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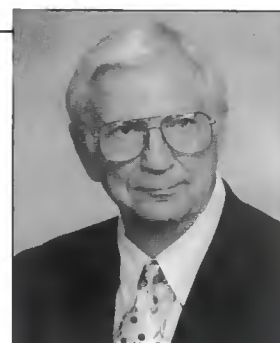
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PRESIDENT'S VIEWS

A Prescription for Diplomatic Health

By MARSHALL P. ADAIR

CASE HISTORY: American diplomacy has matured slowly, conducted on an ad hoc basis for the first 135 years of the republic, and professionalized in 1924 only after World War I brought home the need for a more consistent and disciplined approach. Over the next 30 years, the United States developed a small elite core of talented and disciplined diplomats, who could be fielded anywhere at any time — the beginnings of a professional diplomatic service worthy of a great power. After World War II, the professional Foreign Service played a key role in implementing the Marshall Plan and constructing the post-war international defense and economic institutions. In the 1950s it was first intimidated and paralyzed by Joseph McCarthy's witch-hunt, and then almost de-professionalized by "Wristonization" (the integration of massive numbers of Civil Service personnel). Through the 1960s it gradually regained its footing. In the '70s and '80s it struggled with the political imperative of adjusting its personnel to better reflect the social composition of the nation, and in the 1990s it confronted the growing competition from an increasingly dynamic private sector demand for internationally oriented talent.

SYMPTOMS: Political leaders devote substantial rhetoric to the need for diplomacy, but in actuality rely increasingly on military or para-mili-

*The patient is
suffering from
over-exertion and
malnutrition.*



tary responses to growing national security threats such as the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction, the growth of narcotics trafficking, and the expansion of international terrorism. American influence in international organizations, which the United States and our allies created after World War II to promote world peace, is declining because of U.S. failure to pay its share of obligations. The U.S. defense budget is growing in peacetime, and is now 16 times larger than the foreign affairs budget. The applicant pool from which the Foreign Service draws its officer corps has dropped from 20,000 in the 1970s to 9,000, and morale has been edging downward for decades.

DIAGNOSIS: While still inherently strong and healthy, American diplomacy is showing signs of anemia caused by overexertion, under-nourishment, and an unsupportive domestic environment. Since 1985, the number of overseas posts has increased from 232 to 251, while the foreign affairs budget has declined 41 percent in real terms. A shortage of more than 700 persons to positions strains current Foreign Service employees, and makes

serious training almost impossible. Improvement is constrained by a perennial lack of political support, which can be traced to conflicting Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian views of public service at the beginnings of the republic; a national political aversion to "elites" (other than military or Hollywood); the congressional budgetary classification of the State Department outside of the national security framework; and the lack of a political constituency.

PRESCRIPTION: First, increase immediately the dosage of resources to diplomacy by 50 to 100 percent, and continue that regimen for at least the next 10 years. Second, restructure the Washington environment to include the Department of State and diplomacy within the national security apparatus. Third, use the presidential bully pulpit to renew national respect for diplomacy and civilian public service, demanding and honoring a national diplomatic service that is superior in terms of talent, training and experience.

PROGNOSIS: If this treatment is applied as directed now, the basically healthy constitution of the subject can be strengthened, and it can be expected to play a healthy and effective role promoting national interests and providing world leadership. However, if neglect and undernourishment continue, the core of American diplomacy, its professional diplomatic service, will be weakened in a way that will take an inordinately long — and dangerous — time to restore. ■

Marshall P. Adair is the president of the American Foreign Service Association.

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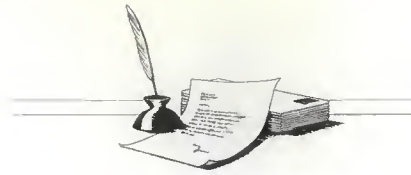


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LETTERS

Our Mistake in Vietnam

The Vietnam articles in the April *Journal* were useful but incomplete. Not cited there nor in the far too few other articles on our government's development-building activities in Vietnam during 1960 to 1975 was sufficient information on Vietnamese civilian attitudes and beliefs.

Along with 12 to 14 other younger USAID officers who were stationed in other overseas USAID missions, I left Ankara for a September/October 1966 TDY to Vietnam. Sleeping most nights in Saigon, I flew to neighboring provincial capitals during my first six weeks. My job was to help local USAID field officers and provincial Vietnamese officials to design at the local level USAID-assisted development projects.

Without exception, the townspeople expressed strong family ties and only a little less strong neighborhood or hamlet ties. They had virtually no ties or trust in a government, any government, whether the French, nor the Saigon, nor the Viet Cong. Governments, they said, collect taxes and draft their children into the military and that's all.

USAID was there in large part to

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help the Saigon government and its provincial affiliates develop the institutions necessary to instill in the Vietnamese a positive sense of government.

What we did not do was respond sufficiently to an equally strong feeling that the provincial Vietnamese expressed: That they had been in war-like situations for more than 35 years. In almost every family, at least one family member had been killed in battle. What they wanted more than anything else was peace, regardless of who might be in charge. Without a clear identification and articulation of that position, our own efforts — military and development — could not succeed.

What did we learn from all this? In future work overseas, we must understand the attitudes and beliefs not only of host country decision-makers but also of persons who live and work outside their nations' capital cities. Only then should we decide whether to become more involved in foreign assistance.

*Morrie Blumberg
USAID FSO, retired
Albuquerque, N.M.*

USIA vs. Communism

Hans Tuch is, quite simply, wrong (letters, May). The U.S. Information Agency was indeed, as Nick Mele has written, "conceived and created to meet Cold War challenges."

As a young journalist in the Midwest, I knew Karl Mundt well. The Republican senator from South Dakota was a staunch backer of what

was then, in the early postwar years, the International Information Administration, a unit of State. In a 1949 interview, shortly after the USSR had exploded an atomic bomb, he spelled out to me his plans for a separate agency whose principal purpose would be to combat the threat of communism around the world.

I joined the International Press and Publications Service of IIA in 1950, three years before the Smith-Mundt Act brought USIA into existence. Throughout the 1950s I wrote columns on communism as "Benjamin E. West" and on world affairs as "Paul L. Ford." Other columnists wrote on the arts, science and the economy.

But while the agency's primary reason for being at that time was to wage a propaganda war against the Soviet Union and Communist China, our information factory was ill-equipped to do so. Its "policy advisers" took their cues from CIA's woefully inept analysts. These were the gentlemen who insisted, in January 1953, that Stalin could not possibly be ill "without our knowing it," with the result that (a) we missed a rare opportunity to unnerve the men in the Kremlin with our prescience, and (b) when Stalin died that March, the two agencies and the White House were stunned to the point of panic.

Don't misunderstand me. I am — and was — all for USIA as a supporter of the arts and sciences. Indeed, while in Hong Kong, I persuaded Pearl S. Buck to contribute a book of her short stories (several of them,

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admittedly, with subtle anti-communist themes). I converted them into the book *Escape at Midnight*.

In truth, I never asked for the anti-communist roles I was assigned, and I was so vocal an opponent of McCarthyism that I once found my phone being tapped by USIA security. But not for one moment did I doubt, nor did any of USIA's supporters on Capitol Hill ever doubt, that the agency's primary reason for being was to combat the spread of communism around the world.

Had that not been USIA's chief and overriding mission, Congress never would have funded it for so many years. The question is, as Nick Mele has written in the *FSJ*, whether USIA outlived its usefulness. A very good case for that can be made. The Internet, television, videos, films and news organizations create visions of America with which USIA could not compete.

Wes Pedersen
Communications Director
The Public Affairs Council
FSO, retired
Washington, D.C.

USIA In State

As a career USIA FSO who cross-walked into the "new" State Department, I would like to offer a few comments on Dell Pendergrast's very thoughtful and insightful "Speaking Out" column (*FSJ*, March 2000). After nearly 29 years of overseas and Washington experience, I admit that working at Main State is a challenge. Currently, I am working with colleagues who do not necessarily understand what public diplomacy is but who rely on me to help on serious projects in Indonesia, the Philippines and elsewhere in East Asia.

The added value we from USIA bring to State is our ability to help manage information, shape foreign opinion and convince our interlocu-

tors in other countries of our government's policies and of the values of our society and its institutions. We also do much more: We interpret policies and executive decisions for foreign audiences; we solicit their views in countless programs; and we introduce them to experiences in our country and work with them when they return to help cement better understanding of their experiences. We encourage the study of the United States at many overseas universities and think tanks and we run a speaker program, enabling many Americans of different academic professional backgrounds to interact with foreign audiences. And we do all of this with greatly reduced resources.

Pendergrast is accurate in his assessment of a more rigid, top-down management culture at State. In my brief experience at Main State I have seen how people are more often consumed with "process" than with delivery of products. The much criticized clearance procedures, which can hold up important actions for days, if not longer, are well known to all. I have found that many of my State colleagues are just as stymied by clearance hurdles as former employees of USIA.

The 1999 McKinsey study of State Department human resource management showed that State, like other federal agencies, remains largely a traditional top-down management culture with a premium placed on deference to rank. One weakness in this is that it stymies initiative whenever minor decisions have to be bucked up to higher levels, and this reduces flexible response to opportunities, something we in USIA were long accustomed to exploiting.

Our public diplomacy work is viewed by many "traditionalists" as less serious and more peripheral to the work of "real" diplomacy. It will

take all of our talent and esprit de corps to show that in public diplomacy we continue to bring a greater dimension to foreign policy, one which Secretary Madeleine Albright declared to be essential during her welcoming remarks on Oct. 1, 1999 to the assembled employees in front of the former USIA headquarters.

Bruce K. Byers
FSO
Reston, Va.

Monstrous Comparison

Ted Seay, in the May 2000 issue, gives one more proof that 1984 and Newspeak are alive and well in contemporary foreign policy circles in the United States. Comparing Munich 1938 to Yugoslavia 1992 is monstrous. The differences are obvious — no matter how much we try to distort them to justify an ethically morbid adventure in the Balkans. We have forgotten the history of World War II but use its labels and slogans to cover the fact that we have lost our moral compass.

Nazi Germany was engaged in aggression against its neighbors in 1938. The Yugoslav Army in 1992 attempted to put down internal revolts that were supported by its neighbors, Bonn and Rome, the two partners in the monstrosity of Munich. Slovenia, Croatia and Bosnia were integral parts of the Yugoslav Federation. The Yugoslav Army did not attack an independent, internationally recognized Slovenia a day after it declared its independence; it attacked rebels within a part of Yugoslavia. That the rebels won a military victory and gained international recognition later does not make Yugoslavia's actions any less valid legally and morally.

Similarly, Croatian and Bosnian ethnic politicians revolted against Yugoslavia. This time they did not have Slovenia's geographic and demographic advantages. When the

LETTERS

revolt went badly, German Chancellor Helmut Kohl sprang to their support, stampeding Europe and the United States into recognizing the rebels — an action that even Henry Kissinger and Lawrence Eagleburger criticized at the time.

Senior German Army officers have told me that Kohl supported the independence of Croatia and Bosnia because he sought revenge for Nazi humiliation in World War II Yugoslavia. (If anyone doubts this, let us remember that Kohl's first official reaction to the collapse of the Warsaw Pact was to call for the restoration of Nazi Germany's Eastern border.)

In Kosovo, we supported and incited rebellion and grossly exaggerated casualty figures. We then issued an ultimatum to Belgrade to allow NATO troops to occupy Yugoslavia. To compound the tragedy, we gave close air support to Croatia's ethnic cleansing of Serbs from Krajina and western Bosnia.

Is Slobodan Milosevic a terrible dictator who, by any reasonable standard, should not rule a European country? Yes. But how different is he than Franjo Tudjman, whom we supported and who made the Ustashi flag the national flag of Croatia?

Seay attacks the peacemakers and supports the war makers in what history will judge to have been a bad cause.

*Patrick N. Theros
Ambassador, retired
Washington, D.C.*

Who's Blaming Whom?

It's hard to understand Ted Seay's compulsion (May "Letters") to continue the "blame game" over former Yugoslavia as he attacks Fraser Cameron's article in the February issue of the *FSJ*.

Cameron quite fairly pointed out that the failure of will, beginning with the decision not to intervene

militarily when fighting broke out in Yugoslavia in 1991, was shared on both sides of the Atlantic. Both Europe and the United States, he noted, were otherwise preoccupied and failed to address the deteriorating Yugoslav situation in a timely and effective manner.

Seay quibbles with several of Cameron's points but refutes none of them. He then allows "some justification" in Cameron's pointing out shortcomings in U.S. policy in the Balkans. "But," Seay concludes, "the record must be set straight about Europe's manifest lack of political will to act when Europe was in crisis." Having in effect agreed that the tragic lack of political will was also mutual, what's to "set straight"?

*Russell Prickett
FSO, retired
Austin, Tex.*

The McCarthy Apologists

At the very least, Rorin Platt's review of a book which reexamines the life and legacy of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy should have had a question mark after the headline "Joseph McCarthy, Rehabilitated." (*FSJ*, May)

The review should also have been assigned to someone who had some knowledge of what the vast literature on McCarthy has demonstrated about both his effect on this country and the Foreign Service, and to the real U.S. security interests in the early 1950s. The reviewer writes: "Herman does acknowledge that, despite McCarthy's sincere and determined effort to rid the government of Reds, fellow travelers and Soviet agents...." This bespeaks an ignorance of the senator's record of desperately searching for issues that would win him national notoriety before he stumbled on the Red Scare.

Before he became a Communist



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hunter, McCarthy sought to endear himself to Midwesterners of German ethnicity by attacking the American prosecutors of 73 German SS men convicted of taking part in the massacre of unarmed American prisoners of war and Belgian civilians at Malmedy near the end of the war.

Arthur Herman, author of the book under review, is quoted as concluding that McCarthy "has been proved more right than wrong in terms of the larger picture" of communist infiltration of the federal government.

Really? In McCarthy's famous 1950 speech in Wheeling, W.V., he said: "I have here in my hand a list of 205 that were known to the secretary of State as being members of the

Communist party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping the policy of the State Department."

The author, as have many of McCarthy's apologists, wrongly cites the accusation as being directed at 57 people, not a surprise since McCarthy changed the number frequently. And he incorrectly describes McCarthy as referring to them not as "Communists and members of a spy ring," but as "security risks."

Platt asks whether McCarthy might not have been more credible to "the Wise Men and liberal intelligentsia" if he had gone to Andover and Yale rather than having grown up in rural Wisconsin.

Robert LaFollette, Frank Lloyd Wright and many other men who

rose to prominence and national esteem grew up in rural Wisconsin. It wasn't McCarthy's background that finally destroyed him. It was the fact that the nation finally caught on to the opportunistic scoundrel that he really was, something that seems still to escape Herman and the *Journal's* gullible reviewer.

Stanley A. Zuckerman

FSO, retired

McLean, Va

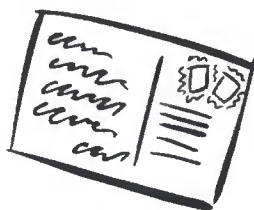
Those He Destroyed

I was struck by the ironic juxtaposition of Rorin Platt's review on Joseph McCarthy and the memorial notes for John Paton Davies, one of the "old China hands" whose career was destroyed by McCarthy's Red-baiting.

I have not read Herman's book and I do not take issue with the thesis that the opening of the KGB files and other Soviet records have substantiated that there was significant Soviet infiltration of the U.S. government in the 1930s and 1940s. What I found deeply disturbing, however, was that the *Journal* saw fit to publish a book review that makes a number of offensive and historically questionable ideological assertions: that the Truman administration did not take the communist threat seriously; that George Marshall was "duped" by the Chinese communists into "losing" China; and that the State Department did nothing to cut short the careers of those accused by McCarthy of being "Reds, fellow travelers and Soviet agents."

How does this square with Davies' obituary, which notes that Davies, along with FSOs John S. Service and John Carter Vincent, was targeted by McCarthy for providing honest assessments of the situation in China and that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles dis-

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LETTERS



missed Davies as a result of McCarthy's campaign?

Historians often make their reputations by offering interpretive revisions of critical periods of the past. But sometimes the conventional interpretation is correct. McCarthyism destroyed lives, stifled dissent, crippled free speech and spread fear and paranoia throughout American society. For State, it resulted in the destruction of many FS careers and denied our country the invaluable expertise and talents of many dedicated FSOs, especially the "old China hands." I believe the *Journal* owes it to them not to publish an attack on their memories masquerading as a book review.

Marc J. Sievers
Political counselor
Embassy Riyadh

Power Behind the Arabs

Congratulations on your May choice of "Arab-American Connections" and the Curtis, Fernea and Zogby essayists. Ironically, these three have been out of favor in the political establishment for a couple of decades, as have the Foreign Service "Arabists."

Many of your readers may be surprised to learn that when I, a FS Arabist, retired to Minnesota, I was regarded with great suspicion by the local Arab-American community. The pervasive belief was that our pro-Israeli government policy was State Department propelled, which could hardly be further from the truth, of course. Since then the "Arabists" have been supplanted by the "Israelists" in State and the White House. And Curtis, Fernea and Zogby have helped the Arab-American community become a forceful lobby.

C. Patrick Quinlan
FSO, retired
Edina, Minn. ■

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CLIPPINGS



"In an era of unprecedented prosperity, why is there a growing backlash against globalization? The benefits of free trade may appear obvious to CEOs, policy-makers and pundits, but denial of a rising wave of public anger against trade could prove dangerous. Those who marched in Seattle and Washington, D.C. reflect a disparate but real collection of grievances that simply will not go away."

— FROM AN EDITORIAL
IN THE APRIL 24
BUSINESS WEEK

SURPRISE! FILM SLAMS DIPLOMAT

A recent major movie, "Rules of Engagement," has a U.S. ambassador as one of its main characters. Not too surprisingly, the film continues a Hollywood tradition by showing the fictional ambassador as a thoroughly despicable character.

The film, which garnered mediocre reviews, has been a modest box office success. It opens with the U.S. embassy in Sana'a, Yemen, threatened by a violent demonstration. Ambassador Mourain, played by Ben Kingsley, is scared silly (we see him shaking with fear and hiding under his desk). He calls in the Marines, who are helicoptered in from a nearby ship.

The ambassador and his wife and child are evacuated — amazingly, they appear to be the only civilian employees in the embassy. Before the Marines take off, though, they open fire on the crowd of demonstrators, killing 87. This attack leads to the court martial of the Marines' commanding officer; the second half of the film is basically a courtroom drama. During the trial, the ambassador, under pressure from above, perjures himself, incriminating the brave colonel who saved his life.

For Foreign Service officers who may worry about how their profession is portrayed in the media, there is one small consolation: The president's national security adviser comes across as truly evil, and far worse than the ambassador.

The diplomatic corps is not the only group with reason to be offended by "Rules of Engagement." Arab-American organizations have protested the film because it shows Yemenis as one-dimensional and uniformly anti-American.

— Bob Guldin

DEAR MADELEINE: SECURITY, PLEASE

State has received more bad publicity concerning its record on security. A June 1 letter from Sen. Rod Grams, R.-Minn., to Secretary of State Madeleine Albright notes that six current nominees for U.S. ambassadorships have collectively committed some 62 security violations, and one of the nominees has 22 violations in his personnel record. (However, the letter does not detail the nature or seriousness of the violations.) Grams then asks Albright to reconcile the nominations with her recent statement that diplomats who neglect security are failures. Albright, in a June 6 letter to the senator, pledged continued cooperation in improving State Department security practices. She also pointed out that most of the cited security violations happened more than 10 years ago.

But as of June, those nominees who had more than 10 violations each were having their confirmations delayed, reportedly until key senators were satisfied that State is making progress in changing its security regulations.

RUSSIAN FSN NABBED IN VISA FRAUD

Writing in the May 9 *Chicago Tribune*, Cam Simpson reports that Igor Galitskiy, a Russian who worked for the U.S. Department of Agriculture at the U.S. consulate in St. Petersburg, was arrested May 5 in Chicago for allegedly helping several of his countrymen use false pretenses to enter the United States, where some of the men then allegedly carried out financial crimes.



CLIPPINGS

According to a spokesman for U.S. Attorney Scott Lassar, Galitskiy filed visa applications claiming several Russians were coming to the U.S. for farm or food trade shows. But when they arrived, investigators believe, the men made contact with a shadowy countryman known only as "Alex." With his help, they obtained American identification with which they opened bank accounts funded, at least in part, from cash wired from Estonia. Those accounts were then used to purchase luxury items for shipping back to Russia, but the money backing the purchases was withdrawn from the banks before the goods were actually paid for.

One of the Russians, arrested in December in Denver, is cooperating with authorities; his bogus purchases alone topped \$80,000. Two other Russians, allegedly helped into the U.S. by Galitskiy, were also arrested, and arrest warrants have been issued for four others, including "Alex."

INS GOES OVERBOARD ON SPECIAL VISAS

The April 7 *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* reports that the INS issued more than 20,000 extra visas for much-in-demand skilled workers last year. Although the KPMG Consulting team's audit was unable to pinpoint the exact number of H-1B (skilled labor) visas issued during FY 1999, they said the agency exceeded the limit by 21,888 to 23,385, nearly 20 percent over the congressionally mandated level of 115,000.

The auditors are still investigating how the overissuance occurred and how to prevent a recurrence, but INS offi-

cial, who first discovered the problem last summer and initiated the audit, have previously blamed the error on a computer system miscommunication. Although the four INS service centers that process H-1B visa applications monitor their internal processing figures, the numbers were not properly conveyed to the main INS computer system that tracks the overall issuance of the visas, thus allowing duplication.

Whatever the explanation, the report came at a bad time for the beleaguered agency, which is already fighting congressional attempts to abolish it and replace it with separate bureaus to enforce the nation's immigration laws and dole out immigration benefits. And it did not take long for critic Rep. Lamar Smith, R.-Texas, to comment: "The taxpayers would be well-served by remedial math training for top managers at the INS. It would cost less than hiring a big-name accounting firm every time the agency must count past 10."

As this episode shows, the H-1B visa category, which permits holders to remain in the U.S. for up to six years, has proved extremely popular with computer companies and other high-tech interests in recent years as they have tried to address explosive job growth. Congress responded to this pressure in 1998 by temporarily raising the annual allotment of these visas from 65,000 to 115,000, and is expected to act again this year. The House Judiciary Committee has moved to the full House a bill to allow an unlimited number of three-year H-1B visas to be issued through 2002, though it would impose a number of new conditions on companies seeking to hire skilled temporary workers and also raises the visa fee by \$150.

50 YEARS AGO

"To the old epithets of 'stuffed shirts,' 'pink tea,' and 'cookie pushers' has been added, however incongruous, 'those Reds.' The Foreign Service faces a serious public relations problem which requires long-range, intensive, sustained programming to overcome. We cannot expect to be taken on faith. To the extent that people do not know us, their feelings will be colored by hostility and distrust."

— FROM AN EDITORIAL
IN THE AUGUST 1950
JOURNAL



CLIPPINGS

“Diplomats write Notes, because they wouldn’t have the nerve to tell the same thing to each other’s face.”

— WILL ROGERS

NO VISAS NEEDED

The U.S. House of Representatives approved on April 11 a bill abolishing the requirement for tourists and business people from 29 countries to obtain visitors’ visas to travel to the United States. The bill, which was awaiting Senate action, would make permanent a pilot program under way since 1986 of reciprocal visa-free entry to the countries, mostly in Western Europe. The INS says 11 million travelers used the program in 1998 alone, and the travel and tourism industry has actively lobbied to make the program permanent.

DOWNSIZING DONE?

The downsizing of the federal workforce may have run its course, reports Tim Kauffman in the Feb. 21 *Federal Times*. Figures from the Office of Management and Budget indicate the federal government will employ roughly the same number of civilians in fiscal year 2001 as in FY 2000.

Between 1993 and 1999, the civilian workforce declined 17 percent, the equivalent of 377,000 full-time jobs. OMB estimates that State Department employment should rise from 30,000 to 30,200 over the next year, a 0.7 percent increase. USAID employment is expected to remain unchanged. ■

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SPEAKING OUT

The Post Of Living Dangerously

BY LOTTIE ERIKSON

This past December, I attended a morning coffee in Islamabad where Christmas shopping was the topic of conversation. One embassy spouse announced she'd bought "I Survived the Coup" T-shirts for everyone on her list. Another said she was waiting for the updated version of the T-shirt, which should read "I Survived the Nuclear Chest-Thumping, the Evacuation, the Coup, the Rocket Attack on the Embassy, and the ..."

There were whoops of laughter followed by an awkward silence. Several women stirred their cups of coffee intently. No one wanted to think about what might happen next. We had all been to the emotional well too many times in the recent past.

Several weeks later my husband brought home an administrative notice requesting input from family members for the Islamabad post differential report. It read, in part: "While security issues do not normally play a significant role in determining this particular differential, the indirect effects of security-related restrictions or concerns (e.g., the cancellation of the Marine Ball) may be considered." (See sidebar, page 17.)

Reading the administrative notice led me to wonder if some of the most difficult aspects of life in a hardship post might also be the least commonly articulated or addressed. At critical-threat posts like Islamabad, chronic uncertainty and insecurity provide the background and context for every experience, every relationship and every decision in the same way that living with a terminal illness does.

*It's not about Big
Macs or big
bucks. It's about
the psychological
toll of a hostile
environment.*



While chronic insecurity does not lend itself to quantification, analysis or even anecdotal description, its effects are very real, and deserve to be recognized in both the definition and the calculus of "hardship."

So after reading the notice, I sat down and made a list of the ways in which chronic insecurity affects my children's well-being and our day-to-day life here in Islamabad:

- I go through my children's dressers to find and hide their favorite embassy T-shirts with the Great Seal of the United States on them because they make my children look like targets on legs.

- I recently had the following discussion with my seven-year-old daughter:

Me: "What did you do in school today?"

Her: "Oh, we had a safe haven drill."

Me: "Really, what's that?"

Her: "It's where everyone in the whole school goes to a dark room

and stands for a long, long time. Mom, what have we done wrong? Why do people want to hurt us?"

- My 11-year-old son used to be oblivious to danger and mortality in precisely the way a child his age should be oblivious. But now, every night before he goes to bed, he makes a circuit of the house and checks all the doors and all the windows to make certain they are bolted. He cannot lie down before he does this.

Living in a critical-threat post has taught my children lessons about fear and insecurity they could have gone a lifetime without learning. This is the dark side of the so-called "third culture kid" experience. Their sense of who they are in the world and how they can expect others to relate to them as Americans is being forged in a crucible of terrorist attacks and safe haven drills. What concerns me most is that this is not just a temporary setback in their quality of life. Their world view and their sense of identity are being formed here and now, so these experiences will stay with them forever.

What, Me American?

Nor are the effects limited to my children. This pervasive sense of uncertainty has also robbed me of the ability to express — freely, openly, and confidently — who I am, where I come from, and what I stand for. I deny my American identity, or at least pause to consider the consequences, every time someone asks me what country I come from. This erodes trust, limits relationships and

SPEAKING OUT



interjects an element of doubt into every encounter and interaction.

On a practical level, it also makes it impossible to plan even a few weeks in advance. I keep my most treasured family photos — the snapshot of my two-year-old son with a Coptic monk and the photo of my daughter impersonating a stone cherub at Ephesus — in an evacuation bag in the hall closet, not hanging proudly on the wall to show everyone who we are, where we've been, and how we've grown.

I have changed my walking route. We used to walk around the softball field on the embassy compound every morning. "What could be safer?" we thought. But since the rocket attack, we no longer feel so secure there. After all, the terrorists parked their

*I keep my
most treasured
family photos in an
evacuation bag.*

vehiele with the rocket launcher right next to the softball field. A guard shack on the charred pavement now marks the spot. In fact, we now avoid the embassy compound as much as possible because we may actually be safer out on the streets.

Chronic insecurity has more pronounced, and potentially more lasting, effects on my family than the

months-long monsoon rains, the lack of high-quality restaurants, or the fact that we have to collect our drinking water from the embassy in jerry cans.

As a former economist who has worked on environmental issues, I know how difficult it is for social scientists — let alone bureaucrats — to quantify intangible effects. Often when an effect or outcome is difficult to measure in an "objective" fashion, it is simply ignored, even when it is the defining hazard. Objectivity, fairness and the need to "CYA" all require the State Department to base its policies, procedures, and allowances on observable, measurable phenomena. But when we focus solely on what can be easily measured, real hazards are trivialized and the scope of our understanding is lim-



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ited. Ignoring difficult-to-measure dimensions of hardship invalidates real sacrifices that Foreign Service families make every day, and at the same time, seems to give undue weight to material deprivations. This validates the worst stereotypical perceptions of Americans and American culture as materialistic: We seem to be saying, "As soon as a fast food restaurant opens here, we can lower the post hardship differential." But for many families living at posts where security concerns are paramount, it is not about the Big Macs.

It is about acknowledging the psychological toll of representing one's country in a hostile environment. ■

The author is a Foreign Service spouse in Islamabad.

POST DIFFERENTIAL AND DANGER PAY ALLOWANCES

The post differential is an incentive for recruiting and retaining qualified personnel to serve in posts with unusually difficult or unhealthful conditions. Approximately 150 separate factors, related to three general themes of the physical environment, living conditions, and personal security (including political violence, crime, and political harassment) are evaluated in determining a post's differential rate. Differential rates range from 5 percent to 25 percent of base salary. Roughly one-third of foreign posts qualify for a post differential.

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The Office of Allowances in the Bureau of Administration develops and coordinates policies and procedures related to hardship differentials and danger pay allowances. General regulations relating to payment of the post differential and danger pay can be found on the Office of Allowances' Web site: www.state.gov/www/perdiems/dssr/. A discussion of procedures and criteria for post differentials and danger pay allowances can be found at: www.state.gov/www/perdiems/quarterly_reports/jul99_notes.html.

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THE SIEGE

It was the fifth day of the third week. Pat Murphy, the Public Affairs officer at Embassy Loin, glanced cautiously out the window into the glare of the West African sun.

"Looks quiet," he said. "Not even a goat. But stay away from the windows. Could be a trick." As he turned, backlit by the window, his short paunchy figure cast a prophetic shadow and his gray-black hair lit up in a halo.

The five disconsolate Foreign Service nationals seated on his sofa and the floor nodded their assent. On Sept. 30 they had stocked their Cultural Center with supplies for two weeks, double-locked all the doors, and bedded down to await the new fiscal year, optimistic that all would soon be well. They awoke to angry and insulting phone calls and megaphone messages and even one attempt by the aggressors to climb over the center's outer wall. That attempt was repulsed without injury, but with time, uncertainty also wounds.

Now Murphy looked at these USIA veterans with a mixture of pride and pity: despite their fears they, as well as those posted in the audio-visual room, the parking lot, the library and the English language instruction offices had remained upbeat, cheering as Murphy joined the women employees in the courtyard to pound yams into fufu — that staple of the West African diet — with a heavy pestle. They even cheered when he gave up after two minutes,

his arms in agony. But now they were not only coldly shaven and ill-washed but increasingly hungry, missing their families and worried about the rent and the children's tuition. (Murphy himself had no family to worry about: consecrated to worldwide cultural exchange, he had accepted the celibacy demanded by such a commitment.) How much longer could they hold out? He was certain only of the driver, Pierre, and of Admin Assistant Afi Kpomblekou, whose normally soft voice remained steely cold as she insisted, "I'll never trade BROMS for Excel!"

"Marie! When was the last time Pierre checked in?"

Murphy asked suddenly.

"An hour ago." His secretary's voice had lost much of its precision and quickness.

"Right. Think I'll see how he's doing. They're sure to try for the vehicles again."

Pierre Kpomu sat on a bench beneath the bao-bao tree, his solid stocky frame claiming much of its shade. The rest fell on the PAO car, the USIA Toyota Carryall and the FSNs' personal cars.

"All quiet, Pierre?" Murphy asked.

"Ah, oui," Pierre answered. "Sarkon was outside the gate awhile ago, shouting that they needed to deliver folding chairs to the ambassador's but," he laughed softly, "I told him to use their own flatbed. It's been wrecked twice already so another time won't matter!"

Murphy rejoiced in Pierre's eternal stoicism. Two weeks earlier he had thrown Sarkon back over



Amy Vangsgard

HUNKERED DOWN IN
THEIR COMPOUND, THEY
AWAITED THE WILY AND
GREEDY AGGRESSORS.

By JAMES F.
O'CALLAGHAN

F O C U S

the wall with that same patient strength which made him the best driver in the mission, picking up safe driving awards annually for 22 years. Murphy grunted approval. "Let him into our Carryall," he said, "and it won't last a week."

The older man nodded vigorously and added, "Once we don't have our own car to deliver things, forget about sending invitations on time!"

"For sure." Truly, the center needed a vehicle. And Murphy silently hoped he wasn't just being selfish about the other car, his official sedan. He needed it; he would miss half his appointments if he turned it over to the GSO. Surely he didn't want it just for the convenience, and still less for the status. Really, he didn't. Not really.

His examination of conscience was interrupted by the voice of the RSO shouting over the heavy black and heavily barred parking lot gate.

"PAT! You in there? We have to talk!"

Murphy peered through the spyhole. Jerry Hale was alone. Or at least all Pat could see was the RSO's wide belly, his face out of sight atop his 6'3 inch frame.

"I'm here," Murphy said. "But there's nothing to talk about unless you guys call off this nonsense."

The RSO's heavy sigh penetrated the steel gate. "You know this wasn't our idea — Congress ordered consolidation for Chrissake! We've been telling you that for months!"

"Yeah. Sure. Can't you guys come up with a new line?"

Another sigh. "Fine. I just came to tell you two things: first, the ambassador is about out of patience and she's ready to cut off salaries for all of you. After that we cut the water and electricity!"

"I knew it! To hell with the Geneva Convention when it suits you!"

"And," the RSO continued, "you've got a visitor you've really got to see."

"Who this time? Ellen? I know she's lusting for our computers. Tell her to save her breath." Murphy shook his head. Why did they suppose he'd believe Admin after he'd withstood the best con jobs the ambassador and DCM had offered?

"Not Ellen," said Jerry. "Your old PAO from Quito, Cottrell Brown."

"Cottrell Brown!" Murphy whispered softly, remem-

bering the lean sarcastic cynic who had told him his first day on the job, 10 years before, "Just make sure you've got lots of cameras and floodlights there for the ambassador's speeches." What's he doing here? Pat wondered. As if in answer the RSO went on:

"They flew him from the States to try to talk some sense into you. Better listen — he's your last chance."

Murphy was speechless. How could Cottrell Brown join them? At every USIA staff meeting he had complained about the time it took those clowns to process a simple travel voucher or ridiculed POL's ignorance of any opinion expressed outside elite living rooms. No, Cottrell would never join the dark side. They had a ringer, or it was just a trick to get inside the center and throw open the gates. "How do I know it's him?" he asked.

"He said to tell you 'Guayasamin knows marketing.'"

The phrase carried Murphy back to the fading hours of a dinner party in Quito, half a dozen staffers around the fireplace, huddled against the nighttime chill. Brown was shaking his head at the prices Guayasamin got for his paintings which were good, sure, but not that much better than those of a dozen other Ecuadorian artists. "Man knows marketing," Cottrell explained. "'Fore tourists ever get off the plane they think his are 'bout the only expressions of au-then-tic native culture, Indians playing the flute under surreal mountains or whatever. So they go on down to his studio and pay whatever he wants."

Murphy turned back to the gate. "OK, tell him to stand in the middle of the street where we can see him, and then to come in the front door."

"You want him naked so he can't hide anything?"

Despite the sarcasm, Murphy prudently considered for a moment. But it was too hideous. "No," he said. "Five minutes, OK?"

"You got it. Catch you later."

Murphy glanced through the spyhole to be sure Jerry had left, then went back into the center where he was joined on the stairway by Afi Kpomblekou and Press Assistant Koffi Santos. They peered through a landing window into the dusty street separating the Cultural Center from the embassy. In a few minutes a lone figure appeared, eyes squinting against the sun. "Sure looks like Cottrell Brown," Murphy allowed. "Older, a bit fatter. Less hair. But I think it's him."

"What can he tell us the others didn't?" asked Koffi.

"I don't know. But you can trust him. Or at least, you could. And we don't have much to lose by listening." He

James O'Callaghan's last post was as public affairs officer in Lomé. He is no longer in the Foreign Service.

*The headline in the local paper had read,
"Cultural Workers Defend Their Dignity
and Livelihood."*

slid open the thermal window and yelled down, "OK! Come in!"

Cottrell — if it was Cottrell — grinned amiably and put a battered baseball cap back on his head, one with the University of Mississippi logo. It looked like the hat from Quito.

Murphy quickly went downstairs to tell librarian Michel Toffou to open the door. "But make sure no one else is there to rush us."

Michel nodded wearily. He was a man of regular habits, was Michel, as dedicated to his work as to his family. Sleeping in the center and lacking library patrons these three weeks had been hard on him, and only the prospect of seeing his library seized by the Commercial Section had kept him resolute. Now he dutifully opened the door, letting a tall man in jeans and a guayabera shirt enter.

"Cottrell? It's really you! I thought you retired."

"Really is, my boy, and I damn near did!" The older man extended a hand. "Then my daughter decided she had to go to graduate school. Anyway, glad to see you're making a name for yourself. I always trained my JOTs good. You got something cold to drink? Hotter out there than the Delta in dog days."

"Sure." Murphy led the way up the narrow stairs to the PAO office, introduced Cottrell to the staff and to a chair, and poured a glass of mineral water before sitting behind his desk. "Afraid the beer's all gone, last week. Don't suppose you could get us some more, could you?"

"Yeah, think I could. Get you 'bout anything you want, if you go along with those boys." And in response to Murphy's disappointed expression, added, "You gonna run out of a whole lot more'n beer, you don't get with the program."

"Cottrell ... of all people, I never expected to hear this from you. How could they turn you around like that?"

"Took an act of Congress," Cottrell chuckled after draining a large glass of water and holding it out for a refill. "You did hear about that?"

"I know what they claim. But you're the one told me they'd been going back and forth on this for 40 years and

it would probably never happen and if it did they'd change it back again sooner or later. Well, if it happened we're just encouraging them to fix it sooner rather than later. Someone's got to make a statement."

Brown finished his second glass of water and wiped his mouth with a sleeve. "You sure did that all right. Real good job with your local press here. I guess. Don't read French but saw your picture on the front page of one of the papers here under a big headline about culture defending something, was it?"

"Cultural Workers Defend Their Dignity and Livelihood," Murphy translated from memory. "Koffi here gets the credit for arranging that."

"Good job, Koffi. But the *New York Times* quoted a Mr. Murphy in their story. You made the big leagues, boy!"

Pat modestly waved aside the praise. "Can't take much credit. They called me."

"Yeah, but you're the one who came up with, what was it? 'We must not prostitute American culture to the policy of the day'? There were even some sympathetic letters to the editor. Good stuff. Not that it'll do you any good."

Pat noticed the FSNs shifting uncomfortably, looking from him to Brown and back. "Sure it will," he insisted. "Get some public sympathy, Washington will react. If more posts had held out the damn thing would be repealed by now."

Brown shook his head impatiently. "They can't do nothin' in less than 15 years. You plan to sit here that long?"

"If we have to!" Murphy felt foolish as soon as he said it. "Damn it all, Cottrell, you know what's at stake? Take English programs: they say our part-time teachers have to be State employees but they don't say what kind: FSNs? PSCs? What? And if they are then we have to pay Social Security and medical and maybe a set number of hours so the costs go through the roof but they tell us the program still has to pay for itself which is impossible even if they figure out how to recycle money which they say they 'don't do.'"

F O C U S

"You got that right," Cottrell allowed. "But they'll work it out. Some day."

"And," cut in Afi bitterly, "Excel is a terrible program. I don't know if it could even recycle English language tuition or advising fees back into our budget."

"Or how about international visitors?" Murphy continued. "We can't wait until February — their latest guess — for a budget! We've got to get people on planes!"

"And they want to take our janitors," added Kwaku Amavi, the distribution head responsible for sending out thousands of newsletters and Wireless File texts each month. "But our janitors do more than clean; they help with stuffing envelopes or answering the phone when Victor's not here and all kinds of things!"

Cottrell nodded patiently, and added his own predictions: "And where you used to arrange to run your own petty cash, you'll have to go beggin' to B&F, and beggin' to GSO to fix things. Won't control no budget anymore. Have to get their OK. And you can bet they got their eyes on all these TVs and VCRs over here, too. And your library's gonna be pushing Fords instead of Faulkner. Oh, it's gonna be different, fer sure."

The FSNs, and Murphy, nodded in grim confirmation. "So how can you urge us to go along?"

"Listen here, son: You - ain't - got - no - choice! What you doin' now? You puttin' any international visitors on planes? You got anybody reading Faulkner in your library? You getting any money to track with any program at all? You having lunch with any journalists or academics?"

"Well I would. But they won't let anyone in, and if we go out they'll occupy the place."

"That's right. And you better believe it, they gonna cut you off: salaries, water, lights. It comes to that, you and your people gonna walk out of here with nothin'. I'm tellin' you, better give it up while you still got somethin'."

If pressure just made Murphy want to dig in his heels, the looks on the FSN faces told him Brown's arguments were having an effect. Even Afi was twisting her hands uncertainly. "You really believe that, Cottrell?" Murphy asked.

"I wouldn't have come 10,000 miles if I didn't! Besides, it ain't all bad. Take me. I'm still in my same office in the old USIA building but since ever'thing has to go through five layers of clearance now, I get a whole lot more reading done waiting for ABC an' XYZ to sign

off. Finally got through *Plutarch's Lives*, even. Good stuff."

Murphy shifted uneasily. He sensed he was losing the FSNs. "That's all right for you, Cottrell, but we're here."

"And it ain't all bad here, boy! Didn't they promise your FSNs grade retention? Ain't nobody gonna lose no salary or seniority. Mosta your people gonna keep doin' just what they been doing and you'll have less paperwork yourself. Well, maybe. And maybe you can even keep your car 'till the end of your tour — if you ain't got the ambassador too mad already."

"You're sure about grade retention?" asked Marie Zekpa. "Even if the PAO is downgraded, the secretary stays the same?"

"You stay the same, even if the position changes," Cottrell assured her. "Well, if that's really true —" Before she could finish Murphy broke in.

"How about FSN parking, hah? Koffi — didn't you say the State FSNs were already gloating that you wouldn't be able to park inside the USIA parking lot anymore because there wouldn't be one and you'd have to park outside like they do?"

"Yes," Koffi agreed. "But maybe ... I mean, if we get fired we don't have to worry about parking anyway. Are you sure we can't win, Mr. Brown?"

"Dead sure. Sorry. So what you gonna do, Pat? Got to think of your people."

Murphy stared dismally at the floor and walls as if looking for a secret exit. His eyes fell on his computer and he idly clicked the mouse, calling up Free Cell. "No games on State computers," he observed.

"Nope."

"Well, Cottrell, like you used to say, look's like I've about played out my hand. You're right, I can't ask my people to keep on risking everything if there's no hope. But I just can't do it, myself. Guess when I walk out of here I'll head right on out to the airport and the private sector. You suppose they'll let me in that Job Search thing?"

"Boy, don't be stupid. You know the government's paying you more 'u you're worth."

"I know that. But still ... Aside from that, give me just one good reason I should hang around if we give up?"

Brown reached over, put a firm hand on Murphy's shoulder, looked the younger man in the eye and said in a strong, even voice: "You'll never have to sit on an I-CASS Council again."

Pat stared back in distrustful joy. "Are you sure?"

F O C U S

"Sure am. No separate agency, no representation. You would only ever go on as a State rep, and the ambassador herself promised me she would never make you do that. An' I believe her. She's a real nice lady."

"Then no more cost centers," the PAO breathed. "Whatever they are. That would be great ... if it's true. Can I trust them?"

"Pat, have I ever lied to you? From your first day as a JOT, didn't I tell you exactly like it was?"

"Yes, Cottrell. You did."

"All right then. Do what you gotta do."

Phone calls were made and terms agreed. Murphy and the entire USIA staff marched out of the Cultural Center at 5 p.m. exactly, crosswalking through the dust and past the foraging goats to the embassy's wide and wide-open vehicle gates, where the ambassador and most of her staff waited. A short, dignified woman, her habitual graciousness was only slightly compromised by signs of impatience or disgust.

Murphy held his head high as he approached but made a formal correct bow as he surrendered to her his Country Plan and the keys to the PAO vehicle. She accepted both, looked at them for a moment, and then graciously handed back the plan. "You'll be needing this," she smiled, "to complete your portion of the MPP. I know you'll do your best." And handing him the keys, she said, "Consider yourself grandfathered. You owe Mr. Brown."

"Thank you, ambassador," Murphy choked. "That's very kind of you."

"I'm just sorry it took so long," she said with an ambiguous, puzzling smile. Murphy would have understood if he could have seen, as she could, Sarkon clambering into the carryall, and the commercial assistant heading toward the library with his arms full of the Thomas Commercial Register, and Ellen Olsen emerging with a Pentium III computer so new and clean that you could hardly tell where she'd torn off the USIA barcode. ■

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CAVIAR AND KURDS

Toni welcomed me back from the ambassador's staff meeting. "Mr. Shirazi wonders if you could stop by for a drink on your way home this evening?"

"Tell him I'll be there around 6:30, provided he guarantees the martinis are properly chilled this time."

State Department personnel believed I was assigned to Embassy Tehran to monitor internal politics. In fact, with the Shah so beloved by Nixon and Kissinger, his opposition was of no interest to Washington. Only as a cover for my real work — arranging visas for Aly Shirazi and getting carpets cheaply for VIPs — did I sometimes analyze the fully successful and, with scrupulous balance, the slightly less successful planks in His Imperial Majesty's modernization program.

I drove my BMW 2002 into the Shirazi courtyard precisely at 6:30 p.m. Being prompt was an American sign of respect for Shirazi. He had been among those in 1953 who rounded up mobs in the bazaar and marched them on Prime Minister Mosaddeq's office, bringing him down and the Shah back from exile. There's no better investment in the Middle East than saving a king's skin.

Shirazi's man Mohamed opened the heavy inlaid door and, with only the slightest inelination of his head, ushered me into the living room. Layers of

tribal carpets covered the floor and small Isfahan silks were thrown over the sofas and stuffed chairs that rimmed the room. Mona Shirazi's collection of little silver objects was scattered on brass trays. I settled myself behind a tray with a large bowl of caviar as Shirazi entered from a side door.

Shirazi launched quickly into small talk: his wife, my ambassador, Nixon's troubles over Watergate. Paying little heed to my responses, he spooned caviar on sangak bread as Mohamed poured martinis from a silver piteher. "This is going to be a very different evening for you, Harry, my boy," he said. I noticed there was no brown envelope on Mohamed's tray.

That was the normal way Shirazi conveyed passports for his men, who, without my personal intervention, would never be issued visas by our stiff-necked consulate staff. If there were no passports and no visa request, this could indeed be an interesting evening.

Mohamed exited and quickly returned, holding the door open. Past him strode the Shah's Minister of Court, Assadolah Allam. I had never met Allam, a thin, elegant aristocrat, but I had seen his photos in the press where he appeared almost daily, standing to one side as His Majesty cut a ribbon or received a foreign dignitary. He was called the Shah's right hand or his brain or his backbone, but never his conscience. In 1963 he had called in the tanks to overpower street demonstrations; now he called in Swedish lovelies for the Shah's pleasure.



Amy Vangsgard

"THE CIA HAS A LONG HISTORY WITH THE KURDS," THE SHAH'S MINISTER SAID. "WE NEED SOMEONE FRESH."

BY HENRY PRECHT

*Alam was called the Shah's right hand
or his brain or his backbone,
but never his conscience.*

He greeted me in formal Persian, then shifted to equally formal British English. "I have heard so much about you, Harry. My good friend Aly tells me that you are the one American in that immense embassy who can get difficult things done with ease."

Aly poured a drink, but the court minister ignored it. "I know you are a busy man — yes, we have sources who tell us who does what in your embassy. I shall not detain you, but shall move immediately to the object of my visit. I, too, as you well know, have a full agenda and tonight it is filled by a delegation from the Arab League." He grimaced and smiled at the opinion he was confident we shared.

"As the person charged with knowing what goes on inside this country," Allam continued, "you are aware of our difficult relationship with the Kurds. For a man of your background, I do not have to review their sad history. Some Kurds acquire a taste for rebellion from the milk of their savage mothers. When they first pull on those absurd baggy pants, they dress in the clothing of disloyalty. They are loyal only to their clan, never to their nation. Only with a very special effort can we change their ways."

I did not interrupt. While I felt an American sympathy for the region's champion underdogs, I also knew the Kurds were born losers.

"Happily," Allam continued, "over the years His Majesty's wise policies of fair treatment, economic development and firmness have won the loyalty of most of the clans. A few remain troublesome, but they are not serious. Poor Iraq, however. Poor Saddam. The Kurds who live in our neighbor's mountains remain quite rebellious. Baghdad appears to have no clue how to manage these wild people. We try to help, to encourage a peaceful approach to solving problems, but to little avail. Now a minor war seems to be developing between Saddam and his Kurds. Neither is likely to prevail; both can inflict so much senseless damage."

Henry Precht, a retired FSO, served in Tehran from 1972 to 1976.

"Yes. I'm aware of your form of 'encouragement' for the Iraqi Kurds," I said rather dryly. My directness with the minister surprised me; I had only finished my first martini.

"Of course you are," Allam swiftly rejoined. "And you also know that your government is cooperating with us in this endeavor."

"As is the Israeli government," I added.

"Certainly. They are part of the effort," Allam said. "In truth, it works very well. You provide the funding and material support; the Israelis give technical assistance. They are specialized in activities we two prefer not to touch. We contribute the geography and long-developed connections with the various Kurdish leaders. Ours is a particularly sensitive and complex undertaking. We want to help the Iraqi Kurds, but we do not wish to awaken our clans who at the moment are sleeping, or pretend to be."

It was my turn. "In addition to our affection for Kurds, we three also share a distaste for the government in Baghdad," I said, hoping to project an intimate knowledge of an extremely closely held arrangement.

"I told you Harry was on top of his job," Shirazi added, flattering me and himself.

"Your astuteness, Aly, is extraordinary," Allam smiled. "But now that we have established ourselves, let me get down to brass tacks. We three partners need your help, Harry. Why do I ask you, rather than your ambassador, who would be the normal channel? I do so because I want to make sure you understand and are ready for this extremely delicate mission."

"We are also approaching you because of your American nationality and your keen political mind. No one else could take on this task. There is in the region around Mahabad a certain young Kurd, a relation of one of the great chiefs, educated in one of your universities. He is a man of impressive talents for leadership but, I fear, unless he is properly handled, he will make serious trouble. This man, Hassan Mazuji, will not talk to us, yet he is stirring up his people against us."

F O C U S

He has the usual list of tiresome Kurdish complaints. But he has a special infection which he picked up in your country: a great admiration for your ways, however inappropriate they may be in this ancient land. He has sometimes talked to Americans who travel in his area and who chance upon him — scholars, Peace Corps, that sort. From them we know he would like to be in touch with your embassy.”

Allam paused and pulled a handkerchief from his coat sleeve to dab his lips. “We would like you to talk to this Hassan and try to explain to him that there is a better way of addressing the Kurdish dilemma. Explain to him that he can be both a good Iranian citizen and promote the culture and well-being of the Kurdish people. If he cannot be convinced to behave rationally, he is capable of disrupting the work you and we are doing for the Iraqi Kurds.”

I let the silence hang there as I poured myself a drink and slathered some caviar on a bit of sanjak. “I don’t understand why this Hassan would talk to me; he doesn’t know me at all. And why would he trust some-

one from a government that is supposed to be snugly in bed with you?”

Allam answered: “Because he has seen how responsive your government is to people with even the most damaging complaints — your criminals, your blacks — he believes he can convince you to help his cause. He thinks your innate sympathy for the downtrodden will, in the end, benefit his people.”

“But isn’t this the CIA’s business?” I asked. “They have been working with you on the Kurds for years.”

“Again you answer your own question,” Allam smiled. “Your CIA has a long history of developing its own ideas and plans for the Kurds. We need someone fresh for this initiative. Will you help us? If you agree, I will see your ambassador and clear the way for you.”

“If he agrees, I will naturally do my best — whatever my doubts about the likely outcome. Anyway, how do I find this Hassan?”

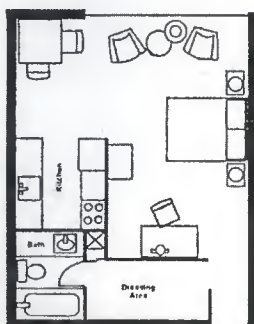
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F O C U S

“This Kurd has a great admiration for American ways, however inappropriate they may be in this ancient land.”

Allam suggested that I travel to Mahabad and check into a Kurdish hotel, the Behest. There, he said I should tell the manager that I was a friend of Hassan's and that I wanted to see him. After that, Allam told me, Hassan would wait until he thought it was safe and would contact me. Allam wanted me to use my powers of persuasion to win over Hassan. The Behest wasn't a resort, he acknowledged, but my stay would only be for a few days. Finally, he handed me a long, plain envelope, in which, he said, I would find directions to the hotel, a card in Persian which I was to copy and hand to the hotel manager and \$200 in rials to cover my expenses.

“Any questions?” he asked.

“No, it seems clear enough, if a little starry-eyed. When should I start?”

Allam clapped his hands on his knees and abruptly stood up. “As soon as you can.” He gripped my hand. Then, bidding a Persian farewell to Shirazi, he quickly opened the parlor door and left. Aly hustled after him and I, as though caught up in his wake, followed, pausing only to pick up a last caviar cracker.

The next day, after the ambassador adjourned our staff meeting, he asked me to join him in his office. When I entered, he remained standing behind his desk, an indication it was to be a brief session. “Allam came to see me last night,” he said. “He described his proposition to you. Apparently you accepted.”



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F O C U S

"Subject to your approval and advice, sir," I interjected. I actually meant it, for this ambassador was a first-rate professional. While he earned his pay as a loyal supporter of U.S. policy towards Iran, he thought for himself. Whenever possible, he used his influence to limit Washington's excesses.

"Of course. I would expect no less from you. But I have to tell you — and only you — that this business has the aroma of over-ripe caviar. The Kurds have never been friendly towards us and there is no trust on either side. The Iranians are our friends, but they are equally suspect when their own interests are so heavily engaged."

"I agree completely," I answered. "But I don't see a great risk. At worst, you might lose an FSO-4. At best, you could help the Shah pacify a troublesome bunch, earning a measure of his gratitude."

"This is no such thing as gratitude in this region, Harry," said the ambassador. "The concept simply does not exist. At any rate, I have given my approval. We — or Henry and Nixon — lured Iran into this venture

against Iraq and it would be unseemly to turn them down. Off you go. Drive your own car. And take care of yourself. I have my eye on a fine gilim at David's I want you to buy for me."

I was on the road by 10:30. The sun had gone down when I reached Mahabad. I found the Behest Hotel easily — on Pahlavi Avenue, naturally. It was a dusty white two-story building with a narrow balcony looking out on a square. After parking in front, I asked the room clerk for a room facing the front.

"We have only one large room free on that side," the clerk replied, explaining the charge was the equivalent of \$1 per night per bed. If I wanted privacy I would have to pay for all the beds. There were eight of them.

"Fine, I'll take all eight," I said. "Is the manager in?"

"No, he will come tomorrow."

"Fine, please do me the kindness of getting this to him tonight." I handed him an envelope with the message I had copied asking Hassan Mazuji to visit me. A

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F O C U S

*"It is always the same," Hassan said.
"Kurds are used by outsiders who pay cash.
When the money stops, they change."*

teenage Kurd guided me up the stairs, pointing to the stinking toilet, happily distant from my room.

The room was fairly large but little floor space was evident: A wooden wardrobe, three kitchen chairs and a table filled what area was left after eight metal frame single beds had been crammed in. The room was already inhabited by a dozen flies. French doors gave access to the balcony and a view of the square.

The square was divided into four quadrants separated by sidewalks. In the center posters of the Shah stood high on an eight-foot plinth surrounded by a circle of ornate lamp posts, each of which had two globes hanging from arms reaching out from the tops. Inside the four quadrants were badly worn lawns. Even at this hour, families were stretched out on the patchy green, sipping tea and trying to restrain lively children.

For two days I read old *New Yorkers* and took my meals — chello kebab — in the café next door. Each time I asked, the manager assured me my message had been delivered to its recipient. Afraid I would miss Hassan's visit, I stayed put.

After I had waited over two days, I noticed a provincial taxi circle the square twice and stop below my balcony. A Kurd in baggy pants emerged and entered the hotel. A few moments later there was a knock on the door and I bade Hassan Mazuji sit with me at the table under the naked light bulb. He was my height, but with thicker muscles and a large moustache that failed to hide smallpox scars. "Welcome to Free Kurdistan," Hassan smiled. "What may I do for you?"

I began speaking to him obliquely, asking why in just one generation, the Kurds had turned from fighting against Tehran to fighting for it against Iraq. I was also curious about him. It was unusual for a Kurd to get an education in the U.S., and even more unusual for one with a green card to return to Iran.

"I owe everything to a great man, your consul in Tabriz," Hassan explained. He told me that when his father had been killed by the Iranians, the consul had adopted him and sent him to school in Oklahoma, after

which he returned home. "These are my people," he said. "My life belongs to them."

"You ask what has happened to the Kurds in the past 30 years? I will tell you. When we had our republic after World War II, there were some sincere people and there were some who were used by the Soviets. When the Soviets left, the Kurds working for them left also. Now we have Kurds in the pay of the Shah. When he goes, they will go. It is always the same: the Kurds are used by outsiders who pay cash. When the money stops, they change. Now they are working for the Shah because you Americans provide the funds. This may last a long time — you are very rich. But some day it, too, will end and the Kurds will start again on another search for false friends."

He paused. "But you did not come here for a lesson on Kurdish history or sociology. What is your purpose in staying in this hot room in Mahabad?"

"I came to you for an education," I said. I talked about the Kurds' collaboration against Iraq and tried to prove the Kurds might just come out ahead on this one. He wasn't buying my line.

"I came to see you," he said, "to persuade you of the exact opposite. You will destroy us and yourselves if you continue to meddle in business you do not understand. You are like the Kurds: You are being used by the Iranians and the Israelis and, in the end, you will be cast aside by them. Help us by leaving us alone. Let us fight against Saddam if we wish, or against the Shah and certainly against the Turk bastards. Some day there will be a Kurdish state with a little oil. If you help us or just leave us alone, we will honor you. If not, we shall fight you just like those others."

The rhetoric went round and round with little give on either side. Eager to register some progress to report in Tehran I kept probing for areas of agreement. There were none. After two hours, we decided to break off. Despite worries about his security, he agreed to see me again under the same procedures. I rather liked his casual frankness, even though he had done nothing for my career prospects.

F O C U S

From the balcony I watched Hassan climb into the ancient cab waiting out front. It circled the square and left. When it was gone, a dark Iranian Peykan car pulled away from the curb on Pahlavi Avenue, did a quick U-turn and went in the same direction.

Around five the next morning I awoke to a woman's scream. Down on the square, I saw five or six people standing around a body hanging above their heads from one of the lamp posts. Others were running up. One was carrying a ladder.

I put on my pants and rushed down the stairs to join them. It was Hassan, his horribly bent neck clearly broken. A large sheet of paper was pinned to his shirt. Scrawled in bold black Persian was, "Death to Traitors — Cut the Foreign Hand."

The hotel manager came up behind me. Seeing Hassan, he gave me a furious look and muttered a curse but halted as a platoon of gendarmes, piling out of jeeps and trucks, rushed towards us. They began pushing everyone out of the square away from the avenue, but

seeing I was an American, let me through the line. I returned to the hotel where I put on shirt and shoes, grabbed my bag and thrust \$30 in rials at the desk clerk. With troops holding back the angry Kurds, I reached my car barely in time. A volley of rocks hit the vehicle as I swerved onto the avenue and made for the Tehran highway.

After a dozen or so miles, I figured I had escaped Kurdish wrath and began to think about how to structure my meeting with the ambassador. Hassan had been right. I had been used. Just like the Kurds, I had become a tool of those who oppress them. Seeking to guide Hassan, I had led him to his death.

When I arrived at home that afternoon, my wife greeted me with a perfunctory kiss and a brown envelope. "This just came," she said, "with a half-kilo can of caviar."

The note read, "Sorry it didn't work out the way we hoped. I'm sure you did your best. Aly. P.S. Could you help these two friends with a visa?"

Two passports were enclosed. ■

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WHEN IN ROME, WEAR RUNNING SHOES

I was excited when I won a grant to study art in Rome. But as soon as I bought my plane ticket, I was terrified, and my insides felt hollow. The empty feeling in my stomach persisted after I got to Rome and no amount of pasta and cheese could cure it. Rome was supposed to be an artist's paradise, but I was overwhelmed. All my sketches were nervous scrawls, my paintings timid dabs of color.

A friend of mine who worked at the American embassy helped me find an apartment. It was in a decrepit building with dirty windows that looked out onto the airshaft. In the evening the place was full of the smell of cooking. Evidently, everyone ate boiled greens and pork jowls every night.

It was hot when I got to Rome; the cobblestones and acres of parked cars reflected the June sun, making me feel flattened and dry, like a peeling fresco that someone forgot to finish. I was painfully self-conscious and aware that the Romans were staring at me. I couldn't read a map and walk on the cobblestones at the same time without tripping. It seemed easier to try and find my own way. I spent hours wandering in circles, searching for the charming piazzas I had read about, but all I could find were tiny, un-air-conditioned shops, piles of dog shit, cars parked on the sidewalk, and an endless stream of mopeds that whizzed by too close to me, blowing grit and pigeon feathers into my eyes and teeth.

I was invited to a wine tasting at the U.S. embassy, but all the wines

were American and too sweet. I felt underdressed in my cotton sundress and sandals and I stood awkwardly near the wine table drinking too much. I couldn't understand why we were drinking American wine in Italy anyway, and I nodded in agreement when a beautiful blonde Italian woman began talking to me.

"This wine! I wouldn't put it in soup. It's disgusting. It tastes like some kind of solvent."

I didn't think it was quite that bad, but I nodded and smiled at her. "You shouldn't be drinking this," she went on. "You look much too intelligent."

Lulu was thin and elegant. She was short, but perfectly proportioned. I am only 5'4", but I felt like a huge clumsy ostrich next to her. Lulu had been to Miami, and she judged all of America by that experience. She went on and on about how expensive everything was and how awful it was to have so much crime. I listened dutifully, and I clutched my wineglass and sipped nervously. I couldn't believe I was talking to a real Italian!

Lulu was glamorous and seductive in her friendliness. She had a thin, angular face but her smile rounded and softened it. She had long hands with painted nails that were constantly reaching out to touch my arm. After my days of loneliness, her warmth drew me in. The wine, as bad as it was, gave me courage to speak.

"Most Americans don't drink wine," I assured her. "They drink Budweiser. We used to call it 'dog piss' in college."



Amy Vangsgard

BECOMING FRIENDS WITH
TWO SOPHISTICATED
ROMANS SEEMED LIKE THE
MOST EXCITING THING,
UNTIL REALITY BROKE IN.

BY BARBARA NEU

F O C U S

Lulu laughed wildly. "What an unusual thing for an American to say. You are unique!"

Sometimes we are so immediately taken with someone that we want literally to jump into their skin and become them. Or at least get as close to them as possible. That's the way I felt about Lulu.

It turned out that Lulu and her husband Mario lived only a few blocks away from me. When she immediately invited me to dinner in her apartment, I was surprised and grateful. Becoming friends with a Roman seemed like the most exciting thing in the world.

As we drove around in circles in Lulu's tiny red Fiat looking for a bit of sidewalk to park on, Lulu told me the story of her infertility.

"Babies! I spent years trying to keep them from coming. Now my husband wants a son. What am I to do? And I don't really want to get all fat. Yet my mother says I'm too thin and thin women don't have babies." She went on to tell me that she and her husband had been trying to have a baby since they got married, five years ago. Now Lulu was taking all sorts of pills. Her mother had her drinking and eating a special diet, which as far as I could tell consisted mainly of white wine.

Lulu must have been around 40 but only the tiny lines on her neck gave her age away. With no hips and small breasts, she looked like the least fertile person I had ever seen. She also wore a lot of make-up and hairspray and perfume, so her appearance and manner didn't conform to my idea of what a mother should look like: someone down-to-earth, or perhaps even dowdy. I suspended my envy of her long enough to feel a little sorry for her.

Her husband Mario was home when we got in. He was sitting in the living room smoking and watching a soccer match but he jumped up to meet us. I thought he was gorgeous, with his dark hair and eyes, which only increased my envy of Lulu. We drank *fraseati* and made pasta together: penne with pesto. Mario told me that one must pronounce penne exactly the right way in Italian; otherwise it sounds like the word "penis." He laughed uproariously at his own joke. I fell immediately in love with both of them, imagining that I had found a way to overcome my loneliness. We would go places

together and I would find the Rome of my dreams, with adventure and love, like "Roman Holiday."

Our first outing together was to the Forum. I had read that it was sort of a rustic place, so I dressed sensibly for the trip, in khaki shorts and running shoes. Lulu and her husband nearly burst out laughing when they saw me. Lulu was wearing wool trousers and a leather jacket, although the temperature outside was 60 degrees. She also had on high-heeled boots. I wanted to go home and change, and not just my clothes. I wanted to become the sort of person who wouldn't dream of wearing running shoes anywhere, ever. We piled into their Fiat and zoomed down the streets so fast, I thought I would vomit.

The Forum was beautiful and rustic — rocky with columns poking up through the long grass. There were twisted, silver olive trees growing amongst the ruins. Birds, squirrels, and cats were everywhere. I couldn't help looking at the other visitors to see if any of them were also wearing shorts and running shoes. I spotted some — and they were all American or German tourists. The Americans were at least behaving themselves, but the Germans stomped all over everything with their huge feet. They crawled and climbed everywhere they weren't allowed. Sometimes I would see them standing with their sunburned faces turned toward the Coliseum. Their wistful yet ecstatic expressions seemed to say, "All this could have been ours."

Afterward, Lulu took me to her favorite leather store to buy some boots like hers, so I wouldn't look like such a geek. They were soft, black leather with high heels and square toes. They were meant to be pretty, not comfortable, at least to someone like me who was used to sandals and running shoes. After a day of wearing them, I would have to soak my feet all evening, but at least the Romans wouldn't stare at me so much.

Then Lulu and Mario came over to my apartment and admired my work, which consisted mainly of chaotic paintings in black ink that I had done from memory. I kept coming back to the shadows in the Roman streets. They seemed to be what I tended to remember most. And the shadow of loneliness, too. That was another memory.

"These are very unusual," said Mario. "Usually painters only think about beauty in Rome. You seem to like thinking about darkness and dirt." "Yes," said Lulu, "One gets so tired of picturesque views of St. Peter's."

Barbara Neu is a Maryland-based writer and artist who has accompanied her FSO spouse to posts in Sierra Leone and Italy. This is her second published short story in the Journal.

*"You can't possibly be in love with
someone you haven't slept with!"
she said, laughing.*

Then they began criticizing my apartment. They didn't like the heavy curtains, the hairy rugs or the narrow bed. Lulu told me to get a cleaning woman. Lulu's mother was her cleaning woman. She went over to their apartment twice a week and cleaned the apartment and ironed their underwear. I once saw her throw a large bucket of rubbish out the window, into the street. When I asked Lulu about this, she said it was "the Roman way."

At another embassy party, I met a guy named Rob who was working there as an intern for the summer. That weekend we walked around town together, and I began to feel less awkward and conspicuous. It was nice to be part of a couple instead of a third wheel. But it was more than that. Rob was so different from Mario that I was swept away. Mario loved to impress people and talk and he could be very sweet. But Rob didn't always say things that reflected back on himself. He was interested in me, even if I was in a bad mood, or was badly dressed. And he had beautiful blue eyes and long eyelashes.

It was strange, but I felt almost as if I were cheating on Lulu and Mario. But since Lulu called me every day, I could hardly keep my relationship with Rob a secret. So Rob and I started going over to Lulu's apartment a couple of times a week. We drank wine and listened to Lulu and Mario talk endlessly about the superiority of Italian schools, food, wine, coffee, clothing, seafood, olive oil, and health care system, among other things. Rob accepted their opinions politely. Sometimes, though, I wished he would speak up for something — anything — American.

One morning, Lulu visited me and started talking again quite frankly about their fertility problems. Now they thought it was Mario's fault, and he was taking pills, too. But he was so nervous now that he was impotent.

"The doctor says I have too much of something and Mario doesn't have enough. That made Mario upset, I can tell you! Now at night he has nothing at all." She forced a giggle. "I try and try but he gets mad and goes out to watch television. What does he think? That we can just go out to the store and buy a baby?"

Then Lulu asked me how Rob was in bed. I said I didn't know.

"You don't know?"

"No. Actually, he hasn't even kissed me."

"You don't kiss? What do you do?" She had gone from sounding shocked to sounding interested, as if I was about to disclose some new sexual technique to her.

"Well, we just talk, and hold hands. I don't know. We're just good friends, really."

"Mario and I slept together the first day we met. It was wonderful."

I wanted the conversation to end, because I didn't want to admit to Lulu that I was a virgin. I started blushing like an idiot. I wished I had some story of my own to tell Lulu, but at the same time I resented the feeling that I was expected to "share" Rob with her. My silence and red face eventually gave me away. Lulu raised her eyebrows and laughed.

She must have told Mario about my lack of experience because he brought it up one night when we were in Lulu's kitchen while she and Rob talked out on the balcony. He treated me as if I had an unfortunate disease. He always stood close to me when we conversed. Lulu was like that too. They both had a way of looking at you intently while you talked so that you felt as if you were the most important person in the world.

"Of course," said Mario, "the Mother of God — Mary — was a virgin."

What does that have to do with anything? I thought. Perhaps he was trying to legitimize my condition somehow? This idea evaporated as Mario came even closer to me. His proximity and the smell of his strong aftershave flustered me and made my eyes water. I took a step away from him.

Later, Mario took Rob to look at a collection of ceramic tiles that he had in his study. The study was really a nursery, but there wasn't a baby to put in it. Lulu and I sat close together on the leather sofa joking about my virginity. When Lulu began telling me about her first sexual experiences, I tried to seem interested, but I was drunk and my mind wandered. As I absently admired the plants

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on the balcony, Lulu put her hand on my leg and said something about getting her confidence back. Then she began talking about her deep hunger, kneading my thigh with growing vigor. I suddenly understood what she was getting at. I wanted to get away from her. I adored Lulu and loved being close to her, but this was too intimate and too weird. It was not the kind of adventure I yearned for.

I don't think Lulu noticed how uncomfortable I was. She was watching for Mario. When he came back into the room, she took her hand off my thigh in a rather nonchalant way, but she had left it there long enough for Mario to see.

I was grateful when the evening was over and Rob walked me home in the cool darkness. We held hands and I felt my head clearing. I couldn't believe there was anything unnatural in my relationship with Rob, but Lulu and Mario had made me feel that I should feel it was. They had a way of saying something was "normal." For example, smoking cigarettes while you ate and throwing your garbage out the window were both "normal." So, apparently, was sleeping with someone you barely knew.

I almost felt homesick for all of the dumb American things that Lulu and Mario laughed at. And as I turned and looked up into Rob's face, I thought how nice it was to be with someone who didn't care if I drank Brunello or Budweiser.

Rob's roommate had an old, beat-up Mercedes that we borrowed and took for a drive on the Appian Way the next weekend. I expected to find perhaps huge, well-restored villas ready for exploration, and maybe a few charming outdoor restaurants. We first saw some ruins and huge gates that surely concealed interesting, if unapproachable, villas. The giant paving stones got rougher and rougher and we had to slow the old Mercedes down to a crawl. We came upon another ruin with a young African woman in yellow hot pants sitting on it. She held a pink umbrella and gazed at us as we passed.

A little further on, a tiny Fiat was pulled over on the side of the road. It had a piece of cardboard taped to the windshield with "Cara" scrawled on it. Another 20 feet along, there was a little shack in a field flying a rosy scarf. The only other people driving on the bumpy road were lone men, looking around as if they were shopping.

Of course, it probably should have occurred to us a lot sooner that the Appian Way was full of prostitutes, but somehow it wasn't exactly what we expected. It certainly wasn't in any of the guidebooks.

We came to a section that had some pretty umbrella pines and we thought we would get out and take a little walk. But the ground was paved with used condoms and cigarette butts. We decided to turn around when we came to a pair of 60-year-old hookers sitting on either side of the road. One sat on an old car cushion and the other on a narrow, stained mattress with the springs showing. They both had platinum blonde hair and hooted at us as we struggled to pull the car around.

"Get us out of here," I hissed as the hookers laughed and spoke unintelligible invitations.

Rob and I didn't speak to each other until we got back to my apartment. After we had cooled off, I made us both laugh by describing my next painting: "Appian Way and Two Old Whores." Rob sat on one side of the air conditioner and I was on the other as we drank mineral water. I wanted to stay that way forever.

I didn't tell Lulu that Rob and I were in love, but she seemed to know, the way she always knew everything. "But you can't possibly be in love with someone you haven't slept with!" she would say, laughing. She was immensely interested in everything that happened to me. She came over almost daily to look at my drawings and paintings. She would take them back to show Mario and he would call me and tell me how wonderful they were. He knew some people that would want to buy them. Someday I would be famous. They both spent so much time on me, I couldn't imagine how they had any time for themselves.

The summer wore on and still Lulu did not get pregnant. She looked thinner and older. She talked endlessly about Rob and me. He and I had taken to walking in the Villa Ada in the morning, while it was still cool. We saw birds and frogs, and one morning we saw a hedgehog. We held hands and I wanted to tell Rob how I felt, but suddenly Lulu's voice was in my mind, mocking me. It didn't matter anyway. When Rob kissed me good-bye in the vestibule of my building and put his cool hands on the back of my neck, I knew we didn't have to say anything.

I had left an extra pair of keys at Lulu's apartment, in case I ever locked myself out. One day I was in the shower, struggling with the ancient Roman plumbing, when Mario walked into the bathroom wearing nothing but a towel around his waist. I screamed and grabbed for the shower curtain, but Mario was already in the tub with me,

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Lulu and Mario resembled two vultures, regarding Rob and me as so much fresh meat.

grabbing me from behind and whispering into my hair. "I just thought I'd come over and help you wash your back."

I could tell he was reaching down to undo his towel, so I made one final effort and jabbed my elbow in his ribs. He slipped and fell, almost hitting his head on the tiles. I made a run for the bedroom and grabbed the first thing I could find to cover myself up, which was my denim jacket. Mario struggled to his feet and followed me. Now I was cornered. But Mario, although naked, had turned earnest and a bit sheepish. "What's the matter with you?" he said. "Do you want to stay a virgin forever?"

"Yes!" I sputtered. "Mary did it! Why shouldn't I? Get out of here!"

Unperturbed, Mario spread his arms wide. "You American girls are all the same. Here I am trying to be your friend."

"I thought we already were friends. I thought that you liked me and you liked my work. I didn't know it was anything else."

"Your work!" Mario replied acidly. "Yes, at first I considered you a professional artist, but now I see you are nothing but a dilettante, an amateur." And with great dignity he left the bedroom, presumably going back for his clothes, which he must have taken off in the living room. I slammed the bedroom door and pushed the dresser in front of it and waited until I heard him leave, slamming the door behind him.

That night, Rob called me to tell me that Lulu had called him on the phone and invited him over. She specifically asked that he come alone and hinted that Mario would be out. Fortunately, Rob didn't go. I decided not to tell Rob about what had happened with Mario and just said that they had both been acting weird lately, as if I owed them something for all their kindness to me. We concluded that Lulu and Mario resembled two starved vultures who treated Rob and me like so much fresh meat.

I've always been a very cowardly person, choosing to go along with everything rather than make a fuss by disagreeing with anyone. But I was angry at Lulu and dis-

gusted with Mario. I felt that I had to say something to them before I shoved them out of my life. I was quite sure that they would act as if they were the ones doing the shoving. But I decided to be brave and confront them at their apartment. Besides, they had a lot of my drawings and I wanted them back.

Lulu let me into the apartment coolly. She didn't kiss me like she usually did. She crossed her arms across her chest and puffed on her cigarette, blowing smoke into my face. I asked her in an even voice if I could please have my drawings back. Lulu tried to act as if I were distraught and crazy, to give herself a bit of an advantage.

"Why are you so upset? I thought you understood."

"Understood what? That you were going to use me? In fact, you already have used me. You and Mario used me as a buffer because you can't have babies and you can't stand each other."

Lulu snorted. "Use you? Who could use you? We were trying to help you, so that you would grow up."

I ground my teeth and said nothing. Lulu uncrossed her arms and started waving them around in mock earnestness. "You have great potential. We could have really helped you be somebody, introduced you to the right people. We had great plans for you."

She left the room and returned with my drawings. "Here is your work," she said sarcastically.

I couldn't hold it in any longer.

"You bloodsucker! Who would want to be like you? I'm so sick of hearing about your goddamned ancient civilization and your food and your fucking wine! You are morally bankrupt and your whole country is going down the toilet and I don't give a shit!"

I was sick of being culturally sensitive. We might be unsophisticated in the United States, but at least we have plumbing that works, I thought. I ran out of the apartment and down the stairs and kept running until I stepped in a pile of fresh dog crap. I didn't even care. When I got to my apartment building I took off the boots and threw them in the trash. Up in my apartment, I would put my huge, ugly, white running shoes back on. Damn it all, I thought, I'm an American, aren't I? ■

THE ORCHARD

Argentina had mountains, vineyards, lush green pampas and open spaces filled with God. When Rocio was little, she thought the center of heaven was her father's orchard, where apricot and cherry trees grew, row upon row so laden with fruit that their branches bent with the weight of it. To her, it was silver-lined country, land that gave goodness for nothing.

But when Rocio grew up and got married, the orchard was sold to a man from Rio Gallegos. For years, the man let people hold picnics in the orchard. He said the picnic people could take whatever fruit they wanted, because the trees didn't matter to him.

In February 1982, when summer was at its peak, Rocio telephoned the man during her coffee break to ask if she could borrow the key to the orchard, as she had done many times before. She sat waiting for him to pick up the phone in her office, a fan spinning overhead. Finally, she heard a voice. It was the oilman's wife saying that he couldn't speak to her.

Rocio worked in the administration of a poor, understaffed hospital in the city of Comodoro Rivadavia in Patagonia. People came to her hospital from the Malvinas Islands a few hundred miles off the coast to have operations or to have babies. The Malvineros had never liked Argentina and couldn't speak Spanish, but Rocio was Anglo-Argentine and she translated for

them. They called themselves "Kelpers," because of their islands' seaweed. She thought they were pleased when she called their home the Falklands.

The islanders smelled like mutton and peat and often they wore the same kind of ugly green jacket. A girl from the islands came in a few days after Rocio phoned the man who owned the orchard. She was pregnant and she wore a nylon disco shirt from the 1970s. It was 1982, but she lived on Pebble Island in the Malvinas, where time is slow.

Rocio couldn't concentrate on her paperwork, because she was wondering why the oilman from Rio Gallegos wouldn't speak to her. Every year she and her husband, Gustavo, took a day off and drove to the orchard, where they loaded their pickup with crates of fruit. This day was always Rocio's happiest of the year. The orchard was fragrant with apricots and cherries, sun and grass. All that Rocio and Gustavo needed were the crates and some time. They plucked pink and red and plentiful fruits. Rocio would work until her arms were scratched, her neck ached and her back hurt.

By then, her fingers were stained with fruit juice, which ran in streams down her arms to her elbows. Once, when the sun was high, Gustavo came up behind her and kissed the side of her neck. She inclined back into him, smiled, and said, "We can't stop now. We're only halfway through." The sun's rays lowered and muted, they had lifted the crates into the pickup's bed and drove home happy with silence.



Amy Vangsgard

THIS ORCHARD
MEANT SOMETHING
TO YOU, BUT IT'S
NOT YOURS
ANYMORE.

BY AMANDA HOLMES

F O C U S

This year they hadn't gone to the orchard, so Rocio thought about the fruit. She imagined it ripening, then falling to the ground and rotting. A hospital orderly standing in the doorway interrupted her.

"Can you come up to Maternity?" the orderly said. "Something's wrong with the Kelper girl."

When Rocio walked into the room, the girl had her face to the wall and she was crying. Her mutton smell seeped from her skin and lingered in the bed sheets.

"I don't want to go back to Pebble Island," she sobbed.

Rocio sat beside her and talked to the back of her greasy head. "Of course you do. You want to go back home with your baby, don't you? Don't you want to show your new baby to your family?"

"No," the girl said thickly. "I want to live a little."

"But you are living," Roeio said. "My goodness, you've just had your baby. Don't you want to take your baby home?"

"It's not my first," said the girl, turning toward Rocio with puffy eyes. "Having babies, shelling peas, baking bread and peeling potatoes. That's not living, is it?"

"I don't know," said Rocio. "It might be living," Roeio handed the girl a tissue. The girl blew into it loudly.

"We have a television set at home," said the Kelper girl. "It's on all the time, but we never get a picture. Here you get pictures. I've seen them in the lounge downstairs."

When she went back to her office, Roeio phoned the man from Rio Gallegos. This time his wife put him on the phone.

"Sorry," he said. "The orchard is closed to the public. Too many people have abused the privilege. They cook asados and start fires and leave their trash lying about."

"But I don't leave my trash lying about," Rocio said.

The man told Rocio that he couldn't make exceptions, which she should understand. She'd want to bring her entire family, their friends. There'd be no end to the people she would want to bring with her.

Usually, by this time of year Rocio had already sorted the cherries from the orchard and would be cooking them. By now, she and Gustavo would have separated the fruit they had picked, laying aside the squashed apricots

for chutney, the bruised or soft fruits for jam, reserving other fruits to be pickled or preserved.

The day after Rocio phoned the man who owned the orchard, the Falklands girl was ready to leave the hospital.

"I don't know what got into me yesterday," she said. "I get funny like that sometimes, after I've had a baby."

Roeio walked with her down the cream-colored hospital hallway. The baby in the girl's arms was a tiny parcel with an old man's face.

"These are for you," the girl said, handing Rocio a pair of earrings made from the pebbles from her island. The rocks had been badly glued to their studs and sat lopsided on their metal supports.

At the end of March, Rocio dialed the number of the man who owned the orchard for the last time. She listened as the phone rang over and over. While she waited, an old woman walking with help from a frame passed her door with a nurse. Children's voices echoed in a nearby ward. Finally the man from Rio Gallegos was on the line.

"My father will have his Easter asado next week," Rocio said. "We always bring fruit from the orchard to it." There was a long silence while she wondered if he was still on the line.

"I told you my decision," the man said. "I realize the place meant something to you once. But it isn't your orchard anymore." It was as if by calling, she had prompted his anger, as if he had been waiting for her call to teach her some twisted lessons.

"You see," he continued, "this is what I was afraid of. Instead of being grateful for the times I let you in, now you've become pushy and rude."

Roeio slammed the phone down. She pretended to work, but only sorted through papers. She left early, taking the bus home. Once there, she found in her larder one remaining bottle of cherries from the orchard.

The day of the asado was sunny and blue. Poplar trees swayed in the breeze. The beef sat sizzling on a grill. Nothing was better for the Argentine soul, thought Rocio, than sitting outside in the sun with family, drinking wine and arguing around the table.

In Comodoro Rivadavia, flags were flying. People cheered and danced in the streets. Argentine troops had landed in the Malvinas and at last the islands would

Amanda Holmes, a freelance writer, was born in England. She has lived in Caracas, Buenos Aires, Moscow and Washington. She currently lives in Brussels with her FSO spouse.

F O C U S

*Nothing was better for the Argentine soul
than sitting outside in the sun with family,
drinking wine and arguing.*

be Argentine. Rocio's father was so full of outrage at this news that he didn't ask Rocio about the fruit from the orchard that she usually brought to his celebration.

Rocio thought of the girl from Pebble Island who wanted a little action. The Argentine occupation would liven things up for her. Rocio's father brandished his barbecue stick while talking about the Malvinas. He called them the Falklands. His broad, florid face could only be English, Rocio thought. His accented Spanish and his oat-colored wool cardigan with its wood buttons also belonged to an Englishman.

Rocio's Aunt Tatiana sat back in her rusty garden chair. "Malvinas, Jorge, Malvinas. You know it upsets people to call them the Falklands."

Rocio's father turned wedges of meat on the fire. Shadows of poplar trees and fenees stretched across the summer grass.

"The British are people of principle. They will not stand by and let this happen," her father said.

"Come on, Jorge," Gustavo said. "I suspect the British are rather like us, picking and choosing their principles." He stabbed at a piece of chorizo on his plate. "There's no principle involved here. The Malvinas mean nothing to Thatcher. She only wants them for the oil."

Rocio tossed the salad, then portioned some out to the children. Her father passed the platter of freshly grilled meat. Rocio leaned over her son, wrapping him in her long brown arms, to cut up his meat. Clouds billowed and rolled overhead; the sky went white.

By May, Rocio had forgotten about the orchard. She was too busy worrying about trench foot and frostbite, about wards so full of dying soldiers that the hospital staff decided to separate boxsprings from their mattresses so that everyone would have a place to lie down. The halls and corridors were lined with these makeshift beds to take care of the overflow of sick and wounded soldiers.

Because they had no anesthetic, the doctors operated without it on boys of 19. They also had no supplies.

No disinfectant. No cotton wool. No sheets or bandages. No medicine or painkillers. No towels and no soap. No cups for water or plates for food.

A conscript from Cordoba became locked to his bed sheets by bedsores; Rocio detached him. The conscript clutched in his hand the scrap from a British soldier's pocket. No amount of pain could force him to let go of it.

Rocio hardly ever thought about the orchard anymore. When she reflected on her father's asado, she decided that it had gone all right. When it had been time for desert, Rocio brought out the pie she had made from the cherries in her larder. Everyone had asked for a slice. She remembered her father's face when he tasted the fruit.

"Good cherries this year," he'd said. ■

Join the *Journal's* Editorial Board

Because of normal turnover and moves abroad, the Editorial Board of the *Foreign Service Journal* seeks to fill three or more slots this year. You are invited to nominate yourself or another person for this exciting and glamorous assignment.

Board members set the general editorial direction of the *Journal*, in consultation with the editorial staff. Meeting monthly at AFSA HQ (free lunch!), they evaluate new manuscripts, decide on future focus topics and weigh in on other matters affecting the *Journal's* style, substance and process.

Board members should be able to attend monthly mid-day meetings in Washington and should have a few hours a month to devote to reading articles and other *Journal* matters.

The Board at this time seeks new members among active employees from all Foreign Service agencies.

If you're interested, please get in touch very soon with the editor, Bob Guldin, sending some information about yourself and why you are interested in serving on the Board.

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...IN ACTION

For A Safer Embassy

Ambassador Kenneth M. Quinn and DCM Carol A. Rodley received jointly the Christian A. Herter Award for their effective insistence, over department objections, that the new embassy addition in Phnom Penh should not be built on the current vulnerable site. Here we see Quinn (in solid blue shirt) and Rodley (to his right) being briefed on a POW/MIA recovery operation in Cambodia.



Building Community in Kampala

Diane Bodeen has a talent for using music to help create community: she has conducted or created choirs in eight of the nine overseas cities in which she has lived. In Kampala, she has organized choirs, concerts and exhibits on Ugandan culture. Here she is (lower right) with the Kampala Singers and Kampala Children's Choir after an April 2000 fundraising concert. On June 22, she received the Avis Bohlen Award for Foreign Service family members.



Just Say No

FSO Luis G. Moreuo, Jr. has held high-profile posts responsible for fighting drug trafficking in Bogota, Lima and Washington. In photo at right, we see him (left) and Under Secretary for Global Affairs Frank E. Loy coordinating the spraying of opium poppy crops. In photo at far right, Moreuo examines the effectiveness of coca eradication efforts. Moreuo received the William R. Rirkim Award for advocating effective anti-narcotics and anti-corruption measures in Colombia, despite political pressures and personal threats.



AFSA NEWS

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■ LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD ■

David D. Newsom Honored



David D. Newsom's life has been about helping the American public to better understand foreign policy and America's role abroad. The former under secretary for political affairs in the Carter administration championed the Foreign Service during his FS career, but even more so after retirement.

For his continuous dedication to promoting the Foreign Service and its mission, Newsom received this year's AFSA Award for Lifetime Contributions to American Diplomacy. The 2000 AFSA Award winners were honored at a June 22

ceremony in the Benjamin Franklin Room at the State Department. (*Coverage of other award winners begins on pg. 4*)

In 1947, Newsom left a career as a newspaper reporter and publisher to join the Foreign Service. He served in Karachi, Oslo, Baghdad and London. He was appointed ambassador to Libya in 1965, to Indonesia in 1973 and to the Philippines in 1977. He served as under secretary from 1978 to 1981, when he retired.

After his retirement, Newsom became director of the Institute for the Study of Diplomacy at Georgetown University's

School of Foreign Service. In the fall of 1986, he was the John Adams Fellow at the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London. In 1991, he was appointed to the Hugh Cumming Chair in International Relations at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, where he taught until his retirement in 1998.

Newsom put his journalism skills to work authoring several books, including *Diplomacy and the American Democracy*, writing numerous journal articles, and serving as a regular columnist for *The*

Christian Science Monitor. In 1989, he launched an annual publication, *The Diplomatic Press*, and served for two years as its editor.

He currently serves as a member of several foreign policy institutions, including the Washington Institute of Foreign Affairs, Institute for the Study of Diplomacy, American Academy of Diplomacy, Council on Foreign Relations, and the Charlottesville Committee on Foreign Relations.

Ambassador Roscoe S. Suddarth presented the Lifetime Achievement Award to Newsom. ⊗

For his continuous dedication to promoting the Foreign Service and its mission, Newsom received this year's AFSA Award for Lifetime Contributions to American Diplomacy.

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FOREIGN SERVICE DAY

Participants Remember Past, Look to Future

Over the last 35 years, retired members of the Foreign Service have gathered on Foreign Service Day to reconnect with old colleagues and with the institution itself. On May 5, 2000 more than 300 retired FSOs and FS employees attended the all-day event, which included remarks by AFSA President Marshall Adair; DACOR President Kenneth N. Rogers; AAFSW President Mette Beecroft and representative of the USIAAAA, William Jeffras Dieterich.

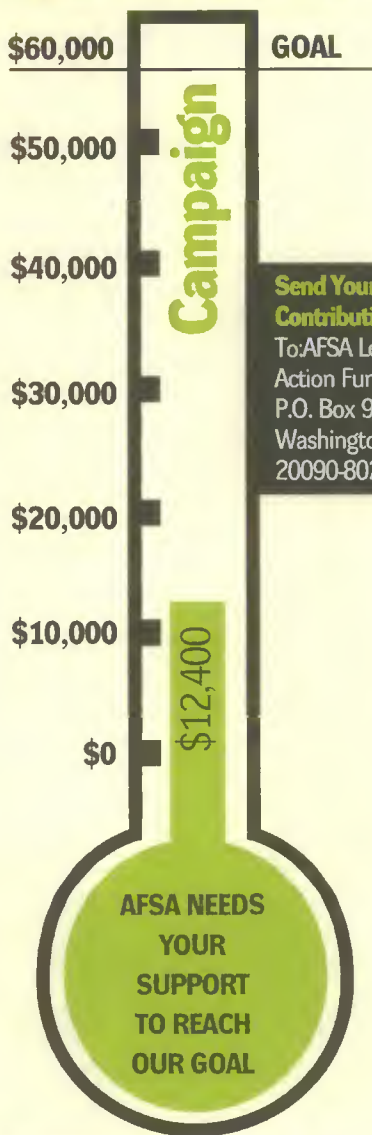
Director General Skip Gnehm said the

Continued on page 13

AFSA NEWS BRIEF



Legislative Action Fund



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Northern California Association Contributes to Scholarship Fund

The Foreign Service Association of Northern California, (FSANC) one of three Foreign Service associations in California, contributed \$1,000 toward a need-based, financial aid scholarship under AFSA's Scholarship Fund. This scholarship, established in April 2000, will be bestowed in September for the 2000/2001 school year to a son or daughter of an FS employee to help cover undergraduate college expenses. Jim Thurber, FSANC's treasurer was

instrumental in initiating this award due to a surplus in FSANC's treasury. FSANC was established in 1980 to promote a continuing interest in foreign affairs and America's leadership abroad. Retired and active members of the Foreign Service and those that have an interest in foreign affairs comprise FSANC's membership. For more information on the AFSA Scholarship Program, contact Lori Dec at dec@afsa.org or (202) 944-5504.

OMS Victory ■ In one of his last acts in office, Director General Skip Gnehm announced that the State Department would raise the entry-level grade of office management specialists from FP-08 to FP-07 (State 96636).

AFSA's Feb. 15, 2000 proposal (State 29369) prompted the policy review that resulted in this long-overdue change. AFSA thanks the dozens of office management specialists whose e-mails we quoted to management in support of our initiative (State 38886). AFSA also thanks the participants of the March OMS Conference and the members of the department's OMS Working Group who strongly encouraged this change.

AFSA hopes that State will be responsive to its May 16 letter (State 94367) urging them to ensure that eligible office management specialists receive time-and-a-half overtime pay in accordance with the Fair Labor Standards Act.

PMA Makes Scholarship Donation

The Public Members Association of the Foreign Service contributed \$3,000 to an AFSA financial aid scholarship earmarked for a needy, undergraduate college junior or senior majoring in foreign affairs. This is the ninth year that PMA has funded a scholarship, and the fourth year at the \$3,000 level. Since 1992, PMA has donated \$24,500 to the AFSA Scholarship Fund.

AFSA received this award at PMA's 33rd annual meeting, which brought together public representatives who serve on selection boards, promotion panels, inspection teams and advisory committees. PMA is a non-governmental, non-partisan organization that shows continuing interest in and support of the Foreign Service.



PMA President, Jeannine Clark (left) and PMA Scholarship Chairman, Nick Frankhouser (center) awarded the 1999/2000 PMA Scholarship to Ellen Prespare (right), a rising senior at the University of Richmond. Prespare will be working at the American Embassy Moscow for the summer, and wants to pursue a career in the Foreign Service.

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Speakers Bureau

I enjoyed the recent columns about outreach and the AFSA Speakers Bureau.

In the summer of 1998, as a retired FSO, I was asked to organize a series of lectures on foreign affairs at the Learning in Retirement Institute at George Mason University. I called it "An Inside Look at Foreign Affairs," and invited Ambassador Willard De Pree, Charles Vetter, Jr., Hans Tuch, and Walter Roberts (the latter three from the former USIA) for the first four weekly presentations. It was an instant success. Soon, I was told that registrations for these lecture courses were higher than any courses given by LRI: There were waiting lists.

In all, 29 retired ambassadors and FSOs have given 39 talks on foreign affairs. The speakers have been pleased with the response of students; many have returned to speak again. Ward Thompson of the AFSA Speakers Bureau has given enormous encouragement and support to this program.

LRI has grown to more than 600 students and continues to grow. There are eight-week terms in winter and fall, and four-week terms in winter and spring.

It has been most gratifying to see the enthusiasm and interest shown in foreign affairs by this organization of retired professionals from government, universities, private organizations and elsewhere.

*Roman Lotsberg,
FSO, retired
McLean, Va.*

The State of AFSA

As the current AFSA Governing Board finishes its first year in office, I wanted to report on what we at State AFSA have accomplished. Here are the highlights, some of which remain to be finalized in the coming months. This list does not cover issues that AFSA Headquarters is spearheading such as embassy security funding and legislative action.



Home Leave: Reached agreement with State to increase the amount of home leave granted on return to the United States from 15 to 25 workdays. Other changes are under negotiation.

Travel and Transportation: Submitted 31 recommendations. Convinced State to improve the travel voucher process and to form a working group to propose changes to the Fly America Act. Convinced State to exempt overseas employees from mandatory use of government-issued credit cards. Other issues are under negotiation.

Service-wide Issues: Reached agreement with State on new time-in-class and time-in-service rules that generally afford longer careers and larger pensions. Convinced State to create a long-term counseling position to counsel employees in career difficulty. Convinced State to end the required use of R&R for medical treatment.

Allowances: Convinced State to raise the wardrobe allowance for transfers and the transportation allowance for evacuees. Convinced State to increase the Home Service Transfer Allowance by 42 percent (implementation pending).

FSO Career Path: Filed a grievance over the assignment of a Civil Service employee to a DCM position. Submitted a package of recommendations addressing the shortage of mid-level FSOs.

OMS Career Path: Increased OMS promotion rates and hired new OMS employees at FP-07 instead of FP-08.

Specialist Issues: Reached agreement with State on procedures to make it easier for specialists to convert to the generalist ranks. Wrote to State seeking support for legislation to allow employees abroad to earn overtime at the same (higher) rate as domestic employees.

IRM Issues: Took part in deliberations of IRM FS Personnel Task Force leading to recruitment bonuses, retention incentives, upgrades at one/two person posts, etc. Met with senior IRM management to discuss concerns raised by members.

DS Issues: Helped to convince USAA to ask its board of directors to offer membership to DS special agents (the first step in getting USAA to open to all specialists). Asked State to change its policy denying per diem to newly hired DS special agents and to improve diplomatic immunity for DS personnel at consulates.

PD Issues: Worked to ensure that the USIA-State consolidation went as smoothly as possible and that best practices from USIA's MOU were adopted by State.

Quality of Life: Wrote to State proposing measures to ameliorate the inequitable treatment of unmarried domestic partners overseas.

Member Services: Helped more than 750 members with individual problems, grievances, or requests for information.

AFSA Institution-building: Increased AFSA State membership by 662 over the past year, eclipsing the total membership record set in 1995. Actively solicited member input, receiving more than 500 e-mails on some issues.

If I did not mention your top issue here or report it earlier via AFSA cable or AFSA Net, please e-mail me at NalandJ@state.gov and I will give you an update. ☒



Christian A. Herter Award Co-Winners *Carol A. Rodley and Kenneth M. Quinn*

Ambassador Kenneth M. Quinn and Deputy Chief of Mission Carol A. Rodley succeeded in reversing the department's decision to have the embassy chancery in Phnom Penh remain in what was, in their view, an indefensible compound vulnerable to terrorist attack. Putting their careers at risk, Quinn and Rodley refused to implement the department's decision to construct a new \$4 million structure on the existing compound located in the middle of the city with virtually no set-back. The strength of their conviction expressed spurred the department to send a security assessment team to review the situation. After continued reclamation by the post, the department finally canceled construction plans and began a search for a more secure site.

Quinn and Rodley received the Christian A. Herter Award for senior officers for their initiative, integrity, intellectual courage and constructive dissent.

Quinn's involvement in Cambodia dates back to 1968 when he served as a provincial political reporter in Vietnam and was one of the first people to report on the radical programs of the Khmer Rouge. In 1979, he served as director of Iowa's humanitarian effort to send food and medicine to starving Cambodians. As deputy assistant secretary of the Bureau of East Asian and Pacific Affairs from 1990 to 1994, he served as deputy head of the U.S. delegation to the Paris Conference on Cambodia. He also received the Presidential Distinguished Service Award and AFSA's Herter Award for achieving breakthroughs on Cambodia and in POW/MIA accounting. Quinn became ambassador to Cambodia in 1996. Embassy Cambodia has twice been honored with the Director of Central Intelligence Award for Exception Reporting.

After Quinn left his post as ambassador to Cambodia, Rodley continued the fight for a more secure embassy location. Rodley informed the State Department that when she took over the post as *chargé d'affaires* that she would also refuse to implement its directive. In his acceptance speech, Quinn said Rodley deserves the bulk of recognition because she has a long career still ahead of her and much more to lose by challenging State. Rodley, in turn, thanked Quinn for being her friend and mentor. She said the Phnom Penh situation was the first time she had engaged in constructive dissent, but that it was necessary to protect those who serve the United States.

Ambassador Herman J. Cohen presented the Herter Award.

William R. Rivkin Award Winner *Luis G. Moreno, Jr.*

Much has been made in the news media of the U.S. presence and purpose in Colombia. As director of the Narcotics Assistance Section of Embassy Bogota, Luis G. Moreno, Jr., deals with these issues on a daily basis. In the face of local corruption and interagency debate over the value of the counter-narcotics assistance program which he directs, Moreno managed the program in Colombia in a way that earned the praise of GAO auditors. Undeterred by political pressure and personal threats, he insisted on recommending those programs that would be most effective. Similarly, he insisted that the U.S. government support a judicial review of local corruption rather than bowing to political pressures to ignore the issue.

Moreno exhibited the intellectual courage, constructive dissent and attempt to change the course of policy that embody the highest tradition of the William R. Rivkin Award for mid-career officers.

Moreno joined the Foreign Service in 1983, and was assigned to Bogota where he served as vice consul and special assistant to the Narcotics Assistance Unit director. In 1986, he was assigned to Managua as the American citizens service chief, and handled the Eugene Hasenfuss kidnap case, eventually resulting in the airman's release. In 1988, he was sent to Lima as deputy director of the Narcotics Affairs Unit, and supervised U.S. government eradication efforts in the Upper Huallaga Valley. Moreno returned to Washington, D.C. in 1990 to serve as the Colombian desk officer of the International Narcotics Bureau. In May, 1997, he returned to Bogota, currently the U.S. government's third largest foreign assistance program.

Moreno has received three Superior Honor Awards, two Meritorious Honor Awards, a group Valor and group Distinguished Service Award.

Mrs. John Sterry Long, widow of Ambassador Rivkin, presented the award.



INL A/S Beers, ONDCP Deputy Bill Umberg and Luis G. Moreno, Jr. visit wounded CNP in the hospital.



M. Juanita Guess Award Winner *Geri Kersey*

You only need to look at photos of Geri Kersey in action as the CLO in Copenhagen to know she enjoys her work. In one photo Kersey is dressed as a clown for Halloween festivities, in others she's setting up outdoor gatherings. Many of these activities could not have been possible without her.



When Kersey arrived in Copenhagen in 1996, the CLO office had been closed for over six years. After two more years of frustration, she reopened the office.

"Beginning an office from scratch was definitely a challenge," says Kersey. "To some it could be a nightmare—but I consider it more of a dream."

Kersey worked with the executive and administrative branches at Embassy Copenhagen to make her dream come true. She pushed for more space for the CLO office to include a library, and received the support of Ambassador Richard Swett, current and former DCMs Lawrence Butler and

Jimmy Kolker, and Administrative Officer Brian Kelsey. Kersey says she likes Copenhagen so much that she hopes to stay there until the summer of 2002.

Kersey, who was born and raised on Long Island, N.Y., received a bachelor of science degree and a master of arts degree from Adelphi University in Garden City, N.Y. She taught mathematics to children in grades five through eight at The School of Saint Aidan in Williston Park, N.Y. for 13 years. She has been married to Arthur Kersey, who works for the Drug Enforcement Administration, for 18 years. Their son, Sean, is seven years old.

Jon Clements, president of Clements & Co. presented the award. The M. Juanita Guess Award is given each year to an outstanding CLO in honor of Clements' mother, who founded the company and worked closely with community liaison officers around the world.

The W. Averell Harriman Award Winner *Thomas P. Kelly*

Within a few weeks of arrival at post, Tom Kelly, a first-tour public affairs officer, took over direction of the Embassy Nicosia public diplomacy program. As acting PAO, Kelly was thrust into a sharp disagreement between the embassy's front office and the U.S. Information Agency over the proper handling of a \$5 million USIA program. Kelly refused to bow to conflicting interests of the front office, USIA, the Office of the Inspector General, members of the U.S. Congress and local leaders, and declined to sign the \$5 million Cyprus-American Scholarship Program agreement until it met the concerns of Embassy Nicosia. He earned the respect and praise of all parties concerned and laid the basis for excellent working relations with local organizations.

Kelly was born and reared in suburban Chicago. He attended the University of Illinois-Chicago, where he received his bachelor's in Spanish in 1986. In 1992 he received a master's in Latin American studies from the University of New Mexico.

From 1992 to 1992, Kelly volunteered in the Peace Corps in Akuressa, Sri Lanka, where he worked as a TESL instructor at Nilwala College of Education. He has also worked as an ESOL instructor at the English Center of the Miami-Dade Public Schools in Florida, and as a Spanish instructor at the University of New Mexico. While in Miami he also worked as a political-military analyst on the Cuba/Dominican Republic desk at the U.S. Southern Command.

Kelly began his Foreign Service career with USIA in December 1998. He is currently the assistant public affairs officer at Embassy Nicosia. He is married to Holly Peirce, the bicomunal coordinator for Embassy Nicosia.



The W. Averell Harriman Award for junior officers was to be presented by Robert C. Fisk, grandson of W. Averell Harriman.

Kelly plants a tree at the U.S.-funded Greater Nicosia Sewerage Plant.

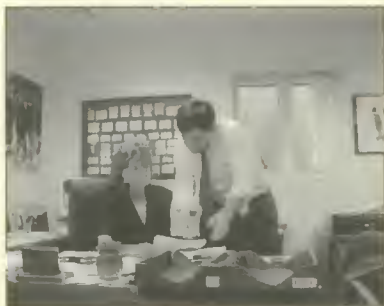




Delavan Award Winner Lynn Bitters

Serving as office management specialist to the ambassador in one of the most difficult Foreign Service posts—Sarajevo—Lynn Bitters has made an extraordinary contribution to post effectiveness and morale. Her positive, can-do perspective has made the embassy a more productive and happier place.

Bitters was born in Grosse Pointe, Mich., and grew up in Wisconsin. She joined the Foreign Service in 1992 after spending 22 years in the private sector, working for Crocker Bank in San Francisco; Transatlantic Petroleum in Houston; and Honeywell and



Sandia National Laboratories in Albuquerque. She has since served in Ouagadougou, London, and Washington, D.C. Bitters previously was posted to Sarajevo as second to the Office of the High Representative.

She returned to Sarajevo after receiving a telephone call from the new ambassador, Tom Miller—whom Bitters had never met—requesting her as his OMS. Miller says he chose Bitters because of her background and “sterling” references.

“Given the difficult environment in Sarajevo, I was particularly impressed that she had served there before and was willing to go back. Beside my wife, this is the best choice I ever made in my life,” says Miller.

Bitters has served as the embassy’s unofficial morale officer, says Miller, constantly looking after the welfare of others and making sure that the front office takes swift action when there is a problem.

“Even when I’m feeling terrible, I try to remember that no petty problems of mine can compare to the hardships, heart-break and sacrifice faced by most of our FSNs who stayed in Sarajevo during the war,” says Bitters. “Working with these courageous people sustains me.”

Bitters has previously received several State Department awards, including one individual and one group Superior Honor Award, an MSI Commendation, and the Franklin Award.

Caldwell Harrop, son of Ambassador William C. Harrop, presented the Delavan Award for office management specialists.

The Tex Harris Award Winner Frontis B. Wiggins

As information systems officer at Embassy Paris, Frontis B. Wiggins spearheaded systems innovation efforts that rippled throughout the State Department computer systems. He procured and is evaluating biometric fingerprint scanners to replace passwords for systems access. Previously, in spite of opposition, he justified unattended systems operations which improved service, reduced overtime and were praised by the department’s Strategic Management Initiative group.

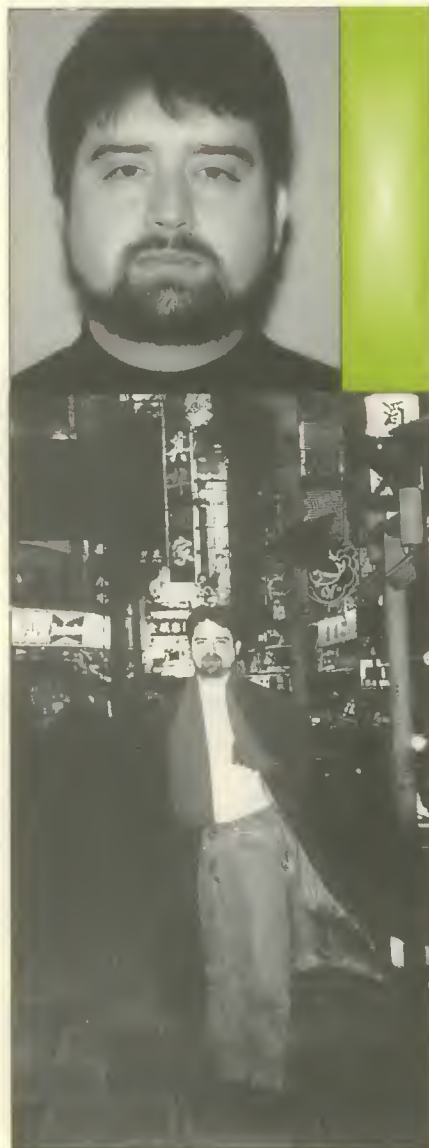
Wiggins has shown the courage to take chances, challenge authority and use constructive dissent to improve department operations worldwide. For this he received the F. Allen “Tex”

Harris Award for Foreign Service specialists, given the first time this year. It will be conferred annually to a specialist “who has exhibited extraordinary accomplishment involving initiative, integrity, intellectual courage and constructive dissent.” The award was made possible through the support of the Nelson B. Delavan Foundation.

Wiggins was born in Rome to a Foreign Service officer and FS communicator. He joined the Foreign Service in 1985, immediately after graduating from the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Va., where he received his bachelor’s in history.

His first post was to Cairo, followed by Budapest, then a tour as an instructor at the Warrenton Training Center. He has also served as an assistant operations officer in Foreign Operations, and as IPO and ISO in Hong Kong.

Tex Harris presented the Tex Harris Award.





Bodeen leads the Kampala Children's Choir at the December 1999 Christmas concert at Namirembe Cathedral in Kampala.



Avis Bohlen Award Winner Diane Bodeen

Diane Bodeen's dedication to local community service in Kampala is sustained, wide-ranging and selfless. She concentrates her efforts in three areas that impact most on the expatriate and Ugandan communities: music performance, women's charitable activities and community outreach to revive interest in Ugandan traditions. Bodeen has organized choirs and concerts, fundraising drives and courses and exhibits on Ugandan culture. Her efforts have projected a highly positive image for the United States and the embassy.

Bodeen was born in Santa Barbara, Calif., and received her bachelor's from Occidental College in Los Angeles in 1962. Bodeen then became a FSO with USIA serving in Singapore and Bangkok from 1963 to 1965. In 1965, she married Virgil Bodeen; he entered the Foreign Service in 1974. She received her master's in music from Washington University in St. Louis in 1972. She began her second overseas "career" as an FS spouse in 1974 in Beirut. She has accompanied her husband to posts in Lagos, Tunis, Singapore, Bucharest, Conakry, Copenhagen, Ougadougou and Kampala. In Bucharest, Conakry and Kampala she has worked as a classroom music teacher.

Bodeen says her main emphasis at all these posts has been music, creating or conducting choirs in eight of the nine posts, with children's choirs in five posts. She also says the majority of her choir concerts benefit a wide variety of causes. One of her major focuses has been on women's organizations. She has served on boards of some in four countries and has held English-language discussion groups and encouraged contacts with artists in the community. In Kampala she held an art night at which members of the International Women's Organization exhibited their artistic products. She is currently working with a local professor of music and the Ugandan National Museum to prepare a new exhibit of Ugandan musical instruments for installation.

Robert C. Fisk, grandson of W. Averell Harriman, presented the Bohlen Award for Foreign Service family members.

AFSA Achievement Award Co-Winners Brandon Grove and Janina Jaruzelski

Brandon Grove's commitment to AFSA has been long-held and wide-ranging. From 1992 to 1994 he served as chair of the editorial board of the *Foreign Service Journal*. Last year he chaired the 75th Anniversary Advisory Committee, helping to develop and carry out year-long activities and the final gala. He raised more than \$200,000 to fund these events. He also helped organize the Foreign Service presidential library exhibits and the national high school essay contest. For his enduring dedication to AFSA, Grove was awarded the AFSA Achievement Award for a retired member.

The former ambassador to Zaire earned his bachelor's from Bard College and a master's in public affairs from Princeton University. He served twice on the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department. He has also served as deputy



assistant secretary of State for Latin American affairs, director of the Foreign Service Institute, consul general in Jerusalem and as the chargé d'affaires who opened the embassy in East Berlin.



Janina Jaruzelski's service as AFSA representative at the largest FS post—Cairo—was conspicuous for her intellectual courage and willingness to risk threats to her career. She confronted post management in a firm but constructive way on the major issue of handling toxic pesticides in embassy housing. This became a sensitive issue following the death in 1993 of an embassy employee as a result of the misuse of a dangerous pesticide, and continued cases of employee illness following spraying at their homes. Her determination and initiative inspired post management to switch to non-chemical pest control initiatives, which dramatically reduced the threat to post families.

Jaruzelski was born in Pittsburgh and raised in Westfield, N.J. She received her bachelor's in history from Princeton University and her law degree from the University of Pennsylvania Law School. She served on AFSA's Governing Board from 1996 to 1997, and while in Washington, D.C. was on numerous AFSA committees, including the USAID Standing Committee, the Awards Committee and others. She received the AFSA Achievement Award for an active member.

AFSA President Marshall Adair presented the AFSA Achievement Awards.

2000 AFSA/AAFSW Academic Merit Award Winners

The American Foreign Service Association and the Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide are pleased to announce the winners of the 2000 Academic Merit Competition. This program is open to Foreign Service high school seniors for their academic and artistic accomplishments. The winners were presented their awards on May 5, at an awards ceremony in the State Department as part of Foreign Service Day activities.

The 66 Academic Merit Award applicants were judged on their grade point average, Scholastic Assessment Test (SAT) scores, a two-page essay, letters of recommendation and



DAN ARELLANO — son of Hilda Arellano (USAID) & A. Jorge Arellano; graduate of Academia Cotopaxi, American International School, Quito, Ecuador; National Hispanic Recognition Program finalist; DACOR Dreyfus Memorial Scholarship recipient; member of the varsity basketball and soccer teams; will attend Yale University, New Haven, Conn.



AARON BARTH — son of Deborah & Philip Barth (State); graduate of Ashbury College, Ottawa, Canada; Eagle Scout; captain of boarding students at Ashbury College; captain of varsity baseball team; member of basketball and football teams and choir; church youth group; will attend Harvard University, Cambridge, Ma., majoring in liberal arts.



HANNAH FRIED — daughter of Olga Karpiv & Daniel Fried (State); graduate of Georgetown Day School, Washington, D.C.; National Merit Commended Scholar; Advanced Placement Scholar; interested in human rights issues; founding member of dance ensemble; enjoys playing the violin; will attend Williams College, Williamstown, Ma.



AMANDA HEFFERNAN — daughter of Roberta Newell (State) & Charles Heffernan (State); graduate of American Community School, Amman, Jordan; National Merit finalist; National Choral Award winner; enjoys singing, backpacking, cooking and reading; will attend Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash.



TODD LYSTER — son of Diana & Richard Lyster (CS, deceased); graduate of San Rafael High School, San Rafael, Calif.; Science Award from Bausch and Lomb; 1999 All School Chemistry Award; track and field athlete; enjoys playing the saxophone and in-line skating; will attend the University of California at Berkeley.



NATHANIEL MYERS — son of Lynn & Terry Myers (USAID); graduate of Jakarta International School, Jakarta, Indonesia; Presidential Scholar semi-finalist; co-captain of school's baseball and softball team; enjoys traveling and politics; will attend Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., majoring in international relations.



JESSICA SOMERS — daughter of Janya & Harvey Somers (State); graduate of Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology, Alexandria, Va.; National Merit Commended Scholar; cellist in school's symphonic orchestra and string quartet; co-president of Stand for Children; will attend the University of Virginia, Charlottesville.



JESSICA TYSON — daughter of Sydnee Tyson (State) & Donald Tyson (State, retired); graduate of George Mason High School, Falls Church, Va.; Wellesley Book Award; commendation, National AIDS Fund; art and poetry editor for Tempo Literary Arts Magazine; enjoys photography; will attend the University of California at Berkeley.

Academic Merit Honorable Mention Winners

VERONIQUE ANDERSON — daughter of Eve & Gerald Anderson (State); graduate of Walworth Barbour American Int'l School, Kfar Shmaryahu, Israel; will attend the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.

ANNA BLABEY — daughter of Anne & Richard Blabey (FAS); graduate of International School Nido de Aguilas, Santiago, Chile; will attend Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y.

BENJAMIN CHRISTENSEN — son of Margie & Casey Christensen (State); graduate of American Nicaraguan School, Managua, Nicaragua; will attend Stanford University, Stanford, Calif.

extracurricular activities. AFSA's Committee on Education, along with volunteers from the foreign affairs community, scored the applicants and determined the winners.

The six Art Merit Award applicants submitted an entry in one of the following categories: visual arts, musical arts, drama, dance or creative writing. Shanta Cortez-Greig won the Art Merit Award for her original piano and guitar compositions. Winners received \$1,500 awards and Honorable Mention winners received \$400 prizes.

Edward Messmer, Jr. won the Community Service Award for tutoring disadvantaged children and assisting with meals at a

homeless shelter. This year's Best Essay Contest winner described her experience with culture shock. The winning essay by Laura Tarrant, "No Quiero Taco Bell," appears on page 10.

AAFSW provided a portion of the \$27,400 awarded this year with funding from proceeds from its annual bookfair held last fall. The remainder of the funds came from AFSA's Scholarship Fund.

For information on applying to the 2001 AFSA Merit or 2000/2001 Financial Aid Program, or for information on how to give to the scholarship fund, contact Lori Dec, AFSA scholarship administrator, at 202-944-5504 or dec@afsa.org.



KEITH HENNEKE — son of Janet Henneke (State) & Frederick Henneke (former State); graduate of Tivy High School, Kernville, Tenn.; valedictorian; National Merit Commended Scholar; 1999 Texas Mock Trial State Champion; debate and soccer teams; will attend Rice University, Houston, majoring in political science.



LOUIS-JOHN JANOWSKI — son of Judith & Louis Janowski (Retired — State); graduate of James Madison Memorial High School; Madison, Wisc.; vice president of National Honor Society; captain of varsity football team; writer for school newspaper; enjoys acting; cellist in school orchestra; will attend University of Wisconsin — Madison.



DANIEL KEEGAN — son of Sally Lindfors & David Keegan (State); graduate of Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology, Alexandria, Va.; Arena Stage Playwriting Award; Alliance for Young Writers & Artists Silver Writing Award; Eagle Scout; will attend Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.



TAMAR LOSLEBEN — daughter of Connie Johnson (USAID) & George Losleben; graduate of Cairo American College, Cairo, Egypt; valedictorian; varsity team volleyball captain; member of championship varsity softball team; student court chief justice; will attend Rice University, Houston, majoring in science and art.



KRISTEN WAYNE — daughter of Pamela & Earl Anthony Wayne (State); graduate of Richard Montgomery High School, Rockville, Md.; National Merit Commended Scholar; varsity swim team member; marching band flag squad member; section editor of school newspaper; will attend Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., majoring in international relations.



OLIVIA WILLS — daughter of Regina & E. Ashley Wills (State); graduate of American Embassy School, New Delhi, India; school's 1999 History Student of the Year; school's 1999 Actor of the Year; founder and director of school's jazz choir; member of varsity softball and basketball teams; will attend Princeton University, Princeton, N.J., majoring in English.



MONICA WILSON — daughter of Leticia & Pierre Wilson (State); graduate of Incarnate Word High School, San Antonio, Texas; National Merit Scholar; senior class historian; vice president of Junior State of America; enjoys weight training and physics tutoring; will attend the University of Texas at Austin in the Business Honors Program.



Art Merit Winner
SHANTA CORTEZ-GREIG — daughter of Barbara & John Andrew Cortez-Greig (State); graduate of Pioneer Valley Performing Arts Charter High School, Hadley, Mass.; first prize in talent show at 1999 DramaFest in Oberwesel, Germany; enjoys rock climbing and creative writing; will attend Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa.

BENJAMIN DWORKEN — son of Anna & Mort Dworken (State); graduate of George Mason High School, Falls Church, Va.; will attend Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.

CHRISTINE GARRETT — daughter of Karen & Stephen Garrett (State); graduate of Woodbridge Senior High School, Woodbridge, Va.; will attend the University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

CULLEN NEWTON — son of Joan & Gary Newton (USAID); graduate of Cairo American College, Cairo, Egypt; will attend Princeton University, Princeton, N.J.

KURT RUPPRECHT — son of Christine Murphy & Erhardt Rupprecht, Jr. (USAID); graduate of Colegio Maya, Guatemala City, Guatemala; will attend the University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

Best Essay ■ BY LAURA TARRANT

No Quiero Taco Bell

"Hold on and let me get this straight. So you've never been to Taco Bell AND you've never seen an episode of Seinfeld?!?"

Sigh. Freshman homecoming is awkward enough as it is, and this was making it downright embarrassing.

"No," I replied curtly, making it obvious that I didn't care at all.

"She's also never been in Abercrombie. And she's never even HEARD of American Eagle," chimed in a bimbo from a seat in the back.

At times like this, I always felt like a freak show. People seemed to think I was this alien from another planet, not a girl who's just happened to live most of her life overseas.

"Wow," came the exasperated reply. "I can't believe it. You've missed so much since you moved to Germany. No, wait. Where was it again ... Australia?"

"Austria," I sighed.

"Right. Lots of koalas there, in the land down under, huh?"

"No, I used to live in Austria, a country in EUROPE," I explained patiently, even though inside I was getting so frustrated at how stupid everyone in the United States seemed.

"Oh, right. Man, what did you DO over there?"

"Well, I got to see all of Europe. And I got to meet people from all over the world. And I got to learn another language..." I stopped speaking, my thoughts trailing off.

The five other people in my homecoming group, including my date, were staring at me vacantly in the van on the way to the dance. They didn't get it. They didn't understand that while they were watching Seinfeld and eating Taco Bell burritos, I was traveling to amazing cities in Europe, making friends who knew English as a fourth language and having the time of my life. It irked me to no end that, to most people in the United States, the thought of living anywhere else in the world would be torture. Everyone here believes that living in the United States is everyone's dream.

We reached the school parking lot and everyone piled out of



Best Essay Winner Laura Tarrant —daughter of Susan & Frank Tarrant (FAS); graduate of Chantilly High School, Chantilly, Va.; will attend James Madison University, Harrisonburg, Va. (Pictured: Tarrant accepting her award from State Director General Skip Gnehm.)

the minivan. As we walked into the gym, I thought about how bitter I was toward everyone in my school; I thought they were all stupid for not realizing their ignorance. But I began thinking that I guess it's not their fault; in fact, I was the ignorant one for not realizing that they just don't know anything else. My mom always says, talking to them about how cool it is to live overseas would be like trying to explain to me how great it is to work in nuclear physics. Most U.S. teens can't relate to my experience living abroad because they have never experienced it themselves.

Now, more than three years later, I look back on that night and chuckle to myself. I remember being very frustrated and annoyed when I first moved here. No one could really relate to me and the girls seemed preoccupied with completely stupid stuff: "He said that she said that he was mad at her because he said that she said ... blah blah blah," and "Ohmygosh did you see what she was wearing?"

However, I feel I've adjusted well and have made a lot of friends over the years. I consider myself a typical American girl now: I love shopping, Slurpees, and I'll even watch Seinfeld reruns occasionally. But I still feel that I'm a little different from the other girls my age in that I know there are amazing people and places outside the United States. And I still don't like Taco Bell. ☒



Community Service Winner

Community Service Winner Edward Messmer Jr.— son of Barbara & Edward Messmer (State); graduate of Gonzaga College High School, Washington, D.C.; will attend Trinity College at the University of Toronto. (Pictured: Edward Messmer accepting the award on behalf of his son from State Director General Skip Gnehm.)

AFSA 2000 Awards Runners-Up

William R. Rivkin Award:

Karen B. Decker, political officer,
U.S. Mission to NATO

W. Averell Harriman Award:

Karen Choe, vice consul,
Embassy Kuwait

Tex Harris Award:

Raymond Bassi,
regional security officer,
Embassy Kampala

Delavan Award:

Teresa Chupp, office management
specialist to the ambassador,
Embassy Riga

M. Juanita Guess Award:

Ann Severn and Lori D'Amico,
joint CLOs at Embassy Kiev

Avis Bohlen Award:

Jaye Escudero, spouse of Ambassador
Stanley Escudero, Embassy Baku

Know an Intern Interested in the Foreign Service?

The **Pamela Harriman Fellowship Program** provides three eligible students, with either junior or senior standing at a U.S. college, the opportunity to intern at each of three locations: U.S. Embassy Paris, U.S. Embassy London and the Office of Secretary of State in Washington, D.C. Interns also receive a \$5,000 stipend.

The Harriman Fellowships are awarded in conjunction with the State Department Summer Intern Program. Applicants must first apply to the department's internship program. Applications will be available in August on the department's web site at www.state.gov.

For more information, contact Lillian Kelly at 757-221-1189 or at harriman@wm.edu or go to www.wm.edu/harriman/

V.P. VOICE: FAS ■ BY EVANS BROWNE

Managing Through Partnership Agreements

For those who read Peter Drucker's management theories in the '80s, "partnership" appears to be the next "new" management technique. This year I was chosen to represent the FAS Partnership Council at the Tenth Annual National Labor-Management Conference held in Chicago. The conference had 2,000 attendees, 68 workshops and one National Partnership Council meeting. It was sponsored and managed by the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, an independent agency of the U.S. government, and funded as such.



The most common theme of the conference was partnership. This idea of "partnership" was described in many different ways, such as "partnership council," "labor-management committee," or some variation of these two phrases. The vast majority of attendees were from the private sector, state and local government, public school administrators, and their associated union representatives.

Partnership councils
worked best when
they dealt with
"work life" issues.

With one exception, all the presentations that I attended based their "partnership" on "trust" in the other party to adhere to commonly held, broad goals for the organization as a whole, and for all parties to act in "cooperation" toward their goals. The FAS Partnership Council charter, and most of the partnership council agreements relating to FAS employment issues do not demonstrate the type

of partnership being employed by the presenters at the conference workshops. I have the impression that the private sector sees more value in true partnership than does the federal sector.

The session most applicable to a federal agency partnership council was the National Partnership Council open meeting. The council was established by President Clinton's Executive Order 12871, Labor-Management Partnerships, on Oct. 1, 1993. The council's primary responsibilities are to support and promote effective labor-management partnerships; collect and disseminate information about partnership with an emphasis on results achieved; provide guidance on partnerships; and advise the president on the state of labor-management relations in the federal government.

There were two reports given at the council meeting that should show up, eventually, on the council web site at www.opm.gov/npc. One by Morely Winograd, director, National Partnership Council for Reinventing Government (NPR), and one by Dr. Merrick Masters, University of Pittsburgh, NPC research project director. Mr. Winograd reported on an NPR "Employee Satisfaction Survey".

One of Winograd's undocumented statements was that partnership councils worked best when they dealt with "work life" issues, such as work hours, awards, and benefits. He also reported that about 33 percent of the federal work force thought "reinvention" was a priority, and thought that unions and management worked cooperatively. He also said that federal employee satisfaction was about the same as private sector employee satisfaction. This survey is available at www.employeesurvey.gov.

Although this conference is largely suited to non-federal organizations, it is the only (as far as I know) large forum for networking with others working in this popular form of labor-management relations. However, I think that much more needs to be done by the National Partnership Council to assist federal management and labor toward managing through partnership. ⊗

Foreign Service Day Challenge

There was no mistaking the most urgent message of this year's Foreign Service Day. Speaker after speaker said that the State Department's budget woes are grave and that Foreign Service retirees are the best hope of building public support for foreign affairs resources.

Senior department colleagues were blunt about personnel shortages created by budget-driven decisions. The European Bureau, for example, had to raid its own posts and other bureaus to meet surge requirements in Kosovo and elsewhere. In addition, rehired annuitants or contractors fill 78 of the bureau's 306 domestic positions. While AFSA welcomes jobs for retirees, we share concern over this critical staffing shortfall.

Budget relief cannot happen without public support for diplomacy. The PS Day luncheon speaker, Sen. Chuck Hagel, R-Neb., also urged retirees to get out and make the case for diplomacy with the public and the Congress as well.

What is our role as retirees? The department itself has extensive outreach materials. Under Secretary of State Thomas Pickering, in response to a retiree's question about explaining foreign policy to the public, said that Secretary of State Madeleine Albright makes several speeches a week on the topic and that these and other policy statements are on the department's Web site, www.state.gov.

But, as AFSA has pointed out before, there are limits to the administration's ability to get people to focus on this information and government officials are legally prohibited from suggesting that the public lobby Congress.

Fortunately, Foreign Service retirees around the country are not restricted by these limits. Former Ambassador Bill Harrop, the former AFSA president who received the DACOR Cup on Foreign Service Day, noted the tremendous stake the United States has in global stability, with trade now one-third of U.S. gross national product. Increasingly dominant global issues, he cautioned, can no longer be solved by the United States alone but require the building of coalitions. In these circumstances, the United States must have strong diplomatic resources, but, despite the secretary's good efforts, the administration has not convinced Congress to provide them, said Harrop. He told the retirees, "We must get to work. No one else is going to do it for us." Noting the AFSA Speakers Bureau among various retiree outreach initiatives, Harrop encouraged PS Day participants and said that "everyone in this room is more than capable of giving an effective talk."

Still, many retirees tell me that they are out of touch with Foreign Service issues. The question then is how to draw on the wealth of background material on the Internet and convey it to local audiences, media, and congressional staff. AFSA can help you. Our upgraded Web site, www.afsa.org, with a much-improved retirees section, has links to the department and other key sites.

If you are not online, I urge you to contact Ward Thompson at (800) 704-2372, ext. 528, for assistance in obtaining up-to-date policy statements and other information. Thompson also has a suggested speakers outline. AFSA Legislative Director Ken Nakamura has sample letters to Congress, to assist you in making your voice heard in support of foreign affairs resources (also see "Sample Letter to Congress," pg. 5 in the June issue of *AFSA News*.) You may contact Nakamura at (800) 704-2372, ext. 517. ☒



Still, many retirees tell me that they are out of touch with Foreign Service issues.

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Proceeds benefit the AFSA/AAFSW scholarship program and local charities.

merger of USIA and State in October, 1999 was a great success. He welcomed all former USIA officers as part of the department team. Gnehm also offered his perspective on the future of the Foreign Service. Citing the McKinsey & Co. study commissioned by the department, Gnehm said that "the department continues to attract and hold very talented and highly motivated individuals. Our workforce compares very favorably to those found in the top private sector corporations, such as AT&T."

He refuted the notion that the Foreign Service is losing officers in high numbers to the private sector. "[I]n 1998, less than two percent of our FSO-1s and less than one percent of O-2s resigned from the Service. For the junior grades the average resignation rate was less than one percent," said Gnehm.

Despite his optimism for the future, Gnehm acknowledged the difficulties the service continues to face because of budget cuts in the mid-1990s. Although the department hired 313 JOs and more than 600 specialists last year, Gnehm said the

department remained desperately understaffed by more than 200 positions. Others, like Under Secretary Pickering, put that number at 400.

That wasn't the only sobering statistic: Over the last five years the number of FS Day attendees has steadily declined. In the mid-1990s almost 1,000 retired members attended. There may be numerous reasons for this substantial drop. One may be the lack of easier access to the State Department by retired FS members. AFSA is currently working with State on this issue, and *AFSA News* will keep you posted on any developments.

After Under Secretary Thomas R. Pickering delivered his keynote speech (see excerpt), awards were presented to recognize outstanding leadership and performance. The six winners of the Secretary of State's Awards for Outstanding Volunteerism went to Ola Criss, David Beam, Claudia Romeo, Toby Glucksman, Jo Ellen Fuller and Lynne Germaine



Under Secretary Bonnie Cohen and AFSA President Marshall Adair look on at the Memorial Plaque Ceremony at the State Department.

Montgomery. AFSA and AAFSW next presented their Merit Awards, which provide 16 high school seniors with scholarships of \$1,500 (see story pg. 8).

DACOR presented its Foreign Service Cup to former Ambassador William C. Harrop, whom Rogers, president of DACOR, called an "FSO par excellence." Harrop then provided an overview of diplomacy through American history. Gnehm presented the Director General's Cup to Career Ambassador George S. Vest.

Those who lost their lives while helping America in its mission overseas were also remembered. Two new memorial plaques were dedicated at State: one for FS Nationals and one for FS family members. Several FSNs representing a different continent attended the dedication ceremony.

"Our FSNs have proven time and again a deep loyalty to the State Department and occasionally, as commemorated tragically here, have made the ultimate sacrifice on behalf of us all," said Bonnie Cohen, under secretary of State for management.

She said families of FSOs "form the backbone of our embassy communities, both by creating a sense of home away from home, often under difficult circumstances, and by engaging in meaningful community service activities."

"We are thankful that this year, for the first time since 1991, there are no new names to be added to the list of fallen colleagues," said President Clinton, in a letter read by Cohen. "And we will continue to enhance our vigilance against terrorism and work to protect our personnel wherever they serve." ⊗

EXCERPT OF FS DAY SPEECH:

Under Secretary Pickering Cautions and Encourages



"...As you many of you know, the budget resolution cuts our request by 12 percent. That would take us below funding levels for FY 2000, and the secretary [of State] and all of us are determined to do all we can to ensure that our resources come much more into line with the tasks we are undertaking for the American people.

I would ask for your help in any year—we are always stronger when voices of wisdom continue to speak and teach. And yet, I ask it today with particular urgency.

From my work in the department and my travels overseas, I have become increasingly concerned about the gap between our workload, the number of people in our service and the resources they lack.

As you know, there are 400 jobs left vacant for lack of personnel. That gap is directly traceable to tough resource decisions imposed upon us by budget cuts.

In offices throughout the world, we are working in difficult and often dangerous circumstances. To cite just one example, in Kiev, 45 employees work in "Trailerville," a 2-story collection of shipping containers made into offices. These offices have no heat and no plumbing. Those in the main building share small offices, in many cases holding four people in a 100-square-foot room.

If we are going to meet the challenges of a globalized world, and to take advantage of the opportunities before us, we must have a diplomacy worthy of our country and the American people. ...

The Foreign Service today remains highly talented, devoted to this nation and willing to make incredible sacrifices for it. Yet, they must labor without the necessary resources.

I hope you will be part of the effort to turn that around—for the sake of the Foreign Service, and above all, for the sake of this country." ⊗

Q&A

Q & A BY JAMES YORKE,
LABOR MANAGEMENT SPECIALIST

Q: People talk about "virtual locality pay." What is this?

A. This refers to a department initiative that would allow people who retire while overseas to calculate their "High-3" as though they had been serving in Washington. The advantages of this are obvious but there are costs. The department must find \$8.8 million extra to contribute to the retirement fund; for USAID the figure is about \$1 million. Employees will have to contribute an extra amount between 0.05 percent and 0.25 percent. This may vary depending on whether they are in FSPS or FSRDS. The plan would operate from the day it becomes effective by legislation.

The plan is in the early stages. The department is now consulting with other foreign affairs agencies; then there must be

congressional action. The time scale for this change is hard to predict. However, State is solidly behind it since it will encourage people who currently return to Washington for their final three years to stay overseas, and also be of inestimable help to specialists for whom there are no Washington jobs.

AFSA fully supports this initiative.

Q. Must I use a government travel card for all travel?

A. In general, State Department employees must use the Citibank-Visa Charge Card where possible. However, there are exemptions for all personnel assigned to locations outside CONUS, for FSNs, for expenses where the charge card is not accepted and when paying for such items as parking, taxis/tips and local transportation such as subway, bus, etc. (See State Department Notice dated 3/3/00.)

In USAID there are exemptions for Home Leave, R&R and Assignment ("Entitlement Travel"), and for TDYs over 30 days. USAID staff should also not use the credit card in areas of the world where

credit card fraud is a major problem. Apart from these three exceptions, employees must use the government travel card for official travel when it is practical to do so. USAID General Notice of Apr. 20, 2000 explains that the decision on "when it is practical to do so" is left to individual employees, and that USAID will not specify what "practical" means.

Agriculture does not at present use the government charge card for overseas or international travel. However, an online service is being developed which will allow overseas offices to file travel vouchers direct with the National Finance Center. As they come online for this service, Agriculture offices overseas will be directed to use the government travel card for all travel. We understand the online service is already in use in CONUS and that employees are usually reimbursed within three days.

Commerce states that employees need not use the card overseas. Employees must get the card, however, since cash advances are not provided for travel funded out of Washington. They will need the card, therefore, in order to travel on Home Leave and PCS orders. ☒

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DOWN THE GAZEBO ROAD

The crescent shore swept away from Portobello Bay towards the distant, mist-shrouded mountains. A slash of white sand held back the gentle lapping of the turquoise sea. Gaily decorated buses coursed haphazardly in the bustling traffic along the Strand. Beachfront hotels and villas cast playful, elongated shadows over the late-afternoon crowd of shoppers and vendors.

That's what I came here for, Veronica Blake thought. That peace. That idyll. That color.

Not this. This crumbling, rat-infested chancery. This Pirandello cast of characters. This daily dose of dyspepsia.

Deputy chief of mission by default. Even now, the irony of it caused the wisp of a wry smile to curl in the corners of her mouth. After 18 years in the Foreign Service, Veronica thought she deserved the chance to be a DCM. She had earned it, having served in every tough job from the Seventh Floor to Sana'a. She put in for the job at a dozen posts, only to see the positions go to other officers, all but one of them men — a couple of them, she knew from personal experience, complete idiots.

Maybe it was sex, maybe department politics. Maybe she just wasn't as deserving as she thought. It was a bitter pill, but the taste was diluted by her assignment as political counselor to the tropical, twin-island state of Tristan and Isolde. If nothing much important ever happened

there, if her career was stalled, at least there would be the sunshine, the beach, the music ... the chance to relax, finally, after so many years in the trenches.

DCM by default, because Ambassador Patty Duquesne had put on her cowgirl boots and kicked Peter Lazarus out of the country six weeks after Veronica arrived at post. The same Peter Lazarus who had sworn to her that the ambassador's troublesome reputation was "totally overblown" and "wildly exaggerated," and who assured her that he had the neophyte political appointee "under control."

That was nearly two years ago.

"Veronica?"

The sickly aroma of untreated sewage infiltrated the chancery, as it did on every flood tide. They really needed to pump the effluent farther offshore than just a couple hundred yards into the shallow bay.

"Veronica?" It was Lt. Col. Milo O'Higgins, the defense attaché. His voice was oddly pitched, like a screech owl.

"Yes, right," Veronica said, turning her gaze from the window back to the men and women assembled in her office. In addition to O'Higgins, they were Sydney Wedgewood, the ambassador's lead staff assistant, Bill Miller, the administrative officer, Frank Tuttle, the regional security officer, Kevin Danforth, the acting political counselor, Lupe Rincon, the consul general, and vice consul Tyler "Whip" Warren. "OK, where are we on the invitations?"



Amy Vangsgard

WHAT COULD GO WRONG AT A SIMPLE JULY 4TH EMBASSY PARTY? THE DONKEY AND ELEPHANT SEEMED QUITE CONTENT.

BY STEVEN WANGSNESS

*The ambassador had put on her
cowgirl boots and kicked her
DCM out of the country.*

"A little over 1600," Sydney Wedgewood said.

"And counting!" Danforth added, in his usual smug way. Veronica was pretty sure that Danforth believed women ought to rise no higher than the lunch counter at Hooters. She reminded herself to assign him some particularly loathsome job, like rodent control officer.

"Sydney, that's just impossible," Veronica said. "First of all, it's five times the number of important — or even semi-important — people in Tristan."

"Well, Patty was counting on friends and family coming down from Montana," Sydney said. "And Hollywood. We're hopeful that Dick Van Patten can make it."

"The king in *Spaceballs*," Danforth whispered audibly, to no one in particular.

Rodent control officer, that was the thing for Danforth.

"Well, it's just way too many. We'll never be able to squeeze them all into the residence, even if we put up a tent in the back."

"Patty was thinking that maybe we wouldn't use the residence."

Veronica drew tight circles on her temple with her fingers, massaging a throbbing vein. Whip Warren east a smile in her direction and rolled his eyes. God, he was cute. His cobalt eyes bored right into her soul. So young, so full of enthusiasm for life. As she had once been. Every time she saw him, she wanted to flout all the rules and jump him.

What could they do to her, really? Wreck her career? Too late.

"Sydney!" Veronica sighed. The vein throbbed on. "Sydney, we went over all of this a month ago. You were in the meeting with her. We decided we'd use the residence this year. Because it's the official home of the president's personal representative to Tristan. Because the Fourth of July is all about promoting America and

American values, not throwing a big street party for half the island. Especially not after what happened last year."

The previous year's Independence Day party had been held at the Portobello Copacabana Hotel. The vendor contracted to provide balloons — Patty Duquesne had insisted on a thousand red, white and blue ones — had trouble securing enough helium, so he'd rounded out the last third of the order by substituting cooking gas. One carelessly tossed cigarette later.... Well, at least no one had been killed. The department's lawyers were still sorting out the liability claims.

"Bill, back me up on this," Veronica said. "You were there. We settled this."

"We settled it, yep," the admin officer said. "The residence it is. She signed off on it, no question." Thank God for Bill Miller. He had no more personality than a slab of basalt, but he was just as solid. Veronica could count on him to quote chapter and verse from the regulations whenever it was necessary to kill off another one of the ambassador's gloriously inane ideas.

"Sydney, you'll just have to get her back on track," Veronica said. "We haven't got time to fool around. The Fourth is only a month away."

Sydney Wedgewood shook her head.

"I can't — I just can't, Veronica. I can't be the one to say 'no' to her again. She's still mad at me for making her give the coat of arms back." She was actually quivering.

The coat of arms had included a crude likeness of Patty Duquesne, right down to the trademark wrap-around sunglasses and lizard-skin boots, astride a bucking Montana broneo. It had been presented to her by the grateful residents of a fishing village on the south coast where she had stopped for exactly three-and-a-half minutes to dedicate a new school while on her way to Club Elysian Resort & Spa for a long weekend. Grotesque as it was, the ambassador loved it. The only problem was that it had been carved out of the shell of a hawksbill turtle, and the U.S. government frowned on

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artistic license when it came to endangered species. In fact, Veronica had spent the last several months trying to force most of those same fishermen, whose families lived in huts of thatch and whatever worm-eaten wood could be scrounged, to attach "turtle excluder devices" to their nets.

Maybe Sydney was right. She'd gotten the staff assistant job because her father was an old drinking buddy of Montana Gov. John Forbes, the ambassador's brother, but that hadn't kept her from catching her share of flak.

"OK, Sydney, we'll take care of it." Veronica looked at Danforth, the resident Quisling. How she would have loved to say, "Your turn, Kevin. You explain it to her, and while you're at it, make sure she cuts the invites in half." But she knew that, as always, she'd have to wrestle with Patty Duquesne herself. She made a mental note to stop by the liquor store after, on the way home.

Did Whip think she was old?

"A P-3?" Ambassador Patty Duquesne asked. "What is that?"

"A reconnaissance plane, ambassador," Milo O'Higgins answered. "Mostly used for anti-submarine warfare and SAR."

The ambassador's expression was blanker than usual.

"Search and rescue," Veronica said.

"So does it carry bombs or torpedoes or something?" She sounded hopeful.

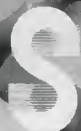
"Uh, no! They do drop sonic buoys into the water to track the subs, though."

"Sonic buoys?" The ambassador leaned back in her chair. "Not too sexy."

Poor Milo, Veronica thought. He'd promised the ambassador a "flyover" for the Fourth, and no doubt she had taken that to mean the Blue Angels, or at the very least a couple of F-18s on loan from SOUTH-COM. All he'd been able to dredge up was a big cigar with wings.

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"Is it at least a jet?" the ambassador asked.

"I'm afraid not," O'Higgins said.

"What about smoke? Can it do smoke? You know, some red, white and blue smoke trailing behind?"

"I'd have to check on that, ambassador!"

"Well, if they can lay some smoke they can do a fly-over. Otherwise — well, otherwise, the hell with it." She took a swig of Dr. Pepper. "What's next on the agenda?"

"Music," Veronica said. "Lupe?"

"Yeah," Lupe Rincon said, with the look of someone suddenly awakened from a trance. (A regular feature of meetings.) "Uh, the music. I got the Cavaliers to agree to perform for free. They'll hit me up for visas afterwards, but they're all good risks, so it's OK."

"They know 'Home on the Range'?" the ambassador asked.

"They can do anything you want," Lupe said.

"As long as you don't mind it played on old oil drums," Danforth chimed in.

"I like steel bands," the ambassador said icily.

"Only I don't know where to put them," Lupe went on. "The patio will be used by all the guests, so...I was thinking maybe we need to put up some kind of platform for them, some ... I don't know ... maybe something like a gazebo."

"Like an old-time bandstand, that kind of gazebo? I love it, Lupe!"

Lupe beamed at this unaccustomed compliment from the ambassador. Mostly she spent her days fearfully dodging phone calls from Patty Duquesne about the hopeless visa eases of distant cousins of her Tristanian friends.

"I don't think that's the way we want to go," Veronica said. Lupe's face fell. "It's a bit elaborate and we've only got a week left."

"Put GSO on it," Patty Duquesne said.

Veronica looked for assistance from Bill Miller. By now they shared a full catalog of non-verbal signals; he knew when to step in and help her out.

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*She reminded herself to assign
him some particularly loathsome job,
like rodent control officer.*

"They're pretty busy as it is, ambassador," Miller said. "Plus, there's no money for materials."

"What about the corporate donors?"

"Pretty much tapped out already. The fireworks were very expensive."

"I'll make a few phone calls," she said. She held up her hand to stifle further dissent. "You two are always saying to me, 'Ambassador, we can't do this, we can't do that.' Well, I think Lupe has come up with a lovely idea here and we're going to make it happen. I'll raise the money, you get GSO to build it. Afterwards we donate it to some local park or something. Everybody wins."

Some battles with Patty Duquesne you won, some you lost. Sometimes you could negotiate, sometimes you just had to give in. If you wanted to survive, you had to know which situation was which. This demand was non-negotiable.

Whip looked up from his note-taking and silently mouthed the word: gah-ZEEE-boh...

Veronica had almost finished her survey of the residence. Fourth of July parties had always made her nervous, even before Tristan and last year's disaster. Everything had to be just right: the food, the refreshments, the music, the mood.

She was mostly satisfied. The red, white and blue bunting was draped nicely along the arbors. (No balloons this year. Even Patty Duquesne hadn't objected.) The buffet was nicely laid out, there seemed to be enough drink to go around, and even the weather — normally hot, muggy and stormy this time of year — had cooperated: warm, partly cloudy, with a fresh breeze flowing down from the mountains. A good thing, too, since the gazebo, if that's what you wanted to call it, wouldn't have withstood even the mildest of thunderstorms. When Veronica first saw the small pavilion, it looked tawdry. The frame was constructed of odds and ends of unfinished lumber and plywood, the roof of sheets of corrugated tin. Bill Miller explained that the ambassador hadn't come through

with any new corporate donations, so GSO had put it together with whatever scrap materials they could find. A coat of quick-drying paint applied just before the party and a few ribbons made it look acceptable. Even so, it was so flimsy that it wouldn't be going anywhere after tonight except back to the scrap heap.

Veronica was almost ready to relax when Frank Tuttle came running up to complain about the elephant.

It was an election year, and Patty Duquesne had decided the symbols of America's two great political parties needed to be represented at the party. Rounding up a donkey had been no problem; there were thousands of them all over Tristan. There was only one place to go for a pachyderm, though — the Portobello Zoo, home of Baboo, a geriatric Indian bull elephant. No one really knew how old he was. The consensus was that he was somewhere in his forties. He carried himself with a certain sadness, though it wasn't clear whether this resulted from the ravages of age or life in the confines of his small pen at the zoo.

"There's a truck with an elephant at the front gate!" Tuttle exclaimed.

Veronica hadn't had time to tell Tuttle what was coming. She'd only learned about the elephant and donkey 20 minutes ago, when an apologetic Sydney Wedgewood informed her of the ambassador's plan.

"She didn't tell me, she didn't tell anyone," Sydney had said. "She made all the arrangements herself." One of Patty Duquesne's friends was the minister of culture, who had authority over the zoo. "I'm so sorry, Veronica. I'm so sorry"

She was crying. Three years of scheduling, unscheduling, arranging and rearranging the eccentricities of Patty Duquesne had worn her down. She had been going downhill for months. Now she really looked like she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Veronica told her to forget it and to get started at the bar. She told Frank Tuttle the same thing. The ambassador had pulled off another coup.

*Having run out of helium, the vendor had used
cooking gas for the last batch of balloons.
One carelessly tossed cigarette later*

Veronica found Whip in the foyer. "Madam, your party is most excellent," he said. "Just keep the elephant out of the upstairs bedrooms," Veronica said. Whip raised one eyebrow quizzically. It was the only characteristic he had that she wasn't crazy about, that eyebrow trick. "I'll explain it to you later."

She asked him to keep an eye out for arriving ambassadors. Since Patty Duquesne never entertained members of the diplomatie corps, she had trouble recognizing her colleagues from other lands, though there were only 15 of them in this small country. Whip was to take them to the head of the receiving line and introduce them to the ambassador in a way that wouldn't make it obvious to the VIPs that she didn't have a clue.

"When you're done ..." she began. "Please come join me when you're done."

"With pleasure," Whip said.

She walked away wondering how much longer she could go on fooling herself. Whip was just a kid. What was he, anyway — 30? She was nearly 44. And his boss. That was a problem. There was always an obstacle. She thought of what the Foreign Service had already cost her: one failed marriage (five years, two tours, no kids), one abandoned fiancé, so many empty evenings and lonely nights.

Maybe there was a way around the supervisor thing. She could talk to Bill Miller about it. If there were a lawful angle in the regs, he would know about it. Stop it, she told herself. Whip didn't think of her like that. What she imagined was flirtation was something else. She had to come down to earth.

When she found Kevin Danforth, she told him to take an inventory of the wine and beer. His Thomas E. Dewey moustache twitched with consternation.

The Cavaliers had "Home on the Range" down pat. The guests had arrived and were enjoying themselves. The elephant and the donkey lazed in apparent contentment off to the side of the patio. Veronica was looking for Whip.

Patty Duquesne, dancing alone at the front of the band, gin-and-tonic in one hand, spotted her and waved her over.

"Good job, Veronica," she said, the odor of gin robust. "Nice party."

"Thank you, ambassador," Veronica replied.

"I know you all think I'm a witch," Patty Duquesne said suddenly. She saw Veronica's face turn gray. "It's OK, honey, don't get scared on me now. I'm a big girl. I can take it and dish it out with the best of them."

"Ambassador, I"

"Hush, now. Honey, let me give you a piece of advice. You don't get what you want in this life playing by other people's rules. You have to fight for what you want. You have to go out and get it. You aren't going to get anywhere just sitting around waiting for things to happen. You've got to make it happen. Like this gazebo. You didn't want to give it to me, but I made it happen. And damn if it isn't beautiful."

She took a slug of gin and put her arm around Veronica.

"You know why I sent Peter Lazarus packing, Veronica? Because he nagged me. He nagged me to death, just like I did to my second husband!" She howled with laughter. "But you're different. Oh, you do give me a world of trouble. 'No, no, no,' always 'no.' But you do it so nicely. You don't nag. I admire the subtlety you bring to it. That's why I let you get your way sometimes." She smiled and laid a wet kiss on Veronica's cheek. "That's why I love you, sweetie. You make all that travail we go through sound like it's just girl talk Now you go have yourself some fun. Make it happen." She released Veronica, grabbed a Cavalier and returned to dancing.

Veronica walked away slowly, asking herself how well you could know anyone. Every time you turned around, a surprise was waiting for you.

She found Whip standing beneath a mango tree. He said he'd been looking for her without success. They exchanged pleasantries until the ambassador called for silence so she could read the president's Fourth of July

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message. She winked at Veronica from the microphone, which had been set up at the front of the gazebo. Despite her elevated blood alcohol level, she read the proclamation well, with just the right touch of poignancy. Sometimes, Veronica thought, you had to give Patty Duquesne credit.

When she finished with the presentation, the ambassador announced the fireworks. A moment later, to the delight of the crowd, the first blazing rocket launched skyward. Whip moved closer to Veronica. She could feel the heat of his body, sensed the rhythms of his breathing. A series of thunderous reports went off, punctuated by exploding rays of purple, green and white sparks.

Veronica caught the commotion to the left out of the corner of her eye, and then it unfolded as if in slow motion.

Baboo, spooked by the loud and unfamiliar explosions, broke away from his handlers and galloped across the grass in a blind panic, a ribbon of bunting and part

of the arbor trailing behind him, knocking over chairs and tables, scattering foreign dignitaries and embassy staff, dragging his heavy leg chain over parliamentarians and judges and business leaders, trampling their wives and husbands and mistresses and lovers, tipping over the buffet table, lumbering on until he could go no farther, crashing into the gazebo and bringing it down in one swift second on the Cavaliers, their steel drums, and Ambassador Patty Duquesne.

Veronica covered her mouth in horror. The gazebo had collapsed in on itself, burying the band and the ambassador under a mound of wood chips and sheet metal.

"Oh, Lord" she said. She turned away from the scene, throwing her arms around Whip.

"Well, boss," he said. "It looks like you're going to be chargé d'affaires for awhile." He placed his hand on the small of her back. "Don't feel bad. You told her not to go down the gazebo road."

His touch was electric. ■

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A NICARAGUAN FISH STORY

I picked up the phone and answered with the usual greeting.

"This is Liza Heywood." Wedging the receiver between my shoulder and my chin, I reached for the Kleenex box on my desk.

Despite the early hour, the sweat was beading up on my forehead — the air conditioning unit behind me wasn't working right. Outside it was like a sauna. Inside it wasn't much better.

The voice on the other end of the line was soft and hesitant.

"Hello, my name is Sheila Carner and I'm an American citizen. I'd like to speak with someone about investing in Nicaragua."

"Yes, this is the embassy's economic section. How can I help you?"

Sheila Carner's voice grew stronger.

"As I said, I'm an American citizen. My family has been in the seafood business in Baltimore for three generations; my husband and I run the company now. But the Chesapeake Bay area has been overfished, and it's getting hard for fishermen to survive."

"Mmmmm." I shifted the phone receiver to my other ear and swabbed at the back of my damp neck with a Kleenex. I sighed and glanced down at my desk; files and paperwork were piled deep on every inch of available space. Boxes of office material were shoved against a wall, still unpacked.

"So we're looking for other areas

to branch out into — still in the fishing industry of course — and that's why I'm calling you."

"What can I help you with?" I asked again, more impatiently now.

"Last week my husband met a Nicaraguan at a seafood convention in Miami. They started talking, and this man told my husband about this business he has in Nicaragua. He operates a processing plant. He buys up shrimp and fish from other fishermen, cleans and packages it, then ships his product to Europe. He's offering us a chance to get in on his business."

"And he needs money for something," I interrupted.

"He needs \$200,000 in order to bring his processing plant up to U.S. standards," agreed my caller. "He needs to before he can begin exports to the U.S. market. In return, my husband and I will get a 20 percent share in the business, and we'll be his U.S. distributor. If it works out, this could be a great opportunity for us."

"And if it doesn't work out, you could lose everything."

"But we can't afford to do that! That's why I'm calling you." The voice at the other end of the line was tinged with panic.

I suddenly felt tired. The heat and the workload were just too much. While I had been in Nicaragua for only four months, I already had a lot of experience with American citizens calling up and asking that I make their business decisions for them — business decisions on which they couldn't afford



Amy Vaaggard

IT STARTED WITH A SIMPLE CALL FROM BALTIMORE: SHOULD WE INVEST IN A NICARAGUAN FISHING BUSINESS?

BY NANCY J. NELSON

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to lose. Nicaragua seemed to attract both the get-rich-quick schemers and the slightly desperate on their last legs.

I sighed, but took out a pen and notepad.

"The fishing industry in Nicaragua can be very lucrative. Just off Nicaragua's Atlantic coast lie what some experts consider the last commercial-sized unexploited shrimp reserves in the Western Hemisphere. But what's more important is figuring out whether your Nicaraguan contact is legitimate. How long do you have to make your decision?"

"One week," said Sheila quietly, her voice tight. "He'll be coming back to the United States then, and we'll have to give him either a yes or a no. My husband wanted to sign a contract with him right then and there, but I argued against it. It's all our money."

I sighed again, but wrote down all the information Sheila gave me, and promised to call her back within a few days. After hanging up the phone, I walked down the hallway to the office of my boss, Tom McMann. He was on the phone, but he motioned for me to wait for him. I slouched down in one of his cracked leather chairs, and stared out the open door to the mustard-colored hallways beyond. Tom's air conditioner was working full blast.

The embassy of the United States in Managua is an unprepossessing, dingy building. The original embassy was destroyed in the earthquake of 1972 in which over 10,000 Nicaraguans died. It had been built on a scenic spot overlooking a volcanic lake and had collapsed into the water with the first wrenching tremors. Luckily for the embassy employees, it had happened at night; only one person — the Marine on duty — had died. The current embassy had been hastily erected as a replacement intended to last only five years. Twenty-five years later, it's squat and graceless, resembling nothing so much as a series of double wide trailers all hooked together. But what with the budget situation at State, it's unlikely that we'll get a new building any time soon.

Tom hung up the phone and looked over at me, his fingers tapping on his desk.

"What's up, Liza?"

Tom was always in motion — tapping his fingers,

swinging his leg, twitching something. Tall with a thinness that bordered on gaunt, Tom could often be found on the front steps of the embassy satisfying his two-pack-a-day smoking habit with the other smokers — even overseas. U.S. government buildings are supposed to be smoke-free.

Tom sat at his desk glowering, his normal expression. He picked up his matches and began fiddling. I bowed to the inevitable.

"I can tell you just as well outside, Tom," I said.

We walked down the hall, past the Marines' post and the reception desk and out the front door into the heat.

Across the parking lot, I could see the tall, graceful-looking palm trees that bordered the edges of the compound. Steam from evaporating rainfall was rising up from the paving stones. I could feel my hair frizzing with the humidity. The sky was grey; the air was thick and hot. When I turned around to face Tom, he already had a cigarette in his mouth.

"I just wanted to consult and make sure that I was doing the right thing," I said, "and see if you have any suggestions."

I was a newcomer both to Nicaragua and to economic work. At my last post I had worked in the consular section issuing visas. And despite Tom's twitching and glowering, he had a lot of good advice to offer. He would have been a great officer if he hadn't minded so much having to deal with real live people.

Telling him about the call from Sheila Carner, I asked what I could do to confirm the bona fides of her potential Nicaraguan partner. "His name is Enrique Peralta and he supposedly operates a fish processing plant here in Managua called Mariscos, S.A."

Tom took a drag on his cigarette.

"You should go to PesCamara — the fisheries office at the Economic Ministry. Those people can tell you about the operating license of Peralta's plant; whether there have been any complaints about it, whether he's paid up, things like that. Gilberto Aleman is the director. He's one of the few people who was kept on in his position after the Sandinistas were thrown out of power, so he knows everybody and everything."

I still had my pen and notepad. I wrote it all down. Tom took a last puff of his cigarette, threw it down, and ground it underfoot. He immediately lit up another one.

"This will give you a good opportunity to familiarize yourself with the fisheries sector. I know that we've been

Nancy J. Nelson is an economic officer in Tallinn, Estonia. In addition to two Washington tours, she has served in Caracas and Managua.

*This country has the reputation
of luring investors in, chewing them up
and spitting them out.*

busy with other things since you got here, but we really can't afford to let this slide. Fisheries will probably develop into one of the busier items in your work portfolio."

"Since the seafood industry is so healthy, at least I'll be able to tell Sheila Carner that it's a good sector for investments," I said.

Tom turned his head to look at me. His hair clung to his forehead, not only because of the humidity, but also because it had started to sprinkle. The clouds seemed darker, and it looked like it would begin to rain hard any minute now. When Tom started to speak, his words were clear and measured.

"You can't be too careful when an American is thinking about going into business in Nicaragua. This country has the reputation of luring investors in, chewing them up and then spitting them out in little pieces."

"Now I'm not saying that there aren't a lot of decent people here," added Tom darkly. "Just keep your eyes open. As long as you remember that you should be safe."

Tom's words were still in my mind the next afternoon as I drove up South Highway to PesCamara to keep my appointment with Gilberto Aleman. I had already asked Emilio, the economic FSN, to find out what Marisco's reputation was in the business community. At a red light a weary looking woman with a toddler on her hip trudged by. I automatically lowered the window a few inches to drop some coins into her outstretched hand, then quickly cranked it up again as the hot, humid air blasted in. The woman continued slowly down the row of stopped cars, followed by vendors selling sunglasses, batteries, peanuts and pan dulce. The light turned green and I drove on, arriving at PesCamara within a few minutes.

The fisheries office was housed in a sprawling, one-story building, with walls of concrete blocks painted light green and a roof of corrugated metal. The building was air-conditioned, however, and I thankfully left the heat outside as I passed through the front door. Although the waiting area was dark and dingy, I didn't have to wait long. A sullen-looking receptionist soon indicated that the director was ready to see me.

"You can go through there." She made a motion with her chin towards a rear door.

The office I stepped into was shabby but expensive. The low hum of Gilberto Aleman's air conditioner masked any sounds from outside the office. Light from highly placed windows, soft and diffuse, illuminated the dark wooden desk and work area at one end of the office, and a leather furniture seating arrangement at the other. Appropriately for a fisheries office, an end table by the leather sofa held an elaborate fish tank, complete with live guppies.

"Liza Heywood, I'm so pleased to meet you."

The man who came forward was 50-something, light-skinned and chubby, dressed in chinos and a guayabera. Taking my hand, Aleman gallantly pressed his wet lips to my fingers — a custom I've never been fond of. I noticed his forehead was decorated with beads of sweat. "Please sit down."

"It's an honor to be visited by the American embassy," said Aleman as we settled on the small couch. His smile didn't quite reach his eyes.

"It is very generous of you to agree to see me on such short notice," I replied in kind. "I have very little time to get the information I need, so I am very grateful. As I said on the telephone, I would like to discuss Nicaragua's fishing industry. An American company called me to ask about the advisability of putting a great deal of money into a fish processing plant called Mariscos S.A. I believe that Enrique Peralta is the owner."

I had expected that the Nicaraguan official would encourage U.S. investment in his country, and I wasn't disappointed.

"Any American investor would do well to work with Señor Peralta," he said. "Although Don Enrique is young — still in his thirties — he is a very hard worker and very responsible. From what I have observed of Mariscos, it has the potential to become one of the largest processing operations in Nicaragua — maybe even in Central America. The company is very professionally run."

Aleman said more things about Mariscos, all to Peralta's credit. After about half an hour I stood up to go.

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My eyes strayed to the guppies swimming placidly in their tank, and then to some old photos in elaborate frames on a shelf. I walked over to them.

"Who is this gentleman?" The man in the black and white photo, dressed in the fashion of thirty years earlier, stood proudly on a dock next to a large tuna measuring almost his height. I stepped aside as Gilberto Aleman came up behind me too closely.

"My father," he replied, picking up the photo and examining it. "He was a very skilled sports fisherman. He participated often in contests, and won many trophies."

I was hard pressed to find any resemblance between the dapper gentleman in the photo and his chubby son standing next to me. I did, however, recognize another person in the photo standing just behind and to the side of Aleman's father — the dictator Anastasio Somoza. It was curious how the father could be in with the Somoza family and the son with the Sandinistas.

I remarked upon this the next evening to Juanita Londono, the commercial attaché at the Colombian embassy, as we waited in line to get a glass of wine at a reception for an Italian chamber music group that was touring Central America.

"Many Nicaraguans are skilled politicians. They have to be in order to survive," she said with a toss of her head and a laugh. "Whatever it takes to protect their interests is what they'll do. But at least Gilberto Aleman is knowledgeable. I've had to go to him several times with fishing industry problems, and he usually is able to point me in the right direction. I suppose that's what happens when you spend so much time in one job — when the job is handed down from father to son."

"Father to son?" I asked. But we had arrived at the head of the line, and Juanita and I were asked our wine preferences. As we picked up our glasses and moved a few steps into the crowd I changed the subject slightly. "I went to PesCamara to ask about a potential investment that an American company wants to make. A fish processing plant that needs money to upgrade to U.S. standards."

"That sounds like Enrique Peralta's old story." Juanita took a sip of her wine and gave a hollow laugh. "I wish I had thought to ask Aleman about Peralta when a Colombian firm asked me about investing in that plant; he might have saved us a lot of trouble. Peralta's bad news."

As I opened my mouth in surprise to ask her to clarify what she'd just said, Juanita was pulled away by a couple

of acquaintances who wanted to introduce her to another friend. How had she known whom I was talking about? In any case, it was clear she thought poorly of Peralta — and just as clear that she assumed Aleman had warned me to avoid him. I never had the opportunity to tell her that Aleman's recommendation had been just the opposite. I wasn't any closer to knowing what to tell Sheila Carner than when I had started.

The next morning I found Emilio, the economic assistant, in the commercial library making up packets of promotional material for a trade show. He looked up and smiled as I came in, but didn't stop what he was doing.

"Buenos días, Liza. Do you want to know what I found about Peralta and his company?"

I slumped down in a chair at the table opposite him, and started to help assemble packets. "Let me go first. PesCamara couldn't praise Peralta highly enough, but the commercial attaché at the Colombian Embassy warned me off. I never got the details from her, but she doesn't think much of Enrique Peralta."

"That's because that Colombian company lost so much money."

"What? You know about it? Tell me what happened!"

"Well, it's only rumors," began Emilio, "but everyone involved in the seafood business seems to agree on the main points." He moved a pile of sealed envelopes over to one side and began addressing them. "A Colombian company put money into Mariscos — I think it was about \$150,000. Then Peralta declared bankruptcy. A month later Mariscos was up and running again, but since he had previously declared bankruptcy, Peralta didn't have to pay the money back."

"Isn't that illegal?" I asked.

"Not under the Napoleonic Code," he said. "And this wasn't the first time; someone I talked to vaguely remembered a German firm complaining about something similar happening, but couldn't give me any details."

"I still don't understand why Gilberto Aleman recommended Peralta so highly."

"Money," he said. "Maybe Aleman doesn't think that the normal profits from Mariscos are high enough."

"Why does what Aleman thinks about anything matter?" I asked. I stopped making up packets and gave Emilio my undivided attention. "Peralta is the one who gets the profits."

"Again, it's only rumors, but it looks like Peralta's only a front man," corrected Emilio. "He used to work

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for Aleman at PesCamara, then Aleman set him up at Mariscos and calls the shots."

"But that doesn't make a lot of sense," I said. "Why would Aleman jeopardize his position in PesCamara to engage in something like this?"

At this Emilio stopped addressing the envelopes and turned to me. Speaking very slowly, as if to a child, he said, "That's the whole point. He has the position so that he can keep better track of all his business interests. He has his fingers in everything connected with the fishing and seafood industries in Nicaragua — the granting of fishing licenses, the ownership of the only refrigerated cargo planes certified to fly internationally, a monopoly on the import of boating equipment. Besides the Mariscos operation, Aleman has two other seafood processing plants. And you should notice that when the Mariscos plant declares bankruptcy and shuts down, it's always during the three months when shrimping is prohibited, so he doesn't lose any money. In the position of PesCamara director, Aleman can see everything that happens in the fishing industry. It's his control center."

"But that's only rumor," he said. Taking the next envelope off the pile, Emilio looked up at me and added, "Aleman inherited the business from his father. This is the way it's always been."

I didn't have to look long for Tom; he was in front of the embassy halfway through a cigarette. I spilled out the entire problem to him right there on the steps.

"Aleman is operating a scam," I concluded. "He's deliberately encouraging foreign firms to invest money in his company which will declare bankruptcy and shut down as soon as the funds are received. Where do we go from here?"

Tom stubbed out what was left of his cigarette and squinted out into the sunlight. His eyes seemed to follow the progress of a small iguana on the opposite curb, but I knew that he was upset when he started speaking without lighting up another cigarette.

"It's always hard when your contact turns out to be crooked. You don't want to complain about it to the local government, because they may take it as criticism of their political system or their basic ability to govern. Why rile things if you can't change them anyway?" Tom ran his hand through his hair in exasperation, and the little iguana jumped off the curb and scooted behind a bush covered with brilliant red flowers. "We're going to have to run this one by the ambassador."

Glumly, he turned and went inside. I followed.

Ambassador Jessica Arthur was a political appointee. Having made her money in Texas oil, she was smart, tough and beautiful. She was seated in an easy chair, and looked up as Tom and I entered. Her sandy blond hair, expertly done up, was set off by her expensively-tailored grey suit. A pink silk blouse and bright red nails added color to the ambassador's ensemble. Her face broke into a smile when she saw us.

"Tom, Liza, come on in." Her Texas drawl was like honey.

"We have a problem, ambassador," said Tom without wasting any time. "A Nicaraguan government official appears to be involved in cheating investors. It's something Liza ran across, so I'll let her tell you about it."

I had expected Tom to do all the talking, so I was caught unprepared as their faces turned towards mine. I started out hesitantly with Sheila Cramer's phone call, then gained speed as I became involved in my own narration. By the time I was detailing Gilberto Aleman's web of commercial interests in the fishing industry, I was feeling indignant.

"I think we should handle this quietly," suggested Tom. "Confronting the government will get us nowhere. Aleman is too well connected, and his family has been doing this for at least two generations. If we lodge a complaint it will be seen as insulting to the Nicaraguan government — our bilateral relations will deteriorate for nothing. We should just deal with the problem on a case by case basis."

I slowly counted to 10, then burst out, "An individual in his capacity as a Nicaraguan government official is working to cheat U.S. businesses — and other foreign businesses as well. It doesn't matter that Aleman's well connected; we don't have any choice. We have to at least go to the Nicaraguan government and lodge an official complaint. This guy can't be left to continue on as he's doing. We won't be doing Nicaragua any favor by pretending everything is okay."

"But Liza," countered Tom, "we can't change something so ingrained in the society. It's not just this one man; it's the entire system. We won't make a difference."

"But it's our job to try," I said.

We continued back and forth in that vein for the next 20 minutes. I was vexed and angry; Tom was cautious and placating. It was the first time I had ever opposed a super-

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visor in the Foreign Service, and I felt like I was butting my head against a wall.

Ambassador Arthur stayed largely out of our argument, watching the back and forth intently but making few comments. However, it was Jessica Arthur — the political appointee — who brought up something neither Tom nor I had thought of. She asked, “How would Congress react if it found out that an American company was cheated, and we just sat here and did nothing?”

That settled it.

Actually, it turned out better than we expected. The complaint lodged by Tom turned out to be a catalyst. The Nicaraguan government convened an official committee which, after a review of the several complaints that had been made against Aleman in the previous years, decided to name a new director to PesCamara. The official reason given was that “Gilberto Aleman has informed us he will step down in order to pursue private business interests.” I felt almost giddy when I

found that out. It was proof that sometimes we can make a difference.

The reception officially introducing the new director was a fancy affair, held in one of the small ballrooms of the Intercontinental Hotel. As I waited with Emilio in the receiving line, I eyed the tables heavily laden with shrimp and lobster across the room. The seafood industry was catering the affair. People moved forward, and it soon was my turn to greet the new director.

The man to whom I held out my hand was in his mid-thirties; slightly built in a good looking sort of way. And although I couldn't put my finger on anything, he looked vaguely familiar. It wasn't until he took my offered hand, lifted it to his lips and kissed it, that recognition dawned. I began to feel ill.

“I'm sorry,” I said faintly, “but I was never actually given your name.”

“Javier Aleman at your service,” he said gallantly. “Gilberto's son. But of course who else would I be? There will always be Alemans at PesCamara.” ■

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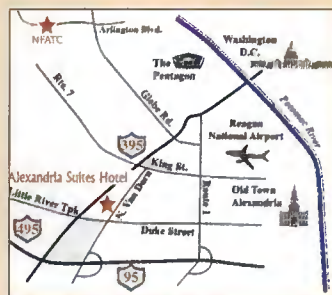
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AFTER NAIROBI: RECOVERING FROM TERROR

AFTER A TRAUMATIC BOMBING, WE FOUND THAT INDIVIDUALS HEAL IN DIFFERENT WAYS —
BUT COMMUNITY IS ESSENTIAL TO THE HEALING PROCESS.

BY PRUDENCE BUSHNELL

This article is dedicated to everyone who was hurt, everyone who helped, and everyone whose life was affected by the bombing of the U.S. embassy in Nairobi on Aug. 7, 1998.

In the summer of 1998, I was serving as U.S. ambassador to Kenya. It was my first ambassadorship, and after two years, I had hit my stride. I was leading a terrific team of people who were excited about what we were accomplishing and who shared my belief in the worth of our efforts and our community.

Embassy Nairobi, like most others you find around the world, was an amalgam of U.S. government agencies promoting U.S. interests. In our case, these ranged from regional responsibilities to support other embassies in Africa, to helping Kenyans deepen their culture of democracy, enhance economic potential, provide humanitarian assistance, eradicate diseases like HIV/AIDS and malaria, and conserve a wonderful biodiversity. We were the second largest post in the sub-Saharan with over 700 employees, most of them Kenyan, working out of our embassy downtown and other buildings around the city.

On Aug. 7, 1998, the summer transition cycle was coming to an end. We were welcoming newcomers, filling the jobs left vacant by personnel gaps, and waiting for the American school to reopen and signal the end of summer.

Prudence Bushnell is the U.S. ambassador to Guatemala. From 1996 to 1999, she served as ambassador to Kenya. She has been an FSO since 1981 and previously served in Senegal, India and Washington, D.C. This article is based on a speech the author gave in Oklahoma City, Okla., on April 19, 2000 — the fifth anniversary of the bombing in that city of the Murrah Federal Building.

Friday meant the weekly staff meeting, and I had asked folks to discuss how new people were settling in. Nairobi, with a deteriorating infrastructure, miserable poverty and high crime rate, was not an easy city and we were always trying to find a balance between keeping people alert to security threats and scaring them into seclusion. So, security was once again the main topic. It was unusual that I was absent, but I had gotten an appointment to meet with the Kenyan minister of commerce, whose office was just behind our building, and I didn't want to miss it.

What was not unusual for a Friday was the activity in the embassy. People were cashing checks for the weekend, visiting the medical unit or coming to shop at the commissary. Others were working through the last day of the week, thinking about the weekend. On the busy street corner outside, Nairobi citizens were also going about their business.

At 10:37 a.m., a truck entered our rear parking lot, sandwiched between the embassy, a 21-story bank building (where I was meeting with the minister), and a seven-story office building. Moments later, the driver detonated the 2,000-pound bomb that was the truck's cargo. Its force in such a confined area blasted through and bounced off the surrounding buildings. Everything and everyone in its path were destroyed. The seven-story building collapsed, the bank building where I was shuddered but held. The embassy, built to withstand earthquakes, took the impact from the rear, and almost everything inside was demolished. Over 5,000 people were injured, most from shattered glass in the face and chest area, and 213 lay dead. Inside the embassy, the blast instantly killed 46 of the 100-plus occupants; it injured and trapped many more.

In the bank building a few yards away, I was unaware of the extent of destruction and chaos outside. Initially knocked out by the bomb blast, which I thought was

directed at the bank, I started down the 21 flights of stairs with one of my U.S. Commerce Department colleagues. Along with hundreds of bloodied people crushed together, we went down those endless stairs littered with debris and rubble and were soon engulfed in smoke. If we could get out alive, I kept thinking, we would find safety in the embassy. That thought evaporated as soon as we saw the burning hulk of our building and the carnage around it. We were spotted almost immediately and pushed into a car that was ordered away. "Get her out of here!" people yelled. No way would they risk anything further happening to the U.S. ambassador. My colleagues and I sped to a nearby hotel, where, as we hoped, we found a doctor.

A Single-Minded Focus

Kenyan resources were overwhelmed. Waves of walking wounded staggered into understaffed and under-resourced hospitals, and the bare hands of volunteer citizens were all that was initially available to dig through the rubble of the office building that had adjoined the embassy. When it came to rescuing those inside the embassy, we Americans were on our own.

While some of the staff ebbled together assistance supplies for the bomb site, others had contacted Washington with the start of a long list of Nairobi's needs. We got teams organized to search morgues, hospitals and homes for the missing, and as the news spread, community members fanned out to help the families of those we knew were lost. No task was too heroic or too mundane. Whatever panic we may have felt was directed toward the singular focus of doing what was necessary to save people's lives. By the end of a long day, we had organized ourselves into a purposeful community.

By the time I got home that night, our 24-hour operations center was in its second shift and our colleagues in Washington, seven hours behind Nairobi time, were frantically expediting search and rescue teams and supplies. Our most severely injured were in the hospital, a medical evacuation aircraft was on its way, and we were becoming aware of our losses. I was too exhausted to sleep and afraid of the nightmares I might have. I remember lying in bed with a sense of devastation and numbness superimposed on perceptions of the blast captured in every cell of my body. The radio station was playing sad music in-between calls for blood supplies. Downtown, the rescue efforts went on.

The Community Comes Together

Over the next two days, hundreds of people arrived from the United States and other countries to help, but for us, the worst had already come to pass. In those long

hours after the bombing, the victims-turned-rescuers had become a tight, protective and insular community. As utterly exhausted as we were, we stubbornly refused to relinquish control of what we thought of as our tragedy. As the one responsible for the lives of American citizens in Kenya, I was particularly adamant about the need to stay in charge.

Forty-eight hours after the blast, American members of the mission gathered at my residence to hold the first of many services — this one to remember, honor and say good-bye to our 12 American colleagues who were leaving in coffins accompanied by their families the next day. It was a beautiful ceremony as one by one we rose to talk about the character and contributions of those who only days earlier had been our family, friends and co-workers. Among those to speak was my Kenyan driver. "I am a Kenyan by birth," he said, "but today I have become a Kenyan-American because I share your sorrow in the loss of these people." His words captured the sentiment of many.

*In those first days
of despair and self-
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likely never again
experience.*

During the next week we began dealing with the trauma's aftereffects. With the help of local and visiting counselors, we held debriefing sessions for all mission staff and organized another service to honor our 36 Kenyan colleagues who had died.

We faced a myriad of other tasks, which we shared with the people who had come to help. We were immensely grateful to them, but frankly did little to make them a part of us. We were we — they were they. Even people who had transferred from the embassy only weeks earlier found themselves treated as outsiders. I think, in retrospect, that we were not an easy group to help, but the teams were sensitive enough to take their cues from us — a gesture for which I will be forever grateful. When eight days after the bombing I ordered all mission staff home for the weekend, our visiting colleagues took charge without a question, giving us the time-out we desperately needed.

In those first days of despair and self-rescue, I felt a synergy with the community I will likely never again expe-

rience, made all the more powerful by hugs, sacrifice, tears and a determination to stand up to the effort to destroy us. If that sense of oneness dissipated over the ensuing months, the culture of interdependency we had created remained strong — and instrumental to overcoming the hardships ahead.

When I attended the official memorial service in Washington in September, I remember telling my sister about the huge abyss I felt between my own shattered inner reality and the normalcy of life in the United States. I was anxious to return to Nairobi, not just to begin reconstruction efforts, but also to take comfort among those I felt understood and perhaps shared the foreign sensations inside me.

Others may have felt a similar need, because although the State Department gave all embassy personnel the option to leave post, few chose to do so. Even many of the severely wounded chose to come back — many with shards of glass still in them. Motivations differed — children in school, reluctance to put families through the additional stress of moving and starting new jobs — but I also think that instinctively people felt that sticking together and rebuilding would somehow help in healing. The courage I saw in the decisions to stay was key to keeping me going.

A Long Way From Normal

It was not easy, however. When the rescue workers left, the Washington crisis task force disbanded and the press moved on to other stories, we confronted a new reality. Squeezed with our colleagues into the poorly constructed USAID building, surrounded by barbed wire, sandbags, sniffer dogs and Marines in combat gear, we were constantly reminded of failure. Phones and faxes didn't work, computers, equipment and files had

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been destroyed, and everything took too long to come together. We dearly missed our dead colleagues and quickly learned just how much the Kenyans, in particular, contributed to the running of the mission. Lacking a single point of contact with Washington once the task force disbanded, we became frustrated with our colleagues there, who now had other crises to tend to, and they became frustrated with us.

Anger was a key ingredient in the culture in which we were living. It had also hit other Nairobi survivors, who could ill afford the immense loss of life and property. The terrorists were far away, and vague figures, but Americans were right there. Had it not been for our presence, many said, such death and destruction would not have come to Kenya. Publicly and privately, we were criticized for our reactions in the hours after the blast. The security cordon we set up was seen as an act of hostility and our focus on saving our own people in the embassy, a sign of indifference to Kenyan needs. We, in turn, were hurt and frustrated by their interpretation of events, and for a while it looked as if the terrorists might have succeeded in rupturing an old friendship. But on we plowed, adding public relations to the many tasks we faced. Eventually

the anger subsided, in them and in us. But it took many months.

Diverse Roads to Recovery

By October, I was witnessing the huge diversity of human response to trauma — Kenyans and Americans were all over the place in terms of their reactions and recovery. Some were doing all right, and some were not. Some wanted to move on with their lives; others still needed to mourn. Responses had nothing to do with gender, race, culture or proximity to the blast.

Ironically, the counseling services we had engaged were largely ignored. We in foreign affairs are still reluctant to deal openly with mental health issues, and many Kenyan cultures have a similar tradition of masking feelings. Clearly, however, many were grappling with emotions we didn't like or understand. A couple of months after having spent hours in the bombed-out embassy, for example, I suddenly became almost physically ill from being inside that place of death, and I couldn't understand why. Disciplined intellect and rational thought were no match for what overpowered me after one seemingly routine visit.

By Christmas, when U.S. embassies around the world were put on alert of another possible attack, I knew I had to take steps to take care of myself. Terrorism was no longer an abstract concept, and during one of our many meetings on security, I wondered whether I would have the wherewithal to cope with another disaster. When we closed the embassy and cancelled holiday activities, I was at an all-time low.

It was then that the power of family and community really kicked in. If at times some of us felt unduly vulnerable, short-tempered or off mark in our performance, others felt OK and picked up the slack. The diversity

in our reactions to trauma, which was in some respects troubling, was also a blessing. The newcomers and temporary personnel who had chosen to leave jobs and family to help us in Nairobi were a particular source of strength because they were so clearly dedicated and fresh — and this time we were making deliberate efforts to incorporate them into our community. Physical proximity in the cramped USAID building also helped, especially because we had quite consciously established strong norms around tolerance and mutual support.

What also helped were the observations and advice of people who had experienced the 1995 bombing in Oklahoma City and the 1983 bombing of our embassy in Beirut. Validating normal, abnormal or no feelings at all was comforting. Meanwhile, the letters and, eventually, e-mails from family, friends and colleagues around the world also helped confront a sense of real and emotional isolation.

We Survive 1998

We had begun using rituals to mourn, celebrate and bring us together even before the experts told us they were important. The many funerals and memorial services we attended had served us well in sharing our profound sorrow, but we reached a point when we needed a milestone to mark survival. The annual Marine Ball in mid-November was our first community celebration of life. I remember dancing to the Gloria Gaynor song, "I Will Survive," as a virtual act of defiance. Visits of Cabinet members and other senior officials also marked our progress as the focus shifted from funerals to business. One of these visits resulted in a better-coordinated system with Washington and, slowly but surely, the work was to become easier.

On New Year's Eve, we gathered

*After two months,
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to mourn.*

at the Nairobi game park for the traditional sundowner. Nature gave us one of her most spectacular sunsets, as "Auld Lang Syne" played in the background. We hugged, cried, and once again shared a moment of solidarity, but this time marked with hope. We had survived 1998!

That moment represented a turning point for me. Finally, things began to come together. Office systems were functioning, and we had found a building to which to move while a new embassy was constructed. Those of us who watched our Marine security guards raise the U.S. flag on the pedestal we saved from the old embassy felt that indescribable pride of being an American. A congressional supplemental budget, which included \$30 million to assist Kenyans, finally gave us the tangible wherewithal to show our concern for Nairobi's losses. The criminal investigations into the source of the attack had yielded some results. The most seriously wounded of our colleagues were returning; new people were being hired and trained.

In late January, we marked another step of our journey as we dedicated a memorial garden on the beautiful grounds of the ambassador's residence. The rim of its fountain was made of bricks

inscribed with the names of all who had died in our building. For me, it was a symbol that I had finally gathered back the community that exploded on August 7. Bereaved family members from as far away as the United States attended what for many was another important ritual of healing.

Soon after, the focus and activities shifted again. Like many of my colleagues, I was leaving Nairobi in early summer at the end of my three-year tour of duty, and preparations for a major transition began. Those who were staying would be moving either to the new, temporary building or to other quarters — the USAID building was far too insecure for permanent occupation — and once again the mission staff would be scattered around the city. The old embassy was being demolished, and we needed to consider what would happen to the land on which it had stood.

There remained a host of administrative issues surrounding our assistance to Kenyan victims, the welfare of permanently disabled employees, the estates of those who died. And I was once again struck by the nature of our community as an amalgam of diverse individuals going separate ways in thought and recovery.

March came and we again sought the help of mental health experts, and of trainers from the Foreign Service Institute, to take our emotional pulse and to recommend ways to help ease the stressful time ahead. I was particularly concerned about Kenyan employees who would bear the brunt of the changes. If counseling was not the answer for some, perhaps less threatening methods through training could help build the skills and confidence necessary to confront more major change. We also worked through how we would deal with the

long-term needs of the injured and the possible unanticipated needs of those of us who would soon be scattered around the world. The deputy chief of mission — the transitional leader before the arrival of the new ambassador — and I met in groups with our Kenyan colleagues to respond to concerns and give whatever information we could about their future. And, we made plans with the Kenyan government and private sector to turn the old embassy site into a memorial park.

A Heartfelt Farewell

Slowly, I realized that I had done my best for the community and became more comfortable with the thought of leaving. The rhythm into which our work pattern had fallen continued uninterrupted, and I was beginning to think my departure would go unnoticed — a blow to my ego! On the day before wheels-up, as my husband and I were bringing the farewell routines to closure, we stopped by the deputy chief of mission's residence on a last-minute errand. There, flanked on either side of the driveway, was the entire mission community, smiling and waving as we drove in. Seven to eight hundred people had conspired to keep secret a going-away party — so much for knowing my own community! The final ritual I celebrated with my embassy family was extraordinary. We were OK, and I could leave with some sense of peace.

Over the summer of 1999, a new community was formed at Embassy Nairobi. The mission marked the anniversary of Aug. 7 at the residence memorial garden, while those of us who were in Washington remembered and honored our former colleagues at a ceremony in the State Department. I sat through the ceremony clinging to the hand of the colleague who had walked those

*My sorrow
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I understand
it will always
be a part
of me.*

21 flights of stairs with me, and later exchanged hugs and greetings with some of the people with whom I had shared sorrow and trauma. Most of us had come a very long way in a year.

Last October, my husband, my office manager and I joined the American embassy community in Guatemala, where we now face new challenges and adventures. Now and then, unexpectedly, I still feel the grip of an effect — like the first time I drove into my new embassy's underground parking lot, a virtual replica of the one in Nairobi. My sorrow is still profound and, I now understand, will likely always be a part of me. But I have learned to just let it be, and that I can turn to others for help, not as an act of weakness but as an act of inclusiveness that most people appreciate.

I have come to realize that natural disasters and, unfortunately, man-made terrorist acts are a part of modern life. Oklahoma City and Nairobi are not the only communities in this world who have suffered. I have met many survivors of terror in Guatemala and the United States, and learned of many more in news reports and history books. I have concluded that we survivors have much to offer the world because we represent just that —

survival. It is natural to feel helpless in the face of terrorism, but we don't need to wallow in it. We can anticipate the future, we can take preventive measures, and, in fact, we have. We can and should find the resources to better protect the many members of the foreign affairs community who still work in unsafe buildings around the world. But what we can't do is think that we have defeated terrorism because of a temporary lull. That's why it's important to learn how people survive — and why I seek to share my experiences.

I have learned that each of us walks at a different pace as we struggle to recover, but we do pass similar markers. My observations are, of course, personal, and my story unique. But I hope that by talking about what I experienced as an individual and member of a community, I will contribute to a base of knowledge about what journeys back from terror are like and how they can be made easier.

Right after my embassy and neighborhood blew up, I kept wondering, "Why did they do this?" Well, I figured it out: The point is to kill, wound and frighten people into submission. Shattered souls, anger, turmoil, mistrust, sorrow, and all of the other disabling effects of terror may bring us close to the edge, but we don't have to stay there. We can walk away, as people in Nairobi and lots of other places have done. We can learn to trust life again, even as we continue to feel the hurt.

And that painful journey can be made easier by harnessing the collective strength and power of the community. It can also be made easier by learning from one another and incorporating survival experiences into discussions of terrorism. If we can't always defeat the bullies, we can sure stand up to them, and that's a critical step. ■

THE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED SECRETARY OF STATE

JOHN FOSTER DULLES HAD THE RIGHT ANCESTRY TO BE SECRETARY —
AND THE EGO TO GO WITH IT.

BY LINCOLN P. BLOOMFIELD

“**T**hat inconsiderate S.O.B.” growled a voice somewhere behind me. I couldn’t see the malcontent through the crowd. But as I blew on my finger tips to fend off frostbite, it was hard to disagree with his characterization of the new secretary of State. It was only later that I fully appreciated the profundity of his description of the Honorable John Foster Dulles.

Washington had never looked more beautiful than on that sparkling January day in 1953, a week after the inauguration of President Dwight D. Eisenhower. The temperature hovered near the 30 degree mark and the sky was azure blue. The memo had summoned everyone in the building to congregate at noon in the parking lot so our new leader could greet us. It probably wouldn’t take long, so we hadn’t bothered with overcoats.

Shortly before noon, several hundred State Department employees trooped outdoors to give the 51st secretary of State a proper reception. By now, however we had been standing in the cold for almost half an hour. Feet were being stamped, arms beaten against chests, lips beginning to match the color of the sky.

At last the glass doors swung open and extruded the new secretary, bundled in a heavy overcoat. He was tall and stooped, and behind thick glasses his gaunt visage

wore the expression of someone who had eaten a bad oyster. Nibbling hungrily on his lower lip, he approached the makeshift podium. The speech opened with an apology, not for keeping the staff waiting in the cold, but for having failed to grace us with his presence at an earlier date. We put it off, he said, because rain was forecast. But “at any rate President Eisenhower had good luck on his weather and, if he can have good luck, we can take tough luck now and then.” We?

Adding “I don’t want to keep you out here any longer than necessary,” he proceeded to describe at length his qualifications to become what he called “Seggatory of State.” Those qualifications appeared to be primarily genetic: “I don’t suppose there is any family in the United States which has been for so long identified with the Foreign Service and the State Department as my own family.” Granduncle was a minister to Britain, grandfather John W. Foster ended up as President Benjamin Harrison’s secretary of State, and his uncle Robert Lansing was secretary under Wilson. Ancestors, brothers, sisters, collateral relatives — all contributed to the superior gene pool standing before us in flesh incarnate.

What came next added substantially to the chill. To his shivering staff Dulles said, “We have got to have people who are upstanding Americans of integrity, who have minds of their own and who have the courage to express their views.” But “on the other hand,” once decisions are made “we must all turn in, loyally, to support those policies ... I expect that you will carry them out loyally” (translation: “You are supposed to be independent-minded and think for yourself — but don’t even try”).

In his first press release, the day after the inaugural, the new secretary had already coined the phrase “positive loyalty,” meaning overt enthusiasm for announced policy. Loyalty to current policy is the normal expectation in any

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bureaucracy. Except that in the poisonous atmosphere of McCarthyism which had settled on the nation's capital, there were eerie echoes of party line, traitorous deviationists and, who knows, maybe a purge or two.

Dulles had started his foreign relations career as a junior diplomat at the Paris Peace talks in 1919. He went on to become a powerful New York international lawyer in the firm of Sullivan and Cromwell. Most recently, he had been chief negotiator of the U.S.-Japanese Peace Treaty of 1951 that officially ended World War II hostilities.

In addition to being born to the job, John Foster Dulles also brought to it a palpable aura of piety. In 1937 he had begun a long association with the Federal Council of Churches, and in 1940 became chairman of the council's influential Commission to Study the Organization of Peace.

But he did have an awkward smudge on his otherwise impeccable résumé. He had been chairman of the board of the esteemed Carnegie

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Dulles' gaunt visage
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oyster.*

Endowment for International Peace. In that capacity, he had brought in as the endowment's president Alger Hiss, then one of the State Department's brightest luminaries.

Hiss, who had long been suspected of spying for Moscow in the 1930s, was subsequently convicted of perjury. When Dulles became secretary of State, his earlier sponsorship of Hiss was undoubtedly nagging at his soul. Whatever the source, his approach to the person-

nel security issue that was already tearing the State Department apart had an ambivalence that became recognizable as central to the Dulles political style.

Mrs. Roosevelt, Security Risk

After four years in the wartime Navy, I had come into the pre-Dulles State Department in a junior capacity, in a bureau headed by that self-same tall, elegant, charming diplomat named Alger Hiss. By 1953 it was as clear to me as it was to Dulles that Hiss had not only lied under oath, but had doubtless passed classified U.S. documents to Moscow during the 1930s as charged (a fact confirmed when Soviet GRU files were opened after the Cold War ended). Hiss left for the Carnegie Endowment job while Dean Acheson was still secretary in the Truman administration, and was succeeded in the State Department post by a mid-level Pentagon and State Department official named Dean Rusk, who would later become this country's second-longest-serving secretary of State. Rusk's first act was to request that the staff be subject to a fresh security check. One of our annual chores was to put together a delegation to attend the U.N. General Assembly.

A key appointee to the U.S. delegation one year was Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of FDR. She was already the American delegate to the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, and at the time probably the most respected woman in the world. I received a call from State Department security that "a problem had arisen" with Mrs. Roosevelt's security clearance over her association with some leftists, and would we please withdraw the request for clearance.

Dean Rusk, normally unflappable, lost his cool when I reported this call to him. I accompanied him



Secretary Dulles, Assistant Secretary David McKay Key and the author, Lincoln Bloomfield, before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in 1954.

when he stormed over to security headquarters. When the department eops told him that Mrs. Roosevelt might be a security risk, Dean blew up and informed them that Eleanor Roosevelt was simply too big for #°&^%! of this kind. Needless to say, she served the United States delegation with distinction. But the blood-letting increased substantially when Dulles took over control of the department.

The McCarthy Miasma

The junior senator from Wisconsin, a world-class bully named Joseph McCarthy, was at the height of his power when John Foster Dulles took command of the department in 1953. McCarthy had famously said in Wheeling, W. Va., on Feb. 9, 1950, "I have here in my hand a list of 205 — a list of names that were made known to the secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping policy in the State Department." No one ever saw the list, and so far as I knew no Communist Party members were found in the department. But these wild allegations seemed to paralyze the leadership, and set the tone for an increasingly paranoid climate in which to do the nation's business.

Tightened security was not an unreasonable precaution. But Dulles cynically exaggerated the threat, and in the process succeeded in making the State Department an increasingly unpleasant place to work. The question "Who lost China?" occupied a key place in the polemics of that era.

When the famous security cases of diplomats John Paton Davies and John Carter Vincent came to his desk, Dulles personally reviewed them. These two unfortunates had reported — accurately — from the American embassy in wartime China

that Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist regime was corrupt and had no future, while Mao's Communists were well organized, had popular support and would probably take over — which they did in 1949. Having been attached to the Office of Strategic Services in Shanghai in late 1945, I thought that was a pretty realistic reading of the situation.

Dulles' solution in those two cases was to go for the moral two-step. First, he concluded that in neither case could a finding of disloyalty or breach of security be substantiated. But the right wing, which saw everywhere a conspiracy that had brought down our Chinese ally, wanted those two heads on a platter. Dulles, according to biographer Louis L. Gerson, had vowed, "I'm not going to be caught with another Alger Hiss on my hands." Presumably he had this in mind when he dismissed Vincent from the Foreign Service on the grounds that his professional judgment failed "to meet the standard which is demanded" of an FSO of his experience — without ever defining that standard. As for Davies, he underwent nine separate security investigations before a panel was found that called him a security risk. Even then, Dulles changed the panel's language and fired Davies "for disregard of proper forbearance and caution in making known his dissents outside privileged boundaries," whatever that meant.

Dulles as Mythmaker

Dulles' predecessor Dean Acheson, according to biographer James Chace, named as the central flaw in Dulles' approach "the ultimate sin [of] sanctimonious self-righteousness which ... beclouds the dangers and opportunities of our time with an unctuous film." If the word "hypoerisy" keeps springing to mind in the present account, it is

because John Foster Dulles seemed given to grandiose public rhetoric that was taken seriously by others, but which he frequently followed with inaction, repudiation, or indignant denial.

That curious disconnect was illustrated by his clarion calls in the early 1950s for "liberation" of Soviet-dominated Eastern Europe through a strategy of "rollback." "America," he intoned, "wants and expects liberation to occur." There was some lawyerly fine print about hopefully achieving those goals bloodlessly. But thousands of Hungarian patriots never saw the fine print. When they rebelled against Soviet domination in October 1956, Dulles lost no time in assuring Moscow, in a speech in Dallas, that the United States had no intention of getting in its way. The Hungarian rebellion was rapidly crushed by Soviet tanks.

Another example was his January 1954 speech spelling out his famous doctrine of "Massive Retaliation." Dulles argued that the free world needed "the means to retaliate instantly against open aggression by Red armies" so we could "strike back where it hurts, by means of our choosing." He had in mind a new strategy of deterrence based on a threat to respond to aggression, not locally with limited means, but by going after the family jewels with an all-out blow that could presumably include vaporizing Moscow. By making new adventures excessively costly, the new doctrine would keep the Soviets and China from running risks (in the process incidentally dis-earding the doctrine of "proportionality" that had regulated Western military behavior since the 16th century).

Massive retaliation responded to a major itch the Eisenhower administration was determined to scratch, namely the frustrating and expensive notion of limited war on the model

of Korea. That bloody conflict, which they were now calling "Truman's war," was burying too many U.S. servicemen. The new Republican leaders feared that Soviet "salami tactics" would diminish the free world one slice at a time. Deterrence through massive retaliation seemed a nifty solution. In the words of Dulles biographer Townsend Hoopes, the new strategy proposed "to transform the awesome nuclear capability from an instrument of last resort to one of first resort."

The Dulles fix soon proved to be unbelievable, as its inner contradictions became apparent. First, massive retaliation was not the way American decision-makers in fact acted in such subsequent crises as Berlin and Cuba. Second, until Afghanistan in 1979, Moscow did not engage in clear-cut acts of aggression outside its empire, preferring subversion, end-runs, and "indirect aggression" through proxies. And third, the Soviet nuclear capability would grow to the point where the doctrine seemed to say, "If you make trouble anywhere, I'm going to commit suicide." The concept was attacked by critics as dangerous rhetoric.

Later in 1954, I heard Dulles virtually disavow the massive retaliation doctrine he publicly espoused. When I was working on U.N.-related issues, I accompanied the secretary and Assistant Secretary for International Organization Affairs David McKay Key to hearings before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. An influential journalist, Walter Millis, had just published an article in the now-defunct *New York Herald-Tribune* challenging the logic of the new doctrine.

In his limo en route to Capitol Hill, Dulles was fuming. "Walter Millis totally misunderstood me", he grumbled. "Of course I didn't mean

***Dulles grumbled,
"Of course I didn't mean
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anywhere."***

that we would use our A-bombs on Moscow if the Soviets attacked anywhere." The appropriate response would have been "Well just exactly what did you mean, because that's what everyone thought you said?" Key stayed discreetly silent. But since I have trouble handling embarrassing silences, I probably told the secretary that it was a wonderful speech and a brilliant concept. When we got to the Hill, Dulles, unsurpassed in both knowledge and arrogance, never once turned to his assistant secretary (or, needless to say, me).

Revisionism at the U.N.

As the 1950s wore on, I had managed to move into policy work and out of the administrative cone, where my last chore had been to get rid of an employee who did large amounts of laundry in the ladies room while denouncing the rest of us as communists. As a policy planner in the U.N. Bureau, my view of Secretary Dulles was usually worn's-eye. But a few episodes (like the just-mentioned massive retaliation limo ride) did provide first-hand glimpses of the Dulles persona.

Article 109 of the United Nations Charter called for a conference by 1955 to review and possibly amend that document. I was assigned to do

some thinking on the subject, although it was clear that, with the shrinkage of America's so-called automatic majority in the U.N., reopening the whole Charter might produce a can of unmanageable worms.

On Aug. 26, 1953, Secretary Dulles gave a major speech to the American Bar Association on the need for Charter revision. Hopes for the Charter, he said, required that it "be altered in some important respects." One of those respects was the great-power veto in the Security Council, which Moscow had been exploiting. His rhetorical climax was a call to America's lawyers, at the time numbering approximately 220,000, to "inventively and creatively try to solve the great problems." The following week he expanded the list of those who should advise him on changing the Charter to include "private bodies — educational bodies, religious bodies, bar associations and the like — all should be studying this problem."

The American private sector, thrilled to be assigned such a high-minded task, promptly inundated the department with phone calls, memoranda and letters (mercifully, faxes and e-mail had not yet been invented). The obvious place to dump this growing mountain of communications was the Bureau of International Organization Affairs, specifically on my desk. I was by then a "policy planner" who was supposed to think, which in most eyes meant that I really didn't do anything useful.


My immediate boss at the time (they changed with startling frequency) was Robert Murphy, then the most senior of the professional American Foreign Service officers. Murphy had just returned from the ambassadorship to Japan and was marking time as assistant secretary for U.N. matters until, as America's

first "career ambassador," he would assume the top professional position of deputy under secretary of State for political affairs. I reported to him that we were being inundated by zillions of lawyers and others responding to Secretary Dulles' call to action. I asked him if he knew what the secretary had in mind when he gave that speech. Did Dulles really think we could do away with the veto (which was inserted in the U.N. Charter as much to ensure ratification by the U.S. Senate as to keep Moscow, London and Paris on board)? How were we (me) supposed to cope with this incoming flood?

Murphy replied "Search me. Let's ask Foster." (I had never before heard anyone refer to the secretary with that degree of intimacy, and was appropriately dazzled).

I accompanied him to the august secretarial suite. After the usual pleasantries, Murphy asked me to put the questions to Dulles. I couldn't very well say what was on my mind ("How dare you launch this nutty public campaign on a matter I happen to be working on without consulting me?") Instead I congratulated the secretary on a fine speech and asked if he could elaborate on his most intriguing point concerning the great-power veto in the Security Council, which thousands of Americans were starting to reexamine at his request.

Dulles fixed me with his normal look of disgust, chewing the lower left corner of his face with vigor. "Of course we can't do anything about the veto. I mean, we certainly don't want the U.N. coming in to investigate McCarthyism, do we?" Dumbfounded, I digested this extraordinary response without saying a word. I returned to my modest office to search for ways of transforming the Dulles triple-axel double-looping half-gainer into soothing



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bureaucratic boiler-plate that would leave me blameless, if corrupted.

Early the following year, word came down that the secretary wanted a new look taken at the U.S. role in the whole U.N. system in the light of changing circumstances, including the growing intake of what would eventually become about 120 new member states, few of which were likely to join America's so-called "mechanical majority." A department-wide committee was tasked to come up with a fresh strategic concept in the realm of multilateral diplomacy, and I was made its executive secretary. At last, I rejoiced, a genuine policy planning endeavor, unhampered by old thinking and open to new ideas.

Or so I believed. Six months later, after endless meetings to debate drafts which I had prepared, we came up with an agreed document. Even discounting for pride of authorship, I thought it contained a sound analysis of the changing situation, along with an innovative set of recommendations for U.S. policy adjustments. The document, with accompanying executive summary, was sent to the secretary for his consideration. My boss, Assistant Secretary Francis O. Wilcox (yes, yet another one), and I trotted upstairs with high hopes of commendation for a major task well done.

When we were seated in the sanctum sanctorum, Dulles looked up with his customary if unintended sneer, and bit hungrily on his left lower lip as he waved my precious composition in our faces. "No no no," he said dismissively, "I didn't want this. What I wanted was a gimmick to put in my speech to the U.N. General Assembly this fall." Fran Wilcox had seen enough dysfunctional behavior from long service as chief of staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to know when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em. But the action officer who had just devoted six months to the project made a

***On the Middle East,
Dulles' ideological
mindset overrode
reality.***

mental note to launch a vigorous outside job search.

Suez: The Last Straw

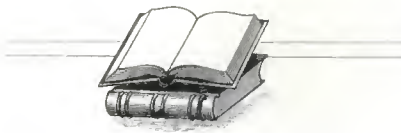
Any thought of jumping ship had to be put on hold as the 1956 crisis mounted over Egyptian President Nasser's takeover of the French/British-owned and -operated Suez Canal. In the midst of the mounting crisis, a hopeful intelligence report came in suggesting that a nervous Egypt might agree to adjudication of the dispute by the World Court. A colleague and I prepared a paper recommending that the possibility be urgently explored by the secretary. Dulles, who was noted for preaching the rule of law, rejected the legal track out of hand on the ground that someone might try to apply it to the Panama Canal.

In early November 1956, after the British-French-Israeli attack on Egypt (which came in the midst of Moscow's brutal Hungarian invasion), President Eisenhower, furious with his allies, forced London, Paris and Tel Aviv to back off. With Israel profoundly shaken and Egypt badly weakened, there seemed a chance for the first time since the initial Arab-Israeli War of 1948 to come to grips with the core issues — borders, recognition, waterways, refugees, and the rest. I was one of a task force of three working in the department's Policy Planning Staff till the wee hours to devise concrete proposals building on that possibility.

Secretary Dulles, having meanwhile disappeared to his retreat on Duck Island in Canada, returned clutching a draft embodying his solution for the Arab-Israeli conflict. It soon became the "Eisenhower Doctrine" — a plan to counter military aggression in the Middle East "backed by international communism," with nary a word about the issues driving the Arab-Israeli conflict. When U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Charles ("Chip") Bohlen heard that Dulles was focusing the U.S. effort entirely on Soviet aggression, he fired off a series of urgent cables to Washington explaining in every way open to his vocabulary that, of all the things that might happen in the region, the least likely contingency was a Soviet-sponsored invasion of the Middle East. It should be said that Dulles, like British Prime Minister Anthony Eden who had planned the Suez war, was a sick man. But it was a classic example of an ideological mindset overriding reality.

It was also the last straw for one disillusioned 36-year-old idealist who was raised to believe in American virtue, trusted its leaders to do the right thing, and tried to serve both Democratic and Republican administrations, despite their respective idiocies, in the belief that civil servants could and should be nonpartisan. After 16 crisis-wracked years in and out of uniform, I was burned out and ready to accept MIT's offer to run a research project. But I would not trade that experience for anything.

In fairness, John Foster Dulles was an acknowledged master of foreign affairs. He also was a deeply flawed human being, and I have emphasized negatives based on my personal experience. As with anyone who manages to get to the top, Dulles embodied a mixture of positive and negative traits. Only history will give us a more definitive appraisal of this complex public servant. ■



BOOKS

THE FIGHT FOR GUNS AND PORK

This War Really Matters: Inside the Fight for Defense Dollars
George C. Wilson, CQ Press, 2000,
\$19.95, softcover, 256 pages.

REVIEWED BY ANGELA DICKEY

In the time it will take you to read this review, the Department of Defense will spend half a million of your tax dollars. Where that money goes is the grimly riveting subject of veteran military analyst George C. Wilson's latest book, *This War Really Matters: Inside the Fight for Defense Dollars*.

Wilson is the former chief defense correspondent for *The Washington Post* and the author of several previous books, including the best-seller *Supercarrier*. Having covered the U.S. military from Vietnam to Washington, he authoritatively explains not only how politicized finding for the Pentagon has become, but also how far removed from any dispassionate review of national priorities.

He tells the story through a case study of the 105th Congress, beginning in early 1997, as the Pentagon and its congressional overseers face off to negotiate the fiscal 1999 defense budget. Many Americans assumed that the end of the Cold War had freed up a "peace dividend" to be spent for other purposes, and

accordingly, Secretary of Defense William Cohen directed the Joint Chiefs of Staff to get the defense budget below \$250 billion.

They chafed at this instruction, insisting that at least \$17 billion more was required to address the "readiness" issue. They pointed out that record numbers of soldiers and sailors are bailing out of the military because of inadequate pay and an escalated rate of overseas deployments.

The "military-industrial complex" is more entrenched than ever.

Normally, they would simply have contacted their friends and allies on Capitol Hill to get the additional funds. But as Wilson explains, the Chiefs had undercut themselves with Congress: following a controversial internal review, they continued to claim that the defense establishment was still ready, as it was at the height of the Cold War, to fight two simultaneous major conflicts. (This despite the fact that the numbers of men and women under arms are now scarcely half what they were during the Vietnam War.)

Meanwhile, neither Congress nor the White House has seriously challenged the types of weapons the

Pentagon continues to buy, in amounts far out of proportion to any threat posed by potential adversaries. Instead, legislators remain consumed with finding extra dollars for a big tax cut, lining the defense bill with "pork" — including ships, aircraft and weapons which DOD does not even want — and thwarting the administration's plans for military base closings. (The Pentagon estimates such closures could save \$20 billion dollars over 20 years, but Congress resists because the bases keep jobs in key members' districts.)

Wilson's account of how the players cajoled and negotiated with each other to hammer out an emergency defense appropriation bill that satisfied no one but nonetheless scraped through makes for sobering reading. It also bears out his thesis that the emerging "military-industrial complex" President Dwight Eisenhower warned us about 40 years ago has morphed into arguably the most entrenched special interest of all in Washington.

True, Sen. John McCain, R-Ariz., criticized the FY 2000 defense budget, totalling \$293 billion, for containing \$6 billion — roughly two percent — worth of items the Pentagon had not requested. Yet even the gutsiest politician to come to town in some time also pledged, if elected president, to increase defense spending even further, to carry out "our global commitments and strategy."

This War Really Matters show-

cases Wilson's access and spare, highly readable style. All foreign affairs practitioners, particularly those unschooled in military matters, would be well advised to spend an evening with this primer on the main defense issues facing the nation.

FSO Angela Diekey soon will begin an assignment to Vientiane as chief of the anti-narcotics section.

OVERTNESS IS THE BEST POLICY

National Insecurity: U. S. Intelligence After the Cold War
Craig Eisendrath, Editor, Temple University Press, 2000, \$34.50, hardcover, 241 pages.

BY JACK R. BINNS

The U.S. intelligence community was created to meet the challenges of the Cold War. As this book's title suggests, it is now high time to reorganize and restructure these agencies — the Central Intelligence Agency, National Security Agency, National Reconnaissance Office, National Imagery and Mapping Agency and the Department of State — to meet new strategic concerns and address a host of problems: an inability to produce the kind of analysis needed by policy-makers, over-reliance on covert collection and operations, financial waste, and inadequate accountability and oversight.

Sponsored by the Center for International Policy, and with a foreword by Sen. Tom Harkin, D-Iowa, this book brings together 10 thoughtful essays, plus an introduction and concluding summary by editor Craig Eisendrath.

Roger Hilsman, a former assistant secretary of State, leads off, posing a central question: "Should essential gathering of information and influencing of actions rely as much on espionage and covert political action in the future as they did in the past?" All contributors to this volume agree that it should not, and endorse overt collection by Foreign Service officers and their colleagues in other agencies. In their view, this approach will save money, produce sounder analysis and avoid other corrosive effects of covert activities.

Melvin A. Goodman, a former chief of the CIA's Soviet affairs office, reviews the record of our covert and paramilitary operations. He concludes that they have largely outlived their usefulness and outlines ways they can adapt to the new global environment. But his recommendation (which several other contributors endorse) to transfer residual covert and paramilitary operational capabilities from the CIA to the Pentagon strikes me as a recipe for disaster, making accountability and effective oversight more difficult while increasing the likelihood of rogue operations.

Two former ambassadors, Robert White and Robert Keeley, describe their often troubled relations with CIA stations in the field. Not surprisingly, these seasoned diplomatic practitioners concur that intelligence collection — political, economic and security — should be left largely to the Foreign Service.

Jack Blum, a former Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff aide and Iran-Contra investigator, is the first of three authors to examine the unintended consequences of past covert actions. He draws powerful lessons about accountability and oversight from his experiences and offers means to strengthen both.

Southeast Asia historian Alfred McCoy covers similar ground, detailing CIA complicity in Asian and Latin American drug trafficking, another unintended consequence of covert operations. Finally, former Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chief of Staff Pat Holt discusses the issues of oversight and accountability from the congressional vantage point. All three contributors make strong cases for reform and prescribe plausible remedies.

Two contributors, journalist Robert Dreyfuss and former OMB official Richard Stubbing, examine the technical intelligence agencies, which spend most of the money. Both authors see TECHINT as necessary, but warn of the dangers of an "intelligence-industrial complex" that drives too many TECHINT investment decisions. Dreyfuss sheds particularly useful new light on the often murky workings of these agencies, while Stubbing makes the case for improved financial analysis and control.

Kate Doyle of the National Security Archive reviews the operation of our security classification system. She demonstrates that the current system not only often precludes meaningful accountability and oversight, but robs us of our diplomatic history.

National Insecurity is an important work and deserves a wide audience. At a minimum, it should be required reading for all prospective ambassadors and DCMs, as well as for our congressional representatives. It also poses questions that deserve discussion in the coming presidential campaign. ■

Retired FSO Jack Binns served as ambassador to Honduras, in addition to postings in Latin America, Western Europe and Washington.



IN MEMORY

Neil Marshall Ruge, 86, retired FSO and member of the military intelligence reserve, died March 9 in Chico, Calif.

Mr. Ruge was born Dec. 28, 1913, in Washington, D.C. In 1919, the Ruge family moved to California, first to Vallejo and then to San Diego, where Mr. Ruge graduated from high school. He continued his education at California Institute of Technology, Stanford University, Boalt Hall Law School at U.C. Berkeley, and, after World War II, at Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

Mr. Ruge practiced law for two years before entering the U.S. Army as a private in 1941. He served three tours in Europe during the war, and was awarded the Bronze Star. In 1945, as a captain serving in Germany after the war, he met a young German woman, Helga Kley, and despite rules prohibiting Americans from marrying German citizens the relationship survived and the two were married in Italy in 1949.

Mr. Ruge joined the Foreign Service in 1947. He retired in 1968 as first secretary of embassy, having served in Italy, Morocco, England, Wales, Washington, D.C., Germany and Guatemala. After his retirement he moved to Chico and was a professor of business and real estate law at California State University, Chico, from 1969 to 1980. He also worked as a licensed real estate broker.

Survivors include his wife, Helga; son, Carl; daughter, Madeleine; four grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

Philip H. Chadbourn, Jr., 83, retired FSO, died March 29 of pneumonia in San Diego, Calif.

Mr. Chadbourn was born in Petrograd (St. Petersburg), Russia and grew up in Turkey, France and California. He graduated from Harvard University in 1939. During World War II he served in the Office of Strategic Services, and was trained as a "Jedburgh," jumping behind enemy lines in occupied France in 1944 to work with the French Resistance.

Mr. Chadbourn joined the Foreign Service in 1948 and served in Calcutta, Frankfurt, and Lyons, France, among other posts. He served as special assistant to the ambassador in France. His last post was in Marseilles as consul general, where he retired in 1974.

Mr. Chadbourn married Jacqueline Wilson in 1950 and later divorced. He later remarried. After his FS retirement, he resided in Monaco for several years, serving as public relations director for Prince Rainier. He moved to San Diego in 1987.

Survivors include his two daughters, Claudia Chadbourn of San Diego and Cynthia James of Overland Park, Kan.; stepdaughter Zan Benham of Sarasota, Fla.; and two grandsons.

Yolanda B. Jaeckel, 86, wife of retired USIA FSO Theodore R. Jaeckel, died March 21 at Robert

Wood Johnson University Hospital in Hamilton, N.J.

Mrs. Jaeckel accompanied her husband to posts in Paris, Athens, New Delhi, Mexico City, Hong Kong and Caracas. Until her death, they resided in Cranbury, N.J.

Survivors include her husband, Theodore; daughter, Pamela Oppen of Hunter, N.Y.; sons Christopher Jaeckel of Hunter, N.Y. and Theodore R. Jaeckel, Jr., of Princeton Junction, N.J.; five grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Sarah G. Fisher, 79, retired FSO, died on March 17 of cardiopulmonary arrest at Chevy Chase House, a retirement home in Chevy Chase, Md.

Mrs. Fisher was a native of Omaha, Neb. She attended Connecticut College and was a 1943 graduate of the University of California at Berkeley.

She married FSO William Dale Fisher in 1942 and accompanied him to posts in The Hague, Prague, Paris, Florence and Addis Ababa. After her husband's death in a 1961 airplane crash in Ethiopia, Mrs. Fisher became one of the first widows of an FSO killed on official duty to be hired by the State Department.


After several years of service in Washington, D.C., in the department's Foreign Service Lounge, Mrs. Fisher became a consular officer. She served in Barbados, Bangkok, Malta and London before finally retiring in 1980. She continued for several years

IN MEMORY



to perform temporary tours of duty as a consular officer in overseas posts, including Kobe-Osaka, Florence and Stockholm. She was a member of AFSA and DACOR.


Survivors include a daughter, Sally F. Pabst of Arlington, Va.; two sons, William G. Fisher and David B. Fisher, both of Maui, Hawaii; and three grandsons.



Robert W. White, 80, retired FS reserve officer, died April 2 of lung cancer at Mt. Vernon Hospital, in Alexandria, Va.

Mr. White was born in Alexandria and joined the Foreign Service in 1954. He spent more than 25 years with the Office of Security as a regional electronics engineer and was assigned to Paris, Havana, Bangkok, Tokyo, Prague, Frankfurt, Washington, D.C., Beirut, Canberra, and as officer in charge of the regional technical center in Panama. After his retirement in 1980, Mr. White worked part-time in the State Department for 10 years as a consultant.

Survivors include his wife, Jane Prout White; two sons, retired FSO Robert W. White, Jr., and William P. White; and two granddaughters.




L. Wade Lathram, 83, retired FSO, died April 15 of respiratory failure at Inova Alexandria Hospital, in Alexandria, Va.

Mr. Lathram was born in Dothan, Ala., and grew up in Ohio. He graduated from Miami University in Ohio, received a master's in public administration from the University of Cincinnati, and a law degree from George Washington University.

In 1941, Mr. Lathram moved to Washington, D.C., to work in the office of the civilian personnel division of what was then the Department of War. He served in the Army Air Forces during World War II. He joined the Foreign Service in 1952, serving in India, Turkey, Vietnam and South Korea, where he was deputy chief of mission. In Washington, he served as director of regional affairs for the Near East and South Asia bureaus, and as director of personnel for the Agency for International Development. He received Distinguished Service Awards from the Department of the Army, Department of the Interior and from AID.

After his FS retirement, Mr. Lathram worked as a foreign affairs management consultant and lectured at the State Department's Foreign Service Institute. He was also a member of DACOR.

Survivors include his wife, Mary; daughter, Elizabeth Gillespie of New York; three sons, Thomas, Steven and David, all of California; seven grandchildren; and a great-grandchild.



Joseph Julius Wolf, 87, retired FSO, died April 7 of heart failure.

Mr. Wolf was born in San Francisco. He graduated from Stanford University, Harvard Law School and the National War College. After practicing law in San Francisco for four years, he served in the U.S. Army Air Forces from 1942 to 1946 in both the U.S. and the European theater.

Mr. Wolf joined the State Department in 1946 and was assigned to the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, where he was


in charge of programs for Greece, Turkey and Iran. Later he served in the European Bureau's Regional Affairs Office and was in charge of NATO politico-military affairs and served as NATO adviser of political consultation in the North Atlantic Council. After graduating from the War College in 1954, he returned to the NATO office, where he received the Superior Service Award for pressing for the political control of nuclear weapons.

He was assigned as a political adviser to the U.S. delegation to NATO in Paris from 1957 to 1962. After his return to State in Washington, D.C., Mr. Wolf was named deputy assistant administrator for AID for politico-military affairs. In 1970, he became acting deputy assistant secretary for legislative affairs, coordinating executive branch response to the Symington subcommittee's investigation of developments in Laos. He retired in 1972, and received a second Superior Service Award.

After his retirement, Mr. Wolf served on the board of directors of the Atlantic Council of the United States. He lived in Bethesda, Md., with his family for 50 years.

Survivors include his wife, Gretchen Rickel Wolf; a daughter, Elsa Wolf Barnes of Clarksville, Md.; and three grandchildren.

Donations in his memory may be made to the American Cancer Society (800) 227-2345, the American Heart Association (202) 686-6888, or the International Rescue Committee (202) 822-0043.



Arlethia "Lee" Harmon Vandivere, 53, administrative assistant, died April 11 of cancer at her home in Virginia Beach, Va.

IN MEMORY



Mrs. Vandivere began her federal government career in 1970. She worked in the U.S. Civil Administration of the Ryukyu Islands in Okinawa. She joined the Foreign Service in 1974, and served in posts in Bangkok, Lima, Tel Aviv and Ankara until she resigned in 1985 to follow her husband's career working for a major U.S. consulting firm.

Subsequently, Mrs. Vandivere worked for a private sector company in Ankara, Turkey, for one year, and for U.S. agencies in Geneva, for three years. After Geneva, she traveled with her husband to his assignments in Kampala, Istanbul and Moscow.

Survivors include her husband,

Len; and her mother, Mrs. Lucille White.



Stephen E. Palmer, 76, retired FSO, died May 3 after a heart attack at his home in Vienna, Va.

Mr. Palmer was born in Superior, Wis. He received his bachelor's from Princeton University and a master's in international affairs from Columbia University. During World War II he served in the Pacific with the Marines. After teaching at the American Community School in Tehran, Mr. Palmer went to work for the federal government in 1949 and joined the State Department in 1951.

His first post was as a consular officer in Nicosia. In 1954 he was assigned to Belgrade as a political officer and then to Sarajevo as principal officer. He later co-authored *Yugoslav Communism and the Macedonian Question*, published in 1971.

Mr. Palmer served as chief of the political section in Tel Aviv from 1963 to 1966, in the political section in London from 1966 to 1968, as political counselor in Rawalpindi from 1968 to 1971, and as principal officer in Madras beginning in 1971. From 1974 to 1978 he was an office director in NEA. In the 1980s he served in the Bureau of Humanitarian Affairs and was for a time acting assistant secretary. On retirement, in 1988, Mr.

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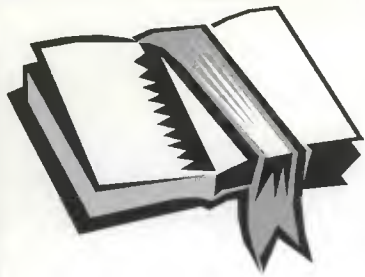
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IN MEMORY

Palmer was awarded the Rogers Award for career achievement.

In retirement Mr. Palmer did consulting work for the State Department and served on an editorial team for the human rights report. He was also a substitute teacher in history and English in Fairfax County schools.

Survivors include his wife Pat of Vienna, Va., and two daughters from his first marriage.

Samuel C. Adams, 79, former ambassador, died May 25 at his home in Houston.

Mr. Adams was born in Waco, Texas. At the age of 16 he became class valedictorian at Booker T. Washington High School in Houston. He received his bachelor's and master's from Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn., in 1940 and 1947, respectively. He then received his doctorate in sociology at the University of Chicago in 1952. In 1957 and 1958, Mr. Adams also did post-doctoral studies at the University of London, the London School of Economics, and Syracuse University.

From 1942 to 1944, he served as a machinist assistant at the U.S. Navy Shipyard in Norfolk, Va. He then enrolled in pre-flight training with the U.S. Army Air Forces in Biloxi, Miss., and later served as a chaplain's assistant at Randolph Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. Adams was one of the first African-American ambassadors. He served in Hanoi in 1952, and was in Dien Bien Phu when the French withdrew. He spent his first eight years in the Foreign Service as an education officer in Vietnam, Cambodia and Nigeria. He also

served in Mali and Morocco. He became U.S. ambassador to the Republic of Niger in 1968. He headed the African bureau for the U.S. Agency for International Development from 1969 to 1975.

In 1957, Mr. Adams was awarded the Arthur S. Fleming Award, given to one of 10 most outstanding young men in federal service. In 1968, King Hassan of Morocco gave Mr. Adams the Cross of the Ouizzan Alouite. He has also received AID's Distinguished Honor Award and the Rockefeller Public Service Award.

Survivors include his wife Evelyn Baker Adams, and sister, Juanita Adams of Houston.

Elmer G. Fales, 70, a retired AID officer, died on May 19 of prostate cancer at the Hospice of Northern Virginia.

Mr. Fales was born in Erie, Pa. He graduated from the University of Pittsburgh and received a master's from the University of Pennsylvania. After serving with the U.S. Army during the Korean War, he was an English teacher in Guinea and Cameroon in the 1960s. He also taught at Rider College in New Jersey.

He joined AID in 1967 and served in Jakarta and Cairo. After retiring in 1992, Mr. Fales worked for Labat Anderson and Mitchell Group as a project manager for the Office of Foreign Disaster Assistance.

Mr. Fales was a member of the Asia Society and a founding member of the Indonesian Ceramic Society.

Survivors include his wife Jean of Arlington, Va.; two sons, Jonathan of New York City and Christian of Maui, Hawaii; and a sister-in-law, Sally Fales of Belpre, Ohio.

IN MEMORY



James Histed Lewis, 87, retired FSO, died Dec. 9, 1999 of pneumonia and congestive heart failure at Suburban Hospital in Bethesda, Md.

Mr. Lewis was born in Carbondale, Penn. He received his master's in international law from George Washington University and joined the Foreign Service in 1936 in the trade agreements division before being named special assistant to the ambassador in London during World War II. From 1945 to 1946 he served as secretary of the secretary of State's staff committee. In 1946, Mr. Lewis served as a delegate to the Paris Peace Conference and Council of Foreign Ministers.

He was a member of the U.S. delegation to the GATT trade negotiations in Annecy, France, and was head negotiator at three subsequent GATT conferences, in Torquay, U.K., and Geneva.

From 1957 to 1961, he served as counselor for commercial affairs and chargé d'affaires at the U.S. embassy in Copenhagen. He also served as chief of the trade agreements division, chief of the division of commercial policy and treaties and deputy director of the office of international trade.

In 1965, Mr. Lewis was named minister-counselor for economic affairs at the U.S. mission in Geneva, where he served simultaneously as deputy head of the U.S. delegation to the Kennedy Round trade negotiations. While on leave from 1967 to 1969, he served with the United Nations as deputy director-general of the GATT secretariat.

Mr. Lewis' final post was as deputy chief of mission and acting ambassador in Helsinki. He retired in 1973.

Survivors include his wife, Betty Lewis; four children; four grandchildren; and a brother, Nobel Prize-winning geneticist Edward B. Lewis, of the California Institute of Technology ■

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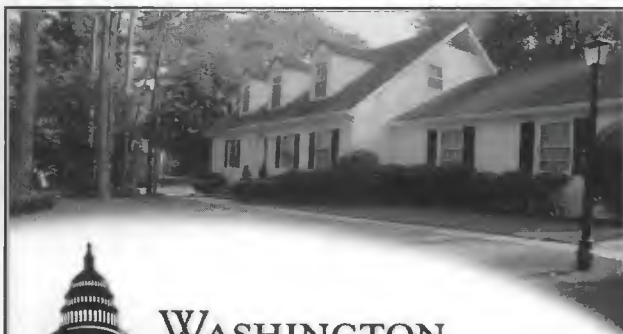
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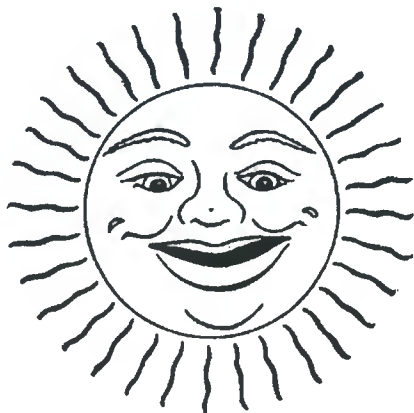


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POSTCARD FROM ABROAD

The Man in the Moon

BY GARY H. MAYBARDUK

Watching Sen. John Glenn's return to space last year recalled for me my first meeting with him in 1977 when he headed the U.S. delegation visiting Papua New Guinea and I was his control officer. I first proposed a trip to the region where the last recorded case of cannibalism had occurred, but we ultimately opted for the remote village of Numba. A week before the delegation's arrival, I flew there with the resident missionary, Jim Parlier, to work out the details.

Located on an isolated, razorback ridge in the central highlands, Numba was a mile-long walk through the jungle from a small mountain airstrip. The village's residents had never left the immediate vicinity and its only European visitors had been Jim and his family.

We met with the village elders around a campfire to discuss the trip. Jim explained, inaccurately, that Sen. Glenn had gone to the moon, and showed them a picture of an astronaut floating in a spacesuit. They asked its purpose. I'm not sure that my explanation of air, even with Jim's able translation, was very convincing.

But if the elders of Numba were technologically unsophisticated, they had a highly developed sense of good manners. Jim suggested the villagers put on a feast for Sen. Glenn. Once I

Gary H. Maybarduk is an FSO currently serving in Caracas. His previous postings have included Havana, Freetown, Managua, Mexico City and Port Moresby.

The villagers suddenly charged us, stopping with just feet to spare.



satisfied them that he would eat their food by sampling some vegetables, they then asked, "Would the astronaut mind if they stared at him?" I replied that I thought not — if he could stare back. They conferred, nodded their heads and said that was fair.

Our delegation left Port Moresby on the Fourth of July, 1977, transferring to progressively smaller planes before we finally got to Numba. I was surprised that no villagers met us at the airstrip, but Glenn, though he was 20 years older than most of us, was undaunted by the narrow and hilly path to the village.

As we started the final climb to the top, the villagers suddenly appeared over the top of the ridge. There was a pause and then they began to charge! In full battle dress, painted and with feathers, the villagers came running at us, stopped with just feet to spare, lunged at us with their spears, backed off and then lunged again. Hollywood could have done no better, but it was the villagers' own idea.

The rest of the afternoon went just as the villagers anticipated. They stared at us and we stared at them. Glenn toured the village, visited homes and talked with everyone. Then came the feast (for men only, by tradition), followed by many speeches. The astronaut talked of independence and the friendship of peoples.

The best part, however, was the gift giving. The villagers gave us old shell necklaces that had once served as money. Jim estimated the shells had probably come to the village 70 years earlier, before trade with the coast ended. For our presents to selected village elders, we had made holes in year-old, gold-colored bicentennial medals and strung red ribbon through each. Jim called some of the elders forward to receive their presents from the astronaut, and one recipient made his own special speech.

"I have never minded becoming old," he said, "but now I curse my age! I curse it!" I remember a pregnant pause. "I curse it, because I am so proud and want to be able to walk to all the other villages and show off my medal."

Two postscripts to the trip are worth noting. Several months after the visit, another case of cannibalism occurred at the site I'd originally proposed. I also learned from Jim Parlier that the people of Numba believed the moon was the home of departed souls. Knowing that, I still cannot imagine what they must have thought of our astronaut. ■



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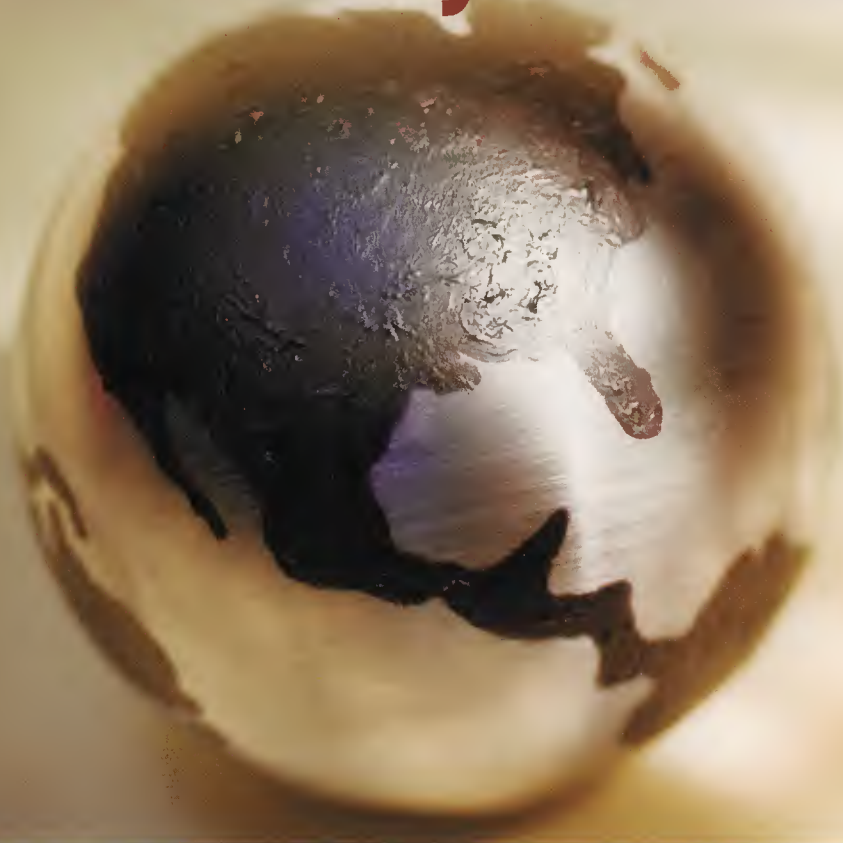
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