooden benches of the ferry. Few of the other passengers even looked at Win as he sat on the top deck of the ferry feeling the breeze in his face.

One day Win came home to find Annie greeting him at the door with a tumbler full of whiskey. Annie had brought home a refugee woman. She looked old and bent at first glance, but gradually Win began to see that she had a youngish face. She scolded Annie in the Fukienese dialect and literally

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F O C U S

pushed her around the apartment, occasionally rubbing her work-worn hands on Annie's rounding belly. The old woman was dressed in baggy black clothes, wore one jade bracelet on her wrist and had brought with her a small parcel of belongings wrapped in a quilt. She had only a few teeth. Annie couldn't quite explain to Win who this woman was and what she was doing in their apartment.

"Who is she?" Win demanded, as they stood in the kitchen while the old woman sat on their new green couch in the other room. "Why did you bring her here?"

Annie looked uncomfortable. "She's old. And a refugee. I can't send her back. She has so little," Annie said, looking as if she were going to cry.

"Don't cry, damn it. Just tell me what the hell she's doing here," Win asked, grasping her shoulders. "Is she a relative? Where's she from?"

"She's from Fukien."

"Is she one of the old man's relatives? Is that it?"

Did you local Fukienese all get together and concoct this? Huh? Is that it?" he said, letting go of her shoulders and grasping the glass of whiskey and drinking half of it in one gulp. The next day as Win left for work the old lady handed him a cup of tea and smiled at him.

As he walked through the crowded streets of Hong Kong, Win realized who the woman was. "Orphan my ass," he mumbled to himself.

* * * *

Win exits the Institute's side door into the bright light of a Washington afternoon. The walk home gives Win another opportunity to compose a letter to the Diplomat Club.

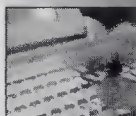
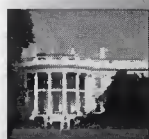
Sir, Thank you for the birthday cards which you have been so kind to send me. I would be delighted to attend the upcoming reunion of the founders of the Diplomat Club. I am quite busy with my research presently, but I hope very soon to be able to take the time to visit my old haunts in Hong Kong. ■

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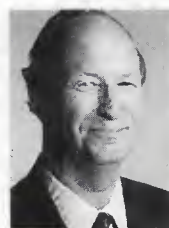
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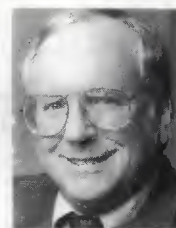


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SEOUL SURVIVOR

WITH NORTH KOREAN TROOPS CLOSING IN,
OUR JOB WAS TO BURN THE EMBASSY CABLES,
SMASH THE RADIOS, AND GET OUT FAST

BY ROBERT RUDOLPH, SR.

The whole world remembers the televised image of Saigon falling in 1975 — helicopters taking off from the U.S. embassy roof, desperate crowds surging at the gate. But precious few remember the untelevised fall of Seoul, South Korea, 25 years earlier. In June 1950 Communist forces swept down from the North and we high-tailed it out of there, burning embassy cables and smashing equipment with the enemy closing in.

I was in that embassy. I sent out the last radio message before the power failed. This is how it went down.

Day One

June 25, 1950, 8:30 a.m.

I was finishing breakfast in the dining room of the U.S. embassy in Seoul.

My job was supervisor of the Operations Unit in the Radioteletype Section in the American Embassy. I was a 22-year-old supervising four radio operators and four teletype operators. We communicated with the world via a duplex radioteletype operation with the Army's Tokyo relay station. When atmospheric conditions interfered with radioteletype signals, we exchanged messages with Tokyo using International Morse Code.

While drinking my coffee, I saw Red Mintz walking toward my table. He was the only employee scheduled to work that day in the Embassy CommCenter. I wondered why he wasn't at work downstairs.

Red said STATE (our name for the embassy cryptography section) had told him there was a flap up on the 38th parallel. The 38th was the

dividing line between North and South Korea. STATE had told Red we'd probably have heavy message traffic all day. Red asked me who should be called in to work with him.

Sundays in Seoul were usually boring, and handling heavy message traffic during a flap might be interesting. I decided to work with Red that day. That was the start of the most exciting 60 hours of my life.

When we walked into the CommCenter, Sgt. Brown was leaning on the counter. Brown was the military attaché's cryptographer. He was writing on an enciphered message he'd prepared for transmission.

He was upgrading the message precedence to OPERATIONAL IMMEDIATE. This action violated military communications procedures. He knew it. I knew it. I didn't know why he'd made that decision but I trusted his judgment.

Brown said STATE was using EMERGENCY precedence on its message to SCAP (that was Supreme Commander Allied Powers Gen. Douglas MacArthur). He believed his message would need to be OPERATIONAL IMMEDI-

ATE to get fast handling.

"What's going on, Brownie?"

"Don't you know?" he asked.

"No."

"Then I can't tell you."

Having been told that STATE had said a flap was occurring up north, I believed it. It matched the experience Red and I had had over the past two years. We thought in terms of minor military actions.

Small military firefights between North and South Korea weren't unusual on the 38th parallel. Fighting had also occurred inside South Korea. Red and I had operated an Army radio station handling messages to Republic of Korea forces fighting a rebellious ROK regiment in 1948.

While Red prepared the military attache's message, STATE called. They were sending down an EMERGENCY message to SECSTATE WASHDC. I quickly sent an EMERGENCY SUPERVISORS WIRE to Tokyo stating "CLEAR CHANNEL TO UEPSD WASHDC" (UEPSD was the teletype address for messages to State).

Each relay station was supposed to take actions to speed our message to the State Department. I believed special handling actions and sparse Sunday traffic would get our message to UEPSD WASHDC in about 60 minutes. In 1950, that was lightning speed for a message going such a great distance.

We transmitted STATE's EMERGENCY message without delay. We sent it about 9:30 a.m., June 25 Korean time. We were 14 hours ahead of WASHDC, making it 7:30 p.m. Saturday, June 24, East Coast time.

Robert Rudolph was serving in the U.S. Army Signal Corps in South Korea in 1949 when he was recruited to the Communications Branch of the U.S. mission to Korea. After the Korean War, he went to college on the GI Bill and became a full-time training officer for the National Guard. He retired as a lieutenant colonel in 1982.

We received a plain language EMERGENCY message from Under Secretary of State James Webb about 10:30 a.m. Addressed to Ambassador John Muccio, it said in part:

UNITED PRESS REPORTS 40,000 NORTH KOREAN TROOPS PLUS TANKS CROSSED THE 38TH PARALLEL AT THE ONGJIN PENINSULA AT 4 A.M. TODAY. CAN YOU CONFIRM OR DENY?

I was annoyed that our message to WASHDC had arrived after the United Press message. Our message took a lethargic 110 minutes to arrive at UEPSD. I believed it had been inept message handling at relay stations, plus message encipherment in Seoul and deciphering in WASHDC that had slowed our message delivery.

I notified STATE that an EMERGENCY message had arrived from WASHDC. Sam Berry, STATE's chief cryptographer, came to the Commcenter and read the message quickly.

"Is that what's going on, Sam?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "It's war."

His words stunned me. I knew of course that the U.S. had a small military assistance group in South Korea, but no combat units. We had no commitment to defend the South.

↑ ↑ ↑

By Sunday afternoon, our incoming and outgoing message traffic flow was very heavy. We added more teletype operators to the day shift.

An air raid occurred late in the afternoon. Three beautiful propeller-driven Russian-made fighters came swooping low over the city. The sun reflected off their wings as they banked to and fro dropping propaganda leaflets along the way.

A few 50 caliber machine guns on surrounding hills fired at the North Korean fighters. Many of us, both men and women, left the 8th floor dining room and rushed to the roof to watch the show. We cheered each time South

*War had broken
out on the 38th
parallel. I was
stunned.*

Korean machine guns fired at the planes. Then a retired colonel appeared at the rooftop fire door and said loudly:

"You damned fools! What goes up must come down! Get off this roof!"

We complied with the old colonel's instructions reluctantly.

By this time, the constant rumble of artillery in the north could be heard when we were outdoors.

The evacuation of 2,500 Americans from South Korea began on Sunday evening. WVTP, the radio station of the American mission in Korea, began sending out evacuation instructions for American mothers and their small children.

WVTP told the mothers with small children where to assemble and the amount of luggage they could bring with them. They were transported from the assembly points to Inchon and were then placed aboard a fertilizer ship that was in port.

The huge switchboard in the American embassy communicated with all U.S. and some South Korean agencies in the greater Seoul area. As a security precaution, on Sunday evening, female Korean telephone operators were replaced on the embassy switchboard by American women—just in case one of the Koreans might be a spy or saboteur. The Americans had volunteered to operate the switchboard.

Sunday night, I decided to reduce our message reference files. The message files filled a very large wheeled cart. We moved the cart to the embassy parking lot and used a thermite bomb to set it on fire. The white flames shot up 20 feet above the cart.

✦ ✦ ✦

Smitty, our telephone lineman, was having coffee in the snack bar late that night. He said he was ready to quit repairing our telephone lines. Each bombing near Kimpo Airport and the Seoul railroad station had knocked our telephone wires off the telephone poles. Smitty complained that he'd restring the wires on the poles and bombs exploding in the next air raid would knock them down again.

A bomb had exploded in the street a block away from the embassy.

Day Two

Monday, June 26

I remained on duty during most of the night. We were now working 24 hours a day. Our peacetime incoming and outgoing message traffic had been 150,000 words a week. We were now handling 150,000 words in 24 hours and were doing so with ease.

✦ ✦ ✦

While at breakfast in the embassy dining room, I heard aircraft dogfighting overhead. That was my first notice that the U.S. Air Force was flying cover over us.

Station WVTP began broadcasting evacuation instructions for dependent women and non-essential female employees. Evacuees were told each person could take only one suitcase.

Later in the day we heard that the Air Force had shot down seven North Korean aircraft. The U.S. lost no aircraft in the dogfights.

That afternoon, I called home on the Korean Bureau of Communications radiotelephone system from a CommCenter phone. My call went via the RCA network in San Francisco to my parents'

phone in California.

The chief telephone operator of KBC, Mrs. Lee, handled the call. Mrs. Lee was a kindly Korean-American woman from Hawaii. She had a grandmotherly attitude toward those of us working in the CommCenter.

I enthusiastically described the spectacular sights and sounds to my parents. I doubt that my vivid descriptions reassured them.

✦ ✦ ✦

The rumble of artillery from the north had grown louder as the day progressed. I decided to destroy more message files. We burned three weeks of messages.

Bishop Patrick Byrne, the delegate from the Vatican to the Republic of Korea, came by our CommCenter that day. We always enjoyed his visits. He liked people, had a good sense of humor and enjoyed being alive.

Celebrities and politicians may hire flacks to proclaim their so-called charisma. Bishop Byrne needed no phony buildup from flacks. When he entered a room, you were interested in seeing him and hearing what he had to say. By the time he departed a room, it had become a brighter and happier place.

Bishop Byrne believed his experience in this war would be the same as what he'd encountered in World War II. In that war, the Japanese had kept him in solitary confinement for three and a half years.

His only visitors had been members of the Japanese thought police trying to find out how he learned news about the war. They never discovered his shortwave radio.

Bishop Byrne said he was going

to stay with his flock in Korea.

(John Toland's book, *In Mortal Combat: Korea 1950-1953*, describes what may have been Patrick Byrne's last day, November 2, 1950.

He and a Methodist minister were helping each other try to keep up on a 20-mile march in North Korea. He probably died shortly after that.)

By Monday evening, WVTP was issuing evacuation instructions to families with dependents. The women who'd been operating the embassy switchboard were also being evacuated. Only men would remain in Seoul after this evacuation phase.

We were now hand-delivering high precedence incoming messages to STATE. I delivered them many times because speed was important and I enjoyed walking about.

Day Three

Tuesday, June 27

Military Advisory Group to the Republic of Korea Headquarters sent a radio operator with a short-wave radio to our CommCenter shortly after midnight. The radio linked KMAG Headquarters with the American embassy.

We in the Communications Branch assumed the American embassy would stay operational after the Communists captured Seoul. My boss Ira Dale and I volunteered to stay behind to provide radioteletype communications with Tokyo. I had volunteered out of a sense of duty. I wasn't eager to be confined to the embassy grounds in a Communist city.

I was relieved when Ambassador Muccio turned down our offer.

The KMAG cryptographers

moved their equipment to the embassy's front parking lot using their own armed security. I hadn't known my friends could be so steely-eyed. They stacked the crypto equipment on top of thermite bombs and then set off the bombs.

I decided to destroy all files except the current ones. KMAG let me toss our files onto their fire. The thermite bomb flames sent light reflecting off the clouds above the embassy. The Seoul Fire Department reportedly thought there was a fire.

I notified all teletype stations in the Pacific area that we had only today's message files on hand.

Ira Dale heard Ambassador Muccio would go to KMAG Headquarters and move with the KMAG commander. Cryptographer Sam Berry would accompany Muccio.

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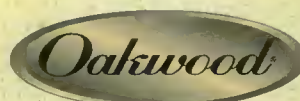


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Our Radioteletype Section had a mobile radio. A truck would carry its transmitter, receiver, housing unit and generator. This radio could provide communication to very distant places such as Tokyo. Our section had five experienced radio operators.

Ira Dale notified Ambassador Muccio of our mobile communications capability. Muccio replied that the Army would provide his communications. (The ambassador should have taken our offer: KMAC communications with Tokyo were soon overwhelmed by heavy message volume.)

✦ ✦ ✦

Sometime before 6 a.m., we were told our Communications Branch would "kill the board" (the switchboard) at 9 a.m. We would then have 30 minutes to destroy our equipment and board a bus in the motor pool. We were given single-bladed axes or sledgehammers to use in destroying our equipment.

Buses would depart at 9:30 sharp. Anyone not aboard would be left behind. We'd be allowed to take only one suitcase each.

The KMAC radio operator departed. He would operate the radio maintaining communications between KMAC and SCAP. He left the RCA transmitter and a half filled can of toddy on a CommCenter table.

Non-memorable last words

I thought about sending the last message from Seoul. A large screen would be installed high above the machinery in the Tokyo relay station and would display the words from Seoul. Important people would observe those last words, and I was the one who'd be sending them.

My words would go down in history if I could send memorable last

*I'd be sending the last
radio message from
Seoul. I knew my words
would go down in history
if I could think of some-
thing memorable, but all
I came up with was
"CU IN TOKYO."*

thoughts to Tokyo. I believed it had been the radio operator at Wake Island who had said "Send us more Japs" as that island was falling. I knew the radio operator at Corregidor had sent a note to his mother as the island fell.

No memorable words came to mind. I thought of asking "Will anyone loan me some track shoes?"

As 9 a.m. neared, I talked (on the teletype) with an operator in Tokyo. Nothing dramatic came to mind so I just wrote "C U IN TOKYO." I'd missed my chance to have my words go down in history.

Sam Berry walked in just then with a 40- or 50-word enciphered EMERGENCY message to SECSTATE WASHDC. That message tape was only about half sent when power died. It was time to start destroying communications equipment.

I dropped the message and tape into the wastebasket containing the day's message traffic. I felt bad about not getting that last message out before the power died.

I could hear the sounds of the transmitters being smashed in the

next room. Sledgehammers were hitting the switchboards far down the hallway. Dick Mixer, one of our CommCenter team, had started destroying the teletypes as soon as the power shut off. He went at his task enthusiastically.

I picked up my axe and smashed away. It turned out to be fun. I hit the Underwood typewriter keys and not much happened. I struck a blow at the end of the typewriter carriage. This produced a zinging sound followed by the end-of-line bell ringing as the carriage sailed into the air and onto the floor.

I had to hit the telephone several times to get good results.

I smashed the teletype in front of me. The destruction actions specified in the teletype manual were easy to understand.

I moved over to smash the RCA transmitter the KMAC radio operator had used. Destroying such a beautiful piece of equipment bothered me. I sliced off the knobs on the front panel and smashed the dials. As I did this, the can of toddy that had been sitting on the table fell over and spread its liquid under the transmitter.

A Korean I'd never seen before had wandered in and was watching our actions. Obviously, he was going to loot things after we left. I opened up the top of the transmitter and began smashing the radio tubes. The pretty glow of the radio tubes meant the transmitter was still getting electricity but I failed to grasp that fact.

I had difficulty hitting all the tubes inside the transmitter case. The Korean looter-to-be tried to help me. He picked up the transmitter with the obvious intention of tilting it toward me so that I could more easily smash the tubes inside the case.

After picking up the transmitter, the Korean stopped smiling and just stood there quivering slightly. It was clear that the slopped toddy liquid on the bottom of the transmitter had permitted the electricity to find a new circuit through the Korean's body.

I looked around for the power plug in the wall outlet. My intention was to pull the plug, but I couldn't find the outlet. The cord from the transmitter went over to the wall and behind some file cabinets. I raced over to the file cabinets and, axe in hand, began looking between them for the plug. All that time, out of the corner of my eye, I could see the Korean standing there with the transmitter in hand, quivering.

I finally spotted the power cord on the floor between two file cabinets. I chopped at the power cord with my axe. One swipe of the axe cut the power cord in two. The

*We had 30 minutes
to destroy our equipment.*

*We were given single-
bladed axes and
sledgehammers.*

Korean stopped quivering, put down the transmitter and walked out of the room. He didn't smile at me as he left.

When we finished our destruction, I carried the wastebasket containing the day's messages out to the front parking lot. I planned to set the wastebasket on fire with matches. I found Sgt. Brown detonating thermite bombs stacked below and on top of his crypto-

graphic machines. I asked if I could toss my wastebasket on the fire. He said okay.

Brownie and I watched the crypto machines and my messages burning. He noticed an American missionary taking pictures of the burning crypto machines with a movie camera. Brown pulled a pistol from his holster and told the missionary to stop taking pictures. The missionary smiled triumphantly as he stopped taking pictures and turned away.

At 9:25 a.m., the Communications Branch and embassy security people boarded the buses; we were the last to leave. Koreans stood silently in the street and on the sidewalk watching our every move.

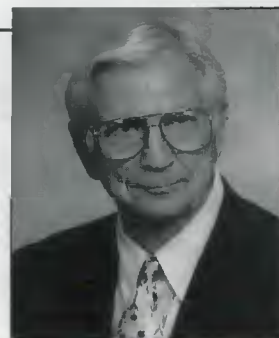
I was embarrassed by the stares of the Koreans as our convoy of buses and cars drove through Seoul. They were threatened by an invading army and we were running away.



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It seemed that our evacuation of Americans was complete, but we later learned that the kindly Mrs. Lee had been left behind in Seoul. Why hadn't she listened to WVTP or called the embassy? Why hadn't one of us called her? I still think of her last reported words. She had called RCA San Francisco and said, "The bastards have left me!" She was right.



When we arrived at Kimpo Airport about 10 o'clock, we found Air Force fighters flying protective cover over us. Sometimes the fighters were P-51 Mustangs, sometimes P-82 Twin Mustangs and occasionally jet-engine F-80 Shooting Stars.

Each time the fighters flying cover needed to return to Japan for fuel, they'd fly flat and low past us and wag their wings as they climbed away. It was their way of saying, "You're going to be without air

*The only things between
us and the North Korean
Army were a river and a
few national policemen.*

cover for a while, so watch out!" Sometime later a new pair of fighter aircraft would arrive to fly cover over us.

We formed in groups on the tarmac with our luggage and were issued C rations to eat.

From time to time, a C-54 Air Force transport would land and taxi up to the terminal area. A group of American evacuees would then board the aircraft and it would take off for Japan.

The only things between us and the advancing North Korean Army were a river and a few South Korean national policemen.

Sometime in the afternoon a twin-engine bomber flew toward us from the south. I was surprised to see it had the silhouette of a Douglas A-26.

Some nearby South Korean national policemen turned and began moving toward cover from a possible air raid. I shouted "Meegook, Meegook!" (American, American). The nearest policeman looked surprised. I was too. When the aircraft neared us, we saw its white U.S. stars.

This was our first indication that President Truman had committed military forces to help the South Koreans. Until then we had assumed the U.S. wouldn't defend South Korea. I felt better. I could now look South Koreans in the eye.



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Awaiting evacuation at Kimpo Airport, June 27, 1950, while U.S. fighters fly cover. The author is far right.



By mid-afternoon, the evacuation had halted. The fighter aircraft continued to fly cover over us but Air Force transports had stopped arriving. We had three planeloads of evacuees still awaiting flights to Japan.

There was much discussion about the halted airlift. We decided to try ringing an old Japanese telephone line that ran from Kimpo Airport to Fukuoka, Japan.

A telephone technician answered the phone in Japan. He transferred the call through many telephone exchanges to Far East Air Force (FEAF) Headquarters. FEAF said they'd heard that Kimpo Airport had fallen to the North Koreans. The C-54 transports had been diverted to Suwon Airport about 25 miles to the south of us.

FEAF Headquarters agreed to start sending the C-54 transports to

Kimpo Airport again.

FEAF Headquarters diversion of C-54s to Suwon was amateurish: It showed communications had broken down. Air Force fighters from Itazuke Air Base were flying cover over us. FEAF Headquarters should have known this.

Some of us doubted whether FEAF would send more transports to Kimpo. Ira Dale had a carryall containing food, water and a full tank of gas in the embassy motor pool. Ira, Red and I decided to go get his carryall and drive the 250 miles to Pusan far to the south.

As we walked toward the parking lot, we encountered Sgt. Brown. When he heard our plan, he recommended we not go. He said he'd received reports early that day about fighting with guerrilla forces south of Yongdungpo. That was on the route we'd be travelling to Pusan. We took Brown's advice.

Last plane out

The embassy security people asked those of us who were healthy and young to volunteer to be on the last plane out. They said we might have to travel by vehicle or on foot to Suwon Airport.

All the Communications Branch's young men volunteered to be on the "last plane." We thought we might have an adventure that we could tell our grandchildren about.

Late that afternoon, the C-54 transports began arriving once again at Kimpo. Small amounts of ammunition were unloaded from each aircraft.

A KMAG lieutenant colonel and some soldiers had arrived to pick up the ammunition from the cargo aircraft. The officer said things were getting better at the front.

FEAF Headquarters instructed us to wave white towels or shirts when the last transport arrived. This was to assure the aircraft commander that

the airport was still in friendly hands. We agreed to do so.

As the last C-54 aircraft arrived over Kimpo, we all waved white towels or T-shirts. I think we all felt rather foolish about doing so.

The plane landed and taxied toward the air terminal while two P-51 Mustangs continued flying cover over us. I was enjoying the drama of the last plane's arrival.

The C-54 swung into position in front of the air terminal. The cargo doors opened to reveal two crewmen holding submachine guns with ammo clips in place. They looked out at us grimly. Here was a scene we could tell our grandchildren about!

Then the crewmen put the ladder in place and four civilians appeared in the plane's doorway. They were American reporters.

Three of the reporters were men. The fourth was a pretty young woman who looked quite fetching in a white blouse and dark skirt. She was Marguerite Higgins, a reporter for *The New York Herald Tribune*. All the reporters got off the plane, and we learned they were staying on to cover the big story.

I felt a big sense of anti-climax. We weren't the last Americans out of Seoul after all! When the shoes of Marguerite Higgins and the male reporters touched the tarmac, all the drama of departing on the last plane had dissolved. The stories we'd be telling our future grandchildren about this day had just dropped a couple of notches on the grand scale of historical significance. We climbed aboard the aircraft quietly and soon left Kimpo Airport behind. ■

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SIX MEMOIRS AND A NOVEL

Which genre best reflects life in the Foreign Service?

By JAMES THOMAS SNYDER

The Consul's Wife

W.T. Tyler, Henry Holt, 1998,
hardcover, 216 pages, \$24

Memoirs, Volume 1

George F. Kennan, Random House,
1983, softcover, 583 pages, \$20

Memoirs, Volume 2

George F. Kennan, Random House,
1988, softcover, 368 pages, \$15.95

Sketches From a Life

George F. Kennan, Random House,
1990, softcover, 365 pages, \$12.95

Yellow Ribbon

L. Bruce Laingen, Brassey's Inc.,
1992, hardcover, 305 pages, \$23

Origins of a Catastrophe

Warren Zimmermann, Times Books,
1996, hardcover, 305 pages, \$25

Our Man in Belize: A Memoir

Richard Timothy Conroy, St. Martin's
Press, 1997, hardcover,
305 pages, \$27.50

W.T. Tyler — former FSO S.J. Hamrick writing under a pen name — is a novelist who takes foreign policy and its practitioners seriously. He has written about spies, diplomats and bureaucrats in six novels, earning himself favorable comparison to novelist Graham Greene. In his latest novel, *The Consul's Wife*, Tyler tells the story of Hugh Mathews, a graduate school dropout, a self-described vagabond and

an FSO who has resigned himself to participating in pointless diplomacy. A burnt-out case, Mathews is the archetypal "man with a bad corridor reputation" going nowhere in the Foreign Service's up-or-out career path.

The Consul's Wife takes place in the Zaire of the early '70s and is populated by predictable characters. Nearly every American or European in the bush is either a wraith-like missionary, an on-the-make expatriate or a clone of the Englishman Kurtz in his final throes at the end of Joseph Conrad's short story about European exploration of Africa, "Heart of Darkness." Mathews spends much of the novel traveling in the bush with a proto-hippie-turned-diplomat named Ken McAuliffe, who seems to be the only FSO in the embassy who has been to the vast interior of the country. The other Americans, who isolate themselves on compounds in the capital, are usually pictured either in repose or recreation. Unfortunately, these descriptions of diplomatic bureaucracy replace insight into the characters.

One of the most compelling sections of the book occurs in the first few chapters, with one of the United States' moon landings as a backdrop. The American ambassador tries to set up a meeting with a village chief deep in the interior. A tribal shaman, called a *Bena N'Kuba*, interprets the meeting as a challenge to his power and decides to use his magic to interfere with the proceedings. He summons up a ferocious squall to make good on his threat. Unfortunately for him, the storm arrives too late to foil the meeting and the *Bena*

N'Kuba abandons the territory he once held in thrall, a man broken by the magic of people who know how to put men on the moon. It is a genuine, compelling contrast of starkly different peoples. It is also the only event in the book that explores the difficulty of conducting diplomacy across the divide of different cultures.

The rest of the novel is concerned with directionless diplomacy and a furtive romance. The romance is between Hugh Mathews and the eponymous consul's wife: ageless, graceful Margaret Ogden, known as Blakey. Married to Consul Jeffery Ogden, who spends most of his time obsessing over his tennis game, Blakey is fascinated by the animist spiritual beliefs of African tribes. She collects fetishes and tribal masks, a pursuit into which she pulls Mathews. Mathews justifies their affair with this argument: "I'd freed her from nine years of the Jeffrey-Margaret diplomatic duet, a barren marriage to a sexually illiterate husband who romped out his passion knocking tennis balls into the net or nimbly dancing his way through a cocktail-party set, and now she'd rediscovered herself and her freedom." This perception rings like a tinny cliché of 1970s women's liberation: Cooped up, sexually unfulfilled housewife finds gratification in the arms of a real man.

Blakey eventually runs from Africa and her marriage, while Mathews continues with his dreary postings. They are reunited after some 10 years when Mathews takes a desk job in

Washington, D.C. The courtship takes up where it should have begun, and the book ends in quiet comfort between two broken people, a relationship that rings true.

Czech novelist Milan Kundera argued in *The Art of the Novel*, his 1993 collection of essays, that "the sole raison d'être of a novel is to discover what only the novel can discover." Presumably a novel gives answers to the human condition in a way that other genres can not. Because they rely on fact, diplomatic memoirs do not easily lend themselves to introspection, cutting details or titillation. As a result, a novel of Foreign Service life might be expected to follow Kundera's rule and explore its subject in a way not possible in a Foreign Service memoir. Ironically, while there is much potential in Tyler's fiction, it is less compelling than the best memoirs written by career Foreign Service officers.

Most career diplomats who write memoirs worth reading have by fate or ambition been present at the creation of something worth writing about. Warren Zimmermann, for example, capped a 33-year Foreign Service career by presiding over the dissolution of Yugoslavia as the last U.S. ambassador to that country. He contributed to the examination of the tragedy there with his compelling 1996 book about his tenure in Belgrade, *Origins of a Catastrophe*.

Richard Timothy Conroy, a former FSO and writer of murder mysteries, is one of the few to write well about his time in the Foreign Service in a place where nothing much of historical significance happened. His 1997 comedic memoir, *Our Man in Belize*, recounts his service as a vice consul from 1961 to 1963, when Belize was known as British Honduras. The most significant event during his tenure was a visit from Hurricane Hattie in 1961. Conroy's despair, which has

been mellowed into wit by 30 years distance, is reminiscent of Lawrence Durrell's black humor in the diplomatic classic, *Esprit de Corps*, a memoir of life in the British Foreign service in Yugoslavia after World War II.

Still, most Foreign Service memoirs are written by stoic, devoted professionals. *Yellow Ribbon*, a collection of the secret journal and letters of Bruce Laingen, chargé d'affaires at the American embassy in Teheran when it was seized by Islamic militants in 1979, is one such example. Laingen joined the Foreign Service in 1949 and served as a junior officer in Iran in 1953. More than a quarter century later, he was hastily appointed chargé d'affaires at the embassy in Tehran while the State Department tried to find an ambassadorial appointment suitable to the Shah. Five months later the embassy was seized and he was held for 444 days. During that time he kept a secret diary and smuggled out letters to his wife and three sons. Laingen's forced confinement provided him an opportunity to look at the inner workings of Iranian politics and to create a valuable historical resource. Even more compelling are his thoughts in loving messages sent to his family.

Day 199, May 20, 1980 — I woke early and couldn't sleep. ... today the foreign minister here can go to Islamabad and tell the assembled foreign ministers there that Iran is acting with "great restraint" in the face of the "provocations" that the United States constantly forces on the noble people of Iran. Who is guilty of provocations? Who has violated international law? Who is holding 53 men and women hostage for purposes of political blackmail?

But perhaps the best known Foreign Service memoirist is George Kennan. Kennan published his *Memoirs* in 1967 and 1972, then supplemented it with publication in 1989 of *Sketches from a Life*, an extraordi-

nary collection of diary entries spanning more than 60 years. Setting the standard for FSOs with writing aspirations, Kennan seamlessly weaves policy discussions and historical observations into his personal revelations. Writing in a style that rivals the best novelists, he ranges from gallows humor to despair.

Take, for example, a footnote in which Kennan describes the strange sensation of living in the closely monitored Spaso House, the U.S. ambassador's residence in Moscow, in the early 1950s. He tells of reading Voice of America propaganda aloud to unseen KGB eavesdroppers in an effort to keep up his Russian. On the next page, he summarizes the climate of Russia at the time by describing the terror his KGB tail imposed on Russian children who tried to play with his two-year-old son through the residence's iron fence.

In other passages, he describes meeting a prostitute in blacked-out World War II Berlin, and the time a congressional delegation arrived drunk for a meeting with Soviet dictator Josef Stalin after being feted in the Russian manner — with alcohol — at "tea." Kennan reveals himself while at the same time describing acute political reality. For example, this is how he describes Prague in 1938 after the Munich conference among Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy allowed Hitler to take over the German-speaking Sudetenland area of Czechoslovakia.

I have written so many formal things about this part of the world that I think I have paid my due to literary discipline and decorum and am entitled to indulge just once in the "stream of consciousness" stuff. I even wonder whether it isn't possibly the only proper approach to this dreamy, poignant place, which has a thousand tales to tell and proves nothing at all, unless it be

BOOKS

the incorrigible vanity and tragedy and futility of all human endeavor. In all the history of Bohemia there have never been any clear issues, any complete victories, or any complete defeats.

Despite the difficulties of writing in the rigid genre of memoir, Kennan and other FS memoirists have succeeded in producing complete accounts of their experiences through the use of complex characters and precise detail. Unfortunately, Tyler neglects his characters' development and settles for stereotypes, such as his portrayal of African bureaucrats modeled on Zairian dictator Mobutu Sese Seko's dandies.

Tyler succeeds, however, in producing lovely passages which show his sensitivity to the African land:

The thickening light darkened the shadows along the laterite road, along the streams and the glades of acacia and palm. It magnified the figures visi-

ble near the roadside huts where the villagers stirred, busy at the wood and charcoal fires and cooking pots, absorbed in those small tasks that in the capital were hidden behind the ugly clay-and-concrete-block walls of the native communes but on an open savannah under a limitless sky gave a renewed dignity and grace to these small daily acts of existence.

The best Foreign Service memoirs are successful where Tyler's novel fails because they follow another Milan Kundera precept. Kundera roots his story and characters in a specific time and place, such as Russian-occupied Prague or modern Paris. Novelist Graham Greene, known for his depiction of expatriate life, also placed his characters in real-life situations, with the result that readers identify with his characters. *The Consul's Wife* is set in a Zaire (now the Democratic Republic of

the Congo) that is bland in comparison to the reality. Mathews, Tyler's protagonist, would be a deeper, richer man, if, like his real-life counterparts, he plumbed more of the internal dilemmas that a Foreign Service life presents.

In the novel Mathews recounts a truism of diplomatic life which his friend McAuliffe has told him: "It's a kind of controlled schizophrenia, the diplomat's life," he (McAuliffe) said. "You wonder which side of the brain you really want to live in, the public one or the private one."

Good Foreign Service fiction, like a good Foreign Service memoir, should be written using both sides of the brain.

James Thomas Snyder is a Congressional aide living in Washington, D.C. He has written for The New York Times and The Los Angeles Times. ■

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IN MEMORY

Willis C. Armstrong, 86, a retired FSO, died of cancer May 31 at his home in Arlington, Va.

Mr. Armstrong was born in New Jersey and graduated from Swarthmore College. He received a master's degree from Columbia University Teachers College.

He began his State Department career as a translator, interpreter and Russian language tutor with the U.S. embassy in Moscow. During World War II he served as a liaison officer with the Lend-Lease Program and as a transport coordinator with the War Shipping Administration in Washington. He returned to State as an East-West trading specialist after the war and in 1958 joined the Foreign Service. He was posted to Ottawa and London as well as the Department of State. After his retirement in 1967, he joined the faculty of Columbia University where he became acting dean of the School of International Affairs. In 1970 he served two years as president of the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce. He returned to government service from 1972 to 1974 as assistant secretary of State for economic affairs, and from 1981 to 1984 as a member of the Central Intelligence Agency's senior review panel.

Survivors include his wife, Louise Schaffner Armstrong of Arlington; and a son, Ian C. Armstrong of Washington.



Philip W. Arnold, 64, a retired FSO and UN peacekeeper, died April 15 at his home in London after a heart attack.

A native of New York, Mr. Arnold attended the University of Chicago. Upon his graduation in 1953, he worked for CARE in Yugoslavia.

After joining the Foreign Service he served with USIA in Warsaw, Vienna, Bonn, London, Santiago, Zagreb, and Belgrade. He also worked on the U.S. Mission to the United Nations in New York. During his Washington tours, he served as director for both Western and Eastern Europe.

Following his retirement from the diplomatic corps in 1993, Mr. Arnold served as official spokesman and director of information for the U.N. in the former Yugoslavia and with the U.N. Mission in eastern Slavonia from 1995 to January 1998, when he retired to London.

Survivors include a brother, Alvin of Manhattan; a daughter, Alice Arnold Melnick of Boulder, Colo.; three sons, David of Washington, D.C., Jeremy of Los Angeles, and Jonathan of Chicago; and two grandsons, Jackson and Joshua Melnick.



Nona A. Beardsley, 61, wife of FSO Bruce A. Beardsley, died of cancer on May 21 in Los Angeles, Calif., where her husband serves as diplomat in residence at the University of Calif. at Berkeley.

A native of the Philippines, Mrs. Beardsley immigrated to the United States in 1970 and married her husband in 1973 in Beirut. She accom-

panied him to additional assignments in Kabul, Copenhagen, Seoul, Bangkok, Manila, and Mexico City. She was active in charitable and social organizations and was twice cited for her contribution to the advancement of U.S. interests abroad. In Copenhagen she worked at the European Headquarters of the World Health Organization.

Survivors include her husband; her daughter, Allison; and seven siblings.



Veronica Ellen Beauchamp, 88, widow of a retired FSO, died of a stroke at Mount Vernon Hospital in Alexandria, Va., on February 9.

Born in Dover, N.J., she met her husband, William Ellsworth Beauchamp, a U.S. Army officer, during World War II.

When her husband joined the State Department in 1947, she accompanied him to posts in France, Yugoslavia, Algeria and Taiwan. When her husband retired in 1972, Mrs. Beauchamp settled with him in Alexandria, Va., where they both remained active in civic organizations. Her husband died in 1988.

Survivors include a sister, Anna Klimek of Woodford, Va.; a brother, Michael Klimek of Pearl River, N.Y.; two daughters, Danielle M. Beauchamp and Mary Anne Beauchamp, both of Alexandria; a stepson, William E. Beauchamp of Dallas; two grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

IN MEMORY

Katharina Brandt, 80, longtime secretary of the American Liaison Office with the Berlin city government, died of cancer April 5 in Berlin. She joined the liaison office in 1947 and for four decades was a key assistant to the U.S. Berlin mission in its relations with the local German authorities during the blockade, the Wall crises and the quadripartite government of the city.

She is survived by her son, Wolfgang Brandt of America House in Berlin.

Donald S. Brown, 70, a retired FSO, died of cancer in May in Montpellier, France.

Mr. Brown was born in Queens, N.Y., and received a B.A. from Antioch College. He attended Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced Studies and was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow at Princeton University.

He was assigned with AID to Algeria, Sudan, Somalia, Libya and Iran. He served as director of USAID missions in Zaire, Morocco and Egypt and as deputy assistant administrator for Africa. During his 30-year career Mr. Brown received the Rockefeller Public Service Award, 1977; AID Distinguished Career Award, 1983; and the Order of the Republic of Egypt, 1982. After retiring from the Foreign Service, Mr. Brown was vice president of the International Fund for Agricultural Development in Rome from 1983 to 1996.

Survivors include his wife, Micheline; three sons, Alain, Dean and Christopher; and his brother, L. Dean Brown.

Katherine Stokes Cottam, 83, widow of a Foreign Service employee, died at St. Mary's Home in Manitowoc, Wis., on March 26.

A native of Midvale, Utah, Mrs. Cottam accompanied her late husband to his posts in Paris, Rome, The Hague, Rio de Janeiro, and Kuwait before retiring with him in Washington, D.C. Mrs. Cottam had resided at St. Mary's Home for three years.

Survivors include her daughter Meredith Stangel of St. Nazianz, Wis.; two grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Ralph Daly, 63, a retired Foreign Service employee, died May 14 at Jefferson Memorial Hospital after a heart attack.

Born in New York City in 1934, Mr. Daly served from 1954 to 1957 in the Marine Corps as a naval artillery forward observer. Following his military service, he graduated in 1961 from the City University of New York and obtained an MBA from Iona College in 1972. Mr. Daly was

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IN MEMORY

employed by the U.S. Naval Intelligence Service in Guantanamo Bay, Panama and Japan.

In 1976 he joined the Inspector General's office in the Agency for International Development which led to assignments to Pakistan, Panama, and the Philippines. He returned to the Inspector General's office in Washington, D.C. in 1990, from which he retired in 1994.

Survivors include his wife, Anne; a son, Andrew of Washington, D.C.; and a daughter, Jean, of Purcellville, W.Va.

Matthew Drosdoff, 89, a retired AID official, died of heart ailments April 24 in Ithaca, N.Y.

Mr. Drosdoff was born in Chicago and graduated from the University of Illinois. He received a master's degree and a doctorate in soils chemistry from the University of Wisconsin.

He joined the government as a surveyor of soils with the Department of Agriculture and in 1938 was assigned as a researcher to Washington. He served with AID in several Central American countries and in Peru. From 1961 to 1964 he was chief of the agricultural mission in South Vietnam. From 1964 to 1966 he returned to the Department of Agriculture as administrator of the International Agricultural Development Service. In 1966 he joined the faculty of Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y. He wrote or co-authored over 60 scientific publications.

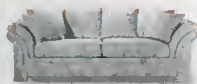
His first wife, Sarah Max Drosdoff, died in 1978. Mr. Drosdoff's survivors include his wife, Mildred Binder Drosdoff of Ithaca; his children from his first marriage, Ruth Tueker of Cincinnati and Daniel Drosdoff of Fairfax, Va.; 2 stepchildren, Jonathan Prigot of Boston and Andrea Hovaness of New York; a sister; and six grandchildren.

Phyllis Clough Eiselt, wife of a retired diplomatic courier, died of complications related to Parkinson's disease April 29 at her home in Port Ludlow, Wash.

She was born in 1926 in Seattle and graduated from the University of Washington as a nurse in 1947. She practiced nursing in Nanking, China, until 1950. She married Raymond Walter Eiselt in 1951 and accompanied him on assignments to the Panama Canal Zone, Reykjavik, Tokyo, Kobe, Frankfurt, Bonn and Vienna. In 1965 the Eiselts moved to Fairfax, Va. where they lived for 30 years. During the 1970s Mrs. Eiselt worked as a nurse at Fairfax hospital. In 1995 she and her husband moved to Port Ludlow.

Survivors include her husband Raymond Walter Eiselt; four children, Erich of Washington, D.C., Mark, Nancy and Julie, all of Seattle; four grandchildren; her brothers, Ray Clough of Bend, Ore., and Ralph Clough of Arlington, Va., and her sister,

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IN MEMORY

Harriet Waldron of Marrowstone Island, Wash.

Bernard A. Femminella, 71, a retired FSO, died of emphysema June 5 at his home in Washington, D.C.

Mr. Femminella was originally from Brooklyn, N.Y. He graduated from St. Francis College there and later served two years in the army.

He began his Foreign Service career in 1952. His assignments abroad included postings to Mexico City, Pusan, Santiago, Colon, Cuba and Montevideo.

Survivors include his wife, Virginia Femminella of Washington, D.C.; a brother; and a sister.

Danica Fraleigh, 91, widow of a retired FSO, died of pneumonia May 14 at a hospital in Rome.

Born in Belgrade, Mrs. Fraleigh received a law degree from the University of Belgrade and met her husband, William Norman Fraleigh, in Athens during the mid-1940's. Thereafter, she accompanied him on his assignments to Rome, Spain, and New Zealand.

Survivors include two daughters, Georgia Fraleigh Costa and Billie Fraleigh, both of Rome; and two grandchildren.

Marshall Green, 82, a retired FSO, died of a heart attack in Chevy Chase, Md. on June 6.

Mr. Green was born in Holyoke, Mass., and graduated from Yale University. He worked for Ambassador Joseph Clark Grew as a private secretary in Tokyo in 1939, and joined the Navy after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

His Foreign Service career began in 1945. His postings abroad included

Wellington, Stockholm, Seoul and Hong Kong. From 1965 to 1969 he served as ambassador to Indonesia. Returning to Washington, he was assistant secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs during the Nixon administration and was a member of the delegation that accompanied the president on his momentous trip to China in 1972. He was ambassador to Australia from 1973 to 1975 and later headed the U.S. delegation to the United Nations Population Commission until his retirement in 1979. He held the rank of career minister and received the State Department's Distinguished Service Award. After retirement Mr. Green was director of Population Action International, chairman of the Japan-America Society and a visiting professor at George Washington University.

Survivors include his two sons, Mark Green and Edward Green, both of Washington, D.C.; and a grandson.

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IN MEMORY



Michael P. Guido, 75, a retired FSO, died June 8 at the Hospice of Northern Virginia after a brief illness.

Mr. Guido, a native of Kingston, N.Y., graduated from Oswego State Teachers College and received his master's degree from Syracuse University. After serving in the Army from 1942 to 1945 in the European theater, Mr. Guido worked as an audiovisual director with the Little Falls, N.Y. public school system.

Mr. Guido joined the State Department in 1952 as a USAID FSO. He was posted to Beirut, Khartoum, and Blantyre. From 1965 until his retirement in 1985 he served in Washington, D.C. as chief of orientation in training and development with AID, making his home in Falls Church, Va.

Survivors include his wife, Ann; his daughters, Susan of Falls Church and Lisa of New York; four sisters, Mary, Irma, Margaret and Anna; and a brother, Vincent of Kingston, N.Y.

Daniel J. Hafrey, 78, a retired FSO, died on April 7 of cancer.

Born in Dnepropetrovsk in the former Soviet Union (now Ukraine), Mr. Hafrey grew up in Turkey and Latvia before arriving in the United States in 1940. During World War II he spent nearly four years in the U.S. Army in the Pacific and European theaters, mostly in intelligence work. After the war he attended the University of Minnesota and did his graduate work at the London School of Economics. During the 1950s he was a part-time instructor at the University of Minnesota School of Journalism and worked for 15 years as a reporter and editor for the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*.

He joined the Foreign Service in 1961, serving in Leopoldville (Kinshasa), Brazzaville, Bangui, Vienna, and Bucharest. He also served as chief of policy guidance for USIA and as counselor for public affairs at the U.S. Mission to the

European office of the United Nations in Geneva. After his retirement from the State Department in 1980, he worked as a free-lance writer on international affairs for publications abroad.

Survivors include his wife, Monique Louise Tourneur Hafrey of Bethesda; a son, Leigh G. Hafrey of Cambridge, Mass.; two daughters, Anne C. Hafrey of Cambridge and Joye L. Hafrey of Alameda, Calif.; and two grandsons.



Olive F. Hanscom, 87, a former FS secretary, died May 26 of arteriosclerosis at George Washington University Hospital in Washington, D.C.

A native of Maine, Ms. Hanscom served as a Foreign Service secretary for 30 years in Phnom Penh, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Sierra Leone, Tel Aviv, and Tokyo. After her retirement from

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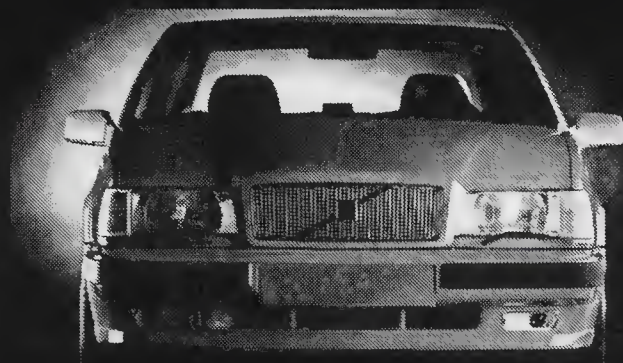
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IN MEMORY

the State Department in October 1971, she worked briefly for the World Bank.

Survivors include her cousin Paul E. Sterling of North Branford, Conn.

Henry J. Kellermann, 88, a retired FSO, died of renal failure and a heart ailment May 12 at Suburban Hospital in Bethesda, Md.

Mr. Kellerman was born in Berlin and went to the universities of Freiburg and Heidelberg. He received his doctorate in law from the University of Berlin. After working as a journalist and leading a Jewish youth group, he came to the United States in 1937 on a fellowship to Johns Hopkins University. He worked in New York with the National Refugee Service and the Welfare Council of New York. He also earned a master's degree from the School of Social Work at Columbia University. During World War II, Mr. Kellerman worked in Washington with the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service and later the Office of Strategic Services. He worked on the Nuremberg war crimes trials and then joined the State Department. He served in intelligence and cultural posts in Washington and in Europe. Mr. Kellerman was permanent representative to UNESCO in Paris from 1956 to 1961 and chargé d'affaires in Switzerland from 1961 to 1966. He retired in 1970 after serving as State's first international environmental officer.

Survivors include his wife, Mignon Pauli Kellermann of Chevy Chase, Md.; two sons, David, of Switzerland, and Tom of Peru; a daughter, Susan Kellermann of New York and Los Angeles; and six grandchildren.

Frederick Palmer Latimer, Jr., 94, a retired FSO, died April 23 in Sonoma, Calif.

IN MEMORY

Mr. Palmer was born in Groton, Conn. He graduated from Yale University and later attended the University of Dijon in France.

He joined the Foreign Service in 1928 and served in El Salvador, Estonia, Finland, Honduras, Panama and Turkey.

After retirement in 1954 he earned his Ph.D. in Middle Eastern studies from Princeton University and taught at the University of Utah, Southern University at Memphis and Nathaniel Hawthorne College in Antrim, N.H. During his teaching career he returned to Turkey as a Fulbright scholar.

Survivors include his wife, Rebecca of Sonoma, Calif.; two sons, Douglas of Redwood City, Calif., and John of Los Gatos, Calif.; five grandchildren, and his sister, Helen Porter of Darien, Conn.

Anne Marie Meisenzahl, 69, a retired Foreign Service secretary, died of cancer March 10.

Born in Rochester, N.Y., Ms. Meisenzahl attended Nazareth College before joining the Foreign Service. Her last tour abroad was in Nicosia, Cyprus, where she served as the U.S. ambassador's secretary.

Survivors include her sisters, Loraine M. Morrison of Atlanta and Jean M. Byrne of Port Lucie, Fla.; and her brothers Thomas W. Meisenzahl of Clearwater, Fla., and Peter A. Meisenzahl of Rochester, N.Y.

Olwyn Mary Merrill, 87, wife of a retired FSO, died February 17 in Longbranch, Wash., of pulmonary fibrosis.

Ms. Merrill, a native of Nampa, Idaho, graduated from the College of Idaho in 1932. She was commissioned as a U.S. naval officer in 1942 and trained as a meteorological officer at the University of Chicago. She served in this capacity at Moffat Naval Air Station in California and in Tillamook, Ore.,

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IN MEMORY

before marrying Vernon L. Merrill, in 1946.

Beginning in 1952, Ms. Merrill accompanied her husband to his posts at embassies in Tel Aviv, Teheran, Beirut, Bonn, and Monrovia. After her husband's retirement from the Foreign Service, she settled with him in Liberia to help operate the largest iron ore mine in Africa, where they remained for 10 years. They returned to the United States in 1978, settling in Longbranch, Wash.

Survivors include her husband, Vernon Lewis Merrill of Longbranch; and her sister, Catherine Randleman of Snoqualmie, Wash.

Joseph Mintzes, 82, a retired FSO, died of a cerebral hemorrhage April 21 in Washington, D.C.

Mr. Mintzes graduated from Temple University in his hometown of Philadelphia and continued his studies at American University where he received a master's degree in economics. In World War II he was a translator for the Army Signal Corps in China. He worked in Washington in the Bureau of Labor Statistics before joining the Foreign Service in 1957. His posts included an assignment to the Marshall Plan office in Paris and a tour as head of AID in Zaire. After his retirement from the Foreign Service in 1971, he became a consulting economist for the Aspen Institute and the Office of Technology Assessment. He was also a senior research fellow at George Washington University's office of science, technology and public policy, and taught economics, history and utopian theory at the Institute for Learning in Retirement.

Mr. Mintzes' first wife, Doris Levy Mintzes, died in 1982. Survivors include his wife, Hilda Weissman Mintzes of Washington; two daughters from his first marriage, Judith Mintzes of Vashon Island, Wash., and Barbara Mintzes of Vancouver; three stepchildren, Anne Clary of Chicago, Matt

Weissman of Bethesda and Barr Weissman of Takoma Park, Md.; and five grandchildren.

Virgil Patrick Randolph III, 68, a retired FSO, died September 11, 1997 in a car accident in Brazil.

Mr. Randolph was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1929 and attended the University of Virginia, where he received bachelor's and master's degrees from the Woodrow Wilson School of Foreign Affairs. Upon his graduation, Mr. Randolph became an officer in the U.S. Navy, serving aboard the aircraft carrier *Corregidor*.

Mr. Randolph joined the State Department in 1955. His overseas posts included Haiti, Brazil, Peru, Venezuela, Ireland, Barbados, and Colombia. A recipient of the Department's Superior Honor Award, he retired in 1985.

Following retirement, Mr. Randolph divided his time between Richmond and Santos, Brazil. At the time of his death, he was at work on a personal memoir of his diplomatic experiences.

Survivors include his wife, Isabel Maud Shelia Kealman Randolph; two sons, Virgil Patrick Randolph IV of Washington, D.C. and Richard Henry Randolph of Santa Barbara, Ca.; and three daughters, Betsy Allen of Greenwich, Conn., Caroline Randolph of Dublin, Ireland, and Susannah Randolph of Warrenton, Va.

Cameron Horner Smyser, 28, son of an FSO, died of cancer April 28 at Georgetown University Hospital.

Mr. Smyser was born in Washington, D.C. He accompanied his parents to overseas assignments including Bonn and Geneva. He graduated from Sidwell Friends and Connecticut College. From 1991 to 1993 he worked as a residential counselor at Threshold Services' Halpine

West facility in Rockville, Md. He also served as an intern at the National Institute of Mental Health and a volunteer research assistant at the Uniformed Services University. He was a doctoral student in clinical psychology at Rutgers University at the time of his death.

Survivors include his fiancée, Gina L. Abbott of New Haven, Conn. and his parents, William R. Smyser (FSO) and Sally Smyser of Washington, D.C. and New Castle, N.H.

Catherine S. Stokes, 82, wife of a Foreign Service employee, died of congestive heart failure March 23 at the Potomac Valley Nursing Center in Rockville, Md.

Mrs. Stokes was born in Salem, Neb. and grew up in Horton, Kan. She was a secretary in Washington, D.C. for Sen. Arthur Capper (R-Kan.) in the '30s. She accompanied her husband, Charles S. Stokes, to assignments in Greece, Libya and Ethiopia. After her husband's death in 1959, she returned to Washington, D.C. and was a secretary in the D.C. deputy mayor commissioner's office until she retired in 1970.

Survivors include a sister, Bertha Burns of Dallas, and three brothers, Donald Scott of Henderson, Nev., Warren Scott of Petaluma, Calif. and Raymond Scott of Centreville, Va.

Erwin A. van Swol, 90, a former public information officer with USIA, died April 19 at his home in Long Eddy, N.Y., after a heart attack. He had cancer.

Mr. Swol worked for several New York newspapers, including the *Daily Mirror*. He was a columnist and city editor of the legendary *PM*. From 1946 to 1955, he was managing editor of the *Journal of Living* magazine. Mr. van Swol commuted from his New York home for 22 years to his job with USIA in Washington. ■

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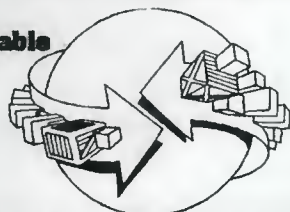
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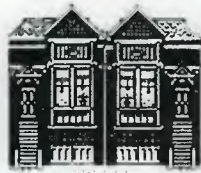
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POSTCARD FROM ABROAD

Kazakstan Baby Blues

BY SUSAN WELSBY

A few months into a two-year Assignment to Kazakstan, one of the newly independent former Soviet republics, I became the first American dependent at the embassy to become pregnant. I had just been hired by Wellstart, a non-profit group with a USAID contract, to share my knowledge of the most up-to-date methods of breast feeding with Kazakstani health care workers, but I had not expected to become a walking example of what I was preaching.

Still, my pregnancy gave me unexpected entree into the lives of Kazakstani women, who were eager to share their customs with me. My first shock was that Kazakstan's most popular child-care expert is the late American pediatrician Benjamin Spock, whose works have been widely translated into Russian. Dr. Spock's was the last familiar advice I was to receive in the ninth largest country in the world, though.

By tradition, women are in charge of maternity in Kazakstan. First to give me unsolicited advice were the *babushkas*, older women who often override Soviet-style doctors trained in "strict Moscow protocol." One of

*Korindik is the
closest thing in
Kazakstan to
a baby shower.*

them, our neighbor, sturdy, grey-haired Baba Shura, prepared daily "pregnancy" teas for me from herbs grown in her private garden. Although most women now have their children in maternity hospitals, for centuries ethnic Kazak women gave birth in yurts — the circular tent homes of the nomadic culture — attended exclusively by other women whose job it was to prepare cereals to help the mother keep up her strength during labor. In a country where a majority of obstetricians are women, most Kazaks still consider the maternity ward no place for a man.

Both Kazaks and Russians, the two largest ethnic groups in the country of 17 million, are cautious about welcoming newborns into their families. With an infant mortality rate nearly three times that of the United States — 27.2 deaths for every 1,000 children under the age of one year — this makes sense. Kazaks even wait until a child is 40 days old to introduce the baby to family and friends at a cere-

mony called *korindik*, which is the closest thing in Kazakstan to a baby shower. The infant is given a ritual bath, dressed in fine attire and shown off to guests bearing gifts of money. Only then does the baby come alive to the family.

Another Kazak tradition is the use of a decorated wooden cradle called a *besik*. The *besik* is made from a flat bed mounted on rockers and covered by two arched planks painted with brightly colored flowers or other nomadic symbols. Kazak babies spend their first year of life tightly swaddled and strapped into the *besik* with padded velvet straps. They are breast fed while immobilized and even pee through a hole in the cradle's bed.

Although they do not use *besiks*, Russians also swaddle their infants so tightly that they cannot move. These restricted babies appear noticeably calmer than those in the West, but they also have poorer muscle development. For that reason alone, when I returned to Kazakstan after having given birth in London to our daughter, Shona Rose, I never seriously considered swaddling her or putting her in a *besik*, although I was tempted at times.

Instead, the red and yellow flower-bedecked *besik* I bought in an outdoor market now sits in our Washington, D.C. living room, an object of curiosity for guests and a reminder of our daughter's earliest months in a country half-way around the world. ■

Susan Welsby, M.D., the spouse of FSO Craig Karp, was a consultant to Wellstart, a USAID contractor working to introduce up-to-date breast feeding methods in Kazakstan from 1992 to 1994. Shona Rose Welsby-Karp was born in London in 1992. The stamp is courtesy of the AAFSW Bookfair "Stamp Corner."

Rampaging monsters; War, expropriation, nuclear reaction;

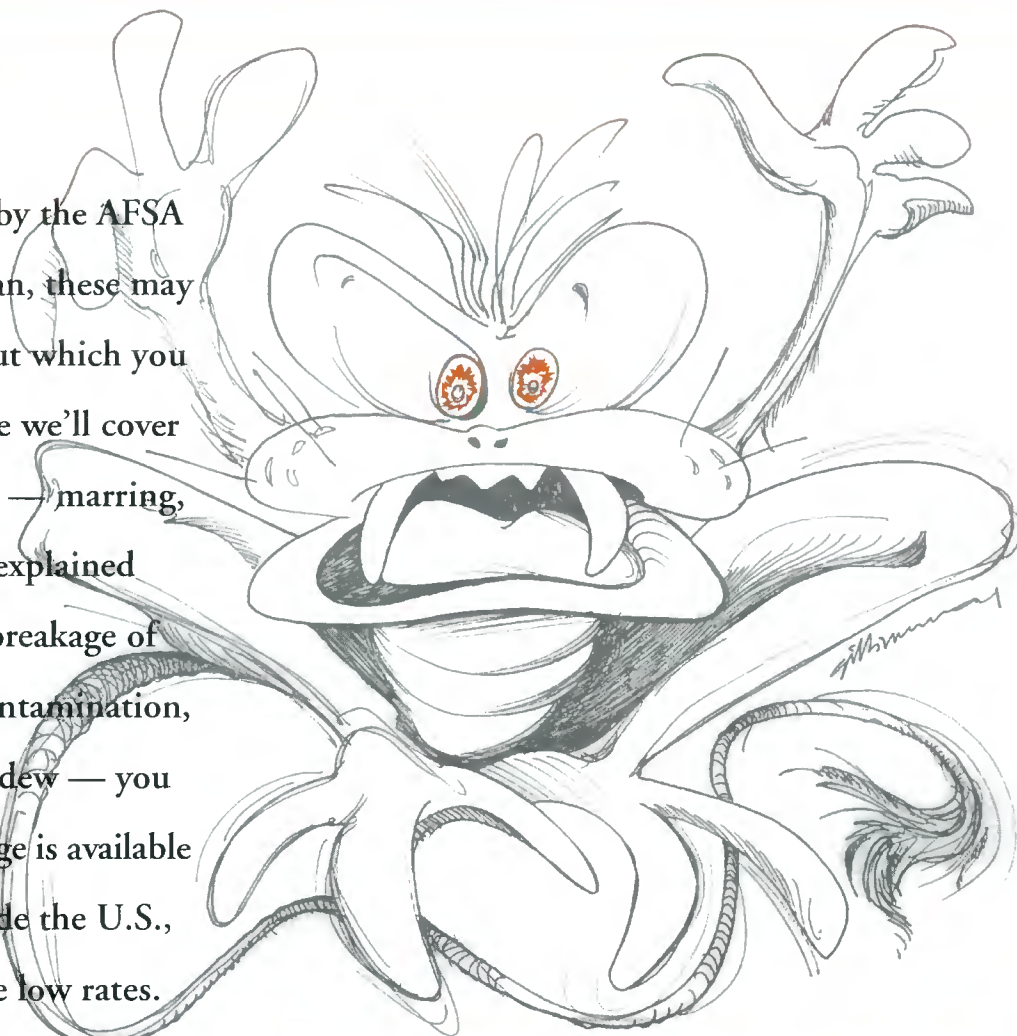
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Come to think of it, rampaging monsters aren't specifically excluded, so we'd probably cover any damage caused by one of them, as well.



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