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PRESIDENT'S VIEWS

The Importance of Leadership

By John Limbert

A Persian proverb instructs us that "The more fruit on the tree, the lower hang the branches."



Recent discussions and debates

in Washington have reopened the perennial debate about the importance of leadership, management and treatment of people — all issues of great consequence to AFSA. These questions include:

• What do we expect of our most senior officers in the foreign affairs agencies?

• What is the "unwritten contract" between employees and leaders?

• How important are leadership, management and decent treatment of people in assignments and advancement in our system?

To put it simply: AFSA believes that the men and women of the Foreign S e rvice — generalists, specialists, seniors, mid-levels, entry-levels — all have the right to expect good leadership and decent treatment. In return, of course, management has the right to expect worldwide availability, professionalism, integrity, conscientious service, and best efforts from all employees.

AFSA believes that our profession has no place for abusers, screamers or bullies, no matter how "brilliant." Let them serve on the Harvard faculty,

John Limbert is the president of the American Foreign Service Association.

Good leadership is not an accident and does not happen by itself. It is a delicate plant that requires careful attention and constant nurturing.

perhaps, but not in the Foreign Service. We expect the highest standards from all of our people, and the higher the rank, be it of a political appointee or a career officer, the greater the expectation.

When you elected your current board on the "Front Line Slate" in 2003, we promised you in our campaign statement that we would insist on mutual respect. We have not forgotten that promise. Just as we will "let no cheap shot [from the media] go unanswered," we will not let abusers and screamers get away with mistreating our colleagues. Often a gentle reminder from AFSA is enough. When it isn't, the fear of public exposure can have a very salutary effect.

In our Jan. 5, 2005, meeting with then-Secretary-Designate Rice, we told her, "AFSA does not deal with policy. That is the easy part. We deal with people. That is the hard part." We have been very pleased to see that the Secretary's recent statements have dispelled any doubt about her position. She said she expects her senior leaders to "operate in a way that is supportive of, and gets the best out of, the people" in their missions. The department's recent cable (State 73770) discussing criteria for selecting chiefs of mission should leave no doubt on the issue:

"Special emphasis is placed on ensuring that officers assigned to these senior positions meet the highest standards of leadership needed in our missions overseas and in the department. Those standards apply not only to policy and formal management skills, but also to interpersonal skills and qualities of personal integrity and character required of our leaders."

So there you have it. The department's formal position is clear, but, bureaucracy and human nature being what they are, such statements are not enough. Good leadership is not an accident and does not happen by itself. It is a delicate plant that requires careful attention and constant nurturing. The consistent message, by word and action, from the heads of our agencies and their subordinates must be that our Service will not tolerate those who abuse, threaten or bully. We expect our senior leaders to set an example of professionalism. We expect them to support their subordinates, to respect differing points of view, and to treat everyone who works for them - civil servant, Foreign Service National, specialist or generalist — with proper respect.

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LETTERS

A Giant of a Man

I had three glimpses of our greatest 20th-century diplomat which, among the many tributes you will receive for the late George Kennan, I would like to record

First, in 1981, when I was doing research on the Non-Aligned Movement under a Chapman Cox sabbatical grant (*The U.N., the Non-Aligned and the Superpowers*, Praeger, 1983), Ambassador Kennan generously shared recollections and written materials of the early nonaligned years in Belgrade.

Second, he visited Casablanca in 1987 when I was consul general there to complete the Moroccan chapter of his *Sketches from a Life*. One morning he asked for a copy of the Koran, which he had not previously read. On my return from work that evening, he had identified and was ready to discuss a dozen or so of the fundamental similarities and differences between the Koran and the Bible.

Finally, in 1999, when I became president of Anatolia College in Thessaloniki, Kennan, then 95, sent me a kind and humorous note. What a giant of a man, given his age and sweeping interests, to trouble himself about the fortunes of a school in G reece and a former FSO's second career.

> Richard L. Jackson FSO, retired President, Anatolia College Thessaloniki, Greece

Kennan and Harriman

The death of George Kennan brought to my mind — in addition to his string of accomplishments and celebrated writings — a less-publicized time in his career, when he was deputy to Ambassador Averill Harriman in Moscow during the closing days of World War II.

In 1985, the department sent me to the Library of Congress to review the "personal papers" Harriman had deposited there a few months earlier. The library had discovered thousands of classified documents accumulated during Harriman's service from 1940 until he left government in 1969, which had been stored in the basement of his Georgetown house. I spent 10 months devouring the fascinating record created by this man-ofaffairs.

Of special interest to me as an admirer and follower of Kennan's inand-out influence on U.S. policy was his period as deputy chief of mission to Harriman in Moscow from 1944 to 1945. Kennan was likely the leading U.S. expert on the area — and probably considered himself such. Harriman was well acquainted with Soviet leaders, but did not speak Russian and was hardly an expert in comparison to Kennan. The DCM submitted several drafts to his chief for review and approval, analyzing the Soviet structure and policies and likely future relations with the U.S., Germany and others. The ambassador returned each, asking for the "sources." Since

the source was obviously Kennan's own expertise, the ambassador's queries were never answered and the messages were never sent.

When Harriman departed Moscow for a leisurely trip to Washington via the Pacific, he left Kennan in charge. During his absence, the department sent a cable to key embassies inviting comments and suggestions on postwar relations with the Soviet Union. Kennan seized the opportunity to finally get his personal views and analysis before the eyes of Washington policy-makers. The result was the famous "Long Telegram" (published in full in his Memoirs), dictated at least in part while he was confined to bed with the flu. The Long Telegram later served as the genesis of the "X" article in Foreign Affairs.

> Jack Sulser FSO, retired Alexandria, Va.

How Could You?

The articles in the February *FSJ* covering the change of command at State were, for the most part, well chosen. The attack from left-wing academics concerning Latin America policy was predictable, considering the source, and while unbalanced and overly critical avoided personal attack.

The same cannot be said about the nasty personal attack on Colin Powell launched by ex-FSO Dennis Jett. I believe the *FSJ* made a serious editorial misjudgment by publishing this blatantly one-sided and totally obnox-

L e t t e r s \sim

ious assault on one of our most beloved Secretaries of State. Such biased pieces of personal opinion are better reserved for one of those antiadministration Web sites, and do not deserve publication in theprofessional journal of the Foreign Service. In over 40 years of *FSJ* readership, I do not recall any article that has been so offensive to me.

> Michael Wygant FSO, retired Scarborough, Maine

From a Different Cloth

Impressed by three "letters from the field" in the February FSJ regarding Secretary Powell's record, I am reminded of a game we played in the (now-canceled) Senior Seminar over 20 years ago. With most of the interagency class divided by a questionnaire into two types of thinkers, we found most FSOs in one group and most of our military classmates in another.

Each group was given a set of problems to solve within 20 minutes. We FSOs were still arguing among ourselves as the military completed theirs and were laughing at our indecisiveness. The management consultant directing the game then gave us a different set of problems. We FSOs loved them and came up with all sorts of ingenious answers to problems such as: What did Victor Hugo's last dying scribble mean? Or, how does a dwarf living in the penthouse manage to reach the top button of his building's elevator? Meanwhile, the military group had given up and one member threw up his hands, objecting that these problems were too ridiculous to even try solving.

The difference in mental approach is one of several that can affect working relations between State and Defense, as well as between personnel within each agency. I was reminded of this difference by Peter Rice's letter bemoaning the fact that FSOs are not more like the military, Ralph Falzone's argument that diplomats are not intended to act as "lieutenants" and Marc Nicholson's fair assessment of Secretary Powell's excellent institution-building skills and his human touch, contrasted with his weak performance as a foreign policy heavyweight — perhaps due to his military-honed instincts and values.

American FSOs may have ranks equivalent to military grades, but diplomacy is not war. And its job requirements may favor different mindsets and different life experiences.

> George B. Lambrakis FSO, retired London, England

Shooting the Messenger

John Limbert's February "President's Views" is on the mark in responding to "cheap shots" at the Foreign Service. Of course, such attacks are as old as diplomacy itself. They certainly came repeatedly during my 40 years as an FSO, regardless of who was in the White House.

When Hal Saunders became INR director [in 1975], he issued clear instructions that intelligence was to be analyzed as impartially and objectively as humanly possible. At the time, I was chief of the South Asia Division, which included Iran, an even hotter political potato then than now. He told me that if I wanted to keep my job, I was not to interpret things in any political way. He said we weren't there to make or even recommend - policy. That was the Secretary of State's job. I hope today's FSOs understand that complaints come with the territory, and continue to serve their country to the best of their abilities.

The ancients may have used

envoys as pawns to avoid wars or to save the necks of royalty, but diplomacy has evolved into much more over the years. One wonders which axes the critics want to grind. Many of us can cite numerous instances of policymakers seizing on a scrap of intelligence (usually from a single source, with no confirmation) to justify action. And even more instances of policymakers reacting with outrage when presented with carefully documented and researched intelligence that differed from their preferences. Too many messengers have been sacrificed over the years, and the department should not have to suffer another McCarthy-like purge if policy-makers in the White House and elsewhere react badly to honestly reported news from abroad. The critics may not like it, but there are powerful and influential leaders abroad who disagree with Americans.

The Februaryissue also presented a useful mix of commentary on the changing of the guard at State, though some passages were a bit extreme. Most of the comments made by Dennis Jett and Peter Brookes needed to be said. John Brady Kiesling and Christopher Preble made compelling cases for Rice-watchers, and George Gedda offered his usually valuable "outsider's" view of the department (though he has been there longer that most of the rest of us). Congratulations to all - including Editor Steve Honley, his editors and members of the Editorial Board - who put that issue together.

> George G. B. Griffin FSO, retired Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.

Unelectable Senators

Half a year later, *Journal* readers are still re-fighting the election of 2004, in cogent if emotional contributions from both camps, including



ambassadors et al. for Kerry. As a retired political officer who can't let go, let me suggest a more dispassionate take that renders their arguments somewhat less relevant.

Much as we might have wished for Kerry or Edwards, or McCain or Lugar, or Gore four years before, to have become president, one constant in modern American politics is that incumbent senators or vice presidents are virtually unelectable. Exceptions, you say? The only clear one is Bush senior in 1988, who made the first successful run by a sitting vice president since 1836's Martin Van Buren (who, like Bush, then lost a bid for a second term). The sole successful senator since Harding in the 1920s was, of course, JFK, but given that he ran against a sitting vice president (Nixon) and one of them had to win, his victory did not alter the t rend.

Concerned citizens like those in the Foreign Service community might devote their energies to producing a non-D.C. candidate (a la Carter, Reagan, Clinton or Bush junior) rather than letting the parties put up senators, who, no matter how attractive and/or deserving, seem to generate antipathy among the electorate. Of course, there is one other option for those who want to see, for example, Hillary Clinton for president in 2008. They could work for the Republicans to nominate Cheney, and then re-fight the election of 1960. But let's not go there.

Wa rd Thompson FSO, retired Penn Valley, Calif.

What Would Adams Do?

In the summer of 1798, the newlyformed United States was seized by a patriotic, anti-French frenzy. (Sound familiar?) The French had boarded U.S. vessels looking for British con-

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LETTERS



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AFSA Membership Department 2101 E Street, NW Washington, DC 20037 traband. Further, our emissaries in Paris seeking an accommodation with the governing Directory were rudely dismissed by Foreign Minister Talleyrand.

John Adams, the second U.S. president, was pilloried for not responding to these affronts to our honor with a request that Congress declare war. But Adams had seen enough warinduced suffering to treat hostilities between nations as a last, unpalatable resort. "Great is the guilt of an unnecessary war," he wrote. Even though his own Cabinet conspired against him, the president held firm. Subsequent events confirmed the wisdom of his resolve.

Fast forward. If President Bush and his closest advisers have any misgivings about the decision to go to war - and the disastrous management of the post-Saddam era — they are well concealed from the public. On the contrary we see key figures in the unfolding debacle publicly commended. Former CIA Director George Tenet, for one, assured the president that finding WMD in Iraq was a "slam dunk." He provided the "facts" for 30 or so false or distorted claims made by Secretary of State Colin Powell before the United Nations. When no WMD were discovered after the invasion (despite unlimited access and a huge, unprecedented investigation), our county's highest-ranking intelligence officer remained silent for 18 months. Coincidentally or not, these were the same months that a presidential campaign was taking place. His reward: the Medal of Freedom, our nation's highest civilian honor.

Alberto Gonzales, the president's choice for attorney general, was deeply involved in two abrupt changes of policy that are likely to prove immensely harmful to U.S. interests and prestige. He endorsed

the position that certain provisions of the Geneva Convention are obsolete and do not apply in Afghanistan, Iraq and Guantanamo Bay, and that the president has the power to put in place a narrower, more permissive definition of torture, and to authorize its use. The immediate consequences (documented by the horrific pictures of abuse at Abu Ghraib and elsewhere) are shown repeatedly throughout the Arab world. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that they will serve as a powerful stimulus for al-Qaida recruitment for years to come. How anyone could argue that these departures from the moral high ground could be in our national interest defies explanation.

Those who followed Mr. Gonzales' confirmation hearings in the hope of getting some insight into his reasoning for taking these positions were disappointed. According to Sen. Patrick Leahy, D-Vt., stonewalling and evasion were the order of the day. Nevertheless, the White House concluded these egregious examples of Mr. Gonzales' judgment in no way disqualify him for the critical post of attorney general.

President Adams, where are you when we need you?

Arthur S. Lezin FSO-USAID, retired Bend, Ore.

Intelligent Dialogue

The article "The Anatomy of Terrorism" by Ambassador Ron Spiers (*FSJ*, September 2004) impressed me greatly. It is imperative for those of us with international knowledge and experience to communicate our concerns to our country's leaders regarding the mistakes we are making in international affairs, in the hope that our government will take corrective measures.

I believe the real roots of the ter-



rorist attacks we are suffering and continue to fear, have a religious basis, but our government's thinking seems to be that we will solve it by doing away with their leaders. We accuse Osama bin Laden of being the mastermind of all the attacks, but don't endeavor to analyze his reasons for doing so and seek an understanding that will eliminate them. Let's face openly the fact that our support for the Israelis, while doing little for the Palestinians who had occupied that area before, causes the billionplus Middle Eastern Muslims to hate 115.

We should be dedicating ourselves constantly to having persons like Amb. Spiers, with broad international experience, exchange views with all foreign leaders. It is only through intelligent dialogue that this world can progress without confrontations.

> Adolf B. Horn FSO, retired Guadalajara, Mexico ■



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CYBERNOTES

Women Ambassadors: Undaunted

"Women ambassadors have risen to the highest levels in some of the world's most dangerous places, but not without a fight." So begins the cover story by Shane Harris in the April 1 edition of *Government Executive* (http://www.govexec.com/fea tures/0405-01/0405-01mag.htm).

The article features former ambassadors Prudence Bushnell, Barbara Bodine and Elizabeth Jones, career ambassador and former assistant secretary for consular affairs Mary Ryan and Ann Wright, a former Army lieutenant colonel who joined the Foreign Service in 1987 and served as deputy chief of mission at Embassy Ulaanbaatar before retiring in 2003 in protest of the Bush administration's Iraq invasion plan.

The experiences of these women paint a picture of the progress women have made in attaining their proper professional status in the Foreign Service. Where enlightened mentoring by senior male colleagues of the kind that Bodine and Jones experienced was absent, the 1976 class

Site of the Month: Fourth of July Celebrations Database http://gurukul.american.edu/heintze/fourth.htm

To help with your Independence Day planning, click on this authoritative record of the history and traditions of America's birthday celebration. You will learn how the Fourth of July got to be an official holiday and what the first celebrations looked like, see a list of planned events for 2005, and much more.

The site offers chronologies of notable occurrences, music sung and played, and what the presidents did on that date from 1776 to the present. Jefferson, we learn, was the first to hold a public Fourth of July reception at the executive mansion in 1801. Oral traditions, from the first public readings of the Declaration of Independence to the orations and speeches of recent years, are documented, as well as activities in Congress.

There are stories of unusual July 4th events, such as the 1901 festivities on Pike's Peak that featured "the largest pyrotechnic display ever," visible from 200 miles away. And, under "Other," there is a comprehensive list of children's books about the 4th.

This unique database was begun in 1995 by James Heintze, head of the music library at American University, Washington, D.C. A musicologist, Heintze was working in the newspaper archives at the Library of Congress when he first encountered detailed accounts of Independence Day.

Heintze began by assembling a record of the musical events, as for many years the Fourth was an occasion for debuting new music. "And then I realized you can't just pull out the musical events," he told *Washington Post* columnist Marc Fisher in a 2004 interview. "I had to tell the whole story." Heintze has painstakingly developed the collection, based primarily on newspaper archives, and continues to update it regularly.

action lawsuit filed by FSO Alison Palmer, claiming Foreign Service prejudice against women, helped to clear the way. Both Ryan and Wright were signatories to the lawsuit. Rulings in the case, including the determination that the FS entrance exam illegally discriminated against women, helped dismantle barriers that had kept women from advancing.

In the 1920s, State Department officials proposed banning women from the department altogether. And, until 1972, a female Foreign Service officer had to resign if she married. Today, as Harris notes, most men in the Foreign Service would never challenge women's intellectual ability to conduct diplomacy. And, indeed, women have risen to the top, served in the most critical and perilous places, and shaped the conduct of foreign policy. Yet, of the 148 ambassadors posted as of 2004, 99 were career members of the Foreign Service; and of those only 23, less than 25 percent, were women.

Public Diplomacy: Running in Place

The release in early April of a Government Accountability Office report, "Interagency Coordination Efforts Hampered by the Lack of a National Communication Strategy," has once again thrown the spotlight on the U.S. public diplomacy muddle (http://www.gao.gov/new.items/ d05323.pdf).

In light of the spreading and deepening of anti-Americanism around the world during 2004, reflected in polling data, the House Appropriations Committee's Subcommittee on



CYBERNOTES

Science, State, Justice, Commerce and Related Agencies asked the GAO to examine to what extent U.S. public diplomacy efforts have been coordinated, and whether the private sector has been significantly engaged in the efforts. The answer to both, it turns out, is not much. And the reason, the GAO concludes, is the administration's failure to come up with its promised national communications strategy.

The report offers two recommendations. First, the director of the Office of Global Communications should fully implement the role mandated for it in the president's executive order, including facilitating the development of a national communications strategy. Second, it calls on the Secretary of State to develop a strategy to guide department efforts to engage the private sector in public diplomacy work.

Ironically, however, as Al Kamen pointed out in his April 6 column in the *Washington Post*, there is no longer an Office of Global Communications. First the director left for another job; then the office itself evaporated, its last "global message of the day" dated March 18. The White House told Kamen that the NSC would be taking up the OGC's functions.

Although the White House declined to comment on the GAO report, the appointment of Bush confidante Karen Hughes as Under Secretary for Public Diplomacy and the Egyptian-American Dina Powell as her deputy in March promised a big boost in firepower for public diplomacy. But the news that Hughes will not take office until the fall (in order to see her son off to college) underscores the administration's paralysis on this critical front.

Facing the Nuclear Challenge: NPT 2005

The monthlong 2005 Review Conference for the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons is under way at the United Nations as we go to press. Representatives of more than 180 nations are reviewing implementation, compliance and steps to strengthen the nonproliferation regime at a time when the 1968 NPT is arguably facing its most serious challenges ever.

"The Bush administration aims to use this review conference to turn up the heat on Iran and North Korea for their nuclear transgressions and make it tougher for potential cheaters to use civilian nuclear programs as cover to illegally acquire nuclear weapons," explains Wade Boese, the Arms Control Association's research director, in a Web review article on the conference's opening day at *American Prospect Online* (http://www.pros pect.org/web/page.ww?section= **root&name=ViewWeb&articleId =9624**). "But the administration's goals are likely to be frustrated by its dismissive and inflexible attitude toward many other countries' concerns and its own treaty obligations. Specifically, other capitals complain that Washington is not doing enough to pursue the elimination of its nuclear arms."

Among other things, U.S. repudiation of some of the agreements reached at the last review conference in 2000, as well as the Bush administration's pursuit of new and modified nuclear weapons, are at issue. Along with the U.S., China, France and Russia are also developing new nuclear-delivery systems.

These developments call into question the essential bargain underlying the NPT: namely, that states without nuclear weapons pledge not to acquire them, while nuclear-armed states commit to eventually give them up. The third plank of the treaty, allowing for the peaceful use of nuclear technology under strict and verifiable control, presents its own challenges.

50 Years Ago...

The hard core, the backbone, the muscle and sinew and brain of any diplomatic mission is, and must be, the Foreign Service professionals — the men and women



who have made diplomacy their life study, their life discipline, and their life work. ... It is a pity, a very great pity, that the American people do not know more about their own Foreign Service — at least, say, half as much as they know about their Marine Corps, or their Air Force, or their Army or Navy.

 Hon. Clare Boothe Luce, from "American Diplomacy at Work," FSJ, June 1955.

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CYBERNOTES



The term "occupation" cannot be used for a legal assessment of the situation in the Baltics in the late 1930s because there was no state of war between the USSR and the Baltic states and no military actions were being conducted, and the troops were introduced on the basis of an agreement and with the express consent of the authorities that existed in these republics at the time — whatever one may think of them. ... So, if one were to question the legitimacy of the power bodies of the Soviet period, the question arises of the legitimacy of the promulgation of independence by the Baltic republics.

 "Comments by the Russian Foreign Ministry Information and Press Department regarding the 'Occupation' of the Baltic Countries by the Soviet Union," http://www.ln.n/brp_4.nsf/english, May 4.

Whatever the outcome of the 2005 conference, the policy issues centered on the NPT will define the international security debate into the foreseeable future. For an assessment of the 2005 conference, comprehensive links to official as well as nongovernmental resources and an education on the issues, go to **www.npt2005.org** the Web site of the "Campaign to Strengthen the NPT," a joint project of the Arms Control Association and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Seoul English Village: Learning by Living

The Seoul English Village, an effort to transform the way English is taught and learned in Korea, opened last December with involvement of ambassadors wives and other representatives from Australia, Britain, America, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa (http://www.korea herald.co.kr/special/english village/index.asp).

Built and operated by Herald Media Inc. for the city of Seoul, the Village is a residential school for Koreans to learn English in 34 different real-life scenarios, including a hotel, a police station and a hospital. Students live there for one week, during which time only English is spoken.

When Mary Heseltine, the wife of Australian Ambassador Colin Heseltine, was offe red the mayor's post, the experienced teacher of English to non-native speakers in China and Taiwan, grabbed it. "I thought, 'What a fantastic concept!'" Heseltine told the *Korea Herald*. Heseltine and honorary chairwoman Kim Yoon-ok, wife of Seoul Mayor Lee Myung-bak, run a committee of embassy representatives and foreign educators that regularly brainstorm on ways to improve the teaching and learning at the Village.

Heseltine envisions special guests visiting the campus, such as artists, musicians and representatives from embassies of English-speaking and non-English-speaking countries.

Committee member Patti Hill, the wife of then-U.S. Ambassador Christopher Hill (now assistant secretary for East Asia and the Pacific), proposed setting up an online conference with students from the United States. "A lot of Koreans don't have direct experience with American culture," she said. "The more we can create opportunities for interaction, the more understanding people will have." ■



SPEAKING OUT

Guideposts for Generalists: The Career Development Program

By Josh Glazeroff

he Career Development Program laid out by Director General W. Robert Pearson in 05 State 11747 (see p. 16 for a summary) presents State Department generalists with a challenge. If we wish to make it into the Senior Foreign Service, we will need to fulfill a number of requirements along the way. Some of these are familiar (leadership training, etc.), while others are not yet fully defined (e.g., operational/crisis response). All will require us to make some difficult career decisions: What positions should we fill? Which languages should we study? Which professional development opportunities should we pursue?

There are two perspectives from which to consider the program — that of the individual officer and that of the Foreign Service as a whole.

As individuals, we must recognize that the program will not be to every officer's advantage. Just as there were no guaranteed promotions to the highest level before, there are none under the Career Development Program. Some of us will not make it into the Senior Foreign Service, either because we are retired due to time-in-service or time-in-class rules, we choose to pursue another occupation, or we decide not to compete for promotion to the SFS for personal reasons.

Some officers may face family situations — for example, I have a spouse who is a corporate executive — that make it difficult to fulfill the requirements. Others may not be able to travel to and work in some posts for health reasons or they may simply wish to spend as much time as possible The new program sends a helpful message about the skills FSOs need to acquire to advance.

in the U.S. And some may not be interested in checking all the program's boxes, perhaps because they are interested in staying in one region or specializing in one language. Those (perhaps mythical) officers who go from one cushy European post to another will now have to move outside their comfort zone. Those who specialize in difficult East Asian languages will have to taste the cuisine elsewhere (either overseas or in the department cafeteria) if they wish to advance to the SFS.

However, the requirement to serve in multiple areas can benefit everyone. The E.U. multilateral trade specialist can bring her expertise to African countries' WTO negotiations; the Asia economics expert can observe the Far East's increasing resource demands first-hand in Latin America.

The other side of the coin is the management perspective. In considering the needs of the Foreign Service, the State Department faces a significant work-force challenge: to fill demanding positions in very difficult places, we need people with the right qualifications to get the job done, sometimes on very short notice. The Career Development Program is an attempt to facilitate and encourage the generalist corps to develop those qualifications. The program will, in principle, provide more candidates for those positions in especially demanding places.

Pros and Cons

Is the Career Development Program too rigid? Or maybe not rigid enough? A review of the individual requirements, both mandatory and elective, provides further insight.

Leadership and management training; significant and substantial supervisory responsibility. These two elements I consider givens. Although the first is mandatory and the other an elective, each is classified under "Leadership Effectiveness" and our effectiveness as leaders is clearly a key indicator of our readiness to join the Senior Foreign Service.

Certainly everyone is already committed to the training, thanks in large part to former Secretary Powell's own goals for the State Department. It is not clear yet whether there will be arguments over what meets the requirement for "significant" supervisory responsibility (i.e., is supervising only one other person sufficient?). Those in the consular, management and public diplomacy cones often supervise large numbers of employees from early on in their careers. However the specifics are worked out, I think we can all agree that what we don't need are deputy chiefs of mission who are managing sizable staffs for the first time. It's usually too late by then for them to acquire the necessary skills.

Language proficiency. Jumping to the most difficult of the require-

Speaking Out

This elective piece of "Operational

Effectiveness" really should not be a

great concern for most officers. The

experience one gains from an inter-

functional position or doing something

outside one's cone is tough to match.

Having had a taste of all the sections in

ments in this category, speaking two languages at the 3/3 level seems to me a reasonable expectation for diplomats. I am often quite impressed by colleagues from other nations' diplomatic corps who can easily operate in three or four languages. We, too, should be so skillful.

We need officers who can convey our message, or we lose the war for public opinion. I would even suggest we aim for three 3/3s, but that would be some real work. While I support increasing the availability of training as a good practice, I also call on my fellow officers to do their part. FSI offers a wide range of language-learning resources. We need to make use of them.

C ross-functional experience.

an embassy can make running one as a senior officer that much easier. Certainly, all new officers will continue to work in a consular section before tenuring (although this won't meet the requirement of the program). Many more are now taking advantage of public diplomacy training and then putting that training to use, whether assigned to a public affairs section or not. We need more officers who can

operate in all areas; i.e., true generalists. We also need DCMs who under-

CAREER DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM: THE REQUIREMENTS

In order to be eligible for consideration for promotion into the Senior Foreign Service, the employee must demonstrate over the course of his/her career from entry through tenure and up to consideration for promotion at the senior threshold:

- Operational effectiveness, including a breadth of experience over several regions and functions;
- Leadership and management effectiveness;
- Sustained professional language proficiency; and
- 4) Responsiveness to Service needs.

The following categories are mandatory:

- OPERATIONAL EFFECTIVENESS: A major and minor in regional (including IO) or functional assignments (from entry into service).
- LEADERSHIP EFFECTIVENESS: Leadership and management training at each grade.
- LANGUAGE PROFICIENCY: One language at 3/3, tested within seven years before opening the window for consideration for promotion into the Senior Foreign Service.
- SERVICE NEEDS: Service at a 15-percent or greater (hardship) differential/danger pay post

(one tour after tenure, or two before tenure).

In addition, depending on the employee's grade and/or tenure status as of Jan. 1, 2005, he/she will be asked to complete either three, four or five of the seven electives listed below:

OPERATIONAL EFFECTIVENESS:

- Professional development (one tour/one academic year, cumulative, after tenure).
- Cross-functional experience or out-ofcone assignment (one year, after tenure).
- 3) Operational/crisis response (six months, cumulative, from entry).

LEADERSHIP EFFECTIVENESS:

 Significant and substantial supervisory responsibility (one tour, after tenure).

LANGUAGE PROFICIENCY:

 One additional language at 3/3 (tested after tenure) OR
 One FSI-designated superhard language at 3/3 (tested after tenure) OR
 One language at 4/4.

SERVICE NEEDS:

- 6) Service in an officially designated critical needs position (one tour, after tenure).
- 7) Service at an unaccompanied post (one tour, from entry).

stand what's going on in consular sections, as that matters to the United States more than manyrealize.

Major and minor in regional assignments. The mandatory "Operational Effectiveness" requirement that each officer develop a major and minor in regional assignments at first glance seems a bit restrictive. Why focus on only two regions? Conventional wisdom holds that maintaining contacts in at least two regional bureaus will help an officer get assignments and advance more quickly. But this wisdom may not apply as broadly to certain cones; consular officers may offer more specialization in job-related knowledge and less in geographic a rea-specific experience.

Perhaps the requirement will broaden with time to allow majors and minors that are simply experiencerelated and less tied to actual parts of the world. The "minor" element can already be satisfied by work within some of the under secretariats or within certain functional bureaus. Some may complain that ultra-specialization (e.g., "Middle East experts") is what is really needed. I disagree. Years of service in the same region leaves one blind to critical events elsewhere. We need officers with a global view.

Professional development. A year outside the department can be valuable, yet some officers may see this as time wasted in terms of pursuing a promotion. Working on the Hill, earning a master's degree, or serving in another agency can all bring benefits back to the department. By including professional development specifically as an elective, State acknowledges this and rewark it.

The key will be in defining whose development will count and how to open those opportunities to all. If I go get an MBA, is that relevant to my success as a diplomat? What if I want to take three years of leave without pay to go to law school? We all need development as professionals, but we

SPEAKING OUT

also need clear operational guidance.

Operational/crisis response. I am not sure I understand this one. It seems the intent behind it is to encourage everyone to pitch in when a critical event occurs, but don't we all do that anyway? If a plane crashes in your country, you are very likely going to be involved in the aftermath. There are also practical difficulties: It is going to be very difficult to measure "crisis time" and accumulate the required six months. There may be a real run on jobs in the Operations Center to get credit for this one.

Service at a 15-percent or greater differential post; service in an officially designated critical needs position; service at an unaccompanied post. These three (the first mandatory, the other two electives) are the real trick to the exercise. While I recognize that we have a significant number of these positions to fill and want to encourage everyone to do his or her part, it is very difficult for me to see myself (without my wife) in many of these places. How does service in these posts mesh with State being a family-friendly place to work? The military can do this, but it offers a great support network.

Foreign Service officers traditionally take their families to post, except under highly unusual circumstances and for relatively short periods of time. Are we aiming to change that element of our Service? And how will this requirement work with two-care er couples? Won't tandems have all the advantage? They will certainly spend more time together at "unaccompanied" posts, after all. Still, there is no doubt we need to fill these jobs; the question remains how best to do so. Overall, while acknowledging that there are some details that need to be worked out, I support the Career Development Program's goals. By stating clearly what is needed at the senior level, the department is sending a helpful message to the corps as a whole about the skills needed throughout a Foreign Service career.

Will we all take the same path? No more than currently, but the road we take will be the more scenic for following the program's guideposts.

There is more information available on the program at: http://hrweb. hr.state.gov/cda/fscdp/. ■

Josh Glazeroff is currently serving in the Bureau of Human Resources as a career development officer for entrylevel Foreign Service officers. He has served overseas in Santo Domingo and Durban.

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A TRUE FRIEND OF THE FOREIGN SERVICE: RICHARD LUGAR

DURING 28 YEARS IN THE SENATE, RICHARD LUGAR HAS CONSISTENTLY SUPPORTED THE FOREIGN SERVICE. THIS MONTH AFSA IS HONORING HIM FOR HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN DIPLOMACY AND A LIFETIME OF PUBLIC SERVICE.

BY STEVEN ALAN HONLEY



riting in the *Foreign Service Journal* two years ago (Speaking Out: "Strengthen Diplomacy for the War on Terror," July-August 2003), Senator Richard G. Lugar, R-Ind., observed: "This is an

important time in our history, perhaps as pivotal as the beginning of the Cold War. ... American foreign policy prevailed in the Cold War in large part because of the Department of State. In the new war on terrorism, too, we <None>can only prevail by skillful use of our diplomatic clout, public diplomacy and foreign assistance, directed by a reinvigorated and replenished State Department."

Few members of Congress of either party have done as much as Sen. Lugar to live up to that call to action. During five terms in the Senate, including several years as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee (1985-1986 and 2003 to the present), Lugar has acquired a well-deserved reputation as one of his party's most thoughtful leaders in the

realm of foreign policy, among other issues. (He is also a

Steven Alan Honley, a Foreign Service officer from 1985 to 1997, is the editor of the Journal

past chairman, and current member, of the Agriculture, Nutrition and ForestryCommittee.)

In recognition of his consistent support for diplomacy, on June 17 Sen. Lugar will receive the American Foreign Service Association's award for Lifetime Contributions to American Diplomacy.



Senator Richard Lugar

National Security Leader

Sen. Lugar has gained wide recognition as a leader on national security policy. Foremost among his initiatives is the Nunn-Lugar Cooperative Threat Reduction Program, passed with strong bipartisan support in 1991. With the fall of the Soviet Union, he saw the grave proliferation risk presented by Moscow's vast arsenal of nuclear, chemical and biological weapons. Working with then-Senator Sam Nunn, D-Ga., Sen. Lugar crafted an ambitious program to safeguard and dismantle weapons of mass destruction in the former Soviet Union.

The Nunn-Lugar program has dismantled a huge array of bombers, missiles, submarines and other launch vehicles. As of May 2004, it had

destroyed over 6,300 nuclear warheads. Tens of thousands of scientists formerly engaged in research on weapons of mass destruction have been employed in cooperative pursuits under Nunn-Lugar. It also facilitated the safe removal of all nuclear weapons from Ukraine, Kazakhstan and Belarus, thereby turning the countries with the third-, fourth- and eighth-largest nuclear arsenals into nuclear weapons-free nations.

Nunn and Lugar have traveled extensively in Russia to build support for weapons dismantlement, highlight new nonproliferation projects, and share ideas with officials and technicians. In 2002, Sen. Lugar issued a "Lugar Top Ten List" outlining 10 urgent goals for future disarmament efforts, including accelerating chemical weapons destru ction and securing biological pathogens in the former Soviet

Union. That year he also introduced the Nunn-Lugar Expansion Act, intended to facilitate Defense Department nonproliferation projects outside the former Soviet Union. That legislation passed and was signed into law in 2004.

In August 2004, Sen. Lugar gave a speech to the National Press Club titled, "Nunn-Lugar in an Election Year." In it, he outlined a dozen WMD nonproliferation challenges for the next presidential term.

During his first chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee (1985-1986), Sen. Lugar was instrumental in promoting democracy around the world. He played a pivotal role in the 1986 Philippines election that brought Corazon Aquino to power. As the head of an American election observer team, he recognized her as the legitimate winner and spotlighted the corrupt activities of supporters of former President Ferdinand Marcos - ultimately convincing President Reagan to back Aquino. He also led the Senate effort to secure passage of the Anti-Apartheid Act of 1986, which imposed economic and political sanctions on South Africa. More recently, he was the original author of the African Growth and Opportunity Act, which promotes trade and encourages African countries to integrate into the global economy.

Sen. Lugar played a key role in ratification of the START I, START II and INF treaties and the Chemical Weapons Convention. He was an early supporter of NATO enlarg ement, and he helped usher in Poland, Hungary and the Czech Republic as new members in 1998. He was also one of the leading supporters of the second round of NATO expansion in 2002.

Sen. Lugar's 1988 book, *Letters to the Next President*, remains a primer of basic principles of presidential leadership in foreign policy, discussing such watershed events as the Philippines elections, the South Africa sanctions debate, and the implementation of the Reagan Doctrine. (Originally published by Simon & Schuster, the book was revised and reissued by Authorhouse in 2004.)

Early Career

Richard Green Lugar was born April 4, 1932, in Indianapolis. He was the oldest of three children of Marvin and Bertha Lugar. An Eagle Scout, he graduated first in his class at both Shortridge High School, in Indianapolis, and Denison University, in Granville, Ohio. At Denison, he was

"During my time in the Navy, I read the secrets of the nation at 2:30 in the morning and by 6:30 had put together a comprehensive briefing."

—Sen. Richard Lugar

co-president of the student government with his future wife, Charlene Smeltzer. The two wed on Sept. 8, 1956. They have four grown children — Mark, Robert, John and David — and nine grandchildren.

In 1954 Lugar went on to Pembroke College, Oxford University, as a Rhodes Scholar, where he received an honors degree in politics, philosophy and economics. A member of Phi Beta Kappa, he has been awarded 38 honorary doctorate

degrees from colleges and universities in 13 states and the District of Columbia.

Lugar volunteered for the U.S. Navy in 1956 and served as an officer from 1957 until 1960, ultimately being assigned as the intelligence briefer for Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations. Upon leaving the Navy, he returned to Indianapolis where he ran, with his brother Tom, the family's food machinery manufacturing business.

In 1963, Lugar was elected to the Indianapolis School Board, where he worked for voluntary public school desegregation and promoted the Shortridge Plan, a forerunner of the magnet school concept. In 1967 he was elected mayor of Indianapolis. As a two-term mayor (1968-1975), he envisioned the unification of the city and surrounding Marion County into one government. Unigov, as his plan was called, revitalized the downtown area and set the city on a path of uninterrupted economic growth. In 1971, he was elected to a term as president of the National League of Cities. (Lugar is one of only two current senators to have served on a school board, and he is the only senator with experience both as a school board member and as a mayor.)

Lugar was first elected to the U.S. Senate in 1976. In 2000 he was re-elected to his fifth term.

Journal Editor Steven Alan Honley interviewed Sen. Lugar by phone on April 8, 2005. **FSJ**: Your award from AFSA for lifetime contributions to American diplomacy places you in the same company as President George H. W. Bush, Secretaries of State George Shultz, Cyrus Vance and Larry Eagleburger, and Rep. Lee Hamilton, among others. What is it about foreign policy that has held your interest for so long?

RL: I first had the opportunity to go abroad in 1954 on a boat to England as a Rhodes Scholar. And from that perspective, looking back at my country, I really came to a new sense of how big the world is, how many talented people there are, and how complex our relations are with other countries. I saw in the student body at Oxford people from Africa, from India, from Europe, in addition to scholars from England, and it was exciting. The parameters, at least in my imagination, increased very substantially. And without having any idea then of how it would make a difference for me in the future, clearly, I was profoundly influenced by this.

What it did lead to, perhaps, was a decision on my part to go to the American embassy in London during the second year of my scholarship and volunteer for the United States Navy. They could not assure me of OCS [Officer Candidate School] but that finally was the case in January of the following year [1957]. And that led to an extraordinary experience as an intelligence briefer for Admiral Arleigh Burke, who was then the chief of naval operations. They had found, at least in the Navy, people who they felt would give accurate and dramatic briefings in the CNO Flag Plot [daily intelligence briefing] each moming for Adm. Burke and people from the Congress and the administration that he brought in.

So I read the secrets of the nation at 2:30 in the morning and by 6:30 had put together a comprehensive briefing of what had happened in terms of "We have the opportunity under Nunn-Lugar ... to go after this kind of material and to try to secure it, first of all, and to try to destroy it, if possible."

world intelligence. And very rapidly, my interest in strategic foreign policy grew, and not just from the standpoint of the Navy. I was dispatched to the White House to brief President Eisenhower and to the bowels of the Pentagon to meet with Allen Dulles as the Navy representative. So this was a heady set of responsibilities for a naval watch officer who was just an ensign or a JG [lieutenant junior grade]. These were the formative experiences that have informed my life and really carried through that sense of idealism and mission.

FSJ: I know that an accomplishment that you're most proud of during your time in the Senate is passage of the Nunn-Lugar Act, which was recently expanded for use beyond the borders of the former Soviet Union. Where do things stand in terms of applying it elsewhere in the world?

RL: I had the experience of going to Albania last August with military personnel near Tirana to find 16 metric tons of nerve gas that the Albanian government had suddenly informed us that they had. This was the first opportunity, and it took a lot of paperwork through Secret a ryof State Colin Powell, and then for the president's own signature, to move \$20 million from what had been the preserve of the former Soviet Union. But it's the beginning, because that experience not only indicated that weapons of mass destruction may show up in all kinds of places, but that some governments want to voluntarily work with us [to destroy these weapons], and even go beyond that to help reform their military. While we were up in mountains, the Albanians the informed us that there were 79 MAN-PAD [Man Portable Air Defense System] missiles in another shed, and we got their agreement to destroy those, which they did in September. We have the opportunity under Nunn-Lugar for the flexibility that's really required to go after this kind of material and to try to secure it, first of all, and to try to destroy it, if possible, and thus bring a number of situations under better control.

FSJ: Are there any plans to apply the program elsewhere?

RL: There are no other funds authorized, but clearly I would hope that everyone in the intelligence community and in the military community is on the alert for places where we might work. There are at least 20 labs out there, some of which came from the Atoms for Peace program a long time ago. This was benign and was meant for laboratory use, but spent fuel is still out there. One of the most dramatic of these was the Vinca Project in Belgrade, where my friend and former colleague Sam Nunn's group, the Nuclear Threat Initiative, helped extract that spent fuel from there, with some U.S. funds, though the Nunn-Lugar prescriptions at the time precluded our being involved in Belgrade. I'm a board member of NTI, so I was involved in that capacity, as a citizen instead of a federal official.

FSJ: You've long been interested

in the Law of the Sea Treaty, and you held hearings last year in which you urged the Senate to ratify that agreement. Are you optimistic about prospects?

RL: Our committee had good hearings on Law of the Sea, and approved it in February 2004. We did so because Pres. Bush had indicated that it was one of five treaties that had high priority for the administration. It is a treaty that has been around for some time and has been controversial from the time of President Reagan's administration, but many modifications have been made since then. I've found that the treaty is not only important to the president, but we had direct testimony in favor of it by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Chief of Naval Operations and by a good number of people in the oil and energy industries, and other people involved in American shipping, in

"I have always had some skepticism as to how [the USIA/State merger] has worked out."

addition to the diplomatic corps.

So our committee unanimously passed the treaty out to the floor in the last Congress. It was never brought up for full Senate debate, but it remains an item we're now discussing in terms of the appropriate time for the committee to take an affirmative vote once again. But essentially, the opposition has been substantial enough that the majority leader thus far has not indicated a willingness to schedule the Law of the Sea Treaty on the floor. I'm hopeful he can be persuaded to do so, and I've raised it specifically with Secretary [of State Condoleezza] Rice during her confirmation hearings in a series of direct questions about Law of the Sea. Likewise, during the hearings for [John B. Bellinger III], the legal adviser to the State Department, I went into this even more extensively, to make certain that the State Department clearly supports everything that the president has in mind on this, which they do. So we're attempting to set the framework once again to indicate widespread support for something that I think is important.

FSJ: Changing gears a bit: Who are some career diplomats you have known and worked with over the years that particularly stand out in your estimation?



RL: I hate to single out anybody because there have been so many who were helpful to me. But I can think of two who were especially important. First of all, Steve Bosworth, when he was ambassador to the Philippines in the 1980s. Later, of course, he did distinguished work as our ambassador to South Korea, and recently I was reunited with him at the Fletcher School [where he is dean], when I went there to give the commencement address.



Sen. Lugar and Ukrainian General Vladimir Mityuk stand in front of a Blackjack bomber in November 1998. Ukraine's Blackjack bombers, which were capable of delivering 24 nuclear-armed cruise missiles, have all been dismantled under Nunn-Lugar.

"The Foreign Service should not be perceived as folks who are somehow divorced from the realities of American life or leading some privileged existence in some exotic locale."

But at the time I met and worked with Steve in the Philippines, I'd been asked by President Reagan to lead an observer delegation there. We really had a monumental task trying to cover the Aquino-Marcos election. This did not come as a surprise; testimony by Richard Armitage and Paul Wolfowitz before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee when I was first its chairman had led us to a pretty good idea of what was going to occur, and Marcos' call for a snap election on American television in November [1985] was a distinct challenge. President Reagan rose to that challenge by asking me to lead this delegation, and Steve Bosworth was absolutely vital in giving us perspective on what had been occurring in the Philippines, what to look for, and then, after it all happened and the counting went on and things became more controversial, on how to handle ourselves.

So I have a profound appreciation for a diplomat at what was really a turning point not only in the history of that country, but a turning point for democracy in Asia. The implications of that election I saw immediately when I visited South Korea and Indonesia later in 1986. People were profoundly affected; some of them felt very unfavorably about it. I remem-

ber a 30-minute lecture by P resident Suharto about what a fine democracy advocate he was and how he came from the grass roots and so forth. But there was certainly a change there.



Sen. Lugar with Dr. Condoleezza Rice, Secretary of State.



Senators Sam Nunn and Richard Lugar leaving the White House in November 1991 after briefing President George H. W. Bush on the Nunn-Lugar legislation.

I also want to mention a current ambassador, John Herbst, our ambassador to Ukraine. I was sent over there suddenly to be Pres. Bush's personal representative for the Nov. 21 election. There already were distinguished observers there from the European Union and from our own National Endowment for Democracy, through both the Republican and Democratic Institutes. But the president wanted me to carry a personal letter to Pres. [Leonid] Kuchma, which in essence said we were holding him responsible for a good election, quite unlike the first one they had had, and that there would be severe consequences in our relationship if that were not the case. Of course, the second election was really disastrous. John Herbst was so important. We were there in his office in the embassy as he was calling a huge network of people he had established: Ukrainians but likewise the European Union peo-

"Public diplomacy, private diplomacy and good Foreign Service work make the big difference for the United States and the world every day without there being armed conflict and coercion."

ple who had been in the country for months taking a look at all this, and people in the government he was very close to, including the son-inlaw of the president, who invited me to speak on television after the election. When I did so, I gave the same report I'd given to the international press, pointing out the deficiencies and how we were still holding Pres. Kuchma responsible to get it right — which they did the third time, on Dec. 26.

Herbst as a professional was truly extraordinary, in his grasp of the country and all its nuances, and all his contacts with people. I'm sure this is replicated when there are not crisis situations all the time by distinguished American diplomats, but I certainly was privileged to witness a tremendous performance there.

FSJ: What advice would you give the Foreign Service on how it can present itself more effectively, both to Congress and to the American people?

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RL: I believe the Foreign Service has been doing much better at that, with the help obviously of the State Department and the White House, because I think at all levels of our government there's recognition that not only the intelligentsia must have some knowledge of what diplomats do and how important they are, but also the American public as a whole must have something more than anecdotal material. But it's part and parcel, I think, of our entire public diplomacy problem. Diplomacy is often thought of as how we're going to present the better face of America to other countries, or gain their good will as they learn more about us and so forth. But I think the public diplomacy issue with regard to the American public is almost equally important, so that people who are involved in the Foreign Service are not perceived as folks who are somehow divorced from the realities of American life or leading some privileged existence in some exotic locale.

I think one way this can be done is by attempting to show the career possibilities of public service in this form to talented young Americans. Some of that is succeeding because, as I was told a couple of years ago by Sec. Powell, the number of college students applying to take the Foreign Service examination has been increasing exponentially. And, of course, the great tragedy was that for two or three years back in the 1990s no exam at all was given, despite laments and protests from people like myself, simply because of the devastating budget attrition in the 150 Account, not only for the State Department but for our foreign aid. So the change was a real victory. Again, this is all part and parcel of getting into the educational system some idea that not everybody may want to serve in this capacity as a Foreign Service officer, but it's a pre tty exciting career. And as people begin to think about that, even if they "Weapons of mass destruction may show up in all kinds of places, but some governments want to voluntarily work with us to destroy them and even go beyond that to help reform their military."

don't adopt that, they will have, it seems to me, a much more enlightened view of what people who are doing the job are actually doing.

FSJ: As during the Cold War, since the 9/11 attacks the U.S. has repeatedly found itself compelled to cultivate relations with authoritarian regimes which do not necessarily share our values in order to conduct the war on terrorism. How can the U.S. find an appropriate balance between helping such countries to promote human rights, democratization, and a free market while also working closely with them on military and security issues when that is in our interest?

RL: I think we do so through very thoughtful diplomacy as we gain the confidence of leaders in our common battle against terrorism. Those leaders at some point also understand that the rest of the world around them is changing, and that they are going to need a good friend in the United States if those changes are going to be made incrementally, progressively and successfully, without total disruption of the body politic of their countries. It's a situation in which obviously Sec. Rice is now heavily involved in Southeast Asian diplomacy. Her recent trip manifested that, and she wants to talk a great deal more about that with senators, she's told me as she's called from various places, because it's something we all need to get up to speed on.

How, for example, in the case of Pakistan and India, to take the dramatic example there, do we work with both of those countries that have very different levels of democracy presently? They both have nuclear weapons, and Kashmir between them, and a lot of other problems. They also have interlocking relationships with the Chinese. Our general attitude has been to extol the advent of democracy, the progress in both cases, on the basis of greater openness, trust and accountability on the part of the leadership to the publics of each country.

Or to take another example: I was struck when I went to Uzbekistan on a Nunn-Lugar mission to take a look at how they were winding up a chemical and biological [weapons research] situation and getting into legitimate pursuits. President [Islam] Karimov sort of appropriated my trip and took me for a plane ride to Samarkand to tell me his side of the story. That took about three hours, but it was a very interesting story and was important for me to hear.

Without making any brief for the Uzbek leader, who has all the problems in the world there, the fact is that just makes my point. Here's a person who understands that the world is changing and that friendship with the United States is very important if Uzbekistan is going to make it through that transition without chaos and difficulty. He wants our sympathy because he thinks he is dealing with some young people who would take Uzbekistan back to the 7th century and tear down all the restored Muslim buildings in Samarkand. Beautiful as they all are, these buildings really came along too late and are not part of the central point of view of these young people that he considers tenorists and locks up. At the same time, we're concerned about these individuals because due process clearly doesn't occur, and there are hundreds of [such incidents].

I go into all these details to indicate that the way we have to continue to proceed is not for a moment to diminish our idealism and what we are about in the United States, but rather to translate it into steps through which our friends that we've acquired in the war on terrorism can make this transition to democracy, both diplomatically and via trade and with student and educational exchanges and in other ways that can make a profound difference for them. "It appeared to me [in the 1990s] that there was too much p reoccupation with saving money, with downsizng the department and these kinds of issues."

FSJ: Picking up on your mention of public diplomacy: there seems to be a growing consensus that our general approach needs retooling. Are you optimistic that the nomination of Karen Hughes as under secretary for public diplomacy will revitalize our efforts?

RL: Yes, I think Karen Hughes will do a great job. She clearly not only has the confidence of the president but has his ear. This is as close as a public diplomacy coordinator can get to having the authority that comes from the White House. So the question then will be how successfully, how creatively she uses that authority, how well she is able to delegate and find other people who are kindred spirits.

FSJ: A number of studies have traced some of the problems with public diplomacy back to the 1999 merger of the United States Information Agency into the Department of State. What are your views on that?

RL: I have always had some skepticism as to how that has worked





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out, and this is not to denigrate at all people who are working mightily to make sure it works out well. But it appears to me that there were certain aspects of independent journalism that probably were in better shape under USIA than after the amalgamation. It appeared to me at the time — and I was a member of the committee then, not the chairman - that there was too much preoccupation with saving money, with downsizing the department and these kinds of issues, as opposed to the quality of public diplomacy. That got rather short shrift in the argument.

FSJ: Any final thoughts?

RL: I just want to express once again my profound appreciation for those who enter the Foreign Service and the lives that they lead. They go with eyes wide open into careers that have tremendous potential, not only "I just want to express once again my profound appreciation for those who enter the Foreign Service and the lives that they lead."

to serve our country but really to make the whole world better. And thousands and thousands of people are succeeding in that respect as members of the Foreign Service, both abroad and also back in the Department of State. But they are still unsung heroes, and we've discussed in this interview the need to tell their stories: who they are, what they do, what kinds of talents and public service they give. That's really so important because it appears to me that the excitement that would be generated by those stories would make a large difference in the support our country's diplomacy receives. We've been making these arguments on the floor of the Senate, that we are not as a nation ever going to wish to win every argument through war. As a matter of fact, public diplomacy, private diplomacy and good Foreign Service work make the big difference for the United States and the world every day without there being armed conflict and coercion. So therefore, the need to devote the resources to those activities is just imperative.

FSJ: Thank you very much. ■



FOCUS O<u>N</u> FS FICTION

HARMONY'S TOOTH

a rmony Tukuka looks at the fiery horizon, behind the black billows of burning trash, and knows that she is late getting home. The other women at the well are still cackling among themselves as they finish

their wash. Harmony tightens the kanga cloth that holds

her toddler, Harry, to her back, and in one well-practiced lunge, hoists the big plastic bucket of laundry onto the top of her head.

Her strong brown legs carry her as swiftly and deftly as a goat as she makes her way down the muddy path from the water pump. Tributaries of gray water carry old toothpaste caps, mango peels and a flip-flop down the hill from the well. She knows each rock and rivulet along the path: which stones wobble when you step on them, when to stay to the right of the path, and the precarious place next to Daniel's house where you have to leap from one side of the path to the other, over the dirty stream.

Daniel rarely goes out anymore. Everyone knows that since his wife left him, he stays home with the children, only venturing out to seek day work when the food gets low. The three older children spend each day running through the thick maze of shacks barefoot, looking for things to sell or steal. Daniel is sitting on a stool outside his shack. His youngest child is by his side, naked, his belly as big as a basketball. He has a vapid look in his eyes as he sucks vigorously on two of his fingers.

Harmony rushes by them. Daniel is well known, and used to be a hard worker. Harmony has heard all the



Harmony Tukuka doesn't know what to expect, but she knows that her husband Ibori has finally gone too far. By Rachel Herr Cintrón shameful talk about his wife. They call her a prostitute and a whore for leaving her husband and kids and running off with another man. Her neighbors say she is as good as dead to them, and they say even her own family won't look at her. Harmony doesn't know what to think, but she pities the poor sad-eyed man, too tall for his clothes, too poor even to buy shoes for his children, and the little boy, naked.

They live in the sprawling cluster of shacks built onto the side of a hill beneath the main market road in the Hukumu neighborhood of Nairobi. Most of the homes are made of nailed-together aluminum roofing sheets, though some have walls of unfolded cardboard boxes. The soggy, faded color on the walls declares "OMO, For Whiter Clothes!" or "Guinness, the Beer of Champions." Some owners have nailed blue plastic grocery

$F \circ c \cup s$

bags to the walls to help keep out the rain. Goats, sheep and chickens wander among the shacks. A goat chews placidly on a plastic bag as Harmony rushes toward home.

It's what she dreads. Ibori is already home when she arrives. He's sitting on the cinder-block steps outside the house, and rises silently when Harmony approaches, following her inside.

"Where have you been?"

Harmony sets down the bucket of laundry and lays the sleeping Harry on the bed. "At the water pump."

"It's late. What were you doing down there?"

Harmony hesitates, debating which words to use, or whether to maintain her silence. She decides to change the subject. "I'll make your dinner now. The ugali porridge is already done."

"I asked you what you were doing!"

Harmony scurries over to the small kerosene stove, but Ibori stands in her way, chest out. Harmony freezes, her head down; her eyes look distantly to the side, to the darkest corner of their shack. The flat blow across her cheek is predictable and familiar.

Harmony and Ibori have been married for three years and two months. He owns a kiosk on the market road where he sells assorted bicycle parts, bargaining over each item with the buyer to get the most money for each sale. In the afternoon, he goes for a drink with his friends before coming home for supper.

Harmony loved his handsome face, and fell for his charm when he told her she was beautiful. She spent her childhood in poverty, helping her mother raise her four siblings. As a young woman, she owned two dresses. She wore her hair in neat comrows, and sometimes put henna on her nails, but "beautiful" was not a word she ever thought of to describe herself. So, naturally, she married the first man to say it to her face. She was 21, and soon afterward, was pregnant. The first child died in its first week, and she almost felt that she would die with it.

Then Ibori started to hit her. At first, Harmony thought he was mad about the baby, so she was happy when she got pregnant again right away. She even named

Rachel Herr Cintrón, a former Peace Corps Volunteer, is a public health FSO with USAID. She begins an assignment in Nairobi, her first Foreign Service post, this month. She was a 2004 fiction contest winner, with the story "Awakening" (FSJ, July-August 2004). this baby Harry — like the Swahili word for happiness, heri. But the beatings didn't stop when she got pregnant. They got worse. She kept trying harder, working harder, smiling more, trying to be whatever Ibori wanted her to be.

Finally she realized that nothing she could do would change him. So she started counting. She knows how long they have been married, that her son is 25 months old, and that Ibori has hit her every day for the past two years, three months, and six days. Every day. She prays. She does not know what else to do. But she knows that she and Harry cannot live like this much longer.

Harmony lets out an involuntary yelp, then presses her lips tightly together to stifle her cries so the neighbors won't hear her. Ibori's arm swings back and then, with a fist like a bullet, sinks into Harmony's soft stomach. She doubles over and falls to her knees. The floor is cool. Holding her hair in one hand, his other hand releases its wrath upon her face two, three, four ... too many times to count. It doesn't matter. Cool earth, warm blood. Salt and metal taste. Somewhere a cry. A hazy numbness before blackout.

The hard, gritty floor presses against Hamony's cheek. Fiery pain is shooting through her head. She opens her eyes to darkness, and to small Harry, playing, in his toddler innocence, with her hair, and touching her face. She pushes herself to upright and feels her face. It is swollen and crusted with blood. Her tongue runs along the inside of her mouth. Where her front tooth used to be, she feels a gaping hole. She feels around her, but cannot find it. She starts to remember where she is, what has happened, and wonders how much time has passed. Then in sudden fear, she looks around her for Ibori, if he might still be crouched in a shadow, or pretending to be asleep on the bed. She hears the voices of neighbors passing outside, calling out to each other. The room seems to be spinning.

Like a new lamb finding its legs, Harmony pushes herself unsteadily to her feet. She pulls Harry by one arm, and swings him onto her back, where he grabs on, and she ties him there. She pokes her head out the door with only one eye, looking for any sign of Ibori. Every inch of her flesh feels swollen and stiff, and it is a struggle to move. Even stronger than the pain, though, is the new emotion that is surfacing, making her clench her fist and h arden her jaw.

FOCUS

She wore her hair in neat cornrows, and sometimes put henna on her nails, but "beautiful" was not a word she ever thought of.

She leaves the house with her head down, and makes her way along the shadows of the path, up to the main road, to the whitewashed concrete building with the spiky black iron fence, hoping no one will see her.

Harmony's hand trembles as she takes hold of the door handle. She doesn't know what to expect, but she knows that Ibori has finally gone too far. Perhaps now that they can see with their own eyes the blood on her face, and the gap in her teeth, they will believe her, she thinks. And so, with a deep breath, she enters the police station.

Three officers are seated around a table, remnants of their supper in front of them. They stop laughing abruptly as she walks in, expectation and smoke hanging in the air before she speaks, "Please, you must help me. My husband beat me, and knocked out my tooth." She slurs through swollen lips and tongue, surprised to hear her own words come out so mangled.

One of the officers replies, "He beat you, huh? What did you do?"

Harmony doesn't understand the question at first. "Please, my husband is hitting me — see? Even my tooth, it's gone." She opens her mouth for them to see.

Another officer pipes up, "Don't be so cold with your husband, girl, or this is what happens! Now go and make up with him with kisses!" He makes smacking noises with his lips. The officers all burst out laughing.

"I need your help! Please, I need your help!"

"You need your husband, woman. Go home and tell him you are sorry, so he will take you back. You don't belong here. Go. Show him what you are willing to do for him!" The officers laugh. They sit immobile, looking at her, their stupid, wide, red mouths open with mirth and saliva.

Harmony feels the blood rush to her face. She stumbles out the door and walks as fast as she can, head bowed, vision blurred, back towards Hukumu. Her mind is racing, where to go, what to do. She has no money, nothing but Harry with her. Before she has time to think, she realizes she is almost home. She stops and looks up. Ibori is sitting in front of the house like a leopard crouched in the grass. Without a further thought, harmony turns and runs.

I hope he didn't see me, she thinks. She runs down familiar paths, her heart racing like a frightened gazelle. Harry is clinging to her back so tightly that his nails dig through her t-shirt and into her skin. He is crying.

"Don't cry, my baby, don't cry." Harmony reassures him. Then she murmurs, "Please, G--, where can I go?" Where can I go?"

As she passes Daniel's house, she sees a shadowed corner behind his water cistern, and crouches quickly behind the tank, leaning into the darkness. She passes Harry smoothly onto her lap to soothe him. But emotion overtakes her, and the tears roll down her swollen, bloodc rusted face. After years of trying, and smiling, and praying for salvation within her marriage, it is behind Daniel's house in the rank mud that she finally lets go of her tears.

A moment later, a shadow is standing over her, and a light is forced into her eyes. *Oh*, *G*--, *it's Ibori*, she thinks, and curls up protectively over Harry, waiting for a blow to hit her. It doesn't.

The voice says, "What are you doing here?" It is not Ibori.

From where she is crouched, she sees Daniel, looking 10 feet tall, his dark figure long like a wall behind the flashlight. *I have made so many mistakes*, she thinks. *Why have I stopped here?* "Oh, please! Please help us! I'm so scared! I don't want him to find us!"

"Who? What's happened? Are you hurt?" Daniel asks. Harmony is surprised by the kindness in his voice. "Please, if my husband finds us, he'll kill us. I have nowhere to go. Please help us. My son and I, we must get away from here! Please ..."

"I know you," he says slowly. Then, as he turns away, "Huny. Come inside."

She gasps, and leans back against the wall of his house, unsure.

"Hurry!" he commands, his long legs carrying him away.

Harmony wipes her eyes on her sleeve. "Come, my love," she whispers to Harry as she leaps up to follow Daniel into his house. "Perhaps he is our angel."

FOCUS

No one has ever offered to help her before, even when she asked.

Harry has stopped crying. I hope nobody saw me go inside, Harmony thinks.

It's dark in Daniel's house. A kerosene lantern is burning, creating a small pool of golden color around it. Everything else slips into gray shadows. Daniel has hung a curtain around the sleeping areas where his children are. There are only a few feet by the door to sit, next to the kerosene stove, sitting atop two large bags of cement. Daniel pulls out a short, three-legged stool. "Please sit. You don't need to be scared anymore. No one will find you here."

Harmony sits with Harry on her lap like an infant. Daniel squats on the floor, his long legs folded like a stork. He seems to be studying her.

"Thank you for letting us come inside," she says.

"What were you doing behind my house?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't know where else to go. I was running, you see? And I'm just so tired, and I didn't know where to stop, and ..."

"... So you came to me."

"Well, no, I am not coming to you; I am running away. My husband, he beat me, and knocked out my tooth, and Harry and I, we need to get away."

Daniel says nothing in response to this. Harmony thinks maybe he doesn't believe her. "See? I have no tooth in front anymore." She opens her mouth wide.

Daniel laughs, and Harmony shrugs in embarrassment, feeling like maybe it was a mistake to come inside.

"I can't see in this light," Daniel reassures her, "but I believe you. Where are you going?"

"I don't know. I have an aunt in Mombasa, but I have no way to get there. I have no money. Nothing but what you see here, just me and my son."

"So you want me to help you?"

Harmony is surprised at this proposition. No one has ever offered to help her before, even when she asked. She pauses, wondering what she will allow herself to do to get away. Harry pulls at her breast to nurse. She pushes him away, but when he persists she acquiesces. "I have nothing. I cannot pay you to help me."

"You don't need to pay me. I will give you money, and

you can take the night bus tonight to Mombasa."

"What do you want?"

He laughs again. "Nothing. Take the money and go and be safe. I will not say anything. Your husband has mistreated you, so you and your son need to go away."

With one long arm he reaches under a curtain and withdraws a Nescafé tin. He pulls out a plastic bag full of bills and coins, and counts them out in the light. "I was saving money to build a new house for my wife and children. That's the cement I was going to use," he explains to her, nodding to the bags. "But now that my wife has left me, I don't know what to do with this money anymore."

He stuffs the wad back into the tin, but holds out a few grimy bills to Harmony, "Here is 1,000 bob. It should be enough." He is expressionless. Harmony pauses.

"What about your kids?" she asks.

"We have enough. Take it. If this money can't buy my happiness, perhaps it can buy yours."

Tears fall from her face as she takes the money from Daniel's hand and folds it into the waistband of her skirt. "Thank you."

"Come, let's find you a taxi before it's too late."

Harry to her stool and ties Harry to her back. She ducks out of the shack, with Daniel right behind her. Ibori is in front, arms akimbo, waiting for her. She stops. The neighbors, relaxing outdoors in the cool evening air, pause in their movements, like hyenas witnessing a kill.

"You whore! You whore! What are you doing in this man's house?" Ibori looks madly about him at the bystanders and points to Harmony. "This woman has left me to go to her lover. You can see what a beast she is — a bad wife, a bad cook, and now taking our son to go and meet her lover! She is nothing!" He staggers back from the force of his exertion.

Harmony pulls her shoulders back and tightens her jaw. With her head up, she steps forward, attempting to sidestep Ibori and walk away. He reaches out and grabs her arm, his grip like a vise.

FOCUS

The neighbors, relaxing outdoors in the cool evening air, pause in their movements, like hyenas witnessing a kill.

"Let go," Harmony says. Daniel is right behind her, steeling his fists. "Release my arm. I am leaving."

"You have nowhere to go. Nobody else will ever take in a filthy whore like you." He spits in her face. When she does not react, he yanks her toward him, and with his other hand lands a flat blow across her face. The sound is like a crack. Lightning shoots through her bruised and swollen gums, like fire into her brain.

"Ay!" she screams. The neighbors are silent. Ibori is looking at her with squinted, villainous eyes.

When Harmony catches her breath, she sees Daniel next to her, his fists in tight balls, looking at her as if waiting for a nod to use them. She looks back at Ibori, directly into his eyes.

"You are evil!" she shouts. "You will not hit me any-

more! You will not be this father to my son. Everyone here can see what you have done. They can see my face. They can see the truth, and they can see you for the animal that you are. Now get your hands off of me!"

She swings her arm forcefully in a wide arc, and breaks Ibori's grip. He stumbles back. He has a startled look on his face as his foot slips in the mud, and he falls backward into the stream of gray water, landing with a splash on his backside. At first it is the children, and then all the neighbors who cackle with laughter.

With only a glance to Daniel, Harmony quietly slips from the crowd, and with Harry on her back, his arms outspread, she flies up the hill toward the bright street lamps, toward the road, and away.



FOCUS ON FS FICTION

THE GUARD

he child named Bibou, second of three, woke him up, touching his shoulder once, then twice, then backing away to stand in the doorway.

"Papa, Maman says there is smoke across the valley and filling the air."

Jean-Philippe rolled from his bed of woven canvas strips. He reached over to pull his olive jacket from the peg on the wall near the door of the guard post, and slipped it over his undershirt as he stepped into the clear morning air. From here, his place of work at the crest of a high ridge on the Haitian-Dominican border, he surveyed what had also become his home over the last five years. His wife was busy scooping water from the two small tubs that sat on the far side of the guardhouse, near the covered area that served as a kitchen.

To Jean-Philippe, the guardhouse was home. Certainly, it was more than a man and his family needed in this part of the country, he often told his wife, and much preferable to the life they had lived in Cap-Haitien after they had married. The post was built semi-advantageously, with a view of the narrow dirt road that rose from the valley where the small town of Desmoulins stood invisible below, appearing as if from nowhere between the limestone bluffs and scrabble that dominated so much of the land. The air was decidedly more temperate at this altitude, though Jean-Philippe often found himself sweating easily after 10 minutes of patrolling the perimeter he was assigned. Behind the shack and about 10 meters along the ridge stood a single



One man Chooses not to step over a line in the dirt. By Rakesh Surampudi tree that had survived the foraging for wood and at whose base they had buried their youngest child, Titide, less than a year before.

As was his custom upon waking, Jean-Philippe walked to the eastern side of the wooden building, and leaned against the mud and sticks of the wall, bleached into a crumbling white cake by countless morning suns. He looked toward the sun and into the Dominican Republic, down and across the sloping hills, all the more different than his beloved Haiti for its greenery and tree-lined ridges.

Jean-Philippe had inspected the Dominican border only once before. He had traveled for three hours down the hill toward Quanaminthe, the point of crossing into the Dominican town of Dajabon, occasionally grabbing on to outcroppings of rock or mangled roots to steady himself. To his surprise, he had found the border towns to be a hub of activity, with signs both in Creole and Spanish, and the noise of the place rang in his ears like the surf he listened to as a young boy on Saturdays, when he escaped the confines of Cap-Haitien with friends and explored the rocky shoreline of Haiti's northern coast.

He realized that the route from his guard post to Quanaminthe was seldom if at all used; the people had to come from somewhere, and he observed that most arrived from the mountains many kilometers north of where he was stationed, using the main road from Fort-Liberte. This fact did not diminish the importance of his post, for as far as he was concerned most people were a nuisance, and the lack of popularity of his road afforded him the comfort and peace of life with his family.

He had lingered on in Quanaminthe only an hour or so. He saluted and called out a greeting to the Dominicans who sat in the shade of their well-bunkered, sandbagged post on the other side of the river, situated next to a yellow and red painted gate barely wide enough for a car to pass through. They ignored him, and he re alized that his coat, with its identifying insignia of a government official, was hanging limply over his arm.

That trip to the border had been two years earlier. He made more frequent visits to Desmoulins, where every three months he collected his salary from the provincial official that passed through, and chatted with the townspeople about current events. Occasionally when they needed supplies, his wife made the journey, bringing back a small sack of rice, and less-desired vegetables, her shoulders and neck muscles twisted strong by the weight upon them.

He thought the smoke was coming from Fort-Liberte, or perhaps from down along the coast, maybe even Cap-Haitien. He was unsure. There was too much of it, casting an angry gray pallor just above the horizon. In places the smoke curled upon itself and drifted lazily toward the clouds. He was annoyed at the way it disrupted the colors of the sky to which he was accustomed.

Late in the afternoon the chimeres (the ruling party's death squads) arrived at the guard post. Their arrival was

Rakesh Surampudi joined the Foreign Service in 2000, and has served in Mexico City and Santo Domingo. He is currently assigned to the Office of U.N. Political Affairs in the International Organizations Bureau. preceded by the sound of their arguing with each other, accents slurred by city living, rising from the road below the guardhouse, amplified as the words bounced across the boulders.

They were three, with two propping up a young boy between them.

The largest of them, a young man in sunglasses that seemed too dark and too expensive compared to the rest of his clothes, slowed for a moment upon seeing the guardhouse, motioning for his companions to stop with a small movement of his hand.

"You border guard?" the man called out in Creole with the sharpness of a city dweller. It was not really a question, and though Jean-Philippe could not see the man's eyes behind the sunglasses, he guessed they did not stray far from the rifle he held at an angle across his waist.

Jean-Philippe was unsure how to respond. Officially, the military had been disbanded years ago, after the Americans had helped the president stand again on his feet. He had come here to his post when an old friend of his father's, with a place in the low levels of the Cap-Haitien municipality, told the family that the government was looking for a young man to define and uphold the nation's territorial integrity. The choice for Jean-Philippe, to abandon city life for a rugged existence in the isolated mountains, was balanced by his recent marriage and the prospect of protection from life's arbitrariness in the city. Two childhood friends had been killed that year by the random hand of violence that wandered freely about Cap-Haitien's streets, and he was beginning to feel the pull of that romantic, yet corrosive struggle against authority. In truth, he had not thought very long before accepting the position.

"Yes, this is a guard post," Jean-Philippe said finally, noting that the men all carried weapons of their own, small pistols tucked into their waistbands, and careful not to move his hands, "but to reach the border is a walk longer than a morning from here."

The men all stared at him, until one of the others snorted, "He is a f---ing joke, that's what. C'est une frontiere que n'est meme pas une frontiere."

Jean-Philippe did not reply, and instead looked at the one whose weight was being supported by the others. He was quite young, and seemed only semi-conscious. The boy's head hung limply to one side. His bright yellow Adidas shirt was stained with a patch of blood, the usted crimson patch as large as Jean-Philippe's hand, falling from the shoulder toward the center of his chest.

The large man seemed to remember the boy and said to the others without turning, "We stay here tonight. Put him down." He motioned toward the tree. "La. Over there."

The men shuffled with the weight of the boy, and dropped him heavily beneath the tree. Jean-Philippe noticed that they were careful to place their own belongings at a distance from where they left him.

They slept through the hottest part of the day, and then sat together for warmth as the sun dropped, next to a small fire made from precious branches that Jean-Philippe's wife had gathered over the past month. Jean-Philippe stood with his rifle in his usual position at sunset, near the single tree, shifting his gaze every 15 minutes or so. The men, once they had grown comfortable with the idea of approaching darkness in unfamiliar surroundings, let their attention wander, except for the large man, who seemed intent on Jean-Philippe's actions.

Finally, he spoke. "How you guard a border that keep changing? No trees is Haiti. Where them trees is Spanish territory. Look," said the man, grabbing one of the yetunused sticks from the ground and throwing it at his companion's feet. "I change the border. You in Dominican Republic now." They all began to laugh. Jean-Philippe looked past their heads at the falling sun. The smoke that covered the horizon in the morning somehow remained even now, like the suggestion of a kiss blown in the air.

The large man noticed the smoke as well, and removed his sunglasses. "They burning everything. All the land is burning, you see? All that will be left is carbon that everyone make from what is burned.

"This is what is coming, guard man. Everything you see now gonna be black and burnt, and they gonna sell it all, burnt like it is, and what is not burned by the grace of the Almighty will be what's left for us, to start again."

"For a long time now, for many people in this area," said Jean-Philippe, "there has been nothing left to burn. Nothing grows because there is nothing to hold the soil when the rains come in the mountains."

The large man stood and moved close to Jean-Philippe. "You think you king here? Away and above the rest of us? We chimeres have seen how it is there, where the smoke comes from. What you think you king of, my friend?"

Jean-Philippe remained silent, unwilling to look into those eyes, red and filmy like the beginning of a scab.

"I tell you something," the large man said. "Even when you think things changing, they don't change. But you best know how to change yourself, guard-man. Some things, many things, are bigger than you ever be." The others laughed as the big man motioned to his crotch.

The injured boy did not live through the night. The chimeres prepared to leave in the early moming, silent and in foul moods, with the thought of the day's journey ahead. The large man came up next to Jean-Philippe as he stood watching the unheralded first moments after the dawn, and put on his sunglasses.

"You bury him," the large man said.

"You will not help."

The man said nothing.

"What is his name?"

"His name?"

"For the grave marker."

"You call him whatever you want, guard-man. It don't matter." He walked around the building and motioned for his companions to gather their things. The dead boy lay on his back where they had laid him the night before, partially upon Titide's grave. One of the boy's legs was bent stiffly and his heels were together, forming a tilting "v".

The men began walking down the hill toward the border, and were nearly out of sight when the large man turned around, lifting his sunglasses to his forehead, and called back to Jean-Philippe.

"Why you need a name when you dead?"

ean–Philippe stared at the dead boy's face throughout the morning.

• "He is the same as Titide now, Maman?" asked Bibou, looking at the body from the doorway of the guardhouse.

"He is nothing like your brother, Bibou."

"Be quiet," said Jean-Philippe. "The boy is Haitian; that is enough."

"I do not recognize a single thing about his face." Jean-Philippe was surprised by the sharpness of his wife's voice as she came to look at the boy. "You say he is Haitian. I do not know what he is or what that means."

Jean-Philippe walked over to the tree and looked at the footprints covering his son's grave, the dirt scrabbled by the hard rubber soles of the men's boots. The few sticks that served as both headstone and marker for Titide had been pushed askew, and now hung as if looking for support from the ground below.
It took him the rest of the day to bury the boy, and the exertion wearied him tremendously. The chimeres returned at night in his dreams as he slept. They stood in a group, leaned on each other and mocked him with silent laughter, startling his eyes open in the darkness. The dreams continued for the rest of the week.

"Each time they seem more pale," he told his wife. "As if their bones cover their flesh." He did not tell her the things the chimeres spoke in his dreams, or of how they spent time shooting at each other, amused as the wounds appeared one by one on their bodies.

Jean-Philippe had known fear before, but this crept into his bed with him. The chimeres began to follow him during the day, looking over his shoulder as he scrubbed the aging rifle he had received during his formal training. Sometimes he heard them singing, particularly when he caught himself staring at the earth at the base of the tree where Titide was buried.

A week later, a young man arrived on a motorbike on the path from Desmoulins. He said he was an official of the American embassy. He treated him like an equal, saluting as he approached, and paused until Jean-Philippe nodded that he could come forward and talk.

The man stayed the night, sometimes writing in a small book as he spoke. He asked about many things, strange and often irrelevant, and from the dirt on his clothes it was clear that he had been traveling for some time. The children giggled at the man's Creole, which sometimes turned words into other words unintended. It sounded like a corruption of the way the Dominicans spoke near the border, in Quaniminthe, but its lack of grammatical correctness prevented the tone of superiority that the Dominicans took with him. Jean-Philippe had to keep himself from smiling on occasion.

The man's speech was often interrupted by static coming from a radio attached to his belt. He continued talking while lowering the volume with his fingers, which played with the radio's knobs as if they were prayer beads. Jean-Philippe found his eyes following the movements of the man's fingers, and he had to



force himself more than once to listen to the man's words.

It became clear to Jean-Philippe as they spoke into the darker hours that the world was a much larger place than he had imagined. The man spoke of the government, and recent, growing violence and unrest in small towns, as well as political events that Jean-Philippe didn't know of. He did not know whether and what to believe of the man's words, but the man's earnestness drew Jean-Philippe in, and he watched as the edges of his face moved in the firelight.

They carefully watched him eat a meal of rice and pigeon peas flavored with parsley, salt and bits of a small onion.

"I hope you have understood what I said," said the man the next morning as he tied his sleeping roll on to the motorbike and checked the fluid levels in the motor. "I won't say I know the future, but I think things have begun that will not pay heed to one man, certainly not you up here." He waved at Bibou and Marie as he started the engine and rode out of sight.

"Do you think that man is proud of what he does?" Jean-Philippe said to his wife, as they lay together that night, unable to sleep.

"He is a believer," she replied. "One who thinks he can bend the world to his own will."

Jean-Philippe thought of his father and mother. It had been a long time since he had last seen them. They had taught him that your life was something you earned. Earned by believing, resisting and fighting for your own soul. Slightly ashamed, Jean-Philippe thought of how Titide had not fought for life, and had died slowly. The boy had not responded to the ministrations of his wife, or to the remedies given by the healer in Desmoulins. Near the end, Jean-Philippe had turned his back on his second son and waited. Death had come quietly in the mountain air, and he buried Titide quickly beneath the tree, relieved. He found himself wondering how it was possible that he and his father, who had spoken so infrequently to him as a boy, and who had watched him leave Cap-Haitien without so much as a deep breath, had turned out so much alike.

He was shaken by what had passed with the chimeres, and now more so by the words of the American. What could they possibly know? What did they know of Haiti, a land that gave so little? What did they know of permanence?

"I, too, am proud of myself," he said to his wife after a long silence, but he was not sure if she was asleep.

In the morning he gathered the little money they had and walked to where his wife sat shredding parsley with her fingers.

"Go to Quanaminthe and try to cross into Dajabon. You should buy as much food as you can carry as soon as you arrive. Find a safe place across the border." He put the money into her hand.

"But the child —"

"Take them with you," he replied curtly.

"What if they have closed the border?"

"There are many places to cross," he said impatiently, knowing this to be both truth and a lie. "Ask. Someone will show you. The children are useful for this. People will want to take care of them."

He knew, however, that if the Dominicans had closed the border it was already too late. She knew as well.

"And what will you do, without us?"

A man stands only on his own feet, not the feet of others, he thought. He looked over at Marie and Bibou, smiling at each other as they drew faces and animals in the dirt. How easy. How easy life was, when the smiles of your children reflected your smile, and gifted you something of yourself. When children could give you the confidence of past generations and future generations.

"This will end soon," he said to his wife, thinking of the first time they met in Cap-Haitien, when the outline of her hipbones peeked from above the wrap of her skirt as she walked down the street, looking for sweet basil and onions for the evening meal. Even then she had stood up to him, challenging his advances, making him feel undeserving in one moment, and welcome the next.

Jean-Philippe picked up his rifle, aware of his wife's eyes on him as he buttoned the jacket of his uniform. He walked over to the door of the guard post, turned to face Haiti, straightened, with a slight bend in the knees, and allowed one hand to cross into a comfortable position in the small of his back.

Soon after, he felt his wife and children start their walk down the hill toward Quanaminthe. Some noise sounded in the valley below his post. He prayed that the border was open. He did not watch them go. \blacksquare

FOCUS ON FS FICTION

THE ALLEMANDE LEFT PLAN

he first sign that something was amiss was a green monkey flying through the air over Ambassador T. Farlack Vodel's morning tennis game. It was the best part of the day, between the humid heat and malarial mosquitoes of the night and the smothering blast-fur-

nace temperatures and biting flies of the day. The

ambassador adjusted his thick, goggly glasses and bounced the tennis ball on the dusty court. Just as he pulled his racket back to serve, there was a loud boom. A monkey flew up over the flame trees, over the rusted chain link fence, a hundred feet in the air over the trees on the other side of the court.

The ambassador hesitated. "Odd, monkey that high up." The ambassador believed in brevity. He did not use verbs.

Miles Farley, the Deputy Chief of Mission, watched from the other side of the court. He scratched at the "Healthy Choice" T-shirt stretched tight across his swollen midsection. "Green monkeys, damn sneaky things. People think they're good pets, but they're biters. Reason I've only got eight toes."

The ambassador bounced the ball again and, just as he prepared to serve, there was another loud boom and another monkey flew overhead in the same arc.

"Really too high for a monkey normally," the ambassador observed. "Maybe not under his own steam."

Miles wandered up to the net, pensively pulling on his handlebar moustache. "They must be shooting them out of mortars. I've seen that before in Borneo." Miles had seen most things before in his career, and he was

> generous in sharing his experiences.

The ambassador peered intently at the trees. "Something over there?"

"Well, over there you've got proboscis monkeys — the ones with the funny noses. They look cute, too, but you don't want to trust them reason I'm missing the bottom of my left earlobe."

"Not Borneo, Miles. There, behind the trees."

"Well, yes, I guess that would be the Presidential Palace. Not a good sign they're shooting monkeys in the air. Not a good sign at all. Better play it safe." They stared at the dusty trees.

Amb. Vodel called an emergency meeting of the entire American staff: Miles, Public Affairs Officer Lloyd Candy, Information Officer Wally Spinks and



The Ambassador was a man of action, even if he didn't use many verbs.

By Brian Aggeler

FOCUS

Miles had seen most things before in his career, and he was generous in sharing his experiences.

Ardela Dingle, who did management, consular and most everything else. Miles was swollen with agitation, the buttons on his aged safari suit struggling to contain him. He summarized the situation. "During the night rebels took control of the Presidential Palace, radio station, airport and brewery. Communications cut, all roads in and out of the country closed, flights cancelled — well, actually, there weren't any flights scheduled until next Monday."

"Still a gesture," the ambassador pointed out.

"President Kotazo and his Cabinet have been jailed. It was a bloodless coup — except for the monkeys, of course."

"Bastards!" Wally hissed. He had not left his residence on the embassy compound even once during his year at post, and his lack of exposure to the sun gave his gangly frame a sickly pallor. His only companion was an orphan monkey he had found on the compound. He had named the monkey, who was subject to unexplained seizures, Mr. Jitters.

Miles shuddered, thinking of the monkeys and rubbing the stump of his earlobe. "Apparently the coup plotters were concerned that the monkeys that live in the trees around the Presidential Palace might have supernatural powers. They were advised by unnamed experts that the best way to neutralize those powers was to shoot them out of a cannon."

Ardela chimed in. "Mr. Ambassador, we fished a couple of them out of your swimming pool. May want to give the filter a little time to work before you dive in."

"Very important," the ambassador intoned. "Our emergency water supply in a pinch like this."

"Damn straight," Miles agreed. "We lose regular water supplies and we can drink from the pool for a good long time. I remember one post we finished the pool and

Brian Aggeler entered the Foreign Service in 1990, serving in Europe, South Asia and Africa. He is currently working in the Bureau of East Asian and Pacific Affairs. He is a regular contributor of cartoons for the Journal and State magazine. had to drink our own urine — purified, of course. Not necessarily our own, actually. We had a pool, so to speak. From each according to his ability — that sort of thing."

"Yes, well, needs of the Service," the ambassador cut in. "What about American citizens?"

"I talked to Debbie," Ardela said. Debbie and Clyde Fishwater were missionaries and heads of the warden committee. "She wanted to know if we'd still have the regular Pictionary and beer night this week."

The ambassador stroked his forehead, pondering, then turned to the scowling Wally. Wally had been particularly out of sorts since the ambassador had asked him to stop rebroadcasting the Armed Forces television programming on the antenna the Marines had left behind when they were withdrawn from the embassy. He knew how much Wally enjoyed the programming, so he hadn't taken action until the third complaint by the local government, when the Minister of Defense had demonstrated the problem by turning on a military radio to hear nothing but "Baywatch" dialogue. "Walter, communications secure?"

Wally sighed with resignation. "See, the DTS network uses multiple settings for the same parameter in the network. There's no dynamic routing protocol between Beltsville and the post router and we all know the WAN link isn't reliable. But the real problem is there's no routing over the X.50 network because the post router isn't functioning as an Area Border Router. You ask me, we never should have converted to Network 10.0 locally."

There was a silence as the others took this in. Ardela ventured an uncertain guess at Wally's meaning. "So we don't have communications?"

Wally rolled his eyes. "I think that's what I just said." The ambassador nodded. "Okay, then. Lloyd, international press all abuzz?"

Lloyd squinted uneasily. "Well, nothing on CNN, but it did get a mention on the BBC. The graphic they showed with the story was a map of Belize, though."

"Damn shoddy work," the ambassador clucked. "Right country key to accurate international reporting." "Sir," Lloyd went on, his voice trembling. "I'm just hoping that this isn't going to interfere with our big opening of the cup holders exhibit at the Cultural Center." He held up one of the pink flyers reading "Cool Art: Classic American Cup Holders" and brushed away a tear. Already despondent that he had not been able to find enough people in town to form a challenge square-dancing group, the thought of losing his first big exhibition at post was almost unbearable. "It wasn't easy to get the funding for that and we already owe even more to cover the cup holders that melted while they were sitting on the tarmac clearing customs."

The ambassador shook his head and patted Lloyd's shoulder. "Rough with the smooth, Lloyd. Even Pictionary night in jeopardy now."

In the afternoon, the ambassador was summoned to the Presidential Palace. Miles went along to translate. At the front gate, young men wearing camouflage and flip-flops carried AK-47s and walked back and forth with a look of studied importance. Several with long sticks were poking at a band of monkeys in a tree. The ambassador and Miles hopped out of the Landcruiser and Miles greeted the soldiers at the gate with a long discourse in the local language, finishing by pumping one hand back and forth. The soldiers chuckled and waved them on. "Handy lingo there, Miles," the ambassador observed.

"Never underestimate the international appeal of the limerick, sir. Only once had one badly received, in Croatia — reason I only have one functioning kidney now. There once was a girl from Dalmatia..." His voice trailed off wistfully.

The palace was a gargantuan cement structure. The air conditioning had failed overnight, and already the overstuffed velvet furniture was starting to smell of rot. A group of young soldiers ushered the ambassador and Miles into the main receiving room, where several other young soldiers in camouflage and flip-flops lounged on the oversize furniture. Even in the dim light, half of them wore sunglasses. Miles and the ambassador shook hands with the soldiers and sat in deep chairs across a



gaudily gilt table. The young man in the middle, who wore the largest sunglasses, delivered his remarks with great gravity.

Miles translated. "He welcomes us to the palace on behalf of the new government. These are the members of the Revolutionary People's Salvation and Reconciliation Committee. They are the new government, and Ambassador Broussard has already been here this morning and offered his country's recognition."

"Damn Jean-Luc, always Johnny-on-the-spot," the ambassador muttered.

Miles went on. "He hopes that we will also enjoy a productive relationship based on maturity, dignity and mutual respect." The young man smiled and went on expansively. "And we can refer to him as Commander Karate Man."

The ambassador cleared his throat. "Okay, appreciation for the welcome by Mr. Karate Gent. Here in peace, so an offering: icebreaker in a way." Miles translated as the ambassador opened his attaché case. "You're going to break Lloyd's heart," he whispered to the ambassador when he saw the case's contents.

"This here," the ambassador read from a cup holder. "Sal's Bowlarama in Winnemucca — very rare." He handed it to Commander Karate Man and pulled out another. "More in here — Miles, the honors, please."

"This one says, 'Keep on Trucking." Miles passed it to one of the other soldiers. "This is 'Hang Ten," he said, handing out a third. "Exaggerated bulbous fingers in the logo," the ambassador pointed out. "A real classic."

The soldiers stared at the empty cup holders. "Apologies," the ambassador said. "More committee members than cup holders, apparently. Anyway, bottom line here: President Kotazo not a perfect ruler — no argument." He gestured at a lamp in the shape of a nude woman lewdly carrying fruit on her head. "Appalling taste in furnishings, for example. Still and all, democratically elected. Will of the people."

Miles translated, and Commander Karate Man's expression darkened. The other soldiers rolled their eyes and guffawed. The commander gestured for silence, then spoke with feeling. Miles whispered his translation to the ambassador. "The president was a bad man: he did not pay military salaries on time, he increased the country's foreign debt, and his education policies did not promote the broad-based development of the country's human resources. Also, the monkeys around the palace were his supernatural henchmen."

"Yes, well, arguably not the perfect Jeffersonian model statesman. Still, democracy on the march. Respect for public institutions essential. So back to the barracks." Miles translated and the soldiers stared back in hostile silence. Commander Karate Man leaned across the table, jabbing his finger at the ambassador. "He says all the entrances to the country are closed and there is nobody here to make them leave and they want to know what you think you'll do about it."

All eyes focused on the ambassador, anticipating a verb. The ambassador adjusted his glasses, fixing his hugely magnified pupils on the commander. There was a long silence before the ambassador retorted, with cryptic conviction: "Allemande Left!"

Back at the embassy, the country team huddled in the ambassador's office. Lloyd clutched a wadded-up flyer for the cup holder show. A cannon boomed and Wally shuddered. Amb. Vodel paced the room, then declared: "Fast action in order, all we need right here!"

"Afraid you lost me, sir," Miles said. "Won't get those boys out of the Presidential Palace without a real push."

"Exactly!" The ambassador stopped and clapped.

"Sorry, sir, but seems to me the only thing those guys would understand is military force."

"Right!" The ambassador clapped again. There was a long silence.

Ardela finally cleared her throat. "Sir, we have to make a big pitch just to get the regional defense attaché to visit. How likely is it that we'd get a military intervention here?"

The ambassador shook his head. "No need for outside help!"

"Sir, nobody here at the embassy has even been in the military. Hard to see how we could make a credible threat on our own."

They all looked at the ambassador, who broke into a slight dancing motion. "Obvious, no? Unique assets here: Walter here an unknown face, access to their radio system and — serendipity itself — a square-dance caller among us. Just one question: Mr. Jitters up for action?"

The Landcruiser pulled up to the Presidential Palace just before midnight. Fires burned in oil drums at the entrance. A group of soldiers were throwing stones at the same tree where the monkeys howled down at them. Several soldiers surrounded the Landcruiser, pointing their guns at the windows. "Miles," the ambassador said evenly. "Announcement, please: a special visitor for Sir Kung Fu Man."

The ambassador led the way down the dark halls to the reception room. Commander Karate Man, backed by several armed accomplices, stood in the doorway with his hands on his hips. "Miles, introductions for our visitor: Colonel Scout."

Commander Karate Man took off his sunglasses to get a better look at the extraordinary visitor. Wally saluted and stood at attention. His uniform, a joint effort by the embassy staff, was suitably military-looking. It had an American flag and a unit number on the sleeves, and awards sewn on the pockets. One read: "Be Prepared," another featured a canoe with the motto "Safety First," and another, a Webelos insignia. He wore an oversize fez with an impressive sword and moon insignia on the front, tipped to the side at a rakish angle with the long red tassel thrown jauntily over one shoulder. On his belt was a radio and on his back a pack.

Miles translated for the uneasy commander. "He wants to know how this soldier got here when the borders are closed."

"Special commando — a Tenderfoot," the ambassador responded. "Col. Scout here just a representative — part of an elite intervention team. Tenderfeet now all over the country. Feet? Foots? Anyway, regular jamboree." Miles translated to the skeptical soldiers. "Radio, Walter."

Wally took the radio from his belt and spoke into it. "Swing your partner."

"Bow to your partner, now to your corner," came Lloyd's clipped reply. Ardela's voice came in with the fainter sound of a distant unit, echoing as if spoken into a jar. "Right and left through, right pull by, a country turn."

"Allemande left," Wally radioed back.

He left the radio on and the banter continued in Lloyd's square-dance caller cadence. "Flutter wheel, men are in the lead."

"Triple scoot — rooty-toot-toot."

"Spin chain the gears."

Karate Man whispered to the other soldiers, who nervously repeated the cryptic phrases from the radio. The ambassador shrugged dramatically. "Military banter, beyond my clearance. Situation clear, though: a call to your troops and back to barracks, then nobody hurt." Wally stepped forward and handed the radio to Commander Karate Man. He looked at the squawking radio, hesitating. The ambassador leaned forward. "One other noteworthy thing: Colonel Scout's force each a team of two. Walter?"

Wally took off his backpack, set it gently on the ground and pulled out Mr. Jitters, who wore a small fez resembling Wally's. The soldiers stepped back and aimed their weapons at the monkey, who squealed and clung to Wally's leg. Wally pulled him gently away, and whispered: "Do your happy dance!"

Mr. Jitters quivered and staggered, and for a moment it looked like he might have one of his spells. Wally whispered encouragement, and Mr. Jitters straightened up, stood on his hind legs and did a nervous dance in a circle, clapping his small hands. "He's a trained professional," Wally said as Mr. Jitters jumped into his arms after the dance. He stepped close to Commander Karate Man, who kept his eyes on the monkey. "Don't make this uglier than it has to be. Call your men and tell them to give up and go back to the barracks." Mr. Jitters howled and relieved himself on Wally's arm.

It was the best time of day. The ambassador was serving. He raised his racket, half expecting to hear the boom of a cannon. But this time there was nothing and his ball flew over the net to Miles, whose return bounced in the dust outside the line. "Nice shot, sir. That's game."

"Well played, Miles. Not time for another game?" The ambassador wiped away his sweat and looked at his watch. "What kind of day?"

"Tll say — last time I had a day like that was back in Paraguay and I woke up with this tattoo of Yosemite Sam. Strange thing is I don't really even like Yosemite Sam. Now, Elmer Fudd on the other hand ..."

"I meant today, Miles. Busy day ahead?"

"Amb. Broussard's office called and they want to come over and talk about a joint statement condemning the coup and our efforts to restore democracy. Then this afternoon there's the ceremony for President Kotazo to present you with the Order of the Golden Ferret."

"Ah, yes," said Amb. Vodel, his sweaty glasses sparkling in the hazy sunshine. "And tonight: Pictionary." ■

FOCUS O<u>N</u> FS FICTION

DREAM REINCARNATE

ourteen-year-old Madhura pulls down on the cold pump handle, ducking her head of silky black hair under the rushing tap. Today she will don the red and gold sari and weave jasmine flowers into her freshly-washed braid. Her recently widowed mother will line Madhura's round dark eyes with black kohl and paint paisley designs in henna on her hands and

feet. The marriage to Premkumar had been arranged quickly after the death of her father, once an employee of the local agro factory. Her father's meager pension could not provide a dowry, but Premkumar has a steady job doing maintenance at the Taj Retreat. And Madhura, as sweet as her name, will surely make a good wife.

Leaving her village of Vadipatti, Madhura and Premkumar move into the cement and stucco staff quarters provided at the back of the hotel. The Taj, situated atop Pasumalai Hill, affords Madhura a panoramic view of the temple city and verdant Kodai Hills. In the evenings she could stroll with Premkumar among the hotel's acres of landscaped gardens and abundant orangeflowered kadamba trees, but the idyllic setting belies the reality of her daily existence.

Madhura has no idea how much Premkumar is paid; she

sees little of the weekly wage. And she sees even less of her husband, except for the nights he comes back to their one-room bungalow reeking of stale sweat, hand-rolled bidis and cheap whiskey, and asserts his conjugal rights. While Premkumar's hands grope under her thin cotton choli, Madhura allows her mind to wander everywhere but the present. She learns to distance herself from the weight of his body pushing her thin frame against the



For one young Indian woman, hope trumps reality. By Barbara M. Bever

damp wall or into the thick ropes of the narrow charpoy. Her thoughts return to Vadipatti ... she feels instead Mama's hands deftly weaving her hair into thick ropes that she then secures with crisp She smells red ribbons. instead the glass of sweet chai served on the small oval brass tray, brought by her mother each morning. She listens instead to the sweet song of the nightingale perched in the bottlebrush tree, near the village well.

When Premkumar's ardor is spent, Madhura can count on his falling into a deep sleep. She creeps out from under his heavy limbs and searches furtively through the pockets of his crumpled shirt and trousers for any unspent rupees. It's the gleaning of these coins that allows Madhura to purchase the weekly allotment of rice, garlic, tomatoes and onions. On a good night she might collect enough to purchase a few more spices or a bottle of sweetscented shampoo.

Months pass. During Madhura's pregnancy Premkumar spends even less time in the confines of their little room. She is spared her husband's carnal lust, but also his pocket change. To pass the time, Madhura frequents the Meenakshi Temple, where she prays to the goddess to protect her and the unborn child.

She enters the temple through the colorful eastern gateway and passes into the columned hall filled with a thousand votive lamps. Madhura studies the sculptures carved into the tall stone pillars; they tell the tale of Meenakshi. Madhura now knows the story well: the childless king of Madurai performed regular poojas before a sacred fire in hopes of attaining an heir. During one of these rituals, a 3-year-old girl came out of the fire. The king adopted her, but worried about her deformity: she had three breasts. However, a divine voice assured him that the third breast would disappear as soon as she met her mate. The girl grew into a brave and beautiful princess who won many battles for her kingdom. She eventually lost her heart to Lord Shiva. As soon as she saw him, her third breast disappeared and she recognized her divine consort, for the princess was none other than Shiva's wife, Parvathi. After ruling over the kingdom, they settled in the Madurai temple.

On leaving the temple, Madhura passes the elephant that confers a blessing on those who can afford to feed it a banana. Madhura is not one of those. Soon after, she is blessed with the birth of a small, but healthy baby girl whom she names Meena in honor of the goddess of the temple. Premkumar returns to the marriage bed. Madhura distracts herself with thoughts of Meena now. She feels Meena's small hand grip her finger. She smells Meena's sweet breath caressing her cheek. She hears Meena's chortle when she tickles her brown belly. And she waits for Premkumar to finish and fall asleep.

Before Madhura turns 17, Premkumar's drinking has become habitual and his reporting to work erratic. He loses his hotel job. With no place to live and no money,

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Each daybreak, Madhura leaves behind the village's chai and bidi wallas, stray dogs and sweet morning air to join the stream of men and women headed toward the main road with its honking of buses, tempos, motorcycles and auto rickshaws. On the carriageway small groups of day laborers, clad in flip-flops and faded dhotis and saris, clutch their aluminum tiffin boxes filled with dhal and chapatis or sambar and idlis, and watch expectantly for foremen in belching lorries to stop and offer them work. With little education, this is Madhura's only hope for a job.

Today, a burly and greasy-haired Mr. Das descends from his lofty lorry perch and scans the group of waiting women. He selects those that look like they will not cause trouble and are used to manual labor. A smile plays at the corners of his thick lips when he spots Madhura. A rush of gratitude causes her to smile back as he beckons her into the back of the lorry with the other workers. She will spend the day with the other women balancing a reed basket on her head filled with dirt and stones, deposited there by the men digging trenches for new sewer pipes. Back and forth, back and forth, under the hot sun, from the trenches to the waiting dump trucks, her damp sari now tucked up between her legs. Lunch is a welcome relief and she sits under the shade of a broad-branched peepul tree with a few of the other women to scoop up the buttered dhal with a dry chapati and sip on sweetened chai.

Mr. Das checks on his other work sites throughout the day, and returns with a wad of folded rupees as the sun dips behind the western Kodai hills. He scans the group of tired laborers for Madhura and gives her a few rupees to go buy him more bidis at the stall down the road. Meanwhile his yellow-stained fingers quickly count out the stacks of bills, handing 100 rupees to each man, 50 to each woman, as he ushers them into the back of the waiting lorry. Before Madhura returns, the lorry is gone. Mr. Das sits high in his seat as the lorry rumbles down the road, pleased with the extra rupees tucked into his pocket.

Darkness approaches and Madhura squats beside the road, pulling the free end of her frayed sari over her head. Fewer and fewer vehicles pass, taking their passengers

FOCUS

Darkness approaches and Madhura squats beside the road, pulling the free end of her frayed sari over her head.

home to coconut curries and comfortable beds. How will she get back to Vadipatti tonight? She has no money for bus fare and it is too far to walk, especially given her weariness from today's work. Her mother must be getting worried, and Meena will surely be fussing without her there to tuck her into the soft quilt. She is startled from her thoughts by the sound of a single-stroke engine rattling up behind her. Sitting astride a red Maruti scooter is a handsome young man. He asks her if she needs help.

He lives nearby, on the other side of the river Vaigai, he says. He knows of a place she can stay for the night and maybe tomorrow she can meet up again with the work crew. She sits sidesaddle on the back of the cycle, careful not to touch this helpful stranger. Sunil's bike takes many turns, leaving the paved and gravel roads and entering the darkened dirt paths lined with forests. She is too tired to follow the route, thinking now only of a place to rest her aching body. Sunil cuts his engine in front of a dimly lit hostel and greets the night guard with a familiarity borne of frequent encounters. Sunil explains that a cousin owns the place. Madhura is settled into a sparsely furnished room, just two aging charpoys and a thin reed mat on the Shallow breathing heard from the other bed floor. informs Madhura that she is not alone. Another young woman is curled up with a threadbare sheet covering her partly exposed legs. Sunil promises to return in the morning. As he departs, he smiles: the price he paid to Mr. Das for this pretty girl was worth it after all.



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SECURITIES OFFERED THROUGH NATHAN & LEWIS SECURITIES, INC., MEMBER NASD & SIPC. MCG FINANCIAL PLANNING AND NATHAN & LEWIS ARE NOT Though initially terrified during those first weeks trapped in this truck stop by the river, in time Madhura returns to her habit of distancing herself from the physical needs of the men who frequent Sunil's brothel. The clients, mostly truckers waiting for their next dispatch assignment, come during the day, wending their way through the narrow jungle path to the clearing where she and the other girls wait. Sunil watches over them, assigning clients, who are escorted to temporary thatched huts dug partially into the ground. He ensures that they are out of the jungle before sunset, when the jungle snakes emerge from their underground burrows for their evening meal.

Now 19, Madhura has seen it all and no longer fears the worst. Filthy and violent clients, nights in jail and beatings by the police have hardened her over time. And she has become one of Sunil's favorites. He sends her the betterpaying clients now. A local organization helps teach her how to negotiate with clients to use condoms and gives her a notebook filled with colorful Kama Sutra packages where clients can choose a favorite brand. The organization, which donates condoms each month to Sunil, also provides regular check-ups and HIV/AIDS testing to Madhura and her co-workers. Yes, Sunil has been good to her.

Madhura knows she can never go back to Vadipatti, but she sends money every month to her mother for Meena's care. After earning her day's wage in the jungle hut along the river, Madhura lies on the Vaigai's large river rocks, safe from the snakes now plying the dense undergrowth. She sniffs the sweet kadamba flower she picked on her way out of the jungle this evening and listens to the bright green parrots squawking overhead as they flock to their nightly roosts. She unbraids her long hair and dips her head into the cool water, washing her memories downstream. Her focus is now on 3-year-old Meena's future. Meena, who in Madhura's mind is a beautiful and brave princess like Meenakshi and worthy of a Lord Shiva. Meena, who will fall in love and live happily ever after with her husband in a beautiful temple. \blacksquare

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FOCUS O<u>N</u> FS FICTION

WHEN FANG FANG COOKED THE JACKAL

here were some things that were not talked about at the club, not even in the bar. Each day by late afternoon, the regulars would straggle in, quietly sitting at the long wooden bar or alone at tables close to the single air-conditioning unit, until the first drink had been consumed, the first cigarette smoked and the day's misadventures

mulled over. The murmur would begin gradually, first from the far corner where the Irishmen usually sat, as the smoke grew and spiraled upward to be torn apart by the ceiling fan. As the last golden rays dwindled into lavenders and deep purple, as the barefooted staff began to turn on the wall lights, the talk would get louder as each offered an assessment of their day's particular paradox, the state of the war in general, and Pakistani bureaucracy in particular.

More and more would drift in as the night came on, filling every seat and the standing room in the only bar between the Oxus and the Indus, a draw to foreign aid workers as light is to moths. Most did not care that it was under the auspices of the American consulate, that lonely outpost of American diplomacy on the frontier of South Asia. Lonely, that is, until the Russians invaded Afghanistan next door, a few miles away through a high mountain pass. Now one might rub elbows at the bar with the likes of Dan Rather or congressmen looking to absorb some local color and the ambiance of war to flesh out their stories when they went home. The tenor of the talk around the bar did not change; most of the regulars had seen or been a part of events so hair-raising, so beyond ken, that there was no



A SHAGGY DOG STORY HAS A STARTLING ENDING. BY JANICE S. SMYTH need for embroidery.

"Did you hear about the Germans?" Smitty asked Sean as he made the universal sign for another round of drinks for himself and the Irishman. The Pakistani barman left off stirring his milk tea to deliver two more Heinekens.

"What were they doing on the Dara road after 5 p.m.? Everyone knows it's no place to be at dat time of day."

"Yep, downright silly of the buggers if you ask me." Jock, the Australian deminer, offered, taking the last seat at the bar next to Smitty. It must have been the last seat in the house because no one willingly sat next to Smitty, at least not for very long, unless they wanted a drink, a cigarette or to be bored stiff amidst whiskey fumes. It never seemed to bother Sean; as long as Smitty bought him drinks and shared his cigarette pack he would sit there all

night, and, being an Irishman, occasionally get a word in himself.

"Gentlemen, let me buy you a drink," said a young, fresh-faced congressional staffer coming up to the corner of the bar between Smitty and Sean. His khakis were clean and immaculately pressed, his blue, button-down, collared shirt starched and still crisp despite the heat. "What's this I hear about Germans being kidnapped this afternoon?" The smoke was making his eyes water and a thin film of moisture was on his brow, either from excitement, or the humid Pakistani summer night.

Smitty turned slowly to face the youngster, his grizzled beard jutting out in appraisal as Jock and Sean exchanged glances.

"Here, take my seat; I was just getting a drink," Jock said quickly as he slid off the stool and turned to move into the crowd, making good his escape.

"A sorry end to a long, sad story," said Smitty shaking his head and sighing deeply.

"Oh?"

"Yes, we all knew it would happen one day. It was just a matter of time, that's all."

"Now, Smitty, you're not going to ..."

"Yes, Sean, I am. It's bound to come out after today."

Both of them stared into their drinks for several long moments.

"Well?" The staffer prompted eagerly, as he followed this exchange between the two men at the bar.

Smitty cleared his throat and stared off in space. "It all began when one of the Germans got cozy with a Chinese woman who was here with a multinational construction company — Fang Fang was her name.

"You'll have noticed there's not many expat females about, and his conquest did not sit too well with his fellow technicians. The Germans are here to build radio towers; that was what they were doing out on the Dara road. Here to do a job, they were, and no mucking about. All business, in the usual German style, except when they loosened up after a night of drinking. But come the next morning, all business again.

Janice Smyth, an OMS, is part of an FS tandem and has previously published nine TV puppet scripts for a U.N. Year of the Child program. She and her husband Richard, and their two daughters, have recently returned from a posting in Jamaica for an obligatory Washington tour. "Fang Fang used to come to the bar and stand in a corner with one drink all night. Watching, just watching. One night she picked out one of the Germans, Klaus, and the next thing he knew — the next thing we all knew they were an item.

"It was like they were joined at the hip. She was always wrapped around him and he began to take it as his due, arrogant bastard. Everyday she'd show up wherever the Germans were working and whisk him away in her little Datsun truck, leaving his mates to finish. No, sir, it didn't take long for that to drive a wedge between Klaus and the other workers."

Smitty paused and quaffed half his beer, smacking his lips. Sean was smiling down into his glass.

"Here, let me get you a refill," the staffer said, waving some money at the barman to get his attention.

"Decent of you," said Smitty. He took another long drink before he took up the tale once more.

"We all do work from time to time in the tribal areas, areas where Pakistani law doesn't reach. That's why it's a frontier, the Northwest Frontier to be precise. You won't find the police or the military venturing into those places. British tried to subdue them, you know, when they had India. Never were successful. They finally just set aside those border lands for the tribes and let 'em be. Thieves, robbers, brigands, smugglers — all of 'em. Some of the leaders of those tribes live right here in Peshawar. Welleducated, rich. Most of those large fancy houses in University Town belong to them."

"And Klaus and Fang Fang?" prompted the staffer.

"Ah, yes, Klaus and Fang Fang. Strange pair, strange pair." Smitty fell silent once more.

The staffer fidgeted with impatience, afraid that Smitty was just having him on and he would have no story to tell for his investment of drink and time.

"It all began the day Klaus and the other Germans were invited to go hunting by one of these khans on lands in the tribal areas. Now, hunting is a man's sport. It's what men do to get away from their wives, return to their primeval roots. Men go hunting so they can hawk and spit and tell dirty jokes and drink without feminine supervision. Fang Fang had had her grip on Klaus for a few months by then but, still, when he showed up with her on the morning of the hunt, the others were surprised. So, when they paired off, Klaus, of course, had Fang Fang as his partner.

"The khan provided them all with automatic weapons,

FOCUS

Fang Fang used to come to the bar and stand in a corner with one drink all night. Watching, just watching.

all except Fang Fang. Klaus couldn't tell what the khan thought of him bringing her along because all he did was stare; he never spoke directly to her or about her.

"They were going after partridge, which is something the tribals like to do, since partridge are considered gentlemen — they don't rise before nine." Smitty paused, expecting at the very least a smile from the staffer, but he was disappointed.

"They drove to the edge of a broken field, overgrown with tall grasses and stunted trees. The areas were divvied up, and the hunters all set off in the gray dawn so they could get to their lines before the birds started stirring. They were pretty scattered about over a large area, and Klaus and Fang Fang had wandered some way before they decided they must be where they were supposed to be.

"Klaus was deathly afraid of snakes. He'd heard stories, you see, of spitting cobras and two-step vipers. So he put Fang Fang out in front, thinking that if they were to stumble upon one of these nasty creatures Fang Fang would get bitten first. Klaus was not much of a hunter, or he would have known it's the last in line that gets the bite."

"Telling tales is thirsty work, is it not, Smitty?" Sean interjected, smiling pleasantly at the staffer. The staffer flushed, and hailed the barman once more.

"Another round."

"Han, sahib."

Smitty held up his glass and said, "Your health, sir."

"Yes, thanks, and yours," responded the staffer, more to show he had been around than to be polite. "Your story does tie in with the kidnapping in some way, you said?"

"Oh, you Yanks, always cutting straight to the heart of the matter. I was just setting the stage for you, as it were. Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, there were Klaus and Fang Fang shuffling through the gorse, the morning well gone and no sign of partridge or snake, or, more importantly, their host or any of the other Germans.

"They had some water, and Klaus had a hip flask of whiskey, but both were gone by the time they decided they were well and truly lost. Fang Fang curled up on Klaus' jacket under a stand of scrubby trees and announced she was going no further. He sat down with her, wishing he had more whiskey because for once her whining was getting on his nerves.

"A rustling in the brush startled her to silence and Klaus jumped up thrusting the automatic rifle in the direction of the noise. Fang Fang whispered that if it was a partridge she could cook it and at least they could eat. She picked up a small stone and lobbed it into the brush.

"Klaus was always uncertain about what happened next, but he swears a partridge went up as the jackal ran out. He let off a string of shots and the jackal dropped to the dust, dead. When she saw that he had hit the jackal instead of the partridge, Fang Fang screeched and howled and called him all sorts of names. The heat does that to you, you know, especially to women. He just turned his back on her and sat down.

"After a bit, when he heard nothing more out of her, he looked around, and there she was skinning that poor animal and doing a bang-up job of it. Pretty soon, she had a haunch all cleaned and ready for a fire. Well, by then his stomach was rumbling since it hadn't been fed since daybreak, so he helped her build a fire, thinking they could eat and signal to their group where to find them all in one go.

"Fang Fang seasoned it with some wild herbs and some salt from a nearby salt pan, and roasted it till the meat fell off the bone. The smell about drove Klaus as crazy as her whining had, and he felt ravenous by the time she would let him eat. Nothing tastes quite as good as that first mouthful if you're starving, and Klaus eventually would have regained his good humor — if it hadn't been for the tribals that showed up.

"One minute they were alone in the dark (for it was night by then), with only their small fire and a bit of the jackal left. And the next moment there were four men on the edge of the firelight, silent and staring."

"Who were they?" the staffer asked, now caught up in Smitty's story and unable to keep himself from interrupting.

Focus

Klaus was always uncertain about what happened next, but he swears a partridge went up as the jackal ran out.

"Some of the Waziri tribe, known for cross-border smuggling and blood feuding, that sort of thing. They salaamed and Klaus salaamed, then they sat down, their leader close to the fire with Klaus and Fang Fang, and the other three behind him. A fifth stood watch out in the shadows with an AK-47.

"Do not worry," their newcomer told them in stilted English. "He is a crack shot. Nothing will disturb us."

"It was then that Klaus made his fatal error. He offered them some jackal. A Muslim has strict dietary laws and more than just pork is considered haram, or unclean. You won't find an Afghan eating shellfish, for instance; a Kuwaiti will and a Pakistani might, if he's from Karachi, but an Afghan, never. Haram. And there's one thing they all agree is haram — dog. Canids rank right up there, or I should say right down there, with pig on the scale of unclean eatables. And a jackal is a canid. Tribals hate 'em cause they eat the partridge and will shoot them on sight, but they won't eat them; no, sir.

"Now, my Muslim friends say, if you don't know it's haram when you eat it, it is okay; but they're what you might call progressive. Afghans, on the other hand, are mortally insulted to be served, wittingly or unwittingly, anything unclean. Guess it's a throwback to us British and all that controversy over the new bullet that brought on the Mutiny, something about it being greased with pig fat. But I digress; that happens when your glass gets empty."



FOCUS

He thought it must be the one road in Pakistan without any cars, donkey carts or buses.

The staffer snapped his fingers without looking up, and the barman quickly filled Smitty's glass to the brim. As he turned away, Smitty reached out and grabbed the bottle.

"Here, Mustapha, leave that bottle. There's a good swig or two left in there."

"So, they ate the jackal?" the staffer gripped Smitty's forearm and he turned to face the young man.

"Yes, they ate it. Everything was jolly-jolly with the group, though Fang Fang had positioned herself close to Klaus and slightly out of the circle. Suddenly the look-out fellow came running into the camp carrying the carcass of the jackal and flung it at Klaus' feet. There was quite a stir-up then, lots of shouting and gesturing, and it was evident the leader was getting more and more incensed. Finally he turned to Klaus.

"You have dishonored us. You sat and watched us eat this unclean animal and you did nothing."

"I didn't know," stammered Klaus. "It was an honest mistake, I assure you."

"The harm is done. My men want you dead for this affront."

"Surely that cannot be. I am a German; I am here to help your people. I put up radio towers. I am a simple man in my country." He was babbling anything and everything that came to mind. Imagine an AK-47 pointed at you; you'd tell your life story or recite *War and Peace* if you thought it would buy you some time. Throughout all of this Fang Fang had not said a word — Klaus had offered them the meat, so maybe she thought she was not included in his trouble.

"She's German, too?" the leader asked, pointing at Fang Fang.

"No, she's Chinese. She cooked the jackal."

"Fang Fang hissed at Klaus then, and he threw up his arm to ward off a blow as she drew back her hand.

"Take her." The idea sprang into Klaus' mind and to his lips unbidden. "She is a good worker. Take her, and I will never breathe a word of this, not of the jackal, not of her."

"The leader turned to look at Fang Fang and his

eyes glittered in the firelight. A foreign woman could be valuable. The ransom for her would be sizable or she would be a trophy for his household, putting him one up over his fellow khans.

"Done," he said, and offered Klaus his hand on the deal as he had seen farenghees do with each other.

"Ahmad will take you to the nearest road. Goodbye, German. You better hope you do not meet anyone else tonight because you have nothing left to trade for your life a second time." He translated this to his followers and they all laughed appreciatively at his wit. Fang Fang did not catch on then to what was happening. She thought they were taking Klaus out to shoot him. She began screaming, a high-pitched, tinny sort of cry. It was the last thing Klaus heard from her, and he always wondered what she thought when the realization sank in that he had left her behind intentionally.

"An Afghan is good at his word, and Klaus was taken to a hard-topped road. He didn't know where he was or which way to start walking. He thought it must be the one road in Pakistan without any cars, donkey carts or buses. Eventually a bus did come along and gave him a lift to Landi Kotal. That's on the border, so there is no telling exactly where he and Fang Fang had been in the tribal areas. He called his mates from border police headquarters but they had to wait until daylight to nip out the 40 miles or so to Landi and bring him back to Peshawar. No one ever asked about Fang Fang. It was not until one night when Klaus was in his cups that he let slip what had happened to her. That's when we knew."

"Knew?"

"Knew something was going to happen to the Germans."

"But, how did you know they were going to be kid-napped?"

"I didn't know they were going to be kidnapped exactly, but I knew one way or another Fang Fang would get Klaus, and his friends. Ah, yes," Smitty went on, "there's more than one way to skin a cat, and more than one way to cook a jackal." ■

FOCUS O<u>N</u> FS FICTION

THE INTERVIEW

linking under the fluorescent lighting, Rosa approached the visa interview window. The interviewer stifled a yawn, and politely asked for her application and passport. Rosa's hands shook like freshly caught fish. She couldn't control them as they flopped toward the slit in

the greenish, bulletproof glass. The interviewer glanced down at Rosa's hands, then diverted her eyes to the computer screen. Her voice, now soft, asked where Rosa lived. Rosa's mouth filled with cotton.

"¿Mande?" she croaked, stalling for time.

"¿Donde vive?" the woman patiently asked again.

"I live in a pueblo, near Culiacan, Sinaloa," Rosa said thickly.

What was wrong with her? She had practiced this a million times on the 14-hour bus ride. The passengers had played interviewer and interviewee, practicing the answers to the questions they heard would be asked. The travel agent said the beginning ones were easy; if answered with sophistication, they could grease the way to a slam-dunk visa. Oh, God, how she needed this visa.

"What city would you like to visit in the U.S.?" "Disneylandia." They had told her that the Americans had a soft spot for Mickey Mouse visitors.

The interviewer frowned. "Where else would you like to go?"

What? What did she mean? Did the woman know that her cousin in Compton had a restaurant job waiting for her?

"¿Mande?" Rosa repeated weakly.

The interviewer pursed her lips, bleaching them white across the seam. "Can't you hear me?" she asked evenly.

"No, not really," Rosa replied, with downcast eyes. The interviewer tersely repeated the question.

"Tucson, Phoenix. I don't know. Somewhere to shop. They say the shopping is good there, no?" She forced a smile and it seemed to stretch across a face made of plastic.

The interviewer sighed and then asked for a job letter, paychecks and a social security form. Rosa thumbed through her envelope for the papers from her "job" at "Carlos' Car Shop." She was the "manager" and "had worked there for three years."

Rosa handed over the crisp, clean papers as if they were her grandmother's ancient rosary. They were just as valuable. For a year she had lied to Octavio, telling



A STRANGER HELPS ROSA LEARN THE TRUTH OF THE PROVERB: "THERE IS NO BAD FROM WHICH GOOD DOES NOT COME."

By Stephanie Rowlands

FOCUS

him that the rich family wouldn't give her a raise, and then hoarded her raise in the huge sack of pinto beans in the kitchen. A shiver coursed down her spine at the thought of her husband. She lifted her chin and clenched her teeth. This had to work. She was not going back.

She searched the interviewer's face for any sign of the bubbly voice she had heard through the partition while she had been waiting. The one that said, right after the job documents were given: "Your visa is approved. Please pass to the courier service window. Good day."

But the interviewer's face was as blank as her husband's the day she had asked him if he really loved her. The woman caressed the social security form with her finger and thumb. Rosa desperately tried to remember the feel. The vendor said it was infallible, that the papers looked so real the interviewers hardly ever took a second glance. What was she doing?

The interviewer cleared her throat and slowly looked into Rosa's eyes. "How long have you worked here? What's your boss's name? What do you do?"

She wasn't going back. Unblinking, Rosa locked eyes with the interviewer, and her practiced answers rolled off her tongue like the trills of a mariachi singer. Her heart beat wildly in her chest with the rush of adrenaline. For that brief moment she felt like the aggressor in a tango.

Silence followed her last answer; the woman continued searching her face with sad eyes. Could they be brimming with tears? They had whispered in the waiting room that she was the soft one. Rosa thumbed her new Virgin Guadalupe prayer card in her pocket and whispered a prayer for a miracle.

With a quick shake of her head, the interviewer's face again went blank. "We have to verify your documents. Please return at 2 p.m. You can enter with this," she thrust a pink piece of paper under the window. "That's all for now. Good day."

The volley of words hit her like her husband's fist. She blinked hard and stared at the woman.

"¿Mande?" she squawked. While staring at the computer screen, the interviewer repeated her reply.

Stephanie Rowlands is a free-lance writer and the mother of a toddler. Her husband joined the Foreign Service in 2000. She worked as a consular associate and English teacher in Hermosillo. They are currently posted in Guatemala City. "What else do you need?" Rosa stammered. She felt like she was drowning. "I have my car title, my light and water bills . . ."

"That is all for now," the woman said firmly.

Rosa walked blindly through the waiting room, focusing solely on the yellow arrows on the ground leading her to the exit. The waiting room seemed quieter to her now. Her footsteps echoed off the walls. She could hear murmurs and clicking of tongues. She could almost hear the shaking of the heads, lamenting her loss. But she didn't dare look up. Everyone had heard. She couldn't bear to have them see her cry.

Eyes watering, Rosa stood at the exit of the consulate as the world swirled around her.

"c^Taxi, muchacha, necesita un taxi?" offered an unshaven man with a dirty baseball cap.

She shook her head and started walking. The sun shone like a million flashlights and the heat stifled her like a wool blanket drawn over her head. She concentrated on breathing and walking.

"¡Rosa! !Rosal" shouted Paulina, a fellow bus passenger. Rosa jolted back to earth. Paulina came bounding up beside her.

"¿La recibiste? Did you get it?" Paulina jumped up and down, eyes sparkling behind her charcoal eyeliner and blue-tinted sunglasses. "Those fake docs worked, no?" In front of Rosa's face, she excitedly waved the turquoise blue strip of paper announcing the approval of her application.

"They're checking mine," Rosa said in a monotone.

"What?" Paulina stopped in mid-bounce.

"They're checking my papers," Rosa almost whispered.

"What do you mean?" Paulina's smile disappeared. Creases clogged the corners of her eyes.

"Exactly what I said. I have to come back at 2 p.m. to see what they find out."

"Dios mio. But . . . they told us the docs were foolproof. Mine worked!" she again flapped the blue strip in Rosa's face.

"I must have botched the interview. I couldn't stop shaking. I guess she was suspicious." Rosa's voice broke. She swallowed deeply, forcing her tears back.

"Oh, Rosa, don't worry. The guys who sold us the papers told us that these always worked. I'm sure you're covered." Paulina stared sympathetically at Rosa, then

$F \circ c \circ s$

looked down and bit her lip. She knew Rosa's chances were slim. "There's a bunch of us going to lunch. Wanna come?"

"No, gracias. I've got some errands to run," Rosa lied smoothly. "I'll meet you guys at the bus at 4 p.m. Hasta luego." She turned and quickly walked in the opposite direction of the people with the flapping blue strips. She wondered why she couldn't lie so easily during her interview.

Rosa had no idea where she was going. Food was the last thing on her mind. Her stomach churned with every step. Her eyes searched for shrubbery, just in case she had to throw up. Her head was spinning. "Dios mio. What have I done? What have I done?" she repeated under her breath. Block after block, she walked desperately, blindly, neither hearing the tinkling bells of the Chiclet vendors nor smelling the frying beef of the taco stands.

She did not notice when the sounds and smells disappeared either. Without warning, her toe caught a crack in the sidewalk and she went sprawling, hands sliding across the pavement. Her knees scraped the surface, and before she knew it she was spread-eagled on the ground. She lifted her head and made an effort to get up. Pain shot through her, like a thousand needles. She lay back down. Tears burst from her eyes like soda bursting from a can. Heaving sobs wracked her body. She didn't care if anyone was around, if anyone heard her. She just did not care anymore.

She cried until all that was left were brief shudders that trembled through her shoulders like wind in the trees. Eventually, she raised her head, brought her wrist to her face and clumsily wiped the snot puddled beneath her nose. Blood and pebbles matted her palms. She did not want to look at her knees. She turned her head and saw abandoned townhouses with weeds growing out of the windows and boards criss-crossing the doorways. She sighed and closed her eyes.

"; Señora! ¡Señora! ¿Está bien? Are you okay?" Heavy, shuffling footsteps came rushing up the

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sidewalk. Rosa lifted her head.

Dusty, paint-splattered boots, with broken laces and a hole in the big toe, stopped short in front of her face. " $_i$ Dios mio, hija! I was just walking along, looking for some shade to eat my lunch, when I see you lying across the sidewalk. Are you okay? What happened?"

The old man clumsily helped Rosa to a sitting position. She wiped her nose again with the back of her wrist and looked at the gentleman. He was covered with gray hair; a long mop on his head melted into the wiry brush on his face, encircling his brown-wrinkled skin. Paint speckles had caught in the web of his beard. His kind, coffee-colored eyes peered down at her. He gently led her back to a tree trunk. "Are you okay, hija? Can you speak?"

"Yes, I'm fine," Rosa croaked.

"Fine wouldn't be the word. Those knees ought to ache."

Rosa glanced down at her legs and let out a groan. Her knees looked like hamburger. Bloody rivulets fol-



The old gentleman walked up the sidewalk and retrieved a large paper sack and a milk jug filled with water.

"I dropped these and ran when I saw you lying there," he explained as he unwrapped the paper bag. Under the tree, he laid out a stack of tortillas wrapped in a dishcloth, a battered metal spoon, and a container of refried beans. He flattened the bag and took the tortillas out of the dishcloth. "We can use this to clean your knees," he offered, waving the cloth.

She nodded and sniffled like a child. She was content to have someone take care of her for a while. She drew in her breath sharply as he poured a stream of water over each knee. "I'm so sorry," he mumbled each time, glancing up solicitously at her contorted face.

"It's okay," she whispered. "Thank you for helping me." He nodded and she silently watched the top of his head while he carefully drenched the dishcloth with



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water and began to clean out the gravel in each wound. With white knuckles she gripped her handbag to keep from screaming.

"Wow. You must be somebody, with your high heels, pantyhose and suit, walking around here," he said, knowingly nodding his head. "Are you a lawyer or something?" He lifted his head, eyebrows raised. "Lots of women lawyers these days," he stated as he went back to her knees.

"Hah. Me? A lawyer? No, I'm nobody," she said bitterly. "Just a stupid nobody, trying to get a stupid visa, so I can get out of stupid Mexico. They told me to dress 'professionally.""

"You're not from around here, are you?" he said slowly, without looking up. "Your accent is different."

"A pueblo near Culiacan. I've never been here before. I'm the only one in my family who's been this far north."

"Well, you've got to be somebody to have made it all the way from Culiacan," he said matter-of-factly.

I've got to be somebody. She had never thought about it that way. Not many did make it this far from her pueblo.

"That's not an easy trip. And by yourself," he added.

"You can say that again," she sighed, her mind flickering back to those hot, stifling hours on the bus. "Why would you think I'm alone?" she asked, suddenly suspicious.

"Well, you're on this deserted street, blocks from the consulate, alone. And you said you were the first to travel this far. Right?" He knelt back on his haunches. "Done. You want to rinse your hands?"

She searched his face for bad intentions. He looked at her with raised eyebrows and fatherly kindness.

"Yeah." She sighed with relief and placed her palms under the water. It felt good. The throbbing of her knees lessened to a soft pulsing.

"Bet you're hungry." He threw some water on his hands, briefly dried them on his jeans, grabbed a tortilla, popped the top off the beans and slathered a spoonful on a tortilla. "Here," he thrust the burrito into her face. "You need to eat."

She briefly tried to resist, but he kept mumbling, "Eat, hija, eat. You have to eat."

"Thanks," she said, and took a bite. The taste of beans, butter and pork exploded into her mouth. She realized she hadn't eaten since yesterday and was famished. This was the best burrito she had ever had. They ate in silence for several mouthfuls. Then he cleared his throat and, between bites, asked, "So, what are you running from?"

The directness of the question surprised her. She stopped chewing and stared at his upraised eyebrows.

"You said you wanted to 'get out of stupid Mexico;' so I figured something or someone made it stupid," he explained.

She lowered her eyes and intently examined her burrito. The tortillas were handmade; she could tell by the uneven edges. She studied the burrito, stalling. She felt odd talking to a stranger. *But, why not*?, she thought. She hadn't talked to anyone about this mess, so why not a stranger?

"My husband." She lifted her bangs back to reveal a bluish-brown bruise on her left temple. The old gentleman abruptly stopped chewing.

"Son of a whore," he hissed between his teeth, and angrily tore another bite from his burrito. "How'd you get this far? Usually those kind of men don't let their women out of sight."

"I lied," she said slowly, ashamed. She told him her made-up story about her sick aunt in Obregon, whom she had to go care for. And how she had convinced her mother to lie for her if her husband called to check. She recounted the long months of hoarding the extra money in the pinto beans, how her mother met her at the roadside bus stop outside of Culiacan to give her the Virgin Guadalupe prayer card and to kiss her daughter goodbye forever, and how the bus driver cajoled her into spending her extra money on fake job documents, said to guarantee her visa.

"So, now I'm here, with bleeding knees, waiting to find out whether I have to go back to Culiacan or not." Her face drained of blood. She wasn't hungry anymore. The gentleman stared at her. She could feel his eyes burning into the top of her head.

"What do you mean, go back?" He paused. "Hermosillo has a million people. One could get lost here." He chewed thoughtfully for a few moments and added, "The lady whose house I'm painting is looking for someone to help clean and care for her kids. We go way back, she and I. I can put in a good word."

"But you don't know me." She looked at him curiously.

"I've heard what you've done. That's enough for me. You've got strength, courage." "But I lied," she said, her eyes brimming with tears.

"A Mexican proverb says, 'You judge the way you live." He took a final bite of his burrito and wiped his hands on his jeans. "I'll be at her house all week painting. Esperanza, numero 7. My name is Juan Diego," he said as he slowly got to his feet, brushed the seat of his pants and turned to her. "I have to get back to work, hija. You going to be all right?"

"Sí, señor. Muchas gracias for everything: the help, the food, the words. Thank you, señor." She didn't want him to leave. As long as he was here, the breeze kept blowing and the shade grew longer. When he left, she'd have to make decisions.

"Remember, hija, Esperanza, numero 7. But maybe you'll get the visa. In that case, 'No hay mal que por bien no venga.' Hasta luego, hija."

There is no bad from which good doesn't come. She turned the words over in her mind as she watched him until he reached the corner. He waved, and slowly disappeared behind a house. She looked down at her hands, slightly swollen with red indentations from the gravel. The blood on her knees had congealed. She kicked off her shoes and pulled off the remains of her stockings. It would have to do. The interviewer could only see her from the waist up anyway. Not that it mattered. But, of course, anything could happen.

She stopped. Anything *could* happen. Juan Diego was right. She didn't have to go back to Culiacan. She could get lost in this city. She could do it. He had called her strong. She had never felt strong. But he was right. Look what she did! She saved her money, escaped from her husband, and survived. This didn't have to be the end. This could be a beginning.

She could do anything. Stay in Hermosillo, go to the U.S. someday. She could do anything. A smile spread across her face. She pursed her lips together, straightened her shoulders, and lifted her chin. She was somebody. Rosa glanced down at her watch: 1:45 p.m. She'd have to hurry. She gave a quick squeeze and whispered "Gracias" to Guadalupe in her pocket, gathered up her purse and headed for the consulate. ■





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FEAR VS. HOPE: AMERICA AND GLOBAL SECURITY

TO BE TRULY SECURE, AMERICA NEEDS TO CHANGE THE WAY IT LOOKS AT THE REST OF THE WORLD — AND PAY ATTENTION TO SOME LARGER UNDERLYING TRENDS.

By Gordon Adams

he 2004 presidential campaign could have facilitated a useful debate about the nature and purpose of American engagement in the world. But instead, it focused narrowly on terrorism and Iraq policy (and, to a lesser degree, home-

land security). As a result, seven months later we are saddled with a near-term policy that could easily produce longterm insecurity, a national security strategy built on a scaffolding of fear and a vision of global hand-to-hand combat with terrorist organizations.

That strategy commits us to pre-empting — acting unilaterally if necessary — any effort we choose by any group or nation anywhere in the world to employ weapons of mass destruction or use terrorist methods to attack the United States or U.S. interests. It has recently been sup-

Gordon Adams, a professor of international affairs, is the director of the Security Policy Studies Program at the Elliott School of International Affairs, The George Washington University. From 1993 to 1997, he was associate director for national security and international affairs at the Office of Management and Budget, and from 1998-1999 he was deputy director of the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London. He is the author of numerous studies on national security policy and budgeting, and on transatlantic defense relationships, including The Politics of Defense Contracting: The Iron Triangle (Transaction Publishers, 1981). plemented to commit us to promote democratization around the world, with Iraq and Afghanistan serving as the test cases.

But while real, the security problems this approach is intended to address — terrorism and weapons of mass destruction — are tactics used in the pursuit of larger goals by nations and transnational movements. Dedicating the entire architecture of national security to combating these two threats, as we have done for the past four years, has actually made matters worse. Iraq has become a breeding ground and training site for terrorists, while the race to acquire nuclear technology continues elsewhere, partly in response to U.S. policy.

Meanwhile, the Bush administration is ignoring some powerful underlying trends in international security affairs that spawn terror and enhance the demand for nuclear weapons and other WMDs. Unless these trends are addressed, and soon, we will be fighting terrorists and fearing nukes for a very long time indeed. However, addressing them requires an integrated use of all the tools of statecraft and a long-term engagement with other states and organizations, even those that are not like-minded — perhaps especially those.

Successful engagement on these long-term issues will require a profound shift in the way Americans view themselves and the impact of their country on the world. Above all, it calls for a recognition that the United States does not stand above events in the world, responding to threats, but is, itself, an independent variable, an actor whose past and p resent actions have shaped how the rest of the world views us and how other countries set their respective security strategies.

Focusing on Symptoms

Giving priority to the symptoms of world disorder is not only ineffective, but counterproductive to our own security. Terror is not an "ism." It is a tactic, one used by organizations (sometimes supported by states) to pursue broader political aims. Weapons of mass destruction have always been just that — weapons, developed by states and organizations for a larger purpose, such as deterrence, projection of power or assertion of sovereignty.

The invasion of Iraq and the overall war on terror both

illustrate this dilemma. Going after Saddam Hussein before the job was finished on Osama bin Laden was a fundamental miscalculation. Regardless of their connection (which all available data suggest was, at most, arm's-length), prosecuting the Iraq war directly and specifically distracted us from pursuing al-Qaida. There is overwhelming evidence that troops, special forces, CIA

assets and Civil Service personnel were drawn out of Afghanistan to prepare for Iraq, reducing significantly the forces available and ready to pursue al-Qaida in the hills between Afghanistan and Pakistan. And as anyone with government service knows, the attention span of senior officials is limited by the same time and energy constraints that affect all humans; accordingly, terrorism fell to the second tier as soon as the White House decided to invade and occupy Iraq.

Worse, our massive misunderstanding and mishandling of ethnic and religious tensions in Iraq contributed to the chaos that followed the war, forcing U.S. troops to remain there far longer than anticipated. We have become the occupiers, the alien virus that has invaded the host Iraqi body. As a result, Iraq and terror are now connected in a way they were not two years ago. Indeed, the National Intelligence Council concluded recently that Iraq is now the principal training ground for terrorist organizations such as al-Qaida. Or to quote from a 2004 Jaffee Center for Strategic Studies report:

"During the past year Iraq has become a major distraction from the global war on terrorism. [It] has now become a convenient arena for jihad, which has helped al-Qaida to recover from the setback it suffered as a result of the war in Afghanistan. With the growing phenomenon of suicide bombing, the U.S. presence in Iraq now demands more and more assets that might otherwise have been deployed against various dimensions of the global terrorist threat."

The need to keep more forces in the Persian Gulfregion for a longer time than planned is stressing not only the U.S. Army, but our entire military. Currently, we are calling to active duty nearly 185,000 National Guard and reserve forces at a time. And our stated commitment to ward off all possible security threats means we will need even more troops, which will be more widely dispersed as other adversaries take them on globally. Overstretch will be the result.

The administration's repeated supplemental funding requests for this effort are having serious negative conse-

Dedicating the entire architecture of national security to combating terrorism and WMDs has actually made

matters worse.

quences for the budget deficit, squeezing funding for domestic needs. In turn, our mounting deficits have a destabilizing effect on the dollar and the willingness of other governments to hold U.S. Treasury notes, with long-term consequences for the U.S. economy and our global leadership role.

In short, Washington is alienating its friends, allies

and neutrals around the globe. No rhetoric and no public relations effort can conceal the reality that the U.S. is unpopular today virtually around the world.

Underlying Global Trends

A new and more hopeful long-term security vision is badly needed if our growing insecurity is to be reversed. That vision needs to be based on the recognition that there are three major, interrelated global trends under way that are fueling the threats of terrorist attacks and the proliferation of WMD.

First, as the World Bank has warned, is the emergence of three classes of nations: the globalized, the "new globalizers" (e.g., China, India and Mexico) and the "poor" (the swath of underdeveloped countries from southern Africa to the tip of Indonesia). Or call them the "haves," the "soon-to-haves" and the "have-nots." Societies in that last category suffer from high rates of unemployment, population growth and hopelessness, rendering them a fertile breeding ground for security threats. This linkage may well constitute the most critical, yet underappreciated, security issue facing the U.S. Our current strategy of policing "the gap" (to use Thomas Barnett's term) is simply not working. To meet the security threats generated there, we need broad international engagement in new forms of assistance, international financial reform, and a trade policy that is more ambitious and targeted to meet the needs of the "have-nots."

The second global trend is the crisis of governance. The geography of the "have-nots" overlaps closely with the regions where governance is either authoritarian, weak, unstable, brittle or non-existent. This governance problem was masked by the Cold War, but is now exposed in countries ranging from Indonesia, where the feeble light of elections flickers but civil society remains fragile, through Pakistan, where poor governance poses a serious regional (and perhaps global) security challenge, to the Middle East, where autocratic governance clearly conceals high risks of social and political instability. Moreover, with the disintegration of the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact, the governance crisis prevails in an even broader part of the world.

The current prescription for addressing poor governance, and the only positive security message the U.S. has provided in the last four years, is to promote democracy. Democracy is unquestionably a "good thing," though we may not like the results of democratic elections, whether in Iraq or elsewhere. Helping countries develop governments that are at least minimally representative and responsive, have effective control over their territory and can deliver for their people is essential in order to pave the way for meaningful solutions to multiple social and economic crises. It is also needed to stem the tide of such transnational threats as mass migrations, trade in narcotics, human trafficking and international crime. (Conversely, its absence reinforces the problem of global inequality.) But democracy promotion alone is an inadequate and even dangerous answer to our security problems. Achieving democracy is a long-term and uncertain process. Moreover, democracy, installed from the outside and with no

The U.S. needs an integrated, global and hopeful vision of national security, one that focuses on the long term.

attention to economic inequality or ethnic and religious hatred, risks becoming tyranny. Democracy promotion will not address our larger security agenda, as will be discussed below.

The third trend sweeping through many of the same nations can be called "tribalism," a surge of ethnic and religious hatred unleashed by the end of the Cold War that has become one of the most powerful forces reinforcing conflict around the world. Contrary to the optimistic predictions of a decade ago, history has not "ended," but has become inflamed.

While tribalism is linked to inequality and weak or brittle governance, it is also identifiably separate. Conflicts of belief do not always fit with a realist approach, or with a focus on economic stress. The "clash" of Islam and Christianity is only one manifestation; Kashmir has a different version, as do the Israeli-Palestinian conflict and the Balkans.

Collectively, these three trends constitute the underlying threat to our national security and to global stability. They operate in synergy, a witches' brew that national security policymakers around the globe will face for decades. Only by recognizing these trends and creating a hope for greater equality, effective governance and an end to tribal warf are will the U.S. and the international community be able to truly come to grips with the symptomatic dilemmas of terror and proliferation.

Towardan Integrated Strategy

The U.S. needs an integrated, global and hopeful vision of national security, one that focuses on the long term and on overcoming these trends. The current candidate for such a unifying vision is democracy promotion. But while attractive, the promotion of democracy will not address these underlying trends and could make them even more dangerous. First of all, democracy is not a recipe for ending the inequality that results from a globalized economy and failed governance. It is also a very far-off result of very complex processes, which include the emergence of an economic middle class, more effective governance and a reduction in tribalism.

Promoting democracy without addressing poverty, government failure and tribalism only delivers these stresses into a system of governance that cannot resolve them. This, in turn, leads to the kind of rollbacks we have seen in Russia, where economic setbacks have led to a sustained centralization of power and a sharp decline in democracy. Letting countries "eat democracy" exposes them to the risk of tyranny, if these underlying issues are not addressed.

The Bush administration has been swift to hail the January legislative elections in Iraq as vindication of its strategy. Yet democratization was a post-hoc rationale for a policy whose main pillar, Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction, had collapsed. Moreover, elections took place there not because the U.S. encouraged them, but because leading Shiites insisted on them despite the objections of a substantial, irredentist minority that sustains the insurgency.

Even when democracy does come, it sometimes does not produce the outcome Washington wants. Palestinians overwhelmingly elected Yasser Arafat as their leader long before the Iraqi elections, yet the Bush administration refused to deal directly with him; then, after Arafat's death, Washington suddenly revived its support for the democratic process in Palestine, claiming a linkage to its Iraq policy. Lebanon is not Ukraine; it is a countrythat actually had a functioning democracy for decades, whose return was demanded because the Syrians may have overreached with the death of Hariri Rafik. All these political events in the Middle East are desirable, but do not answer the long-term problems of economic drift and tribalism in the region.

While the promotion of democracy may be a useful element of a broader strategy, it is not even clear that it is being effectively supported by the No rhetoric and no public relations effort can conceal the reality that the U.S. is unpopular today virtually around the world.

U.S. government today. The vast bulk of our funding devoted to the Middle East and the battle against terrorist organizations goes to support regimes that are autocratic if not authoritarian, such as Egypt, Jordan and Pakistan, or that have established only a thin veneer of democratic elections, such as Afghanistan. And assistance directly supporting the advance of the rule of law and democratization in other parts of the world, including the former Soviet Union, Asia, Africa and Latin America, has been cut, not increased.

For all these reasons, the United States needs to develop a more integrated focus on the underlying dilemmas facing a substantial part of the world. Implementing such a vision will require fundamental changes in the way the U.S. conducts its statecraft, to integrate and take advantage of the synergy of all the tools of statecraft. It will require a genuine willingness to seek international partners in the effort. And it calls for a recognition that the U.S. is neither a "savior nation" nor a "benign hegemon," but another, powerful actor in an international system - whose past and pre-



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The only positive security message the U.S. has is to promote democracy. But that is not enough to undo the damage of the past four years.

sent actions have had both positive and negative consequences for its own security and for global security.

Sharpening Our Tools

Integrating the tools of statecraft is the first challenge. One of the singular failings of U.S. national security policy today has been our inability or unwillingness to strengthen, integrate and fully use all the tools at our disposal. Over the past four years, diplomacy has been set aside and used only sparingly and ineffectively. We handed the job of planning Iraqi reconstruction and governance to an institution — the Pentagon — manifestly unskilled at the task, and left the State Department out of the game. We handed the implementation of those policies to the military, untrained for and unskilled at the task and preoccupied, understandably, with security. Secretary of State Powell was embarrassed by an ill-informed brief he presented before the United Nations. The interagency turf struggle, normal in the best of times, became a scorched-earth battle like few have seen, to the clear detriment of an integrated approach to Iraq. Today it may be too late to recover from the dam-Winning without war, as the age.

Terrorism and weapons of mass destruction a re tactics used in the pursuit of larger goals by nations and transnational movements.

Chinese strategist Sun Tzu argued, is the best way to win. But it means putting diplomacy front and center, not at the margins.

Our economic tools have also been underutilized; nor have they been integrated into an overall national security strategy. International financial policy has been virtually invisible in this administration: there has been no crafting of strategies to address the capital needs and adverse international financial flows affecting the "have-Trade policy has not" countries. focused on marginal agreements for free trade with already advanced "soon-to-have" countries, but has not addressed the agricultural market problems of the most poor countries. Development assistance has been "reformed" by creating a fifth development assistance program - the Millennium Challenge Corporation alongside the existing spigots -USAID, defense assistance, State Department Economic Support Funds and Treasury Department contributions to the multilateral development banks. These programs are scarcely coordinated within the U.S. government, let alone with other donors. Yet these are the very tools needed to fashion a coordinated plan for tackling





the agenda of global inequities.

Our intelligence tool has been especially poorly used. Nearly all the preparations for the 9/11 terrorist attacks were missed by the intelligence community, and policy-makers ignored the few warnings that came to What "truth-telling" intellithem. gence agencies may have wanted to communicate about Iraq was lost in the fog of the intention to go to war and preconceived notions about the basis for that war, and superseded by flawed, biased data that came from outside channels, such as the Iraqi National Congress. As former Rep. Lee Hamilton, co-chair of the 9/11 Commission, has observed, the intelligence community may always have provided the intelligence the president wanted, but it does not seem to have given him what he needed. Of course, there is reason to speculate that this was because he did not want to hear information that contradicted his beliefs — a sign the intelligence tool was poorly integrated into the strategy.

Yet the agenda of fundamental issues we face demands, more than ever before, good intelligence that can be integrated into our national security strategy. Shuffling the boxes on the organizational chart, however wellintentioned, will not ensure that policy-makers obtain such intelligence, and may prove to be a bureaucratic distraction. Intelligence needs to go looking in some dark places to be useful; it will not do to look under the lamppost for the keys simply because the light is better there.

Public diplomacy is another critical tool. We have had a lot of public relations efforts, but precious little public diplomacy. The PR campaigns we have waged in the Middle East, whether by radio or television, have not been well-received in the region; they may even have backfired when inconsistent with our policy. Furthermore, it is not enough to throw money How the U.S. uses its position as the sole superpower shapes how the rest of the world regards us.

at the problem: public diplomacy must reflect understanding and empathy for the regions and populations we wish to reach.

Finally, we have the military tool, especially large in size and budget under the current administration. Vital as it is, armed might is still a support function in the national security toolkit. Or to put it another way, it is often the horse on which effective diplomacy rides, but it cannot and should not be the lead horse on the team. As we have seen in Iraq, our overstressed military is willing to do whatever policy-makers ask of them, and to devise inventive responses to get the job done; but the armed forces are simply not well-suited to the task of nation-building - leading efforts to promote effective governance and economic development. We run the risk of damaging this essential instrument by over-relying on it and using it inappropriately.

Even with a complete set of integrated tools, the United States cannot tackle these underlying security issues alone. Virtual unilateralism must end; it is counterproductive to achieving our national security goals. Economic inequality, brittle or anarchic governance and tribal strife cannot be addressed in a "my way or the highway" manner. This is not an argument about permission slips or global tests; it is about the underlying problems and how they can be effectively addressed.

That means persuading others of the wisdom of our vision. Only then can we enlist the participation and cooperation of a very wide array of actors — allies, international organizations and governments, even those wary of us — in support of tackling these underlying problems. It also means accepting the fact that we have squandered an extraordinary amount of good will in the world over the past four years, which will not be easily rebuilt.

The Need for Self-Awareness

The United States has acted in and on the world for more than two centuries. It has done so not as an exceptional nation, unlike any other, nor the "indispensable nation" once championed by Secretary of State Albright, let alone a benign hegemon. The sooner we get over these notions, the easier it will be to tackle the broad agenda, integrate the tools, and win the support and trust of others.

We are the most militarily powerful country in the world and have a history of interaction, involvement, support, invasion, intrusion and cooperation — a web of experience that links us to the rest of the world. We are, and have often been, the elephant of which the ants are wary, sometimes doing good and sometimes not, but always pursuing what we see as our interests. And while we are a great democracy, our democratic process is sometimes flawed and far from the only example for the world to follow.

Throughout our history, Americans have been eager to pat ourselves on the back for being the "good guy" who always acts selflessly, with the best interests of everybody else in mind. We rarely see ourselves the way others see us, understanding that what we do and have done in the past has had an impact on their lives, on how they view security, and on how they view us. So we are startled, in our ahistoric way, when disapproval of our policies rises around the world and we are not beloved. Yet that is precisely where we are today.

Gen. Wayne Downing, who once ran the White House counterterrorism office, has said that Osama bin Laden has been able to "convince the Islamic world that the U.S. is the common enemy," while "we have done little or nothing. That is the big failure." This is classic myopia. There is no awareness in such a statement that our policies and actions in the region may have contributed to making bin Laden's message attractive to less extremist Muslims. Nor does it take into account the very real possibility that many Muslims hate our policies, not our culture and values.

To paraphrase James Carville, "It's the policy, stupid" should be the mantra of every national security policy-maker, rather than delusions that we are a target because our opponents "hate our freedom" or resent our exports of Coca-Cola, McDonald's and Microsoft. From the perspective of many in the region, American policy toward the Middle East is driven by our desire to ensure an endless supply of cheap oil and to support the Sharon government in its dispute with the Palestinians. It is to accomplish those goals, they contend, that Washington backs authoritarian monarchies, stations troops in the region and detains (and mistreats) Muslims for years at a time. Even our support for democracy is sometimes seen as hypocritical, given our tendency to downplay it when other interests, such as fighting terrorists, a re at stake.

No matter how strongly we defend our policies, they just are not selling in the region. And even the most skillful public diplomacy will not change that. This point of self-awareness is critical. When we support autocratic governments, regardless of our motives, we Persisting on our current path will only build popular support for groups like al-Qaida, leaving us insecure for a very long time, indeed.

are not going to become beloved. When we lash out at other governments for not supporting us at all times, we may feel good, but the risks to our security have increased at the same time. And when we invade and occupy a country that has not attacked us, it calls into serious question our commitment to self-determination.

Persisting on our current path will only build popular support for groups like al-Qaida, leaving us insecure for a very long time, indeed. Conversely, offering a hopeful vision through willingness to tackle the agenda of underlying global security threats would go a long way toward dealing with the root causes of the near-term threats of tenor and nuclear proliferation in an integrated and effective way. Of course, this will require us to listen to others and to show some humility and awareness of our own history and its impact on the rest of the world. Showing, in Thomas Jefferson's words, "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" will not rob us of our confidence and security. In fact, the reverse is the case: until we learn from history, and are able to see ourselves as others see us, our engagement and our leadership are doomed to failure.



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Schools Supplement

APPLYING TO U.S. COLLEGES: A PRIMER FOR FS TEENS

THE BASICS MAY BE THE SAME TODAY AS IN THE PAST, BUT THE PROCESS IS NOW FAR MORE COMPETITIVE.

By Francesca Huemer Kelly

ack in the dark ages when we parents were teenagers, the college application process seemed a lot easier. You picked three schools: a "reach," a "match" and a "safety." You were sure to get into at least one of them, and that was the end of that. The basics may be the same

today, but the process is far more competitive. In fact, a whole industry — of advice books, Web sites, prep courses and college consultants — has cropped up around the college admissions process. That's because the percentage of young people applying to American colleges has snowballed in recent years. Consequently, it's no longer a given that you will get into the school your parents went to, or even into the one you once would have considered a safety school.

The biggest change in the college application process, however, involves the Internet, and that's very good news for most Americans living overseas. Not only do colleges offer Web sites where you can get information and download admissions applications, but you can also apply electronically to several colleges at once. You may find out you were accepted or rejected via e-mail, and almost all financial aid counselors prefer that you complete financial aid forms online. It's still difficult for Foreign Service kids living abroad

Francesca Huemer Kelly, a Foreign Service spouse presently based in Brussels, is a professional free-lance writer, published regularly in American and international magazines. She is a founder of Tales from a Small Planet (talesmag.com), was the Web site's editor-in-chief from 1999 to 2003, and currently serves in an advisory capacity. Also a trained concert singer, Ms. Kelly has lived in Milan, Leningrad, Moscow, Belgrade, Vienna, Ankara and Rome. She is the mother of four children. to visit schools, but now you can take a virtual tour instead.

Although the climate is more competitive than ever, if you've lived overseas, you've got an edge. "The advantage American kids have in living abroad is their broader perspective of the world," says Mary Karen Vellines, senior associate dean of admission at Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y. "Most colleges and universities look for students who are going to bring diversity to a campus."

Students from overseas high schools are attractive to colleges "because of their international experiences," according to Tom Smith, college counselor at the International School of Brussels. "The fact that most of our kids have moved frequently and been able to cope with change is a big plus."

But what if you don't have access to a college counselor, a guidance department or even, in the case of home-schoolers, a school building?

Don't worry. Applying to college with little support can be done. This article aims to make the process clearer for far-flung Foreign Service families: first with an overview of what exactly makes up a college application, and then a step-by-step preparation plan.

The Application

Your college application, when completed and ready to send (usually by a Jan. 1 deadline), will generally contain the following:

• An application form: the Common Application (a timesaver used by a growing number of colleges), the school's own unique application, or the Common Application plus individual school supplements. Here you will provide basic personal data, list extracurricular activities and awards, write at least one essay, and sometimes give snappy answers to quirky questions.

• Your official transcript: the grades you earned for all four years of high school, with the senior spring semester *Continued on page* 69

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Continued from page 67

grades to be sent after you graduate.

• Recommendations from teachers and others who know your strengths.

• Standardized test results such as SAT I and SAT II scores (these are sent to the colleges you specify through the College Board), as well as any AP (Advanced Placement) and IB (International Baccalaureate) test results, if applicable.

• An application fee (usually around \$50).

You or your high school guidance department will put these packages together, and at least part of the application may be sent electronically. But even with help, you will need to check the application requirements of each college you are applying to, as requirements do vary.

Now, what exactly should you do throughout high school so that your college application will shine? You need to find a few things, such as sports, the arts or volunteer work, about which you are passionate.

Freshman and Sophomore Years

• Make sure you have Internet access. A home computer with Internet access will make your college search and the application process much easier.

• Map your major courses for all four years of high school. This is the time to get on track with your high school courses in the sequence that you want.

• Take the most challenging courses you can handle and get good grades. Your transcript is the most important part of your application.

• Develop your extracurricular interests. You don't need to have a finger in every pie, but you do need to find a few things, such as sports, the arts or volunteer work, about which you are passionate. Being a leader in a few activities counts for more than being a follower in many.

• Find out about AP courses and IB programs, which generally begin in 11th grade. These programs are not for everyone, but they do strengthen your application.

• Consider how you will spend your summers. Kids back home often spend at least part of the sum-*Continued on page 71*



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Continued from page 69

mer working, volunteering, participating in a college summer program or attending specialized camps. These are good choices for you, too, but you may have more unique opportunities in a foreign country. Also, once you're 16, don't forget about the summer-hire program at most embassies. Experience working in an embassy will set your application apart.

Junior Year

This is the year that counts more than any other. If your grades have been poor or mediocre up to this point, it may be too late to get into the most selective schools, but a dramatic improvement will show college admissions officers at the many other excellent colleges out there that you have grown in maturity and responsibility. If your grades are already good, this is the year to take a good If your grades have been poor or mediocre, a dramatic improvement will show that you have grown in responsibility.

look at your skills and interests so that you will be able to formulate goals based on self-knowledge.

During the Fall Semester:

• **Register and take the PSAT.** While these scores aren't included in your admissions application, they do qualify you for National Merit Scholarships if they're high enough. If you have taken any SAT prep courses over the summer, you will probably want to take the SATs as soon as possible while the material is still fresh in your head. By the way, if you are disciplined enough to study just an hour or two a week with SAT prep workbooks, you don't need to pay for expensive prep courses. "If" is the operative word here.

• If you will need financial aid, start checking out possible scholarship sources, such as www.fastweb.com. Don't forget, AAFSW (www.aafsw.org) and AFSA (www. afsa.org) sponsor scholarships for Foreign Service children.

• Start your research using books, magazines and the Internet. This is the fun part: looking for colleges where you'll flourish. If you're being schooled at home, or are without reliable Internet access, *Continued on page 72*



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Jeanne M. Pacheco, Director of Admission and Placement

Continued from page 71

In today's competitive climate, most students apply to six to nine colleges, spread relatively evenly among reach, match and safety schools.

make sure you have a comprehensive college resource book, such as *The Best 357 Colleges* (Princeton Review), so that you can see at a glance what high school courses U.S. colleges require for admission.

• Attend college fairs, usually hosted by international schools. Also, the Office of Overseas Schools sponsors the Overseas School Project in conjunction with the College Board, providing information and workshops at overseas posts and schools through visiting admissions deans.

• Put together a filing system or notebook for your college choices. When you register on college Web sites, you will start getting materials in the mail. You will need ways to organize brochures and applications: a special bookshelf, notebook, computer database, portable filing cabinet or a combination of these.

• Keep your grades up, and get tutoring in weak subjects if necessary.

During the Spring Semester:

• Narrow your field of colleges. In today's competitive climate, most students apply to six to nine colleges, spread relatively evenly among reach, match and safety schools. "I sit down with a student and we compare his grades and test

Continued on page 76

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JUNIOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Bishop Strachan	66	880	All girls	15	60	PK-12	Υ	Limited	10	Y	Y/Y	Limited	32,000
British School of Washington	91	300	50/50	NA	50	PK-12	N	N	10	Y	NA	NA	17,500
Dana Hall School	89	454	All girls	50	11	6-12	Y	Limited	12	Y	Y	Ν	34,425
Grier School	70	196	All girls	100	37	7-12, PG	Y	Y	120	Ν	Y	Y	33,900
Oldfields School	79	190	All girls	75	15	8-12, PG	Y	Limited	35	N	N	Y	35,900
Orme School, The	75	170	51/49	80	20	8-12, PG	Y	Limited	70	Y	N/Y	Limited	29,190
Perkiomen School	70	265	60/40	60	20	5-12, PG	Y	Y	50	Y	Y	Ν	31,200
Shattuck - St. Mary's School	85	300	61/39	70	20	6-12, PG	Y	Y	45	Y	Y	N	29,900
Webb School, The	83	280	55/45	33	12	7-12, PG	Υ	Y/N	45	Υ	Y	Y	27,250

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Foxcroft School	81	186	All girls	71	14	9-12	Y	N	30	Y	Y	Y	35,700
Idyllwild Arts Academy	69	262	40/60	85	27	9-12, PG	Y	N	120	Y	Y	Ν	35,800
Kents Hill School	76	215	60/40	70	20	9-12, PG	Y	Y	50	Y	Y	Limited	33,900
Mercersburg Academy	81	440	51/49	83	11	9 -12, PG	Y	Y/N	90	Y	Y	Ν	34,700
Miss Hall's School	75	170	All girls	75	18	9-12	Y	NA	40	Y	Y	N	35,800
Montverde Academy	73	170	55/45	71	50	7-12	Y	Limited	22	Y	Y	Limited	18,455
Purnell School	79	110	All girls	85	10	9-12	Y	Y	35	Y	Y	N	34,725
Western Reserve	73	375	55/45	65	11	9-12, PG	Ν	Ν	35	Y	Y	Y	26,700

Notes: NA - Not Applicable. ADD - Attention Deficit Disorder. LD - Learning Disability.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Katie

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Students are often concerned with which university is going to 'want them,' but it is equally important for them to recognize that they are the consumers.

scores to the average grade-point average and scores at each college he's interested in," says Mary Ellen Cochran, guidance counselor at the International School of Brussels. "Sometimes this is painful, if the student wants to apply to all Ivy League schools and has a C average. In that case, I urge him to add some safety schools to his list and to be more realistic."

If your family has established residency in a home state, remember that in-state tuition is far less expensive than at private universities and colleges, and you'll get a fine education at most public universities.

Many college graduates end up living and working where they attend college. Keep this in mind when making up your list of colleges. Also, a location fairly close to relatives or friends, so that you feel you have a "home base" not far from college, is particularly important for Foreign Service kids.

• Write your admissions essays now. They're not due until late fall, but the first semester of your senior year is going to be very, very busy. Go to http://www.commonapp.org and click on FAQ to find the essay questions for this year and the next on the Common Application. If the colleges you're interested in don't use the

Common Application, write the essays for those colleges as soon as you have their application for the upcoming year.

• Choose an impartial adult to look over your essays. Parents are — ahem — not always known for being objective, so choose a teacher, family friend or anyone whose opinion you trust. The rule of thumb for essays is: show, don't tell. Small, wellwritten details of one experience say far more about your character than a sentence like, "Tm a really creative person."

• Compile your résumé if you haven't already done so. This is a list of everything you've done that would be of interest to college admissions officers: your volunteer work at the hospital, your school newspaper position, your varsity letter in basketball and your summer waitressing job.

• Ask for recommendations in the spring of junior year, not in the fall of senior year. Teachers are swamped with requests for letters of recommendation in the fall, and at that point, they're rushed by a deadline. Asking them early gives them time to reflect and write wonderful things about you. Also, if you've recently moved, teachers at your last school are more likely to remember you the earlier you contact them! (Note: Be sure to send a handwritten thank-you note to anyone who helps you with your application.)

• Take SATs and appropriate SAT II subject tests.

• Take advantage of home leave by scheduling college tours and interviews, although interviews aren't always required. Says Kathy McKenna, college counselor at St. John's International School in Brussels and a former college admissions officer: "The interview is two-sided. It is the opportunity for students to find out why they should go to a particular college. Students are often concerned with which university is going to 'want them,' but it is equally important for them to

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Marymount International	68	800	49/51	NA	50	PK-12	Ν	Limited	15	Y	Ν	Ν	19,285
School													
St. Stephens School	82	214	45/55	15	59	9-12, PG	Ν	Ν	12	NA	Y	Ν	34,450*

OTHER

88 Bringing the FS community together to promote a better quality of life. Go to www.aafsw.org AAFSW Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide **FSYF** Foreign Service 80 Assists Foreign Service Youth by coordinating development programs. Go to www.fsyf.org Youth Foundation

Notes: NA - Not Applicable. ADD - Attention Deficit Disorder. LD - Learning Disability. * Approximately Euro 26,500 - based on the rate of exchange in May 2005.



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Resources for the College Application Process

Web Sites

www.collegeboard.com (register here to take PSAT, SAT, and SAT II tests)

www.commonapp.org (click here to fill out and submit the Common Application) http://www.fafsa.ed.gov/ (most colleges will require you to apply for financial aid using this site)

http://profileonline.collegeboard.com/ind ex.jsp (many will also want you to use this site)

www.fastweb.com (register here to get scholarship alerts via e-mail) www.kaplan.com (helpful e-mail alerts for

parents and students) http://www.afsa.org/scholar/index.cfm (AFSA scholarship information) http://www.aafsw.org/aafsw/awards.htm

(AAFSW scholarship information)

College Admissions Counselors

www.nacac.com National Association for College Admission Counseling www.educationalconsulting.org Independent Educational Consultants Association

Books

• Best 357 Colleges, 2005 Edition (*Best Colleges*), by Robert Franek et. al. (*Princeton Review*, 2004)

• Unofficial, Unbiased Guide to the 331 Most Interesting Colleges 2005, by Kaplan (Kaplan, 2004)

• A Is for Admission: The Insider's Guide to Getting into the Ivy League and Other Top Colleges, by Michele A. Hernández (Warner Books, 1999)

• The Gatekeepers: Inside the Admissions Process of a Premier College, by Jacques Steinberg (Penguin Books, 2003)

• *The Insider's Guide to the Colleges,* **2005 (31st Edition**), by *Yale Daily News* (St. Martin's Griffin, 2004)

Fiske Guide to Colleges 2005, by Edward Fiske (Sourcebooks, 2004)
How to Go to College (Almost) for Free, by Ben Kaplan (Harper Resource, 2002)
Get Into Any College: Secrets of Harvard Students, by Gen and Kelly Tanabe (Supercollege LLC, 2001) • Harvard Schmarvard: Getting Beyond the Ivy League to the College That is Best for You, by Jay Mathews (Three Rivers Press, 2003)

• Colleges That Change Lives: 40 Schools You Should Know About Even If You're Not a Straight-A Student, by Loren Pope (Penguin, 2000)

• The Ultimate College Survival Guide, by Janet Farrar Worthington, Ronald Farrar (Peterson's Guides, 1998)

• Letting Go: A Parents' Guide to Understanding the College Years (fourth edition), by Karen Levin Coburn, Madge Lawrence Treeger (Perennial, 2003)

Magazines

Newsweek puts out an annual issue called "America's Hottest Colleges," and *U.S. News & World Report* publishes an annual ranking of the most selective colleges and universities.

— Francesca Huemer Kelly



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FROM THE JUNE 2002 SCHOOLS SUPPLEMENT Tanja Trenz, "An Internship Can Open Many Doors"

Are you a high school or college student who has always dreamed of working at a TV station in the U.S., advertising in China, or designing cars in Germany? One of the best ways to prepare for your dream career is to apply for an internship. And it's never too early to start.

Another excellent resource for internships in the U.S. is the home page of Rising Star Internships (**www.rsinternships.com**), which provides information on jobs divided by fields and subjects.

The following Web sites not only describe available internships but provide helpful information about the country and culture, including any special circumstances you should be aware of:

http://intern.studyabroad.com http://internabroad.com Web sites with links dedicated to internships:

www.monster.com

www.monstertrak.monster.com

www.idealist.com

www.internships4you.com

www.jobweb.com

www.collegegrad.com/internships

Continued from page 77

involved and invest yourself."

How Do I Know What College Is Best For Me?

"⁴⁴ D^o a self-assessment," advises Mary Karen Vellines, senior associate dean of admissions at Hamilton College. "Figure out how you learn best. Do you want to be anonymous in class or do you learn best in small, seminar classes? Do you want to be a big fish in a small pond or a small fish in a big pond? Do you want to be able to participate in theater and music without majoring in these areas? Do you want to be a part of a community or a big city?"

Just because a college has a prestigious name doesn't mean it's necessarily the right place for you. "I tell students that it's like shoes: if everyone wants to wear Nike, but Adidas fits you better, get the Adidas," says Kathy McKenna of St. John's International School.

Many counselors believe that American kids who are used to an international school need to find a college environment where a premium is placed on diversity. "I tell the students that they may be more comfortable in universities that have a strong international, racial and ethnic mix if they've been abroad for any appreciable amount of time," advises Tom Smith, college counselor at the International School of Brussels. Ultimately, students will probably choose a place where they feel they "fit." Yet in their quest for the perfect school, Vellines reminds students to "keep in mind that there is no one right college for anyone. College is only as good as your willingness to get

— Francesca Huemer Kelly

recognize that they are the consumers here."

Senior Year

This is it: application deadlines are looming. If you've already done a lot of the legwork before the fall, the process will be labor-intensive but not overwhelming. Guidance counselors, admissions officers, and students who've been there have three words of advice: Do not procrastinate!

During the Fall Semester:

• If you haven't already, finalize your list of colleges, mark their admissions deadlines on your calendar (usually around Jan. 1), and complete the applications. Remember that *your* deadlines for organizing all your materials must be much earlier in order to make *their* deadlines. Once your high school is closed for *Continued on page 84*

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WEBB SCHOOL BELL BUCKLE

Continued from page 83

December break, it will be too late to contact teachers or guidance counselors for help.

If you clearly prefer one college over all others, consider early decision, but remember that you are required to attend if you are accepted. (Your application will be due earlier in the fall, usually by Nov. 1, and you should get your admission status by late December.) Your odds of being accepted via early decision are usually higher. Early action is another nonbinding option giving you more flexibility, but perhaps less of an edge.

• If you will be applying for financial aid, mark each college's financial aid application deadline in your calendar as well (most are after the New Year). Remind your parents to have last year's tax documents ready for access — they will need them soon. Most colleges are need-blind, which means that your financial situation doesn't affect your admission.

• Register for and take SATs unless you scored extremely well on the SAT in the spring. Plan to take any needed SAT IIs as soon as possible.

• Continue to enroll in the most challenging courses you can. Admissions officers will be able to tell how motivated you are by how you view senior year: as an opportunity to learn even more, or as your chance to slack off.

• Submit your applications. Whether or not you submit an application electronically using the Internet, some parts of your application will still need to be sent the oldfashioned way. If possible, use an express delivery service; snail mail and fax are other options. If you choose not to use the Internet for any part of the application, fill out the application forms in black ink unless otherwise specified. Stay well ahead of deadlines, make copies of everything, and perhaps have a friend in the States on hand to help out if needed.

During the Spring Semester:

You've sent all your applications, but it's not quite over yet. If you will be applying for financial aid, enjoy partying on New Year's Eve, because in a few days, you and your parents will start tearing your collective hair out over finances. Although financial aid is too big a topic to treat in depth here, there are a few things you need to know:

• Your parents will be doing their taxes early this year. In fact, prepare to be annoyed at how soon colleges want to see your family's latest tax return. If you have not yet *Continued on page* 87

FROM THE DECEMBER 2000 SCHOOLS SUPPLEMENT Pat Olsen, "Home-schooling FS Kids? It Worked for Us"

Back in 1989, if you had asked me whether home-schooling might be a good option for my children, I would have answered with an emphatic 'No!' A Foreign Service spouse with three young boys, I was sure that home-schooling was an option chosen only by missionaries and a few counter-culture types.

Times have changed. Home-schooling is now a popular and culturally acceptable choices. Many resources exist to support home-schools and state education laws have been written to respond to the rise in home-schooled children. Here are some of them:

WWW.HOMEEDMAG.COM

Library, resources, online newsletter, monthly publication. Look for their online Pocket Field Guide to Home-schooling. Click on "Resources - State Laws and Regulations."

WWW.NHEN.ORG The National Home Education Network

WWW.UNSCHOOLING.COM Creating non-school learning environments

WWW.CALVERTSCHOOL.ORG The Calvert School has offered home-schooling courses for almost 100 years.

WWW.STATE.GOV/M/DGHR/FLO/19290.HTM Family Liaison Office, home-schooling resources.

USEFUL LINKS:

ASSOCIATES OF THE AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE WORLDWIDE Web site created by Foreign Service spouses. www.aafsw.org

EXPAT EXCHANGE An online resource for information, employment, services and shopping overseas.

www.expatexchange.com

FOREIGN SERVICE YOUTH FOUNDATION Provides information, advocacy and activities for Foreign Service youth. www.fsyf.org

GLOBAL NOMADS WASHINGTON AREA Activities, resources and information on Global Nomads. www.globalnomads-dc.org

TALES FROM A SMALL PLANET A Web zine for expats offering "Real Post Reports" and tales from around the world. www.talesmag.com

TCK WORLD Web site for the support and understanding of Third Cutlture Kids (TCKs). www.tckworld.com



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FROM THE DECEMBER 2004 SCHOOLS SUPPLEMENT Still Haven't Found What We Are Looking For: Does an International High School Experience Make You Who You Are? By Mikkela Thompson

f my international life as a Foreign Service child had a theme song, it would be a tossup between U2's "Where the streets have no name" and "I still haven't found what I'm looking for." I attended Copenhagen International School, which I've likened to a brotherhood, a place where everyone became your "family." Last summer, I was in Copenhagen once again, sitting at the vegetarian Mediterranean buffet, sitting with my high school friends, and I wondered: did high school make us who we are?

So I decided to ask around. I visited my old high school and talked with my teachers and former classmates. And when I returned to the States, I continued the discussion with my new friends, including those in the Global Nomad community. I even sent out an e-mail questionnaire. After reading the streams of responses, and thinking about it further, I concluded that Copenhagen International School did make a difference. As an FS child, I'm rather proud and happy that many of my closest friends are from my high school years.

Yet while high school had a formative place in many international children's lives, as it did in mine, it probably didn't affect us as much as the sheer internationalism of our lives. There are so many lessons learnt when the world has been your playground. So although these children still may not know what they are looking for, they have an internal global positioning system that is distinct and offers its own rewards. In the words of one, "I appreciate my worldly upbringing, and I feel that the perspective that I got in experiencing completely different cultures and languages that allowed me to see more of what is underneath culture and language and is universal in all people."

FROM THE JUNE 2004 SCHOOLS SUPPLEMENT **A Village to Call Home — Global Nomads International** By Mikkela Thompson

ong before Marshall McLuhan coined the phrase "Global Village" in 1967, the world was an actual village for the Foreign Service. But as in all villages, you are not always part of the club. You can do drama, play sports, be a scout and play in the orchestra but no matter how well-adjusted you are — despite your country-hopping and language dexterity — sometimes it's nice to find others who are just like you. Last fall I was impressed to find my "tribe" — and their temporary village — at the Global Nomads International conference at George Mason University (Oct. 24–26, 2003).

According to the organization's founder, Norma McCaig, a Global Nomad is "anyone who has ever lived abroad before adulthood because of a parent's occupational choice (with for, example, the diplomatic corps, religious or non-governmental missions, international business) or whose parents were/are abroad independently for career purposes." This includes military brats, diplomatic brats, banking brats, missionary brats, teaching brats, expats, etc. etc. There are many other terms for those who have had an internationally mobile childhood. TCK or third culture kid has been used since the 1960s, and there were representatives from that field of research at the conference too.

Attending a conference like the GNI conference is a great way to make friends, but also a way for you to realize that you are not alone in your "specialness" -- most of the people at the conference speak three or more languages, claim five or more countries as part of their identity, and many have several passports. It's wonderful to be part of a club where every introduction is a laundry list of countries of residence.

As a result of the conference, I joined the local chapter of Global Nomads International, Global Nomads Washington Area. They function primarily as a social group and meet about once a month for brunches, movie nights, etc., including the cherry blossom parade and an annual holiday party. To join the list, send a blank message to gnwa@yahoogroups.com.

Continued from page 84

The waiting game begins. There may be surprise, disappointment, joy or all three around April 1, the day that most colleges mail or e-mail their acceptance and rejection letters.

received all of your tax documents early enough to get your taxes done by the financial aid deadlines, you can usually send last year's tax return as a stopgap. Check with each college for more information.

• You will become intimately involved with at least one Web site that requires reams of information from you, as well as lots of red tape in processing the application online. The Free Application for Federal Student Aid (www.fafsa.ed.gov) and/or the College Scholarship Service Profile (http://profileonline.collegeboard.co m/index.jsp) are forms required by most colleges' financial aid offices. During the process of filling these out online, keep all blunt instruments away from the general area of the computer.

• Now sit back ... if you can. Once the financial aid applications are finished, the waiting game begins. Some days you'll be anxious, other days philosophical. There may be surprise, disappointment, joy or all three around April 1, the day that most colleges mail or e-mail their acceptance and rejection letters.

The main thing to keep in mind is that things usually turn out for the

Continued on page 89

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FROM THE JUNE 2000 SCHOOLS SUPPLEMENT Ani Stoyanova, "So Your Kid Is an Aspiring Artiste?"

f you decide that a boarding school specializing in the performing arts is right for your child, you should know that three American boarding schools are often cited for their high quality: Idyllwild Arts Academy in California (**www.idyllwildarts.org**); Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan (**www.interlochen.org**); and Walnut Hill School in Massachusetts (**www.walnuthillarts.org**).

All three institutions combine intensive training in the arts with college-preparatory academic curricula and boast a high percentage of international students. Graduates of all three schools have gone on to the Juilliard School, the Peabody Conservatory of Music and Oberlin Conservatory of Music. Others have attended Yale, Columbia, Cornell and New York University.

For more information about performing arts schools, contact the International Network of Performing and Visual Arts Schools (**www.artsschoolsnetwork.org**).



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- Connections AAFSW's Livelines email group unites over 1,200 FS people worldwide.
- Communication We wrote the book, *Realities of Foreign Service Life*, and created the website, www.aafsw.org, on FS life.
- **Support** We have groups for toddlers and parents, French speakers, foreign-born spouses, medical evacuees, and more.
- Recognition AAFSW annually contributes to the Secretary of State Award for Volunteerism Abroad and college scholarships for FS youth.
- Institutional change The Family Liaison Office, the Overseas Briefing Center, and the Foreign Service Youth Foundation exist thanks to AAFSW!

Spouses, partners, and employees of U.S. foreign affairs agencies, active or retired, are encouraged to join AAFSW at **www.aafsw.org** today! Your membership and tax-deductible contributions help AAFSW help all of us.

FROM THE JUNE 2001 SCHOOLS SUPPLEMENT Melanie Kerber, "In Search of That Special School"

An estimated 5 percent of students attending public school have been diagnosed with a specific learning disability. Improved assessment tools have helped with the process of identifying significantly more students with weaknesses not severe enough to qualify for academic support under the current federal guidelines. Frequently, parents of these students are frustrated by the lack of placement options, limiting them to selecting an academic program with few accommodations or a special class full of students with behavioral difficulties and low standards.

Most Foreign Service families I speak with have made good use of the Family Liaison Office at State, which offers information, support, networking and referrals to a variety of agencies including schools, hospitals, outpatient services and testing facilities. Other families use area educational consultants.

Washington-area resources include:

School Counseling Group

(202) 333-3530 www.schoolcounseling.com E-mail: guidance@schoolcounseling.com

Georgia K. Irvin & Associates

(301) 951-0131 www.gkirvin.com E-mail: georgia@gkirvin.com Petersen Academic Group (703) 391-1280 www.petersenag.com E-mail: PetersonAG@aol.com

Washington Independent Services for Educational Resources (WISER) (301) 816-0432 www.wiser-dc.com E-mail: wiser@comcast.net Continued from page 87

Should We Hire a College Admissions Counselor?

f you lack a guidance department or if you're home-schooling, consider hiring a college admissions consultant. "I do think home-schooled students would benefit from hiring a college admissions consultant," stresses Judy Frohlich, partner of College Counseling Consultants, based in the Chicago area (cccns@ameritech.net). "The presentation of their credentials in their application is even more important than students in a traditional school setting because the means of comparison with other students is much more challenging."

In fact, as Rebecca Grappo, education and youth officer for the State Department's Family Liaison Office, points out, using a private educational consultant can have many benefits. "A good consultant is extremely knowledgeable about various programs and offerings available at colleges and universities around the country, as well as the college application process," says Grappo.

"These professionals pride themselves on getting to know a student's abilities, aspirations and personality well so that they can advise a family on appropriate options that fit the needs of the individual student," Grappo adds. "They can also spot unforeseen pitfalls that can save time and money in the end."

Frohlich and her partner charge \$2,250 for a two-year package (unlimited assistance beginning junior year and going through the completion of the admissions process at the end of senior year), but a similar package can run as high as \$30,000 with well-known New York firms. "Usually consultants are hired on a retainer rather than an hourly basis," says Frohlich. "We sometimes do charge on an hourly basis when people just need a little bit of help here and there."

Although she prefers to meet at least initially in person, Frohlich believes that "counseling could be done purely through e-mail if the student is a good communicator and is motivated. Problems might arise in Internet counseling when an unmotivated student is resistant to the process." — *Francesca Huemer Kelly* best, and that there is a college somewhere for you no matter what your high school experience or class rank is. "There are all these wonderful schools out there," says ISB's Mary Ellen Cochran, "but so many kids apply to the same 50 colleges, which, of course, makes it much harder to get in. Remember that there are over 3,000 colleges and universities in the United States."

And remember, too, that your Foreign Service experiences, as challenging as they may have been at times, will help you not only in getting into college, but throughout your entire life. "The American student who has lived overseas is a Third Culture Kid who enhances our residence halls and our classrooms," says Mary Karen Vellines of Hamilton College. "They bring an American passport, but an international perspective." ■

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DIP KIDS FILL VOID AT U.S. COLLEGES

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES ARE INCREASINGLY LOOKING TO YOUTH WHO GREW UP OVERSEAS TO MAINTAIN THE INTERNATIONAL PERSPECTIVE INSIDE THEIR CLASSROOMS.

By ANTJE SCHIFFLER

he number of international students at U.S. universities decreased by 2.4 percent in the fall of 2003, ending a period of continuous growth, according to a recent study by the Institute of International Education. Undergraduate enrollment dropped by a troubling 5

percent, though enrollment at graduate schools rose by 5 percent, the institute found. Experts attribute the drop in undergrad enrollment to real and perceived difficulties in obtaining visas, as well as to rising tuition costs and enhanced recruitment efforts by other English-speaking countries.

Confronted with this trend, American universities are now eyeing another group to maintain the international perspective inside the classroom: Third Culture Kids, also known as Global Nomads. TCKs and GNs are students who spent a significant part of their childhood abroad due to their parents' professions. They are a diverse group that includes children of diplomats, businesspeople, missionaries, international aid workers and military personnel, among many others.

There were already clubs on many U.S. campuses to support the needs of this population, but now admissions and international student offices are enhancing their efforts to identify them and address their special needs — and to recruit them for admission.

For the 2004-2005 academic year, American University in Washington, D.C., experienced a drop of 14 percent in total international student enrollment compared with the previous year, says Fanta Aw, AU's director of international student services. Part of the shortfall stems from the discontinuation of an "English as a Second Language" program, but visa problems and cost constraints have also made numbers tumble.

Antje Schiffler is a journalist in Frankfurt.

"Global Nomads can help fill that void in the classroom because they offer a different perspective," Aw notes. At AU, a GN program aims to give this community a place to meet each other and share their experiences of living abroad; it also aims to educate academic advisers, professors and other students about them. The GN community also successfully pushed the admissions department to include a question on the application to help identify internationally-raised kids.

Third Culture Kids, who are used to transition and a mobile lifestyle, on average attend three universities during their undergraduate careers. This makes retention efforts essential. Aw, who grew up in several countries herself, first became aware of the need to extend international student services to certain American passport-holders several years ago, when the parents of some American students came to her office and said they were concerned that their kids wouldn't adjust to life in the United States.

Bringing Diversity into the Classroom

Identifying TCKs and GNs through an extra line on the application form has been standard practice at Lewis & Clark College in Portland, Ore., for four years; efforts to identify the community already on campus date back to the early 1990s. As a result, the number of TCKs on campus is about 100, two-thirds of whom hold an American passport. By contrast, international student enrollment dropped from 116 students in 2002 to 96 in 2003, and down to 83 in the fall of 2004.

Last year the international programs office at L&C designed a brochure targeted at TCKs that is used for recruiting freshmen from international schools, mainly in Asia, Director of International Student Services Greg Caldwell says. "It's almost as if they have their own expat culture," he observes. "They have much more in common with each other than with other Americans."

Continued on page 92





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"College Applications for the Foreign Service Student" A Hands-On Workshop Coming Soon!

his year FLO will team up with the Foreign Service Youth Foundation again to offer a **Hands-on Workshop: "College Applications for the Foreign Service Student." The date is Saturday, Aug. 27, 2005.** This workshop is open to Foreign Service juniors and seniors, and will cover the college application process and how it might be unique for kids who have grown up in an internationally mobile lifestyle. Those who attended last year found it very beneficial and fun. For more details, contact FLOASKEducation@state.gov, or call the FLO office at (202) 647-2314.

The FLO Education and Youth Web site has compiled extensive material on how to approach the college application process, select a college, write an essay, find scholarships and financial aid, etc. Visit us at www.state.gov/m/dghr/flo/c1958.htm.

Don't hesitate to contact us with your questions. Check out our resources. And mark Aug. 27 on your calendars!

Rebecca Grappo, Education and Youth Officer
 Family Liaison Office

Continued from page 90

Some issues are the same for this group as for foreign students, depending on where they lived before coming to the U.S., Caldwell says. Some "don't have a driver's license or they may not know a TV program. They don't know how to write checks or operate vending machines." Yet the students look and sound "American," so people might be less understanding of their situation, he adds. In addition, some teachers are not aware of what it means to have an internationally raised student in the classroom, so they might give examples based in U.S. culture. "Educating Educators" is therefore another goal of the GN students.

Perhaps because of such obstacles, on average the academic performance of the TCK community at that college is slightly (0.2 percent) below that of the U.S.-raised student body on campus, according to Caldwell's research.

California's University of the

Third Culture Kids, who are used to transition and a mobile lifestyle, on average attend three universities during their undergraduate careers.

Pacific in Stockton has been persistent in its efforts to recruit internationally exposed students and lead the way in introducing a curriculum targeted at GNs, says Dr. Bruce LaBrack, professor of anthropology and international studies. The School of International Studies there offers one track for GNs and international students and one for Americans. "You can choose to be treated as an international student and get those services or you can register like any other U.S. citizen," LaBrack explains. "In general, most of the GNs come in and realize they just want to do the regular course of study," he adds. "The curriculum is quite different. They don't require that you go overseas coming to the U.S. as an international student." Furthermore, the type of cross-cultural training they receive is different.

The school also seeks to actively recruit Glomal Nomads by promoting the program at conferences and overseas schools. "We think GNs are a very interesting population. They're the type of student you want because they bring diversity into the classroom," he says.





ALLIGATORS

ROOF An Autobiography

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SERVING AMERICA ABROAD

CE RETIREES

FLORIDA

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The November 2005 Foreign Service Journal will include a list of recently published books by Foreign Service-affiliated authors.

Calling All Foreign Service Authors!

FS authors who have had a book published in 2004 or 2005 that has not previously been featured in the roundup, are invited to send a copy of the book, along with a press release or backgrounder on the book and author, to:

> Susan Maitra **Foreign Service Journal** 2101 E Street, NW Washington, DC 20037

Deadline for submissions is Sept. 1.

Family Trave FOODSOL

in India

Alice Tren



Jungle Paths

An American Woman

Encounters the Romance and Reality of India



100



IONATHAN S. ADDLETON



BOOKS

Not-So-Tall Tales?

A Diplomat's Progress: Ten Tales of Diplomatic Adventure in and a round the Middle East Henry Precht, Williams & Company, 2005, \$14.95, paperback, 233 pages.

REVIEWED BY DAVE DUNFORD

As its title suggests, A Diplomat's Progress functions on some levels as an homage to John Bunyan's A Pilgrim's Progress: a series of allegorical tales told by a dreamer. There are obvious parallels between John Bunyan's mythical places, like the Slough of Despond, and the exotic settings, such as Assiut and Mauritius, of Henry Precht's tales. And like Bunyan's hero, Harry Prentice of Savannah, Ga., the firstperson narrator of all 10 tales, tries to find meaning and fulfillment in his journey through a world where larger forces control his fate. Instead of the evil Giant Despair, he meets wily Sunnis, Shia, Iranians, Maronites, Israelis, Palestinians and Kurds.

The author unapologetically plays fast and loose with the line between truth and fiction. He advises us in the introduction not to "worry about what might be real; swallow it all." This is good advice, because Harry is often far from heroic. We learn he is ethically challenged as he conspires with an Egyptian police officer to pocket some of the cash found on a dead American. After an embarrassingly brief bout of soul-searching, Harry elects to do nothing about the obvious rape of a Precht's protagonist resembles no one as much as Inspector Clouseau. Yet he also seems very real.

young Japanese woman by a senior Mauritian official. Later he unwittingly allows the Iranian government to use him as bait to lure a Kurdish dissident out into the open and hang him.

While on vacation in Israel Harry seizes an opportunity to talk with a Palestinian, and gets duped into helping him carry out a bombing there. In such situations, Harry resembles no one as much as Inspector Clouseau, wandering innocently through a world of mayhem, evil and betrayal without ever being harmed or losing his faith in the goodness of humanity. Yet he strikes us as very real, in a way that no former diplomat authoring his own memoirs could ever duplicate.

Two chapters nestled in the middle of the volume about the days preceding the Iranian revolution are so compelling as to be alone worth the price of the book. They give us a classic example of tragedies brought about by political leaders who stubbornly cling to familiar policies even though there is abundant evidence for all to see that the policies are bankrupt. Harry, the consummate political officer, sees the train wreck coming. He carefully marshals his evidence and presents it to his superiors, but to no avail.

He shows real courage by soldiering on even after his superiors signal clearly that they don't want to hear evidence pointing to the impending collapse of the shah's reign. We know that Harry will fall victim to that iron law of bureaucracy (applicable well beyond the Foreign Service) that tells us it does nothing for your career to be right if the people who are wrong are above your pay grade.

Eight of the stories transport us to exotic places like Afghanistan and Damascus (the other two are set in Washington, D.C., and England, respectively), where we see Harry matching wits with Middle Eastemers who come to life as believable characters with good lines rather than the stereotypical Arab terrorists that inhabit our best sellers. The exotic sights, sounds and smells of the Middle East permeate these pages.

My favorite tale is "Mission to Assiut," whose plot — Washington sends Harry from Embassy Cairo to Upper Egypt to ask a radical Sunni cleric to intervene with Shia tenorists holding Americans hostage in Lebanon — is so absurd that I conclude it must have been inspired by a true incident.

You will find A *Diplomat's Progress* to be a fun and easy read, even if you no longer care who lost Iran.

Dave Dunford is a retired Foreign Service officer who served in Quito, Helsinki, Cairo, Riyadh, Muscat and Washington, D.C. He currently teaches, writes and consults in Tucson, Ariz.



Pondering the Path to Pluralistic Prosperity

World on Fire: How Exporting Free-Market Democracy Breeds Ethnic Hatred and Global Instability

Amy Chua, Anchor Books, 2004, \$14.00, paperback, 368 pages.

Reviewed by Stephen P. Newhouse

World on Fire: How Exporting Free-Market Democracy Breeds Ethnic Hatred and Global Instability is a fair book that puts forth a credible thesis about a vitally important subject: the interaction of free markets and democracy. Amy Chua, a Yale Law School professor, basically argues that huge disparities in wealth and opportunity that break along ethnic lines generate conflict — and that democracy and market liberalization actually exacerbate these tensions.

The results of such conflicts vary, but none of the outcomes give cause for optimism. In some cases, the disenfranchised react against the market through ethnically-targeted expropriation. In others, the "market-dominant minority" undercuts democracy and suppresses the ability of the majority to strike them. In the worst cases, the privileged ethnic group becomes the target of more violent actions.

Setting her argument off from determinism with a number of caveats, Chua contends that while this is not a universal phenomenon, it is more common than one might think. She identifies market-dominant minorities ranging from the Chinese merchants of Southeast Asia and the Ibo of Cameroon to the Jewish billionaires of post-Soviet Russia and the Lebanese throughout Africa. She sees ethnic violence from Rwanda to Yugoslavia through the same lens, and a rgues that the same basic pattern of inequality, resentment and reaction also makes global anti-Americanism comprehensible.

Such observations are at odds with the advice developed nations (Chua blames the U.S., especially) push on developing ones. But in Chua's view, democratic and market-oriented reform should be taken slowly, mirroring the way economic and political institutions evolved in the West, rather than rapidly and concurrently.

Chua's basic thesis may be intuitive, but the evidence she summons is less than compelling. She frequently cites her own experiences to illustrate her points, reinforcing the sense that her data-gathering was haphazard, rather than systematic. At the same time, she construes many events quite differently than is conventional (I have seen no other account of the Rwandan genocide portraying it as the result of too much democracy, too soon). The combination is unsatisfying. One should recognize, however, that this is a direct result of the grand scope of the argument and serious data limitations: who has counted ethnic groups worldwide over time systematically? How does one measure "tension"? Who has kept a count of liberalization, and how would one compare minor policy changes to more substantive ones?

Another limitation of the book, surprising from a law professor, is an un-lawyerlike lack of definitional precision. She repeatedly confounds "democracy" with any situation in which the majority can impose its will. In addition, "free market" is not how I would describe crony capitalism the operative word there is "crony" of friend and family counting for more than price.

Deeper theoretical questions also sit not far in the background. Chua Chua posits a plausible, if not totally convincing, challenge to the accepted wisdom in Washington.

implies in several places that capitalism and competition inevitably yield severe income inequality. But there is no basis for that presumption. In fact, economic theory predicts that under competition, relative productivities and resource scarcities would be the primary determinants of income. This shortcoming is related to intriguing questions the book leaves uninvestigated and unanswered: How do these groups establish and perpetuate themselves as market-dominant minorities? Why doesn't competition erode their positions?

But despite such shortcomings, Chua has produced a readable, if somewhat repetitive, book that posits a fairly plausible challenge to the accepted wisdom of the Washington consensus. Free markets and democracy don't necessarily combine to make the world rich, peaceful and just. The path to pluralistic prosperity may depend much more on sequencing and on other important real-world differences that are sometimes lost in the call for quick reform.

Stephen P. Newhouse has been a Foreign Service officer with the Department of State since 1997. He is currently on the staff of the Under Secretary for Economic, Business and Agricultural Affairs. The views expressed here are his own and not necessarily those of the State Department or the U.S. government.

BOOKS \sim

The Art of War

Guernica: The Biography of a Twentieth-Century Icon

Gijs van Hensbergen, Bloomsbury USA, 2004, \$35, hardcover, 352 pages.

Reviewed by Larry Winter Roeder Jr.

Hanging just to the left of the entrance to the U.N. Security Council is a huge copy of Pablo Picasso's "Guemica" — one of the most powerful graphic depictions of the horrors of war ever created. In *Guernica: The Biography of a Twentieth-Century Icon*, Gijs van Hensbergen gives us the historical background of the painting and the atrocity it portrays, and discusses how its images have continued to shape modern thinking about war and politics.

As he recounts, soon after the Spanish Civil War began, a delegation representing the beleagured democratic government traveled to Picasso's home in Paris seeking a bold visual protest against Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Specifically, they asked him to paint the centerpiece for the Spanish Pavilion of the 1937 World's Fair. Though Picasso disdained overtly political art, he agreed.

Not long thereafter, on April 27, 1937, Franco's forces, backed by the Nazis, firebombed a Basque village in northern Spain. Fascist forces pounded Guernica with high explosives and incendiary bombs for over three hours, cutting down people as they fled from the crumbling buildings. Some 1,600 civilians were killed or wounded, and the town burned for three days.

By May 1, news of the massacre reached Paris, where more than a million protesters flooded the streets to voice their outrage in the largest May Day demonstration the city had ever seen. Eyewitness reports and blackand-white photographs filled the front pages of Paris papers. Appalled and enraged, Picasso quickly sketched the first images for the mural he would call simply "Guernica."

Hensbergen points out that Picasso deliberately chose not to employ images from the destroyed city. Instead, he broke away from normality. The paint is nearly monochromatic, not full of gory reds. As a result, the initial reception to the work was "strangely muted." The Spanish had wanted something partisan and the Basques felt it was too abstract. Yet the truth is that the abstraction provided a long-term tool, an illustration of existential terror that "depicts the effects of a brutality that strikes from nowhere." The victims are looking above them, but not at a specific enemy, adding to the terror inflicted by all who engage in mass murder from the skies — exactly the sort of evil the U.N. Security Council is now meant to resist and punish.

The mural became a fund-raising tool, moving through Scandinavia and then arriving in London on Sept. 30, 1938, the day of the infamous Munich Pact. It was the centerpiece of the Museum of Modern Art's Picasso retrospective in New York six weeks before the invasion of Poland a year later.

Picasso's grim painting (now housed in the Reina Sofia, Spain's national museum of modern art) ranks as the most effective anti-fascist work of art in the world and one of the most forceful statements of its kind in human history. Because of its abstract nature, people could apply it to any crisis, such as the Armenian genocide or the holocaust. The artist Willem De Kooning saw the mural as a description of the Luftwaffe's destruction of Rotterdam.

C reating "Guernica" also transformed Picasso, who became a communist in 1944 and painted many antiPicasso's decision not to employ images from the destroyed city in the painting helped make it universal.

war works, including the dove for the communist-organized Paris Peace Congress in April 1949, which was later adopted as the international symbol of peace. The irony is that Picasso hated the excesses of the Soviets, while Soviet critic Vladimir Kemenov denounced Picasso as pathological. Said Kemenov: "His pathology has created repugnant monstrosities. ... In his 'Guernica' he portrayed not the Spanish Republic but monsters. He treads the path of cosmopolitanism, of empty geometric forms. His every canvas deforms man - his body and his face." But it should come as no shock that the Soviets reacted this way, for the painting was clearly an attack on the kind of atrocities perpetrated by Stalin and others of his ilk through the ages.

Too often, we prefer pretty pictures, simple images. But "Guernica" is not one of those. It is a deep philosophical statement against violence and war, a work of art that all who are interested in peace need to ingrain in their minds.

Similarly, this book is a must-read for every foreign affairs agency employee, and everyone working for peace and justice. ■

Larry Roeder is the policy adviser on disaster management in the International Organization Affairs Bureau's Office of Social and Humanitarian Affairs.



IN MEMORY

Richard Townsend Davies, 84, a retired FSO and former ambassador, died March 30 at Washington Hospital Center in Washington, D.C. He had been diagnosed with leukemia less than a month earlier.

Bom in Brooklyn, N.Y., Richard Davies graduated with honors in international relations from Columbia College in New York City in 1942. He served in the U.S. Army at the end of World War II, received advanced training in German to serve in a unit of the military government, and was assigned to the forces advancing into Germany.

Ambassador Davies joined the Foreign Service in 1947. His first posting was to Warsaw as a vice consul. There he met Jean Stevens, and they were married on Dec. 5, 1949. Amb. Davies served in Regensburg, Paris, Moscow (twice), Kabul and Calcutta, where he was consul general. In 1970 he was made deputy assistant secretary of State for European affairs, a post he held until 1973, when President Richard M. Nixon appointed him ambassador to Warsaw.

During his tenure in Warsaw from 1973 to 1978, Amb. Davies established regular contact with Cardinal Karol Wojtyla, then the Roman Catholic archbishop of Krakow and an important Polish opposition figure. He also helped prepare the visits of P residents Gerald R. Ford and Jimmy Carter to Poland.

Following retirement from the Foreign Service in 1980, Amb. Davies continued his involvement in promoting human rights in Eastern Europe as president of the Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in Closed Societies. He also served as chairman of the Solidarity Endowment, an American group supporting the Polish workers' movement. From 1990 to 1998 he was active in Partners for Democratic Change, an international organization dedicated to fostering civil society and institutions in Central and Eastern Europe.

In retirement Amb. and Mrs. Davies toured the country, visiting all 50 states, and also traveled internationally. Amb. Davies spoke Polish, Russian, French and German, and was an amateur Celtic historian, proud of his Welsh heritage. Friends remember him as an avid tennis player and voracious reader, with a prodigious memory.

Amb. Davies is survived by his wife of 55 years, Jean Stevens Davies; four sons, Stephen of Takoma Park, Md., John S. of Carrollton, Texas, Michael H. of Middletown, Calif., and Glyn T. of Washington, D.C.; two sisters, Jean Lesser of Yorktown Heights, N.Y., and Ruth Schleicher of Woods Hole, Mass.; and six grandchildren. Donations in his memory may be sent to the Laramie Plains Museum, Attn.: Dan Nelson, 603 Ivinson Ave., Laramie WY 82070-3299.



David Charles Denman, 74, a retired FSO with USAID, died Feb. 28 at the Rancho Springs Medical Center in Murrieta, Calif.

Born in Toledo, Ohio, Mr. Denman earned a master's degree in journalism from Wayne State University. He served in the U.S. Air Force during the Korean War, and was discharged after four years as a sergeant.

During a 25-year career with USAID, Mr. Denman was posted in Vietnam, Colombia, the Philippines, Indonesia and Washington, D.C.

Mr. Denman is survived by his wife, Hien Nguyen Denman of Temecula, Calif.; two daughters, Diane Carol Denman of Rochester, N.Y., and Vicki Mae Denman of Sacramento, Calif.; two sons, Mark Lee Denman of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Kevin Michael Denman of Boise, Idaho; a brother, Richard Denman of Troy, Mich.; and a sister, Phyllis Herrick of Detroit, Mich.



Donald R. Dyer, 86, a retired Foreign Service Reserve officer, educator and author, died of a brain hemorhage Feb. 2 in Chapel Hill, N.C., where he had lived with his wife, Marilyn, since 1978.

Dr. Dyer was born in Mesa, Colo., in 1919. In 1947, he received a bachelor's degree from Stanford University, and in 1950 earned his Ph.D. in geography (with a specialization in Latin America) from Northwestern University. Joining the geography faculty of the University of Florida at Gainesville, he launched a career in education that included a stint at the University of Havana, under the provisions of the 1948 Smith-Mundt Act, and a Fulbright Visiting Professorship at San Marcos University in Lima.

In 1962, Dr. Dyer was tapped by the State Department to be geography

IN MEMORY

attaché at Embassy Rio de Janiero, serving under the department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research. His linguistic abilities and geologic background eventually took him to 87 countries on special assignments for the department; he continued this work for several years after retiring in 1978.

During his retirement years in Chapel Hill, Dr. Dyer pursued his interest in Jungian psychology, writing two books: Cross-Currents of Jungian Thought: An Annotated Bibliography (Shambhala, 1991) and Jung's Thoughts on God: Religious Depths of Our Psyches (Nicolas-Hays, 2000). He authored numerous articles that appeared in a variety of professional journals over the years. Dr. Dyer was active in the C.G. Jung Society of Chapel Hill and served as its president from 1985 to 1987. He was also an active member of the Religious Society of Friends.

In his later years, Dr. Dyer expanded his intellectual interests beyond languages and study to embrace gardening. He took great pride in his garden in Chapel Hill, and became as knowledgeable in horticulture as he was in so many other fields.

He leaves his wife, Marilyn of Chapel Hill, N.C.; two daughters, March Elizabeth Dyer of Virginia Beach, Va., and Meredith Claire Dyer of Santa Cruz, Calif.; and one grandchild, Chelsey Raye Crooks.

Memorial contributions may be made to the World Wildlife Fund, P.O. Box 97180, Washington DC 20090, or to Habitat for Humanity of Orange County, 1820 E. Franklin St., Chapel Hill NC 27514.

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Florence (Burrows) Everill, 89, a retired member of the Foreign Service, died Feb. 20 at Cape Cod Hospital in Hyannis, Mass., after a brief illness.

The daughter of the late Fred and Mary Burrows, and the widow of Rooke Everill, Florence Everill was bomin Sagamore, Mass., and graduated from Bourne High School, Chamberlain School of Retailing and the Cape Cod Secretarial School. She served with the U.S. Department of the Navy from 1941 to 1945.

Mrs. Everill's service included postings to Belgrade, Zagreb, Buenos Aires, Stuttgart, NATO (Bussels), Santo Domingo and Quebec City. She also served on temporary duty in Canada, Germany and at the U.S. Mission to the United Nations before retiring in 1974.

For many years Mrs. Everill was an active volunteer with the Cape Symphony Orchestra and the Cape Cod Conservatory

Survivors include a stepson, Peter Everill of McKinney, Texas, and a stepdaughter, Sandra DuBois of Bellingham, Wash.

Memorial donations may be made to the Cape Symphony Orchestra, 712A Main Street, Yannouthport MA 02675.

Elizabeth Amelia Lee, 85, a retired Foreign Service secretary and long-time resident of The Gateway (Georgetown), died Feb. 12 at Sibley Memorial Hospital in Washington, D.C., of pneumonia.

Ms. Lee served as secretary to Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson in Moscow in the early 1970s. She was posted twice to Berlin, once immediately after World War II, and a second time in the early 1960s during the building of the Berlin Wall. Her other posts included London, Vienna, Helsinki, Lima, Wellington, Ottawa, Taipei and Kigali. When she retired from the Foreign Service in 1979, Ms. Lee moved to Washington, D.C., where she worked for five years at the World Bank. Thereafter, she served for five years at the Atlantic Council, with General Andrew J. Goodpaster and Ambassador Rozanne Ridgway.

Ms. Lee was a native of Memphis, Tenn. She is survived by her sister, Emily Lee Terry of Destin, Fla., and three generations of nieces and nephews. The family requests that memorial contributions be sent to the Ward Circle-Georgetown Meals on Wheels, 4101 Nebraska Avenue NW, Washington DC 20016.



Frank V. Ortiz Jr., 78, a retired FSO and former ambassador, died of cancer in his Santa Fe, N.M., home on Feb. 27. New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson ordered flags to be flown at half-mast in his honor.

Frank Ortiz was born in Santa Fe, N.M., into a family with a long history of prominence in public affairs: four generations received presidential commissions to various high offices. After graduation from Sante Fe High School, he worked briefly in Washington, D.C., as a U.S. Senate aide. As soon as he turned 18, he joined the U.S. Army Air Force and participated in combat missions with the 58th Wing of the 20th Air Force. His B-29 bomber was shot down off Japan in July 1945.

Following World War II, he enrolled in Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service, where he earned a degree in 1951. He received a master's degree from The George Washington University in 1967, and also attended graduate school at the American University of Beirut and the University of Madrid.

Ambassador Ortiz began his 40-

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year career in the Foreign Service in 1951. He was assigned to Addis Ababa as an economic officer in 1953. In 1956 he was posted to Mexico City as a political officer, returning in 1958 to Washington, where he served as special assistant to Under Secretary of State Christian Herter, as a staff officer of the Operations Coordinating Board of the White House, and as special assistant to the assistant secretary of State for Interamerican affairs.

In 1961, Amb. Ortiz was again posted to Mexico City, where he worked to find a solution to the longstanding border dispute with Mexico over the Chamizal Tract. After lengthy confidential negotiations, the U.S. and Mexico signed an agreement in June 1963. For this success, Amb. Ortiz received the Chamizal Commemorative Medal from President Lyndon Johnson and similar decorations from the Mexican Congress and President Lopez Mateos.

Subsequently, Amb. Ortiz returned to Washington, where he was appointed desk officer for Spain in 1964. In 1967, after a year's detail to the National War College, he was sent to Lima as political counselor. He was assigned to Montevideo as counselor in 1970, and in 1972 was made chargé d'affaires. During his tour in Montevideo, the urban terrorist group, the Tupamaros, were especially active against American interests, with diplomats as primary targets. In 1973, he was named director of the Office of Argentina-Paraguay-Ungay Affairs in Washington. In 1975 he was assigned to the office of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger as deputy executive secretary of State.

President Carter named Mr. Ortiz ambassador to Barbados and Grenada and special representative to St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Dominica, Antigua and St. Kitts-Nevis in 1977. In 1979 he became ambassador to Guatemala, and in 1980 Amb. Ortiz served as political adviser to the commanding general of the U.S. Southern Command in Panama. President Reagan named him ambassador to Peru in October 1981. His last overseas position before retiring in 1990 was as ambassador to Argentina, where he served from 1983 to 1986.

Amb. Ortiz was named diplomatin-residence at the University of New Mexico in 1987. Two years later he was assigned to Washington to participate in reorganization plans for the State Department. Following retirement in April 1990, Amb. Ortiz toured the Soviet Union as a guest, and then returned to his hometown, Santa Fe, N.M.

In retirement, Amb. Ortiz devoted himself to enhancing cultural and educational opportunities in Santa Fe. He was instrumental in founding the Friends of the Palace of the Governors and in raising over \$30 million for a planned New Mexico History Museum. He played a leading role in establishing monuments commemorating the city's founder and the Santa Fe Trail, and in renovation of the Cathedral Park.

Amb. Ortiz served on the boards of the Council on International Relations, the North American Institute. Think New Mexico, Art in Public Places, St. John's College, the City Library the Cuatrocentenario Commission, the National Dance Institute of New Mexico and the National Hispanic Cultural Center. He also served as trustee of the Rancho de las Golondrinas, and was honorary consul of Spain for northern New Mexico. His memoirs were published posthumously (Ambassador Ortiz: Lessons from a Life of Servic e, University of New Mexico Press, 2005).

Amb. Ortiz is survived by his wife

Dolores and four children, Christina, Frank, Stephen and Jaime; three daughters-in-law; and six grandchildren.



Lora Bryning Redford, 88, one of the first female FSOs, died Feb. 7 at Thomas House in Washington, D.C., of respiratoryfailure.

Born in Olympia, Wash., Mrs. Redford graduated first in her class from the College of Puget Sound with a bachelor's degree in foreign languages. She did graduate studies at Mills College in Oakland, Calif., and Simmons College in Boston.

During World War II, she worked for the Rockefeller Commission in Mexico City. There, in 1945, she joined the Foreign Service, becoming one of the few women in FS ranks. During the following years, Mrs. Redford served in Mexico, Belgium, Japan and Burma, where she was assistant cultural attaché. In 1952, then-existing regulations forced her to choose between marrying a fellow Foreign Service officer who had been assigned to the political section of Embassy Rangoon or continuing what was a promising career in the Service.

For the next two decades, Mrs. Redford accompanied her husband to postings in Indonesia, Taiwan, Nepal, Turkey and Cyprus. A good linguist with a driving intellectual curiosity and a special interest in archaeology, Mrs. Redford engaged each new culture she encountered. She wrote two books on the Himalayas commissioned by the "Getting to Know" series in 1967.

When her husband retired in 1973, Mrs. Redford sought to return to the Foreign Service (the policy on spouses was changed in 1972), but she was told she was too old.

The Redfords settled down in

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Washington, D.C., where Mrs. Redford volunteered at Foundry Methodist Church and at Sibley Memorial Hospital. She served as a program officer at the Council for the International Exchange of Scholars until 1990. Mrs. Redford also set up a lectureship in archaeology at her alma mater, the University of Puget Sound.

She is survived by her husband of 52 years, Ralph Redford of Washington, D.C.; three sons, Bruce Redford of Boston, Mass., Kent Redford of Pound Ridge, N.Y., and Scott Redford of Washington, D.C.; and two grandchildren.



George Wachtenheim, 62, a retired USAID mission director and deputy assistant administrator, died at his home in Washington, D.C., on Dec. 9.

Mr. Wachtenheim was born in 1942 in Poprad, Czechoslovakia. His parents had been democratic opponents to Hitler and were killed during the Czech uprising of 1944; he was orphaned at the age of 2. Together with his uncle and aunt, who adopted him, he emigrated to the United States following the war.

Mr. Wachtenheim studied business administration at New York University, and pursued graduate work in international relations at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. A speech by President Kennedy motivated him to dedicate his life to his country and helping others. He began his international service in 1964 as a Peace Corps Volunteer in Peru, and later served as deputy director of the Peace Corps in Venezuela.

During a 25-year career with the Agency for International Development, most of Mr. Wachtenheim's work focused on providing assistance throughout Latin America. He attained the rank of minister-counselor, and served as deputy assistant administrator in USAID's Latin American and Policy Bureaus. He was mission director in Peru, Mozambique and Colombia, and served as deputy mission director in Bolivia, Honduras and Egypt. In the exercise of his managerial duties, he never lost sight of the ultimate human impact of development assistance. The project he was most proud of was a rural electrification enterprise that transformed the quality of life in an Andean Peruvian village.

Following his retirement from USAID in 2002, Mr. Wachtenheim joined the international consulting firm Casals & Associates, where he was vice president for international programs. He was a member of the board of inquiry established by Secretary of State Colin Powell to investigate the 2002 terrorist assassination of FSO Laurence Foley, and also served on the Foreign Service Grievance Board.

Aside from his myriad professional merits, his friends will remember Mr. Wachtenheim for his great sense of humor and gentle demeanor. They will also recall his enjoyment of, and proficiency at, poker.

Mr. Wachtenheim is survived by his wife Pocha of Washington, D.C.; two sons, Erik of Lima, Peru, and Marc of Washington, D.C.; his parents, Herman and Olga of Boca Raton, Fla.; a brother, Robert of Scarsdale, N.Y.; and a sister, Joan Kushner of Conifer, Colo.

Walter Paul White, 74, a retired FSO with the U.S. Information Agency, died of cardiac arrest Jan. 13 at Inova Fairfax Hospital in Fairfax, Va. He was a resident of Alexandria, Va. Mr. White was born in Alabama. He received a bachelor's degree in journalism from the University of Georgia in 1952, and then worked for a year at the *Atlanta Constitution*. He served in the U.S. Marine Corps from 1953 to 1955, and retired from the USMC Reserve in 1967 as a major.

Mr. White began his 30-year career in the Foreign Service in 1956. His first posting was to Tel Aviv. A year later he was transferred to Karachi, returning to Washington in 1958 to study Farsi at FSI. In 1959 he was transferred to Tehran, and in 1960 to Meshed as branch public affairs officer. Mr. White was fond of the poetry of Saadi and Hafiz, and often quoted couplets in conversation. In 1962 he was transferred to Kabul as information officer.

While stationed in Washington from 1964 to 1967, Mr. White served as deputy chief of the Near East Division of the Voice of America and, later, in 1982, as its acting chief. He returned to Tehran in 1967 to serve as information officer, and in 1971 was detailed to the National War College.

From 1973 to 1976 Mr. White was assigned to Bombay as public affairs officer. There he directed a broad public affairs program for western India. Mr. White was subsequently posted to Turkey, Iraq and Morocco as a public affairs officer or cultural attaché. He retired in 1986.

In 1995, Mr. White served as the U.S. delegate on an OSCE mission to wartorn Tajikistan to assess human rights and democracy.

Mr. White enjoyed fishing, hunting and camping. His avocations also included cabinetmaking and photography.

He is survived by his wife, Colleen Kelly White of Alexandria; three children, John, David and Kathleen; and two grandchildren. ■



William "Rip" Laughlin cust can carried



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REFLECTIONS

Quemoy: A Tale of Two Islands Redux

BY STANTON JUE

In October 2002, my wife and I went to Quemoy (aka Kinmen), a small island we had last visited 42 years before when I was a young FSO stationed in Taipei. Quemoy is 10 kilometers, about six miles, from Amoy (also known as Xiamen) on the China coast and 227 kilometers, 142 miles, from Taiwan. During the offshore islands crises of 1954-1958, Quemoy was one of the hottest spots in the Cold War. The Chinese communists regularly bombarded the island, testing the resolve of the Chinese Nationalists and the Americans.

During the August 1958 bombardment, the people of Quemoy suffered enormously. On our first visit to the island in 1960, the garrison commander and his staff briefed us about the military situation in his underground quarters. We released balloons with political messages for the people in China. We had no idea whether they had any impact, because mainlanders were prohibited from picking up the messages. We saw patriotic slogans on the billboards and even some nostalgic Li Po poems carved on boulders.

The contrasts between then and

Stanton Jue is a retired FSO who served in Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, China, Vietnam, Cambodia and Australia, and in Washington as USIA policy officer for East Asia and the Pacific. He is currently a mentor for UNA young professionals at DACOR. The stamp is courtesy of the AAFSW Bookfair "Stamp Corner."

now are truly profound. The return visit brought back memories of the Chinese Nationalists' strategic plan for the defense of Taiwan as a stepping stone to recover the lost mainland. A national park, established in 1995, now covers a major part of the island. We arrived at Shangyi Airport in the morning and drove to the park's visitors center for a briefing on the history, terrain and flora, and viewed the exhibits of major battles, temples and scenic spots of both Quemoy and several nearby islands. Through a concerted reforestation effort, the island has become verdant, dotted with "wind lion" statues — huge, fierce, animal-like deities protecting the farms. After a feast of local specialties, we toured some of the battlefield monuments.

We were told that Quemoy residents, but not Taiwanese, could now visit Amoy on China's mainland as tourists. Similarly, Amoy residents could bring fruits, vegetables, fish, etc. to Quemoy markets, or come as tourists. Some people say this is the beginning of a people-to-people exchange program, implementing the "mini-links" (both physical and symbolic) between the two sides launched in January 2001. President Chen Shui-bian, during a September 2003 visit, told Quemoy Mayor Lee Chufeng that expanding the mini-links with China must be considered only in the context of Taiwan; and unless there is a positive response from Beijing, relations across the strait must remain as they are. On the question of making Quemoy the center of tourism and cross-strait relations, however, Chen said: "The government simply cannot ignore Taiwan's security to meet Quemoy's needs."

One of the high points of our visit was a tour of the Chin Ho Li Steel Knife Factory. During the Cold War, Mr. Wu Chao-hsi collected artillery shells and bomb fragments to develop a cutlery business, the "Kinmen Steel Knife Factory," earning him the name "Maestro Wu." Stories about this unique endeavor spread, attracting worldwide attention. From all accounts, Wu truly possessed an uncanny ability to forge the shells and bomb fragments into beautiful and functional culinary knives. It was thrilling to watch him and his associates demonstrate their skills, bringing to mind the biblical passage about "hammering the swords into plowshares and the spears into sickles."

The Quemoy we visited three years ago was relatively free of tension and military atmospherics. The residents live a peaceful life. Children attend school without fear of war and destruction such as their grandparents experienced. However, the fragile "detente" which has prevented the dark clouds of war from gathering in the strait for the past 50 years is disintegrating. Still, as Mayor Lee noted, Quemoy Island, situated between the mainland and Taiwan, can play a constructive role in building a bridge of friendship and understanding to allow cross-strait relations to evolve in a positive direction.



American Foreign Service Association

June 2005

AWARDEES TO BE HONORED AT JUNE 17 CEREMONY

AFSA Selects 2005 Dissent and Performance Award Winners

he American Foreign Service Association is pleased to announce the winners of the 2005 dissent and performance awards. AFSA places great emphasis on these awards, which serve to recognize the intellectual courage and outstanding achievements of Foreign Service personnel. AFSA will confer its annual awards on Friday, June 17, at 4 p.m. in the Benjamin Franklin Diplomatic Reception Room of the Department of State. Each award winner will receive a certificate of recognition and a monetary prize of \$2,500. Everyone is welcome at the awards ceremony. To RSVP, call (202) 338-4045, ext. 515. For more information, call Awards Coordinator Barbara Berger at (202) 338-4045, ext. 521.

CONSTRUCTIVE DISSENT AWARDS

This year's AFSA awards for intellectual courage, initiative and integrity in the context of constructive dissent will be presented to the following Foreign Service employees who demonstrated the courage to speak out and challenge the system on a subject related to their work:

The CHRISTIAN A. HERTER AWARD, for a senior Foreign Service officer: John M. Evans, U.S. Ambassador to the Republic of Armenia The WILLIAM R. RIVKIN AWARD, for a mid-career officer: Geoffrey Pyatt, Minister-Counselor for Political Affairs, Embassy New Delhi Runners-up: Nancy Pettit, Jeffrey VanDreal, Monica Stein-Olson and Janina Jaruzelski, all of Embassy Moscow The W. AVERELL HARRIMAN AWARD, for a junior Foreign Service officer: James Arlen Holt, Assistant GSO, Embassy Seoul Runner-up: Richard Roesing, Embassy Abuja

Continued on page 5

Lifetime Contributions to American Diplomacy: Senator Richard Lugar



AFSA's Award for Lifetime Contributions to American Diplomacy will be conferred on Senator Richard Lugar, R-Ind., Chair of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice has agreed to present this award. Winners of this prestigious award in recent years have included Ambassador Richard Parker (2004), former Secretary of State George Shultz (2003) and Ambassador Thomas Pickering (2002).

Previous recipients include Frank Carlucci, George H.W. Bush, David Newsom and Lee Hamilton. (See p. 18 for the interview with Sen. Lugar.)

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USAID GRIEVANCES

AFSA Position on Oliver Case Upheld in Court

BY DOUGLAS BROOME, AFSA SENIOR LABOR MANAGEMENT ADVISER

e have been updating Journal and AFSANET readers regularly about two USAID employees whom the Grievance Board ordered reinstated. (See USAID AFSA VP Bill Carter's column in this issue and AFSA President John Limbert's column in the January Journal.) Both employees had to appeal to federal court to compel USAID compliance. With substantial AFSA financial support, they hired grievance attorney Bridget Mugane. The first decision, in Charles Oliver v. United States, has recently been issued. It gives full vindication to AFSA's legal arguments, which had already been accepted and amplified by the Foreign Service Grievance Board. As the Grievance Board had done, the court rejected USAID's

Continued on page 3



Board Member Heading to Baghdad

Bill Crawford, AFSA's FCS representative, resigned from the AFSA Governing Board in April, because of an upcoming assignment to Iraq. He volunteered to be the commercial attaché for Embassy Baghdad and headed out to his new assignment in May.

During his tenure on the Governing Board, Bill served as a member of the AFSA Awards Committee. He also focused particular effort on recruitment and membership, as well as out-

Life in the Foreign Service

BY BRIAN AGGELER, FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER



reach to FCS officers temporarily located in the Washington, D.C., area. Thanks to Bill's leadership, AFSA/FCS is now in regular contact with members in the area and holds periodic outreach briefings at FSI. We commend him for his valuable service to AFSA and especially the FCS membership.

For the duration of the 2003-2005 Governing Board term, the FCS Representative position will be filled by incoming FCS Vice President Donald Businger.

Hail and Farewell

Kalpna Srimal has resigned as AFSA Controller, effective May 10. Kalpna worked for AFSA for over five years. We are sad to see her go, but wish her all the best.

AFSA has promoted Accounting Assistant Steve Tipton to the controller position. We are pleased to have someone in the ranks so well-qualified to take over this important role.

Norma Reyes has joined the AFSA staff in a newly created part-time position, Retiree Coordinator for Recruitment and Communication. Norma is a retired FSO and former Peace Corps recruiter. Her Foreign Service assignments included four postings as a narcotics affairs officer, in Washington, Brasilia and Bogota. During her 35-year career with the federal government, she worked for six different agencies in about 19 different jobs. AFSA plans to put her recruitment experience to work helping us attract and retain more retiree members. Norma can be reached by e-mail: reyes@afsa.org, or phone: (202) 338-4045, ext. 514.

Governing Board:

Briefs • Continued on page 3

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Oliver • Continued from page 1

arguments entirely. The decision contains no surprises. USAID was thrice forewarned: The Grievance Board granted Oliver a stay of separation, the first time it has done this for an untenured employee since 1989. It issued a final decision in his favor. It reconfirmed that decision when the agency sought reconsideration.

For a long time, AFSA had tried at various levels of USAID to settle this case. It cast a pall over all AFSA-USAID relations. USAID received a great deal of bad publicity — within the agency, on the Hill, and publicly via AFSA's communications network.

As we have said before, glory does not shine on USAID in this matter. Just think of the unnecessary costs: a huge number of USAID legal and management staff hours over the years; reinstatement of the employee, with back pay and interest; and reimbursement of attorney fees. We understand that USAID may appeal this case to the federal Court of Appeals. We ask our friends in management: "How much longer do you want to drag out a case you have lost every step of the way, and how much more of our Operating Expense funds are you willing to spend on a lost cause?" 🗖

AFSANEWSBRIEFS

Briefs • Continued from page 3

Seeking EUR Lore

Ken Weisbrode is working on a history of the Bureau of European Affairs and seeks anecdotes & recollections from retired and current FSOs. Please send information to Ken at 201 Robinson Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138; or e-mail him at weisbrod@ fas.harvard.edu.

Briefs • Continued on page 8

V.P. VOICE: USAID BY BILL CARTER

Terminal Musings

s the curtain comes down on my 2003-2005 term next month, it seems an appropriate time to reflect and muse on what has happened between AFSA and USAID over the past two years.

Management's approach has been to "litigate rather than negotiate." Unfortunately, the fallout from this approach clouded my tenure. Two cases in particular stand out. In both



instances, the Foreign Service Grievance Board decided in the employee's favor, but USAID refused to comply. This is a drama worthy of the theater of the absurd, since both employees continue to work for the agency in other capacities. That's right: the agency is fighting in court to keep people — who are actually on board — from coming back on board. What a waste of time, energy and good will. Beckett lives!

The example above poignantly demonstrates that bureaucracies are not infallible. Human systems need mechanisms in place to help correct errors and mitigate injus-

tice. For better or worse, AFSA serves as a necessary "check and balance" against abuses, either unintentional or otherwise. I am most proud that in many cases, AFSA has been successful in helping individual members navigate the labyrinthine ways of AEF snafus, resolve knotty IG and security problems, confront the abusive behavior of a supervisor, reverse Claims Act disallowances and deal with a host of other issues.

AFSA serves as a necessary "check and balance" against abuses.

From the get-go, AFSA has harped on the

need for better work-force planning, but on that score our pleas have been largely ignored. USAID remains ever-enamored of the HR "quick-fix," the latest being the hiring of up to 610 Foreign Service Limited employees over the next few years. Despite management's protestations to the contrary, this will likely negatively affect career officers.

Sometimes, as vice president, you are forced to make painful choices, between allowing an exception for the most worthy of members versus upholding a principle so that the faith and confidence of the broader membership is not undermined. In doing the latter, you incur the lifelong wrath of the one member who feels betrayed. Those are not the pleasant days.

Ticks on the plus side: AFSA has tried to communicate more effectively with the membership through regular AFSANET messages. Some of the goals of our "investin-the-employee" campaign were attained: the Immediate Benefit Plan, language training for spouses, a student loan repayment program in the works and a review and pending decision by USAA to allow new USAID FSOs membership. I am very proud of the role AFSA played in these small, yet significant, victories.

For the future, I am hopeful that the AFSA-USAID relationship has evolved now to one of mutual respect, where "negotiate" is the first thought rather than "litigate." Examples of this cooperative approach include management's willingness to listen to AFSA on modifying re-blocking, on not filling assignments in critical priority countries through forced placements, and on resolving some problem cases cooperatively.

Lastly, what pleased me most was the competent and cohesive professional staff of AFSA itself. What a great bunch of dedicated people to support us all. We should be thankful for them. I am. \Box

What Makes Gary Really Proud?

BY GARY PERGL, OFFICE DIRECTOR, CAREER DEVELOPMENT AND ASSIGNMENTS

n her April column, "What Makes Louise Really Mad?", AFSA VP Louise Crane railed against what she termed the "nasty, nefarious assignment practice" of the chair holding proposed assignments at panel. She painted a picture of the department's Foreign Service assignment system that could easily lead readers to believe that management habitually and repeatedly manipulates the process through the use of chair holds. This is completely untrue, and what makes me really mad is that Louise knew full well that she was misleading her readers when she stretched a single incident with which she took exception into a paradigm for the entire assignments system.

What makes me really *proud* is the transparent and fair manner in which we conduct the assignments process. The Office of Career Development and Assignments has paneled more than 2,200 employees to jobs so far this year. Out of all those panel actions, how many assignments has the chair held?

One.

And Louise knows it was just one, because early in the season, after she had told me how much she despised chair holds, I promised to tell AFSA in advance every time I planned to invoke a chair hold (which I dutifully did in the case to which she refers). Yet Louise chose to take the only instance in which a chair hold was used this year and make it appear as though it were the norm for the assignments process. "Management uses the trick of chair holds," she wrote, "to keep certain assignments open for these fairshare bidders."

Let's be fair. If AFSA wants to take management to task for a single perceived abuse of the system, I say good for you. Spread the word. Keep the system honest and put everyone on notice that the union is fulfilling its function as a watchdog. That is AFSA's role, which I support both as a manager and as an AFSA member.

Do not, however, perpetuate the false notion that Foreign Service assignments are

somehow riddled with favoritism. What you have done is cast aspersions on the overall integrity of the assignments system, something in which the entire Foreign Service community has a huge stake. This does both the department and AFSA a disservice: the department, because it is filled with honorable people trying to do the right thing, and AFSA, because you end up placing a good union's credibility at risk. At the same time, you impugn the integrity of all of the employees in CDA, who also serve as watchdogs for the assignments system.

All Foreign Service personnel have a right to invest in the basic notion that the process of making assignments in the department is fundamentally fair. Note that I don't say totally fair or universally fair or cosmically fair, because HR work is an imprecise science, and there are as many variations on an assignment theme as there are Foreign Service employees. In CDA, we work hard to build trust in this system. We have dozens of standard operating procedures that govern all assignments and panels. We have 105 pairs of eyes in this office, all watching over the process, all representing differing viewpoints and different constituencies in what has come to be, over the course of many years, a pretty good system of checks and balances. I can assure you that all those who work in CDA are as conscientious about the pursuit of fairness as I am.

Instead of raising false alarms, AFSA would do well to give credit to the 3,000 assignments made every year in accordance with strict procedures. Give credit to all of the panel actions that require difficult decisions in CDA to balance service needs and employee aspirations. Fair-share and 6/8 rules, curtailments, adjustments, conal appeals, details, training, home leave and R&R, language waivers, LWOP, nepotism work-arounds, service need differential, tandems, stretch assignments — all are tough issues that are based on rules vetted with AFSA and then considered on a case-by-case basis by your peers. Unless an

employee or a bureau appeals a decision made by CDA's panels, the director general does not involve himself in this process.

Nevertheless, I remain cognizant, as should AFSA, of the statutes under which we operate — specifically, Section 502(a)(1) of the Foreign Service Act, which gives the Secretary of State the authority, delegated to the director general, to assign a member of the Service to any Foreign Service position as the needs of the Service may require. Yet look at how incredibly rarely higher management has intervened in the panel process. Is it not instructive to note that you had to reach back several years to find an "abuse" of the system to cite in the column?

I cannot imagine a director general who could uphold the letter and spirit of the assignments process more assiduously than the current one. Even the assignment Louise speaks of in her column was not DGdirected in the end, but was turned back to the assignments panel for a decision, which the panel made with full knowledge of the equities of all parties involved. Her conspiracy theory of management regularly using chair holds to subvert the process simply does not hold water.

If AFSA truly feels that the Foreign Service assignments system is fundamentally flawed, it should take that belief to its members in a manner that is clear and unambiguous. I myself believe that the vast majority of FS employees share my strong conviction that the assignments system is not just fair and equitable, but is, in fact, exceedingly so.

AFSA President John Limbert responds:

We agree that Mr. Pergl and his staff deserve praise for their work in upholding an equitable assignment system. The one case mentioned, however, is one case too many. In AFSA's view, this apparent disregard for fair-share rules — which HR says it wants to uphold — does not serve the interest of the Service; rather it works against efforts to strengthen an open and fair assignment system that needs the trust of all employees if it's going to work.

Awards • Continued from page 1

The **TEX HARRIS AWARD**, for a Foreign Service specialist: **F. Scott Gallo**, Regional Security Officer, Embassy Nairobi **Runners-up: Timothy W. Alexandre**, Embassy Kabul; and **Marilynne Bonner**, Embassy Pretoria

EXEMPLARY SERVICE AWARDS

These awards, which recognize exemplary performance and extraordinary contributions to professionalism, morale and effectiveness are:

The AVIS BOHLEN AWARD, for a Foreign Service family member: Lisa K. Vershbow, Embassy Moscow Runner-up: Fatima Goodspeed, **Embassy Amman** The **DELAVAN AWARD**, for extraordinary contributions by an Office Management Specialist: Nancy Alain, Embassy Baghdad Runner-up: Anissa A. Hanson, **Embassy** Cairo The M. JUANITA GUESS AWARD, for outstanding service as a Community Liaison officer: Marilyn Tarter and Catherine McSherry, Embassy Bangkok

Runner-up: Ceres C. Busa, Embassy Addis Ababa

AFSA SPECIAL ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

David Dlouhy, Director, Office of Retirement

This year, AFSA is honoring Office of Retirement Director David Dlouhy with a special achievement award, in appreciation for his leadership in improving retiree services at the Department of State.

AFSA greatly appreciates the efforts of all those who sent in nominations or served on a panel this year. A warm thank-you also goes to Director General W. Robert Pearson for co-sponsoring our annual awards ceremony, which is open to any employee wishing to attend. Articles about the award winners will appear in the July/August Journal.

The Foreign Service Profession in a 3-D Environment

Retiree recently wrote to me to complain that while I appeared to spend a lot of time on the nuts and bolts like locality pay and allowances for the active-duty, he thought I had neglected the "professional development" side of my portfolio and AFSA's mission. Well, I disagree. However, I have apparently failed to explain all that AFSA has been doing to enhance the Foreign Service's capabilities to conduct diplomacy in the 21st century.



A lot has happened in the past four years, and several of

the changes resulted from AFSA initiatives. "Fair Share" is one. This rule requires a Foreign Service member who is bidding and who has not served in a hardship post for the past six years to include hardship posts in his/her bid list. The department has adopted fair share and has tightened the rules. But fair share was never going to fill the one-half of our posts that are classified as 15-percent-or-greater hardship. Fair-share bidders average only 500 a year and a lot of them opt for domestic assignments.

AFSA argued for a hardship requirement for promotion. Management liked it and adopted it. It first ruled that hardship duty was a requirement for crossing the threshold for current FS-1s. Then it added duty at a 15-percent-or-higher post as a requirement for FS-2s and below. This requirement recognizes that the Foreign Service lives up to its advertising as being "worldwide available," and it also recognizes the reality of this century thus far — the world is a difficult and dangerous place.

AFSA never liked multifunctionality, which allowed certain employees in outof-cone jobs to be considered, once "certified" eligible, for promotion by another, "multifunctional" board. A quick glance at the promotion statistics shows that those who criticized multifunctionality as favoring the political cone were right. Classwide competition has replaced multifunctionality, and AFSA applauds this change. This is partnered with an HR-conceived career development model which requires generalists to secure assignments outside their cones — whether on the Hill, over at an NGO or in a global bureau or another cone. The choice is wide and applies to all. No one has to be certified to compete for promotion classwide.

The goal is to have a Foreign Service corps that is more broad gauged than previously, when specialization was the rage. Our rising generalists will have a wider knowledge of issues beyond the confines of their home bureaus and home cone. This new career development model also rewards employees for improving their language skills, whether it's acquiring a second language, or bringing their current one to the 4/4-or-higher level. AFSA appreciates that the department has included it as a partner in the conversations and discussions on what is a momentous change to the traditional Foreign Service career model.

To AFSA and department management alike, these changes to the classic Foreign Service professional model recognize two realities. One is that as the world grows more complex, so do the diplomatic issues our Foreign Service is called upon to address. The other reality is that it's not a tea party out there: all too often we are called upon to work and live in a 3-D environment, where life is difficult, dangerous and dirty.

These changes to our profession recognize this early-21st-century reality. \Box

AFSA Pushes for State Authorization Bill Passage

BY SUZANNE DEFELICE, LEGISLATIVE AFFAIRS INTERN

uring the first half of 2005, AFSA has been busy tracking issues important to the Foreign Service. The State authorization bill, and the Fiscal Year 2005 supplemental, in particular, contain language essential to the Foreign Service.

Here is where AFSA stands on current key legislative issues:

State Authorization Bill

This year the Foreign Relations authorization bill has been moving through the legislative process but, once again, its fate is uncertain. The Senate version (S. 600) was pulled from the floor after progress was halted for the pope's funeral, and it was unclear in early May when or if the bill would return for consideration. Meanwhile, the House International Relations Committee was drafting its own bill.

AFSA has continued to emphasize the importance of the authorization bill. We are working with the House International Relations Committee, hoping for a draft favorable to the Foreign Service. To that end, AFSA State Vice President Louise Crane testified on April 14 before the HIRC Subcommittee on Africa, Global Human Rights and International Operations. Chair Chris Smith, R-N.J., reacted positively to AFSA's requests, especially those regarding pay disparity, embassy security and soft targets. AFSA has been encouraged by the subcommittee's favorable reaction, because it is directly responsible for writing the State Department section of the authorization bill.

Appropriations

In upcoming months, Congress will appropriate funding for the State



Department and other foreign affairs agencies to enable them to carry out foreign policy. The administration has requested \$33.6 billion for the International Affairs Account (150 Account) for Fiscal Year 2006, an increase of about \$3 billion over

FY 2005. While the actual dollar amount has been increasing, the 150 Account continues to represent only about 1.3 percent of total federal spending.

The Appropriations Committee has yet to propose language. AFSA President John Limbert submitted testimony to the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Science, Commerce and Justice in early April, suggesting that Congress should view the administration's request as a spending floor. In late April, a congressional budget resolution passed, providing appropriators with guidance that total foreign affairs funding should not exceed \$31.4 billion — \$2.3 billion below the administration's request. AFSA hopes that appropriators will augment this amount.

Supplemental

The \$82 billion FY 2005 Emergency Supplemental (H.R. 1268) was passed and sent to the president in early May. As the bill worked its way through the Congress, additional funding above request was provided for military programs, and funding for international programs was cut. The most notable cuts occurred in embassy funding, diplomatic and consular programs and contributions to international peacekeeping activities.

The amendment by Rep. Fred Upton, R-Mich., prohibited the use of funds for Embassy Baghdad in the House bill, while the Senate maintained \$592 million for the embassy. An amendment from Sen. Robert Byrd, D-W.Va., reduced the diplomatic and consular programs account, State's operating funds, by about \$400 million and moved it to border security. Another amendment by Sen. John Ensign, R-Nev., reduced funding for international peacekeeping activities by \$147 million and also directed the funds toward the Border Patrol. After the active intervention of Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, funding for Embassy Baghdad and the State operating account was restored.

Comparability Pay

AFSA continues to promote a system of comparability pay that will ensure equality between Foreign Service members serving in Washington, D.C. and serving abroad. Currently, Foreign Service members FS-1 and below take a 16-percent pay cut when they leave Washington, D.C. AFSA maintains that service abroad should be rewarded, not penalized.

Provisions eliminating the pay disparity are not currently included in the State authorization bill or any other legislation. After discussing this issue with the Office of Management and Budget, and staff for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, AFSA decided to pursue a freestanding bill strategy to show political interest and support.

Retiree Issues

AFSA supports the repeal of the Windfall Elimination Provision and reform of the Government Pension Offset, both of which reduce Social Security benefits for annuitants whose pensions are based in whole or part on the Foreign Service Retirement and Disability System (FSRDS) or the Civil Service Retirement System (CSRS) service. AFSA also supports "premium conversion" legislation that would permit federal civilian and military retirees to pay health premiums on a pre-tax basis.

While AFSA has not taken an official position on how to reform Social Security, it has stated that any reform should be designed to make the system solvent, not dismantle it. \Box

Resolution Honoring Tsunami Aid Workers Passes House

ouse Resolution 120, sponsored by Representative Earl Blumenauer, D-Ore., commending State Department, United States Agency for International Development and U.S. armed forces personnel for their timely and compassionate response to the East Asia earthquake and tsunami of Dec. 26, 2004, unanimously passed the U.S. House of Representatives on April 5. AFSA is pleased to report this welcome recognition for our usually unsung heroes in the Foreign Service. AFSA President John Limbert sent a letter of thanks to Rep. Blumenauer on behalf of the Foreign Service.

During an early-January House International Relations Subcommittee fact-finding mission to the region hit by the tsunami, Rep. Blumenauer saw firsthand the devastation from the tsunami and the recovery efforts being conducted in India, Sri Lanka, Thailand and Indonesia. Following the trip, Rep. Blumenauer and Rep. Jim Leach, R-Iowa, testified before the HIRC, affirming the outstanding commitment of the State, USAID and U.S. military personnel to the relief efforts.

In his testimony, Blumenauer said: "Having seen the difference that officials for the State Department and USAID, working together with our military, are making to the survivors of the tsunami, highlights



Rep. Blumenauer (center) in Sri Lanka.

for me the need to continue to enhance our diplomatic, development and humanitarian capabilities. In order to do that, we must make sure that Congress provides the resources they need."

Noting that pictures of military rapid

response teams "spoke volumes," Blumenauer added, "... It is important that we also recognize the efforts of the civilians from the State Department and USAID, who do the tireless work of diplomacy and development that form the backbone of our foreign policy. They contribute day in and day out with far less fanfare and too often less of our support."

The resolution "commends the outstanding efforts in response to the earthquake and tsunami of Dec. 26, 2004, by members of the armed forces and civilian employees of the Department of State and the U.S. Agency for International Development; recognizes that the actions of these individuals went above and beyond the call of duty; and thanks them for their service."

In his letter to Rep. Blumenauer, John Limbert noted that "this nation's humanitarian response, both in the official and private terms, demonstrated the true heart of America in the face of this great tragedy. We are proud of our colleagues in both the military and the Foreign Service for their dedicated and tireless work. I know they and all of us appreciate the recognition of the House of Representatives as expressed by H. Res. 120."

CHEAP SHOTS DIARY

AFSA Responds to *Wall Street Journal* Swipe at FS

eeping up the effort to respond to cheap shots against the Foreign Service, AFSA President John Limbert took issue with a March 31 editorial in the *Wall Street Journal t*hat included yet another unwarranted swipe at us. The editorial, entitled "Bolton Endorsement," took aim at the group of 59 former diplomats who signed a letter opposing the nomination of John Bolton for the post of U.S. ambassador to the United Nations.

The editorial included the following remark: "We've scanned the list of this striped-pants set, and it looks to be precisely the crowd that has long placed diplomatic niceties above action." John Limbert, in his letter, "Loyal Public Servants Are Unfairly Sullied," published April 8, says that the statement "disparages all the courageous public servants who serve their country loyally in very difficult and dangerous places."

Limbert continues: "The signers are mostly retired career Foreign Service officers who have ably represented the United States in countries such as Guyana, Nigeria, Mauritania, Iraq and Qatar. Far from putting 'niceties above action' in their careers, they helped keep terrorists and criminals out of the U.S., delivered humanitarian and development aid, protected American citizens and upheld the values of freedom and democracy to foreign governments and publics in the most unpromising settings.

"One may legitimately disagree with their position on the Bolton nomination, but there was no need to derogate devoted professionals who spend their careers, and often risk their lives, in the service of their country."



Continued from page 3

Congratulations to AFSA Student Merit Scholarship Winners

AFSA has selected the winners of the 2005 Merit Scholarships. This year, the 23 winners of the Academic and Art Merit Awards will receive a total of \$26,750 in scholarships funded by the AFSA Scholarship Program and by four donors who have established merit scholarships in their names. To see the list, go to www.afsa.org/scholar/index.cfm, or look for them in the July *AFSA News*.

A total of 71 Foreign Service high school seniors submitted applications in this year's competition. On May 6, the awards will be bestowed. Twelve individuals from the Foreign Service community served as judges, including

members of AFSA's Committee on Education. For more information on the AFSA Scholarship Program, contact Lori Dec at AFSA, either by phone: (toll-free) 1 (800) 704-2372, ext. 504, or e-mail: dec@afsa.org.



AFSA President Heads West

John Limbert visited Seattle in April and spoke to the Foreign Service retiree association there. He was impressed with how well organized retirees in the area are and how, despite their distance from the capital, they remain very engaged in both AFSA and foreign-policy issues. They were very pleased to see AFSA hard at work on issues of special concern to retirees, especially the annuity overpayment issue.

John also met with *The Seattle Times* editor and with graduate students at the University of Washington's Evans

School of Public Affairs. Among those attending was a Hubert Humphrey Fellow from Afghanistan, who will be returning to Kabul after his program to join that country's reborn Foreign Service.

Credit Card Foreign Transaction Fees

Members considering opening new credit card accounts, or evaluating their current spending habits, would be wise to consider the fees that some credit card companies charge for transactions made in foreign currencies.

For overseas card users, both MasterCard International and Visa International convert the transaction into a U.S. dollar amount in accordance with their own company currency conversion policies. Both companies then customarily increase this conversion rate by 1 percent. Some issuing banks then increase the conversion rate provided by either MasterCard or Visa by an additional 2 percent.

USAA and the State Department Federal Credit Union confirmed that they do not charge a fee on top of what Visa and MasterCard charge. Some banks may have arrangements with either MasterCard or Visa not to charge the customary fee. Some banks do not show a breakdown of the fees for each transaction, only the total fee charged for transactions made during a cycle, making it harder to track the fees charged.

American Express practice is to determine the currency conversion rate and then charge 2 percent of the transaction balance as a fee.

The Discover Card Web site explains how it bills transactions in foreign currency. The explanation is at www.novusnet.com/discover/data/faq/outside_us.shtml. Discover Card states that it has no currency conversion fee.

It is important for members to read their card-member agreement to find all fees and charges associated with the use of their credit cards. Some cards do not list their foreign transaction fees in abbreviated materials sent to entice you to sign up, but the information may be found in initial disclosure statements. When choosing what credit cards to use overseas, AFSA advises you to make an informed decision!

BOOKFAIR Donation Time

The Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide need your donations for BOOKFAIR, an October event for 45 years. Artwork, rare books only, stamps and coins would all be gratefully accepted. Handicrafts from around the world are especially welcome, as such items are extremely popular every year and sell quickly.

In the Washington area, donations may be dropped off at the Bookroom, located in Room B816 of the Truman Building, Monday through Friday from noon to 2 p.m. For other options, contact Bookroom Manager Robin Jones at (202) 223-5796 or bookroom@aafsw.org. Art objects may also be brought to the bookroom. To request a pick-up of art objects, please contact Dianne Bodeen at (703) 536-2235 or artcorner@aafsw.com.

If you are overseas, please do not send books. Art objects may be pouched to: "BOOKROOM, B816 HST; DOS – by unclassified pouch."

Know the Contact Policy Requirements

BY SHARON PAPP, AFSA GENERAL COUNSEL

n recent months, AFSA has represented a number of Foreign Service employees (officers and specialists) in Diplomatic Security investigations and security clearance proceedings before the DS Office of Personnel Security and Suitability. The focus has been on the requirements for reporting contacts with foreign nationals and travel to countries with critical counterintelligence threat posts. Based on these interviews and security clearance adjudications, it appears that the requirements are not well-known, well-understood or wellpublicized. In addition, some requirements need clarification. The following report seeks to update employees on what they need to know about contact reporting regulations as included in 12 FAM and 3 FAM.

In discussions with DS, AFSA has suggested that it send out a notice clarifying and publicizing contact reporting requirements. To our knowledge, the last official guidance to the field was issued in 1995-State 93112, "Relationships and Contact Reporting"-nearly a decade ago. AFSA has also suggested that the Bureau of Human Resources consult with DS regarding much-needed changes in 3 FAM 4100 (which contains HR's separate contact reporting requirements), since this portion of the FAM is over 16 years old. We understand that DS has been working on guidance for the past several months and hopes to get it out soon, and that HR is in the process of updating 3 FAM. While both 12 FAM and 3 FAM discuss reporting requirements, reporting under one does not cover the other. In some circumstances, two contact reports may need to be submitted to satisfy the FAM requirements.

In some cases, failure to report contacts has led to serious consequences, including curtailment from post and lengthy security clearance suspensions. Therefore, it is imperative that all Foreign Service employees understand and abide by the requirements for reporting contacts to the best of their ability. If in doubt about the need to report a contact, err on the side of caution by discussing the issue with the regional security officer at post or, if you do not work for the State Department, then with your agency's security office in Washington.

In AFSA's experience, many Foreign Service employees do not realize they have to report contacts with foreign nationals not only while serving overseas, but also when they are in the United States. In addition, according to a recent case handled by AFSA, DS may view an individual who is a citizen of the U.S. and another country (a dual national) as a foreign national for contactreporting purposes. Seek guidance from DS on whether to fill out contact reports on dual nationals.

Following is a brief summary of contact policy requirements. Find a more complete discussion on our Web site at www.afsa.org/020205afsanet.fcm.

12 FAM 260: Report immediately any contact where illegal or unauthorized access to information is sought on Form DS-1887 (Contact Reporting Form). This section of the FAM also states that employees must report the initial contact with a national from a country with a criticalthreat post "when that national attempts to establish reoccurring contact or seems to be actively seeking a close personal relationship beyond professional or personal courtesies." AFSA has seen employees reprimanded (i.e., a letter is placed in their official performance file for one year) for failure to report contacts. The list of countries designated as "critical threat," derived from the department's Security Environment Threat List, can be difficult to access. DS/CI has advised AFSA that it is working to establish a link on the classified network to a document outlining the critical threat countries. Until then, find the list on CLAN by going to the State home page (www.state.gov), clicking on "cable retrieval archive system," and entering "SETL" in the subject search line.

12 FAM 264.2: All U.S. government employees under the authority of a chief of mission must notify the RSO or PSO at

post of residence at least three weeks in advance of personal travel to any country with a critical human intelligence threat post. Employees stationed domestically should notify DS/ICI/CAS. The department encourages spouses and adult dependents of employees to do the same. AFSA encourages employees to visit http:// source.ds.state.sgov.gov/ on a *secure* computer for more information.

AFSA believes many employees are not aware of the requirement to provide advance notice of travel to countries with critical threat posts, even though failure to do so can result in a suspension or revocation of a security clearance.

3 FAM 629.2-1: All U.S.-citizen Foreign Service employees from State, USAID, Commerce, Agriculture and IBB, and all other State employees or contractors with sensitive duties, who intend to marry a foreign national must inform the employing agency within 120 days prior to the expected date of marriage.

Employees must complete a contact report when they cohabitate or develop a romantically or sexually intimate and continuing relationship with a foreign national. Contact reports should be filled out within one month of the date cohabitation with a foreign national begins.

Know the Rules

DS is entitled to expect high standards from employees who hold clearances. However, AFSA firmly believes that employees are entitled to know what the rules are and what the consequences are for violating those rules. We hope that upcoming guidance from DS will simplify and clarify the reporting requirements of 3 FAM and 12 FAM. We also hope that HR will update the contact reporting rules in 3 FAM soon. In the meantime, employees should take a common-sense approach to reporting and apply the guidance as closely as possible. If you wish to speak with an AFSA attorney about this, please direct your questions to AFSA General Counsel Sharon Papp or Labor Management Attorney Zlatana Badrich by phone: (202) 647-8160, or e-mail: papps@state.gov or badrichz@state.gov.

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