

The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training
Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

AMBASSADOR BRANDON H. GROVE, JR.

Interviewed by: Thomas Stern
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INTERVIEW

Preface

The Cold War began on July 2, 1947 when Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov led his delegation out of the conference in Paris that launched the Marshall Plan for European recovery. It ended on December 25, 1991 with Gorbachev's resignation as president of the USSR, and the disintegration of the Soviet Union. It encompassed whole careers. Someone like myself, who was 18 in 1947, was 62 when the struggle ended. Rarely is a defining period in history so sharply delineated.

This memoir is based on an expansion of and additions to oral history interviews. It attempts to convey what it meant to me to be a Foreign Service officer during the Cold War years of 1959-1991. Waging cold war was the chief activity of our government in its

foreign, defense, and intelligence policies, and in many areas of our national economy as well. From vantage points during assignments abroad and in Washington, I will describe how widespread and engrossing that costly war quickly became.

My perspective is that of only one of many Americans whose foreign service careers span this nearly 45-year chapter in world history. We served our country during a global struggle understood by many policy makers and large large portions of the American people as a contest between good and evil, "us and them," the right side winning in the end without a global holocaust. Certain of the justness of our causes, we had prevailed in the century's two great wars before its mid-point, and established ourselves as the preeminent world power.

Sands of Iwo Jima, the enduringly successful John Wayne movie with its famous flag raising scene, was released in 1949. Four years after the end of World War II, it offered audiences early in the Cold War an inspiring tale of US Marines inching their way to hard-won victory. For these audiences a different struggle against quite a different enemy was beginning. For nearly half a century it would require the dedication and sacrifice extolled in this film.

This time we would be "containers," in George Kennan's word, and our enemies would be "contained" in their expansionist ambitions, not overrun. This concept suggests a subtle edge of superiority for those doing the containing, an implied military and moral advantage for the West, even if the moral aspect would lose its luster during the conflict in Vietnam.

Only during local wars in Korea and Vietnam would we become engaged in military conflict--through surrogates--with our Cold War enemy. Berlin's occupation status would be kept intact until the wall came down without a struggle. Japan, freed of Soviet influence, would become a vital democracy, an economic power rivaling Western Europe and America.

Throughout the Cold War, we and the Russians lived with the possibility of nuclear strikes and counter-strikes that were always, although not inevitably, avoided. This is the highest tribute to the efficacy of great power diplomacy, backed by overwhelming military might on both sides, in dealing with situations of brinkmanship, misunderstanding, terrible mistakes, posturing, and deception. On both sides, fundamental values were rightly considered at stake. The outcome of the Cuban missile crisis speaks to the success of such high-risk diplomacy. In his Nobel Prize acceptance speech in December, 1950 William Faulkner said of these times, "Our tragedy today is a general and universal fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up?"

Today, with the Cold War behind us, "the enemy" is harder to identify and confront. The clear-cut differences are gone. A moral basis for international engagement has eroded since the Vietnamese war. Political will and popular support are difficult to mobilize in the absence of an obvious threat to our security. There is little public understanding of the need

to commit resources to preventive diplomacy, which seeks to defuse a problem before it gets beyond control, and is therefore based on hard-to-sell speculation about what might happen in the future.

At the end of the most violent century in history, and in the early stages of an information revolution that makes violence harder to conceal, much of the world now favors democracy and free-market economies in a global marketplace. Breathtaking possibilities for humanity are in reach without the prospect of global conflict. Even as we push ahead, we need to pause and assess these last fifty years, which have placed us all where we are today. A comprehensive understanding of the Cold War on which most people could agree is still beyond reach. The review by scholars of emerging historical records of the past half century exposes subtleties, ambivalences, and misperceptions on both sides that compel a much more complex appreciation of the Cold War. Questions of whether it could have been ended sooner, and been less costly to both sides, will trouble us for a long time to come.

Here, I retrace worn footpaths in dappled light, pausing occasionally to kick aside dry leaves and offer some observations about issues that engaged Americans during the Cold War, and the unavoidable untidiness of foreign policy-making in our democracy. Diplomacy, itself, is the management of international relations by negotiation, whether around a conference table or in less formal conversation between representatives of different governments. Given my experience, I found it natural to answer the question: What does a diplomat do? I recall why I chose a foreign service career and share thoughts and feelings about places in which I served, how things worked (or failed to work) and a few of the extraordinary people I met along the way--some of the heroes and villains of our times. This is also a story of the human side of Foreign Service life.

I write this with appreciation and affection for many friends and colleagues of great abilities, American and foreign alike, with whom I served during these perilous years. I am grateful to the countless people who have helped me in my work, kept me from foolish courses, and stood by me when our views were not in fashion.

My love and tenderest thanks go to my mother and father now at rest, and to my wife Mariana and our family. Without their trusting love and companionship, acceptance of foreign service life, and the private joys they have given me, often without knowing, I could not endure the obstacles facing anyone working in diplomacy. How often while traveling alone have I returned at the end of the day to the silence of empty rooms and mutely asked, "Where is everybody?"

Washington, DC
June, 1998

Q: On behalf of the Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training, let me thank you for giving us your time and effort to conduct this oral history. I am sure it will be a valuable contribution to our collection. Let me start by asking you about your life before you joined the foreign service.

1

EARLY YEARS

A. Growing Up in Chicago

GROVE: Vladimir Nabokov, in his autobiography, characterizes our existence as a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness. My friend David Ginsburg believes the opposite: the dark is for our earthly lives. In either case, I entered this crack in Chicago early on the morning of April 8, 1929.

Herbert Hoover had become president. The stock market crash and Great Depression were six months away. That year, congress, having failed to support the League of Nations ten years earlier, ratified a toothless Kellogg-Briand Pact, sponsored by the US and France to abolish wars through preventive diplomacy and conflict resolution. Sixty-two nations, including Germany and Japan, signed the agreement. World War II, nevertheless, loomed a mere decade ahead. Five years earlier, in 1924, congress passed the Rogers Act creating a "Foreign Service of the United States," in which I would invest 35 years of my working life.

Joseph Stalin expelled Leon Trotsky from the Soviet Union in 1929, consolidating power he would use for good in fighting Hitler, and evil in the Cold War. Soon I would experience Nazi Germany at first hand. My entire diplomatic career would be influenced by the power struggles of the Cold War. Arabs in Jerusalem attacked Jews at the Wailing Wall in 1929, killing many in the first large-scale violence of its kind. For three years, I would deal with this relationship. In Washington, the Teapot Dome bribery investigation was at its height.

Herblock began drawing political cartoons for the *Chicago Daily News*, as Al ("Scarface") Capone presided over Chicago's crime syndicates. Blondie and Popeye first appeared in the funny pages, and the new yo-yo's were a national obsession. William Faulkner, whom I would come to know, published *As I Lay Dying*. Cole Porter asked life's burning question, "What is This Thing Called Love?" Large, luscious candy bars were three for ten cents, and local movie shows cost about the same. Everyone shopped at Woolworth's five-and-dime stores.

Half our population was made up of first generation immigrants like my Polish mother. In 1929, veterans of the Civil War were still alive. Our flag had only 48 stars, six rows of eight. During my working years, the population of the United States more than doubled, transforming our social policies, altering the character and purposes of our cities, and overwhelming many of America's small towns and their yester-yearly ways. Population growth is the biggest challenge, worldwide.

What little I know about my mother Helena's family I learned from my cousin, Wojciech Gasparski, a professor of humanities and praxeology in Warsaw. Family records were destroyed during World War II. My grandfather Jan worked at the turn of the century as a furniture craftsman, an upholsterer who with my grandmother Franciszka had four children. A son, Stanislaw, was killed in World War I. Their daughter Maria was a schoolteacher who died of tuberculosis at 26; I remember mother's wistful references to her. Another son, Wladislaw, became a typographer, journalist, and actor. In 1910, Wladek moved from Warsaw, then under Russian domination, to Galicia in southeastern Poland under Austro-Hungarian rule, to avoid military service in the Russian army.

I came to know my uncle Wladek, who visited my parents in London for several months in 1958 while I was staying with them and waiting to enter the Foreign Service. His status as a pensioner permitted him to leave Poland temporarily. Our common language was German, and I took him around London. After living so long under Nazi and Soviet oppression in Poland, he was deeply affected by British freedoms and prosperity. He never thought of staying, however, and was anxious toward the end of his visit to return to Warsaw and his small family farm nearby. We had a favorite pub in Brompton Road, near Harrods, where we usually ended our morning excursions. It is no longer there, but when I pass the Brompton Oratory I remember Wladek.

My cousin has two books with "H. Gasparska" written on the fly leaf, left by mother in Warsaw before she came to the United States in 1923. One is on Polish calisthenics. She taught aerobics in Warsaw, and to her delight was awarded a scholarship by the American YWCA to study and teach gymnastic dance in Chicago. The other is called *The Charm of the Impossible*, by Margaret Slattery, which mother was apparently studying to learn English. Did she feel the title apt as she prepared to sail--a daring woman of 25 changing her life and language--to Ellis Island, and a continent about which she knew so little and where she yet had no friends? This prospect, if she thought of it at all, must have seemed "impossible" until the YWCA took an interest in her.

My father, the first of eight children in the marriage of a civil engineer, Harper Grove, to Elizabeth Hambright, was born in Brooklyn in 1903. In those days, there was farmland left in Brooklyn. During her pregnancy, my grandmother went to the theater and was smitten by a British actor named Brandon Tyne--so much so, that she named her first-born after him which is how I acquired the name. It was an unusual first name until recently. A young woman at a cocktail party in graduate school told me Brandon Grove sounded like a seaside resort on the coast of England, and she was right. Because we lived abroad when I was a boy, and then in Washington DC, I never knew my grandparents well. I associate my grandfather with a hearing aid, and my grandmother with the best meatloaf and baked beans with ketchup in the world. In Chicago, she was captain of the neighborhood women's bowling team. With characteristic Grove stubbornness and adherence to what is thought to be true, my grandfather stopped working on the Chicago subway construction project because he believed the mayor's office was cheating on the quality of cement in the tunnel walls, and they would soon collapse. They haven't yet.

My mother and father met in a classroom at the University of Chicago. They were seated alphabetically, both names beginning with the letter G. In the spring of 1929, my father, until then not much of a scholar, was studying for his Ph.D. in geology and paleontology at the university; he had found his calling, and pursued it with intellectual vigor until he died at 85. At night, he sorted mail in the post office to help provide for us. We lived on Kimbark Avenue, near the university chapel. My mother, whose English became fluent and without accent, worked at a relief center during the Depression, where Polish was needed to communicate with first generation immigrants. Because she and my father had steady government incomes, my parents fared better than many others during those hard years.

My forebears on the Grove side came from Switzerland and Germany. They settled into Lancaster County, Pennsylvania in 1696, and also parts of Virginia near Luray in the Shenandoah Valley. Many were Mennonites who had fled to America's shores to avoid religious persecution. One of these was Hans Graf, born in Switzerland in 1661, who laid out Earl Township on land he bought from the sons of William Penn. He established a trading post with the Indians, exchanging blankets for furs which he then "hailed to Philadelphia on a stout wagon drawn by six powerful horses."

Family members on my grandmother Hambright's side set sail from Rotterdam in the *St Andrew*, which landed in Philadelphia in October, 1738, a year in which there was an influx of German pioneers. Conditions on board were terrible, according to newspaper accounts: "The love for great gain caused [Captain] Steadman to lodge the poor passengers like herrings, and as too many had not room between decks, he kept abundance of them upon deck; and sailing to the Southward, where people were at once out of their climate, and for want of water and room, became sick and died very fast..."

After the defeat of Generals Braddock and Washington by the French in 1755, Indian marauders roamed through the frontiers of Pennsylvania, where some of the Hambrights had settled, burning their cabins and scalping their families. Captain John Hambright, a frontier Indian fighter, was ordered the following year "to march with a party of two sergeants, two corporals, and 38 private men under your command to attack, burn and destroy any Indian town or towns, with their inhabitants, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna..."

Both families bore professional soldiers who fought as officers and privates in the War of 1812, the French and Indian War, the Revolutionary War, and all of America's other major wars. Colonel Frederick Hambright was a member of the Continental Congress; Captain Henry Hambright's commission was signed by Benjamin Franklin at that Congress. Among the soldiers from Lancaster County who fought in the American Revolution were Samuel, John, Michael and Alexander Grove, along with Abraham and Henry Hambright. Fondness for local political office is a characteristic of these families. But mostly they were farmers, land and dairy owners, tanners, millers, brewers, merchants and teachers, as were so many other ordinary Americans who settled in Pennsylvania and Virginia. Their Protestantism

remained strong: my great-grandfather, born in 1854, was named Martin Luther Grove by his parents.

At an early age, I went to the University of Chicago's experimental Lab School, run according to the principles of John Dewey, which also shaped the educational philosophy of Bard College from which I later graduated. My leading kindergarten memory is of being thrilled and terrified one day by Indians who visited us in feathered dress to speak and dance before the class. Indian culture was an immediate part of life in Illinois.

For a brief time when I was about ten, and had long before left Chicago, we also lived for nine months in Oklahoma City, where I went to the first of three Woodrow Wilson schools I would attend. The former president's name resonated in those prewar years. My father spent weekends bunking in oil camps at the rigs, learning the oil business from that vital end. My friends and I played on vacant lots near school, which we quite naturally called prairies.

Children's games reflect their times. In my young years it was "us" and "them," good guys fighting bad in a polarized world of cowboys and Indians, cops and robbers. We never thought of it that way, of course, but like everyone else in these games I preferred to be the winning cop or cowboy. Girls were usually nurses, caring for us when we had been winged by bullets. We had neither television nor computers to distract us. Other entertainment consisted of going to the movies, which ran cowboy serials with the regular fare, and listening to programs like "The Lone Ranger" or "The Shadow" on immense radios housed in wooden cabinets shaped like Gothic churches. The world around us was a grown-up's world in which we were children striving to become adults, who seemed to be having more fun. In entertainment as elsewhere, there was little catering to the tastes of teenagers and those even younger.

It was a time of corduroy knickers that made whooshing sounds as the baggy parts rubbed together when you walked. In cold weather, fathers and sons wore leather jackets lined with sheepskin whose tightly curled wool collars had an oily smell that was comforting and sweet, and the boys sported leather Lindbergh-style flying helmets that strapped below the chin. Lindbergh's flight to Paris in 1927 was legendary; the kidnaping of his son five years later would haunt families for a long time to come. There were lectures from parents about speaking to strangers; I was certain before falling asleep that a kidnapper would climb through the window or was already under my bed.

B Nazi Germany, Holland and Spain

After my father received his doctorate from the University of Chicago, he joined Socony-Vacuum Oil Company as a field geologist. He was sent to Germany, and for the next three years, from 1935-38, we lived in Hamburg. My formal schooling began in German at the Bertram Schule, the last private school in Hamburg the Nazis permitted to remain open.

We lived in an Italianate villa at Harvestehudeweg 57, and school was just two doors away. This home, with its large rooms and solid burgher presence, through whose garden fence I peered again after the war, was built to please a successful merchant living at the turn of the century. It sat in a neighborhood of grand houses, separated from the Alster by a road and then a strip of parkland with chestnut trees bordering the lake. I collected the shiny dark nuts from their green husks. When I saw it again, this house made me think of Thomas Mann from nearby Lubeck, the Hanseatic capital, and his stories, shaded and convoluted, of inward looking people. Our home had a wide terrace overlooking the garden and Alster beyond, along whose watery edges I guided small branches, pretending they were ships, and admired the sail boats on their tacks. I often played alone there, and in the steep rock garden behind the house, using a boy's powers of imagination to invent the stories of my world. I became self-reliant, a good observer of my surroundings, and inclined to introspection rather than extroversion.

By the mid-1930s, the Nazi imprint defined Germany. Black, white, and red flags with swastikas in the middle flew everywhere. Men in uniforms and civilians with Nazi arm bands greeted each other with straight-armed "*Heil Hitler!*" salutes. Martial music played at parades of goose-stepping soldiers, bonfire rallies were held, and city-wide air raid drills with the sad, undulating wail of sirens were commonplace. Adolf Hitler's shrill voice and Goebbels' propaganda filled the air waves. Huge banners proclaimed "*Ein Volk! Ein Reich! Ein Fuehrer!*" All of this was overwhelming and exciting to someone my age. I even glimpsed Hitler once as he waved from the window of a train pulling into the Hamburg station. My parents made it a point to tell me that what the Nazis were doing was wrong, and I took this on faith. The German mother of a schoolmate found a different way to explain Hitler. "In America you have President Roosevelt," she told me, "in Germany we have Hitler." I knew about Roosevelt, so this made sense too.

My classmates at the Bertram Schule, all boys, belonged to the Hitler Youth, except for another American, Arthur Corwin whose father also worked for Socony, and a Jewish boy named Wolfgang Lueders. On designated days, they wore their brown short-pants uniforms. Our gym classes focused on military skills, among them developing accuracy in throwing dummy wooden hand grenades of World War I vintage. All of this in the first, second and third grades of Hamburg's last liberal and private school.

An outcast of sorts as well, I made it a point to befriend Wolfgang, who, as a Jew, was bullied by our classmates. My parents talked about concentration camps in cautious tones with a few of their German acquaintances, or with American friends who would discuss this subject more openly. I recognized it as a forbidden topic of some dark kind. There were rumors of a camp for Jews near Hamburg which turned out to be a grim reality, we learned after the war. If foreigners knew this, certainly Germans did. These experiences gave me a life-long fascination with Germany. In the Foreign Service I was to live there six more years. I learned the language, although the range of my vocabulary when I had to speak German as an adult was confined to that of an eight-year-old, as I would later discover to my frustration.

Before Hitler invaded Poland my father was transferred to Holland, where I attended the English School at The Hague. There, I learned more about the oddities of the adult world. My best friend, Ben Chang, son of the Chinese ambassador, told me one day his father had forbidden him to come to my home and play with me. Ben could not explain why and felt as awkward about it as I. China was in its own political turmoil. In school, I began to learn through textbooks called *Our Island's Story* about a grand and imperial Britain of kings, castles, and possessions all over the world on which, we were proudly told, the sun never set. I also sensed there was a certain arrogance and racial prejudice on the part of my classmates toward Ben.

In 1940, we moved from The Hague to Madrid. My father enrolled me in the French Lycee, where for a year I studied in another new language while picking up street Spanish. Children do their best language learning on playgrounds during recess: it is a matter of needing to know. Today, the shrieks and shouts of children on a playground, most of them so absorbed in their games that nothing else exists, make me smile as I pass a schoolyard and remember. Already distinctions they do not understand are separating followers from leaders, the awkward from the fleet, the shy from the bold. At the Lycee, a fellow ten-year old, Miguel Simonetta, who spoke no English but--as an Italian in a French school--understood my plight and helped me as much as he could to adjust to the lycee's culture and classrooms. It was a frustrating time for me, especially in our Spanish class which was taught in French.

Spain, under Franco, had been torn apart by civil war. Many buildings, particularly at Madrid's university, were in ruins and poverty was everywhere. Walls all over Madrid were chipped by bullets, and I recreated scenes of street fighting in my head with a sense of fright. I had never seen people beg before, and was troubled by the women in black with their children in ragged clothing who huddled with outstretched hands at the doors of restaurants and then stared at us through the windows while we ate.

Being moved from country to country at an early age, and school to school, creates a life that is often lonely. Lasting friendships are hard to make. Few things are as intimidating as being the new boy or girl in class. Before reaching college, I went to sixteen schools in three languages and benefited from these experiences. The cultural isolation of young people abroad, when they do not live with peers in American communities, can often lead to introspection and feeling like an oddball. But it can also foster self-sufficiency and a way of looking at the world more discriminatingly. We left Europe toward the summer of 1940 in the *Magallanes*, the last transatlantic passenger ship to sail from Vigo, in northern Spain, before the war made such crossings too dangerous. It was our sixteenth voyage across the Atlantic, and I had acquired a love of the ocean and ships. This time, we had a British destroyer escort for several days, and our ship steamed under blackout conditions at night as a precaution against submarine attack.

It was generally a miserable trip during which one passenger died of food poisoning, according to rumor and, to my fascination, was wrapped in canvas and buried at sea. From then until we reached Havana, our first port of call, my mother put us on a basic boiled

potato diet, figuring potatoes couldn't be spoiled. We ate like kings in Havana, and the ship was reprovisioned for a more pleasant journey to New York's great harbor. There was a thrill like no other in reaching *Ambrose* light ship off Coney Island, and then sliding past the Statue of Liberty on the port hand into a berth near the heart of Manhattan, with majestic ships lining the other piers and whistles tooting on Moran's tugs. Such images from my youth may have influenced my decision, when the time came in another war, to join the Navy.

When we sailed from the continent, I knew, even as a ten-year-old, that the Germans, among whom I had lived in Hamburg, had invaded my mother's native Poland and the Dutch feared they would be next. I could not help noticing the many uniformed Nazis strolling in the halls of the Palace Hotel in Madrid, where we stayed. The pageantry of the Nazis, as I had innocently experienced it in Hamburg, had turned into something evil and threatening I felt intimidated by, and whose implications I could not yet understand.

We returned to post-war Germany for a short while in 1946. In Hamburg I found a city I had known nearly devastated. The Bertram Schule became a Red Cross office after the war. I found my former headmaster, Claus Bertram, to whom I brought coffee, sugar, flour, cigarettes and other luxuries. There was emotion in old Herr Bertram's thanks and, at 16, I felt awkward about the reversal of roles between us.

Living and traveling in different parts of Europe--we had visited England, France, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary before the war--gave me a more informed appreciation of the United States. I learned to view Americans in contrast to other people, and became aware of differences that provided insights in both directions. My country seemed the most powerful on earth, a good place, and my real home. Abroad, the dollar got you anything, and I was impressed. Having "greenbacks," as my father called them, was better than pesetas or zlotys; he proudly gave his tips in dollar bills when we traveled. But there was something about Europe's long complex history that tugged at me--Carcassonne's castle from the Roman period in Southern France, and city buildings centuries old that had seen other days and people wearing different clothes, a flow of time and cultures my parents wanted me to appreciate. One hot summer's day in 1936, my father took me hiking near Carcassonne, he with his geologist's hammer chipping away at prehistoric rocks, when suddenly on a hilltop we stumbled on several overgrown and crumbled ancient walls and foundations--one of the discovery thrills of my life because he, too, was excited.

The stimulation of thinking in these terms helped shape my interest in a foreign service career during which I could expect to see much more of the world. It was a deepening of my understanding of the United States acquired beyond our shores, combined with an appreciation of America's burgeoning influence throughout the world, and a love of living as an American overseas, that began to nudge me toward a diplomatic career.

C Wartime Washington

By the spring of 1942, Washington, DC, until recently a sleepy city with a low skyline in the north of the South that had two legitimate theaters (and the "Gayety" burlesque house) and about the same number of good restaurants, became the bureaucratic and strategic center for a two-front war. National Airport had just opened. The Pentagon was being built, and wooden World War I barracks on the mall were converted to offices where people like my father, borrowed for government service from corporate life, had switched over to wartime-related jobs.

Racial segregation was pervasive, and even someone as young as I realized that "Negroes" were more oppressed here than in the north. There was little air conditioning outside the movie theaters. A wholly new feeling, after the Depression years, of excitement and commitment to a national purpose had been created by Franklin Roosevelt. My father, a lifelong Democrat and patriotic, loved being part of this effort. He was too young for the first world war, and his war had finally come. My mother felt the passions about America of a first-generation immigrant, and her Polish blood boiled at the Nazi invasion of her homeland. At the movies, where the national anthem was always sung when the lights had dimmed, her voice was louder than the rest, which disconcerted me and my father.

Housing for people like us, who poured in from every part of the country, became unavailable. After living for weeks downtown at the Annapolis Hotel by the bus terminal, and then in a rented house in far-out Takoma Park, my parents finally found a small two bedroom apartment in McLean Gardens, which had been built to meet the housing crisis. From there, I rode the Wisconsin Avenue streetcar a few stops to Alice Deal Junior High and later Woodrow Wilson High School.

The heroes of that time were our men and women in uniform. The whole country was proud of them. Homes had small white banners with blue stars in the front windows to proclaim sons and daughters in military service. All too soon, these blue stars began to change to gold, signifying loss. National pride in military service would regrettably diminish during the Korean and Vietnam wars later on. Some kinds of food, like meat, butter, canned goods, and all gasoline, were rationed. We put blackout shades in our windows so Washington would be difficult for enemy bombers to find. There was much snooping to see who was letting cracks of light shine through. My father volunteered to be an air raid warden and was issued a white helmet, flashlight, arm band and whistle. During infrequent air raid drills, he and his companions would be in the streets checking blackout procedures.

At Woodrow Wilson High I did my part by joining the cadet corps. We were instructed in close order drill by a retired army officer, and marched around the neighborhood with World War I rifles when we weren't using wooden ones. Cadets were proud of their blue uniforms, which they wore twice a week to class for drill afterwards. Even we thought it odd, however, that the regulation white shirts called for detachable collars, and garters were prescribed to hold up our socks. We loved going to the huge military displays on the mall around the Washington monument called "Back the Attack." These were supported by Hollywood bands and movie stars to sell war bonds and build morale. By high school graduation in June of 1945, all of us who were young men felt certain we would soon be

fighting "the Japs" on remote Pacific islands. The honored guest at our wartime graduation was Mrs. (Edith Bolling) Woodrow Wilson, the elderly widow of the president.

It was an inspiring and terrible time. Franklin Roosevelt died on April 12. The nation had probably not experienced a similar feeling of loss since Lincoln's assassination. My parents wept. The relatively unknown Truman, with his owlish look, bow ties and clipped speech, had become president, and few foresaw his greatness. Hitler committed suicide in his Berlin bunker on April 30. The Allies proclaimed V-E Day in Europe on May 8. Atomic bombs, incomprehensibly hellish weapons few knew about or understood, were dropped on Japan on August 6 and 9. I was later to serve at our embassy in New Delhi with Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, Jr., pilot of the *Enola Gay*, which released the bomb on Hiroshima. A pleasant man, he regarded this mission as part of his military duties. The Japanese formally surrendered on September 2. The war was over and America had won in a triumph of good over evil; the part played by our allies got pushed to the background in national euphoria. The draft, too, was over.

D. Fordham, Bard, and Princeton

My father returned to Socony-Vacuum's headquarters at Bowling Green in New York City for nearly a year, and I tried to get into college. This turned out to be difficult, as I was then only a few weeks past sixteen. The GI Bill was providing veterans subsidized education. Universities, whose student populations had shrunk and been heavily female during the war, suddenly found their admissions offices swamped by applications from GIs in their mid- and late twenties. Turned down by Columbia and other places, I was finally accepted at Fordham University in the Bronx. With only two years of high school Latin and no Greek, I was obliged to become a science major and chose physics. Living on campus in the soulless Dealy Hall, I came to resist the rigid discipline and narrow, arid outlook of the Jesuits as I then perceived them. My devout mother had raised me to be a Roman Catholic. My perception of human existence, however, was closer to Nabokov's image of the brief crack of light, as was my father's. Life at Fordham convinced me that Roman Catholicism was not a faith I could embrace. Nor was I cut out for physics.

I took what would have been my sophomore year off, and moved with my family to Vienna, a capital much damaged by war. My father was at first an "assimilated" colonel, with an army uniform and distinctly unmilitary salute. He then became petroleum attaché at our legation in the Boltzmannngasse, with the task of recovering the Zistersdorf refineries from the Soviets in whose zone of occupation they were located. Once again, he had been seconded to government service. In Vienna, as earlier in Hamburg, I saw how war could destroy buildings and lives. The winter of 1946-47 in Europe was one of the coldest on record and the Viennese suffered bitterly as coal supplies ran out. We lived in a big, sparsely furnished villa at Blaas Strasse 15 that had been requisitioned by US forces. Its former occupant had been the Hitler Youth leader for Austria.

I soon learned about four-power occupation responsibilities, PXs, black markets, prostitutes for the military, cigarettes as currency, joint Allied patrols in Jeeps, and the

significance of sectors of a city and zones of a country. Even with good intentions, occupiers take on a certain arrogance through their unlimited powers and contrasting life styles. We youngsters happily danced at the "American" Bristol Hotel while the Viennese froze and scrambled for food and coal. It was also my first encounter with Soviet forces, and they were an ill-kempt, brutish, and ignorant lot. The Viennese called them "*Uhr Raueber*," or "watch thieves."

I became involved in the city's musical life, going to unheated concert and opera halls in overcoat and boots. This was when I first heard the young Polish pianist Andrzej Wasowski, already a brilliant interpreter of Chopin. I would later help smuggle him out of Austria by train in a high-risk bribing of Soviet border guards with American cigarettes. He became a lifelong friend. What I couldn't know then was that this experience in Vienna would serve as an introduction to two foreign service tours in occupied Berlin under similar military arrangements, but in an entirely different legal and psychological environment. Berliners wanted us to stay. Austrians reluctantly tolerated us.

In the fall of 1947, at the suggestion of my boyhood friend Samuel Allen, I continued my studies at Bard, a small "progressive" college in New York's Hudson Valley that was putting John Dewey's philosophy of education into practice. Sam and I first got together in the fifth grade at The Brookside School in Montclair, New Jersey. A country day school, its low buildings were in a woodland setting where you could carry lunch trays from the cafeteria under the trees. We were soulmates, deciding to become archeologists and go on digs in Egypt. We spent many hours poring over Carter and Mace's account of the discovery of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen in 1922, in the Valley of the Kings. When I moved away, we wrote to each other regularly about what we saw and thought. From Sam I would learn much about the excitement and controversy of contemporary art, as well as classical music and jazz when, as roommates at Bard in the late forties, we explored the galleries on 57th Street in New York, went to concerts at Carnegie Hall, and discovered gin and the Dixieland bands of Greenwich Village. When Sam died suddenly in 1997, I saw how much of what we had known about each other and our times, through nearly sixty years, left with him.

At Bard, I came to appreciate what it meant to be in college in the immediate post-war years. The average age of male students was five or six years above my own, and they were for the most part people who knew about combat, death, drink, women, partying and getting serious about studies and life. They worked hard and played hard. College was a rich and full life, largely free of the usual sophomoric capers, though not without great fun.

To younger students like myself, the veterans were respected teachers, mentors and friends of great value. Girls adapted quickly and expected their dates to act maturely. Greenhorns like me, who had been high school cadets with wooden rifles, had a lot of growing up to do. Veterans enriched the tone of campus life and deepened seminar discussions by providing their experiences of the outside world. Their impact on academia in the late '40s and early '50s was pervasive and lasting. I am grateful for having experienced college and graduate

school in their company. Robert MacAlister, later a government colleague in AID, is a friend from that generation.

I was very happy at Bard. No part of America has stronger pull on my love of countryside or sense of place than Dutchess County, in New York. The areas around Red Hook and Rhinebeck are beginning to change with urban sprawl, but I still find the open spaces, apple orchards and woods, the white frame homes and barns, and the banks of the Hudson River at Barrytown much as they were at mid-century. For me, there is nowhere a more wondrous sense of the moods, colors, smells and wetness of changing seasons than at Bard.

Through Joan Williams, a talented friend majoring in creative writing, I came to know the southern novelist William Faulkner. Joan has written about these times in her novel, "*The Wintering*." We saw him at Bard in the summer, and in New York, often meeting him somewhere in the Village. When I visited Joan in Memphis in 1950, we spent a day in Oxford, Mississippi at Faulkner's home, Rowan Oak, and then on his houseboat at Sardis Dam with his wife Estelle. He was short and muscular, calm and introverted; a soft-spoken man with a southerner's gray moustache, nattily dressed, courtly and kind, always ready for one of life's ironies to manifest itself so he could comment on it. He liked to drink, puff on his pipe, tell stories, laugh his quiet chuckle and talk about the South. He also valued the silences in conversation and had a moodiness about him. Faulkner seemed weighed down by some huge and melancholy burden. When I asked him to inscribe a reprint of his first novel, "*Soldiers Pay*," he thought for a moment and wrote: "To Brandon Grove with tenderest regards. William Faulkner at Joan Williams' 16 May 1953." I liked him immensely, even while he, too, was falling in love with Joan.

I've often thought it was at Bard that I learned to think. From inspired teachers like Felix Hirsch in history, Louis Koenig in government, Fred Crane in American political thought, Adolf Sturmthal in economics, and Lincoln Reis in philosophy, I learned that knowledge, to be used wisely, requires discipline and depth as well as integration into one's own scheme of things.

My senior project was titled *Foreign Policy Coordination in the Executive Branch of the U.S. Government*, and foreshadowed my foreign service career. It drew upon two six-week winter internships at the State Department as well as interviews conducted in Washington during 1949-50, and focused on the evolution of the Marshall Plan. I read it again at Bard a few years ago and found problems of policy coordination one recognizes today.

These two internships in Washington brought me back to a city I had not seen since the end of the war. Harry Truman presided over an America that had come to accept big government. In national security affairs, a unifying Department of Defense, separate air force, and joint chiefs of staff were created in 1947, as were the Central Intelligence Agency and National Security Council. We had switched our enemies from the Germans and Japanese to the Russians, and were preparing for a long Cold War. Some of the prewar provincialism of Washington was gone for good, but the city had not yet experienced the eruption of law firms, lobbyists, pressure groups, corporate offices, non-governmental

organizations, think tanks and centers of culture that would cause such rapid expansion from the 1960s onward. It was stimulating to be there for this turn in the city's always measured pace of life and its main industry, government.

When I first entered the State Department on 21st Street (it was housed in the Executive Office Building, along with the War Department before 1943) I will admit to being thrilled. From these offices--I tended to overlook their rundown, cramped and shabby state--the most powerful nation in the world was in touch with its diplomatic posts across the globe. Decisions made here were affecting the future of mankind. Secretary of State Dean Acheson had great and photogenic panache, with his well-cut suits, British moustache, and aloofness: an ideal diplomat for these Eurocentric times. This almost patrician man from Groton was an intimate adviser and friend of that most plebeian and worthy president from Missouri, and for many years was a powerful voice in congress, having once been in charge of the State Department's congressional relations.

On learning one morning that Acheson would be holding a press conference in the small second floor auditorium, I decided to attend and had no trouble joining twenty or so polite and respectful members of the press. Security in the State Department was practically non-existent. Acheson, perched on the corner of a table with one foot on the floor and his hands clasped in his lap, held forth with precision and eloquence. Little did I then understand the inhibiting domestic and foreign pressures, the often nasty personal and bureaucratic politics, that in the day-to-day struggles of Washington shape what is possible in our foreign relations.

Herewith, an architectural footnote to these internships in Washington. At the time, what today is the main State Department building at 22nd and C Streets was being constructed as a vast addition to "Old State," now serving as AID's headquarters. By the late forties, America's leaders recognized that the Soviet threat must be countered, in the first instance, through diplomacy. The alternative to failed diplomacy would be war. Implementing, for the first time, a diplomatic strategy that would be global in its concept and underpinnings--something quite new for a no longer isolationist US--required more people and space. Before the war, there were less than 1,000 employees at the State Department; after the war the number increased to over 7,000.

An architect's design speaks to a building's functions and the aesthetic reach of the times. "New State" is what Mussolini might have sketched on a rainy day: a lump of concrete ponderously and oppressively bureaucratic in appearance, devoid of imagination, dignity, lift or elegance, and barely functional. What a tragically missed opportunity! Tens of thousands of people have spent their working lives at the State Department, hating that monstrosity which is so unrepresentative of our country's character and power, and our worthy intentions (at least most of the time) abroad.

As the end of undergraduate days at Bard approached, I faced a decision about my future: to become a lawyer or diplomat? Both professions require negotiating skills, powers of persuasion and disciplined minds, and both value precedents and the binding nature of

agreements. But there are differences in the leadership, management, and policy implementation skills necessary to diplomacy, and in the public nature of then poorly paid government service, not to mention the challenges to oneself and family in living abroad. I was president of my graduating class and a John Bard Scholar. The world ahead seemed at peace and prosperous at home, but increasingly complicated, perilous, and uncertain abroad. What kind of life did I want to have?

Childhood years in Europe, schooling in German and French, an interest in new forms of diplomacy such as the Marshall Plan and the evolving policy-making structure in Washington, made government service, for me, a natural choice. There were other pulls as well, not least a love of travel to exotic places sparked by Richard Haliburton, whose books of adventurous derring-do I devoured as a boy, and an earlier ambition, inspired by my father's interests, to understand ancient history and become an archeologist in Egypt with my boyhood chum Sam Allen.

I was fortunate in being accepted into the recently established graduate program of the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton, temporarily accommodated in a building once occupied by one of the eating clubs on Prospect Street. Twenty-six students were admitted annually, half of them from abroad. The international financier and philanthropist Alecko Papamarkou was among these, and became a lifelong friend. It was to be the third school I attended named after that internationalist of moral outlook, Woodrow Wilson, who had also been president of Princeton.

On graduation day at Bard early in June of 1950, and looking toward the Foreign Service, I never doubted the US would play a preeminent role in the post-war world. On June 25, however, some three weeks after our graduation, North Korean troops crossed the 38th parallel into South Korea, launching the Korean War. Because I had been admitted to graduate school before the outbreak of war, I was allowed to continue my studies under draft deferments. Once again, however, military service became a likely prospect.

Princeton's campus dominated the small, bucolic town surrounding it. Grey-haired stonemasons from Italy--theirs was a dying craft--were putting the finishing touches on the new Firestone Library. Academically, I found many of the required readings in government and international relations too theoretical, and a faddish emphasis on quantification in the social sciences frustrating to grasp and sometimes hard to take seriously. My tastes ran to Professor Gabriel Almond's pioneering case studies in the foreign policy-making process, my own topic being US recognition of Israel in 1948. My grades were undistinguished.

During part of the summer of 1950, working in the new library, I cataloged the personal papers of James V. Forrestal, our first secretary of defense. He had become obsessed by Soviet power, which he felt Truman's administration was underrating, and committed suicide a year earlier by jumping from a pantry window at Bethesda Naval Hospital. He left his private papers to Princeton. It was an engrossing education for me in the politics of how Washington works, as revealed in his notes, correspondence and memoranda, and the effects of stress on public officials and their marriages during the Cold War.

In 1951, my father became president of Mobil Oil of Egypt, and I spent that summer in Cairo, one of the most engrossing cities in the world. There was a softness in the night air along the Nile, with its scent of jasmine. A young, corrupt and immensely fat King Farouk was still in power and Cairo was a city of social tensions below the surface. Farouk was the prototype playboy. It was the old and tottering Egypt of Shepherd's Hotel--as glamorous as it has been made out to be--and that relic of a British colonial past, the Gezira Sporting Club in Az-Zamalik. In those days the pyramids sat alone in the desert, well beyond the city limits of Cairo. My father, who loved both Egypt and archeology, insisted I see them for the first time at night, in moonlight.

My father had the reputation in the international oil business of being one of the thoughtful people on the Middle East, someone with a conceptual framework for the region who understood cultures and players on all sides, listened carefully, and came to his own assessments about what was going on and what this meant for Mobil. His range of friends and acquaintances was wide, particularly in Arab and Iranian circles and among journalists. His close ties to oil expert Walter J. Levy and journalist Wanda Jablonski lasted a lifetime. His knowledge, candor, and unpretentious ways made him someone people liked to talk to. At the same time he knew, beyond archeology, geology and history, the best restaurants and wines in London, Paris and New York, and the pleasures of entertaining well. He and I were always close.

I thought the public debate in the US about recognizing Israel was largely one-sided, and therefore wrote my summer paper for Princeton on *Dimensions of the Arab Case* to articulate a more balanced view of the issues and their likely consequences. I wrote in 1951, three years after Israel's birth, "The Arab-Jewish conflict was by no means resolved in the armistice agreements of February, 1949...I find that I sympathize with many aspects of the Arab argument, and I recognize their predicament as a difficult one. While Arabs have suffered in the past as a result of the Jewish state, there is no need today for them to continue to suffer as they do now. The essential step for Arabs is to accept Israel, with conditions about immigration and refugees, if advisable, but to accept the state as a *fait accompli*, and to begin to work out a way of life with her."

Through my father's intervention with friends in the Egyptian military, I was able to ride in a motor convoy to Gaza, then a vast UN refugee camp under Egyptian control. I vowed to visit Israel and more of the Middle East. While stationed in Jerusalem as consul general from 1980-83, I remembered that world of thirty years earlier and marveled at how long it had taken to achieve a peace agreement between Egypt and Israel, as Sadat and Begin had finally been able to do in 1979. After receiving my master's degree in public affairs in 1952, I decided to focus on the Middle East and work toward a Ph.D. in the Politics department. As always, my father, who had worked hard for his own graduate education and deeply believed in the value of books and learning, supported me.

Princeton's imposing graduate college was modeled on the colleges in Cambridge and, under the influence of the university's president Woodrow Wilson, aped in a rather

pointless way some of the high table traditions of that ancient English university. Undergraduates called it "goon castle." In my third year I was elected Master in Residence, regularly spoke an evening grace in Latin wearing a black and flowing academic gown, as did everyone else at dinner, and lived in an oak-paneled Master's Suite two floors high with its own library, huge stone fireplace, spiral stairs, and a striking view from the balcony of the golf course it overlooked. To welcome speakers joining us for dinner, I served sherry by the fire for a small group of students in the visitor's field of interest. This was a distraction from more serious work I shamelessly enjoyed.

A revolt against black gowns fueled by radical elements among the engineering and math majors erupted in the fall of 1953, and a great, scheduled debate took place after dinner one evening which was appropriately reported in *The New Yorker* magazine. I presided over this session, during which people wearing parodies of gowns and face paint climbed in and out the windows from the golf course. When it came to voting, the more tradition-minded "gownies" won handily, to the relief of the graduate school's apprehensive dean. My roommate in the Master's Suite was Norval Crawford White, who was to become an architect and write guide books about the streets and buildings of New York. From him and his extroverted and party-loving friends, I gained an appreciation of architectural design and admiration for architects. This predisposition would serve me well 35 years afterwards, as I worked on the design of the Arlington Hall campus for the Foreign Service Institute.

Professor Alpheus T. Mason, a constitutional scholar of note, taught an undergraduate course in American Political Thought and asked me to become one of his preceptors, or seminar leaders. This I did with enthusiasm while my interest in further studies flagged and I failed a course in political theory. I abandoned thoughts of a Ph.D. and took the train to Philadelphia one fall day in 1953 to enlist at the Navy's recruiting office on 13 South 13th Street, an address I was certain would be propitious, for a spring class of training at the Officer Candidates' School in Newport, Rhode Island. My eligibility for draft deferment was running out, and I loved the sea I had come to know in transatlantic crossings with my parents.

E Military Service in the US Navy

A truce in the Korean War was signed at Panmunjom in July of 1953, and as a result I was not engaged in combat during my three and a half years in the Navy. For me, military service was a learning experience at several levels. In three years of living aboard ships in the Caribbean and Pacific, I came to understand how the military functions and admired much of what I saw. I also began to find my way around in a new part of the world, East Asia.

Officer candidate training was even more difficult than I had expected. Gunnery and engineering competence came with great effort, and my grades deteriorated. Only when my urine turned dark did I realize there was something wrong with me. I had hepatitis, and was hospitalized for six weeks. This, in turn, moved me into the following class of candidates. I

remembered the answers to many of the quizzes and sailed through. I was made commander of Company A, and we were eventually considered a sharp looking bunch.

My tour of duty was in the amphibious force, widely and accurately regarded as the grimy, greasy workhorse of the fighting Navy. None of the glamour of destroyer, or "tin can" duty here, but I was not disappointed. My first ship was the USS CAMBRIA (APA-36) out of Norfolk, Virginia, a port known to sailors as "Shit City" for its inhospitable treatment of men in uniform, except when it came to separating them from their pay. In barely less than a decade after World War II, public regard for the uniform had declined there and elsewhere in the US.

The Korean War, or UN police action as it was also termed, enjoyed little of the popular appeal or support of World War II. Its objectives within a global Cold War were hard to explain. The enemy became more difficult to define for Americans comfortable with clear-cut understandings of "us" and "them." Yet there were nearly 34,000 battle deaths in this seminal Cold War struggle that for the first time placed the West in military opposition to communist expansion. During its course, President Truman fired the American conservatives' hero, General Douglas MacArthur, for insubordination. That was another defining act, and a high point in his presidency.

The CAMBRIA was a large troop transport capable of carrying a Marine battalion and then discharging it onto a beach from its shoe box shaped landing craft, the LCMs and smaller LCVPs which were nested on board. My duties were those of a deck officer and supporting officer in the boat group. I became a junior watch officer on the bridge, and learned how a ship moves through the waters and handles in maneuvers.

During amphibious operations, cargo nets were draped over the ship's sides, and we scrambled up and down with our gear to get into, or leave, the boats bobbing below. The nets swayed from the ship's sides in wide arcs as it rolled with the waves. One moment you were hanging out over open sea, and the next colliding with the ship's side on the counter-roll. The trick was to let go with the boat safely underneath. It was a harrowing experience every time. Some Marines became sea sick even before they reached the boats; nearly all others got sick in the boats, and it is in this condition that we delivered them on the beach.

The CAMBRIA was what the Navy calls a "rust bucket," an aging yet oddly dignified survivor of amphibious landings in the Mediterranean during World War II. She was in disrepair, rat infested, and behind in technology, all due to lack of adequate funds in post-war years to maintain our two-ocean fleet. I still liked her, and found the hours of watch-standing while underway one of life's unsung pleasures, especially during the first watch as the sun slowly comes up and ends the night while the crew still sleeps. The sense of responsibility during night watches, when only you and a few watch-standers on the bridge and in the engine room are on duty, is something you feel right into your bones. It made me think of Joseph Conrad's books about the sea.

Our wardroom mess in the CAMBRIA had a president, and a mess caterer whose duties were to plan meals with the chief cook and then listen to stupid suggestions and complaints from the officers. Our mess president was the chief engineer, a small, wiry, completely humorless man named Lichtenberger. Lieutenant Commander Lichtenberger seemed to do little else than play bridge, and was widely, and in my view understandably, believed to hate going down to the engine rooms. Mess catering duties rotated among officers in order to spread the blame, and one day Lichtenberger told me it was my turn. After a few days on the job, and having reviewed the Navy's printed and numbered recipes, I decided to improve the whole concept of our fare. We were in the Caribbean--and it was hot. Every meal had been greasy and heavy. One fateful lunch, I served cold cream of potato soup (having a vichyssoise in mind), cheese souffle with a tossed green salad, and a nice, light dessert. I heard several officers muttering "Jesus!" while poking at their food. "Is this all there is?" Lichtenberger snarled at me. "Yes, sir" I replied. "Grove," he said, "you're FIRED!"

We steamed in the Caribbean on amphibious landing exercises, calling several times at Havana, then a wide-open city. We also spent a memorable weekend in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. I served as Senior Shore Patrol Officer those three days, designated by the ominously Russian-sounding acronym SENSHPATOFF, and can unflinchingly state that I had reason, in the course of my duties, to stroll through virtually every bar and brothel in that colorful, sinful town.

The Navy believed such display of authority would have a calming effect on patrons from our ship. In practice I did not find this to be the case, although I am six feet five and must have made quite an entrance, with my rugged team, in shore patrol regalia. I recounted all of this in a lively way to our politically appointed and very proper ambassador to Haiti some 24 years later, when I was his house guest while serving as deputy assistant secretary of state for the Caribbean. To my disappointment, he wasn't amused.

Few ways of living contrast more sharply than a sedate and bookish life in the master's suite at Princeton, birds chirping on the golf course, and the endless days and nights spent in rough and greasy work aboard the CAMBRIA, where the bosun's pipe and whining deck winches were constant sounds. In the Navy, however, I learned a lot about what people are like and how they can be organized and motivated, as well as about morale, discipline and leadership. There is no better school for acquiring such knowledge than standing anchor watch in the bow of a ship as it enters port on a cold day. And I mean cold: C-O-L-D. Regardless of differences in rank, education or race, men become equal in their need to huddle together against the wind. Connected to the bridge by a set of headphones one of the sailors is wearing, we clutch our coffee mugs and begin to talk.

Here I have heard, in the language of sailors, funny, wise, and sometimes sad tales of life, the sexual feats coarsely exaggerated, but not an understated pain and loneliness that often came through. Many of these men grew up in broken families in a tough, deprived, and sometimes dangerous world, with racial discrimination central to their young lives. For some, their own new families were beginning to come apart, not helped by their lives at sea. A command comes from the bridge, the chain lock is knocked open in one swing, and

anchor and chain splash down to a muddy bottom with a great rumbling felt through the ship. On common impulse, the group becomes distant and breaks up. The wind subsides and hierarchy is back in place.

Our military services have led the nation in racial desegregation, if at first reluctantly. By the mid-fifties, when I served at sea, black officers and petty officers were increasingly common and usually accepted without tension. Yet the process was slow. Prejudice was felt by Filipinos and Hispanics, the former constituting the cadre of stewards and much of the galley crew, the latter usually assigned to the meanest work on deck and in the engine rooms. Training programs in literacy and job skills were changing that. An environment of egalitarian practices throughout the military, and the specific policies that encourage it, rank among the important though belated social accomplishments of our nation.

Efforts to secure a transfer to the West Coast after a year and a half in the CAMBRIA bore fruit. My motives were selfish; I had never been west of Oklahoma City, and wanted to see our country and the world beyond. I drove to San Diego in the early summer of 1957, making my way alone for two weeks on the smaller and cooler northern roads of our land, and became fascinated by the countryside and immensity of the American West, its spaces, scenery, history and the openness of its people. I liked the little town of Medora, North Dakota, so much I spent two days there.

Tied up at the pier in San Diego, the USS TULARE (AKA-112) was a newly commissioned amphibious cargo ship of 18,000 tons and a length of 564 feet. She could steam in excess of 22 knots and was, in many ways, the opposite of my former ship. Living spaces were large and clean, and her equipment was up to date. She was more difficult to handle, however, with her two large cargo masts blocking the view from the bridge. I reported on board as a lieutenant (junior grade), a qualified officer of the deck, and the new boat group commander.

We soon were deployed, in that summer of 1957, for nine months in the Western Pacific to be based in Yokosuka, Japan, outside Tokyo. The war had been over for twelve years, and had left its mark in the modernization and partial westernization of Japan, but above all in Japan's evident progress toward democracy. Here, as I had seen in post-war Germany and Austria, Americans had been the occupiers. This time I was in uniform, always treated courteously but never with warmth. Given Japanese social customs and the nature of our military presence there, this was hardly astonishing. Memories of atomic bombs were very much alive, as I recognized painfully during our ship's visit to Hiroshima.

I did my utmost to see as much of Japan as possible, usually traveling by train and sleeping on the floor at inns. The country and its people grew on me, and to this day I feel attracted to Japan. The Ueno in Tokyo is one of my favorite museums. I began collecting *Hanga* wood prints, forceful art often subtly influenced, as with Onchi and Azechi, by the French moderns. Cross-cultural influences among artists again impressed me when I later experienced the power of West African wood carvings and understood how, earlier in this century, they had affected Picasso's work and that of his contemporaries.

We were at sea for much of the time, visiting such ports as Hong Kong, then a sleepy place with a colonial ambiance and no high-rise buildings, where the fabled Correspondents Club overlooked the bay. And Singapore, in whose long bar at the original Raffles Hotel I grandly ordered a Singapore Sling, a concoction whose appeal does not threaten more traditional cocktails such as a martini. We also called at Guam, Okinawa and Manila. We spent a week in Sydney where Americans, having saved Australia from the Japanese while most of its men were away fighting the Germans and Italians, were still treated as heroes. The welcome was overwhelming. Men in uniform rode free on public transportation and the drinks were usually on the Aussies. As a people they reminded me of what we Americans must once have been: open, optimistic, a bit naive, and energetically ambitious. Sydney was the ultimate liberty port after weeks at sea, believe me.

We trained in large and small landing exercises, one of them held on South Korea's shores. As commander of our boat group, I learned how the Navy plans its operations down to the smallest details. I briefed officers and crew on the intricacies of scheduled landings, and learned the value of speaking clearly, briefly, and to the point. Without constant teamwork nothing would succeed, and teamwork required an exact understanding of objectives and coordinated leadership at every level to achieve them. Operation BEACON HILL on the Philippine island of Luzon, in which we participated, was the biggest amphibious landing in the Pacific since World War II, involving over one hundred ships and tens of thousands of sailors and Marines. I had never seen anything so vast. On leaving the Western Pacific, our ship received the fleet's award of excellence for the performance of my boat group. We proudly painted the white crossed anchors of the Assault Boat Insignia on the sides of our bridge.

In San Diego once again, I was nearing the end of my required military service. I had resolved the issue of whether to study law or prepare for the Foreign Service in deciding to attend the Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton. Service in the Navy and nine months in the seaports of the Pacific strengthened this decision. After boning up on US history, current events and economics, having been away from studies for four years, I drove one fall day in 1958 to Los Angeles and took the written part of the Foreign Service exam. With the help of a 5-point veterans' bonus, I passed. Mustered out of the Navy, I decided to drive back to Washington during two weeks along a southerly route, just as I had headed north on my way to the West coast to avoid hot weather. In our southwest, as in Texas and New Orleans, I saw a different and appealing side of America that was completely new to me. In 1958, there was a lot of open country left, and I enjoyed the food, music and buildings that spoke of our Creole, Spanish and Mexican heritage.

Finally, I thought, my career in the Foreign Service was about to begin.

F Waiting to Begin: The USSR and Chester Bowles

It was not to be. I had to wait for more than a year to enter because the list of accepted candidates was long. This was after the McCarthy hearings, when security clearances were

drawn-out and backlogged. The State Department had undergone a reduction-in-force and the intake of junior officers was limited, sometimes temporarily halted.

I spent part of 15 months of waiting in London, where my family was living at Kingston House North, in Knightsbridge. I dearly love that city. My father was still with Mobil Oil, now in charge of that company's Middle East interests. Tragically, my mother was in the early stages of Alzheimer's disease. She would become disoriented for reasons neither my father nor I could understand for a long time. Every passing day without a Foreign Service appointment in the mail made me increasingly impatient. I began to consider other careers, and decided to take advantage of this waiting period to do things I would be unable to do in government service.

I moved to Paris for a while to improve my French and gain an appreciation of that city, and for the first two months of 1958 stayed on the left bank in a run-down hotel on the rue Toulliers, off the rue Soufflot. I lived frugally and quickly ran through my savings from the Navy, learning to fill up on fresh bread spread with mustard, a combination I still like. I became an *auditeur libre* at the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques of the University of Paris, attending courses on foreign affairs such as French colonial policy in West Africa. When I finally entered the Foreign Service my first post was Abidjan, in the Ivory Coast of French West Africa. I recalled crowded lectures at the "Sciences Po" on the benefits of French rule and the pride and sometimes condescension in the professor's views of what would soon become France's *former* colonies in West Africa.

My friends in Paris were mainly French, and artists of one kind or another. While my life wasn't bohemian, it wasn't bourgeois either. I fell in love, walked the streets endlessly in all kinds of weather, reading in my room about American writers in Paris and their movable feasts after the first world war. The heart of the left bank had not yet acquired its smart boutiques and glitzy tone. It was far more a Paris of the photographer Atget who died in 1927, and I felt myself deeply drawn to its aspect and atmosphere. My memories of being young, alone, and nearly broke in Paris are like the leisurely flow of an adagio; they are, perhaps, my way of saying farewell to youth itself.

In April and May of 1958, I visited the Soviet Union. After Khrushchev's assumption of power, it had opened up slightly for Westerners. I joined a group of journalists, mostly British, under the bogus claim of being a reporter for the *Rhinebeck Gazette* in Dutchess County, New York. It was true I had written some pieces for the *Gazette* while at Bard College, but that was eight years earlier. We would spend three weeks in the Soviet Union and Poland, learning mainly by observation because few dared talk with us.

This trip was the first Russian tour for Western journalists organized from London. We were shepherded around the Soviet Union by an Intourist guide, Irena, a hard-nosed young red-head who did not let us out of her sight. She never passed up a chance to get in a nasty crack about the West and its "corruption." Despite Irena's focus on the achievements of communism, we managed to see quite a few historic landmarks, which became even more interesting when examined with a 1914 *Baedeker* on Russia in hand. Before leaving

London on this trip, I visited George Kennan who was spending a year at Oxford preparing his Reith Lectures. I wrote to him asking for an appointment, which he kindly granted me. We had coffee and cake in the kitchen, with his children running about. I sought his advice on what one might do in preparing to joining the Foreign Service, and what steps I might take to understand the Soviet Union in the time I had before me.

Kennan's first suggestion was that I find a pre-war *Baedeker* guide book and look at the old maps, particularly those of Leningrad. I should count the canals as we crossed them in that city, and identify the old buildings by checking their location and description in the *Baedeker*. Kennan thought this would give me an appreciation of cities no Soviet tour guides could provide, since they would not know or wish to talk about Czarist times. I placed an ad in the *London Times* for a *Baedeker* on Russia, and the night before my departure an American journalist called and sold his 1914 edition for ten pounds. I found my *Baedeker* indispensable on every trip I have taken to the Soviet Union. In Leningrad it permitted me, for example, to determine that the Anti-Religious Museum was housed in the former Kazan Cathedral.

In a closing of the circle, I lent my *Baedeker* to George Kennan when he returned to the Soviet Union in 1976, for the first time after his ouster as ambassador by Stalin. We were dinner guests of the Matlocks in Moscow, when Jack was deputy chief of mission. I reminded Kennan of our conversation at Oxford and he was as delighted to borrow the *Baedeker* as I was to lend it.

I did, in fact, write eleven articles in London after my trip, which the *Rhinebeck Gazette* published in the winter of 1958, paying me \$1.50 for each. ("Normally, all of the columns in the *Gazette* run between 75 cents and \$1.00 per week," the editor Michael Strong wrote to me. "However, in this case I feel they are worth the \$1.50...") This was only five years after Stalin's death, so Russian travel pieces were a novelty in the American press. McCarthyism and a Fortress America mentality were running strong, and little was understood in our country about ordinary Russians and their daily life.

In these articles, I wrote about nearly empty stores in Leningrad and Moscow in 1958, and the way Russians in the street stared at the well-made shoes of foreigners. Counting Leningrad's canals in my *Baedeker*, I saw that a mansion accommodating grocery shops on the ground floor and crowded apartments above was formerly the Club of the Noblesse. In this city's once elegant Astoria Hotel, marble plaques advertising manicures and pedicures had not been taken down; the shabbily dressed people in its lobby suggested a John Steinbeck cast run amuck on a Noel Coward set. In the restaurant, a Russian entertainer sang, "I Love Paris in the Springtime," she who was prevented from traveling abroad.

I described an unintentionally funny fashion show put on by Dom Modeliy, and the Soviet procedure of proposing new dress patterns first to a council of manufacturers and designers, and after that to a committee of light industry, planning and trade. At a soccer match, I cheered as the *Spartaks* from light industry tied the *Torpedo* auto workers 3-3. At a primary school I saw impressive training in the English language and sciences, although I

did not doubt Intourist had chosen its show-piece school carefully. On Red Square, I witnessed a May Day parade with its impressive and dispiriting display of Soviet military prowess, while Khrushchev and Egypt's General Abdul Nasser, who was his guest, stood on top of the Kremlin Mausoleum.

Inside that mausoleum, where foreign visitors like ourselves were put at the head of a very long line standing for hours in the cold, I saw at the bottom of a long flight of marble steps two glass-covered caskets in a cool, softly-lit marble room. The first thing I noticed was Stalin's profile reflected on the wall opposite his bier. The line filed past Lenin's waxy but well-preserved remains, a small, lean man with pointed features, high forehead, beard and moustache. Passing Lenin's casket, I stood at the feet of Stalin. Viewed in this perspective, with an accent on his chin, Stalin's features were hard and unmistakably cruel. In profile, however, the dictator had a fatherly, almost benign appearance. He was dressed in the familiar and simple military tunic of his war-time days.

I concluded the series with a quotation from the novelist Nikolai Gogol: "The Russian possesses a multitude of good qualities and a multitude of defects. As is usual with Russians, both are mingled within him in a sort of picturesque disorder." "In other words," I wrote, "he's a bit like you and me."

Discouraged by this wait in limbo, I decided to return to Washington to learn where matters stood at the State Department and was assured I would be in a junior officers' class in about four months. Before I left London, I became engaged to Marie (Mary) Cheremeteff, a woman of Russian origin living there with her family, whom I met through her aunt-out-of-a-Chekhov play, Sofka Dolgoruka. Sofka was the tour leader of our band of journalists visiting the Soviet Union, an unusual arrangement for a Russian princess, but Sofka's views on communism were ambivalent and she was a great propaganda catch for Intourist. Both families had occupied prominent places among the Russian nobility.

I had invited Sofka to see an acclaimed Soviet film at the Curzon Cinema, "The Cranes Are Flying," and she afterwards proposed we visit the Cheremeteffs in Hampstead, saying there was someone I should meet. There I found a beautiful woman with large dark eyes, who was sometimes asked whether she wasn't the actress Natalie Wood. Mary was born in Athens and grew up in Limassol, Cyprus. Her father, Nikita, was a captain in the merchant fleet who had become an engineering specialist for the Italian Sitmar Lines; her mother, a generous and uncomplicated woman, was a skilled cook of Greek and Russian dishes. Both parents were born in Russia, and Nikita and his cousin Sofka played together in the czarist court. Mary spoke Greek, Russian and French quite fluently, and seemed to me, never mind that soon I was in love with her, someone who would enjoy foreign service life and enrich it by her distinctive Russianness. She also had never been to America.

Back in Washington in January of 1959, I rented a one-room efficiency apartment on the top floor of 3226 N Street, in the heart of Georgetown, and decided again to find work I would not be able to do after entering the Foreign Service. I wrote a brief resumé and for

several days walked the halls of Capitol Hill, offering to work for fifty dollars a week. No one in the Senate was interested, but Congressman Chester Bowles' office was. Bowles represented the Second District of Connecticut. His administrative aide, Thomas L. Hughes, hired me on the spot and for the next three months I worked there. It was exhilarating to be in Washington at last, with formal studies and military service behind me, and a diplomatic career and marriage only months away. Starting to work for Bowles, I already felt myself a minor player in a grand scene. A placid Eisenhower presidency was ending; America's future would be exciting. Forsythia and daffodils bloomed along N Street, and life was wonderful.

I sat at a typewriter table with collapsible wings on each side, my personal space in Bowles' crowded, frantic office. I answered the mail, worked a bit on speeches, talked to visitors, and met with lobbyists no one else wanted to see, particularly those from the New Haven railroad unions. I attended Bowles' staff meetings, which were always interactive and extremely frank. Those three months were a major learning experience for me, and fun. Bowles, although a first-term congressman, had a seat on the House Foreign Affairs Committee because of his international experience. I gained many an insight into how foreign affairs were dealt with by the congress. Like other staff members, I would brief Bowles on subjects to be covered by the committee, as we nearly ran from meeting to meeting. I came to enjoy the deal-making of congressional politics and respect hard working staffers on Capitol Hill.

I was inspired by the idealism of the late 1940s and early '50s as embodied in Adlai Stevenson's campaign, the United Nations and the Marshall Plan. There was a new spirit in the country that supported internationalism as an outcome of the war. That sentiment was brought home to me during the months I spent in 1959 with Chester Bowles, who was at the forefront of the post-war internationalists and neo-Wilsonians. He helped define America's expanded role, and our emerging interests in Africa, Asia and Latin America as no one else in public life was doing. For me, there was nothing dull about the fifties.

2

THE A-100 FOREIGN SERVICE ORIENTATION COURSE: APRIL, 1959

A The Rosslyn Garage

I was thirty, a veteran, and engaged to be married when I entered the Foreign Service in April, 1959. The Rogers Act, which established the Foreign Service, had been in force for only 35 years. It led to the creation of a Foreign Service School located in room 100 on the A corridor of the State-War-Navy Building, now the executive office building adjacent to the White House. There were about twenty new officers in my class, including Allen Holmes, William Miller, and Nicholas Platt, all to become ambassadors. Two women and no minorities were included. Ours was the first class entering the Foreign Service in many months. Three or four members would resign early; the majority remained in the service for full careers.

We reported for "orientation" to the State Department's Foreign Service Institute, by then accommodated in a minimally renovated garage at Arlington Towers Apartments in Rosslyn, Virginia. This arrangement reflected the priority accorded training and the level of resources the Department was willing to commit to this function 12 years into the Cold War. The A-100 course, as it is still called, was unimaginative in content and presentation. We were lectured most of the day on bureaucratic matters, and met with few senior officers.

At the end, we called on the seasoned Soviet and Middle East expert Loy Henderson, then deputy under secretary for administration. He met with us briefly and said, among other things: "From time to time in this business you will find yourself in the doghouse. Don't worry about it. The chances are you will get out soon!" It was a puzzling but useful piece of advice from someone who had experienced the doghouse himself more than once.

The A-100 course asked little from its participants. During four months, it filled our heads with organizational diagrams, acronyms, and lines of authority, including one month devoted to consular functions in which a usually grim Dr. Auerbach lectured endlessly on visas. We were provided information about other agencies without being let in on the jealousies, posturing, conflicts, bureaucratic "turf" issues, and competing interests involved in these relationships.

When I became director of the Foreign Service Institute nearly 30 years later, I made the content and delivery of the A-100 course one of my chief concerns. Like my more recent predecessors, I intended to instill in our future diplomats a sense of pride in public service, patriotism, and understanding of America's Cold War role and burdens.

I asked, along with a few others in my class, to be assigned to sub-Saharan Africa, intrigued by the prospect of serving outside Europe on a continent slowly becoming of interest to the US government as the old colonial powers retreated and Macmillan's "winds of change" began to blow. In the State Department, Africa was largely ignored, except for South Africa. There were few officers in 1959 working on African affairs, and those who did covered vast expanses. Above all, I was influenced by Chester Bowles' conviction that these colonies destined for independence were becoming increasingly important to us.

I was also influenced by our civil rights movement then gaining strength. It focused attention on black Americans who were beginning to explore their African heritage and take pride in it. When John Kennedy was elected, his first projected appointment in foreign affairs was former Governor of Michigan G. Mennen Williams, whom he designated to be assistant secretary of state for African affairs. Significantly, he announced this appointment before he proposed Dean Rusk as secretary, or filled other senior foreign affairs positions. I was already in West Africa by then, but to me this was further indication of America's interest in a politically exploding region.

B An Offer to Resign

Our class was sworn in on the last day of orientation by a simple recitation of the oath of office in our garage quarters, without the ceremony and senior speakers these stirring

occasions now command in the State Department's ceremonial Benjamin Franklin Room. We felt the thrill even so.

With this necessary business over, I went immediately to the director general's office in the State Department to submit my resignation. What a short career, I thought to myself, less than an hour. Christian Herter had succeeded John Foster Dulles after he died from cancer. In a three-line memorandum to Herter I had written and rewritten to make it exactly right, I cited the Foreign Service regulation obliging an officer intending to marry a foreign national to submit his resignation, pro forma, pending a satisfactory security clearance of the prospective bride. My intended wife was a British subject of Russian background. Such resignations were rarely acted upon, but there mine was. I added words of hope that it would not be accepted.

On October 9, 1959, the acting chief of personnel, Joseph J. Jova, wrote to me at my first posting in Abidjan saying "...it is a pleasure to inform you that your request for permission to marry Miss Marie Cheremeteff has been approved and that your resignation from the Foreign Service has not been accepted." We were married in London on November first.

3

VICE CONSUL, ABIDJAN, IVORY COAST: 1959-61

A Breaking New Ground

Our first Foreign Service assignments were announced to us toward the end of the State Department's A-100 orientation course for new officers in a suspenseful reading of a list one never forgets. When my name came up, our genial course chairman said, "Abidjan." I had never heard of Abidjan. The American Consulate had been open for a year and a half in French West Africa's Ivory Coast. My reaction was not unusual; few Americans, and I was no exception despite my *auditeur libre* indoctrination in Paris, knew much about Africa and several of my colleagues were as uninformed as I about their African posts. Abidjan seemed just what I wanted. The consul in Abidjan was Donald R. Norland, our foreign service secretary was Marion Markle. Marion was a pioneer in every sense of the word. She did the work of at least three people, struggling with cumbersome "one-time" encryption pads into the late hours of the night, usually cheerfully. She was thrilled to be in Abidjan. I don't know what we would have done without her; she deserves much of the credit for our work.

The CIA placed an agent and his secretary at the consulate as part of its plan to establish a presence rapidly in African countries about to shed colonial rule. This was my first experience with intelligence operatives, or "spooks," as some liked to call them. Quite evident in their behavior, including to our African employees, was a pattern of detachment from other government work at the post, separate agendas and contacts, and special, isolating physical requirements for their "base" within our office--despite the affable personalities of these two people, soon to become four. They did little to dispel the aura of difference and surreptitiousness surrounding their work, relishing the wink of an eye at

someone like me if I seemed curious. The ground rules for relations between the State Department and intelligence agencies were not well defined in 1959. Often Norland and I did not know what our colleagues were up to, having to depend on their good will to provide us scraps of information beyond the reporting we were authorized to read, much of which was not particularly novel or necessary to know.

Abidjan was a constituent post of Dakar, then headed by Consul General Donald Dumont, one of the few African hands of the State Department in those times. Dumont, in turn, was responsible to our ambassador in Paris, Amory Houghton, following the colonial administrative pattern. None of the French African colonies had yet become independent when I arrived in the Ivory Coast, which achieved its independence in August, 1960 while I was there.

Before I left Washington, the "country desk officer" in the State Department, who managed our relationships with all of West Africa, briefed me; he had never been to Abidjan and therefore could not tell me much about the city. Our pre-war coverage of Africa had been spotty, in part because our interests were largely commercial and managed by businessmen, and also in deference to British, Belgian and French spheres of influence.

In the late summer of 1959, I flew to Abidjan via Paris and Senegal. In both places, I spent a couple of days being briefed by foreign service officers knowledgeable about the area. In Paris, our embassy followed African affairs closely, particularly because of de Gaulle's attention to France's colonies and their impending independence. As a courtesy, I called on an African expert at the Quai d'Orsay, the foreign ministry, where I was escorted down the hall by a formally clad usher wearing white gloves. In Dakar I met people with whom I would be working in the future, especially in the consular and administrative areas.

No "post report" describing local conditions existed, nor were there yet people in Washington who had served in Abidjan, since it was such a recent addition to the foreign service family. People from Dakar had traveled there before the post was opened, but I did not have access to them while in Washington. I was not well prepared; at first, I did not know for certain whether many of the streets were paved. I was told my personal belongings in Washington would take a long time to ship. They say in the Foreign Service that if you are sitting on a beach and a large wooden crate with your name on it washes up, your household effects have arrived. It would be an exciting place to begin a marriage.

Three months after reaching Abidjan, I returned to London where my fiancée Mary lived, and we were married in a solemn Russian Orthodox ceremony. Filled with a sense of adventure, we set up our household in a small villa outside Treichville, overlooking the lagoon above the Port-Bouet road to the airport. An overgrown garden surrounding our home had big, old trees. The local railroad ran in back, we had a chicken coop and snakes, some poisonous. There was one air-conditioner for the bedroom--all the Foreign Service would provide. This meant the rest of the house was hot and steamy, with pink lizards running along the walls and across the ceilings. Mary and I once rode the train from

Ouagadougou to Bobo Dioulasso and discovered, to our dismay, that the lavatory at the end of our carriage had a chimpanzee chained to the shower pipe.

Treichville itself was an overcrowded African subdivision of Abidjan in which the small mud houses along dirt roads were covered by corrugated tin roofs, and young children clad only in little shirts ran everywhere taking their flies along. Lebanese merchants sold nearly anything, but mostly, it seemed, bicycle tires; women selling *manioc*, or cassava, sat on solid wooden stools their men had carved. Men of all ages made morning rounds balancing on their heads huge jugs of *bangui*, a milky, frothy, potent palm wine, offering the same tin cup to anyone who would buy. In the evening, Treichville was lit by kerosene lamps and music was everywhere, blaring from radios or resonating from the drummers and singers of the street. From our home, on nights that were still, we could hear these muffled sounds as we sat on our terrace at the end of the day enjoying a drink and watching the sun set before us, reflecting its fading light in the lagoon and against an always cloud-filled sky.

We had battles with the consulate general in Dakar over money for such necessities as curtains, furniture, and replacement of inadequate kitchen equipment. Our CIA representatives, and eventually those from our aid mission, had no such problems. It was the standard argument one has with the State Department's budget people whenever something new is started, frustrating at first, but one soon learns how to make the best case. This experience served me well when I opened our embassy in East Berlin fifteen years later, in 1974.

Beyond the wet heat and frequent rains (Abidjan, along the coast, is said to have two seasons that repeat themselves--the big rainy, and little rainy), there were hardships we could not avoid: isolation in a setting of foreign languages and remoteness--mail from abroad was slow and usually came in diplomatic pouches in an era before jet planes served West Africa; inadequate medical facilities in a place where road accidents, malaria and other tropical diseases were commonplace; and a mere handful of other Americans with whom to socialize. At the consulate, only Pat and Don Norland had small children. Their daughter Patricia was born in Abidjan, and it was my pleasant duty to record her birth and US citizenship. All three Norland children are now in the Foreign Service. Learning at least pidgin French was obligatory for our small staff. The satisfactions of life for us in West Africa lay outside any replication of American communities, common at larger posts, and were found instead in the excitement of being uprooted and culturally transplanted into unfamiliar and exotic surroundings.

Why were we Americans there? Sub-Saharan Africa, although of only peripheral importance during the Cold War for its strategic resources and the need to counter Soviet and Chinese influences, was of increasing interest to African-Americans and foreign policy experts. Many of its colonies were to become independent in 1960, fundamentally changing the roles of the metropolises of Paris, London and Brussels from which the colonies were governed. This transition would proceed as smoothly as we witnessed it in Abidjan in 1960, or as turbulently and destructively as it occurred in the Belgian Congo from 1961-65, where I would much later serve as ambassador. Such redefining change

could no longer be ignored by our political leaders, as President Eisenhower belatedly recognized.

The State Department was burdened by the paucity of its staff of a handful of African experts, lacking experience and depth in much of the region. Our consulates and embassies reflected US interest in being on the scene and wielding what influence we could in a wave of sweeping change, a sort of toe-dipping on our part into new and often unpredictable waters. Our interests were also commercial and humanitarian, favoring democratic processes and economic development assistance. We wanted to make friends of the new African leaders, and understand their ambitions and political roots. It was never our objective, nor would it have been possible, to supplant in influence, cultural affinity or presence the French, British and Belgian governments who were aligned with us against the Soviet Union.

Our consulate, reached by a small and clunky elevator, was located in the only high-rise building near the main square, close to the Hotel du Parc, formerly the Bardon. The square below was filled by vendors of African wood carvings by day and, at night, by the chirping of thousands of bats hanging from the trees. We were assisted by two invaluable local employees, one of whom was a Ghanaian, Mr. Adams, who worked on consular matters, and the other a Lebanese, Mr. Merheb, who concentrated on administrative concerns. Both spoke fluent English and French, so our visitors had no problems communicating with them. Mr. Adams, in his sixties, could be refreshingly direct. At certain times during the day when I was not available, he would tell callers on the phone, "Mr. Grove is in the toilet." No "away from his desk" for him.

My tour in the Ivory Coast was everything I hoped it would be. Abidjan in 1959-61 was a quite modern, even handsome city. It had only one bridge across the lagoons, the four-lane Felix Houphouet-Boigny Bridge, named after its president. We found the town itself enjoyable for its African culture and stubbornly French veneer, good restaurants, and fresh food available in the markets, either locally produced or flown in from Paris. The small French Institute for Black Africa museum of culture and art was superb, and we went there often. I found the Ivorians along the coast were more sullen than those living inland, such as the Senoufo, who seemed particularly open and friendly, but we enjoyed them all.

The French and ourselves were the foreign powers represented. Of great importance to us was our proximity to the musty and unscrubbed PTT, the Post and Telegraph Office, which reeked of urine and served as our communications link to the rest of the world. We sent coded and clear messages to Dakar and Washington through the local telegraph system. My responsibilities were primarily the things Norland did not want to do himself. This was chiefly consular, administrative and commercial work, although I got involved in nearly everything else as well. Tall, blond, serious and a powerhouse tennis player, Norland was a fine boss: generous, open, ready to teach a newcomer. He was well along the road to becoming one of our leading Africanists. We worked well as a team, and I was off to a fortunate start.

In Abidjan we became accredited to four colonial entities, then called the Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Niger and Dahomey. These four countries belonged to a customs union known as the *Conseil de l'Entente*. They were still part of French West Africa, but had their own nearly autonomous governments, and were combined by the State Department into one consular district which Abidjan served. The French had agreed to this arrangement, pleased, no doubt, by the low-key nature of our involvement. When these countries achieved their independence in August of 1960, we in Abidjan became the US diplomatic establishment for the four capitals: Abidjan (Ivory Coast); Ouagadougou (Upper Volta, now Burkina); Niamey (Dahomey, now Benin); and Cotonou in land-locked Niger, not to be confused with Nigeria to its south. These are the lines colonizers drew.

On the day of independence, Norland climbed on a chair outside our door. He changed our tin shields, replacing the consular one with "Embassy of the United States of America" which we had received in the diplomatic pouch. From the chair, he announced to us that he had become chargé d'affaires, and I third secretary. We drank champagne. We were now accredited to all four countries, with no representation in the other three, leaving coverage to our circuit riding efforts. Norland would retain his status as chargé, pending the appointment of a permanent US ambassador.

The process of independence in French West Africa in those distant days proceeded smoothly. We were soon joined by a German diplomat, the young Claus von Amsberg, a man of movie star good looks and manners, who would soon meet and marry Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, now its queen. Adam Watson, then the British consul general and later ambassador in Dakar, had even broader territory to cover. He was at his amusing best describing to Mary and me his attendance at the Togolese celebration, and his temptation to join dancers in the streets of Lomé singing, "Isn't it grand! Isn't it grand! In-de-pen-dent Togoland!" In the Belgian Congo, however, a different scenario was playing itself out during five years of violence and attempts at secession in Elisabethville (now Lubumbashi) and Stanleyville (now Kisangani). The Marxist Lumumba was murdered, and Joseph Désiré Mobutu came to power with US government support.

The prominent African who would become president of the Ivory Coast, Felix Houphouët-Boigny, was a short, lithe man, with very dark skin and a high forehead, who liked double breasted suits. He spoke in a quiet voice, was formal and protocol-conscious in his courtesy, and impatient in his ambitions. At receptions he moved in a stately way through the crowd, smiling broadly with his beautiful, flirtatious and much taller wife Marie Thérèse on his arm, his eyes blinking and forehead glistening under camera lights. By 1961, Marie Thérèse was running a chic Parisian dress shop in Abidjan.

Norland found Houphouët perceptive, wise, and a shrewd appraiser of political forces who, while punctilious in his dealings with French officials, was not wholly controlled by them. Houphouët stood in favorable contrast to the three other leaders of the *Conseil de l'Entente* customs union he had created, and differed strikingly from such maverick, Marxist-influenced neighbors as Kwame N'Krumah in Ghana and Sékou Touré in Guinea, although he had a fondness for Sékou Touré, whom he called "my little brother." In

governing the Ivory Coast he was a politician to his fingertips, managing to keep the question of a successor churning in the pot for decades. Under the banner of "*Fraternité*," his authority and mediating skills with African statesmen, including the perennial Mobutu of Zaire, eventually made him the dean of surviving, pro-Western and like-minded leaders to whom stability, unchallenged authority, and acquisition of wealth were life's main goals. Unlike Mobutu, however, Houphouet worked hard to develop the Ivory Coast's economic potential, and did so with minimal corruption.

In Abidjan, my training in the Navy helped me refit our Jeep with a tow rope, pulley, ice chest, and other essentials for driving in thinly populated areas. Once we had settled into married life, Mary and I often went on trips lasting ten to fourteen days, visiting American missionaries, who were surprisingly numerous and usually lived well, taking along my consular hand press seal to notarize documents, register births, and so on. During these trips, I also called on the local French authorities, who invariably were hospitable. There was, nevertheless, a certain tension between the French and ourselves in Abidjan. They were wary to the point of paranoia of what might appear to be US efforts to undermine French interests in their former colonies, an unfounded concern. The two French high commissioners with whom I served were prickly, rather vain and pompous former colonial functionaries who found it difficult to accept the new situation in West Africa. We had good reason to believe that French intelligence followed our activities closely.

On returning to Abidjan from circuit riding, I submitted reports to the State Department on economic and political conditions as I had found them. The Ivory Coast then, as today, was a country of elephants and other game, cocoa, coffee, oil and mahogany. Sadly, its forests have now been depleted in characteristic, exploitative disregard for the environment in Africa. I had a large map of the Ivory Coast, on which I carefully noted where one could find cold beer: there were not many places that offered ice and beer. This map became a prized possession, much sought after by visitors.

Yamoussoukro, where Houphouet-Boigny was born, was then a small town on a laterite road, a place of crocodiles. Now it accommodates Houphouet's monument to himself, the second largest cathedral in the world. Reached by a super-highway, it is the nominal capital of the Ivory Coast. The up-country Africa beyond the rain forests we drove through in the late 1950s was little altered from the way it had been for centuries. It was largely untouched by modernity and startlingly beautiful. I sometimes yearn for that unbordered countryside. We became interested in African wood carvings and began to collect them. Often they are works of elegant simplicity and great power.

We could usually find, even in the remotest village, a veteran of military service who spoke French. This enabled us to talk a bit about village life and concerns, and begin to understand and reach out to Africans. In general, the French did better by their colonies than most colonial powers in Africa. Africans automatically acquired French citizenship and were able to vote in French elections. Ironically, Houphouet, who believed in animism, had been a minister of health in Paris. The French paid attention to education and the

schools were quite good. Much of the training was provided by the Catholic Church with French priests and nuns as teachers and role models.

After independence, our official visitors grew at a rapid pace. First came an economic assistance planning team and soon a permanent cadre of aid experts joined our embassy. Then we were visited by a Foreign Service inspection team, headed by Cecil Lyon. "Soapy" Williams, former governor of Michigan and the Kennedy administration's assistant secretary for Africa, came for a look. We had our first congressional delegation, or "CODEL," headed by Senator Frank Church and including a young and assertive Edward M. Kennedy, then and briefly a Washington lawyer, and Senator Wayne Morse. Kennedy was along as the brother of the president-elect, demonstrating the New Frontier's interest in Africa. All of these visitors and delegations required briefings and support from our fledgling embassy. There was also an increase in private travelers. Anthropologists, journalists, and tourists arrived in growing numbers. We invited some of them to our homes to learn about their African experiences. Many had devoted their lives to Africa and were invaluable sources of information. All of them were welcome.

Don Norland had easy access to the Ivory Coast government. His political reporting on four countries was well regarded in Washington. Most government officials, including the junior ones, were competent and politically sophisticated. The French had done a good job of building up and training the civil service. Even in the early 1960s, there was a question of who might succeed Houphouet. It turned out to be premature, as Houphouet remained in office until his death in December, 1993. I enjoyed agricultural commodity reporting, particularly on the coffee crops, and became versed in coffee production. One of my principal sources was a Greek coffee trader, Basil Kokkinakis, whose projections of coffee crops were reliable. I gained his confidence and to my great satisfaction he gave me his personal assessments of coffee forecasts.

In the summer of 1960, the nature and extent of our representation in West Africa became a matter of concern in Washington. Ambassador Loy Henderson, who was deputy under secretary for administration, led a team which included Dr. DeVault, director of the Department's medical operations; Joseph John Jova from personnel; and John Stutesman, Henderson's special assistant. Henderson's visit was the Eisenhower administration's response to Democratic candidate John F. Kennedy's decision to send Averell Harriman to West and Central Africa to highlight Eisenhower's neglect of Africa. Harriman came in August of 1960; Henderson a few weeks later.

In Abidjan, Houphouet-Boigny, in a reference to Cold War struggles in which his ties were to the West, told Harriman: "When I send our students to Moscow, they come back capitalists. When I send them to Paris, they return Marxists!" Our African policies, such as they were, had become an issue in the domestic and foreign affairs strategies of Kennedy's political campaign. Henderson's team had its own plane and visited several countries of former French West Africa. They had three basic concerns: the nature of the relationships the US should have with these countries; staffing requirements to establish and maintain

such relationships; and levels of economic assistance appropriate in light of needs and the US government's limited objectives and resources.

These questions were of course inter-related, and the answers were not the same for all countries. Henderson's team made impressive efforts to understand the rapidly changing scene in West Africa. They had learned before leaving, for example, of a post which occasionally had its only other officer, an FSO-8 of the most junior rank, serving as chargé to four newly independent countries during absences of the principal officer. I was not surprised Washington did not favor this arrangement, although it was hardly of my making! Henderson's visit made a difference. After he returned to Washington, efforts began to staff up the new embassies, and quickly to over-staff them. We all began to receive better administrative support from the State Department. More air conditioners arrived, and we in the Foreign Service began to catch up with the living standards of people from other agencies such as AID and CIA. Robert McKinnon was assigned to open our embassy in Upper Volta. Tragically, he died of illness shortly after his arrival. I helped him in his pioneering efforts as best I could. By the time I left Abidjan in the summer of 1961, the four countries we had covered from there had at least the beginnings of a US presence.

Robert Borden Reams was assigned in November, 1960 as our first ambassador to the four countries. We became the support post for the other three, adding to our workload. By early 1961, our presence in West Africa was much more visible than when I first arrived in Abidjan, and I began to wonder whether we weren't trying to do too much too fast.

B The First Ambassador

Robert Borden Reams was a portly, balding man who was rather short and had a British colonel's moustache. Quiet spoken, he was the very image of a diplomat. His appearance *was* a bit formal and his style somewhat reserved, perhaps, but those who came to know him discovered a man with a zest for exploring the world around him, a raucous sense of humor and fondness for drink, and a compassionate heart. Golf was his abiding interest, and travel came next. He and his two daughters, Marianna and Kathy, and young son Peter, now also in the Foreign Service, were with him and his wife Dottie in Abidjan. He was what my generation would have called traditional and seasoned, and there was much to learn from him and admire. He would soon clash, however, with the activism and youthful outlook of Kennedy's New Frontier.

Independence came to the Ivory Coast rather suddenly in August, 1960; the initial celebrations were hastily improvised and modest. Flags went up and down, and there were parades. But an elaborate and formal celebration was postponed for a year, which became a significant factor in my life as I was to return there with Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy when they attended the official event. The year's delay until 1962 provided these governments time to organize things properly.

One of the first tasks we worked on for Ambassador Reams was a trip to our other three countries to allow him to present his credentials in each. Norland left shortly after Reams'

arrival and Rupert Lloyd, a seasoned black Foreign Service officer, had become the deputy chief of mission. Reams was a great adventurer. He decided he would visit the three new capitals by overland travel, and that our wives would join us. He loved the Jeep I had fixed up, and the beer and Aquavit in the ice chest. Dottie and Mary enjoyed the relative luxury of the embassy's official Chevrolet. They, too, were thrilled to be in Africa.

As we set off, Ambassador Reams and I followed behind the Chevrolet's dust in the Jeep, which I drove. We went overland from Abidjan to Ouagadougou and Niamey, and then Reams flew to Cotonou, while I drove ahead. It was a long trip, but Reams wanted to see the African countryside, and indeed he did. We looked for lions and found them occasionally, sometimes nearer than we liked. Stopping our little caravan early one afternoon on a remote track road in Niger, we foolishly decided to get out and walk toward a nearby lake through tall grass, which I later learned was called lion grass. Reams wanted to look at birds. We were unarmed. The lake was pleasant enough, but on the way back we found fresh, wet tracks crossing our path in the mud. The consulate's driver, Pierre, recognized them as those of a lion who had passed between us and our vehicles and was nearby. There was nothing to do but keep walking in silence despite feelings of panic. Once we reached our cars, Pierre was so overwrought he relieved himself on the spot. Reams broke out the Aquavit as we set off smartly.

Pierre, driver of the Chevrolet, was a jovial, gentle young African, who was immediately caught up in the spirit of our adventure. One day, as we were entering a modest-sized village, the Chevrolet developed mechanical problems and stopped. A garage and filling station were nearby. Pierre was slight of build and seemed even more so when standing next to Reams or me. So Pierre steered the Chevrolet while Reams and I pushed it to the garage down the main street, Dottie and Mary following behind us with greater dignity. The incredulous villagers must have thought Pierre was a high official from Abidjan who was so important that he had two foreigners, one of them of evident distinction, pushing him and his car to the garage.

The presentation of credentials to the new governments by the first American ambassador was an historic event. We wanted it done with dignity and style, and we were proud to be the pioneering Americans in this role. All was not entirely serious, however, and there were some unexpected moments. The most formal ceremony, for example, took place in Dahomey, now known as Benin. Its president, Hubert Maga, was a portly man to say the least. A stickler for protocol, he required ambassadors to wear formal attire, despite the heat. Maga wore his top hat and cut-away, an intimidating sight. We ascended a long and grand stairway to the hall where the ceremony would take place. While Maga preceded us as we walked up, Reams and I noticed he was wearing bright green socks with his striped pants. With due regard for the gravity of our mission, we remained impassive.

The credentials presentations were well covered by the African press and AFP, the French news agency. The Africans gave us lots of space, particularly because we were one of only a few other nations, aside from France, represented in these four countries. Reams held a press conference after each ceremony. This could be a problem, because his French was not

particularly good. Sometimes I would have to interpret, which sometimes was also a problem. Reams would read a polite and formal prepared statement. We were cautious about discussing economic assistance levels, a matter of obvious interest to the Africans, and the focus of suspicious concern by the French who did not wish to be supplanted by anyone. This issue, moreover, had not yet been fully addressed by our own government.

There was no effort by Houphouet to play the US off against France. He understood French sensitivities and realized he needed the French more than us. The Ivory Coast kept the French CFA franc (*cours de franc africain*) as its basic currency after independence. The French held positions of responsibility in their former colonies, even in the newly independent governments. Key political and technical advisers often were French. We Americans were welcomed by the new governments, but there would have been no advantage to them in pitting us against the French. They concentrated instead on gaining as much as possible from both.

C Soviet and Chinese Diplomats in West Africa

Toward the end of my Abidjan assignment, I visited a colleague, George Lambrakis, serving in neighboring Conakry, Guinea, to acquire a feeling for the Soviet presence there. Its Marxist president, Sékou Touré, had chosen not to remain in a relationship with France, the former colonizer, and Guinea had become fully independent. Already, evidence of repression, mismanagement and economic stagnation was everywhere.

Seizing the opportunity to establish their presence, the Soviets, East Europeans and Chinese opened embassies in Conakry, directly introducing Cold War tensions into West Africa. They would also be in Mozambique, Ethiopia, Somalia and Angola. At the heart of the continent, the Soviets were making trouble in the former Belgian Congo through their influence on Patrice Lumumba and his supporters. Every president from Eisenhower through Reagan was to become concerned about the Belgian Congo in the context of the Cold War. In West Africa, however, the Soviet threat was of a much lower order. (The Belgian Congo, which later became Zaire, should not be confused with the small neighboring country of the Republic of the Congo, a French colony established in 1891 which gained its independence in 1960, and whose wealth lies in its off-shore oil deposits.)

George was able to take me along to an official reception, and there I found unexpected distinctions among these communist "allies." The Chinese mingled, if a bit stiffly, with Africans. The Russians kept themselves conspicuously apart in their own circle, showing little interest or rapport with the many Africans present, the Chinese, or anyone other than the obsequious representatives of their East European satellites. This was a common social pattern, I learned, probably a reflection of insecurity on the part of Soviet diplomats (but less so their technicians) functioning outside areas of high priority and ideological definition, and of rivalry and competition for influence between the Soviets and Chinese. Marx, after all, had said little about the non-western, non-industrialized colonial world.

More than twenty years later, as ambassador to Zaire, I had the same impressions of Russians inherently ill at ease and of sophisticated Chinese diplomats more friendly toward Africans. By then a more self-assured, less regimented East European community existed. At the time I served in Zaire, from 1984-87, the African Institute in Moscow, a policy and research organization, was directed by Anatoly Gromyko, the foreign minister's son whom I knew from East Berlin. This was not a man to bring depth of understanding or cultural sensitivity to the complexities of sub-Saharan Africa, or to the requirements for successful Soviet policies in a diverse region whose people passionately wanted their freedom.

The Russians never really understood Black Africa.

4

STAFF ASSISTANT TO UNDER SECRETARIES BOWLES AND BALL:

1961-62

When it came time in Abidjan to focus on my next assignment, which I knew would be in Washington (it was the practice at the time to bring junior officers back after one two-year tour of duty overseas) I received, to my surprise, a telegram informing me that I was to be staff aide to under secretary of state Chester Bowles. President Kennedy had appointed Bowles to the second-ranking position in the State Department, but I had not given much thought to my few months of working for Bowles on the Capitol Hill while waiting to enter the Foreign Service, and had not been in touch with him afterwards. I was delighted at the prospect of working for Bowles again, as my wife Mary and I left Abidjan in the summer of 1961.

On our return trip we flew from Abidjan to Paris, and boarded the SS UNITED STATES at Le Havre, traveling first class as was then the practice in the Foreign Service. Soon after we boarded the ship, a member of the public relations staff approached us and asked whether my wife and I would pose for pictures in the dining room. We would be photographed eating a Baked Alaska dessert, as part of a promotion effort to interest people in crossing the Atlantic on American flag vessels. I did not see any harm; on the contrary, I thought it was a good idea to promote United States Lines. The picture session went smoothly and we promptly forgot about it.

Four or five months later, color photos showed up prominently in advertisements in *The New Yorker* and other national magazines of the two of us nibbling that delicious dessert in the first class dining room. It identified us as "Vice Consul Brandon Grove and Mrs. Grove." It looked elitist. A congressman from Pennsylvania wrote an irate letter to the State Department. I was appalled, and thought this would end my career. I went to see Frederick Dutton, the assistant secretary for congressional relations; both of us feared an avalanche of letters about striped pants and cookie pushers. Fred did not think my explanation of trying to help US business, true as it was, would carry the day. In fact, only one letter was received. I was told later that the dreaded Congressman John Rooney, chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee dealing with the State Department's budget, had also

expressed interest in this photo. It goes to show that good intentions about trade promotion are not always sufficiently rewarded.

A Robert Kennedy in Abidjan

After a period of leave during which my wife and I rented the bottom apartment and small garden of a house at 3409 Prospect Street, in Georgetown, I reported to Bowles' office. By a series of coincidences, this assignment led to my return to Abidjan in 1962 with Robert F. Kennedy. I had been working for Bowles for about six months when President Kennedy decided that his brother, the attorney general, should represent the US at the formal celebrations of the Ivory Coast's independence, which for planning needs had been postponed a year. The choice of Kennedy was dictated in part by US domestic politics and the civil rights movement. Since I was one of two foreign service officers then in Washington who had served in Abidjan, Lucius D. Battle, the executive secretary of the State Department, suggested to John Seigenthaler, the attorney general's senior aide, that I be made available to Kennedy's office to help plan the trip. Soon I began working directly with Robert Kennedy. I had not known Seigenthaler or Kennedy before.

The first time I met RFK in the spring of 1961, he was sitting at his huge desk on which he had placed both feet. Water color paintings by his children were taped to the paneled walls. His sleeves were rolled up, his tie pulled down below an open collar. He looked like an office boy hamming it up in the boss's chair. Underneath his disheveled hair, his blue eyes were penetrating. He was four years older than my 32. "Well," he said mockingly in his Massachusetts monotone, "John here tells me you're from the *State Department!*" This was to be the first official overseas trip for the new attorney general. Soon after I began working on it, he asked me to join his traveling party which consisted of himself, his wife Ethel, and John Seigenthaler. We flew to Paris on a commercial plane, and then went on to Abidjan the same way. By this time, I had become acquainted with Kennedy and was beginning to understand his way of doing things.

It was obvious to me that his interest in Africa was intense and genuine. He threw himself wholeheartedly into representing the president and our country. He was also unfailingly impatient with the requirements of protocol. In general, the smaller a country, the greater its infatuation with protocol--and we would be visiting a rather small country. Kennedy, for example, professed not to understand why, in a receiving line, he had to wait behind chiefs of state who represented countries less powerful than the US. He did not want to recognize that as a cabinet officer he had to yield precedence to any chief of state, and this was not easy to explain to him. The celebrations went well. President Houphouet-Boigny was delighted by Kennedy's attendance and received him privately.

It became apparent during the visit that Ambassador Reams did not think highly of Robert Kennedy. Kennedy, in turn, found Reams a bit too low-key. He wanted our ambassadors to be deeply engaged in representing the New Frontier. It was more than a clash of styles. The upshot was that upon our return, Kennedy told the president we needed a new ambassador in Abidjan. This episode saddened me, because I liked Reams and had spoken in his

defense. Reams retired and was succeeded by James Wine, a political appointee from Connecticut.

Kennedy was demanding. He wanted precision in his briefings. He wouldn't accept a litany of facts; he wanted analysis and probed, and then probed some more. "Why?" was his favorite question. He maintained a frantic pace, compulsively wanting to use every minute of the day. I rarely saw him relax. He was driven, even when he played at sports, tackling everything with his New Frontier vigor. This became a problem in Abidjan, where he found he had time without scheduled events. Reams did not fill that time and I did not use enough imagination to keep Kennedy running. There were dead spots in the program and worse ones in the reception lines. The dinners seemed unending, Kennedy's patience was short, and I was often on the receiving end of his dissatisfaction. When he was killed, I reflected on this impatience, and the president's as well. Both seemed driven and fatalistic, as if they sensed that for them time would be unfairly short and there was much to be done.

It was fortunate that we took Kennedy out of town. He loved the countryside, where he was greeted by crowds, even though no one understood who Robert Kennedy was. Villagers knew someone important had come and they responded enthusiastically. There was music, dancing and palm wine. Kennedy waved, shook hands, and handed out the JFK campaign's PT-109 tie-clips, which must have seemed a mysterious gift to these Africans. When we ran out of tie-clips, I rushed back to Abidjan for a fresh supply and was nearly forced off the road on a curve by a huge truck full of lumber. Kennedy was exhilarated by these experiences; the Ivory Coasters were warm and friendly and we were touched by their boisterous welcome. He returned to Africa on a number of occasions, focusing on South Africa. This first visit was a deeper and more complex experience than he had expected.

B Chester Bowles as Under Secretary

I returned after the Kennedy trip to my job with Chester Bowles. His office consisted mostly of people he brought into the Department from Capitol Hill: his close adviser Thomas Hughes and Patricia Durand, a lively young woman who was Bowles' secretary and knew nearly everything about him; Philip Merrill, later publisher of *The Washingtonian* magazine; Samuel Lewis, an exception, who was the senior foreign service special assistant though a young officer; Andrew Rice, the economic and development assistance expert; Jim Thomson, who specialized in Asian matters and public affairs, and myself as the junior assistant. The Executive Secretariat provided department-wide support, and it was Nicholas Veliotis who was our staff contact there. This was the beginning of a three-way relationship for Lewis, Veliotis, and myself that lasted throughout our careers.

I sat in a glassed-in office with Sam Lewis, which formed part of the Seventh Floor executive suites with their dark paneling and 1940's decor. These surroundings had a certain comfort and dignity in an art-deco style. Bowles' foreign service staff was thin in terms of numbers and rank. Sam had recently been on the Italian "desk" and was a mid-career officer at the time. I had no Washington experience and only one overseas tour

in West Africa. It would have been wiser, in retrospect, for Bowles to have had the benefit of senior foreign service representation on his staff.

The office was informal, noisy and disorderly, with people walking in and out at will. It also had an engaging, happy and politically-charged atmosphere which did not translate into an effective or smooth operation for Bowles, and was in sharp contrast to Dean Rusk's operation down the hall. Bowles thought of himself as the president's point man on Asia, Africa, and Latin America. He viewed himself as a policy maker and not a manager. His main incursions into management were through ambassadorial appointments, which he correctly regarded as substantive. He left Europe to George W. Ball, then under secretary for economic affairs. Bowles saw himself as a political figure and remained involved in the civil rights movement, never changing his liberal persona when he left Capitol Hill and moved to the State Department. His independent attitude and erratic work habits were those of an advertising executive, governor and congressman, which made him especially difficult to staff. Chet's handwriting often could be deciphered only by his wife or Pat Durand, and he penned many of his letters and drafts of memoranda. Reading his marginal notes and instructions on official papers was a challenge for us all; sometimes we gathered as a group to do so.

I recognized quickly that it was hard to get Bowles to focus on routine bureaucratic matters, which increased geometrically when the secretary of state was away and Bowles was filling in for Rusk. It became increasingly difficult to get Bowles to sign or decide upon documents that required his attention. These papers began to pile up on my desk and became a concern not only to me, but frustrating to the Department. One day I told Pat Durand I needed an uninterrupted forty-five minutes with her boss. I asked her to make sure he would agree. When Bowles gave me the time, I walked into his office carrying a stack of papers, and said: "Chet (we all called him that), there are some things you just must do as under secretary of this department and I have a stack of them here." He and I sat down and went through the pile, document by document; I summarized the contents of each paper and he reached his decisions and put his initials in the appropriate places.

Chet would have preferred to "toss continents around to see how they splashed," a line about him by James Reston in the *New York Times*. Bowles was principally an idea man, by nature and preference. He once said to me: "Suppose you have ten good ideas and nine turn out to be unrealistic. One is great. Do you know what? You've had a great idea!" The search for good and big ideas was the Holy Grail in the advertising world in which Bowles had run one of the earliest and most successful ad agencies, Benton and Bowles.

It did not take long for all of us in the office to notice serious strains between Rusk and Bowles. Luke Battle, the Department's executive secretary, believed it was his responsibility to minimize these strains, if he were not able to bring about a reconciliation. We were painfully conscious that we needed to strengthen ties between these top leaders of the Department as we saw them drift apart. The differences between the two were not always over policy; the strains came from personality clashes and Rusk's disappointment that Bowles was not at all the sort of under secretary he wanted. Rusk was uncomfortable

with Bowles as his alter ego. He was annoyed by Bowles's lack of interest in so many matters that were vital to the smooth functioning of the State Department, and was dismayed by Bowles' single-minded but often scatter-shot focus on the developing world. Rusk wanted a deputy who would help him manage the global consequences of our foreign policies.

Bowles made major contributions to foreign policy in 1961-62 by deeply involving himself in the selection of an extraordinarily able group of ambassadors. Overall, these may have been the most qualified and intellectually astute of our ambassadors in this century. At the president's urging, Bowles drew on the best talents in academia, business, journalism, and to a lesser extent, the Foreign Service itself. He was not always comfortable with the Foreign Service and its ways, believing it to be tradition-bound and conservative, Eurocentric, and driven by its bipolar Cold War agenda.

Bowles's voice was a constant reminder of the importance of geographic areas and issues that had not been prominent before. He deplored our alliances with most dictators. He kept the "Third World" on the president's and secretary's agenda, where it would not have ranked so high had Bowles not been around. He highlighted the non-aligned countries in ways people found increasingly relevant and worthy of consideration. On the other hand, it is difficult to point to any single, lasting accomplishment, either substantive or managerial, that can be attributed to Bowles's imprint as under secretary.

Often I heard dissatisfaction from my colleagues about appointments recommended by Bowles. Some of this unhappiness stemmed from justified belief in the Foreign Service that able and well qualified professionals were not being selected for major posts. Rusk approved most of Bowles's nominations and vetoed a few, reserving for himself key personnel decisions on some Asian and European posts, in particular. The director general, Tyler Thompson, knew of impending vacancies and had an opportunity to suggest Foreign Service professionals, but Bowles did not see the Foreign Service as a great pool of talent for "the new diplomacy." He wanted to reach down into the organization to send middle-grade, younger officers to some of the smaller embassies, and to send European specialists to Latin America, for example, to broaden them. Years later, Kissinger, as secretary, identified and acted on the same instinct.

C Lucius D. Battle as Executive Secretary

I learned much about the Department's operations and staffing by working so closely with Lucius Battle and his team. Luke was the best executive secretary I have seen during my 35 years of service. He was familiar with the substance of the issues in papers that crossed his desk. He understood life at the top. He had worked closely as the senior aide to Dean Acheson and had a strong policy background. He recognized the bureaucratic politics of issues, within the Department and beyond. Soft spoken and persuasive in the accents of Georgia, a man who preferred bow ties, he had great tact and courtesy bordering on courtliness, as well as a generous spirit. Luke did not equivocate. He was a big man physically and spiritually, and in character always a warm person. Luke worked

assiduously to make sure decisions were implemented. He saw the job of executive secretary as an activist's, and viewed his role, in part, as an enforcer seeing to it that the secretary's and under secretary's wishes were carried out.

His responsibilities brought Luke into discussions with many people in the Department, particularly the assistant secretaries. If any of them wished to test the atmosphere on the Seventh Floor, they would call Luke. He was a channel for information and a wise counselor. He had everyone's trust. Luke monitored the quality of paperwork that reached the Seventh Floor. This was not a matter of looking papers over to see that the margins were correct and the spelling right. Blanche Halla in the secretariat did that. Luke analyzed the clarity and completeness of a document and did not hesitate to return it to the author if it did not meet his own high standards. His scrutiny often brought needed consistency to the Department's work.

The functions Luke Battle performed are essential. An American secretary of state should borrow from the British system and establish a position of Permanent Under Secretary in the State Department, filling it with an official from the Foreign Service with many years of experience who would consider this his or her crowning assignment. Such an individual should serve in that position for ten or more years and, with a small and permanent staff, become the institutional memory of the Department in a non-partisan and open manner, serving as a principal adviser to its changing political leadership. Through greater reliance on fleeting and incomplete electronic records, such as e-mail, we now risk losing our understanding of the complex history of decision-making. We will have an impoverished sense of where we have been and how we have reached the present. The position of executive secretary, as Luke Battle managed it, is the model for a permanent under secretary. I hope some day we will have both the position and someone like Battle in it.

D The Kennedys and Bowles

Working with Chester Bowles and Robert Kennedy early in my career, and for a while simultaneously, provided opportunities to contrast them. Here were two people from different wings of the Democratic Party, a generation apart, serving in an administration where the accent was on youth and new frontiers after eight years of President Eisenhower, whose very name recalled World War II.

Bowles' roots were in the New Deal. The role of government in American life was transformed by Roosevelt and the concept of a powerful executive has endured. Bowles himself had been head of the Office of Price Administration, an unprecedented intrusion in the domestic economy. Custodians of the New Deal stayed on in Washington, or returned to Cambridge and New York. Bowles became Truman's ambassador to India, first serving there from 1951-53. Like nearly everyone else in public life at the time, these people were male and white, mostly easterners who came from Ivy League colleges and often their law schools, and were wealthy themselves or from rich families. Those who were professors had little money, and there was a jibe, even in the Kennedy days, that these Democrats from

academe sought government positions for the pay, which was then barely at subsistence levels.

Friendships among people like Bowles, Adlai Stevenson, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and David Ginsburg were strengthened during the Eisenhower years. Bowles was among the most prolific writers and speakers on liberal causes and foreign affairs during this time, and enjoyed an influential following. When John Kennedy came along, these party loyalists, and many others, constituted not merely a cabinet-in-waiting but almost a government-in-waiting. They had firm ideas on the leading issues and many of these ideas had their origins in the New Deal. In foreign affairs, their views focused not only on the conduct of the Cold War, but also on opportunities for the United States in the developing countries, which made up most of the world beyond Europe. Bowles, who was formally JFK's foreign affairs adviser during the campaign, and Stevenson both wanted to become secretary of state. Kennedy, however, brought none of the former New Dealers into his cabinet.

Robert Kennedy was a man of passions whose impact, initially, was that of a tough and widely disliked political manager, someone who whipped delegations and fence sitters into line on the convention floor, while Bowles presided over the more remote Platform Committee which embodied the liberals' views. John and Robert Kennedy, like FDR, believed a strong executive was required to move America forward and manage a global war, albeit of a new and colder kind. Both came from the Irish ways of Massachusetts politics. Robert, in particular, was considered of the fray rather than above it, and deliberately sought to take political heat for his brother and keep him looking statesmanlike.

Thomas L. Hughes, Bowles' long-time associate and adviser, was at the convention and recalls that Bowles viewed JFK as a man "with no moral compass," and his brother Robert as a ruthless cohort of Senator Joseph McCarthy and J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI. Chet had not discouraged a "Bowles for President" movement at the convention. Its placards were there for all to see, to Kennedy's annoyance. Bowles announced a liberal Democratic platform without consulting Kennedy beforehand. Mixed in were Connecticut politics and the conflicting ambitions of men such as Governor Abraham Ribicoff, who nominated Kennedy at the convention, John Bailey, Democratic state chairman, Senator Thomas Dodd, and Bowles' ad agency partner William Benton, all from that New England state. Hughes describes the Bowles-RFK relationship, in particular, as contemptuous on both sides.

In January of 1961, nevertheless, a 36-year old attorney general, and a 60-year old under secretary of state disappointed at being in a number two position, began serving in the presidency of 43-year old John Kennedy. Bowles was motivated by vision and the Kennedys by pragmatism; unavoidably their approaches clashed. Much had to do with personalities rather than age. Averell Harriman, David Bruce, and General Maxwell Taylor, for example, were considerably older than the president but fit effortlessly into his

world. This was for them, probably, a matter of putting aside impatience with newcomers and embracing the Democrats' return to power as the greater good.

The new people would soon learn through mistakes, and turn to those more experienced in foreign affairs. The failed Bay of Pigs invasion occurred three months into JFK's presidency. Bowles learned of the impending invasion plan by chance, when he was acting secretary in Rusk's absence. He warned against it in a memorandum to Rusk to be passed to the president. Kennedy was widely criticized for misjudgments in the Cuban operation. In Washington gossip, word came back to the White House after the debacle about who had defended the president at dinner parties and in conversations with journalists, and who had not. Bowles, always outspoken, was not in the former column and publicly incurred Robert Kennedy's wrath for his lack of support after the fact. Bowles' condemnation of the war in Vietnam was deplored by Kennedy loyalists in this atmosphere of suspicion about his motives. It often, in politics, does one no good to be right on the issues.

Three months later, the Berlin wall went up in a Soviet gamble to stabilize East Germany, which was hemorrhaging from the westward exodus of its population. By then, Kennedy had turned for advice to Europeanists like Ball, Dillon, Taylor, Nitze, Kennan and Acheson. Bowles, never a Soviet expert, had become side-lined, increasingly the man to see on seemingly less pressing "Third World" issues. These included India and Pakistan, China (except in its strategic relationship to the Soviet Union), Southeast Asia and independence movements all over the world which Chet believed could be neglected only at great cost. Bowles found support for his Third World emphasis in friends such as Stevenson, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Galbraith and Harris Wofford, who were close to the president. But questions early in Kennedy's administration of how to contain Khrushchev's maneuvers in the Cold War, with their domestic political and economic implications, quite naturally came first. Soon, too, top policy makers were increasingly caught in the problems of a surrogate war in Vietnam.

A man of flair whose family and social life caught the world's attention, John Kennedy valued his ties to the social elites of New York, Miami and Hollywood, and the glamorous, fast-living international jet set. His wife Jacqueline reinforced these inclinations. In friends, he admired men of accomplishment and charm who moved easily in the White House and on its dance floor, and whose serious conversation and banter fit his moods and needs.

Bob and Ethel Kennedy had their own social circle apart from the president's, although there were overlapping friends. The problems of poverty, civil rights, and wages and prices in the steel industry were bringing RFK's serious side to public notice, not always favorably. One could watch him grow. Social events at Hickory Hill were boisterous and fun, usually with a sophomoric twist or two. The tone was set by Bob's beautiful and irrepressible wife Ethel, unperturbed by the fine points of entertaining, their small children rioting everywhere, and the obtrusive presence of Brumus, one of the world's largest dogs. The swimming pool became a magnet in late hours, with someone being pushed or happily jumping in fully clothed. Most people there loved it, among other reasons for the

excitement of what might happen next, but after one swimming pool incident that made the papers, Ethel told me JFK had said "enough."

In Kennedy social circles this left Bowles and his wife, Steb, more out than in. A handsome, well dressed Yale graduate, former governor of Connecticut and congressional colleague of John Kennedy, a nearly professional class golfer and millionaire by his early thirties, Bowles seemed at first glance to have much in common with the president. But he had no patience for time spent idly in social repartee or swimming pool shenanigans. He was a voluble talker and reluctant listener, not inclined to deference or flattery. Steb was a quiet person who favored Indian saris, a thoughtful, kind and perceptive woman who had no interest in Kennedy goings-on and in fact found many of them undignified, although she was a fun-loving person herself.

When the Bowles' entertained in their imposing Georgetown house on N Street, or around the pool, their guests were drawn from intellectual circles and the ranks of liberal Democrats. Thinkers, perhaps, more than doers. The atmosphere was informal, but no one would describe it as boisterous. Chet and Steb favored young people, and I would find myself delighted to be talking with someone like James Reston, of *The New York Times*, propped up by the mantel with a drink in his hand. Chet's mind was clicking away on issues of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, unable to let up for long even in family surroundings. It was always business with Chet. His style of advocacy, even with the president, could become insistent, overstated, and at times unintentionally arrogant when he lectured in long memos.

I had the impression that the president took Bowles seriously more often than not, and respected him. Robert Kennedy always felt uncomfortable with Chet and criticized his performance at the State Department to me. He grudgingly respected Bowles' intellect and accomplishments, and was beginning to adopt some of the values that motivated Chet so strongly. There had been serious differences over covert activities in the Dominican Republic as well as Cuba. Kennedy was uncertain of Bowles' loyalties and friendships, and viewed Chet as someone with an agenda of his own, one which did not always match the president's. A cardinal sin attributed by both Kennedys to Bowles was that he leaked to the press to promote his own positions and opinions. But respect was there. When I informed Bob in June of 1963 that Bowles, who had been fired as under secretary 18 months earlier, had asked me to join him in India on his second tour as ambassador, Kennedy's surprising reply was: "Do it. He's a good man."

E Departure of Bowles

My tour with Bowles ended abruptly. I was shocked to hear on the radio during Thanksgiving weekend of 1961 that the president had fired Bowles. He was part of what was called the "Thanksgiving Massacre," as other changes were made in the administration that day. I knew there were frictions and that Bowles was in trouble, but did not realize matters had reached this stage. George Ball would be the new under secretary. I was pained and felt embarrassed by the abrupt manner in which Bowles' belongings were moved to a

much smaller office down the hall and outside the executive suite, but above all by the humiliation so evident in Chet's face. He was given the lugubrious title of Presidential Special Representative and Adviser on Africa, Asian, and Latin American Affairs, in a job that had been created for him. Sam Lewis, Pat Durand and others of his staff joined him, and some excellent papers were written, trips taken and speeches given, but Chet's impact in this role was slight during the 15 months he served in this function. He had been kicked upstairs to avoid an uproar in the liberal wing of his party.

There are lessons to be drawn from these events. You have to manage a bureaucracy before it manages you. You cannot be a one-man show, particularly if you are the number two person in a large organization; you must be part of the secretary's team regardless of what you think of other members on the team. You cannot operate independently at senior levels; the organization will suffer and so will you. It is vital that you monitor your standing with the president and his staff. You have to be willing to listen to the White House carefully, especially for criticisms and suggestions, which sometimes are delivered in subtle ways. And if you are someone like Bowles, it is important to know how to register dissenting views without appearing disloyal.

Bowles was not the right man to be under secretary. In every job he held in his varied career, he had always been number one. His personality and predilections did not suit the rigidity of that position, and he should not have been placed in it. Dean Rusk, a rather formal man of few words, was not easy to work for. Bowles could not have performed well in that job under any circumstances, or in any number two slot for that matter.

Bowles was most at home in the world of large ideas and concepts, but he usually was not able to translate his visions into the concrete steps, time lines and details that are the life blood of a foreign policy bureaucracy. In that respect, Bowles and Kissinger were opposites. Kissinger, when he was secretary of state not only had large ideas but knew how to move the bureaucracy in the directions he had determined. Kissinger, of course, had far more power than Bowles. He devised a national security apparatus to serve his objectives, and was in the driver's seat of a vehicle he himself had built. He understood viscerally the importance of bureaucratic power and loved the game. Bowles never did. Kissinger knew how to translate his ideas into concrete actions. Bowles never did. Kissinger understood the need for constant updating of his instructions. Bowles never did. Kissinger knew the importance of being supported by insiders of seniority, status, effectiveness, and above all loyalty. Bowles never did. And Kissinger knew how to handle Nixon.

Bowles had an independent political base which Kissinger never did, and was often in touch with people on the Hill whom he had known for a long time, although I was not sure how effective that process was for him. He had an enormous range of friends in the American political arena, mostly in the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Adlai Stevenson stayed with Chet at his N Street home, and they were in frequent touch by telephone when not together. Bowles felt close to "Soapy" Williams, Abe Chayes, Phil Coombs, Tom Hughes and other allies in the Department. Sam Lewis emerged as one of his

brightest and most influential advisers. Except for Sam, these people were part of Bowles' political network, placed there by him. They helped him whenever they could.

Regarding Vietnam, Bowles had a clearer, deeper and more accurate understanding of the risks and illogic of our growing military involvement than the Kennedy brothers, Rusk, Robert McNamara in the Defense Department or, at the time, his successor as under secretary, George Ball. He forcefully, repeatedly and courageously articulated his beliefs and fears within the top levels of the bureaucracy and to his friends. No subject churned greater passion in Bowles. Our policies in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia were strategically and morally wrong, he argued. Many who were close to him, especially all of us on his staff who tried to support him, saw his frustration and knew he was right. Tragically, his views were not in fashion; there seems no better way to put it.

I saw little of Secretary Rusk, although his offices were at the other end of the long, paneled executive corridor on the seventh floor. At the time I thought him stern and aloof. Tensions between Rusk and Bowles must have reinforced this view. Many years after Rusk left the Department, in around 1980, I found myself next to him at the long table in the eighth floor executive dining room, which had open seating. We were three or four people having a late lunch, when he joined us. For an hour or so, Rusk regaled us in his husky-voiced Georgia accent with tales of his stewardship and current academic concerns. His humor and laughter were infectious. He had shaped his perspectives on the past and was at peace with himself. I felt privileged to see this engaging side of him.

During my time with Bowles, Rusk endured the pressures of working for President Kennedy in a relationship that was never close. He recognized that his deputy Bowles' performance was slipping, dealt with an ever more fractious Soviet Union after Khrushchev's meeting with Kennedy in Vienna, and coped with decisions shaping the early stages of the war in Vietnam--to mention only some of his worries. Wouldn't this agenda rob anyone of spontaneity in the State Department's corridors?

F George Ball as Under Secretary

When Ball became under secretary, I was asked to stay on as his staff aide. Sam Lewis was replaced by Arthur A. Hartman, who would later serve as ambassador to France and Russia. Art had served in Paris in the European Cooperation Administration, working closely with Jean Monnet, and in Saigon from 1956-58. Urbane, a man who listened more than he spoke and then gave unambiguous advice, he was an economist, a realist, a brilliant career diplomat who was something of a pessimist.

Ball was a great contrast to Bowles in personal and managerial style. He functioned with a small and extraordinarily competent staff, which included such people as Robert Schaezel, Stan Cleveland and George Springsteen. All of them were first-class professionals. Ball was a lawyer and a man of keen intellect; he was rather aloof, and more reserved than his predecessor.

Ball liked to hold meetings, but only small ones. He focused on Europe's economic issues, particularly those that concerned Jean Monnet, one of the founding fathers of the European community. His office was disciplined and buttoned up; it had none of the political campaign flavor that Bowles' had. It was hushed, efficient, and business-like, except for drinks at the end of the day. Ball's domineering and short-tempered secretary scared us all, unlike the ever-cheerful Pat Durand. She guarded the gate jealously, and I have seen grown men turn queasy in her glare. Ball's management style was low key, crisp, and effective. He knew how to make things happen. He was a man of conscience and firm values, a side of him not quickly appreciated.

I worked on the seventh floor during the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962. Chester Bowles was not involved in the deliberations. These two weeks, as far as we know, were the closest the world came to a nuclear exchange during the Cold War. Only much later did I understand George Ball's wise and calming role during President Kennedy's handling of this crisis, his emphasis on a political and diplomatic approach to Khrushchev rather than a knee-jerk US military response in Cuba as the first option.

Ball demanded precision, logic, and well reasoned recommendations, as one would expect from the successful lawyer he was. I learned how a number two in a large organization could be effective and have an impact on the bureaucracy. Luke Battle, the executive secretary, while personally fond of Bowles, settled back in relief as the Department returned to its more accustomed and efficient ways.

One of the first things Ball did was to insure that his relationship with Dean Rusk remained close. He knew how to read and serve the secretary. Sadly, that was not a matter to which Bowles had devoted much time. My role changed as well. When I attended meetings in Ball's office, it was as note-taker and recorder of decisions. Afterwards, I would follow-up to insure that these decisions were properly disseminated. Ball was formal and moved in his own world. It would never have occurred to me, as a junior aide, to call him "George."

Vietnam at the end of the Eisenhower administration began to emerge as a Cold War issue of a surrogate kind between ourselves and the Soviets. There are no better examples of the global nature of the superpower struggle during the Cold War and its capacity for clouding judgment than the ways in which we became enmeshed in far-off Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. From the outset, Vietnam's potential for US military involvement was troubling. The debate within our government assumed a stridently ideological, often deliberately misleading, intimidating and ugly character. I had already left the office when Ball became deeply engaged in Vietnam, but sensed the steadfastness of his convictions and agreed with them. His counsel to Lyndon Johnson during the downward-spiraling Vietnam conflict was forthright and consistent in arguing for an end to the war, and isolated Ball in the bellicose environment of the White House. Bowles and Ball were Democrats of deep convictions, eloquence and moral fiber. Their styles, however, were polar opposites: Bowles a man of passions, and Ball the cerebral master of his brief.

WITH ROBERT KENNEDY AROUND THE WORLD: MARCH, 1962

While I was working at the State Department as staff aide to under secretary George Ball, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, with whom I had traveled to Abidjan the year before, asked me to join John Seigenthaler in planning his trip around the world during March of 1962. Seigenthaler, who had been a brilliant investigative journalist at *The Nashville Tennessean*, was a top political aide to Kennedy. John was a hard-driving, savvy, principled and tough newspaperman with a gentle soul and winning sense of humor. He was devoted to Bob Kennedy.

One day while we were relaxing on an airplane, Seigenthaler--chuckling all the while--confided to me how Kennedy had become attorney general, a process of persuasion he had witnessed. At his N Street home in Georgetown his brother, the president-elect, was leaning hard on RFK to accept the position, but Bob had doubts of many kinds, including his age, lack of experience, and charges of nepotism sure to follow. He wasn't convinced he could be confirmed by the Senate, either. Finally, when they had worked it out Jack's way, a relieved JFK told his brother, "All right, Bobby, let's grab our balls and run!"

My wife and I had become friends of the Kennedys after their Abidjan trip. They invited us often to Hickory Hill in McLean, Virginia, where we met many of the people who had been attracted to Washington by the excitement of working in the new administration, and Bob's Department of Justice. Kennedy's deputies were among the most talented lawyers ever to serve at the same time in the Justice Department. For me, it was a privilege to come to know most of them well and remain in touch with some until today. People have compared the heady mood of these times, and the optimism about government's ability to do good, to the early years of FDR's administration.

Under Secretary George Ball, for whom I then worked, was delighted to have a single point of responsibility in the State Department for the detailed planning that would go into this trip. As I was on his immediate staff, he would be able to keep an eye on progress. I moved for several months into a windowless room along the Seventh Floor executive corridor and turned it into a command center of sorts. As global cable traffic increased, I was assigned a full-time secretary. All outgoing messages on the trip went through this office and required my clearance. There were no desk top computers then, and manila files, organized by trip stops and events, began to pile up on our desks. I worked without supervision, but recognized that keeping the State Department fully involved and informed was the key to the trip's success. My function was often that of broker, negotiating with the strong-willed attorney general on the one hand, and usually wise and sympathetic, but sometimes also tradition-bound, State Department professionals on the other.

Kennedy made "youth" a major theme of his trip, and was scheduled to meet a lot of young people in many settings. At each stop, Kennedy had a specific agenda, usually proposed by the embassy. Although he went as the attorney general, his brief was broader; it was more like a trip a secretary of state would make. By now, RFK was recognized everywhere, and known to be the president's closest confidant. Our business became diplomatic, with a

focus on good will. Kennedy was mindful, however, that he was the attorney general even when his briefs took him into diplomatic territory.

I was acutely aware of the need to have each activity planned in detail and each hour of the day accounted for. These overseas stops were like a political campaign, in which each event is exquisitely planned, and then modified at the last minute. When changes are proposed on the spot, usually by some near-frantic person, one needs to keep a calm fix on the larger objectives and be prepared to yield graciously on what matters less. Sometimes, of course, spur of the moment ideas can be just right. The degree of detail we worked out is illustrated by cable exchanges with our embassy in Tokyo concerning the ice skate shoe sizes of the Kennedys, important because one of their appearances would be at an ice skating rink. They skated; the skates fit.

The party consisted of Robert and Ethel Kennedy; John Seigenthaler, Kennedy's special assistant; Susie Wilson, the wife of Donald Wilson, Deputy Director of USIA; and myself. Susie was a close and high-spirited friend of Ethel's. We had no security people. We were accompanied throughout by some fifteen American members of the press corps. We traveled on commercial airlines. John Seigenthaler and I "advanced" the Asian portion of the trip in seven days of travel shortly before the Kennedys left. Our task was to set the agenda and schedule for each stop. This gave us an opportunity to discuss what the attorney general's wishes were, what the embassies' problems were, what Kennedy's remarks would be, and which sites he would visit.

In most places, we had a separate itinerary for Ethel and Susie, but Mrs. Kennedy liked to be with her husband, so we tried to include everyone as much as possible. The trip was a success due to the great amount of work the attorney general put into it. He cared about what he was doing, and about furthering the agenda each post and Washington had agreed upon. The Cuban missile crisis was three months behind us as we set out, and the administration's prestige at home and abroad was at its peak. Robert Kennedy was basically a shy and private man, rather introverted, and constant public exposure was not easy for him, although he radiated a natural charm with crowds, who literally turned him on as he did them.

We first went to Hawaii for a briefing by the US Commander-in-Chief of Pacific Forces and a rest, then to Hong Kong, also primarily a rest stop, Tokyo, Singapore, Saigon (airport stop), Bangkok, Beirut, Rome and Paris--all in four weeks on slow airplanes. It was a grueling trip, but it had inspiring and memorable moments. We became close to the press contingent, since we all sat together on the planes and saw each other on the ground all the time. On a few occasions, other passengers were annoyed by the antics of our party and the press, particularly when we sang songs with lyrics we had made up. One couldn't blame them.

An example of the complexity of our relations with Vietnam occurred before our landing in Saigon, in February of 1962. We had developed a habit in which I would sit with Kennedy shortly before his next stop to go over the airport scenario: what he was expected to do,

who would be there, what he would say, and so forth. Saigon was not one of the places John and I had advanced, because this would be primarily a refueling stop late at night. I had not focused on Kennedy's remarks until we were airborne. When I did, I was taken aback by what had been written for him. I told Kennedy I thought his statement was too strong in its commitment to South Vietnam's leaders, and suggested a couple of changes to make it less strident. He turned to me and sternly said: "Brandon, you have no idea how many clearances and how much agony this statement has gone through in Washington. I'm not going to change a single word." I was struck by the tension Kennedy felt that evening.

Our embassies recognized who Kennedy was and accepted him, if sometimes reluctantly, as a spokesman for US foreign policy. Without exception, the ambassadors were supportive and helpful. Their staffs, who worked endless hours, enjoyed being involved in the razzle-dazzle that accompanied the Kennedys wherever they went. Bob was good at sticking with his script; he focused on the agenda and did not stray from the purposes of his visit. He did not trample on many toes, and customarily accepted our embassies' advice.

If anything went wrong it was usually of our own doing, like the Vespa incident in Rome. Nearly a month into our trip and only days away from our final stop in Paris, our traveling party decided to treat itself to the best of luncheons at a Tuscan restaurant highly recommended by our "control officer," the always unflappable Robert Duemling, then a junior member of the embassy's political section. It was a delightful place, its front open to the street on a seductive spring afternoon. The owners were pleased to have us there, at first.

Well into lunch and wine, the press decided to present Ethel a Vespa motorcycle, having observed a sales outlet a few doors down the street on their way in. As they did so, Duemling heard Robert Kennedy caution her, "Ethel, remember your brother-in-law!" A delighted Ethel revved up her new bike at the restaurant's entrance, nearly blowing away the cheeses and some of the patrons dining outdoors. She flew into the middle of traffic and hit the side of a car. It made a loud thump but no one was hurt.

Duemling the diplomat spoke with the driver and settled the matter on the spot. We continued with lunch, the press pleased with an occasion it never reported. Kennedy later asked Duemling to have the Vespa repaired and shipped to his home, implying without cost, something the astonished Duemling was able to accomplish by taking Vespa's public relations people into his confidence and painting a seductive picture of their product in the country estate setting of Hickory Hill. Duemling, a fine arts major, later became our ambassador to Suriname, and president of Washington's National Building Museum when he retired from diplomatic life.

I was the man-behind-the-scenes on this trip, making sure that at each stop our embassies did what they were supposed to do in terms of the brokered marriage between their capabilities and wishes, and Bob's desires. John Seigenthaler and I accompanied Kennedy on virtually every visit or appearance, including calls on chiefs of state. I was the main channel for embassies to get to Kennedy and vice-versa. It was long days and short nights.

Kennedy was pleased with the trip as it progressed. There had been one or two minor glitches, but in general the media gave him high marks. It was a plus of sorts for the president, as well, providing evidence of his concern for Asia and Berlin. Kennedy held press conferences at all stops, during which he was asked questions about the American political scene, especially on the civil rights movement. These he could answer without help. If staff work needed to be done on domestic subjects, that was John's responsibility.

In Indonesia at the end of our third week together, all of us were exhausted. By early afternoon on the day we were to take a 5:00 o'clock PanAm flight to our next destination, Ethel and Bob still had not returned to their rooms. Little of Ethel's wide-ranging wardrobe had been packed, and there was not sufficient time for her to do this herself. I thought of what would happen if we missed our plane--all along our route. In discouragement and trepidation, and with the daring of the near-defeated, I began to pack her varied belongings and had nearly finished when she burst on the scene and asked what I was doing. "Ethel," I said slowly and I hope thoughtfully, "This is a real world with real people and real airplanes. PanAm isn't going to hold the plane for us!" She wasn't pleased but said nothing further about it. During a reunion of our travel group at Hickory Hill soon after we got back, Ethel, with a sweet smile, slipped me a small leather box and said, "Bobby and I want you to have this." Inside were two gold cufflinks, one inscribed "Real World," the other "Real People." On their backs were the initials RFK and BHG.

Kennedy kept his focus on young people, seeing them as future leaders and a natural audience for the vision and dynamism of the New Frontier. His opinion of the Foreign Service, as he became acquainted with it during his overseas travels, rose sharply. He was impressed, repeatedly, by individual officers he met. He was also impressed by how hard embassies worked and how close our posts were to the mood and feelings of the local populations, as well as the leadership groups. People working at our embassies became real and human to him. He saw how good they were, and came to like and respect many of them. This was a different world from his father's embassy in pre-war London, where Ambassador Joseph Kennedy became isolated and disliked for his accommodationist views toward Nazi Germany.

Kennedy had opinions about each American ambassador he met, some of which he shared with me. There were pluses and minuses, but he came away from this trip impressed, grudgingly perhaps, by the chiefs of mission he had seen. He did not like to meet with their "country teams," a relatively new concept of interagency staff meetings with the ambassador, although we did so in a couple of places. He preferred a one-on-one dialogue, believing he would get more honest and targeted briefings that way and avoid the posturing in formal meetings.

As I had learned in Africa, conventional protocol bothered RFK; he did not like to do things for form's sake. We kept the ceremonial aspects of the trip to a minimum, but this was still too much for Kennedy. He once tried to leave an elaborate and seemingly endless dinner in Indonesia, hosted by its attorney general, Dr. Gunawan, who wore a military uniform. He kept sending me rather obvious signals indicating he wanted to depart, which would be

impossible without seriously offending our host. I signaled back that he couldn't go. His solution to boredom took a drastic turn. After watching a long and graceful display of Indonesian dances, Kennedy announced that Susie Wilson and I would perform a popular American dance, the Charleston. And we did, sans music.

Astronaut John Glenn had orbited the earth while we were in Rome, thus rivaling Yuri Gagarin's accomplishment. People were stopping Americans on the street to shout their bravos. Pope John XXIII blessed our group, including the journalists, saying that his few words "will not do any harm to those of you who are not Catholic." On meeting me, he memorably said: "You are a big man. I am a small man who seeks to do big things in the hearts of men." In Berlin, we got a shocking first look at the wall that had been built five months earlier, in August of 1961.

Bob Kennedy never talked to me about the State Department (as opposed to foreign service officers whom he met abroad) in any systematic way, but commented occasionally on his frustrations. He thought the Department inadequate to meeting the challenges the president faced. He did not find it sufficiently responsive to presidential guidance, and believed it had its own enduring agendas. In his eyes, the State Department was an inert, sluggish bureaucracy. JFK had taken to calling up desk officers for information. He thought the Department accomplished so little at the top because it was constantly clearing and coordinating unnecessary papers. Its pace was too slow for the Kennedys. Rarely did Bob seem to make a connection between individual foreign service officers he met during his travels, so many of whom impressed him favorably, and the amorphous, distasteful State Department itself.

Kennedy also believed the State Department was a major source of leaks to the media. In fact, the president and people on the National Security Council staff leaked more. He would tell me I had no idea how exasperated JFK was with State. I never heard an admiring word from him about Dean Rusk. He was subconsciously comparing State with his own responsive and politically attuned Department of Justice. This perception of the Department was held by many on the White House staff, in particular Ralph Dungan, whom I knew from our graduate school days at Princeton. Ted Sorensen had strong reservations about State, as did McGeorge Bundy. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. was a defender and friend, and so was Harris Wofford, who developed the concept of a Peace Corps.

On his return to Washington, Kennedy wrote a book about his trip, which he called "*Just Friends and Brave Enemies*," taking the title from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to Andrew Jackson in 1806, in which Jefferson stated, "We must meet our duty and convince the world that we are just friends and brave enemies." While I was going over the galley proofs with him one afternoon in his office, he took a fresh piece of paper and continued writing the acknowledgments.

"I wish to say a special word about Brandon Grove, Jr., of the Department of State. He traveled with us and performed every task from checking the baggage to advising us what we should or should not say. He was courteous and understanding, spoke his views and

opinions articulately, and, what is so important on a trip like this, always kept his perspective and sense of humor. The government is most fortunate in having his services."

6

SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO MANAGEMENT UNDER SECRETARY ORRICK: 1962-63

Attorney General Robert Kennedy's impatience with the State Department grew out of his mistaken conviction that management was the problem, rather than the quality of leadership provided by the secretary of state and his senior advisers. This led him to the view that its effectiveness could be improved if one of his personal choices were placed in the top management job. William H. Orrick, Jr., of San Francisco, was an assistant attorney general heading the Civil Division. He was in good standing with Kennedy because, for one thing, he was reputed to have fired one of his own staff. This, and Orrick's record of substantive accomplishments at Justice, convinced Kennedy that Bill was the right person to take over the State Department's management brief. He would know how to knock heads together and make the place respond.

Orrick was appointed deputy under secretary for management to succeed Roger Jones, an old line, fine civil servant whose relationship with Under Secretary George Ball was not particularly strong. Bob Kennedy suggested to Orrick that he recruit me to be an aide, and this is how I became Special Assistant to the Deputy Under Secretary of State for Management, a numbingly bureaucratic title if ever there was one. Orrick brought with him a very bright young lawyer, Murray H. Bring, a Californian who had twice clerked for Chief Justice Earl Warren, and worked for Bill in the Justice Department. Murray eventually became vice chairman and general counsel at Philip Morris in New York.

It was thus a green and inexperienced personal staff that surrounded the newly arrived Orrick: Murray with no State Department background, and myself with limited exposure to the Foreign Service. When I returned in 1962 from Kennedy's trip around the world, Tyler Thompson, director general of the Foreign Service, mockingly said: "You'll either be fired or given the embassy of your choice." Neither occurred, but I did find myself working for Bill Orrick, a man whose personal qualities I admired greatly.

Orrick came from an old and prominent San Francisco family of lawyers active in civic affairs. He was a patron of the opera. His father, William Sr., went to his law office daily, despite advanced years, and instilled in Bill a sense of discipline, fairness, and a strong work ethic. Bill was 47 when he arrived at the State Department, a man of seemingly boundless energy and good will who always wore suspenders, loosened his tie, and rolled up his sleeves. He was quick to laugh sometimes to the point of tears, penetrating and intense in his questioning, and devoted to principle. Orrick's management style was boisterous, open and collegial, which did not mesh well with the reserved and sometimes inscrutable Dean Rusk, and the patrician, aloof lawyer from Cleary, Gottlieb in New York, George Ball, who was Orrick's boss. Bill's closest friends in Washington included such influential figures as McGeorge Bundy at the White House, Justice Potter Stewart, and

Byron White, then deputy attorney general at the Justice Department. His devotion to the Kennedys was total.

Bill respected the Foreign Service, in part from association with his brother-in-law, Nicholas Thatcher, a foreign service officer and Middle East expert. Orrick, while living in San Francisco, also became acquainted with a number of retired foreign service officers. He thus was positively disposed toward the Service even before coming to the Department, and became the Kennedy administration's leading proponent of our career diplomats. He was not well acquainted with Dean Rusk, George Ball, or any other senior officials of the Department. His relationships with Seventh Floor peers were cordial, but never close. The Department's principals recognized how and why Orrick had been appointed, and were initially apprehensive because none knew what his agenda or instructions might be. Bill wasn't sure what they were, either. The natural reaction of the Department was to close ranks, circle its wagons, and await developments.

I became involved in Orrick's outreach to the rest of the State Department, striving also to interpret issues that came to him into language and concepts with which he was more familiar, a classic special assistant function for someone serving a politically appointed outsider. I also acted as a voice representing the Foreign Service. Herman Pollack, the Director of Personnel, had good access to Orrick and liked to keep personnel issues close to his vest; he and Orrick often reached decisions in private. Orrick was satisfied with that relationship and we had few difficulties in the personnel area. Ambassadorial appointments were handled almost entirely by Ball, Director General Tyler Thompson, and Herman Pollack; Orrick was marginally involved. Chester Bowles, as under secretary, had focused on "Third World" appointments; Ball's attention was centered on Europe. Secretary Rusk still signed off.

The overall administration of the Department, however, remained in the hands of seasoned veterans headed by William J. Crockett, the assistant secretary for administration. He knew his subject. His deputies knew their areas of responsibility well. Crockett had close ties to congress, particularly to Congressman John Rooney of Brooklyn, chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee dealing with the State Department's budget. The Rooney connection was power, and Crockett always knew how to use it. Orrick was also not able to relate as Crockett did to Congressman Wayne L. Hayes, of Ohio, whose committee dealt with foreign assistance appropriations. This became evident early in his tour, and forced Orrick to rely heavily on Crockett to do the day-to-day congressional liaison and buttering-up so vital to getting money and producing change.

Soon after his arrival in the Department, Orrick decided to make an orientation trip overseas. When he asked me for suggestions, I said: "Paris and Ouagadougou." Paris was a large, traditionally run post; Ouagadougou, in Upper Volta, was a newly established mission surviving precariously in an African country of scant concern to US interests. I had recently served in Abidjan when that post was also responsible for Upper Volta, now Burkina, and knew what to expect there. We planned about a week for the trip. The

embassies' briefings were effective. Orrick was particularly struck by the hardship conditions he encountered in Ouagadougou.

One morning we were talking with Ambassador Thomas Estes when the diplomatic pouch from Washington arrived. To his evident satisfaction Tom took out a package, unwrapped it, and withdrew an American-made inner tube. It was something he could not obtain in Upper Volta for his official car. Orrick looked at Estes curiously. The scene made an impression on him; he learned how remotely some of our representatives lived. The inner tube became a symbol to him for the reality of such clichés about foreign service life as "sacrifice," "dedication," and "isolation."

Orrick did not have many ideas about how to change the Department; nor, in fairness, did anyone else. He recognized that the political leadership of the Kennedy administration was dissatisfied with its performance, but did not know where the handles were to make the needed changes. His instructions from the president were vague. It is one thing to arrive with a mandate to make an institution more responsive, and a different matter to devise measures to achieve this elusive goal.

Orrick tried to build a team and engage officials like Crockett, Director General Thompson and their staffs in devising reforms. Among the latter was Thomas Stern, a man of exceptional knowledge, insight, and candor who did everything possible to bring Orrick and Crockett together in his loyalty to both. Orrick moved Crockett up from his offices on the sixth floor to a suite adjacent to his own. He moved the director general into the same suite, hoping that proximity would breed cooperation. It did not. In fact, it made the work of both more difficult, because it removed them from their staffs and offices that reported to them. The concept was flawed and instead of increasing cooperation, led to resentment and tension. Not only was this arrangement detrimental, it also looked bad.

Orrick did not succeed in building a vital bridge to George Ball, the Department's number two. This was a precondition for success, because Rusk had delegated to Ball overall responsibility for the Department's operations. As I was leaving Ball's staff, Arthur Hartman, with whom I had worked as staff aide there, advised me I had to do everything possible to link Orrick to Ball's office. Ball had a strong interest in management and wanted to be involved. Since I knew Ball's *modus operandi*, Hartman felt it my responsibility to bring the two together. I understood the import of Hartman's comments, but could not by myself develop the ties that were needed. Ball and his aide George Springsteen were involved in management; they would sometimes hold meetings on management issues without inviting Orrick, whose office was next to theirs. Orrick correctly believed that if a management issue was important enough for the under secretary's attention, the deputy under secretary for management should be included in the conversation.

It did not come as a surprise when, in mid-1963, Orrick was called to the White House. President Kennedy told Orrick he wanted to reassign him to the Justice Department as assistant attorney general for anti-trust matters. For those of us who worked for Bill and understood his objectives, it was disappointing that he was not able to put his stamp on the

Department, because he had much to offer it. He was aware that he had not taken charge and was becoming increasingly isolated. Toward the end, he ordered lunch trays to be brought to his conference room; Orrick, Bring and I ate by ourselves at the long table, realizing the game was over. On the day Orrick left, I cleared out my desk in the late afternoon. Bill Crockett and his staff had moved into the front office, where he was pouring drinks for his friends, while I literally tip-toed out of my office, taking my personal belongings to the elevator nearby.

I learned from this experience--the third time in three years I had witnessed the removal of a senior official. The first was Ambassador Reams in the Ivory Coast, the second Under Secretary Bowles, and now Orrick. I had an exceptionally close personal, as well as professional, relationship to each of them. They were interested in what I thought and confided in me. I could not help feeling their failures were in part mine also.

I had learned about the fragile nature of political appointments, particularly those at the top echelons of a bureaucracy. I understood far better the importance of putting people in positions appropriate to their backgrounds, personalities and strengths. Orrick tried his best, but with all of his talent he was not the right man for the job. He was miscast, just as Chester Bowles, for entirely different reasons, was miscast as number two at State. I understood that people at the top must have support both from below and above. If they do not, others quickly discern this and, smelling blood, tend either to ignore the person or drive him out of office. Once the signs of weakness are perceived, whether accurately or not, it is difficult to recover, even for very good people.

Managing the Department of State, I saw, includes effective, day-to-day congressional relations. People in top management positions must build bridges to congress and walk across them regularly. This was particularly true in the 1960s when there were powerful congressional fiefdoms, like John Rooney's and Wayne Hayes', wielding great influence over the State Department's funding. I find few analogies in government to corporate management. State continues to live with the fallacy that if it can find a successful private sector manager, someone who understands a "bottom line," that person will replicate success in the State Department. In fact, the Department has its own culture and mores, its own visible and invisible power structure. In the most complicated ways, it is tied to the politics of Capitol Hill. A senior manager cannot expect the Department, or the Congress, to bend unquestioningly to his or her will.

Senior managers must know the bureaucracy and involve key professionals if change is to occur. If a manager is unwilling to develop a vision and take time to achieve consensus, he will become increasingly isolated and ineffective. State will change, but only under firm and inspired leadership personally and visibly supported by the secretary. Orrick brought strong political contacts, energy, a first-class mind, presidential support, at least initially, and the clout of someone brought in to improve the Department. Even with all of that, he made little impact because he could not forge the key to fit the lock.

There is more to life than office work. Mary and I loved Georgetown and our cozy home in Prospect Street. Nearby Wisconsin Avenue and M Street, in the early 60s, were quieter thoroughfares, with small shops and only a few restaurants. Our budget took us to Chez Odette and Martin's, rather than the tony new Rive Gauche frequented by Jacqueline Kennedy and her glamorous circle. It was an exhilarating time to be young and in government, where many of us believed, in Robert Kennedy's phrase, we could "make a difference." "Especially in the beginning, we were electrified by the prospects of this administration," Katherine Graham, publisher of *The Washington Post*, recalls in her memoirs. Life was good and purposeful; so many worthwhile goals seemed within reach. People like my wife and I were innocents, perhaps, but I would not trade the spirit of the Kennedy years for the cynicism and negativism of so much that has followed.

Our first child, John, or "Jack" as we have always called him, was born on March 4, 1963, while I worked for Bill Orrick. He would attend Maret School and St. Lawrence University, and marry Hannah Hero Wood, a bright, worldly and delightful British-born woman he met while running his Russian art gallery on Boston's Newbury Street. Hannah was marketing director of an international news publication, and more recently joined Boston's largest bank in its public relations work. When the rent was raised on his gallery, Jack decided to become a remodeler of homes, applying his hands and skills in design, and building his own company from scratch. They now have a daughter, Evangeline.

7

SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO BOWLES, NEW DELHI, INDIA: 1963-65

A The Ambassador's Office

Chester Bowles left the under secretary of state position one month after the Cuban missile crisis to assume on December 1, 1961 at President Kennedy's request, the newly-created duties of Presidential Special Representative and Adviser on Asia, Africa and Latin American Affairs. This was intended as little more than a sinecure. Bowles soon became impatient, frustrated and sidelined. The president and Rusk were not happy about the arrangement either. There had been squabbles over the use of a White House car and driver. Kennedy proposed that Bowles return to India as ambassador, where he had served under Truman during 1951-53. Bowles had enjoyed his successful first tour in India, and so had his wife Steb. Her happiness was important to Chet. They took the plunge after much hesitation.

I was due for reassignment after two years in Washington and the departure of my boss, Bill Orrick. Bowles asked me to join him as a special assistant. He saw my task as helping him "pull things together" in the ambassador's office so he could focus on his top priorities: the Nehru relationship, US military assistance, India's economic development, its relations with Pakistan and China, and his concerns about the growing US involvement in Vietnam. I was to be a personal assistant who would help see that Bowles' wishes were accurately transmitted to the bureaucracy, both in the embassy and Washington. By then Bowles

recognized he had not been able to communicate effectively with his own government during the Kennedy administration.

I had serious reservations about taking the job, and was concerned about my relationship to the DCM, because some things Chet wanted me to do were what the deputy to an ambassador normally did, and I feared becoming an obstacle. On Sam Lewis' advice, Chet chose Joseph N. Greene, Jr. as his DCM and the two of us quickly worked out an informal division of labor which did not detract from my access to Bowles or Jerry's more formal responsibilities. Eventually, Greene was also pulled into the inner circle around Bowles and enjoyed an excellent relationship with him and Steb, as did his new wife Kitty.

Our front office in New Delhi consisted of the ambassador, his two foreign service secretaries who became devoted to him, DCM Greene, and three special assistants: Richard Celeste, who handled Bowles' US political affairs and answered Chet's voluminous Indian mail; Douglas Bennet, who concentrated on economic development issues; and myself. Celeste had a background in Democratic politics and later became director of the Peace Corps and governor of Ohio. President Clinton would appoint him in 1997 as his ambassador to India. Bennet drafted a book for Chet on economic assistance while in Delhi; he and his family had known the Bowles' for a long time having lived near them in Connecticut. After several jobs in government, including director of the AID program, Doug became president of Wesleyan University in Connecticut. The four of us met Chet's differing needs. I worked closely with the DCM, where I could be most effective; Dick's and Doug's responsibilities did not impinge most of the time on the embassy's operations, and therefore they were able to function more independently than I.

The Bowles' moved into Roosevelt House, the newly finished ambassador's residence, which looks on the outside like the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, having been designed by the same architect, Edward Durrell Stone. It was not what one could easily call a home. Shoe box architecture on the outside, its interior walls for the most part were a see-through lattice-work of stone, recalling the Taj Mahal nearby. Sound traveled easily. When Averell Harriman came to visit, Chet told me his snoring had kept Steb and him awake much of the night. We subsequently referred to this bedroom as the Harriman Room. Chet and Steb felt uncomfortable in Roosevelt House: it did not fit the American message or the image they wanted to present to Indians.

They decided, over vehement objections from the State Department, to move into their former residence, which at the time was assigned to the DCM. The Greens moved into an even nicer house. The Bowles were happy in their old and rather small home on Rattendone Road, with its lush garden. Roosevelt House became the site for large-scale entertaining, and was used in creative ways for USIS public affairs programs of American music, exhibits, films, and lectures.

Steb took to wearing saris; she identified strongly with Indian culture. This became a source of controversy, more in the American community than among Indians, many of whom were flattered by her choice. Some Americans wondered aloud what the wife of their

ambassador intended by wearing local dress. Steb simply found saris more comfortable and felt good in them. The Bowles generated great interest in the Indian media. Chet was able to tap into the astonishing reservoir of good will he and Steb had created in India ten years earlier.

B President Kennedy's Assassination

In his dealings with Washington, Bowles still found it difficult to be heard at the highest levels of government. He and I returned to Washington in November, 1963 to make the case for increased military assistance to India. I carried our memo to the president, briefing books, and supporting memos from the country team. Bowles began rewriting the Kennedy memo, carefully crafted within the embassy, once we had taken off from Palam Airport. Our first meeting in Washington was with Robert Komer, the NSC staff member responsible for India, on the morning of November 22. It went well, and an appointment with the president was set for Chet the following day. I had lunch at a Georgetown restaurant with Bill Orrick, Tom Stern, and other State Department friends, and returned to the Department afterwards to work on our visit. In the main lobby, I learned that President Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas.

Much has been said about the shock and grief that followed not only in our country but all over the world. Kennedy was the post-war symbol of a revitalized America, a leader determined to move forward at home and abroad on the issues of his day. His style, wit and elegance, his wife and children, captivated the media who made him larger than life and ignored his foibles. A powerful message was sent. People came to believe in him. When he died, so, once again, did American innocence and a large piece of our native optimism. The lesser sides of our national character have too often prevailed since then. As individuals, we seem to have shorter time for being young.

After the funeral procession, which I watched in the streets as I had watched Franklin Roosevelt's cortege pass by as a boy, Chet and I flew back to New Delhi. He had never felt close to Kennedy either personally or ideologically. At a memorial service for the American community on our return, Chet spoke graciously. With Lyndon Johnson in the White House, Chet thought he would fare better. He did not.

C Merging Political and Economic Work

At the Delhi embassy I worked more intimately with Bowles than I had as his junior staff aide in Washington. I learned from Chet the importance of thinking broadly and creatively. His idealism, courage, intellect and moral base made him exciting to work for. Chet was interested in the results of work, rather than the process. He urged me to think of better ways to coordinate the efforts of our political and economic sections. He felt the two were not talking to each other, a common complaint in the Foreign Service, and wanted integrated products from both.

I suggested to Jerry Greene that we consider merging the two sections. We separated the responsibilities of a single new section into "internal" and "external." All officers regardless of functional expertise who worked on internal matters, namely India's domestic issues and much of our bilateral relationship, shared one space. Another was reserved for those working on India's external relations, as with China, Pakistan, the Soviet Union, and "non-aligned" nations. For the time being, we were willing to have people wear their functional hats (political or economic), although we hoped eventually that this difference would disappear and the Department might come to accept a new career track for "political-economic" officers. Our restraint meant that the integration we practiced in Delhi would not afterwards interfere with anyone's career, in which advancement was based on functional specialty. Our effort was to bring a different kind of intellectual discipline to reporting and analysis.

The not unexpected problem we ran into was acceptance of this arrangement by representatives of other agencies. None of them found it reasonable to view their work as we did. This was particularly true of the AID, Agriculture, Treasury, and Commerce representatives, who are traditionally concerned with keeping their separate identities. People in cover positions in our large CIA base didn't care one way or another. Two counselor positions were established, one for "Internal Affairs" and the other for "External Affairs." The former counselor for economic affairs, Leonard Weiss, became the supervisor of both sections as minister-counselor for political-economic affairs.

Our experiment did not last beyond Bowles' tenure for several reasons. Some of the other agencies did face problems if they were to divide their work between "internal" and "external." They could also have resolved these with a bit of imagination had they wanted to. Part of the resistance stemmed from the personalities of people at the counselor level, who clashed about which functions should be "internal" or "external." The area of political-military affairs, for example, was one that did not divide neatly.

Basically, the concept did not succeed because of its uniqueness. Washington was skeptical, although the Department finally went along. Foreign service officers in the embassy looked forward to doing things differently; they were an exceptionally competent and plucky group. Despite some very good reporting and analysis, often by airgram so that the co-authors' names would be seen, people eventually fell back on their old habits formed by years of experience at other posts. The State Department was never supportive.

After about a year in Delhi, the embassy's doctor recognized that Bowles showed early signs of Parkinson's disease. This was known, beyond the family, only to the DCM and Chet's special assistants. The disease began to prey on Bowles. He lacked the vitality and vigor of his first tour. There were other problems. He had lost his political base in the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Everyone in India who followed our domestic politics also knew Bowles had lost President Kennedy's support and saw no evidence that he was closer to Johnson.

D The Bowles Style During Nehru and Shastri

Indeed, there were some Indians who did not hide their disappointment that a fallen man had been assigned to India. They recognized Bowles did not have the same influence in the US government his flamboyant predecessor, John Kenneth Galbraith, had enjoyed and drew invidious comparisons. Galbraith was an established intellectual, a world renowned economist, a friend to President Kennedy, and someone the Indians admired before his assignment. Mrs. Kennedy's highly publicized visit had occurred at his urging. Galbraith had an energy, ego and aloofness the Indians liked, dry wit and panache.

Nehru was dying, and this affected Bowles deeply. He prized his extraordinarily close relationship to Nehru in the 1950s. By 1963, Nehru was a very sick man. I saw him from time to time. He was frail, vague, and not really in charge any longer. Indians referred to Nehru's "dead hand" on the levers of power. The government gradually became immobilized; nothing seemed to happen because Nehru had to make the important decisions. He died in 1964 and was succeeded by an extraordinary man, Lal Bahadur Shastri, who died early in 1966. Nehru's funeral came close to evoking mass hysteria. As his body was borne to its pyre, all of Delhi seemed to be in the streets in an orgy of shoving and grieving.

The diminutive Shastri, a relatively unknown politician from Uttar Pradesh, was his own man. Had he lived longer, he might have been able to break the Congress Party's lock on government. The deaths of Nehru and Shastri made many of the party's leaders increasingly set in their ways: arrogant and intent on self-aggrandizement. Even then, Congress had held power too long; corruption was rampant. Bowles did not know Shastri before he became prime minister. Howard Schaffer, one of our political officers, did and liked him. Howie traveled around India a lot and had met Shastri, who was a self-effacing and modest man. It was difficult to envision him as prime minister; he seemed more in the tradition of Mahatma Gandhi. I remember thinking that Nehru's passing was akin to Roosevelt's death and Truman's accession. Not many knew Shastri. Who was he, what would he do? His time was too short for us to know.

Bowles, the former ad man and politician, took his media relations seriously. He held frequent press conferences, although the press often was not kind to him. He had an excellent press attaché in Jack Stuart, who put together an organized and well conceived press strategy. The communists were strong in India during this period, publishing a weekly newspaper, *Blitz*, that was so outrageously anti-US it unintentionally provided entertainment. *Blitz* attacked Bowles personally and as a representative of the United States; it was classic yellow journalism. The Vietnamese war was building up, and provided fodder for venomous criticism. The Indian government ostentatiously courted the Soviets as a "balance" to us, prattling about the Non-Alignment Movement, which usually was anything but that, in which they relished their leadership role. We did not have an easy time of it, but were helped by Bowles' eloquence and persuasiveness with the responsible media.

Bowles did a lot of public speaking around India and I often traveled with him. When he visited our consulates, public appearances were arranged for him. His favorite audience was university students, who usually received him enthusiastically, although occasionally there were demonstrations against the US in general, or our Vietnam policies specifically. Bowles loved the give and take. He could speak movingly of America's history, beliefs, and our view of the world. He did not endorse our actions in Vietnam. On a public podium, the Indians had the annoying practice of introducing the guest speaker, hearing him out, and then offering in the words of thanks a rebuttal of what had just been said, providing the hapless speaker no opportunity for reply. Chet did not always play by these rules.

Relations between our ambassadors in New Delhi and Karachi were tense. They communicated through cable traffic, usually sending copies of pertinent reporting to each other. The Foreign Services' Walter McConaughy and Bowles did not see eye to eye when it came to US policy in the region. Each supported his client state. When official visitors passed through New Delhi, Bowles said to me only half in jest that he was stuck with Nehru walking around in white pajamas, while McConaughy could trot out Ayub Khan, who had gone to Sandhurst and mixed a mean martini. Bowles thought himself unfairly matched. Relationships between embassies Karachi and Delhi were good below the ambassadorial level. Both staffs were professional and exchanged information and visits regularly.

E Life in Delhi

It was never dull in our household. Mary and I had to fire our nanny Subda for sleeping with the egg man, of all people, whose function it was to deliver eggs. Peer pressure within the household required us to do so. Those who worked for us were constantly asking for salary advances, and I soon needed a ledger to keep track of these transactions. Our cook kept replacing his samplings of gin by pouring water into the bottle. After all, it looks the same! Once, I offered to promote one of our house boys, a bearer, to cook; he had turned out to be a pretty good cook. We offered him a substantial raise, but Piara turned it down, saying he had been born a bearer and would remain a bearer. His view of life intrigued me. Working in our garden apartment in Malcha Marg were three underemployed, unambitious, and highly self-specialized gardeners.

Our daughter Catherine was born on March 21, 1964 at Holy Family Hospital in New Delhi. Chet generously offered his limousine and driver for her ride home. She would graduate from Connecticut College as a psychology major, and pursue her passionate interest in food and cooking by attending the La Varenne school in Paris, where she was first in her class. While working in Moscow on a book about Russian cooking and traditions surrounding meals and holidays, she met her future husband, Paul Wayne Jones, of Yorktown Heights, New York, a highly regarded foreign service officer at our embassy there. The limousine ride in New Delhi was to be only her first experience with government provided transportation. Paul is now the DCM in Skopje, Macedonia, where they are pioneering at a fairly new embassy and Paul wrestles with Balkan problems. Their daughter Aleksandra is my first grandchild.

Delhi, then in its 16th year of independence, was a bustling, dusty place in the mid-1960s, with a strong aftertaste of the British *raj*. Cows freely roamed the main thoroughfares. There was only one hotel used by American visitors, the huge and dreadful Ashoka. Delhi was a "dry" city, and there were few good restaurants, our favorite being a cramped and colorful place in Old Delhi that served delicious chicken tandoori. It was not city life that attracted me to India in any case, but rather the rural areas and people who worked the soil. The downtrodden traditional Indian farmer and his family were people to admire and respect as they lived their scrabbly lives. In India, life is lived in several centuries simultaneously.

The Air Force attaché's plane was available to Bowles and he used it often. One of its pilots was Colonel Paul Tibbets, Jr. an embassy attaché who had piloted the "Enola Gay" over Hiroshima. He flew Chet to our constituent posts, where the consuls general arranged programs that always took him into the countryside. Bowles liked to meet with villagers and observe the local farms and cottage industries. He was an activist ambassador, who did not enjoy the social and protocol requirements of the cities. As with Robert Kennedy during the latter's travels, I had to argue with Bowles to attend functions essential to his standing and that of the consuls. He was more anxious to mix with the villagers, with young people, with Indians he would not be meeting at the formal occasions.

Riding in the car with him one day, I recalled some of my West African experiences. Africans tend to be scrupulously neat in their villages. The fronts of their huts are swept, often leaving pleasing designs in the traces of the broom. The Indians were different; they did not seem to mind a certain amount of mess, debris, and garbage. I mentioned this contrast to Chet, and it annoyed him. He was offended that I would make any criticism of the Indian villager whose life was so difficult and for whom he had great empathy and compassion.

I was struck by the contrasts between Bombay and Calcutta. The distinctions themselves were testimony to the enormous size of the Indian subcontinent. Bombay looked to the west, and looked western. The film industry was centered there and it was India's commercial hub. I never considered Bombay particularly interesting or attractive. Calcutta, on the other hand, fascinated me. One found oriental influences everywhere, even in the cooking and its spicy smells. It had the rhythm and bustle of a major city. So much of the human drama played out on the streets, in the open air, in a way most Americans would find hard to imagine. The sheer size of crowds was almost frightening. The burning *ghats* by the river, to which the day's corpses were borne on stretchers with shouts to the gods, were full of energy and sounds and colors far different from western funeral rites.

Despite sophisticated development assistance programs carried out by the US and many other governments and organizations, including the Soviet Union, we never imagined that a "green revolution" would occur in India so successfully. Although AID personnel and other embassy staff worked in separate buildings, our development programs were well managed under the leadership of C. Tyler Wood. If there were difficulties, it was often due to a lack of coordination between the embassy's economic section, the commercial and agricultural

attachés, and USAID personnel. Ty Wood was one of the most influential members of Bowles' staff. Douglas Ensminger, of the Ford Foundation, also played a major role in Chet's analysis of India's development needs.

The presidential transition in the United States in 1963 had consequences for our policies in India. Johnson was becoming overwhelmed by the war in Vietnam. Bowles recognized, too, that he had lost much of his access because the White House staff had changed. He did not feel close to Johnson, considering him crassly manipulative. Rusk remained as secretary. He knew India well, although he and Bowles did not see eye-to-eye on how we should balance our relationship with Pakistan. Bowles retained his idealism about what should be the nature of America's relationship with developing countries and did not share the cynical attitude of many American cold warriors who regarded all "non-aligned" nations so disdainfully. He suffered the "hard-nosed realists" in both US administrations; perhaps his vision and values look more justified today. At this time also, Bowles, accustomed for years to Nehru, was learning to deal with a new prime minister, Shastri, who was relatively unknown. Bowles was trying simultaneously to build new relationships in Delhi and in LBJ's politically changed Washington. It was never to be a very successful or satisfying experience for him. Parkinson's disease, too, was beginning to take its toll.

Increasingly, I felt the need to get out of staff work and into the mainstream of a foreign service career. In my assignment requests of 1965, I suggested several political section openings, including one in Berlin as US Liaison Officer to the city government of West Berlin. Jerry Greene knew Elwood Williams III, the key person on the German desk and recommended me to him. Chet understood I had a career to pursue. As my successor, he chose William Dean Howells III, then working on management issues at the State Department.

I last saw Chester Bowles in 1984, at his large estate in Essex two years before he died. Chet sat slumped in a wheelchair with a blanket covering his legs, staring without expression at sailboats in the sun on the Connecticut River. He seemed unaware of me, except for a fleeting moment when I shouted to him, "Chet, it's Brandon!" He raised his head and shoulders almost imperceptibly at the sound of my voice, I hope even today, in recognition, and then retreated again.

I learned much from Chet, especially about a proper place for morality in foreign policy, and owe him a great debt. His interest in young people and involvement of them in his life had a transforming effect on many of us. There was something vital to absorb from Chester Bowles about values, well expressed in Howard Schaffer's biography in which he calls Chet "the standard bearer of American idealism at the height of the Cold War."

8

US MISSION, WEST BERLIN: 1965-69

Back in Washington after serving in India, I sought out Elwood Williams III on the German desk, and we soon became soulmates. He was the State Department's renowned expert on

German affairs, with an encyclopedic knowledge of the US relationship. Personnel assignments to policy positions required his tacit approval. Rarely have I known a wiser, more thoughtful or generous man with his counsel. I was among many colleagues in the "German Club" who felt privileged to guide his wheelchair, to which he was confined with multiple sclerosis, into the cafeteria for lunch.

In the spring of 1965, the State Department assigned me to the Foreign Service Institute for a three month German language refresher course. The Institute was still housed in the infamous Arlington Towers garage in Rosslyn. My German did not come back as easily as I had hoped, because what I remembered was the vocabulary, grammar, and phrasing of a nine year old boy living for a while in pre-war Hamburg. In Berlin I would find myself suddenly against a linguistic wall, unable to find the right German word. A child's world does not include phrases like "value added tax."

A Berlin in the mid-1960s

In reading recently published transcripts of deliberations in the cabinet room secretly taped by President Kennedy during the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962, I am struck to see how closely everyone's assessments and decisions were affected by the situation in Berlin, whose four-power status was being challenged anew by Khrushchev. In a call on the president in the early stages of the Cuban crisis, Foreign Minister Gromyko characterized the Western military presence in Berlin as a "rotten tooth that must be pulled out." Kennedy and his advisers believed Khrushchev would move on Berlin following a US response to the Soviet missiles positioned ninety miles off our shores. He did not do so, but West Berlin remained a tinder box NATO feared would touch off World War III. My first assignment to Berlin began a little more than two years after the Cuban missile threat was defused by a calm and clear-thinking president, and four years after the East Germans built their wall. Throughout, Berlin remained the great diplomatic issue of the Cold War.

Nearly everyone traveled to Berlin by air. Leaving Tempelhof Airport, you found yourself in a unique environment ninety miles within East Germany, and were soon aware of the Allied military presence and its role. West Berlin had three military sectors, the US, British and French. East Berlin was the fourth, legally occupied by the Soviets and distinct from the others. It was a grim city in many ways, although Berliners are a resilient people. I still think of the man in the street as the "Irish" of the Germans, with his good humor, fatalism, and Berlin brogue.

In 1965, the city bore scars of the war beyond its pock-marked buildings. One in three Berliners was a woman over 45, an indication of the loss of men in the war and the aging of the population. Young men from the Federal Republic, however, came to Berlin to avoid military service. Below the surface, Berlin was always tense. The wall separating West and East Berlin had been erected four years earlier, on August 13, 1961, giving rise to frequent shooting incidents which were shocking and depressing. What kind of Germans were on the other side, people wondered.

We lived at 54 Thielallee in Dahlem, in the American sector of Berlin, in a pre-war villa whose garden of fruit trees and shrubs bordered a quiet park. Our children attended the American school, and were happy there. In many ways, life with a big PX and commissary was easy, yet we could not shake off feelings of remoteness and menace. I have served at no post, including in the middle of Africa, where people were more conscious of their isolation. We felt we lived on a fortress island in the midst of a red sea, the German Democratic Republic, surrounded by Soviet armed forces. There were three ways in and out: the *Autobahn* highway, military train, and air corridors. The first was subject to tight, formal Soviet--and *de facto* East German--control; the second and third were also subject to Soviet interdiction. There was constant tension between the Allies and East Germans over the Soviet role at the crossing points. The East Germans attempted to control access to Berlin in efforts to create what would amount to an international frontier around West Berlin.

Berlin was a place where American forces were welcome and respected, even during the Vietnam War. Americans were *primus inter pares* among the occupying powers. The Berlin airlift in 1948, Kennedy's resolve in confronting Khrushchev over Cuban missiles, and countless other acts of support created a deep affection for Americans. "*Ich bin ein Berliner*," JFK had ungrammatically stated, and Berliners loved him for saying so.

The Allied commitment to Berlin guaranteed the freedom of the city's western sectors and kept Soviet forces in East Berlin on their side of the wall. The Allies were referred to as "occupying" powers, but in the west, beyond the three aging Nazi inmates in Spandau Prison, there was no one for them to subdue. Their civil role was largely symbolic, but it was no less indispensable for that. In military terms, the Berlin brigades served as a trip-wire, should the Soviets move their forces westward toward the Fulda Gap. West Berlin could have been overrun in hours. The symbolism and trip-wire mattered, therefore, and the Allied commandants held their parades and maneuvers and cultivated good relations in the city with this in mind. It was widely believed, including by the Soviets, that a third world war would likely start over Berlin.

Berlin's legal status was thus always a concern. In 1969, for example, the West German parliament decided to hold a meeting in West Berlin for the first time. The Allies had serious reservations about this prospect and the Soviets were opposed, claiming it inappropriate to the occupied status of West Berlin. We, in turn, did not like the fact the *Volkskammer*, the East German parliament, met all the time in East Berlin. West German legislators felt that if their eastern counterparts could meet in Berlin, the West German parliament should be able to do the same. To complicate matters, the Allies did not recognize any competencies of the Federal Republic in Berlin. Bonn's proposal was a departure from the *status quo*, whose maintenance was regarded by the Allies as a near-sacred obligation. We were able to quash the idea, although a few individual parliamentarians traveled to West Berlin and "committee meetings" were tolerated. This was not the only instance in which the three Western powers and the Soviets saw eye-to-eye, even if for different reasons. Each Allied mission in Berlin had a legal adviser on its staff, as did their embassies in Bonn, a highly unusual arrangement at foreign service

posts dictated by the intricacies of the legal aspects of a four-power presence in post-war Germany. I served with Marten H.A. van Heuven and his successor, Arthur T. Downey. Both were skilled and thoughtful lawyers and each had, in ways that differed markedly in personal style, a thorough appreciation of the political context of our presence in Berlin at a time when its governing mayor, Willy Brandt, was developing his *Ostpolitik*. The smallest steps affecting Allied-Soviet relations assumed legal dimensions in terms of past agreements and current responsibilities.

In the late 1960's, Rudy Dutschke led a student movement in Berlin of major proportions fueled by the war in Vietnam and a narcissistic mood of nihilism. A similar uprising in Paris was inspired in 1968 by Daniel Cohen-Bendit, who battled the police, brought on a general strike in solidarity, and indirectly caused the resignation of President de Gaulle. In France, its effects were compared to the revolution of 1789. It was a shock to see so many young people embittered, anarchic, and feeling lost. The serious among them in Berlin felt blameless for the Nazi past, alienated from the emerging "economic miracle" in Chancellor Adenauer's West Germany that catered to its "bourgeois" majority, and found their parents, professors and what they were learning in the social sciences and humanities largely irrelevant to their times and needs. They saw themselves as social revolutionaries committed to reshaping a bankrupt, patriarchal and sexist order to socialist ideals. They avoided thoughts of implementation, however, and concentrated instead on slogans, defamation, and mob action. Today, in America as well, these ex-revolutionaries of the 1960s occupy key positions in government and private life without having wrought much change.

There was, then, an ugly aggression to their anger, which opposed nearly every aspect of the establishment and its governing institutions. Sexual freedom, drugs, and an anything-goes mentality bred hatred on both sides and led to public confrontations. All of this was negative and intended to destroy; the mobocracy articulated no positive goals. All of this, also, was sanctimoniously deplored by the East German and Soviet media as further evidence of the decadence and decline of the West. Berlin witnessed almost daily student demonstrations on the Kurfuerstendam that were often subdued by police and powerful water cannons. Demonstrators were wounded; performances in theaters interrupted; life in general disrupted. Berliners felt frustrated, angry, and ashamed. How does one counter nihilism except by force, they asked themselves. While the Allies were responsible, ultimately, for the safety of the city, this was primarily a problem for German authorities.

I remember our attending the Opera one evening in 1969 during the Shah of Iran's visit to Berlin. He was hated by the students. That night, a student named Benno Ohnesorg, a demonstration by-stander, was accidentally shot and killed by the West Berlin police. This triggered even uglier confrontations and further radicalized the student movement, which now had its martyr. Such unrest, disturbing as it would have been in any city, was particularly upsetting in Berlin, since Berliners were already living under Cold War tensions.

One of our political officers, Kenneth C. Keller, provided a flow of brilliant reporting and analysis of the unrest during this period. Ken was a quiet and gentle man from Idaho, with a shaggy moustache and low-key approach, who could elicit conversation from nearly anyone. He could easily pass for a Berlin student, and blended into the crowd of demonstrators. Ken rivaled Berlin's journalists in his depth of understanding of what was happening, and they sought him out. Few in our Foreign Service had keener minds at reportage, or were better writers.

Living in West Berlin, one felt oneself in a truncated city of smokeless industries and suburbs, and an odd handful of main streets downtown. The historic center of the city, Alexander Platz, was on the other side of the wall. West Berlin had no logical center. The Kurfuerstendam, its main street of elegant shops, cinemas and cafes, petered out into a dead end as it approached the wastelands bordering the wall. Its architectural landmark, the Memorial Church, was a bombed-out shell standing as a reminder of the devastation of World War II. One had a feeling of incompleteness and amputation in the city's downtown streets, a depressing reminder of something absent and lost.

Life under military occupation sometimes bordered on surrealism. The decades-long Allied involvement in running Spandau Prison, a vast compound maintained solely for three Nazi prisoners, Rudolf Hess, Albert Speer, and Baldur von Schirach, was the most expensive and bizarre incarceration anywhere. Eventually, Hess was alone. Allied authorities responsible for managing the prison met daily during the week for a luncheon there. Allied guests, such as myself and my wife would occasionally be invited to a more formal monthly luncheon. It was a form of *theatre noir* to have a four-course lunch accompanied by French wines served in the prison commandants' dining room while Rudolf Hess a few yards away read in his cell, or worked in the garden. Each country tried to outdo the other in hosting a great meal. The changing of the guard each month was an extraordinary sight, especially when the Americans handed off to the Soviets. The first time we came I thought we were on a different planet.

The Allied Command Authority building located in the American sector was another Berlin anomaly. Formerly a court house used in the Nazi show trials, most of its nearly 500 rooms remained empty and unheated. Its grand halls were on rare occasions used for the ceremonial signing of four-power agreements on Berlin. The Berlin Air Safety Center for flights in the Allied air corridors was located there, not to direct traffic, which was done at Tempelhof Airport, but to secure a Soviet clearance for each flight. Military officers of the western Allies sat at their desks, frequently passing flight information on slips of paper to their Soviet counterpart for his stamp of approval. Three air corridors transited the Soviet Zone of occupation and this ritual reminded everyone that the Soviets controlled the air space over East Germany.

Each Pan American, Air France and BOAC flight coming to or from Berlin in the prescribed, tube-like corridors of 10,000 feet required Soviet approval. Other air lines did not provide service to West Berlin. Occasionally, Soviet fighter pilots would draw near the corridors for a look or be sent up if a plane strayed out of its corridor. Sometimes these

pilots came too close and the Allies protested. "We could see his face!" a PanAm pilot might complain. As with the administration of Spandau Prison, this function remained a daily exercise of four-power occupation rights conducted with the Soviets in West Berlin. Pan American's pilots announced to their passengers over West Germany that they were "about to enter the Berlin corridor," and one could feel the plane descend to 10,000 feet. The back of my neck always tingled at this matter-of-fact reminder of the Cold War.

There was a Berlin Document Center, which held millions of incriminating documents on Nazi affiliations and Hitler's regime. The Allied Kommandatura, a small empty looking building in Dahlem served as the formal meeting place for the four Allied powers--who no longer met there, except for the occasional Western Allies meeting. The Soviets had walked out, and their flag pole was kept forever bare. Allied rituals in West Berlin had an aura of unreality at many levels, but what was being done served to maintain the occupation status intact, since if that was lost, the basis for Allied access to Berlin from West Germany would also be lost.

If the rituals seemed contrived, Berlin did not lack real life drama. One afternoon, an East German attempting to escape swam across a lake and reached some reeds near West Berlin's shore. He had made his flight unobserved by East German patrol boats which, with their search lights, might later spot him in these reeds. West Berlin police watched him through their binoculars. I learned about the escape attempt in my City Hall office when it began, and about the rescue arrangements Berlin authorities were making. They hid ambulances in the woods near the shore, and stayed out of sight until night. It was a cloudy day and the man's success in escaping would be largely decided by the weather. If it rained, his chances were good; if it did not, they were lower. That evening, my wife and I were scheduled to attend a social function, and I became obsessed by the weather. As we left our front door to walk to the car it began to sprinkle, then pour. I have never been so relieved to feel rain.

There were many potential crises during the years 1965-69, incidents at the wall and checkpoints, on the *Autobahn*, or in areas of city administration such as the common sewage and subway systems between east and west. These were manageable, because we carefully assessed the nature of each provocation and the required Allied response, if any. A Soviet decision to escalate tensions was always possible. The Soviet government was celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, believing itself stable internally and a world power internationally. Its constant mischief-making in Berlin was intended to wear the West out, but failed to do so. The Russians historically backed down to the letter of wartime agreements when confronted by strong protests. East German authorities felt less committed, but we knew that eventually they would pay heed to their Soviet masters and be made to comply with Soviet international obligations. When I opened our embassy in East Berlin in 1974, I would come to know them better.

B Brandt and Ostpolitik

My job in Berlin during the late 1960's was to serve as US Liaison Officer to the city government of West Berlin as the representative of the US occupation authorities to the governing mayor and the Berlin legislature. For much of my tour, that governing mayor was Willy Brandt. The British and French had similar liaison functions, also filled by their foreign services. My British colleague for much of this time was Christopher Mallaby, who later became ambassador to Bonn and Paris. On a 3-month rotational basis, I was the Allied spokesman at city hall during the month when the American commandant became the senior representative and spokesman for the three Western powers. The Western representatives in Berlin worked together closely and nearly always harmoniously. If there was an odd man out, it was usually the French wanting to be lenient toward the Soviets. We had a local classified telegraphic system, called the "Intra-Berlin" network, dedicated to exchanging information among the Allies. The three missions were virtually identical in their organizational structures. The US, of course, had by far the largest establishment, and in political as well as military terms, we were the heavyweights in the leadership role among our Allied partners, with the Soviets, and in Bonn.

The US occupied an embarrassingly large office in the Rathaus Schöneberg, West Berlin's city hall on the John F. Kennedy Platz, and I was there at least part of the time on an average day. I dealt with the governing mayor and his staff, and monitored meetings of the Berlin House of Representatives, ostensibly to insure that no laws were passed which were contrary to Allied responsibilities and legal obligations. There were never any surprises. The debates, especially those concerning the student demonstrations, were often lively, however. Berlin has traditionally been a politically active city. The struggle for voter support between the SPD, CDU, and FDP was intense, and their party conventions, attended by the Western liaison officers, were informed debates of the leading issues in which rhetorical skills mattered. In all of this I was helped by Frau Katharina Brandt, our German employee in my office who knew everything about key people and how the *Rathaus* functioned. She was the most professional, competent, and supportive Foreign Service National with whom I have served and our country owes her much. There was no other assignment in the Foreign Service comparable to this one in Berlin.

The Allied liaison officers met with officials of the West Berlin government, the *Senat*, on a daily basis. Our business ranged from protocol planning for official visitors--from Jimmy Stewart to the Queen of England--to the most sensitive and closely held developments in East-West negotiations. Each liaison officer also had bilateral business with the chancery based on the needs of his or her commandant or country. Our regular point of contact was the chief of chancery of the *Senat*, Dietrich Spangenberg, and his successor Horst Grabert. Spangenberg was the gloomy ("Things look bleak!") pessimist and Grabert the jovial ("We'll do it!") optimist. Both were superb interlocutors, highly intelligent and articulate men, strategically oriented, open, frank, engaging, and warmly disposed toward us. They shared our values and emotions, and from them I learned what it meant to be a post-war German on either side of the wall. The four of us--the liaison officers and chancery head--became an intimate group committed to each other, having dinner in rotation at each other's homes for long and relaxed evening meetings, and socially close in all of our relationships within the highly stratified Allied diplomatic and military communities.

Our discussions were often tough, however. We pressed for details on what Brandt was up to, warned of possible missteps, delivered official statements from the Allies. The Germans were equally outspoken, sometimes criticizing Allied timidity and inaction or, privately to me, the crossed lines of some of the more visible aspects of American intelligence activities. On this last point, raising an intelligence problem with me was intended to place a political light upon it; there were separate channels for intelligence liaison. This give and take and exchange of information, duly reported by us, formed the basis for Allied comprehension of and influence upon developments in Berlin, and permitted the Germans to understand our positions and constraints. These were among the most exciting and productive diplomatic exchanges of my career, as Brandt progressed in his *Ostpolitik*. They had their basis in Allied authority in the city, and sometimes that authority was invoked; but they went far beyond this in tenor, content, mutual respect, and openness as we dealt with the present and speculated about Germany's future. What a contrast to the way the Soviets and East German authorities dealt with each other across the wall, where the Russians talked and the East Germans listened!

I became well acquainted with Willy Brandt, the governing mayor of Berlin during the first half of my tour there. While mayor, he was also national chairman of the Social Democratic party, the SPD. When he was later elected chancellor, he moved to Bonn and was succeeded by his deputy, Heinrich Albertz, a pastor. Brandt's dual role enabled us to observe the internal workings of the SPD and its evolving national leadership. We had close working relationships with senior advisers around Brandt such as Egon Bahr and Klaus Schuetz. They provided information and insights we reported to Washington, Bonn, and NATO, as well as Allied capitals and Moscow, on Brandt's evolving East-West policies.

During his tenure as governing mayor, Brandt developed his "small steps" of rapprochement toward East Berlin's municipal authorities. He initiated meetings for mid-level functionaries to discuss such matters as canal traffic and the operation of the subway system, whose S-Bahn crossed into West Berlin. Although these discussions were of a technical nature, they were politically important as first attempts at cooperation on specific matters.

No issue was more poignant than wall passes, or *Passierscheine*. These were issued by the GDR on special occasions such as Easter and Christmas, and permitted West Berliners to visit relatives on the other side of the wall for short periods. They went beyond the categories of regular visits granted the elderly or for certain emergencies. The issuance of wall passes was a matter for negotiation among East and West Berlin authorities and the Federal government, and served as something of a barometer in the relationship. It provided political leverage for the GDR with Bonn and West Berlin's city hall. Heated bargaining involved large payments and Interzonal Trade concessions from Bonn in cynical manipulation by the GDR of humanitarian concerns for financial gain.

The chief negotiator for the *Senat* was Gerhard Kunze, a well-built, six-foot-six, ramrod straight Prussian, known for his cold-eyed stubbornness as "police club Kunze." Allied liaison officers, who appreciated his warmth and humor, and his humanitarianism, were kept apprised by him of progress, step by painstaking step. His well phrased, vituperative condemnations of East German counterparts were a pleasure to listen to. Negotiations were protracted and fought out to the last minute, nearly always with successful results heralded in the Berlin papers of the West with the banner headline: "*Passierscheine!*" and announced across the divide in a short piece at the bottom of the front page of *Neues Deutschland*. There would soon be long lines of West Berliners at the crossing points, often standing for hours in snow and cold as they clutched gifts for relatives and their identification papers and prepared to pay fees, in West German marks, for family reunion passes. It was a highly distasteful business.

Allied policy was clear: we would not get ahead of the Bonn government in its relationships with East Germany, and would take no initiatives of our own toward the GDR. Relations between the Germans was thus a matter left entirely to the leadership in Berlin and Bonn. We insisted, however, that our international agreements with the Soviets be respected. Chancellor Kiesinger was not always happy with Brandt's efforts, but did not openly restrain him.

The fact that the chancellor led the CDU and Brandt the SPD played a political role in this drama. It was always Brandt who took the initiative with East Germany, prodding the Bonn government to follow through. Brandt realized his "small steps" would become an important part of the SPD's platform in the next general election. The Western Allies, meanwhile, scrambled in Berlin, Bonn, and their capitals to keep pace with events. What we were hearing in Berlin from Brandt and his coterie was crucial to achieving an understanding of where Brandt was taking Germany.

Brandt was also talking with the Soviets directly, meeting occasionally in East Berlin with Soviet Ambassador Piotr Abrasimov. Our Berlin mission was in the forefront of those who expected Brandt's "small steps" gradually to lead to a wider range of topics for discussion between East and West. We were certain Brandt did not intend to keep contacts between East and West Berlin limited to technical levels. We saw that should he become chancellor, the pace would accelerate. His motive in *Ostpolitik* was to achieve a more healthy and human relationship among Germans, even at the cost of accepting two German states. He was not a panderer or accommodator toward the East. Yet Brandt's moves at times caused suspicion in Western capitals as to whether he might trade West Germany's western orientation for reunification.

Brandt's chief counselor on openings to the East was Egon Bahr, a dour, even furtive man who kept his own counsel. I wonder whether anyone on the Allied side was ever fully apprised of Brandt's activities; the risks of "telling all" were high in such a fragile process. Brandt never went beyond the formal limits the Western powers had imposed, which were based upon their responsibilities as occupying powers. He stayed within the framework we

had established with great skill, yet subtly forcing the Western powers to re-examine and gradually expand their parameters of accommodation. Such was his *Ostpolitik*.

Brandt was a dynamic, gravel-voiced and powerful speaker with great charisma, as I saw when I attended Berlin SPD party conferences. He was a rugged, sturdy, earthy individual who was popular because ordinary people identified with him and thought him sincere; he came across as tough and dependable. Brandt was also a warm man, attractive to women, yet given to frequent bouts of depression. Often tormented and brooding, he had a fierce temper. He drank a lot, favoring brandy, *Branntwein* in German, as cartoonists liked to point out. I saw him on many occasions when he was suffering from a hangover. I would bring distinguished visitors, or our ambassador in Bonn, to his office, and occasionally Brandt would sit in a funk and say nothing. I warned people before their meetings of his moodiness, and that they might find long lapses in conversation. Even under the best of circumstances, he was privately a man of few words.

Brandt had an extraordinarily complicated personality, and a troubled marriage to a strong and patient woman named Rut. My acquaintance with Willy Brandt enriched my appreciation of what one person with a driving sense of purpose can accomplish. I have seldom dealt with a man of so many facets, and such boundless political, physical and intellectual energy. He was a visionary who led Germany to its reunification, beginning with the necessary first small steps in Berlin.

C The US Mission

The US Mission was housed in the cavernous military headquarters, formerly Goering's, in Dahlem's Clayallee, where the senior American was the US commandant, an Army major general. The US minister, always a foreign service officer, served as deputy commandant. The fact that the most senior Allied officials in Berlin were highly visible military men who wore their uniforms on duty underscored the fact that Berlin was an occupied city whose status remained unresolved following the Allied victory in World War II. My nearly four years in the Navy at the end of the Korean War taught me about the military mind: its planning capabilities, precision, discipline, emphasis on training, and pride in service. I knew the jargon and understood the need for hierarchy. Throughout my career, I found military experience invaluable. Those in uniform seemed to recognize that I bore none of the innate suspicion and lack of understanding that can make civilian cooperation with the military an uncomfortable, even unsuccessful, process.

During my tour from 1965-69, I worked for two foreign service ministers, John "Arch" Calhoun and Brewster Morris. They had entirely different styles, and one could learn about civilian-military relationships by observing them. Arch Calhoun was masterful in handling the military, sensitive to the policy responsibilities of the US commandant, and adept at anticipating his needs and concerns. Arch took the initiative in bringing matters to the military, along with his proposals for handling them. Brewster Morris, his successor, was not as skilled in this partnership. He too enjoyed good personal relations with the

commandant, but was excessively deferential, more likely to seek guidance from the military than to come into a room with his own draft telegram.

There were, as I recall, some sixteen American intelligence entities, most of them military, in West Berlin, yet they missed plans to build the wall. Reliable intelligence was critical. Oddly enough, given the importance of Berlin to the west, the other Allied services were not much better. There were many difficulties built into the conduct of human intelligence functions in Berlin in the mid-sixties. Not only were the Soviets and East Germans formidable opponents, there were problems of process as well. Foremost among these on the US side, in my view, were overstaffing and lack of coordinated priorities and gathering methods; compartmentalization of effort and product among services; absence of centralized screening for duplication and reliability; destructive competition among services; and lack of responsible analysis in many cases.

No one seemed in charge, civilian-military rivalry was intense, and agents collided with each other in a great scramble to report something. One had the impression many were operating under a quota system based on the number of reports they could send off. Intelligence operatives tried to co-opt open sources, among them people I knew at city hall. This was stopped when we learned of it. Protective cover for these large enterprises was usually poor. Many agents and safe houses were known to the opposite side and our German employees. I do not recall learning from intelligence reports anything startling or particularly worthwhile, from my standpoint, during four years in West Berlin. In fairness, I should add that I was at the margins of what was going on in the intelligence world.

D East Berlin

I had occasions to visit East Berlin never realizing, of course, that I would one day open our embassy there. At the Checkpoint Charlie barriers we lowered our car windows a crack to show passports and be able to hear the East German guard. "Charlie" was simply the military communications term for the third letter of the alphabet--this was US military crossing point "C." Following Allied instructions, we did not permit border guards to handle our passports, much less take possession of them. We showed the passport cover and the page on which a photo was displayed, then proceeded through the checkpoint. In case of a problem, we demanded to speak to a Soviet officer, who normally remained out of sight. It was a tense experience because you could never know whether the other side wanted to provoke an incident.

The rationale for these procedures, which were uniformly observed by the Western Allies, went to the heart of the legal status of all of Berlin as occupied territory. We were prepared to deal with Soviet military authorities on questions pertaining to the four sectors of Berlin, but refused to discuss these matters with East German officials of any stripe because we did not recognize their authority in the Soviet sector of Berlin. That is why, in any difficulty at the checkpoint, we summoned a Soviet military officer as the appropriate discussion partner. We tested Allied rights continuously, in the belief that a right not exercised soon ceases to be a right. A separate political/economic section of the US mission in West Berlin

was devoted to East German and Soviet affairs, and these FSOs traveled to East Berlin regularly to visit their Soviet and rare East German contacts. The rest of us went not only out of curiosity and to maintain the right of passage, but also to remind ourselves that despite the isolation of living in West Berlin, another part of the city was far worse off.

East Berlin in the mid-1960s was a stark, shabby, down-at-the-heels place with shop fronts decorated for show and sparsely stocked food stores. Scars of destruction from World War II were everywhere, and formed a pathetic landscape alongside the hideous Soviet-style blocks of cheaply constructed high-rise apartment buildings whose concrete facades were already deteriorating. The acrid smell of low octane gasoline, brown coal and strong cigarettes permeated hotels, restaurants and shops. Pedestrians avoided one's gaze. The contrast to West Berlin was riveting. The authorities were communists and often Prussians to boot, a deadly combination that made them seem even more dour and hostile than the Soviets. We were not permitted to visit East Germany, other than to travel on the *Autobahn* to West Germany.

Reunification of Germany seemed a fading prospect, and was mentioned less frequently in the West. The Allied powers had settled in for the long haul. West Berliners accepted the comforts of their lives and made the most of tightly controlled opportunities through wall passes to visit their relatives on the other side, who were stoic about their fate. The division seemed nearly complete, except for the knowledge that Brandt was making slow progress with his "small steps" toward normalization with the East.

Our son Paul was born on May 17, 1965 shortly before we left Washington for Berlin. He would later attend Bates College, where he met his future wife, Martha Merselis, of Williamstown, Massachusetts. A lovely, lively and caring woman, she is a professional archivist, with a graduate degree in her field from George Washington University. They lived for two years in Cambodia, where Paul directed the International Republican Institute's office and Martha was in charge of women's programs, and have retained a strong interest in Southeast Asia. Their son, Samuel, bears an old family name.

E Assassinations of King and Robert Kennedy

There are two terrible events I sadly recall from my tour in West Berlin. The first was the murder in Memphis of Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. on April 4, 1968 at the age of 39. Klaus Schuetz had succeeded the former pastor Albertz as governing mayor of West Berlin. Schuetz, at the height of the disruptive student demonstrations that plagued the city, decided to lead a march of his own to memorialize King. The point he made beyond Berliner's affection and admiration for King, was that not all demonstrations are displays of negative, angry protests; they can be held with dignity to express positive feelings.

US Minister Brewster Morris, Schuetz and I were in the front rank of this march honoring Martin Luther King's memory. I had never before been on the streets as a demonstrator, and

was moved by the expressions of esteem Berliners showed toward King and the American struggle for civil rights. The march went off smoothly. The crowds were not large, but made a counter-statement about the positive potential of demonstrations.

On one of my return visits to the State Department from Berlin, in the autumn of 1967, Robert Kennedy invited me to Hickory Hill for dinner with Ethel and the football hero Roosevelt Grier. After the meal we sat in his study that fall evening and our conversation turned to politics. Bob was wondering whether to run for president, hesitating to get into an ugly fray and far from confident that even the nomination could be his. It was a discussion he must have had many times before. He was a man undecided about what to do and dispirited by the choices. Johnson, whom he had never liked, was president and would probably run again. The primary campaign would be divisive and difficult. He thought the country had been torn apart by Vietnam, civil rights issues, and young people feeling themselves alienated from the rest of society.

Bob believed we were bogged down in the White House and in Congress where, as a senator, he said he often felt frustrated and bored. You can't get anything done there, he told us. He believed he could make a difference in the campaign and as president, but still he hesitated. Rosie and I urged him to try to make that difference. Ethel was noncommittal but I sensed she agreed with us. That evening, we seemed to be overwhelmed by our country's problems and the political choices available. On March 16, 1968 Kennedy declared his candidacy and barely two weeks later, on March 31, Johnson announced at the end of a television address on Vietnam that he would not seek another term as president.

I was in Berlin when Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated in Los Angeles on June 5, 1968 at the age of 42. It was almost impossible to explain why this had happened. Berliners blamed a deep streak of violence in American society. People felt there was something wild and ungovernable in the American psyche, a bad strain in our national character. West Berliners, when Robert Kennedy was killed, placed lighted candles in their windows, which they did only on deeply felt occasions such as November 22, 1963 when his brother, our president, was gunned down.

I returned to the US for the funeral at the invitation of the Kennedy family, and was asked to be an honorary pallbearer at the ceremonies in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. When the pallbearers were lined up alphabetically so we could enter the church as a group, I found myself standing next to Rosie Grier, the football star with whom I had dinner at Hickory Hill the last time I saw Bob and Ethel and we talked about Bob's tough political choices. Now, there was nothing to say. Afterwards, I joined the family and cortege on the train back to Washington, and at the burial in Arlington Cemetery where Mrs. Kennedy insisted there be no rifle salute.

The weather was hot on June 8. Standing by the casket in the cathedral when my turn came, I felt myself to be somewhere beyond reason and reality. The train ride to Washington remains my most vivid memory of that day. When we came out of the tunnel into New Jersey and moved slowly down the tracks toward Washington, a routine trip made so often in other circumstances, we were astonished to see people standing all along the roadbed: men from veteran's posts wearing their overseas caps and saluting; families with children lifted up; people holding flags or waving slowly as we went by. I saw the body of a man near the Elizabeth platform who had just been sliced in half by an oncoming train. The platform was so jammed that in a surge he had fallen off. All traffic in the opposite direction was stopped and our train proceeded on a clear track to Washington.

The further south we went the more Afro-Americans were in the crowds, and the crowds grew larger. In Baltimore, as we crawled through the station, people sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was hard to keep emotions in check. The train became a capsule in which we were the spectators, looking out at these enormous numbers of people, hour after hour, who had come to watch us pass and pay their respects. I sat first with Kennedy's secretary, Angella Novello, and then with Claiborne Pell. We were hot and worn out and didn't speak much, surrendering ourselves to the incredible scene along the tracks. My mind often flashes back to that day when I ride the train, especially heading south from New York to Washington.

There was a place, somewhere in Robert Kennedy's inmost self, to which he withdrew when he thought or listened intently. From this quiet and very personal place came his deepest feelings and convictions; it was the source of strength required for daring, even noble, commitment and action. He was a man who quoted Aeschylus from memory. At his core was his Catholic belief and room for pain, self-doubt, resolve and ultimately, a tragic sense of life. When he was there, people noticed that his hooded eyes lost focus and stared ahead, while his voice became soft. During such moments, one could almost see him coming to a decision and, sensing his vulnerability in this intensely private process, kept silent. His acquiescence in responsibilities thrust upon him that he passionately believed he must meet drove him to the edges of endurance, as few others are driven by an awareness of public purpose in their lives.

To people of my generation, in particular, who believed with the Kennedys that government could do good, the shock was devastating. Part of our world ended and never reassembled itself the same way. I had thought when Lyndon Johnson announced he would not seek the presidency because of the course of the war in Vietnam, Bob Kennedy had a good chance to succeed him. I now wonder whether he would have found enough support in our southern states.

On my way from Berlin to New York for the funeral, I stopped in London, where I stayed with my father in Knightsbridge and walked through Hyde Park to our embassy in the warm evening air. I stood in line in Grosvenor Square to sign the condolences book. When it came my turn, I read what the young woman in front of me had written. She asked: "Why do you Americans always kill the best in you?"

9 DIRECTOR, OFFICE OF PANAMANIAN AFFAIRS: 1969-71

A Reassignment to Washington

The executive director of the Bureau of American Republics Affairs (ARA), Findley Burns, called me in Berlin. I met this urbane Baltimorean with a dry sense of humor when he was in charge of administering our London embassy, and have encountered few others who understood bureaucratic politics better. Findley's job was to manage the bureau's resources, including personnel. Charles A. Meyer, the assistant secretary, had been newly appointed by the incoming Nixon administration. Charlie had previously been a Sears, Roebuck executive, and wanted fresh blood in his bureau. Cheerful and a dapper man, his talents were in management.

The State Department had decided to make its country director positions pivotal in bilateral relations. Country directors usually supervise clusters of desk officers, who deal with individual countries in larger regional groupings, such as the offices of Andean, or Central America affairs. Three or four of us, without previous experience in Latin America, were asked whether we would be interested in becoming country directors in ARA. Findley wanted me to be Coordinator for Cuban Affairs and I readily agreed, believing my Berlin experience might help.

By the time I returned to Washington, however, a decision was made to manage Cuban Affairs through Robert A. Hurwitch, a deputy assistant secretary in ARA. The Panama directorate opened up in the meantime and was offered to me. This assignment brought me to a new continent, the fourth in four assignments. I probably should have been concerned by my lack of a home bureau and regional specialization, which are important in the politics of the Department's assignment process, but was either too new or unaware to care. I welcomed this opportunity to learn about another part of the world. Given the same choice, I would again opt for wide-ranging geographic assignments. My regret is that I never served in the Asian bureau.

I soon found that experiences in different parts of the globe become applicable to those of others. Our concerns in Africa were not unrelated to our policies in Latin America; what we did in New Delhi was not divorced from our efforts in Berlin. I was beginning to acquire a global view, which raised questions in my thoughts that were sometimes more theoretical than immediate, but were nevertheless relevant to broadly based objectives of the US. What mattered were the interests themselves, and our specific reasons for involving the United States and committing its resources to particular programs and places. This made the definition of interests a vital task. During two later assignments on the Policy Planning Staff, I learned how frustrating that definitional process can become in a foreign affairs bureaucracy.

Throughout the Cold War, our policies were usually shaped, in the first instance, by what the Soviets were doing and our perceptions of their motives. This was particularly the case

in developing countries, where our interests beyond raw materials, "containment," and strategic positioning were often modest. Convenience and reactive policy and resource planning permitted "the Soviet threat" to become most of the argument needed for congressional support of massive programs, especially in military assistance, in places like Somalia where the deadly consequences of an arms race would haunt us years later. The Soviet threat was real, of course, but there should have been more discussion about how it would play itself out, for example, in Mogadishu.

The perception of Soviet threat, and to a lesser degree strategic concerns about Maoist China and North Korea, across the Pacific Ocean, were important elements in our relations with Panama in the late 1960s as we prepared to renegotiate the canal treaty. In our dealings with Panama, moreover, Castro's Soviet-supported regime in Cuba was an emotionally charged ingredient, particularly after the missile crisis of October, 1962. Panama's quixotic new leader, General Omar Torrijos Herrera, was a question mark in American minds.

B The Bureau of Inter-American Affairs

I came to my assignment as country director for Panama in 1969 after four years in Berlin, a city at the core of East-West tensions, and therefore had first-hand diplomatic experience of the Cold War. The country directorates were at their strongest then, having since been weakened by a plethora of deputy assistant secretary positions, one layer above, in the regional bureaus. Beginning in the mid-1960s, Dean Rusk intended the directorates to become executive branch focal points for the conduct of our foreign relations. They were the natural addresses for foreign ambassadors in Washington and our chiefs of missions abroad.

Most of what I knew about Panama I learned in the Navy, while serving in the Caribbean during 1954-56. I understood the strategic importance of the canal, and was familiar with the movements of ships, their dimensions and characteristics, how the canal worked, and what a two-ocean fleet was about. But the political aspects of US-Panamanian relations were new to me. I knew no one in the ARA bureau except Findley Burns. Initially, we newcomers to the bureau were viewed with suspicion by our peers, especially the "Latin Club," in which those with depth in the lore of Panama fancied themselves "Panamaniacs." The assignment process, controlled by the geographic bureaus until the mid-1970s when it became centralized under the director general for personnel, kept Latin American experts locked into the Hemisphere, as EUR and other bureaus protected their coveted senior slots. Charlie Meyer wanted to open this circle, fully supported by career officers Hurwitch and John H. Crimmins, his deputies and veterans of Latin American service. Hurwitch and I had an excellent relationship from the outset: he was aggressive, hard-boiled and intellectually disciplined, qualities I admired.

ARA was the only bureau that integrated its assistance programs with foreign service political and economic staffs, in back-to-back arrangements which co-located State and Alliance for Progress people in the same offices. My deputy for Panamanian affairs, Leonard Horwitz, was the senior aid officer for Panama. There were also country

directorships headed by an aid officer, with a foreign service officer as deputy. This arrangement worked well, a policy model ahead of its time.

Our office was not large, some six or seven people including the deputy, myself, and two secretaries. Martha Hayward, one of the most professional and talented secretaries in our service whom I had met in Berlin, agreed to join me. FSO Kenneth Bleakley was our economic officer, Edwin Corr the political officer. They became part of a close team including the development assistance officers. We viewed our policy and operational concerns in Panama--whether political, treaty related, economic, or developmental--as part of an integrated whole. This strengthened my belief, tested in India, that the Foreign Service is more effective when it makes political and economic work a coordinated effort, not separate spheres to be dealt with on their own merits and within their own confines.

I also found that when economic assistance people are part of your team, you have a much better understanding of what they are trying to achieve. Developmental assistance issues of any magnitude came to me before they went to the assistant secretary and the assistant administrator for aid. I knew what our aid programs were, and had a strong voice in shaping, administering, and supporting them. We wrestled with criteria for starting and continuing assistance programs; conditions necessary for carrying out a successful program; the right mix; constraints on the US in engaging in development assistance; the essential role of private voluntary organizations; and support from the international donor community.

Like other country directors in ARA at the time, I involved myself in the selection of the aid program director when a new person was needed in Panama. I doubt this was welcomed by everyone on the assistance side, but believed doing so came with my authority and responsibilities. In the final analysis, this was also helpful to the new aid director in Panama because he knew he could count on support from the entire country directorate in Washington.

The ARA model made it possible to shape US developmental efforts to serve our longer term political objectives. There are occasional tensions in merging development and political goals that are inescapable no matter how one is organized. Aid programs are not intended as political chips. But the assistance people have their own agendas, too, which at times reflect strong political preferences on their part. When they stray from responsibilities of providing assistance and training to supporting individual ministers in a government, or sometimes the leader at the top, they are outside their duties and can cause embarrassment and problems for those in the embassy accountable for political relations.

I was assigned three objectives.

The first was to manage, on a day-to-day basis, our efforts to change the treaty relationship with Panama. In 1967, negotiations to revise the Panama Canal Treaty of 1903 had reached deadlock. By the time I took over Panamanian affairs that year President Nixon decided to renew negotiations to bring the treaty into conformance with the realities of the day and our

evolving national security interests. The painstaking work of developing a negotiating strategy, writing position papers, coordinating with other interested agencies, fell to us.

At times, the demands were nearly overwhelming. There were many agencies with a deep interest and stake in the negotiations, none greater than the Department of the Army, represented by Colonel John P. Sheffey, an ardent, loud-voiced defender of Defense Department views and unrivaled expert on canal matters until Colonel Richard Wyrrough succeeded him, and eventually me. John Irwin, then under secretary of state, had been the leading US negotiator from 1964-67. He had an abiding interest in the issue. The Bureau of Political-Military Affairs was heavily involved. Mark Feldman practically cohabitated with us as legal advisor. But the Office of Panamanian Affairs was the coordinating office throughout preparations for the negotiations which resumed in a serious fashion in 1975.

Our second objective was to understand what General Omar Torrijos was all about. He had come to power earlier in 1969 and was still an unknown quantity in Washington outside intelligence circles. He had been, and remained, an officer in the Panamanian National Guard. Robert M. Sayre, our ambassador to Panama, had also recently arrived at his post. His instruction from Meyer was to get along with Torrijos and his government. We needed to determine what kind of a person Torrijos was, and whether we could have a fruitful relationship with him, particularly on the issue of treaty renegotiation. Could we trust him? Our primary objective in Panama was internal stability to insure the continuing smooth operation and security of the canal. Renegotiation was our next goal, but stability was the more important one.

My third objective was to represent the Department of State on the Inter-Oceanic Canal Study Commission. This group, under the chairmanship of Dr. Milton Eisenhower, included former Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson and other luminaries. The Commission was charged with studying the merits of building a sea-level canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and examining the feasibility of a third set of locks for the existing canal. The site might be Panama, Colombia, or Nicaragua. The study was driven by the prospect that the locks in the Panama Canal would eventually wear out, making the canal either inoperable or more expensive to maintain. Traffic through the canal was increasing, but some of our aircraft carriers already had beams too wide for canal passage. Our two-ocean fleet was becoming two separate entities. The same was true for supertankers, which also rendered the canal a bit less vital as a choke point.

One solution to these problems could be construction of a sea-level canal to provide an open and navigable link between the two oceans, unrestricted by vulnerable locks. Questions for study included feasibility, location, costs, methods of excavation (including nuclear), and environmental concerns. The Japanese government was particularly interested because of its dependence on shipping, available financial and technological resources, and the prospect of wielding influence over an inter-oceanic sea lane. One of the reasons we were considering an alternative canal was that it would avoid the prospect of further riots in Panama and other perceived threats to the existing locks. In 1970, the Commission published its conclusion that a third set of locks or a sea-level canal were

economically unfeasible, given costs and future shipping projections, and concerns that predators in the Pacific would destroy sea life in the Caribbean. The increasing use by trucks of a land bridge across the US was also a factor. Of the possible locations for a sea-level canal, two sites in Panama emerged as the preferred routes. It is doubtful that constructing a sea-level canal will again become a serious prospect, for reasons of cost and demand.

C Resuming Canal Negotiations

There are at least seven countries with which the United States has unique and "special" relations: Panama, Cuba, The Bahamas, Mexico, Canada, Israel, and Ireland. Five are near neighbors. The common denominator is the high degree of domestic political and economic concern in the US that influences our foreign policies toward each. Yet each bilateral relationship is unique, not only because of domestic constituencies, but also because the issues are very different. The way these relationships are managed in Washington presents obstacles and opportunities. In Panama, moreover, we had the "Zonians," a large and permanent community of expatriate Americans running the canal and living, thanks to our government, under a nearly perfect form of cradle-to-grave socialism. They enjoyed strong support in the US Congress.

The congressional dimension was always a major factor in our deliberations about treaty relationships. Many in congress believed the Canal Zone to be American soil, as inviolable as, say, Texas. No change in the *status quo* was warranted or acceptable, in this view. Military constituencies held equally strong opinions. There was broadly based national sentiment about the canal and support for the 1903 treaty amounting to patriotic fervor. When the new treaties were eventually submitted for ratification by the Carter administration in 1977, they inspired the most emotionally charged debate in our foreign policy of the post-war years.

The canal issue brought us especially close to the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, whose tough but competent chairman was Congresswoman Leonore Sullivan. We regularly briefed the staffs of that committee, and the House Foreign Affairs and Senate Foreign Relations Committees. People in congress wanted to know what was going on and to provide advice or condemnation. I recalled my days on the Hill with Chester Bowles ten years earlier, while waiting to enter the Foreign Service, which helped me understand their concerns. Congress was the primary constituency we needed to satisfy--and eventually, thanks in large measure to Senate majority leader Howard Baker, we did. The Nixon White House had a global foreign policy agenda, and never waived in its decision to proceed with canal negotiations, politically charged though these were. As with the opening to China, President Nixon was not lacking in political courage in foreign affairs.

It is useful to observe the bureaucratic decision-making process in this matter, and the national security system Dr. Henry Kissinger imposed on the executive branch. The basic unit of this system was the Interdepartmental Group, normally one "IG" for each regional

bureau. ARA had an advantage in this new system in that it had already integrated Latin American aid programs into the broad framework of our bilateral relations.

The national security structure Kissinger devised was immensely time consuming, and intended to be so. We were tasked by the NSC to undertake study after study and produce great quantities of option papers. Viron "Pete" Vaky was the senior NSC staffer for Latin America, assisted by Arnold Nachmanoff. Vaky, an ever calm Foreign Service officer, was indispensable to us during this period. At times when the NSC's demands drove us into the ground, he helped keep our priorities straight. The system had its strong point in demanding an interagency focus. When this system worked it brought the right people together, and kept them informed and locked in on key issues, options, priorities, and resource requirements. The flip side was that committee products are often fatuous, watered-down compromises. We were able to deflect some of the interagency turf wars and back-stabbings that come into play when the US government is faced with tough policy choices. Pete Vaky, Winston Lord, and others around Kissinger forced the bureaucracy to come up with work of high quality that brought out the best in the State Department, a feat duplicated only by George Shultz.

Kissinger took an interest in the Panama negotiations, in part because he knew Nixon was engaged and also because he relished the intricacies of any major negotiation. This was one of the rare instances when Kissinger delved into Latin American issues. He was by nature Eurocentric, and much of his time was necessarily devoted to the Vietnamese War and its ramifications. Within the State Department, John Irwin, the deputy secretary, was highly supportive, which was a great help. Because of Irwin's previous negotiating efforts, he had detailed knowledge of canal issues; he knew the real estate we were discussing, military considerations, and canal operations themselves. We resumed negotiations in 1969 with a rich database and an inheritance of political and emotional issues that would take many years to be resolved.

We believed the existing treaty was rapidly becoming an anachronism and that our vital interests in Panama could be better served by new arrangements. We also thought we could successfully renegotiate the 1903 treaty and secure its ratification. We found ourselves reconsidering the magical words "in perpetuity" which described the duration of US rights in the 1903 document. Actually, with ratification of the new treaties, "perpetuity" came to be redefined in 1979 as 76 years, about the lifespan of the average American male. The US was increasingly criticized by other Latin countries for acting as a colonial power. Panama, in turn, was derided as a puppet of the US, a non-country devoid of sovereignty and even dignity. The US-Panamanian relationship seemed outdated to most of the rest of the world.

The State Department, with White House support, was the driving force for renegotiation. We wanted to pre-empt the possibility of a break-down in relationships which would have made our position in Panama more difficult. We wanted to modernize treaty arrangements while it was still possible to do so without being compelled to act by an emergency such as riots. In congress, we had latent support for our position. As often happens, however, the opponents of change, many of them key members, were better organized, more

obstreperous and very vocal. Negative aspects of change received greater public attention than positive ones, and for a long time carried the day in the popular view.

Robert Anderson, who succeeded Irwin as US negotiator, operated out of his investment banking office in New York. I worked closely with him on the negotiations. He relied on us to staff him and left us pretty much alone otherwise, except on matters likely to become political issues and involve the NSC, the president, or both. Anderson was a Texan with a courtly manner. He was a wheeler-dealer, forever murmuring into a telephone. He had been secretary of the Treasury and widely mentioned as a potential Republican presidential candidate at the end of the Eisenhower administration. Many say he was Eisenhower's choice. But his interest in the negotiations was, in fact, sporadic; as we learned later, his business practices were often convoluted. He ran into legal difficulties towards the end of his life and, sadly, was sentenced to prison for a brief period.

Anderson brought the approaches of both a politician and businessman to a complex foreign policy issue. He was skilled in dealing with the Pentagon and CIA, both crucial players, something in which an aggressive Colonel Sheffey helped him immensely. These agencies trusted him more than the State Department did, where he was considered something of a loose cannon on the gun deck. Anderson was a natural negotiator from whom I learned much. He did not use anyone from his firm or from outside the government, relying on the bureaucracy and his sound instincts about people. Eventually deputy negotiators were named, people from the private sector who went through appointment procedures and became working negotiators under Anderson's supervision.

We restarted the negotiation process by defining our major issues and priorities, and developing a new negotiating strategy based on these. By the time I left the country directorate, we knew where we were going. The US bureaucracy had coalesced, but we were only in the beginning stages of negotiations with the Panamanians. Anderson and I, along with representatives of the Defense Department, had concluded what were called "preliminary and exploratory talks" with Panama's negotiators. Two wise men who had first been in business and then became diplomats, Ellsworth Bunker and Sol Linowitz, negotiated new treaties to a successful conclusion.

Most negotiations have their own rhythms, moving from progress to setback to deadlock, and then break-through, on issue after issue. So it was with Panama. Key issues for both sides were the timetables for turnover, security of the canal and its efficient operation, the extent of the US military presence, phased sharing of authority between Panama and the US, disposition of US property, and economic benefits to Panama. These were not resolved until the last moment, as is true in most negotiations, when both sides seek to maximize their gains. And nothing was agreed in these negotiations until everything was agreed, a stipulation Anderson made in the first of our preliminary and exploratory talks. What emerged were the treaties of 1977, ratified in 1979.

D General Omar Torrijos

General Torrijos was largely unknown to Washington and our embassy in Panama. Some of our military intelligence officers had dealt with him in the National Guard. He had taken over Panama in a coup, shortly before I reported to the Office of Panamanian Affairs. There was widespread distrust of him in Washington, which had become accustomed to dealing with a compliant civilian leadership in Panama, members of an oligarchy with whom it felt comfortable. They were a known quantity with an affinity for the US and a vested interest in stability. Torrijos, on the other hand, had the reputation of being a nationalist and some called him a leftist. He was interested in raising Panama's status: its dignity, as he called it. He rejected the treaty drafts negotiated in 1968. We would be negotiating with someone who not only wanted to change the treaty relationship, but who could be counted upon to take a nationalistic and even demagogic stance on key issues.

Once I had settled in during the summer of 1969, Ambassador Sayre suggested I visit Panama. I went first to the town of David, near the large US military training area of Rio Hatto where we had a one-man consulate at the time. A question had been raised in Washington as to whether this area remained necessary for US training requirements, and whether it might not be a positive step to return Rio Hatto to Panama, as Torrijos was requesting. It was returned.

In David, I met Torrijos by pre-arrangement, together with William T. Pryce, the embassy's political officer responsible for following internal affairs in Panama. We joined Torrijos at a local bar to which he had invited us. He had with him Jimmy Lakas, the official in charge of Panama's social security program, and later designated president of Panama by Torrijos. Torrijos greeted us warmly; he spoke no English and my Spanish was weak, so Pryce and Lakas did the interpreting. As soon as we arrived at the bar, Torrijos ordered a bottle of Johnny Walker Black and challenged me to a game of pinball, at which he was known to excel. I hadn't played pinball since college days and never enjoyed it. In one of the highlights of my career, I beat him. We then had an evening together sniffing each other out.

The next day, Torrijos invited us to drive with him through the countryside. He had a terrible hangover. Jimmy Lakas was at the wheel, Torrijos in the front seat, with Bill and I in back trying to cope with Torrijos' cigar smoke. The general did not have much to say. Lakas and Torrijos wore side-arms and we had a follow-up car with heavily armed security men. At lunch over wine, however, the conversation became livelier. Torrijos was in fine humor after food and drink. I eventually came to like him and felt instinctively that he trusted me. Ambassador Sayre liked him personally and respected him. Bob and I thought we could negotiate with Torrijos over the canal, a view we made known to skeptical ears in Washington.

Torrijos was a charismatic leader, popular among his people. He favored the common man and took every opportunity to make that known. The gap between rich and poor in Panama was wide, and Torrijos' populist message resonated with a lot of Panamanians. The oligarchs hated him and distrusted his motives. He was a handsome man with a drinker's belly, who liked women--and they liked him. He was an effective leader of the National

Guard, esteemed by his men. Manuel Noriega, in charge of intelligence, was then one of his chief lieutenants and a principal contact for our civilian and military intelligence people. Torrijos had a reputation for being comparatively free of corruption, but I could not vouch for that. He was straight-forward in what he said and did, and led a modest life without the trappings of wealth and power of many of his Latin American counterparts, although he worked closely with the business community.

While Torrijos was critical and outspoken about the US role in Panama, which he accurately described as colonial in many respects, he was capable of listening as well as making populist speeches. One could have a rational discussion with Torrijos. He quickly understood where you were coming from, a necessary quality in his relations with Ambassador Sayre, who could be equally tough, blunt, and persistent, in fluent Spanish. As we engaged in efforts to change the fundamental relationships over the canal between our two countries, Torrijos became immersed in the treaty negotiation process. Decisions of any consequence needed his approval.

My view of Torrijos was not popular in Washington, at least initially. People felt uneasy about this military officer, leader of a National Guard known for its corruption and blatant disregard for human rights, and a rumored narcotics trafficker. He became a convenient scapegoat for treaty renegotiation opponents in congress, who insisted we knew too little about Torrijos to make him a trustworthy negotiating partner, and that what we did know was not encouraging. Sayre and I never tried to portray him as a saint; that was hardly the issue. The question was whether Torrijos was pragmatic, consistent, and above all reliable. Could we work with him?

Our official attitude towards Torrijos changed markedly by the end of my tour in 1971. We had serious differences with Panama and problems in our relations, but we got past the hurdle of attributing bad faith and hidden motives to Torrijos as an individual. Bob Sayre and succeeding ambassadors came to have workable relations with him. From the outset the White House under Nixon and Carter never wavered.

In the end, we reached an agreement in 1978 which was fair and honorable for both sides. Then Torrijos was killed in an unexplained plane crash in 1981. He was one of a kind, and deserves a biography that displays his strong points, not just the negative ones.

Our son Mark was born at this time, on September 15, 1970, filling our Spring Valley home with his gentle, cheerful presence. Having completed his studies at Northeastern University's School of Journalism *magna cum laude*, Mark works in Boston in the computer industry, performing tasks that are beyond my comprehension.

10

THE SENIOR SEMINAR, FOREIGN SERVICE INSTITUTE: 1971-72

I asked for a year of training after my work on Panama, and was selected for the State Department's Senior Seminar in Foreign Policy. Our nine months of study and travel were bracketed by publication of the Pentagon Papers on Vietnam in June of 1971 and the Watergate break-in of the offices of the Democratic National Committee a year later, with the Vietnam War, student unrest, racial turmoil, and the feminist and counter-cultural movements swirling in between.

The Seminar provides interdisciplinary and interagency training to people with promising careers who have reached levels equivalent to colonel or one-star flag officer. For an academic year, members of the Seminar study and travel together in a program focused on American life and domestic issues, how these relate to foreign policy and, in separate segments, management skills and national security issues. It amounts to a rediscovery, or relearning, of America in a conscious, structured way to make its members more effective representatives of our country abroad because it has been disclosed to them anew. When traveling, members read the local papers with their down-home view of the news and general disinterest in Washington and events abroad. The Seminar amounts to service on the "American Desk," an immersion in the life and issues outside a parochial capital.

Of my 19 classmates, about half were from the State Department and half from other agencies such as the military services, Treasury, CIA, Agriculture, Commerce, USIA and AID. This mix of people working in the international field is one of the great strengths of the Seminar; it would have been a less broadening experience by far had all of us been Foreign Service officers. The setting for Washington sessions at the Foreign Service Institute was informal. Lounging in chairs with book arms, we spent two or three hours with each lecturer, much of this time in a give-and-take with the guest. 1971 was an election year for Nixon's second term, and we were absorbed in its politics. Our spouses were invited to attend lectures that were not classified, and many took advantage of this offer to study and learn together. Nine months gave us opportunities to be with our children, which are not easy to find in a Washington job with its long hours of work, including on weekends.

We rode at night in squad cars with the Chicago police. We learned something about American farming in Omaha. We went to military installations, such as SAC/NORAD, and CINCPAC in Honolulu. We listened to jazz in New Orleans bars and ate Oysters Rockefeller. We visited factories, art museums, and a futures market in Chicago where people on the floor seemed engaged in an elaborate ballet. In Atlanta, we visited black universities. We met with American Indians, nature conservationists, and people who run welfare programs. In Boston, we discussed state and federal relationships from the viewpoint of a state government. We went to prisons and rehabilitation centers for drug addicts, and watched open heart surgery in a students' amphitheater. We found that once we focused their attention on foreign affairs, most Americans were interested. They were curious to hear about our experiences abroad, the issues we had confronted, but above all what it was like to live in different countries and cultures.

Toward the end of the Seminar, we wrote individual case studies, which gave some of us opportunities to travel abroad. My paper, "*East Germany in Eastern Europe*" may have been a factor, later, in my assignment to East Berlin as deputy chief of mission. I chose a topic which permitted me to visit the countries surrounding East Germany: Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Romania, Yugoslavia, and then the Soviet Union to complete the picture. With the help of our embassies, I talked with officials, academicians, journalists, and other diplomats in order to assess their views of East and West Germany at the height of the Cold War. I walked the streets, often ate alone in local restaurants, visited historic sites, traveled on trains and felt myself a combination of tourist and freelance reporter. I was struck once more by how distinct in every way each of these countries was from the other.

In part, these were my conclusions written 18 years before the two Germanies were reunited on September 12, 1990:

"I am struck more than anything else by the fact that the Germans have now taken charge of the German question. Do both sides already have some instinctive sense, as yet unformulated and unspoken, of the possibility of renewed 'German' power in Europe? I suspect they do. This isn't necessarily ominous...[T]he United States must find new ways to remain attuned to German developments. We must not lag too far behind the actions of the Federal Republic with regard to the recognition of East Germany. Once the Germans have found a way to normalize their relations, and Bonn is prepared to accord some form of recognition to Pankow, the western allies should be prompt in following suit." (May 1972)

My year in the Seminar was the most professionally valuable and exciting training I ever received. Tax payers rest assured: this is not a junket. The benefits to professional experience never ceased, because we had new knowledge about America to draw upon, and much of it became relevant in one way or another to nearly everything we thought about and did from then onward.

11

DEPUTY DIRECTOR, POLICY PLANNING STAFF: 1972-74

A The Nature of Policy

Foreign policy is made in many ways, a bit in long-range planning, which defines major objectives and often reflects social values; most of it in day-to-day decisions fine-tuning policies already in flow, or which fit easily into established areas of consensus. Rarely are there overarching concepts--words dear to planners--such as George Kennan's vision of "containment" as the basis for the gamut of our relations with the Soviet Union. The Clinton administration tried "enlargement" after the Cold War, but mercifully this never took hold. "Enlargement" seemed to amount to an undifferentiated notion that America's democracy and free markets should be extended everywhere.

Policy is carried out through diplomacy, the management of international relations by negotiation, be it around a conference table or in less formal conversation between

representatives of different governments. Its practice is expected to reflect a sensitive appreciation of what is appropriate and proper in dealing with others, as evidence of mutual respect and trust. The exercise of diplomatic leverage is not inherently different from other peaceful uses of power, whether in making business deals, asserting hierarchical authority, or ruling as a judge. The appropriate diplomatic message may be unwelcome, harsh, or threatening. Diplomacy is not the business of pleasing others at every turn; it is usually a commitment to pursuing one's national interests.

Long-range policy planning takes time and detachment. Secretary of State Marshall created the Policy Planning Council in 1947 to give Kennan a base for this kind of thinking after his famous Long Telegram a year earlier in which, as chargé in Moscow after Averell Harriman's departure, Kennan made the case for containment. Thereafter Acheson, as secretary, largely ignored Kennan and his small staff. Once Dulles was installed he fired Kennan, yet asked him, incongruously and in parting, to "come in from time to time to let us have your comments on what is going on."

Most of what constitutes policy is shaped by the unpredictability and friction of day-to-day relations, in which short-term objectives are quickly defined, specific, limited, and pragmatic. Ambassador Ellis O. Briggs put it this way in his memoirs--and he was writing about the 1930s: "Once something has been done, it becomes the raw material of precedent; three or four precedents tied up in a paper bag equal a policy neatly packaged." Today, with the Cold War over, it is more difficult to provide a larger sense of context and policy framework. There isn't any single, pervasive adversary like the "evil empire" to engage, no "us" and "them." Day-to-day decisions tend to be reflexive, with Washington's desk officers and assistant secretaries swinging their bats at every pitch crossing the plate. These incremental decisions are not necessarily consistent with longer range (if vaguely stated) objectives, and after a while can take on a new direction and momentum of their own, the consequences of which no one may have seriously thought through, or perhaps intended. Foreign policy is made in clumsy ways. There is an old saw that applies: if you don't know where you're going, any road will get you there. As ambassador, I reminded my country team of this wisdom while we struggled with our crisis *du jour*. It is always useful to know your destination.

Ideally (and therefore never) the foreign policy process should go something like this. The political leadership in the White House, cabinet and sub-cabinet positions sets its objectives and determines broad policies when these are important enough to warrant their attention. Some of these objectives may have been sufficiently controversial to have been debated during the election campaign, and can amount to political promises. Major changes in policy toward Cuba would fall into this category. Ideally, this is a comprehensive, tone-setting process at the beginning of an administration and its results are ratified by the president, thereafter to be monitored by the National Security Council staff. What one hopes for are the grand lines of strategy, as the French put it, but these are not that often set.

Then, under the direction of the secretary of state, professionals in the State Department and other foreign affairs agencies in Washington get down to the day-to-day business of

interpreting broad policy guidance in light of specific objectives, or problems that have landed on their desks. This takes a lot of work and coordination, and is how most foreign policy professionals at the State Department spend their time. When goals are clear, it is of course easier to take the initiative and move pieces on the board. Our diplomats overseas provide their perspectives, and make policy recommendations based upon their experience and on-the-scene assessments. George Kennan's Long Telegram presented an argument that could only have been made by someone at a typewriter in Moscow. These diplomats also implement, through individual strategies and their greatly varying diplomatic styles, policies that have been approved back home.

Policy is made in Washington. And it is sometimes inspired, refined, challenged, monitored, globalized, and imaginatively projected into the future by the secretary of state's policy planning staff.

B Policy Planning

I have twice been assigned to the Policy Planning Staff (S/P), and worked with five of its directors: William Cargo, James Sutterlin, Winston Lord, Samuel Lewis and James Steinberg. Three were foreign service officers, one was ex-foreign service (Lord), and one a non-career man who was primarily an academic (Steinberg), although he had briefly worked in the Bureau of Intelligence and Research before becoming director of the staff under Warren Christopher. Kennan's Policy Planning Council consisted of six officers who could sit comfortably around a small conference table. By 1973, this group had expanded to 28, and it is in this company that I first worked on our global concerns.

There are two basic models for the policy planning function. The first is *reflective and disengaged*, in which people largely spend their time writing policy papers, a model adopted by Cargo and Sutterlin. The second is *activist and operational*, adopted by Lord and Steinberg, who viewed themselves as personal assistants to the secretary and thus became enmeshed in the policy and implementation issues of daily concern to him. The S/P staff below them became advisers on operational issues; the office churned under pressures and deadlines, like the rest of the Department. Collegiality and "the long view" yielded to day-to-day quick fixes. The secretaries of state in these instances were the greatly differing Henry Kissinger and Warren Christopher.

Two examples illustrate the point. When the Yom Kippur War broke out in 1973, Sutterlin was in the countryside holding a weekend planning session with his staff. Word came by phone that no one need return to Washington, but our Middle East experts drove back anyway. The Arab Oil Embargo, later in 1973, occurred on Lord's watch. S/P was consumed in preparing an ill-conceived Washington energy conference of importing nations, finding little time to hear the views of renowned petroleum experts Walter Levy and Melvin Conant, who flew to Washington to be available.

An exception to these two models was S/P under Samuel Lewis, who had earlier been Lord's principal deputy, and was its first director in the Christopher era. Lewis ran an office

which had some of the characteristics of both models. He wanted his staff to be reflective *and* activist, and it ended in being neither very successfully, although this was not Sam's fault. Generally the activist directors were more effective; they and their staffs had greater impact on the policy process. The most successful directors had strong personal relationships with the secretary built upon trust and unfettered access. Those who did not enjoy such visible support had a difficult time being heard by other policy makers.

What is the appropriate role for S/P in a new administration? It is to understand the past, produce what the secretary and deputy secretary ask for, and then lead them in anticipating future needs. What a secretary wants, and what he or she needs but does not yet know he wants, constitutes S/P's work, or most of it. S/P requires strong ties to all of the bureaus so it can understand their daily work and problems, and must therefore have access to the paper flow on issues of policy between the Seventh Floor and the rest of the organization. The key to such access is the Executive Secretariat (S/S) which acts, among other functions, as a paper-flow police force. Becoming part of the policy-making cycle is often S/P's greatest bureaucratic challenge, matched only by its tendency to become a bottleneck once this happens. Too often S/P members brood about their views and fuss over how to articulate them elegantly. When that occurs, the issue is resolved without S/P's participation. Hence, the harried looks of those caught in the *activist and operational* model.

The influence of S/P depends on the luster of its staff, and there has been unevenness in the quality of that office. Once its intellectual vigor is diminished, S/P can easily be cut out of the policy process. During my first tour in S/P, when Winston Lord was its director, the staff consisted primarily of foreign service officers. Under Sam Lewis in 1993, at least 40% of the staff came from other places--civil service, the military, and academia--many, but not all of whom, made important contributions.

There are natural allies for S/P beyond the secretary's office and S/S. The Bureau of Intelligence and Research is one of these on substantive issues and interagency intelligence matters. Sam Lewis made a successful effort to join INR's and CIA's work with S/P's. It was an inspired initiative, and succeeded as long as the distinction between the INR/CIA contribution (background and analysis), and S/P's (policy options and recommendations), was kept intact.

It is also important for S/P to be provided observer status on trips by foreign policy leaders, as well as at major conferences and negotiations. This gives its staff opportunities to understand the secretary's personal and negotiating styles. An S/P member can be useful in providing a fresh perspective, evoking larger contexts and consequences, playing devil's advocate and, in short, being a constructive kibitzer. Such participation provides S/P better insight into what people on the other side of the table are seeking. It gives a first-hand view of the positions and bureaucratic politics of other US government agencies, builds personal relationships, and facilitates follow-up support. And finally, one cannot underestimate the importance to S/P's legitimization in the bureaucracy if it is seen as a major policy player,

evidenced by its members' participation in the secretary's meetings, travels, negotiations--and card games on the aircraft.

My first S/P assignment during 1972-74 was as deputy director for policy coordination, another Kissinger innovation. William Cargo was then its director. He was a man of idealism and imagination, but not a strong bureaucratic force. With a passive William Rogers as secretary of state and an overbearing Henry Kissinger as national security adviser, there was little opportunity for S/P to make an impact. A few individual members in exotic areas of specialization were influential; that has always been the case, and held true for the few months during which James Sutterlin, an old German hand, was director. There was no broader market in this environment for S/P's product.

I was already in S/P when Winston Lord arrived in 1973. Lord, intense and hard-driving, had served on the NSC staff under Kissinger, and made the opening trip to China with him. He was attuned to Kissinger's thinking, methods, and self-centered style; from the outset he could speak with authority about the secretary's views, and on his behalf. Foreign policy was in Kissinger's iron grip as no other secretary of state had controlled it. Policy planners were at the receiving end of his orders; we were, in effect, an appendage to his office. His communications to us were through Lord and speech-writers on our staff. Meetings had been scheduled at the beginning to permit the secretary to meet his planners, but in HAK fashion they were canceled at the last minute. On issues of concern to him, his private strategies and use of back channels held sway.

Because Lord was so entirely an extension of Kissinger, his authority in the Department was rarely questioned, and sometimes feared. I think this led S/P to play too activist a role, overwhelming its staff and their advisory functions. We became an echo of Kissinger, frequently instructing other offices in the Department on what they should do. Things got done, but this behavior merged the profile of S/P with that of the secretary's office, sometimes to the detriment and bureaucratic confusion of the Department's best intentioned people.

An important S/P function is speech-writing. When Lord became director, the staff quickly assumed this responsibility. S/P drafted all of Kissinger's major speeches during his tour as secretary, or at least had a strong hand in the final product. There were excellent writers on the staff, among them Mark Palmer; Win himself devoted much time to this function. Kissinger recognized, as other secretaries have, that speeches are a good way to make and articulate policy, float trial balloons, and nip speculation. Kissinger took his speeches unnervingly seriously. We would get back draft after draft, even portions we knew he had never read. A draft would reach his desk; impatient, and without reading it, he would scrawl "Improve this!" and bounce it back to S/P for another round of writing.

At its best, S/P is an informed, wise and questioning voice in the hurly-burly of the Department's life. S/P can function best when there is a strategic policy view, or at least an interest in reaching such a view. Much of Kissinger's approach (*détente* with the Soviet Union, the opening to China, arms negotiations, the Middle East peace process) evolved

during his time as national security adviser. He therefore brought to the Department an intellectual construct for foreign policy that had been accepted and was being acted upon when he became secretary, which, in turn, enabled Lord's S/P to make important contributions to the tactics of implementation.

Kissinger, nevertheless, was a secretary who insisted on intellectual rigor and discipline within the Department. His academic credentials were widely known. He believed decisions and actions should occur in a larger "conceptual framework," and sent back policy option papers in which (B) was the only choice, usually a tepid "slight-change" option surrounded by (A) "change nothing," and (C) "bomb them," or so it seemed. Few other secretaries have insisted with such force that papers reaching them be based on well reasoned arguments, and that options be realistic and comprehensive. This did not mean, of course, that Kissinger's decisions were validated by what followed. Many were not. But it did mean that Kissinger's stewardship created an intellectual environment of extraordinary challenge and discipline which extracted the best work the State Department was capable of producing. While lawyers Vance and Christopher, for example, kept their doors more open, it seemed to me they imposed less rigorous standards.

C The NSC Under Secretaries Committee

In the early 1970s, S/P became the office of policy planning *and* coordination, a concept that ended after the Ford administration, when S/P reverted to being a planning office. The coordination function grew out of Kissinger's concept of an NSC mechanism with himself at its center, conceived in a suite at the Pierre Hotel in New York as he and president-elect Nixon diagramed a national security structure for the new administration. S/P's coordination function involved organizing and directing work required by the Under Secretaries Committee (USC), also a newly created institution. The USC was the second-level review committee in the NSC process, short of the National Security Council itself, chaired by the deputy secretary of state and controlled by Kissinger. On these matters, I worked directly with John Irwin, whose special assistant was Nicholas Veliotis, and then Kenneth Rush, aided by Michael Samuels.

The USC included representatives of the same departments and agencies that were statutory members of the NSC, i.e. State, Defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, CIA and the NSC staff. But it also drew on other departments and agencies, depending on the issue to be addressed; we had a roster of some 20 other government entities who would become involved on an *ad hoc* basis. The USC was the leading interagency coordinating mechanism under the direction of the National Security Council. Those of us who were its staff directors, Arthur Hartman, Seymour Weiss, myself and Wreatham Gathright, were acutely conscious that we had allegiances both to the Department and NSC. This meant we had to view the Department as only one of the principal contributors to an issue--not easy with Kissinger as secretary of state--and we tried to serve the system objectively. We sought to convey to its participants a sense of the intellectual fairness of the process, which from time to time caused irritation in the State Department.

The Committee met about once every two or three months. The USC staff prepared studies and decision papers, and we monitored issues and negotiations on a continuing basis. We had a fixed group of addressees, a system for selective distribution of papers, a process for convening *ad hoc* working meetings, a procedure for clearances of draft memoranda and decision papers, and a mechanism for obtaining presidential or the NSC adviser's approval of documents. Formal decisions were in writing and signed by Kissinger in his dual role as NSC adviser, or by the president. All of this was managed before the introduction of desk-top and personal computers. It sounds numbingly bureaucratic, but when the policy interests of large numbers of people from different vantage points become *legitimately* engaged in decisions, some kind of mechanism needs to pull the process together. Bigness brings its own requirements.

We were the interagency coordinating mechanism for Law of the Sea negotiations, CSCE issues, Micronesian status negotiations, SALT verification, and many other activities, often long-range issues which would take years to resolve. There were other matters to be settled more quickly, such as the USSR-US cultural agreements and underground nuclear testing issues. Because it had such an effective clearance system, the USC was designated to settle many discrete, and often urgent interagency problems. We could call a meeting at a few hours' notice and be assured that the empowered action officers from each agency would show up. Often I led such meetings. We became a quick fix mechanism for different kinds of problems not vital in themselves, but in need of attention and resolution. My efficient assistant Louise Froebe made it all happen expeditiously.

The issue that engaged us deeply was the Law of the Sea negotiations. These were the most complex global negotiations ever undertaken, and of exceptional interest to the private sector, especially for their resource implications. One of the major stumbling blocks, for example, was deep sea mining rights for valuable manganese nodules. This problem and several other issues such as fishing rights, territorial waters, and passage through straits, often seemed beyond resolution. A Law of the Sea treaty was finally negotiated, but the US has not ratified it.

Interestingly, one of the most strained periods in the Cold War, the US and Soviet Union agreed on many Law of the Sea questions, an example of how specific concerns of mutual interest and benefit can transcend traditional barriers and unite antagonists. Law of the Sea negotiations were led for the US side by John Norton Moore at the time. He reported to the deputy secretary and received his formal interagency instructions through the NSC system. Moore's team of lawyers often strayed from legal matters into policy, and were difficult to control, a problem I have found common among lawyers dealing with foreign relations.

The Under Secretaries Committee became the repository for documents recording hundreds of decisions accompanied by memoranda from various parts of the government leading to these decisions. We had extensive files; the system lived on paper. In these files one can now find a chronological, thorough paper trail leading to a decision, or the resolution over a long period of time of a set of issues. We became the office of record, the institutional memory for the duration of Nixon's and Ford's presidencies.

D Contingency Planning

I became involved in world-wide contingency planning by the top secret Washington Special Action Group (WASAG) through its small interagency working committee. The WASAG, too, was part of the NSC system under Kissinger. Charged with developing contingency plans, this senior body found it difficult to make time for such work, or even decide on how to go about its task. Our small committee was established to select the eight or ten most likely areas where a serious foreign policy crisis might erupt. We developed a format for contingency planning and put together contingency plans for these carefully selected trouble spots.

The covering document in a red 3-ring notebook described a possible contingency, such as the outbreak of hostilities between Greece and Turkey, and the factors that might have given rise to it. We defined US interests, provided an analysis of likely issues, and prepared options for first steps in a US response. One of the notebook's sections listed material and political resources available to the US to assist in the resolution of the crisis. Another listed people in the US government (or retired from it) with special knowledge of the region and its personalities, including former ambassadors and DCMs. These notebooks included intelligence material, city maps, and other factual information of use to WASAG members, the regional bureaus, and State's Operations Center in the event of a blow-up. While emergencies never occur as one might imagine them, these materials would have been something with which to begin. These plans did not survive the Nixon era, however, and were packed up for his presidential library, or perhaps destroyed.

Each administration devises its own national security processes and tends to disregard what has been done by the previous one. "If we didn't invent it--it can't be any good," goes the thinking. It is shocking how neglected the old files quickly become, many of them providing insight and a history of dealing with thorny issues. The same mistakes are repeated. The same options rediscovered, or never thought of. The proverbial wheel is reinvented again and again in a needless waste of time and effort.

Twenty years later, in 1992, when I returned to S/P during the Clinton administration, contingency planning was done informally, *ad hoc*, and not on an interagency basis. We were engaged in struggles to find day-to-day approaches to such long-smouldering headaches as Somalia, Haiti, Bosnia, and the Middle East. These were the hot spots facing Clinton's team, yet little attention was given them at the outset by the Department's new leaders, and eventually all of them blew up. In the mindsets of new people, such problems belong in the past; they prefer to write on clean slates.

This only reinforces the argument for establishing a Permanent Under Secretary position in the Department of State, and creating an institutional memory to serve a new leadership team and make the foreign policy process more efficient, consistent and informed. It borders on the insane that every four or eight years our new foreign policy managers start afresh on problems that have been studied and acted upon by their predecessors and are

often uncontroversial in terms of US policy. Congressional staffs, CIA, and the Defense Department keep their records and know what they contain. The countries with which we deal know well the history of our relations with them. No wonder the State Department has trouble asserting its primacy! Far too much in its system depends on the veneer of newly acquired knowledge. By the time new leaders hit their stride, the next election comes around and institutional memory is once more in peril.

The State Department does not have a process for crisis prevention through preventive diplomacy. Such thinking should become an additional task for S/P, in tandem with INR. Playing devil's advocate has an element of crisis prevention, because it forces people to think through the consequences of action or inaction, but this is not the same as contingency planning. An attempt to look beyond the day is difficult, time-consuming, and frustrating for any bureau burdened with its continuing pressures of work. Contingency planning and preventive diplomacy require time for reflection.

A strong S/P should supplement what the bureaus do. S/P has the luxury of having more time and a broader mandate than the regional and functional bureaus. It must do more to assist these bureaus in looking ahead, particularly since S/P has an integrating perspective on the world.

E Crisis Management

Crisis management differs from contingency planning in that a crisis has already occurred, as in Bosnia, or Iran when hostages were seized. The response needs direction and supervision. Crisis can be defined as an unstable state of affairs. The State Department has for years thought about how to cope with crises, as one of its leading responsibilities. There are essentially two ways of doing so: through normal bureaucratic channels that can be used effectively until, and unless, the crisis becomes so complex and expanded that these channels are overwhelmed; or by creating *ad hoc*, tailor-made task forces comprised of carefully selected people brought together to achieve specific goals in a limited time frame with specially allocated resources. The task force concept, military in origin, is an effective management device. Task forces are located in the Department's Operations Center on the Seventh Floor, with its global communications network. Secure conference rooms enable people to sit around large tables with telephones and computers at hand. Maps and action boards line the walls.

There are different kinds of crises, and each is *sui generis*. One distinction is whether the crisis could have been anticipated, and whether we were prepared for it. There are also some which cannot be foreseen specifically, but can be planned for generally. For example, an earthquake in Mexico is a natural disaster of a recurring kind and permanent mechanisms exist to deal with disaster relief. The PanAm-103 crash caused by terrorists, however, would have been difficult to foresee but not impossible to imagine. The Jonestown mass suicides in Guyana constituted a crisis out of the blue for which contingency planning or preventive action could not have been expected.

Some activities are fully anticipated; indeed, they are launched by the government, bringing with them an obligation to pre-load crisis management aspects. For the Gulf War, a large task force was convened in advance, operating for many months under the astute direction of Ambassador Mary Ryan. It was so effective as a management tool that it was kept in being longer than necessary. A second example is the Somalia humanitarian relief operation, whose task force I led. The US government decided to take the initiative in this case, which provided the opportunity to create an appropriate task force in advance and coordinate from the beginning activities designed to launch and manage our relief efforts.

A task force is usually necessary when there is need for central management of government activities in a foreign policy emergency which will endure for more than 48 hours. This may seem like a short time frame, but no bureau is staffed to act around the clock for longer than two days. Some of the components that make task forces necessary are these:

- (1) Need for extensive coordination by the executive branch within its own ranks, with congress, the UN, other governments, private citizens, the media and private voluntary organizations;
- (2) policy and operational complexities of such magnitude that a constellation of carefully chosen, dedicated people is required;
- (3) recognition that US government involvement will be around-the-clock; the rest of the world is not on Washington time and informed people in Washington must always be available;
- (4) major use of resources (people, money, time, space, equipment, relief supplies, etc.) which must rely on adequate delivery systems; and
- (5) need for a visible, recognized, and empowered center which becomes the reference point for information and coordination of actions.

The task force process responds to all of these needs. It serves senior leaders directly and outside "the system." It prepares status reports at least twice daily, usually in messages sent to our posts around the world. It coordinates the activities of the Department of State on a world-wide basis, as well as those of other agencies. It becomes the repository for records in the evolution of a crisis: actions taken, meetings held, options considered, responsibilities assigned. Its extensive files become the institutional memory, at least for the duration of the crisis. Its experiences in getting started and functioning efficiently should become accumulated knowledge for successor task forces to draw upon as they, themselves, get launched.

F The World Outside

People who work at the State Department do not live their days in tight compartments separating their professional and personal lives. It all flows together. I say this because in August, 1974 Richard Nixon resigned as president. The buildup of the Watergate fiasco over the previous two years had strained credulity time and again. It did not seem possible that these things were happening. One held one's breath in picking up the morning's *Washington Post* from the doormat outside, and braced for its headlines. We took these concerns to the office and they haunted us. People in government realized with particular immediacy that for the first time in our history a presidency was collapsing, disintegrating. The president and some of his most senior advisers were lying to the American people. Watergate came to dominate conversations in our early morning encounters and over cafeteria lunches, sometimes in the form of jokes, but more often with shock, sorrow and a feeling of national shame.

For members of the Policy Planning Staff there was added impact because we were part of Henry Kissinger's team, and as secretary of state he was trying to keep our foreign policy separate from this series of disasters, fearing that in the Cold War we might appear weak to the Russians and the world. It is a confusing, sour and depressing experience, to say the least, to work on major policy issues of our government while its chief executive, who is responsible for the conduct of foreign relations, faces impeachment.

12

DCM, THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC, BERLIN: 1974-76

Staring out my window at the dark sky from a plane taking me to East Berlin as the first American diplomat to be accredited to the German Democratic Republic, I thought of the comic irony of my first experience there, sixteen years earlier, in May of 1958.

Before joining the Foreign Service and while staying with my parents in London, I visited the Soviet Union and Poland with a tour group and remained for a few days in Warsaw to spend some time with my uncle Wladek and his family. From Warsaw I continued by train to Berlin, with a plane ticket in my pocket to go on to London that afternoon. When East German border guards came through the train outside Berlin they asked to see my transit visa, which the travel office in Warsaw had failed to provide. After checking with the responsible Soviet officer, they escorted me off the train. Watching incredulously as the train left the station without me, I foolishly asked to speak to the American consul.

There was, of course, no such person in the Soviet Zone in 1958. I soon found myself in an officers' compartment of a Soviet furlough train, drinking tea from the samovar at the end of the coach. Back in the Warsaw travel office, and feeling a bit ridiculous, I got the necessary visa placed in my passport and once more set out for Berlin on the following morning, where it was stamped by the same soldiers I had argued with on the previous day. When my mother met me at London's Heathrow Airport she said, "I knew you'd be arrested on this trip!" And here I was, returning to East Germany to become, in effect, the unavailable American consul. I knew that in every way my service in Berlin this time

would be different. The Cold War had not only entered a new phase but, as Heraclitus put it, "you cannot step twice into the same river."

On September 4, 1974 the United States signed an agreement with the German Democratic Republic (GDR) in the austere Treaty Room of the Department of State which established normal diplomatic relations. I was present when Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs Arthur Hartman signed for the US at a small ceremony. The US side had no smiles for photographers. Our posture was that we had recognized the GDR to remain in step with the Federal Republic, France, and Great Britain who had already done so. In fact, we were the 111th country to recognize the German Democratic Republic.

I was aware from my work on the Policy Planning Staff in the early 1970s that we were considering establishing relations with East Germany, and kept track of the issue through a life-long interest in German affairs. Former Senator John Sherman Cooper would become our first ambassador, and the Department was looking for someone with experience in Berlin to be his deputy, or DCM. The case study I had written in the Senior Seminar on the standing of East Germany in Eastern Europe helped whet my appetite for this assignment. In the summer of 1974, I let Hartman know I would like to be considered for Berlin. I first met Cooper when he called on Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in 1974 as ambassador-designate. He stopped by my office to chat, knowing I was interested in becoming his deputy. I found John Sherman Cooper, at 73, an excessively courteous, formal, soft-spoken southern gentleman with the bearing and aloof manners of an earlier age. At the end of approximately half an hour, he seemed satisfied that we could work together. I hoped we could.

A Status of Berlin

I brought myself up to date on German affairs and planned to leave for Berlin in October. My wife and children, for schooling reasons, would not be joining me in Berlin until Christmas. Although I was to become the first American representative accredited to the German Democratic Republic, we were not charting entirely new waters. France and the UK had preceded us. Their embassies were functioning in East Berlin and their pioneering work became helpful to us.

We were all accredited to the German Democratic Republic and worked and lived in East Berlin, which the Western Allies did not consider part of the territory of the GDR. This created a semantic issue. Absent a peace treaty and final settlement of other issues surrounding the defeat of Nazi Germany, East Berlin was merely the Soviet sector of a city, Greater Berlin, occupied by the four wartime powers: the US, Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union. Berlin was therefore not part of East Germany. The surrounding countryside was. Upshot: we styled ourselves embassies to (not in) the GDR. These were not arcane legalisms, but went to the heart of the post-war status of defeated Germany, "the Four Power rights and responsibilities for Berlin and Germany as a whole."

We maintained this distinction when it came to the functions of the American ambassador in East Berlin and his staff, on the one hand, and our ambassador in Bonn and his staff on the other. Martin Hillenbrand, a lifelong expert on German affairs and foreign service officer, was then our ambassador in Bonn. If a problem involving the *Soviet* authorities arose in Berlin that had to be dealt with at the High Commissioner level, John Cooper could not address it because such issues fell to Hillenbrand. Hillenbrand, with his residual powers as successor to the High Commissioner, periodically came to East Berlin to see his counterpart, Soviet Ambassador Piotr Abrasimov, in order to keep in touch and deal with just such matters.

The Soviets simplified their approach to this duality of roles by appointing Abrasimov both their ambassador to the GDR and, in effect, Soviet High Commissioner. He, however, lived in the Soviet sector, and not, in our view, in the GDR. Hillenbrand would drive through "Checkpoint Charlie" with his ambassadorial flags flying, visit the Soviet embassy, transact his business with Abrasimov, and return to Bonn via West Berlin. It was all rather complicated, but not without logic and purpose: the Allies would not permit the post-war legal status of Berlin to erode.

The American military commandant in West Berlin also came to East Berlin to meet with the Russians. Western Allied military in West Berlin had continuing contacts with the Soviet military on issues that dealt with the city or one of its sectors. The military met at Potsdam, outside East Berlin. Americans stationed in West Berlin could cross to the east only through "Checkpoint Charlie," showing their documents to GDR or Soviet authorities through the closed windows of their cars. We, on the other hand, who were accredited to East Germany, passed through any of the East German checkpoints, showing our red diplomatic identification booklets to East German personnel. If there were problems for us at the crossing points, we, as accredited diplomats, would ask for a GDR foreign ministry representative, rather than the Soviet officer. All Americans and their dependents assigned to the GDR had to learn and observe these rules.

B Ambassador and Mrs. Cooper

Senator Cooper enjoyed a year of service as ambassador to India in the Eisenhower administration. A liberal Republican, he resigned after Kennedy took office. In 1974, his socially prominent wife, Lorraine, began lobbying Secretary Kissinger during Georgetown dinner parties to appoint her husband to the GDR. As I was leaving for Berlin to prepare the way, Winston Lord, head of the Policy Planning Staff, told me Kissinger had directed the State Department to expedite its efforts to send Cooper to East Germany in order to "get that woman off my back." Lorraine, who would have been delighted to know this, was instrumental in having her husband appointed and despatched on his mission to Berlin.

Cooper was a prominent political figure and turned out to be a fine ambassador in many ways. He was also hard of hearing. Like many older men--Averell Harriman comes to mind--he was not willing to wear a hearing aid, and communicating with him was difficult.

I opened any conversation with a short sentence to get his attention, and then repeated it because his first response invariably was "WHAT?" Anyone who worked closely with Cooper had to adjust to this, including our East German hosts.

Cooper was a shrewd judge of people, especially as to their potential for trustworthiness. He came from Pulaski County, Kentucky and a family of modest means. He had been a judge and risen to the US Senate. There, he was the co-author of the Cooper-Church amendment which stopped funding for the Vietnam War. He had finely honed political instincts, and was not naive or anyone's patsy. The East Germans recognized his abilities; they also respected him because of his age, bearing, and old world manners, which they particularly liked. He looked the part. This was true of the Soviets in East Berlin as well, especially Ambassador Abrasimov, who had been the Soviet representative for many, many years and was himself a canny old fox.

The East Germans and Soviets were delighted not only to have American representation in East Berlin, but to gain this in a person of Cooper's renown. Our presence and the American flag flapping from a window pole represented to them the completion of a legitimization process by the West, the much sought *Anerkennung* which had begun when the French and British opened their embassies in East Berlin quite a few months before. Allied policy in this regard was not to get ahead of the West Germans in Bonn. The two Germanys had established relationships earlier in the form of Permanent Representatives which enabled the French, the British, and then ourselves to follow.

Cooper could not speak more than ten words of German, although he had served briefly in Germany during World War II where he was for a short time married to an American Army nurse. That did not stop him from getting along remarkably well with Germans. He communicated with them in ways that were mysterious to me. I remember one day, long after the embassy had opened, when the East Germans changed foreign ministers. Oskar Fischer was the new man. Cooper had been asked to make a courtesy call, and before he was to go we had arranged to meet in front of the Unter den Linden Hotel, where we were all living at the time.

I arrived from my office to find Cooper standing outside eating *wurst* and chatting with the street vendor. I don't know what common language they found because neither could speak the other's tongue. Cooper was about two-thirds finished with his *wurst*, when I suggested that we start our walk to the foreign ministry, or we would be late. Cooper folded a flimsy paper napkin around the uneaten part of the *wurst* and stuck it in his coat pocket.

When we arrived at the ministry we were escorted into the minister's gloomy and oppressively furnished chambers, where we witnessed an unusual performance on the part of a foreign minister. Fischer sat very close to Cooper, barely 18 inches away and, leaning forward, stared intently into his face. This behavior was disconcerting to Cooper, and I found myself repressing laughter. Ours was essentially a courtesy call, with Fischer mouthing platitudes and Cooper going through a few lackluster talking points. We finally left this odd scene and strolled back to the hotel, laughing about the meeting just ended.

Cooper kept imitating the foreign minister by sticking his face close to mine just as Fischer had done with him. We found the episode incomprehensible. While Cooper was imitating Fischer, I kept thinking about the *wurst* which was still in his pocket. I knew that his personal assistant, Trudy Musson from Louisville, a vivaciously competent person Cooper had brought with him from his Senate office, would soon discover this greasy leftover, as she discovered so many other odd things in her boss's overcoat pockets, which she had learned to check from time to time.

Cooper used to forget things like that rather frequently. He was a meticulous dresser, but sloppy otherwise. In his first few days at the embassy, he received at least one security violation notice every night from the Marine guard who inspected our offices after we left. He discarded everything in his waste basket. We finally decided to declare the waste basket a classified area, so everything in the basket would go into the burn bag at the end of the day. Cooper was in deep contrition after each violation of security and apologized elaborately to the Marines but never changed his habits. Our Marines loved Cooper. Each time one of them was promoted, he assembled all of us in his office, the full detachment appearing in their dress uniforms. As he read the standard citation of service to country, his voice began to crack about half way through. At the end we were all on the verge of patriotic tears, each and every time.

Mrs. Cooper, married three times, was a leading social force on the Georgetown scene. A petite, elegant woman of great taste who favored large hats and parasols as protection from the sun, she was for many years on the "best dressed" lists of fashion writers. She was a stickler for correct behavior and, like John, could be stuffy at times, which seemed odd because in private her humor was sharp and did not avoid vulgarity, any more than his did. By the time she arrived in Berlin, Lorraine must have been in her late 60s. She was a Californian who had never gone to college, but was one of the best read and brightest people I have known. Mrs. Cooper's invitations were prized; she held an annual garden buffet at the Cooper's N Street home in Georgetown, the invitation to which read: "In Honor of the United States Senate." A large portion of the Senate and many other luminaries showed up, making this a major event for Washingtonians and their social pages.

Lorraine, also, was an extraordinarily shrewd observer, clever in assessing people, often catty and funny about them, and always in search of their strong and weak points. She had a fine sense of what motivated people. She has been compared in print to Mrs. Lightfoot Lee, the heroine in Henry Adams' novel *Democracy*, a book I read years earlier, and I found the comparison apt. Lorraine's political instincts were as good as her husband's; she had an appreciation of what was really going on. She was unfailingly supportive and always spoke lovingly of him, even when he was in one of his moody periods which occurred periodically.

I admired how warm and friendly Lorraine was with our small embassy staff. She took a genuine interest in them, their problems, their families. What made them laugh made her laugh too. She was at once a *grande dame* and a *Mensch*. John married her sooner than they

had planned so she could accompany him to New Delhi, where she had a brief exposure to embassy life. She had traveled extensively, and lived in Italy and France as a young woman. She spoke good French and Italian, and had studied Russian in Washington with the help of my wife's grandfather, her friend Sergei Cheremeteff. Lorraine made an effort to learn German, enough to handle pleasantries. She also had, far more than her husband, a sense of adventure. Lorraine saw the Coopers doing in East Germany what the David Bruces had accomplished in China. They were pioneering Americans carrying the flag to new territory. Evangeline Bruce was a close friend, and Lorraine reflected her elegance and *savoir faire*. Lorraine was an intensely patriotic American, and she let it show in ways that made her an enthusiastic voice for our country.

My relationship with the Coopers was never easy in Berlin, although John Sherman Cooper and I made an effective team and worked well together. There were moments of strain, often stemming from Lorraine's vision of what the US embassy residence in Berlin should be. The State Department was never able to satisfy her completely, although it tried to. After our tour in Berlin was over, the Coopers became two of my closest friends. We saw a great deal of each other in Washington. When I felt low, Lorraine would buck me up. At the N Street house, I poured for her the last glass of champagne she would drink. Shortly after I left the Cooper's home that evening, Lorraine suffered a massive stroke from which she never regained consciousness. The two of us had been gossiping about friends in Berlin.

C Establishing the Embassy

Cooper's main objectives in the new relationship with the GDR were to establish respect for the United States on the part of the regime and a favorable image of our country in the eyes of East Germans; to keep the performance of his embassy within the bounds of post-war Allied rights, responsibilities and practices, a task he largely left to me; to lay the basis, on the scene, for what we recognized would be a long and arduous process of dealing with restitution and American Jewish claims; to advance our modest commercial interests in the GDR; and to negotiate a consular convention with that government to protect our citizens.

We also sought to report back to Washington our first-hand impressions and analysis of the East German scene, something previously done from an Eastern Affairs Section of our mission in West Berlin and by various intelligence entities. This was the other part of Hitler's Germany whose post-war status was still unresolved. There were 20 Soviet divisions in the GDR, stationed there to keep order and constitute the core of a force which could move through the Fulda Gap one day to assault the NATO forces of Western Europe. This was the largest concentration of Soviet troops anywhere in the world. At the heart of these tensions lay an isolated Berlin, vital and vulnerable at the same time.

Within the limits of what could be done in a little more than two years, Cooper accomplished these goals and first steps. Most important to him was to get our relationship with the regime off to a correct start. "Correct" was a favorite word of his, reflecting principles, a lawyer's mind, and his view of American interests. Cooper never expected to

produce warmth in the relationship, even during a period of *detente* with the Soviet Union which led to a thawing of sorts in other countries of Eastern Europe, and he was realistic in this appraisal. Nothing important in the Allied-Soviet relationship over Berlin would budge in those years, nor did we intend that this happen through our newly established presence in East Germany.

There had been discussions within our government as to how and where I, as *chargé d'affaires*, should first appear in the GDR. One view held that I should drive through "Checkpoint Charlie" from West Berlin, emphasizing the occupation status and Allied as well as Soviet roles. The other maintained that because we had recognized the German Democratic Republic, I should land in its territory from a foreign capital, as would any other newly arrived diplomat. The second option became the preferred one, and this is what I did, relieved at the outcome. The East German protocol staff from the foreign ministry was also, in this way, able to go through its protocol of greeting a new head of mission at the airport. The East Germans were aware of this intra-US governmental debate through Felix Bloch of our mission's staff in West Berlin, who served as liaison officer for the details of my arrival, and they appreciated its outcome. (Bloch, years later, was accused of spying for the Soviet Union during his assignment as DCM in Vienna. I saw no evidence of such sympathies during our time together in Berlin. Bloch has not been indicted.)

On the arrival issue, Cooper and I had argued that, despite the nature of the regime, the East Germans should be treated correctly and with a certain respect, consonant with proper diplomatic behavior on our part. This may seem a small point, but it was not. Communication in diplomacy takes many forms, and often consists of sending signals to the other side through actions, attitudes, and behavior sometimes no greater than a look of disapproval, a stiffening of one's back, or a smile. My arrival arrangements carried a message about our view of the quality of this new relationship, and the extent to which we intended to treat the GDR as a normal partner in international affairs. The matter was decided in Washington by Arthur Hartman, a man of consummate skill and sensitivity in diplomacy. In a further bit of signal sending, I stopped in Bonn for two days on the way for briefings at the embassy and foreign ministry, a step we brought to the attention of the German press.

At Schoenfeld Airport, I was met by the deputy chief of protocol when my plane from Copenhagen landed, and driven into the city through torrential rains to my temporary quarters at the Unter-den-Linden Hotel. This was a seedy place indeed, but the best hotel in East Berlin at the time. Unhappily, there was a photographer who took pictures as I was checking in. This led to a longish story in *The New York Times* about the first US representative arriving in East Berlin, which was not what the Coopers or I wanted. The German papers carried similar stories. Our country director in Washington, David Anderson, called to tell me to keep a low profile, because the Coopers were miffed. They were anxious that John Sherman Cooper be known as the American who opened the US embassy in East Berlin.

I was not authorized by the Department to present my credentials as *chargé* until he had arrived, so there was no "official" embassy to East Germany. This scenario confounded the East Germans, who could not understand why I had not offered my letter of accreditation on arrival. But that is the way Cooper wanted it done. I was able to rationalize the situation at the foreign ministry, which did not make an issue of my unofficial presence and ignored this breach of procedure. As a practical matter, I was not impeded in my ability to do what I needed to, even though in diplomatic limbo. It is inconceivable that a career foreign service officer would have insisted on a similar arrangement as ambassador-designate. Our policy of keeping the act of recognition a low-key matter in the Cold War context argued, as State recognized, for playing down the ceremonial aspects in any event.

I did not fly the flag on our car, and we did not fly an American flag from our office building. This irritated the East Germans, who were anxious to have our flag displayed as soon as possible in public attestation to our recognition of their regime. One cannot exaggerate the East German regime's hunger for legitimacy, the "*Anerkennung der DDR*," celebrated in front-page headlines each time some small African state granted recognition. We were the biggest catch of all. Cooper himself would do the honors.

The State Department had sent an advance team to East Germany many months before, ably led by Joan Clark, then the executive director of Hartman's Bureau of European Affairs. It focused on leasing office space and housing, necessary spade work in preparation for our arrival. Her team was supported by our mission in West Berlin. Felix Bloch was assigned as liaison officer for Joan's efforts in East Berlin, and subsequent dealings with the East Germans. He later became our economic counselor at the embassy. I found him rather cold, distant and sardonic, but good at his work.

By the time I arrived, modest office quarters had been acquired, but were not ready to be occupied. A home for us at Mayakowskyring 50 had been rented, but I could not move in because it was still unfurnished. It was a rather large and brooding villa overlooking a park with a stream and ducks, wooden bridges and my favorite bench. The kitchen was small, but we installed the latest equipment from West Berlin. When our books and pictures arrived, along with the few items of furniture Mary and I traveled with, it became more home-like but never a place one could call cozy or happy.

Perhaps the gray skies of long, cold winters made it seem that way. The children played with their American friends from school in the flower garden and in its trees, or bicycled in our village-like neighborhood. They had no East German companions and none seemed to live nearby. My ten year old son Paul fell out of his favorite tree one day, and I brought him back from the Army hospital in West Berlin with a cast on his ankle, which made him a hero to his siblings and circle of friends. Mark, on the other hand, then five, who fell on the edge of a chair while tearing around the dining room, received careless attention at the local and unsanitary East German hospital and has a scar on his forehead to show for it.

I spent the first three months in the hotel, in a run-down, small and drably furnished room. The hotel served as the initial living quarters for our staff, at its peak during this period

numbering 23 Americans, including the Marine guards. My room was at the end of a hall, and outside was a chair occupied twenty-four hours a day by a uniformed East German policeman for my "protection." What we did was closely monitored by the East Germans. If we wanted to have sensitive conversations, we walked the streets. When my wife and children arrived in mid-December, we spent a dreary Christmas at the Unter-den-Linden.

Next to arrive after me were James and Aniko Gaal Weiner. Jim was our administrative counselor and therefore a key man for us all. His East German point of contact was one Dr. Loeffler, who presided over the *Dienstleistungsamt*, or Diplomatic Services Agency, to which we had to turn for housing, office space, and local employees such as drivers, household staff, and embassy clerks. In keeping with the regime's satisfaction with our presence, Loeffler was as helpful as he could be.

Aniko, new to the Foreign Service, was a star. Hungarian-born, elegant and artistic by nature, she worked tirelessly to help people settle in, added color to the decor of our three office suites which then constituted the chancery, and became a valued friend and helpmate to Lorraine Cooper. Typical of her priorities was to work with the Marine gunnery sergeant and, with purchases from the many stylish shops of West Berlin, brighten up and make a home out of the Marine quarters in the muddy Leipzigerstrasse, a monolithic and aesthetically bereft mass housing project adjacent to the Berlin wall, and still under construction, where she and Jim, and Cooper's secretary Trudie Musson, also lived.

Soon after my arrival we were assigned a communications officer. Until the embassy moved several years later to its permanent chancery, where there would be a communications center, one of his responsibilities at the end of the day was to take a sealed pouch of telegrams and diplomatic correspondence through a checkpoint to West Berlin for electronic transmission by USBER's communicators in the US Mission on the Clayallee. In the morning, he would again take an embassy car, drive through a checkpoint, and pick up messages that had arrived during the night.

One evening early on, I had written a telegram that was ready to be sent from West Berlin, and told our communicator, Bob Walker, I would take it myself because I needed to be there that night anyway. Bob drove me to USBER, where I left the telegram off and then went on to dinner with friends. Afterwards, I took a West Berlin taxi to "Checkpoint Charlie," which was as far as it could go. By now it was raining furiously, and I had not brought an umbrella. The walk back to my hotel on the other side of the wall was about five long and gloomy blocks through streets in a bombed-out section near Hitler's bunker that were deserted and dimly lit. Soon, I was so wet that water ran down the back of my neck and squished in my shoes. Far from feeling depressed, I recognized this was one of the most satisfying moments in my fifteen years of foreign service. I felt I had been born to walk this street on this night in this way, and that what I was doing was worthwhile. With no one around to watch, I tried out some Gene Kelly dance steps in the pouring rain.

I decided that all of our staff would live in East Berlin. There had been interest on the part of some to live in the west and commute through the wall every day. I believed that if we

were assigned to East Berlin, we should live there. However, we depended on our mission in West Berlin for much of our logistical support, and so we needed to cross through "Checkpoint Charlie" often, which, fortunately, was located near the embassy. We did all of our shopping in the west and often ate lunch there; eventually our children attended American schools there; we went to theaters there; all of this was a respite from the closed, dour atmosphere of East Berlin. At the end of the day, each of us returned to our homes in East Berlin, and eventually it felt like coming home. Despite the spartan conditions we worked and lived under, the staff responded well. As the first Americans in East Berlin, we had a sense of pioneering that brought us together. We supported each other and morale was surprisingly high.

In East Berlin, one breathed polluted air day in and day out: the brown coal dust, the East European cigarette smoke, the vapors of cheap gasoline. Shops were mostly empty, and people drew within themselves in public or with foreigners. Physically, the city had changed little since I last visited it five years earlier. There was some new construction, particularly of Soviet-style apartment blocs, and some renovation and restoration of historic buildings, even churches. But the atmosphere of oppression, the fear of contact with foreigners, the lack of gaiety and spontaneity remained the same.

All the while, the East Germans had access to West German television. The GDR could not keep these broadcasts out of its territory. Every evening, without trying to hide it, East Germans watched West German TV. They saw a way of life, as it was portrayed across the wall and in other western countries, materially and socially different from theirs. Yet the East Germans viewed this other standard of living with ambivalence. They were shocked by the crime rates, the blatant sexuality on TV, and by what appeared to them to be other signs of moral decay in West German society. On the other hand, they could not help but be impressed by the material opulence of West German life, and envied their German cousins for that.

I came to understand this ambivalence, a combination of their conservatism and prudery. East Berliners, particularly those no longer young, were not sure they wanted to live like their relatives on the other side of the wall. They coveted the affluence--refrigerators, fancy cars, and laden stores--and were wary of the life-style. Many were frightened by it, and concerned about the effects such freedoms would have on their own children, who also watched television.

By the 1970's, all of Berlin, in different ways, had recaptured the artistic vitality for which the city was famous in the pre-war days of Berthold Brecht, Kurt Weill, and Marlene Dietrich, Kaethe Kollwitz and George Grosz. Suggestions of vulgarity, drunkenness and sexuality, of loneliness and despair about life itself, lingered in Berlin's streets, where pock-marked building fronts with dark rooms behind their lace curtains protected secrets one did not wish to know. No writer of English has caught this mood better than Christopher Isherwood, "Herr Issyvoo" to his landlady Fräulein Schroeder, in *Berlin Stories*. Hildegard Knef's song "*Ich Hab' Noch Ein Koffer in Berlin*" speaks to this spirit.

In the 1970s, Von Karajan led the Berlin Philharmonic and Felsenstein staged breathtaking operas in East Berlin. Talented young writers, painters and actors lived on both sides of the wall. The lack of artistic freedom in the East was palpable. Berliners are possessed, in varying degrees, of fashion consciousness, intellectual vigor, cockiness and *avant garde* tendencies; raunchiness and maudlin sentimentality; stubbornness, courage, steadfastness and rudeness; a love of freedom, dogs, asparagus, and their vaunted "Berlin air." They sum up their brassy self-confidence in the words *Schnauze mit Herz*, meaning big mouth with a heart.

Few East Berliners were routinely allowed to cross to the west. Pensioners did so because they were considered unproductive, and family visits were occasionally approved by the regime in emergencies. At first, Berliners on both sides saw each other from a distance, but by 1974 buildings close to the wall had been razed. A "death strip" between East and West was widened and fortified with watch towers, fences, and ferocious guard dogs on long leashes. What could be seen most clearly from the east was the publisher Axel Springer's building in West Berlin adjacent to Checkpoint Charlie, and behind it the loom of West Berlin's bright lights.

In East Berlin, houses occupied by Americans had a police booth in front manned twenty-four hours a day ostensibly for protection from unspecified threats, but in fact to observe who came and went. We knew we were being subjected to technical surveillance, an East German specialty in the Soviet Bloc.

At the embassy, we needed to take down one of the walls in our office so we could install a "bubble," a secure and shielded enclosure the size of a small conference room. We explained to Herr Loeffler at the Diplomatic Services Agency that because the ambassador, once he arrived, wished to have an area for staff meetings, a non-retaining wall would have to be torn down to provide space. The wall was reluctantly demolished by the East Germans, who surely understood our reasons. Then came an unending stream of crates from West Berlin containing the acoustic blocks that would constitute the "bubble."

Once it was constructed by American Seabees, we were often in this secure room within a room, despite its poor and noisy ventilation. We recommended that people on our staff who wanted to discuss sensitive personal matters use this room to protect their privacy. Many who wished to have such conversations went instead to West Berlin. We would point to the ceiling if someone was about to discuss things that should not be overheard, sign language universally understood behind the Iron Curtain. The British, French, and West Germans had their own versions of "bubbles." I was intrigued by the subtle differences in design and furnishings: the British and French interiors had the down-at-heel feeling of a gentlemen's club that had known better times. The West Germans and ourselves offered a contemporary conference room ambiance. None was comfortable.

D Arrival of the Ambassador

Ambassador and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper arrived in December of 1974 at Schoenfeld Airport in East Berlin. The ambassador made a brief statement and then they were sped to the Unter-den-Linden Hotel. We had asked that two rooms be joined by knocking out a wall so the Coopers would have space in which to move around. With the Coopers came two butlers, Thomas and Michael, Mrs. Cooper's wonderful Salvadoran cook, Delia Alfaro, and her personal maid, Caroline. We housed this staff in West Berlin; the Coopers settled into their dowdy, noisy, and over-heated hotel with its collection of East European smells.

On their first night, the Coopers had a quiet dinner by themselves. The next afternoon, the administrative staff and I took them to the house the State Department's advance team had chosen for them. It was the best they could find. This turned out to be a small villa surrounded on three sides by a large cemetery. It had a tiny 1930s kitchen and small rooms, none of which opened on each other, and were accessible only from a cramped entrance hall. Delia, Tom, and Michael looked shaken. It was entirely unsuitable for the Coopers and fell far short of their expectations. Words failed Mrs. Cooper. A foreign service couple would have made the adjustment, perhaps even to the cemetery. It took only a few minutes, however, before the ambassador said to me: "When's the next plane home?"

I anticipated this reaction and had a fallback plan. We had asked the Diplomatic Services Agency to show us one of their shoe box shaped houses on the diplomatic compound. There were about thirty of these in a kind of Levittown for foreign ambassadors. Surrounded by a high fence, they were conveniently located. Some pathetic attempts at landscaping had been made, and it was not a pretty sight. On the plus side, they had large kitchens, a large dining room, several bedrooms and baths. They were well designed for entertaining. The outside area could accommodate many guests. Had we shown one of those houses first to the Coopers, we would have heard the same question about the next plane. But having seen the best traditional, pre-war housing the East Germans could provide, a shoe box would look better to John and Lorraine. Everything, after all, is relative.

The Coopers, quite upset, asked me to join them for dinner in their room that night. I described the shoe box, pro and con, and said it had great potential. I suggested that Mrs. Cooper could work with the basic structure and transform its appearance on the inside the way no other diplomats ever thought of doing. If they would be interested, I could arrange to take them to the diplomatic compound the next day so they could see the challenge for themselves. And that is what happened.

I could see a gleam in Mrs. Cooper's eyes the moment we entered. She was a talented interior decorator and it did not take long for her to assess the possibilities. Thomas was an interior designer as well as butler, and saw what might be done. Delia loved the kitchen. Lorraine transformed that shoe box into an entirely different place. She put tapestries on the walls, borrowed paintings from the National Gallery in Washington with its director Carter Brown's help, and strategically placed miniature orange trees we had procured from West Berlin. The East Germans were dazzled by this endorsement of their handiwork. More

importantly, the Coopers were happy in their new home. Lorraine's imagination and determination got us all past a large hurdle.

I mention the housing crisis because so much of my time was spent on matters like this, something to be expected in opening a new post. Our mission in West Berlin did its utmost to accommodate and support us. And what an asset it was to have West Berlin on the other side of this divided city! Our well versed administrative officer, Jim Weiner, however, always had a difficult time of it with Mrs. Cooper. Through her husband, she regularly tested the limits of our government's procurement policies.

The matter of the wooden toilet seats makes the point. Lorraine had heard from her friend, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, that wooden toilet seats were good in winter because they did not get as cold as the other kind. So she insisted on wooden toilet seats, and one day the ambassador put these on a list of items he wanted ordered for his residence. I told him we and Washington had been as responsive as possible to his many requests. Wooden toilet seats were very expensive. If we sent a telegram to the State Department with such a request, it would not be long before some ne'r-do-well would leak it to *The Washington Post*. I suggested that if wooden toilet seats were needed, they should be bought privately. I never heard about them again. Lorraine was visibly annoyed.

I walked a thin line in East Berlin. The State Department thought I was too supportive of the Coopers and too willing an accomplice in their demands. The Coopers, on the other hand, thought I was excessively cautious, too much a Washington bureaucrat. Privately, however, Cooper made it clear to me he wanted to be kept on the straight and narrow path of compliance with the rules.

Jim Weiner met his Waterloo with Mrs. Cooper in the incident of the air freshener. This is a liquid poured with an eye-dropper into a narrow, grooved ring that is placed on light bulbs in lamps to get rid of such smells as cigarette smoke. It is scented and emits light smoke when subjected to the heat of the bulb. Jim had never seen one of these before. On the evening in question, during a large, elegant reception at the residence in the diplomatic compound, at which arriving guests were announced at the top of the stairs by the butler, Jim spotted this smoke, and shouted "FIRE!" Pushing his way past the orange trees and through the guests, he smartly yanked the lamp cord out of the wall. When his gaze eventually met Lorraine's, however, he realized that, somehow, he had sized up the situation incorrectly.

On issues of policy and the bilateral relationship, Cooper did not intend to go further with the East Germans than Washington was willing to accept. But he had differences with State over tactics. Cooper did not appreciate guidance on *how* he should carry out his instructions. He felt tactics were his business, and I supported this view. Our relations with the State Department and embassy in the West German capital of Bonn were unavoidably sensitive and complicated. There was in Washington a certain awe of the politically prominent and respected Cooper, and concern that we in East Berlin might stray from the well trodden paths of Allied practices with initiatives of our own and cause trouble. As

Cooper's deputy and the ranking foreign service officer, I felt the breath of Washington on the back of my neck more than anyone else. Because we had no serious substantive differences within the US government over East Germany, it was fairly easy to keep our embassy on a steady course.

The Western Allies, West Germans, and ourselves worked closely on Berlin issues. It was Bonn that carried the major share of dealing with the East Germans. Their interests were more numerous and immediate than anyone else's. This placed great importance on staying in close touch with our West German colleagues in Berlin, so we could give Washington well founded reporting on what they thought and did. Had there been malevolence, personal jealousies, lack of competence in any of the Allied embassies, or in the West German mission in East Berlin, we would have had serious problems. None of this happened.

E Relations with the Soviets During *Detente*

The years of 1972 through 1979 were the Cold War's period of *detente*, or easing of tensions between the United States and Soviet Union. *Detente* occurred because it suited the interests of both powers at the same time. This thaw in the Cold War did not diminish any underlying antagonisms, but permitted a change in the quality of relations on the surface, as well as progress toward peace. *Detente* was the product of Kissinger's thinking, put into practice by Brezhnev and Nixon. It provided the Soviet economy a respite from defense spending and allowed its regime to focus on issues elsewhere, as in China and, to its eventual regret, Afghanistan. In East Berlin, the Soviets replaced Walter Ulbricht, an opponent of *detente*, by Erich Honecker in 1971.

Detente produced the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT), and the initially controversial Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE) whose Final Act was signed in Helsinki in August of 1975. This agreement legitimized the post-war boundaries of Eastern Europe, but permitted a formal monitoring of the human rights of people in the region with benefits to us the Soviets had not anticipated and the West exploited. In their communiqué at the end of a North Atlantic Council meeting in Brussels in December, 1974 the ministers specified that success of *detente* in Europe was linked to implementation the 1972 Quadripartite Agreement on Berlin.

The joint space flight *Apollo-Soyuz*, in which spacecraft from the two superpowers docked in outer space in July, 1975 symbolized the benefits of cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union. Berlin, where US and Soviet forces stood toe to toe, functioned as a barometer in the relationship. It came naturally to us who served there during *detente* to reflect and reinforce this newly changed atmosphere in our statements and diplomatic relationships.

The East German regime found itself left out of this process. They were not actors in *detente*, but spectators who must have felt uneasy about a shift in Cold War politics that warmed relations, at least superficially, between their protectors and ourselves. It is not too

much to say that during this period Soviet Ambassador Piotr Abrasimov in East Berlin permitted a few visible rays of light to fall between himself and the GDR's party general secretary Erich Honecker. Abrasimov, for example, greeted Cooper warmly at public receptions, holding up the receiving line for all to notice.

Nowhere was diplomacy more intricate. With ourselves, the Soviets, and the GDR's leadership at each of three corners, diplomacy in Berlin was a continuing, subtly balanced process of triangulation. US interests had been driven by global considerations in the Cold War, our quadripartite treaty obligations, ties to our Western Allies and NATO, and the primacy of our relations with Bonn. The Soviets shared Cold War and treaty responsibilities, but had created the German Democratic Republic as a pseudo-sovereign, puppet entity in their zone of occupation, thereby greatly complicating the picture. The GDR's corner in the triangle was a largely powerless place for a pawn between the two antagonists, and a *protégé* of one of them. The regime, Berlin's diplomats, and even the general population watched with fascination as this temporary Cold War *rapprochement* between the two giants played itself out on the world scene and, more immediately, in the confrontational setting of Berlin itself. What would this lead to?

Ambassador Piotr Abrasimov had been assigned to East Berlin for more than ten years and was proud of the fact that he spoke no German. When we began to see him socially in 1974, he did not conceal his unhappiness at being kept so long in Berlin. He did not respect or like Germans, as his asides in conversation soon made obvious. This reflected a Soviet attitude Abrasimov, in the spirit of *detente* and social conviviality, felt he could impart to us, believing that as allies against the Germans in World War II, we would agree. We did not, but didn't say so. Triangulation, again.

Abrasimov and Cooper went out of their ways to develop a cordial relationship, and this proved quite easy to do. Cooper was not a naturally effusive person, but he and Abrasimov, also not effusive, soon warmed to each other. The Soviet deputy chief of mission was Anatoly Gromyko, son of the Soviet foreign minister, who was posted to East Berlin shortly before my arrival. He was my counterpart in many discussions.

The Abrasimovs began to invite the Coopers, the Groves, and the Gromykos, Anatoly and Valya, to their residence for dinner. These were held in the private quarters upstairs, which were far more intimate than the cavernous and formal areas below. The furnishings bore a flavor of late 19th century European elegance in a faded, gilded, overstuffed way. Russians favored this style, which probably seemed imperial to them. Huge paintings from the school of Socialist Realism hung incongruously from the walls. Their building, covering an entire city block, served as chancery and residence, and was of post-war construction. It had an intimidating exterior meant to underscore the authority of its occupants to one and all.

The Abrasimovs lived comfortably, as did the Gromykos. They had efficient household staffs, and all the food and liquor from West Berlin they might want. Dishes at their dinners were excellent, and the meals were served in elaborate courses, in the Russian fashion. Caviar seemed to come out of buckets. Their hospitality was generous and sincere.

Kissinger allegedly said in Moscow, "I will do anything for caviar!" a weakness I have always understood.

The most festive occasion was the Abrasimovs' invitation to a dinner celebrating the *Apollo-Soyuz* docking in space on the day after the event itself, in mid-July of 1975. Eight of us sat down to a colorfully decorated table that might have been prepared for a birthday party, but here the theme was outer space and spacecrafts, not an easy one for the embassy's staff to grapple with. After all, how best to represent space? Anatoly Gromyko proposed we sign and exchange the typed menu cards, and we cheerfully did so. There was a hollow ring at times to the toasts and joviality, because the basic strains in US-Soviet relations, among them the Berlin wall a few meters away, remained unchanged, something we all recognized. Nevertheless, the corniness of the decorations and pride of our hosts in them, the elaborate plans to please American guests, were touching. Our moments of forced gaiety reminded me of well meant efforts to cheer up a sick patient. If occasionally our voices were too loud, these were the benefits and contradictions of *detente*.

I particularly recall Cooper's explanation of our 1976 elections to Abrasimov. We were at dinner one night during which the conversation turned to these elections. Cooper sat back and described the US and our democratic processes with great eloquence. In his soft voice and personal way, he talked about Somerset, Kentucky, where he was born, his experiences there as a judge, the political life and concerns of near-poor Pulaski County. He described elements of the 1976 elections: the personalities involved, the issues being debated. Abrasimov was captivated. He obviously had never heard a lucid explanation of our political system from someone deeply versed in that system. It was an extraordinary moment of outreach by Cooper. Abrasimov made no attempt to change the subject, but sat as engrossed as we all were around the table. It was a moving experience because Cooper found words that reached the souls of his listeners, among them three proud Americans.

This is what a good ambassador can do to explain his country, particularly in circumstances as difficult as East Berlin at the time. After a few halfhearted comparisons, Abrasimov gave up trying to praise the Soviet system. It was not that Cooper had made a convert of him; he hadn't. Rather, Abrasimov and even Gromyko had gained new insights and respect for the US in ways they had not expected.

We usually reported on such social affairs to Washington, although I doubt there is a record of this particular evening. None of us foresaw the consequences for communism in the late 1980s. We had few expectations of even modest change in that system. But there is always the first step in a long journey, and the change in tenor of our relationships in East Berlin during *detente* gave us small hope for a better future. Murderous incidents at the wall did not decrease; the US-Soviet relationship did not blossom into lasting friendship. But it was clear to us that Abrasimov had registered a change in his assessment of Americans. *Detente* finally ended with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan on Christmas Day of 1979.

Gromyko and I had a bantering relationship. He was a vain man, a Marxist ideologue conscious of his status as the son of the foreign minister. He was also loquacious, pompous,

and a braggart. Anatoly was not so secret an admirer of the US: he regularly wore cowboy boots, which amazed me. Valya Gromyko was glamorous and westernized. She was his second wife, and had an engaging streak of rebelliousness. Valya liked to go to West Berlin occasionally with my wife, whose origins were Russian, to look at the latest fashions and buy perfume. She was flirtatious and a smooth dancer. I liked her.

Anatoly was not a person I could feel close to or trust. On occasion, we invited the Gromykos to our garden to grill hamburgers. When out of sight of his Soviet colleagues, Anatoly fancied himself an expatriate from, say, Chevy Chase, Maryland. He strutted around in his boots and loud sport shirts and spoke with an exaggerated American accent, believing himself to be truly one of the boys. He had a lot of exposure to the US and the western world, although nominally an expert on African affairs. There were always unstated limits to the closeness of our relationship. I saw Anatoly briefly a year after Berlin, on a trip to Moscow where he was director of the Soviet Africa Institute. I called on him at his office and brought a small present for Valya. Anatoly did not invite me to his home. We no longer had the give-and-take we developed in East Berlin, which was not surprising, based, as it was, on the convenience and opportunities of the moment.

F Working in East Germany

Our embassy was assigned two officials for regular contacts with the East German government. One was the gnome-like Dr. Hans-Otto Geyer, who headed the American hemisphere desk of the foreign ministry, and the other was his immediate superior, under secretary Horst Grunert, who later became an effective ambassador to Washington. I saw the former, Cooper the latter. In Washington, too, the State Department kept East German contacts below senior levels. We were asked to request appointments with other government officials through Dr. Geyer. We were also asked to submit guest lists in advance of our social functions if they included East Germans, and to cite the subjects to be discussed. We complied only to the extent of inviting East German officials through the Ministry's protocol office.

Geyer and other GDR officials were correct and courteous, but distant. Periodically, we would be treated to a pro forma lecture about the wonders and successes of communism, but this was an exception; our relations with East German officials were businesslike. Interested in promoting our presence, they tried to accommodate us and not offend us. They sought visible *rapprochement* as a propaganda objective, and understood that preaching ideology would not make a dent on us and might even have a negative impact. Occasionally, Geyer would offer some barbed comments about the failures of capitalism. He was a hardline, believing Marxist, stubborn, and a Prussian to boot, which made him formidable as an adversary. But he had his sense of humor, a sly smile connoting appreciation of our position, and we managed to get along satisfactorily with this granite, school-masterish personality who sprayed saliva between the spaces in his teeth.

Doctor Geyer, of all things, fancied himself a bourbon connoisseur, a fact of which we took due note. At Christmas, we would give liquor or American cigarettes to East Germans who

worked closely with us. Our best bourbon went to Dr. Geyer. No one ever refused gifts; we were careful to make sure we could not be accused of passing bribes, adhering to the pattern of gift-giving which had become acceptable in the diplomatic community. Some of our non-Allied diplomatic colleagues, however, engaged in lavish greasing of the skids in the spirit of Christmas.

In December, 1974 we at the embassy began preparing our children for the spring semester at the American schools in West Berlin. This would entail crossing through the wall twice each day in a small school bus we had acquired. The drivers were East Germans given permission to enter West Berlin. One of these, young and brash Herr Kuenast, was fired by the Diplomatic Services Agency for regularly returning from the west with pornographic magazines for resale.

We needed some form of identification for our children, other than their diplomatic passports. We had first graders who could not be expected to hold on to their passports, show them at the checkpoints, and bring them home every afternoon without losing them. Or so we thought. It took NATO, London, Paris, Bonn, and Washington several months to accept our proposal of a laminated card, worn on a beaded chain, which would not compromise allied rights and practices in Berlin. The issue of children's IDs affected children of all three Allied powers who traveled back and forth, and was therefore a matter to be resolved in the same way by the three occupying powers. It also had to be accepted by the Soviets in practice, as well as the East Germans, if unofficially. Never did a child misplace a diplomatic passport or ID, a remarkable achievement in exercising responsibility. I suspect my children still remember our firm words of instruction to them about their passports and cards.

The social scene in East Berlin was an active one among non-communist diplomats. We were kept busier than we wished; other opportunities for social life in East Berlin were limited. We saw the same people, most of whom were interested in us as sources of information, or were fishing for invitations to the now fabled Cooper residence with its orange trees. There were some ambassadors who were extraordinarily well informed. They became important contacts for us because of our limited access to East Germans. Foremost among these were the representatives of Sweden and Pakistan. Diplomats from East European countries kept their distance, and we never had productive relations with them. They felt watched by each other, the Soviets, and their GDR hosts. When a large social function such as the Fourth of July came along, they would cheerfully enjoy our food and drink. We managed these contacts carefully.

The United States did not establish diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China until January, 1979. The Chinese had of course been represented in East Berlin for many years. When we encountered their diplomats at various functions, we followed the practice approved by the State Department of exchanging greetings or handshakes, but not lingering to speak or discuss anything beyond the weather. It was surprising to me, therefore, in August, 1975 when the Chinese *chargé* came up to me at a large East German function at a time when I, too, was acting as *chargé*, and asked me in excellent German

whether I could join him for a cup of tea and a brief conversation at his embassy. After thanking him, I answered that I would reply shortly.

The State Department cabled back that I should accept. My driver was astonished when I gave him the address, and the dutiful East German guards in their booths outside must have been equally so. I waited for my host's message as we sipped tea in Oriental surroundings and talked about life in Berlin. He had been there for a long time, and said German affairs would be his life's work. Finally, he got to the point. Former President Nixon, who had resigned from office in August of 1974, was considering a private visit to China. The *chargé* asked me to report back on behalf of his government that Mr. Nixon was welcome and would be well received. Why the Chinese picked Berlin as the channel for this message remains a mystery. They may have recognized that Cooper, a political appointee, was a friend of President Ford and knew Nixon, and that his embassy might be the most direct way to get a political message through.

I had another encounter with the Chinese deputy chief of mission some months later, in January 1976. Premier Zhou En-lai, who with President Nixon negotiated the opening to China, had died of cancer. Finding my interlocutor again at one of Mr. Honecker's grand receptions, I shook his hand and said the world had lost a great statesman. He thanked me with tears in his eyes.

At the top of the East German government's agenda in Washington was promotion of its exports. A concomitant goal was to gain respectability in our eyes. They sought to establish an image of friendliness, accessibility, and charm. In this view, the Berlin wall became "a necessary and not unusual international border demarcation." Good relations between us, they said, were to be expected. When Grunert became the GDR's ambassador to Washington, he made a good impression with his bonhomie, well-cut suits, and frequent entertaining. No one was asking him to submit his guest lists to the State Department for approval, either.

We viewed ourselves in East Berlin as the post-war embassy in the "other" Germany, a part of central Europe not directly covered by American diplomats since 1941. Negotiations for a consular convention to protect our citizens were successfully concluded by a State Department team of lawyers and consular experts, with myself at its head. Two sticking points concerned issues of notification of arrests, and access to prisoners. I found the East German side, in these first negotiations since relations were established, formal and proper almost to a fault, but forthcoming and willing to engage in banter if they thought things were going well. I learned the benefits of understanding the other side's language and their discussions among themselves, and of taking advantage of time devoted to translation to think ahead to our next round of tactics and responses when the discussion shifted to us. The East German consular experts seemed not particularly aware that I spoke German.

We also set about finding and registering American citizens, for whom we had consular responsibility. They were few in number. Our small USIS operation sought to explain America and its values. This "propaganda" became the most sensitive area of our activities,

one Dr. Geyer found threatening, and sought to constrain and disparage. We urged the GDR to vote with us on certain UN resolutions and on other issues in multilateral diplomacy. Our interests converged sometimes, and we strengthened our relations by discussing multilateral affairs in depth. We followed the Law of the Sea convention closely with them, on many of whose key issues we, the GDR, and the Soviets held similar views.

When we raised questions about untended Jewish cemeteries in Berlin, the East Germans were forthcoming. We had several concerns in this matter: burial records, some of them of Americans; replacement of tombstones which had been removed or vandalized; and responsibility for cemetery maintenance. We also became involved in property restitution issues. These cases were always complex, and tended to be precedent-setting. Progress was extremely slow.

I have described elsewhere the isolation we felt while we were living in West Berlin from 1965-69. It was more pronounced in East Berlin ten years later. We were able to travel into East Germany, after obtaining the necessary clearances from Dr. Geyer if we were going to stay overnight. On day trips, we could drive wherever we wanted, except in restricted areas, and were always observed by the local Volpos, or People's Police, who uninhibitedly wrote down our license numbers.

The countryside was in a time warp. I had known Germany nearly forty years earlier when I lived with my parents in Hamburg for several years as a boy. By the mid-70s, it appeared that little outside the cities had changed. Many roads were old and narrow, steeply cambered with ditches along their sides, the farm houses run down. I remember a tranquil softness, as in farmland paintings by impressionists in the late nineteenth century in which dark-earthed open fields were worked by women bending down in their bulky clothes to reach the soil.

Arriving at a village, we noticed the two or three stores that had been constructed recently, with their glass fronts and neon lights. They seemed jarringly out of place. The acronym for government-run food stores was an astonishing "HO-HO-HO." Municipal buildings, such as the city hall, police headquarters and schools, were usually of more recent vintage. Except for automobiles and these modern touches, the villages could not have been much different seventy years earlier.

Farmers, who grew their own food, ate better than their city kin, but the standard of living, while far higher than in the USSR, was not much different from Poland, and perhaps slightly below Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Our conspicuous diplomatic license plates were red with white lettering. People would go out of their way to avoid contact with us, fearing the STASI secret police would make trouble for them. We called on nervous and unforthcoming city officials, after appointments had been arranged by the foreign ministry. We participated in the Leipzig fair in 1975, the first full year after US-GDR relations were established. This step was a success, with Honecker making a highly publicized point of visiting our modest booth of trade catalogues and chatting for the cameras with Cooper. Recognition was being burnished by a touch of surface friendship.

Erich Honecker was head of state and general secretary of the Socialist Unity Party (SED), the successor to Walter Ulbricht and architect of the Berlin wall. He was smoother, more worldly and flexible, and less doctrinaire than the squeaky-voiced Ulbricht, and in a sense he was therefore a more dangerous adversary. If our infrequent official and personal relations with East German officials such as Dr. Hans-Otto Geyer, the North American desk officer, can be described as two-dimensional and unfailingly formal with few human flashes, our ties with Erich Honecker himself, whom I saw only at official functions, were one-dimensional. His face, set on such occasions into parodies of affability that were out of character, was dominated by his glasses, behind which cold, calculating and unfriendly eyes stared out. Everything about him was tensely self-controlled. Cooper, with his instinct to reach out to others in public life, found Honecker unchanged in their few private discussions, from which I was excluded although Honecker had members of his own staff present and provided the interpreter.

Honecker's fawning, sycophantic relationship with Soviet Ambassador Abrasimov on public occasions, including protestations of gratitude for the Soviet presence in his country, was disgusting to many in his audience. I have no doubt Abrasimov held this obsequious toady in contempt. In our many private conversations with Abrasimov, he never had a generous word for the GDR or its leaders. Not that he pointedly disparaged them; he didn't seem to find them worth discussing.

The GDR was a state that never existed in any respectable sense, and whose sovereignty was severely curtailed. A creation of the Soviet Union, it dissolved of its own accord as its patron state disintegrated. When this occurred, four-power agreements first concluded at the end of World War II and subsequently modified were firmly in place. The unwavering commitment of the three Allied powers in Berlin, insisting on the exercise of every legal right, holding out for dreary decades against assaults of nearly every kind from Moscow, kept intact the basis for the most profound peaceful revolution in modern Europe when the wall came down in 1989. The tedious, repetitive and patient exercise of Allied rights, so often boring and seemingly without imagination, paid off in the end. So did diplomatic negotiations among the Allies, Soviets and West Germans (and the "small steps" of West Berlin's authorities) in such understandings as the West German-Soviet Treaty of August, 1970 and the Berlin Agreement of September, 1971.

I had an extraordinary experience when, as director of the Foreign Service Institute, I returned to East Berlin fifteen years later, in 1989, with FSI's Senior Seminar group. The wall had just come down, and the Cold War was over. Our embassy had arranged a luncheon briefing with several former East German officials; one of these had been a young man working for Geyer whom I had known well. I was astonished to see him again, and asked what he and Dr. Geyer thought of the Americans in 1974, as Cooper and I established our embassy. He said we were always correct and open, and that Cooper was very much liked. Our "correctness" in official relations had been appreciated. But, he added, he and his colleagues could never understand why we called ourselves the "American embassy to the German Democratic Republic," rather than "in." Despite all the explanations we had

provided, he alleged that the East Germans did not understand this phrasing. The Allied rationale, I explained, was that if we had said "in" this would have implied that East Berlin was part of the German Democratic Republic, rather than part of a unified city under post-war occupation by the four victorious powers.

He remained politely unconvinced and I think sincerely so. He thought, in 1989, that things would not go well for East Germans. He was still in the foreign ministry, but did not expect that when the two Germanys were unified, which happened the following year, East German diplomats would have much of a future in the new government, and he was right.

G The Berlin Wall

The Berlin wall was an ever present reality, a physical reminder of the East-West split which took on an eerie existence of its own. One spoke of the wall with casual familiarity. It became common, where choice existed, to capitalize the "W," giving the structure a kind of respectability and legitimacy. The wall slashed through the center of a once bustling and thriving city. It was not only the wall itself that had a dampening effect, but also the shabby areas abutting it, the empty lots along the Leipzigerstrasse and other streets where anything that might serve as a hiding place had been razed. It truly was a hideous sight.

While we were in East Berlin, the GDR, with Soviet acquiescence, undertook what it cynically called a "wall beautification" program. The *Neues Deutschland* party newspaper printed, day after day, photographs of "improved and beautified" areas, describing the wall as a normal barrier between sovereign entities, with normal traffic crossing points such as their side of Checkpoint Charlie. Shrubs and flowers were planted. They got rid of the zig-zag approaches to the checkpoints, emphasizing, they said, courtesy to visitors. Border guards were portrayed as extending hospitality to those who had come to make the crossing. Such propaganda not only lauded the wall's beautification and its normalcy, but its efficiency. The GDR placed large rollers on top of the wall further to impede escape for anyone who tried to climb over. Once in a while, one of the GDR organs would run a human interest story about a border guard and his dog, man and his best friend.

Men and women who tried to escape were called traitors. Escape attempts were mentioned in the papers only when witnessed by many people, and therefore widely known. The GDR could not conceal major attempts or shootings, since western television, which played up these incidents, was watched throughout East Germany. The East German media gave an escape attempt two or three lines on the back page, where it was depicted as the act of someone breaking the law who had suffered the consequences of transgression.

The wall was more than a physical barrier. Its existence changed the city, separating people of the same parents into two different ways of life. Each recognized what was happening to the other. Many East Germans began to take pride in their hopelessly incompetent system, despite their envy of material standards in the west. They found in their own spartan existence a socialist's sense of satisfaction in the leveling nature, and what they believed to be the security, of their system in such matters as health care, schooling, and pensions. We

concluded that if the wall were to come down, there would not be a wholesale rush to the west. Younger people and professionals would migrate to West Germany, where opportunities were greater, but most others would stay, or return voluntarily to the east after visits and shopping sprees in the west. And that is what happened.

Many East Germans found it convenient to take the high ground in comparing the two systems and a surprising number, as we now know, viewed theirs as superior. Government propaganda seized on decadence and corruption in the west as a central, strident theme. People were unable to criticize the GDR openly or vote for anyone but Honecker, and many sensed that the STASI secret police had invaded their lives and set informer upon informer. Corruption in their own government was concealed from view, but many knew of it. And yet, they felt their values and stability threatened by what was going on in the west.

What they saw was western television. In the late 1960s, they watched Rudi Dutschke and students at West Berlin's Free University create anarchy and celebrate free love, men with long hair playing rock music. We have forgotten what a powerful symbol of rebellion long hair on men amounted to. The staid and prudish East German burgher living outside Berlin remained appalled by the morals and crime rates of the west. If there was one thing he expected from government, it was social order.

Much of the west's opulence was considered vulgar. In this view West Germany's "economic miracle" amounted to crass materialism, and West Germans had lost their moral bearings. Most East Germans did not wish to be like their western cousins; if they were to rise to western economic standards, they would do so by their own means, protecting their own values. The universal envy of East Germans, however, was the freedom of West Germans to travel.

There was one particularly sinister aspect of the wall: it brain-washed us all. People believed the wall would stand for years, and accepted its presence as an immutable fact. It stood as a permanent monument to the tyranny of a government over its people. I was all but certain in the mid-1970s that the wall would not fall in my lifetime, and I know of no one who thought otherwise. "Mr. Gorbachev, open this Gate...Tear down this wall," Reagan demanded in Berlin in 1987, but no one seriously believed the Russian leader would permit this to happen.

This shows how the world had adjusted to the Cold War as a struggle without foreseeable end. The west accepted its costs and global nature as if the Soviet Union and Russian people could bear, indefinitely, the increasing strains between their domestic needs and military expenditures. *Detente* did not last. There were noble and heroic exceptions in the actions of many individuals, but it seemed that to struggle for freedom under communism was to grapple with the unattainable. We believed the best way to deal with the Soviet system and Soviet expansionism was to contain them, and tolerate such actions as the construction of Berlin's wall as not threatening basic western interests.

In hindsight, we should have had a more accurate understanding of the internal dynamic of the Soviet Union, a major failure of western intelligence and analysis. Future historians, and documents of both sides now coming to light, can show us opportunities missed. While I doubt a better or more enduring framework than containment could have been devised to avoid a nuclear war and achieve the ends we sought, a question remains: did the Cold War need to last this long?

I was traveling in Tunisia in November of 1989, when the wall was opened. In the newspaper delivered one morning to my hotel room with breakfast, I saw a banner headline announcing the event. My French must have deserted me, I thought. This headline makes no sense." I understood the words, but could not believe my eyes. It was true, and though I was far from concerns about Berlin at the time, I was deeply moved. Having experienced life on both sides of the wall, it was a stunning moment for me. I realized the Cold War would soon end, and that freedom had triumphed over despotism. Just as the building of a Wall had symbolic meaning, so did its crumbling.

It was disappointing that our government remained largely silent at this time. A statement about the force of freedom was needed from our president. The Bush administration's initial caution was driven by a desire not to gloat or provoke reactions from the East but I found its silence at such a breathtaking time inadequate. We led the west in the Cold War, and were tongue-tied at its end.

Like others who knew Germany, I recognized that the transition period would not be easy. Perhaps the most courageous act of the West German government since its creation in 1948 is Chancellor Helmut Kohl's decision, when the wall opened, to exchange one East German mark for one Western. The cost to West Germans was even greater than he expected. To this day, the unification process between the eastern and western parts of Germany continues painfully and slowly and is by no means complete. Psychological adjustments, in particular, take a long time for people on both sides.

I hope that someday soon I will be able to walk slowly through the Brandenburg Gate, taking time to think and remember.

H The Nazi Past

Germans still struggle with their Nazi past, although I never met anyone on either side of the wall who admitted to having been a Nazi. From my boyhood years in Hamburg I knew differently. In a way, adjustment to the experience of Nazism was made easier for East Germans. The GDR's leaders themselves, men like Ulbricht and Honecker, were prewar communists in Berlin who had suffered in Nazi prisons. Their condemnation of fascism was heartfelt. With their Soviet occupiers, they seized every opportunity to remind people in the GDR of what had happened in Germany under Hitler, and during a war Soviet forces were portrayed as having won largely on their own.

The most striking street theater on Unter-den-Linden, East Berlin's main thoroughfare, took place at the GDR's memorial to the victims of fascism, guarded by their soldiers whose very goose-stepping recalled fascism. A gigantic statue dedicated to fallen Soviet fighters towered over the Russian cemetery near the heart of East Berlin. It was a forceful reminder of Nazism and the costs of a war like no other in history.

Somber commemorations of World War II victories staged by the Russians and the East German regime drove these points home year after year. Paradoxically, leaders of the regime, themselves German and therefore among the vanquished, were able, because of their political pasts as victims of fascism, to side with the victors and do so with sincerity. They believed they, too, had triumphed over fascism. Large numbers of East Germans, particularly in older generations of Berliners, were dedicated communists and their condemnation of Nazism was genuine. Berlin, the Red City, had been the Communist Party center when the Nazis came to power. For other East Germans these rituals and symbols became a form of absolution, and a convenient way, sometimes, of moving on.

The smaller number of commemorations in West Germany was widely publicized, and through clever GDR propaganda had a subtle psychological effect of passing guilt to others--the seemingly less remorseful and less caring West Germans. West Germany's leaders, it was argued, had not been principled communists struggling in Berlin during Hitler's rise to power. They formed the core of the Nazi movement in places like Munich and remained fascistically inclined. These propaganda themes were an underlying element in the GDR's disparagement of West Germans, generally, as crassly materialistic and morally bereft.

There were, of course, condemnations of Nazism in the West in many forms. Allied victory brought freedom to West Germans, as it had not to the East. In West Germany during the Cold War, celebrations of that victory were broadly based and enthusiastic, nowhere more than in free Berlin. In facing the question of guilt, younger generations in both Germanys held their parents and grandparents accountable for the Nazi past, not themselves. They did not want German history as a personal burden and this is understandable.

What became of anti-Semitism in Germany during the Cold War years? This question has little to do with the east-west divide. In latent form anti-Semitism persisted, perhaps to a greater extent than one would like to think, as it did in countries such as the Soviet Union and Poland. In West Berlin's atmosphere of freedom of expression, one too often came across graffiti of swastikas, twin SS lightning bolts and Jew-baiting slogans. What is particularly disturbing is that these were the work of the youngest generation.

13

OFFICE OF THE INSPECTOR GENERAL: 1976-78

As my tour in East Germany was coming to an end, the Bureau of European Affairs informed me I would probably be assigned to Athens as the deputy chief of mission, although I did not speak Greek. I was then told the position had been filled, and was asked

whether I would like to be considered for the ambassadorship to Malta. Despite my concerns about acceptable schools for our children, I agreed. When that didn't work out either, I returned to Washington without an assignment in the middle of summer, 1976 when positions on the summer cycle had been filled. I went to see Bob Sayre, whom I knew from our Panama days together when he was ambassador and I the country director. In 1976, he was serving as Inspector General and had a Senior Inspector vacancy. I asked to join his staff for a couple of years, and never regretted my request.

There is widespread belief in the Foreign Service that assignments to the Inspection Corps are not helpful to one's career, because management functions are neither glamorous nor central to the diplomatic business of the Foreign Service. In this view, they are not "substantive" or helpful to prospects for promotion. I disagreed, and thought this would be a way to see places I would not visit otherwise, and that I would learn a great deal more about how our government works. For a year in 1962-63, I had been an assistant to William H. Orrick, Jr., the State Department's top manager, and found management issues intriguing, as I still do. I was happy to be based in Washington again for the sake of our children, who would reenter the American school system. In any case, my choices were limited at the time.

I knew something about the inspection process, having recently been on the receiving end in East Berlin of an inspection led by Sayre. Senior inspectors were required to have been either ambassadors or DCMs at a Class I or II post. In the mid-70s, the inspection process began to evolve from its traditional forms toward today's practices. Mary and I moved into a house at 4938 Quebec Street in Spring Valley, half way down a curved street on a hill lined with old oaks that was ideal for winter sledding. Once the children were enrolled at Annunciation School, I packed my bags in the fall for my first inspection trip.

A The Inspection Process: Eastern Europe

For six weeks, my team inspected our missions and consulates in Romania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. We inspected some of State's regional operations in Vienna, partly to find answers to questions that had been raised at our posts, but also to get dry cleaning done, something not easily accomplished in Eastern Europe. I went to Moscow for a few days to discuss the Soviet role in the region at our embassy; our itinerary reflected the Cold War reality of Soviet domination of Eastern Europe.

It was a grueling experience: many posts, many problems, cold gray days and long hours. I came away, once again, with a fresh understanding of how strikingly different the countries of Eastern Europe were, one from another. Despite pervasive Soviet influence, individual countries distinguished themselves in terms of the character of their regimes, degrees of freedom, economic levels, and especially cultures. There was nothing "monolithic" about them, a word often used in the American political rhetoric of the time. Four years earlier, as a member of the Senior Seminar at the Foreign Service Institute, I had made a similar trip to write a paper on East Germany in Eastern Europe. I found little change in the political and material well-being of these countries.

What did it mean to "inspect" a Foreign Service post in the late 1970s? I like to read novels, and find analogies between the concerns of novelists and Foreign Service inspectors. Most writers place their characters in settings that provide atmosphere and sense of place. Through such masters of interiors as Edith Wharton and Henry James, for example, one sees the contours of New York and New England's drawing rooms and feels the chill outside their windows. Gradually, one understands the people who are introduced, their personalities and motives, and the tensions and conflicts in their lives; the reader makes judgments about them, cheers or boos them, and begins to care about their fates.

An inspector, too, arrives at an embassy and finds the human predicament on stage at this local theater, with actors still not known or understood who are caught in roles depicting combinations of virtue, skullduggery, brilliance, altruism, lust, hatred, theft, nobility, addiction, generosity, prejudice, ruthlessness, egomania, stupidity, paranoia, graciousness, self-sacrifice--and, at an exceedingly rare performance, even murder in cold blood. The inspector observes, listens, analyzes, counsels, and writes his review. He does not linger to become a captive enmeshed in outcomes, or to care too much. But the flavor of that setting, the look of its people and light in their eyes, the street sounds, the colors at sundown, remain with him and are later recalled like memories out of an engrossing book.

My team for Eastern Europe included an economic officer, an administrative officer, and two trained auditors who devoted their time to reviewing compliance with regulations and procedures, spot-checking accounts, and evaluating the efficiency and quality of administrative services. An inspection report contained a number of short evaluations of specific embassy functions. The overall report summarized the main findings and recommendations of the team and its judgments of an embassy or consulate's operations. Sayre's emphasis was on leadership, implementation of policy goals, and management. We evaluated economic and political reporting, consular operations, and resource use, but Sayre's principal interest was in knowing how the post was being managed, especially by the ambassador and his or her deputy, the DCM.

Our brief did not include a requirement to comment on current US policy, but Sayre changed our approach to this as well. Inspectors first reviewed the operation of country desks that were the home base in Washington for the posts being inspected. Before a team went out, it spent time in the State Department's bureaus getting briefed. Once finished overseas, it returned to the home bureau, in this case European Affairs, and formally inspected country desk operations. We were interested in evaluating how the State Department and our posts overseas interacted. We could not ignore policy objectives in such a process, and were invited to comment on the efficacy of policy when warranted. Some policy makers in Washington felt that in doing so we were overstepping the boundaries of our responsibilities. In fact, however, most embassies did not have written policy statements, goals or objectives. We had to determine what these were through interviews in Washington and at the embassies.

We addressed policy head-on in my first report on Eastern Europe. At the time, it was driven by Henry Kissinger's Cold War tactic of "linkages," that is, the US would do something for the Soviets or East Europeans only in return for something specific they had done to accommodate *our* interests. At each embassy we heard complaints about this constraint, although there was agreement that benefits in the relationship should be kept in rough balance. What bothered our diplomats abroad were problems of synchronization and a lack of flexibility in this approach. The "linkage" theory was being applied too strictly, thereby preventing progress on bilateral issues where progress could be made. We endorsed this view in our report, which caused a minor stir in the Department's senior ranks, but no change in policy.

Inspections began with a notification to the post that a team would arrive on a date several months ahead. Posts were required to prepare for the inspection, a process which improved performance and compliance with regulations even before the inspection began. Once a team arrived, it called on the principal officer first, either an ambassador or consul general, and his or her deputy. Then it met with the whole staff to familiarize it with inspection procedures and proclaim that, "We are here to help you." There was truth in that sentiment, although it usually produced nervous laughter. The team was then walked through the premises. If it was an embassy, the guide was usually the DCM. This permitted the team to meet all of the staff; equally important, it provided an opportunity to see how well the DCM knew the staff and what kind of rapport he or she had with them. It was a measure of mood and morale, and a good way to size up the physical plant, the work environment, and how embassy operations were being conducted.

Then came discussions with individuals, using their private questionnaires. These forms were completed by each American employee and delivered to the senior inspector in sealed envelopes as the inspection began. They included frank questions about the post's management and how an individual felt about his assignment. The questionnaire was destroyed by inspectors before they left the post. Since the information was protected, it was provided with candor in most cases; sometimes, an inspection team discovered misfeasance or even malfeasance through this procedure. The interview sessions were intended to elicit information about work problems, morale of the staff, and their dealings with Washington. Interviewers sought to determine whether the embassy's objectives and priorities were known and understood--or had even been articulated.

Interviews became the basis for efficiency reports inspectors were required, in those days, to submit on each American employee at a post. This was an enormous and unreasonable workload. Inspectors, arriving at the "theater" of their work, were acquainted with most of the individuals for only a short time, although they were privy to regular efficiency reports that had been submitted during previous years, if they had been written at the post. An inspector's report not only evaluated the employee, but commented on efficiency reports the post had submitted previously. It gave the promotion boards another point of view, one that was more distant and dispassionate. While I was in charge of the inspection of our embassy in Manila, for example, I was able to correct a serious injustice done to one of the administrative staff by a supervisor who was vindictive. My own documented and unbiased

evaluation negated the report he had received earlier. Inspectors' personnel evaluations were a safety valve, a double check to prevent miscarriages of justice, provide independent judgments, and recognize failures and excellence.

Each team member was assigned responsibility for a specific embassy operation--political, economic, consular, or administrative, and then reviewed these operations in detail. The senior inspector concentrated on the leadership and management of the post, its front office profile. Each team leader was then required to write a confidential letter to the Inspector General (and through him to the Director General of the Foreign Service) concerning the performance and management effectiveness of the ambassador. This remains true today, except that reports on politically appointed ambassadors are now sent directly to the White House staff. We also looked closely at relations between State Department officers and representatives of other agencies, including the contribution intelligence agencies were making to the post. The team's views on intelligence oversight by the chief of mission were submitted by the senior inspector to the Inspector General in a separate and secret report.

This process made it necessary, in terms of credibility, that the team leader be a former ambassador or DCM at a major post. Some ambassadors and DCMs being inspected were people one knew, or with whom one might be working at a future time, or who might serve on a board considering one's promotion. A few of my colleagues were deferential when it came to making their evaluations. I tried to be fair, and know I irritated at least one ambassador who later became Director General of the Foreign Service and looked up my report in the files.

Most senior inspectors were impartial, tough-minded and forthright, although there were often problems with their drafting skills. In the 1970s the criteria for inspections were not as sharply etched as they should have been, and later became, through the Inspector General Act of 1978. The inspection process depended too much on the human attributes and skills of the senior inspector: the energy level, writing ability, perception skills, and even individual value systems. Today, the standards are clearer and the inspections, I believe, are more empirical even if they do not make very interesting reading. In my day, the personal attributes and predilections of the senior inspectors were too central to the process, resulting in an uneven product.

I became interested in inspections as management tools. It is surprising to discover what one can observe about an organization in just a few days. The first post we inspected was Bucharest. I wondered whether I would be able to understand how the embassy functioned in a mere eight days. By the fifth day, I thought I understood quite well, at least to the extent needed to evaluate the embassy's management and performance. One can observe a great deal in a short time about professional and personal relationships among people. The training inspectors received before their inspections was helpful in sharpening their powers of observation and their listening as well as deductive skills. The importance of observing body language was emphasized, a sophisticated notion for the time. An outsider, in fact, may soon acquire a better feel for an operation than someone deeply enmeshed day in and

day out. The outsider is like a physician who is disengaged personally and emotionally from his patient, and whose judgments are clinically based.

Earlier, I referred to a meeting with George Kennan at Oxford, as I prepared for my visit to the Soviet Union in 1958, before joining the Foreign Service. He had recommended I take the 1914 *Baedeker* on Russia with me as a travel guide. When I returned to Moscow in 1974 at the end of my Eastern European inspection, Jack and Rebecca Matlock, Jack then the deputy chief of mission, invited me to dinner, which turned out to be in honor of George Kennan, who had returned to Moscow for the first time since he was declared *persona non grata* by Stalin in October, 1952. Kissinger's policy of *detente* had made his return possible.

It was a fascinating evening. Kennan noted how little had changed outwardly in Moscow since his service there. The city with its crumbling facades was still as shabby, the theaters and ballet still as rich in their performances, as in his days, their billboards unchanged in format. After dinner, I reminded him of his advice to me many years earlier. I offered to lend him the *Baedeker* he had commended to me. He was delighted, kept it during the rest of his stay in Moscow, and took it with him to Leningrad. As he was leaving the Soviet Union, he gave it to Jack Matlock to return to me. The *Baedeker* had served us both well.

There was one aspect of our Eastern European inspection about which my team felt strongly. The State Department had recently assigned a regional psychiatrist to Vienna. Service at Eastern European posts during the Cold War was highly stressful, not only for employees but their families as well. We saw evidence of alcohol abuse among men and women, problems with teenagers, and cases of depression. Having just lived in East Berlin for two years, I was not surprised. We thought the proximate psychiatric assistance the Department provided from Vienna was both needed and of high quality, and recommended that regional psychiatrists be assigned to each geographic area. In time this was done, and has contributed to a more positive role by the State Department in supporting families through programs of the Family Liaison Office, and Overseas Briefing Center at the Foreign Service Institute. People-oriented government services are vital in helping to cope with problems of living abroad, now intensified by threats from terrorists and often easy access to drugs. Such assistance has become increasingly important as family structures have changed in American society (more divorces, single parents, older parents to support) and therefore in the Foreign Service as well.

The inspection corps had a number of outstandingly capable Foreign Service officers. It always does. Among those with whom I worked closely were Albert N. Williams, Richard Boehm, and Sheldon J. Krys. Inspection teams often become closely knit units themselves, and lasting friendships are made. As in any aspect of diplomatic work, a sense of humor helps. It creates perspective and pricks pomposity. Inspections have their comic aspects, relished by inspectors.

This leads us to the ever satirical Sheldon J. Krys, and his *Mythical Concept of Personnel Evaluation and Simultaneous Reduction of Redundant Employees* (MCPESTRRE). Living

out this fantasy during inspection of an embassy would require that at a time prior to the conclusion of the inspection, when everything had been uncovered, all of its employees would line up outside the chancery, rain or no, with the ambassador at the head, the DCM next, and so forth. The omnipotent senior inspector then walks down this line, saying, "Ambassador, please return to your desk inside." After the ambassador, the process would become more selective. Those not invited back to their desks, and this might include the DCM, would no longer be working at the embassy. Much good could be accomplished in this way.

B The Bureau of Oceans, and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs

I was next asked to lead an inspection of the State Department's relatively new Bureau of Oceans, and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs (OES) then headed by former Representative Patsy Mink, a political appointee. Despite her senior deputy Robert Brewster's best efforts, the bureau was in great trouble. Staffed by people of uneven talent, some of whom were relegated to OES because Personnel did not want to assign them to what it considered more important work, OES was becoming one of the Siberias of the Department.

I had watched OES try to bring its expertise to bear on the policy process, starting with Herman Pollack, a pioneer in the Department's efforts to incorporate foreign policy aspects of science and technology issues into policy development. His office flourished because it had been assigned the lead role in several international negotiations, as policy-makers such as Under Secretary U. Alexis Johnson emphasized the importance of these issues, especially to US trade. Strong impetus for the Department to become more seriously engaged in these matters came from congress, where problems such as fishing rights, outer space, and population growth had significant political constituencies.

It was inevitable that this office, albeit at a snail's pace, would grow into a bureau. In fact, some of the best jobs in the State Department for mid-level officers, and obviously their seniors, could be found in OES. Such officers are routinely involved in major international negotiations, with opportunities to become acquainted with the policy aspects of the exploding worlds of science and technology. OES was truly the bureau of the future.

Unfortunately, OES at the time did not receive much top level support, nor enough help from the Department's resource managers. The concept of "one world" when it came to issues of pollution, the oceans, and the biosphere had not yet captured the attention of Seventh Floor principals. The Department still viewed such problems essentially in a bilateral or regional framework, and in narrow functional terms of economic, commercial, or political-military issues. There was no sense yet of the global village. There seemed no inkling of the imminence of an information revolution already well underway that would in a few more years transform relationships between every individual and every organization on the face of the earth.

Inspecting this bureau was difficult. Our report was the hardest to write of any I undertook. We worked on OES for five months. Management of the bureau was weak, and we were obliged to reflect recently acquired knowledge in how we defined its problems. We had to be precise as we made recommendations for improvement, which are the bottom line of every inspection report. Each recommendation requires corrective action on the part of the organization being inspected. We knew we had to produce a report that would withstand the heat of close scrutiny because our findings were laden with criticism.

I later learned that ours was one of the toughest inspection reports ever written, and the only inspection report Secretary of State William Rogers actually read. The report was instrumental in getting a civil service employee fired. He had performed below the minimum requirements of his job for many years, and we were able to document deficiencies leading to his dismissal. It proved that people *could* be fired from the State Department, although this was a painful process and required scrupulous attention to fairness. OES took many years to improve, which it did under Thomas Pickering's leadership.

C The US-Mexican International Boundaries and Water Commission

I was asked to undertake my next inspection together with Ambassador Hewson Ryan, who had been a deputy assistant secretary in the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs. We were to inspect, for the first time, the US-Mexican International Boundaries and Water Commission (IBWC), a remarkable organization until then unknown to me. Ryan had recently left the bureau and joined the inspection corps for this purpose. The two of us visited the 1800 mile border between the US and Mexico. We had to familiarize ourselves with the highly technical duties and responsibilities of the IBWC to which the Department made a large financial contribution every year, although much of its substantive work concerned the Department of the Interior. The American commissioner is appointed by the president and has considerable independence, loosely reporting to the State Department's Office of Mexican Affairs. The Mexicans handle their responsibilities in a similar fashion. Our task was to find out how efficiently the organization was managed, and how effectively its funding served US interests.

This led to one of the most absorbing journeys of my life. We traversed both sides of that border by small and large planes, van and Jeep. As this was a joint commission, we were interested in conditions on the Mexican border and the interaction between US and Mexican authorities. We also wanted to observe the twin border cities, of which there are quite a few, because these are critical to US-Mexican relations. I found it fascinating to learn about various boundary demarcations, the natural *Thalwegs* which run down the exact middle of waterways, water rights, irrigation, and sewage disposal. Tricky problems arise when communities belonging to different countries and cultures share a common geographic region, resources, and environment. Illegal immigration was already a serious problem in the 1970s and we addressed it in our report.

We found in the IBWC a binational organization that functioned extremely well. We were warmly received by the commissioner, Joseph Friedkin, and his staff because they knew they were doing a good job, felt neglected, and wanted to tell us about their work. Ryan retired before the end of our inspection, and I decided to cast our final report as a success story, explaining the elements that contributed to a highly efficient operation of great scope and size. I was delighted when our report found wide readership, because we discussed basic aspects of the management of a joint international endeavor which was tangible, highly technical and complex, and which had its roots in a treaty relationship between two governments. Both Americans and Mexicans were extraordinarily well trained and competent. We were impressed by their skills and tactful treatment of each other, especially at the operating and engineering levels, where they regulated water flows and managed waste systems.

Some words about that border. We began our trip in a raging flood in Brownsville, Texas, and ended it in the dry heat and under blue skies of Tijuana, Mexico, at an enormous sewage disposal plant. Before setting out, I read several books written in the 19th century available in the State Department's library, travel and exploration narratives full of local color, adventure and, in one journal, a thinly veiled, poignant love affair involving an Army officer separated from his family and a woman living along the Rio Grande. The region is still exciting. The blurring of borders in twin cities such as El Paso and Ciudad Juarez, and the degree to which such economies depend upon each other, as with our Canadian boundary, was making the North American Free Trade Agreement of 1993 inevitable. No foreign travel has intrigued me more, and few experiences are more valuable to a diplomat than to immerse himself in the collaborative work of his own country with one of its great neighbors.

D The Philippines and an Experiment

I inspected the Philippines in the fall of 1977, leading the largest regularly scheduled overseas inspection team until then. From a national security point of view, the Philippines were important. The US had two large military bases in that country vital to our strategic interests in the Pacific during the Cold War. This inspection also gave us an opportunity to try a new approach.

Inspector General Sayre was interested in assessing not only the operations of the State Department's segment of our large embassy, but also those of all other agencies represented at the post, each under the ambassador's authority. Sayre wanted to determine, for the first time in an inspection, whether there was a unifying connection between policy objectives and resource allocations across the full spectrum of US government activities in the Philippines. It was a large vision. Our inspection team was greatly expanded--it finally consisted of some 12 people--experts on security assistance, economic and investment programs, public affairs, immigration, etc., but all from the State Department. We remained in the Philippines for about six weeks.

We were to assess the Country Team's performance in Manila. A Country Team is the informal advisory body to an ambassador comprised of senior State Department officers at the post and the heads of all other US government agencies represented in the country. We notified other agencies in Washington of our approach. Their responses, not surprisingly, were unenthusiastic, but they nevertheless sent instructions to their representatives to cooperate. We were to write the customary inspection report on State Department activities, but to supplement it with separate memoranda on the performance of other agencies, examining such matters as their coordination and relationships with other segments of the embassy, and the relative values of the US government's overall investments in our relationship with the Philippines. Might some resources, for example, be more prudently devoted to other aspects of that relationship which were underfunded?

This question was loaded with bureaucratic dynamite. The inspection focused on the substance of the bilateral relationship. It required unprecedented assessments to be made of the value, efficiency, and relevance to US objectives and priorities of the work of all agencies represented in the Philippines. At the core of this process was the ambassador's effectiveness in directing the full range of US activities and resource expenditures in the relationship. We got into discussions of great depth with representatives of the other agencies, and had no problems in obtaining necessary information, except for intelligence functions. In effect, we were asking them to justify their presence.

We returned from the Philippines with recommendations we could support. Ours was, for the first time, a report covering the full sweep of US government activities and resource allocations. The inspection drew so heavily on the State Department's manpower and budget, and evoked such tentative responses from other agencies to its recommendations, however, that a comprehensive inspection of this kind was not undertaken again. The most important reason for giving up on this effort to manage other agencies abroad, and stiffen an ambassador's backbone in the process, was the Seventh Floor leadership's lack of serious interest in doing so.

The concept was valid. The Philippine inspection was a meaningful assessment which gave in a single document a broader and deeper understanding of the aims of US programs. It assessed how agencies supported each other, where they overlapped, how some were over-funded and over-staffed, and others starved. It put our ambassador at the helm in its concept. If the State Department, as it should be, were given jurisdiction over the Function 150 Account, the budgetary designation for international affairs activities, an inspection such as the Philippines would not only be useful and acceptable, it would become mandatory.

E The Iberian Peninsula

My last overseas inspection turned out to be a treat: Spain and Portugal in 1978, with Madeira added (by me) because of interest in the consular agent function. The embassies in Madrid, under Wells Stabler, and in Lisbon, under Chargé Edward Rowell--Ambassador Frank Carlucci had recently departed--were functioning as they should. This left time for

the Prado Museum and the pleasures of Barcelona and Seville, where we had consulates. We visited the Azores and our military base there, and I spent two days in Bilbao, where Basque separatist tensions were palpable.

A weekend in Madeira took me to an island whose shores and mountainous beauty I could not have imagined. The wines were as advertised. We produced a report that eventually led to an expanded use of consular agents, particularly in port areas, an arrangement that provided needed services at low cost. Consular agents are local citizens empowered by the State Department to perform certain consular and protocol functions in places where we do not have consulates. They are provided an office and moderate stipend for their part-time work.

F Value of Inspections

There are inescapably logical links between policy planning, resource allocation, and the inspection process. These functions should become sequential by first establishing objectives and priorities through planning, then supporting these with resources (people, money, funded programs), and finally evaluating and fine-tuning the implementation of policies and procedures designed to meet the purposes of our foreign activities.

In the State Department, these three elements of management take place independently of each other. The planning function is more removed from the other two. One can only imagine the progress that could be made toward coherence in foreign policies, were a secretary of state to create the position of Permanent Under Secretary and then charge the incumbent with responsibility for keeping these functions in harmony through time.

14

DAS, BUREAU OF INTER-AMERICAN AFFAIRS: 1978-80

Near the end of my service in the office of the Inspector General, Viron "Pete" Vaky was appointed assistant secretary for Inter-American Affairs (ARA). Bob Sayre recommended me to Pete as one of his deputies. I had worked with Vaky in my days as director for Panamanian Affairs during 1969-71, when he was the Latin American specialist on the National Security Council staff. He asked me to join him, succeeding Sally A. Shelton, a petite, hard-working and highly competent political appointee from Texas, who subsequently served as ambassador to Barbados and a string of other islands in the Caribbean.

I became the deputy assistant secretary in charge of Mexico, the Caribbean, Central America, and Panama. My brief did not include Cuba, which Vaky handled himself because there were expectations that under Carter we might be able to make progress in relations with Castro. The other deputies were John A. Bushnell for economic affairs, and Ralph Guzman, a political appointee who covered the rest of the region.

A Grenada and Haiti

In the Caribbean, major changes were taking place. New countries such as Antigua, St. Lucia and Grenada were emerging. Grenada was of particular concern to us because Maurice Bishop, its prime minister, was a protégé of Fidel Castro. He led what was called "The New Jewel" movement. Bishop's rhetoric was troubling to other Caribbean countries as well. Hardly in the same league with Berlin as a Cold War flash point, Grenada nevertheless was a near neighbor and therefore of some concern. I found Bishop's "Marxism" intriguing for its lack of orthodoxy or serious connection to political philosophy. It was, for its proponents, a road to political power through support from Cuba and the Soviet Union, which had its own ambitions in the Caribbean. It was also a way to stick pins into Uncle Sam.

Haiti smouldered under its brutal regime, extreme poverty, and economic hopelessness. I found Haiti vibrant and colorful, its oppressed people in a daily struggle for the essentials of life but incongruously cheerful nonetheless. Tontons Macoutes militias terrorized the villagers, yet there was also music, dancing, and a great deal of painting. Haiti shows its African heritage as no other Caribbean island. Its drum beats are different from those of other places, and its blend of Voodoo practices and the Creole language are distinctive. From my two years in West Africa, I recognized Dahomian (now Benin) influences in its culture, particularly in the rhythms and sounds of music. Like those of many African countries, Haiti's problems of economic deprivation and social injustice did not lend themselves to miraculous cures, then or today.

B Panama Canal Treaty Implementation

We were deeply engaged in obtaining Panama Canal Treaty implementation legislation in the House of Representatives. The treaty had been ratified by the Senate in April of 1978, and was therefore the law of the land. The canal would be owned by Panama at the turn of the century. Congress now needed to implement and fund the treaty's provisions. This required us to meet often with members and staffs of the engaged committees, and testify before them. There remained strong resistance to the treaty itself in the House, led by Congressman John Murphy, a Democrat from Staten Island, NY.

The Department's efforts to obtain this necessary legislation were headed by Ambassador David H. Popper, whose small staff was entirely devoted to treaty implementation. David was a solid professional. We got along well in areas where our responsibilities overlapped. Congressional relations were in the deft hands of Elizabeth Frawley in the Office of Legislative Affairs (H), who had worked on the Hill, and spent nearly all of her time there promoting implementation legislation. Too few in H were willing to walk the corridors day in and day out, as she did. Politics seemed in her blood. Our views not only gained support, but we were well informed about what the members were thinking.

This was my first opportunity to testify before a congressional committee. It is an intimidating experience at best. To prepare, I learned everything I could about treaty

implementation requirements. Most of the hearings were held by the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee because they concerned the Panama Canal itself. Since treaty implementation legislation was a politically charged issue, these hearings were well attended by the media. One could expect a crowd and klieg lights.

On one occasion, the committee stayed in session for nearly a whole day. The witnesses were General McAuliffe, of the Southern Command, and myself. We did not have lunch and were not offered water. Committee members strolled in and out of the hearings as the spirit moved them. We sweated under hot lights, listening to members on the high dais make long statements, pro and con, and parried hostile questions. I was physically drained but believed, as did McAuliffe, that we had held our ground. He was a forceful and impressive witness. His military record, four stars and bearing gave his words special weight with the committee.

In addition to understanding the subject matter and policy objectives of his testimony, a government witness before a congressional committee needs to be aware of the makeup of the audiences. These are, first, the committee members themselves and the domestic and foreign media. An interested country will have its embassy's officials at the hearing. Reporting by the media can be instantaneous for a wide audience. An offhand comment that seems of little consequence in Washington can assume major proportions in another capital and provoke strong reactions, particularly if national pride is offended. This becomes a damage control headache for the local American ambassador.

Transcripts of hearings are printed several weeks after they occur. An opening statement by the witness provides an important opportunity to shape the record. Texts of opening statements are usually sent to committees, at the insistence of their staffs, 48 hours before hearings are scheduled to provide staffers time to develop committee strategy. Skilled witnesses know how to make their main points at any opportunity, offering only a perfunctory reply to the question put to them and continuing with their own agenda.

The public impact of hearings dissipates. It is gone after the chairman closes the session, the scruffily dressed camera crews pack up, television reporters expound on the evening news, and the print press files its stories. If media coverage has been heavy, a vague impression of the hearing may be left with the public. What remains for those seriously concerned with legislative history is the enduring record itself.

In the end, adequate implementation legislation for the Panama Canal Treaties of 1978 was passed by the congress, for which much credit goes to David Popper.

C Central America: Somoza

The situation in Nicaragua in 1978 was a god-awful mess. President Anastasio Somoza, a wily and unprincipled man, usually understood the US government and American mood uncannily well, particularly in terms of our likely reactions to whatever he might decide to do. He graduated from West Point. His friends in congress were powerful; the ties in some

cases were extremely close, based on shared business interests. By the late 1970s, however, Somoza was barely hanging on as president. We were getting reports of heavy drinking starting in the morning, and bouts of depression. Somoza cornered American journalists and ranted at length about his "enemies" in the Carter administration who, he claimed, were soft on communism and the pro-Castro Sandinistas. His mantra was the Cold War. The Sandinistas' leaders were indeed Marxists, and they were deadly serious. Their forces were winning village after village from Somoza's National Guard, who were losing their zest for fighting. There was no doubt the Sandinistas were the popular favorites, however.

Two or three times a week, I attended intelligence briefings in Pete Vaky's office during which the Sandinistas' progress toward Managua was starkly displayed on maps with plastic overlays. It was inexorable, leading like Greek drama to a fate we could foresee. We recognized our options to influence this situation were limited and Somoza was unwilling to discuss his departure. He thought, somehow, his friends in congress would find a way to save him.

Nicaragua was widely viewed in the US as another Cold War issue, a thinly disguised Soviet attempt, along with Bishop's accession to power in Granada, to infiltrate the Caribbean and provide Castro a wider network for destabilizing the region. In ARA, events in and around Nicaragua were seen as more complex and regional in nature by most of us working on these problems. We were concerned about the Soviet role, but did not view Nicaragua's troubles primarily in that light. No consideration was given to sending American forces to support Somoza; he was discredited in the hemisphere, and losing the fight on the ground. The remaining option for us was a diplomatic one, and the administration decided to try it out.

Mediation was the approach. William G. Bowdler, who then headed the Bureau of Intelligence and Research, had previously been ambassador to El Salvador and Guatemala, as well as South Africa, and was following the Nicaraguan situation closely. He was picked by Carter to try to bridge the gap between Somoza and the Sandinistas and, eventually, provide for national elections. He was an inspired choice. With his foreign service aides James Cheek and Malcolm Barnebey, Bowdler set up shop in Managua and began to look for middle ground in the political equation.

Bowdler put together a "Group of Twelve" upper middle class Nicaraguan moderates prominent in the private sector, the church, and free press. With great skill, he tried to steer them toward a united leadership role that would constitute an alternative to Somoza. The "Group of Twelve" bickered among themselves, jockeyed for power in their own ranks and, in the end, couldn't get their act together. Somoza and his few adherents imploded. The Sandinistas filled the vacuum.

When the voluminous cable traffic Bowdler sent back from his negotiations in Managua becomes declassified, it will reveal an effort of exceptional imagination, creativity, and skill on the part of Bowdler and his team. It will also stand as an example of the best in diplomatic analysis and initiative, produced under great pressures of time and events.

Bowdler never seemed to run out of new approaches. His assessments proved accurate throughout.

Bowdler, however, was dealing with a situation in Managua which quickly lost any prospect of flexibility or peaceful resolution. In Washington, on the other hand, there was uncertainty at the highest levels about whether to push Somoza toward departure, and if so how hard. This uncertainty was rooted primarily in US domestic and congressional politics at a time when the Carter administration was looking vulnerable on other fronts.

Our ambassador to Nicaragua was Mauricio Solaun, a mild-mannered political appointee who was ineffectual. His embassy's political reporting was weak, and at times unreliable and biased toward Somoza. The embassy seemed to duck the need to report "bad" news. Understandably, it was not an easy task to tell Washington that the Nicaraguan situation was unraveling, and that the Sandinistas were making daily gains in the countryside, but what are embassies for if not to convey such analysis?

Warren Christopher, the deputy secretary, took charge of our Nicaraguan policy. Christopher was a formal and rather distant person who had no interest in small talk or banter. He had placed a T-shaped table arrangement in the small conference room behind his formal outer office, and seated himself at the top of the T, leaving the rest of us to find places around the longer bar. It made for a school-masterish atmosphere. We would lean forward in our chairs to present problems which did not lead to the disciplined, clean analysis he, as a lawyer, favored. We had to check with Christopher on virtually everything having to do with Nicaragua, and clear with him or his staff matters that in my view should have been left to an assistant secretary. Nicaraguan policy was micromanaged to a disconcerting extent.

The administration could not decide what to do about Somoza himself. If we wanted him to leave Nicaragua, whom would we support as his successor? We did not want a Sandinista take-over, but were unable to find an alternative. Our "Group of Twelve" remained hopelessly divided among themselves; the moderates had failed to seize the opportunity to govern. The same questions were asked over and over again in Christopher's office, the same discussions took place time after time with few conclusions. It was a case of policy drift on one of the major foreign policy issues of Carter's presidency.

Yet, it was clear that the Sandinistas enjoyed wide public support and would prevail over the National Guard, and that Somoza would have to leave one way or another. He finally did so at the behest of Ambassador Lawrence Pezzullo, Carter's special envoy, on July 20, 1979. When Pezzullo arrived in Managua, after the failure of Bowdler's mediation efforts, to tell Somoza the US wanted him to leave, he was amazed to see, seated with Somoza in the president's office, Congressman John Murphy who was attending the meeting at Somoza's invitation. Larry told me later it was the biggest shock of his professional life.

Another example of the oddity of the Nicaraguan policy environment is the following insight into President Carter's interest in the subject. Bill Bowdler returned to Washington frequently during his mediation efforts in Managua to report back and get his next steps

approved. On one such occasion, he was unexpectedly summoned to the White House, where he met alone with the president in the oval office. Carter asked him at the outset, "Ambassador Bowdler, do you believe Somoza is an evil man?" Bill told me later he was so astonished by the question he hardly knew what to answer, beyond expressing his judgment that, yes, Somoza was an evil man. This seemed to be the point of his summons, and Bill returned to the Department where I ran into him in the hall, still a bit dazed.

After Somoza's fall, I went to Managua with Senator Edward Zorinsky, a conservative Republican from Nebraska. Uncharacteristically for a conservative, he strongly supported the administration's efforts in Nicaragua. The first time I briefed him, the senator asked why the State Department did not recognize that the Sandinistas were winning and, therefore, why were we not doing more to remove Somoza? After I explained the difficulties, including the ones in congress, he became helpful to us on the Hill. When the senator planned a trip to Managua in the summer of 1979, after Somoza's ouster, he asked me to join him and a member of his staff. Larry Pezzullo had just begun his tour as ambassador, despite the absence of a government to receive his credentials. Zorinsky wanted to see the situation on the ground, and Secretary Vance approved my going.

It was a memorable few days. We stayed at the ambassador's residence, which still looked more like a military command post than ambassadorial living quarters. At night, we could hear the sounds of gunfire as the Sandinistas were mopping up or shooting off their weapons in celebration. Our official escort was "Commandante Zero," Eden Pastora, who in August of 1978 had occupied Somoza's chamber of deputies in an act publicized around the world. Despite my meager Spanish, I was able to communicate with Pastora and got along rather well with him. He seemed to feel no animosity toward the US. He was politically naive and simplistic, but charismatic. At one point I had my picture taken with him, wondering whether this would end my career.

Our small delegation called on Tomas Borge, the Minister of the Interior who held the real power in Nicaragua during the early days following the Sandinista's take-over. Borge was a grim man of few words, a Marxist ideologue with no charm and a frightening certainty of the correctness of his harsh views. He was known to have the blood of many Nicaraguans on his hands. There was nothing to like about Borge.

At lunch, I sat with Daniel Ortega, who was to become president later. His English was very good and he was proud of an American education. He described himself to me as a Marxist, but not a communist. He emphasized this distinction to underscore his statement that Nicaragua did not intend to align itself with Castro. He pushed hard for US support. I was impressed by Ortega's intelligence and toughness; he obviously was a leader.

I came away from that lunch and subsequent discussions in Managua believing the US could have a workable relationship with the Sandinistas if we knew what we wanted to achieve, and then pushed hard. I believed Larry Pezzullo, with his energy and creative thinking, could succeed; he was the right man in the right spot. But this was not to be for many years, because our own government continued its policy of drift.

D Guyana: The Jonestown Suicides

Early on the evening of September 18, 1978 I was working in my office at the State Department when our ambassador in Georgetown, Guyana, John Burke, called. He told me that shots had been fired at a landing strip in the Jonestown religious community deep in the mountainous jungles. The preliminary report was that Congressman Leo Ryan, a California Democrat, had been killed. Our desk officer knew Ryan was there, because he had tried to discourage the congressman from going to Guyana. Within minutes, the report was confirmed. As it turned out, others at the airstrip were killed and several were wounded. I called Ashley Hewitt, director of Caribbean affairs, and the two of us met to launch what was to become the largest task force operation in the State Department in peacetime. Jonestown would also become the biggest world-wide media story since the end of World War II.

In crisis situations, information becomes available piece by piece, and often confusingly. The fact that a congressman had been killed required us to establish a channel to the Hill immediately. The first bits of information beyond the assassination which reached us that evening were extremely disturbing and made us even more uneasy. The current desk officer had served in Guyana, and had been to Jonestown to perform consular functions. I learned that Jonestown was an isolated community of approximately 1,000 religious cultists presided over by the Rev. James Jones, who had brought his followers from California to this remote place in Guyana. Jones was American, as were his followers. The tragedy was to become an American tragedy.

Early in the unfolding of this episode, we learned there had been talk in Jonestown of rehearsals for mass suicides. Jones had predicted a great crisis would one day threaten the community and its survival. When that happened, he told his followers, it would be necessary for everyone to seek salvation through suicide. We eventually came to believe that Ryan's visit, during which he intended to ask Jones probing questions about the freedom of his followers to leave the community, became the crisis that triggered Jones to stage his final act. He apparently believed the community's isolation had been shattered and it could no longer survive. Our focus was on Ryan and events at the airstrip. It did not occur to us, at first, that a mass suicide might have taken place, something so irrational and unimaginable. Not too many hours later, however, Guyanese troops reached the Jonestown settlement, and alarming reports began filtering back.

As soon as I heard that a congressman had been killed, I alerted Warren Christopher. He instructed me to call our embassy, and keep the phone line open so it would become permanently available to us, an excellent procedure in crisis management. The media rushed to Guyana with an overwhelming need for telephones, but we were never without direct and continuous contact with our embassy.

Hewitt established a task force in the State Department's Operations Center, which became the crisis center for our work. As Guyanese troops made their way to Jonestown, they

reported back what they were finding to their military headquarters in Georgetown, which relayed information to us in Washington through our embassy. While flying over the site, the Guyanese observed what appeared to be clothing on the ground drying in the sun in an enormous, colorful patchwork of different patterns. These were, in fact, clothes on the bodies of people who had died after drinking a brew of Kool-Aid mixed with poison prepared by Jones and his lieutenants.

Guyanese soldiers were reporting many dead, at least 300 or 400. It appeared all had committed suicide. This was hard to imagine or believe, at first: hundreds of Americans in a mass suicide! I passed this report to Christopher at about 2:00 a.m. the second day, and recommended it be released to the press. He agreed. Included in our task force was a woman from the Bureau of Public Affairs, who was our liaison to the press. I picked up a yellow pad and wrote that our ambassador in Georgetown had informed the State Department he had been told by the Government of Guyana there had been a mass suicide on the part of many Americans in Jonestown. I will never forget my sinking feelings as I tore off the yellow page with that statement, and authorized its release to the wire services. After I had done this, I wondered for a moment whether I had lost my mind, or was dreaming. Within a matter of minutes this statement would become public knowledge all over the world and trigger one of the greatest media frenzies ever. There was a frightening irrevocability to the step I had taken.

The next morning, we began to have a better understanding of what had happened. The deaths were confirmed. An embassy officer managed to reach the scene. There was a meeting in my office at which Hewitt reported US military planes were getting ready to take off for Jonestown to bring back the dead. He had asked the military to load 500 body bags. I told him to make that 900. As it turned out, more than 900 Americans had committed suicide, at the insistence of James Jones, who also killed himself.

The Jonestown calamity gripped people everywhere for its morbid fascination, revulsion, and defiance of rationality. Dealing with the media was an overwhelming task. One could *feel* people's minds straining to absorb what had happened and understand its meaning. There was no logical explanation, no context within which to make these events intelligible. All of us who dealt with Jonestown were emotionally wrenched. The incident had no consequences for our foreign policy. There was no Cold War dimension. It became an American tragedy played out in the jungles of Guyana.

In the aftermath of Jonestown, I learned that the FBI had obtained a tape recording, apparently left by Jones, of the mass suicide. The tape was filled with the shouts and screams of women and children witnessing the deaths of their families and friends while drinking their own potions in the belief that they were all heaven-bound. The Rev. Jones was urging them on in what could only have been a scene from hell. I was asked whether I wanted to hear the tape, which was being tightly held for its evidentiary value and sensationalism. Should I listen, or not? There was no need for me to do so in connection with my responsibilities, yet here was an intriguing opportunity. After all, this really

happened. I declined. I did not want to have etched in my memory, in a way that could never be expunged, the record of such madness.

Our task force worked on Jonestown for at least a month. For me, the Jonestown tragedy lasted several months longer, because the State Department received a congressional request for all documents pertaining to the event. There was talk of holding hearings. Two of State's lawyers, Ashley Hewitt, and I assembled every document, including our own notes. We catalogued nearly 1,000, boxed them, and gave them to the congressional staff with whom we had been working closely. The House Foreign Affairs Committee was interested in exploring whether there had been negligence on the part of the Department or our embassy in Georgetown that might have contributed to Congressman Ryan's death. We were completely open with the committee staff, which eventually was satisfied there had been no irregularities, and decided that hearings were not warranted. One could hear the sigh of relief on the Hill, where no one wanted to open this can of worms.

E Assessment of the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs

I have often reflected on ARA as it was at this time. At the level of deputy assistant secretary I would normally have enjoyed a modest role in shaping our relations with countries for which I was nominally responsible. The implosion of Somoza's regime in Nicaragua, however, which was well underway when I arrived in 1978, so overwhelmed our concerns in the rest of Central America and the Caribbean that our policies elsewhere in the region became hostage to this continuing crisis.

Somoza, of course, was not the only focus of the Carter administration's foreign policy. In the Cold War, *detente* was over and relations with the Soviet Union had returned to previous levels of stress. The trial for treason in Moscow of dissident Anatoly Sharansky, SALT II negotiations, the American embassy's hostage crisis in Iran, negotiation of the Camp David Accords between Egypt and Israel, and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan were some of the other foreign policy headaches at the time.

And yet, in the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs, authority that would normally have been exercised by Assistant Secretary Vaky was withheld by Warren Christopher, then deputy secretary, with the debilitating effects of his intermittent attention and micro-management. Nicaragua was perceived by the Carter administration as in large part a domestic problem with major congressional components. With its Sandinista ties to Cuba, Nicaragua, too, assumed Cold War proportions. Christopher would not let go, and the ARA Bureau, never receptive to tight management, was left to flounder. Morale was terrible, and sapped further by double digit inflation. Government salaries were frozen, which meant that a pay check was worth less and less on each successive payday.

This was to become the only assignment I found neither professionally nor personally rewarding. Every career has at least one such episode and I did not know that Jerusalem lay ahead.

15

CONSUL GENERAL, JERUSALEM: 1980-83

A O Jerusalem

The first memories that come to me about Jerusalem are its sunsets and sunrises. I have never seen light of such soft and rosy hue as it reflects off the Jerusalem stone of buildings in the old part of the city. It has a golden glow at times, in Jerusalem's uncontaminated air three thousand feet above the sea. Yet the city has a feeling of solemnity. Christ, as he reached the summit of the Mount of Olives, is said to have gazed on Jerusalem and wept. Today, he would surely do the same.

Jerusalem is the home of friends to me and my family. Father Godfrey, a Franciscan friar, was such a person. He was best known for his knowledge as an archeologist and tour guide in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and for his sense of humor. In his brown frock, he reminded us of Friar Tuck--round, warm, jovial, and quite a gourmet. He was a native of Washington, DC although he lived for many years in Jerusalem.

Freddy Weisgal was an American Jew living in Jerusalem. He and his wife Jean opened their home to other Americans. Freddy was a fine jazz pianist and a raucously funny man, a great friend of American journalists, well known for his parties. He invited us to Yom Kippur and other Jewish holidays, a wonderful entry, through American eyes, into Jewish life in Jerusalem. On my last night in Jerusalem, Freddy gave a party at the old American Colony Hotel. As we gathered around the piano in the bar after dinner, Freddy played his incomparable rendition of Ellington's "Black and Blue," my favorite, and an apt description of how I felt after three years among Palestinians and Likudniks.

And then there were the Harman and Eitan families, scholars and diplomats, the most delightful and generous of friends. Amos and Beth Elon, perceptive and sensitive people, were so painfully troubled by the actions of their government in Lebanon and on the West Bank that it was sometimes hard to be in their company.

Jerusalem is a city of hats: Armenian priests with triangular hats, Greek Orthodox with cylindrical hats, skull caps--*kipahs*--Israeli men wear, Palestinians with their scarves and headbands, and Russian Orthodox priests whose hats resemble flower pots more than anything else. Never have I been in a place where head dress plays such a defining role. Jerusalem is also a city of distinct neighborhoods, with its heart inside the old walls. Mea Shearim is home to ultra-orthodox Jews, where men wear Polish medieval clothes, and women are covered from head to foot. A Jewish friend wearing a light Parisian summer dress told me she had been spat upon in Mea Shearim.

The century old American Colony Hotel, with its beautiful inner court and a muezzin in a mosque nearby who wakes people early each morning with his call to prayers, is situated in the Arab quarter of East Jerusalem. Founded by the Spafford and Vester families generations earlier, it was a refuge in an Ottoman style for journalists and others who chose not to stay at the King David Hotel in West Jerusalem, despite its spectacular views. The

esteemed Philadelphia Restaurant where its owner Walid so generously presided, was nearby.

Easter brings vivid memories. My sons, some friends, and I would rise in chilly darkness, and go to one of the hilltops around Jerusalem from which we could look toward Jericho. As the sun appeared, we heard donkeys bray and roosters crow. Groups of Christians sang hymns and assured each other that Christ had risen. Then we had an Easter champagne breakfast spread upon the ground. Ramadan, a Muslim holiday of fasting to celebrate the poor, touched us in its self-denial.

Jews say that if you leave Jerusalem on a journey, you have not returned until you revisit the Wall. I came to understand, and felt this way myself. During my assignment I left Israel often, and never believed I had truly returned until I touched the Wall again. I fondly recall the run-down Anglican School in the former Hadassah Hospital, which two of my children attended. Paul graduated from there, and my youngest son, Mark, was heartbroken and cried when we had to leave.

My favorite place was half-way down into the old city where the Jewish Quarter abuts the Arab. There, at a certain high point, you find yourself in a small and empty square, one side of which is open to an astonishing view beyond the cramped Arab homes with their red-tiled roofs and cats below. Straight ahead and also below, is the Western Wall with the Dome of the Rock above it, sacred to Jews and Muslims. Beyond the old city a Christian church spire rises on the Mount of Olives. All of this in one frame. I came here often, because this sight was such an extraordinary physical representation of the confluence of three great faiths in Jerusalem. One could stand in that quiet and empty square, and see evidence in stone of the great cross-currents that shaped, with so much bloodshed, the city's course through history.

Jerusalem is a place of religious observances, none more solemn than Yom Kippur. During this time of soul-searching, the city comes to a silent standstill, except for emergency services. I recall walking down King George Street, a major thoroughfare, with my son Mark. It was deserted. Mark stretched out in the middle of the street, celebrating the absence of people and traffic. During Yom Kippur, Jerusalem is miraculously filled with the sounds of its birds. Jerusalem has no international airport. This city on hilltops is approached from the ground, either from the sea or desert. One climbs up to reach Jerusalem. In the early 1980s, there was still a feeling of having arrived at a small and quiet place, a rather sparse and somber enclave where the mood was set by scholarship and gods.

In jarring contrast are the Jewish settlements that now ring the city like the wall against Arabs they are partly intended to be. Politically motivated, hastily built and often unneeded apartment complexes, the settlements are strategically placed to defend the city from its hilltops and expand Jerusalem's perimeters. In nearly every case, they are built on expropriated land Palestinians believe to be their own. The settlements bring more cars, pollution, population and ugliness to the environs of Jerusalem. They form a harsh skyline. Settlements crowd this former city of open places and small stone houses and squeeze it

toward its ancient core. The old city becomes increasingly quaint, an attraction to tourists, archeologists and pilgrims. It no longer seems the heart and *raison d'etre* of Jerusalem, around which the rest of the city emerged over centuries to provide support.

People in the Foreign Service are asked what their favorite post was. It is a difficult question to answer, because all assignments have their good and bad aspects for professional and personal reasons. When you are young and at the bottom of the ladder there is the challenge of getting it right and the satisfaction of being promoted. Parents and children are young too, and that is a special pleasure as well as responsibility. Years later, with hard work and luck, you may be near the top of your profession and enjoying the responsibilities and perquisites of its senior members, as in being an ambassador. But the children have grown and are gone and family life has changed. These two lines can intersect, like the curves of supply and demand. In my case, and I believe for my children also, this occurred in Jerusalem, where the struggles of Arabs and Jews were our daily life, and the city, when you know its neighborhoods and Anglican School, and become close to people living there, takes you over. I answer this question by saying Jerusalem, because of its intrusive mood and beauty when we were there, and its capacity to humble.

B Jerusalem and its Consulates

My assignment to Jerusalem took me by surprise. As I finished my work in the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs in the winter of 1979, I expected to become ambassador to Haiti, and started preparing for that appointment when I received a call from Personnel. Secretary of State Vance, who normally took no interest in assignments below the ambassadorial level, had decided to select the new consul general to Jerusalem himself, because of the importance of implementing the Camp David Accords between Egypt and Israel concluded on September 17, 1978. Would I be interested in going? Jerusalem of course was not an embassy, while Haiti was, but it had many of the attributes of a chief of mission posting and would be engrossing work.

Jerusalem was the farthest place from my mind. When I asked Personnel why they had thought of me, their answer was that I had the right credentials: no association with Jerusalem, and neither the Israelis nor Palestinians knew of me. Initially, at least, I would not be a problem for either side.

I went to Philip Habib for advice. He was under secretary of State for political affairs at the time. Phil knew the Middle East as few did and took an interest in his younger colleagues. I told him I was intrigued by Jerusalem. Jerusalem, he replied was "the big time," and I would be foolish to turn down such an opportunity. Samuel Lewis was then our ambassador to Israel. He and I had known each other since my early days in the Foreign Service, when we both worked for under secretary Chester Bowles. Personnel had consulted him, and when the assignment was made it had Sam's blessing.

I had a general knowledge of the Middle East, thanks to Bayard Dodge's graduate seminar at Princeton conducted in his living room on Mercer Street. My parents had lived in Egypt

from 1950-53, when my father was president of Mobil's company there, and I visited them one summer while a graduate student. But I knew little about Jerusalem, and would have to start from scratch. Most of my briefings were arranged by a bright, precise, and exceptionally competent young officer named James (Jock) Covey, who was then on the Arab-Israeli desk. He would later become my deputy in Jerusalem.

The few consulates general in Jerusalem are unique in status. They are neither embassies, nor traditional constituent posts. They function independently of embassy supervision and report directly to their capitals at home. My efficiency ratings would be written by the assistant secretary for the Middle East, not our ambassador in Tel Aviv, guaranteeing independence in reporting on such topics as Palestinian attitudes and Israeli settlements.

The US view of Jerusalem is that it is a single, undivided city whose final status can be determined only when the parties involved reach a mutually satisfactory agreement. Until that happens, Jerusalem exists in a kind of limbo. Its circumstances are different, however, from the limbo of Berlin, whose final status was also undetermined during the Cold War, but defined by the outcome of World War II and extensive quadripartite agreements reached by the occupying powers. Jerusalem, fully occupied by Israel after the 1967 War, lacks any formal legal definition of its status.

Today, Israel has jurisdiction over all of Jerusalem. We and most other countries officially regard a portion of the city, the former Jordanian-occupied East Jerusalem, as "occupied territory." We and most other countries have not located our embassy in Jerusalem in recognition of other legitimate interests in its ultimate status, and to encourage peaceful agreement in reaching accord on that status. Settling the Jerusalem issue will probably be the last hurdle in arriving at a comprehensive structure for peace in the region.

When I arrived at Lod Airport in Tel Aviv in the winter of 1980, I was met by two members of the consulate's staff, in whose company I drove for the first time up the hills to Jerusalem. When we reached my future home and the garden gates opened to let us in, I saw why this Ottoman residence was one of the most striking properties our government owns abroad. Stately yet welcoming, its three stories covered with vines climbing beyond high windows, it spoke of history. I opened the front door and, like Alice through her looking glass, drew breath and stepped into a new life. Once my suitcases were placed in an enormous bedroom with a vaulted ceiling, I climbed the separate stairs to my office on the third floor, with its lingering whiff of prewar times, and signed a telegram to the State Department reporting I had arrived and taken charge.

This was the extent of my official installation. I was not accredited to the government of Israel and therefore did not have an *exequatur*, a formal document normally issued to a consular officer by the host government acknowledging the right of that officer to discharge consular responsibilities. I was able, as my predecessors had been, to make calls on the foreign ministry in Jerusalem, where I was acknowledged as an American official with consular authority in the city. My calls were on the chief of protocol and head of the consular division. Both were seasoned pros who received me graciously. We had the

normal consular workload: Americans getting arrested, being born, dying, losing their passports. We did not issue immigrant visas, which was done in Tel Aviv. We were concerned not only with Americans in Jerusalem, but also those on the West Bank, many of dual nationality.

Our consular district covered the city of Jerusalem and the West Bank, but not Gaza. Gaza came under the purview of the embassy, a legacy from its occupation by Egypt. I went to Gaza often and met socially with officials there, including Mayor Shawwa. I liked Gaza which I had first visited in 1952, during a summer with my parents in Egypt. Even then there were 200,000 displaced Arabs living in UN refugee camps.

My Berlin experience, with its emphasis on symbols and precedents, helped me in Jerusalem. One such question was whether, and if so when, I should fly the American flag on our official vehicle. While this may sound like a trivial matter, flying a flag is a statement about the status of the occupant of the vehicle. I was not the American ambassador to Israel, and Israelis regard Jerusalem as their capital. I discussed the matter with Sam Lewis, and we agreed I would fly the flag during official calls at the foreign ministry and on the mayor, when attending national day celebrations of other consulates, and on formal visits to patriarchs.

All of the Israeli ministries, except defense, were located in Jerusalem. Defense, for security reasons, remained in Tel Aviv. This required ambassadors and several of their staff members stationed in Tel Aviv to drive back and forth to Jerusalem, which took about an hour each way. Sometimes Lewis was obliged to make the trip as many as three times in one day. Our consulate provided him and his staff office space, communication facilities, food, drink, and a place to rest. It was complicated and time consuming for everybody. We had a public affairs officer, and commercial and trade promotion programs for Jerusalem and the West Bank. We provided support to a half dozen American private voluntary organizations working with great success and dedication on the West Bank. Ours was the largest official foreign presence in Jerusalem, as it is nearly everywhere, dwarfing the other consulates some of which were one-person operations. We were responsible, too, for maintaining informal contacts with the various religious denominations represented in Jerusalem.

The Vatican's representative was *primus inter pares*. France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, Greece and Turkey also had their consulates general in the city, as powers represented in Jerusalem during the Ottoman Empire. We formed a small and close-knit consular corps, whose members bore responsibilities similar to mine, except that the US was the only country that did not include Gaza in its consular district, and I had no formal religious responsibilities as most other consuls did.

We had different degrees of access to the Palestinians, based upon traditional ties and the politics of the moment. The US inevitably was cast in the role of the "heavy" after the Camp David Accords, and the more radicalized Palestinians refused to see American officials. Monthly meetings of the consular corps, chaired on a rotating basis, amounted to

discussions of how each of us viewed the situation on the West Bank and in Gaza, and more broadly the Israeli-Palestinian relationship. They gave me an opportunity to brief my colleagues on the lack of progress in the peace process envisioned in the Camp David Accords, and on US involvement in Lebanon through Phil Habib's negotiations.

As a consular corps, we had formal and long-standing relationships with the Greek, Armenian, and Russian Orthodox Patriarchs and the Vatican's representative. For the US, these were matters of observing protocol and showing good will. For the Greek, Italian, and Turkish consuls, however, religious ties were their most important responsibilities. Dinners hosted by the Orthodox patriarchs took place in a medieval court-like atmosphere. We were literally "thumped" into the Patriarch's presence by a *kawas*, a uniformed Arab attendant with a long and heavy metal-tipped staff which he banged loudly on stone floors to clear an imaginary path through empty halls and announce our coming. It is a particularly odd feeling to be calling alone and be preceded by a *kawas*. Except for the austere quarters of the Vatican representative, the patriarchs in their splendor left one wondering which century this was.

C Life and Work at the American Consulate

Before I left Washington I was briefed on the ties between our embassy in Tel Aviv and the consulate general in Jerusalem. Harold H. Saunders, then assistant secretary of state for Near Eastern Affairs, a wise and gentle man, went over that relationship with some care because historically it has been troubled. Maintaining the independence of Jerusalem was important, and just as important was that I be perceived as maintaining it, he said. There had been periods during which ambassadors and consuls general were not speaking to each other. Hal pointed out that Sam Lewis was a strong individual; he hoped I would resist efforts by the embassy to encroach on my responsibilities. I said I had known Sam for a long time, and had no reason to anticipate difficulties.

As it turned out, Sam and I had an excellent relationship. We never had differences concerning our respective roles or "turf." There was a minimum amount of friction between our staffs, because Sam and his DCM, and my deputy and I, monitored the relationship carefully. Once, Sam asked whether he could use my residence for a social occasion. He would be the host. I replied it could cloud the US view of Jerusalem's status in other people's eyes. He pondered this for a few moments and agreed.

I attended the weekly country team meetings at the embassy in Tel Aviv, reporting on West Bank developments and listening to discussions of US-Israeli relations. When it was relevant, I provided a Palestinian perspective or urged the embassy to take a particular initiative vis-a-vis the Israeli government with respect to our concerns about Palestinians. I was included in various social events hosted by the embassy staff, as were other members of the consulate, and we sometimes added embassy staff to our guest lists in Jerusalem. Sam and I stressed that the US had only one set of policies concerning Jerusalem and the West Bank. Government officials and journalists heard the same line from me as they did from Sam.

Social occasions in Tel Aviv gave me an opportunity to provide Israelis the flavor and mood of the West Bank. They were interested in the way someone outside the always turbulent political situation in the capital saw it. Our military attachés in Tel Aviv reported regularly on the West Bank. One day, driving to Tel Aviv shortly before Israel's invasion of Lebanon, I encountered a long column of flatbed trucks carrying tanks from the south northward toward Lebanon. I counted the tanks, and was able to provide timely information to our military attaché for his reporting. Our cooperation was productive.

The Jerusalem consulate general is the only foreign service post where Israelis and Arabs work side by side. When there were disputes, these had to do with conditions of work, and were not politically motivated. I was struck by how ready both sides were to live and work together. When a Palestinian employee had a baby, Israeli staff members went to the hospital to see the mother and child. The reverse was also true. Weddings were attended by both groups. We were, in fact, a family at the consulate general. Most of the local staff had been working there for many years. We had good jobs for Palestinians, and Israelis also found satisfaction in working for the US government. The residence staff, especially the gardeners, had been there for decades; most were Jordanians living on the West Bank who stayed after the 1967 War.

The major-domo in the residence, an all-seeing man in his sixties of unbounded tact named Mohammed Latif, had been the major-domo in Amman when William B. Macomber was ambassador there. Bill once visited me in Jerusalem, and these two men fell into each others' arms. When I told Mohammed that Macomber would be coming to dinner, he said Macomber had been easy to work for; all he ever wanted for lunch was a hamburger.

The American staff at the consulate general was small and its quality uniformly good. Jock Covey, who soon became my deputy, was active in training our junior officers of whom we had three at all times. When Phil Habib's Lebanese negotiations intensified, we served as an executive secretariat to him. Our staff worked hard and long hours. Backstopping Habib was rewarding for junior officers learning how negotiations are conducted. They had responsibility and tight deadlines thrust upon them and responded superbly.

Even after 1967, when Jerusalem ceased to be a divided city, we kept our office building in East Jerusalem and performed consular, information and cultural functions in that building. The compound on Agron Road in West Jerusalem was used by the consul general, and the political, economic/commercial, and administrative staffs. The third floor of the residence was the consul general's office. It could be reached directly; a visitor would not go through the living quarters on the first two floors to get to the office on the third. Our 19th century buildings in Jerusalem dated to Turkish times; we had owned them for many years and been able to invest sufficient money to maintain them reasonably well. The office floor housed communications equipment that weighed tons, and we worried about the load, which, indeed, eventually became a serious structural problem.

The consul general's residence is known for its Ottoman character and unselfconscious dignity. It speaks of other times in a pastoral Jerusalem of wide roads and quiet, tree-filled gardens. The property is walled in. An oval driveway encloses a lawn richly bordered by rose bushes and other plants. Tall old trees provide shade. Built of large stone blocks, the front of the residence is covered by flowering vines whose scent in spring seeps inside, and whose green leaves in summer nestle it.

One enters a stone floored hall: the rectangular, polished Jerusalem stone of rose and yellow hue. A vaulted dining room is to the right and winding stone steps lead to the floor above. The ceilings everywhere are high, and freely moving air cools the house in summer. Plants on the steps bring in the garden. The stairs emerge into the center of a large foyer on the second floor, the main floor of the residence. To provide accent and orientation to this space, I painted one of its walls a flat red ochre found in the public rooms of Jerusalem's American Colony Hotel. To the right of the steps is the long living room with its large oriental rugs, fireplace at one end, and vaulted white ceilings above.

Alone in that room overlooking the garden through the vines, I had feelings of both possession and intrusion, an instinctive respect for the events that had taken place there, and the people involved in them for over a century of Jerusalem's life. The residence was permeated by echoes of its past. They made a pleasant sound, and I thought myself the custodian of this old house and a definer, for a brief time, of its future.

If I speak in the first person singular, it is because my wife and I separated before I went to Jerusalem for reasons of incompatibility. We had become distant people with different interests. Our younger sons, Paul and Mark, lived with me thereafter, and attended the Anglican School. Jack and Cathy, already in Washington schools, visited during the summer while Paul and Mark were with their mother. It was not easy, especially and sadly for the children, but we managed well in the end.

In the early 1980s, security in Jerusalem was not the problem it has become today. I walked freely without a bodyguard, avoided crowds, and told my children to do the same. My tour ended before the *intifada*, before fighting broke out on the West Bank, and before Palestinians armed themselves with more than rocks and stones.

I began a typical day with an informal staff meeting in my office, after reading the cables from Washington and our other posts and confirming that our reporting was on track. I might next meet with Palestinians who wanted to talk with me, and then have lunch with an American visitor, a journalist, or Sam Lewis if he was in town. There were daily phone calls to our embassy in Tel Aviv, sometimes on our secure phone which never seemed to work properly. Afternoons were often devoted to calls on mayors and prominent figures on the West Bank, and observations of settlements to note their relentless expansion. I would return and have dinner with my sons and Israeli friends, or with Father Godfrey, a close friend of our family, archeologist, and renowned tour guide to the holy places of all religions. Those of us at the consulate general became his personal flock, year after year. Throughout, I was assisted by one of the best secretaries in the foreign service, Martha

Hayward, with whom I had served in West and East Berlin, and as country director for Panama.

I did a considerable amount in media relations, although not publicly, meeting with American journalists in my office or over a meal. I also saw locally based reporters, whose families and mine became friends, and columnists and commentators who traveled through the area, people like Rowland Evans and Tom Brokaw of NBC. I have always liked journalists. They are wonderful sources of gossip, humor, and insights. The good ones live in a world of *realpolitik* and are not easily taken in. Only once was a confidence of mine betrayed, and that accidentally.

Rarely would an Israeli reporter ask to talk with me. I was friendly with people on the *Jerusalem Post*, but wanted to keep a low public profile. In general, the Israeli press and radio enjoyed criticizing the actions of our consulate. The Israeli press is always lively, sometimes vicious. Few escape its barbs. There was never any full-blown reporting on the consulate general, but we received occasional digs about our visits to Palestinians. We were denigrated as "Arabists" by the hardliners. I had even fewer contacts with the Arabic press; most Arab journalists tended to be leftist, shrill, and vehemently opposed to US policy, especially the Camp David Accords.

The ways the words "Arabists," as applied to Foreign Service officers, and "balanced," to characterize reporting or statements, are used by some Israelis and their American friends bothers me. Today, an Arabist is someone who has learned Arabic, studied the culture, and made the Middle East an area of professional specialization. This is a necessary component in our diplomatic skills, exemplified in the career of Ambassador Parker T. Hart. The word "balanced" is made pejorative, connoting a prejudiced favoring of the Arab side. Sometimes this happens, as does the reverse in Israel's direction, but we should all be able to agree that balance is an intellectual accomplishment worth striving for, especially in a diplomat.

That said, there has historically been a bias toward Arabs among many of the State Department's Middle East experts and vestiges of it remain. Some of this is romantically based, as in the views of generations of British travelers and explorers in the Arab/Muslim world, people like Charles Doughty and T.E. Lawrence. Some reflects opposition to Israel's post-1967 settlement policies, anger over its treatment of Palestinians, and resentment over the political influence of Israeli lobbying in the US. "Who are the Palestinians?" Prime Minister Golda Meir asked sarcastically at a press conference in the US in 1969. Some of the concern, also, is based on economic realities and the international politics of oil. It took Clark Clifford and President Truman's business partner Eddie Jacobson to overcome State Department resistance in 1948, from Secretary Marshall on down, to recognizing Israel. Until recently, few real Arabists jeopardized their State Department careers by learning Hebrew and serving in Israel. The personnel system took care that this did not happen.

In my own family, my Polish-born mother, a product of middle-class Warsaw in the early decades of this century, sometimes made anti-Semitic remarks. My father, who became a

leading expert in the corporate world on Middle East oil, did not, but criticized Israel's frequent and evident disdain for Arabs. My summer paper in graduate studies at Princeton, written after I visited my family in Cairo, was entitled *Dimensions of the Arab Case*, because I thought, in 1951, that too little was understood about the concerns of moderate Arabs about Israel. In it I concluded that Arabs should accept the fact of Israel's existence and begin to work out a way of life with her. I am not, however, an Arabist by anyone's definition. In 1983, my prospective assignment as ambassador to Kuwait foundered when the Kuwaitis turned me down as sympathetic to Israel on the basis of my service in Jerusalem.

Washington was greatly interested in Jewish settlements and their expansion, and it was up to us to decide how to observe and quantify the frantic housing construction around Jerusalem and throughout the West Bank. Palestinians saw the consulate as the eyes, and especially ears, of the US government. To many Israelis, however, we were diplomats whose activities were vaguely sinister. Likud partisans occasionally raised a fuss about the activities of the consulate general on the West Bank, usually in the media, where we were portrayed as PLO sympathizers. I was never made to feel uncomfortable by ordinary Israelis, however, who seemed to accept our presence and what we were doing as a matter of course.

With brutally repressive measures against Palestinians in force on the West Bank and an expanding war in Lebanon, these were wrenching times for most Israelis. A few of them refused invitations to our residence, seeing the consulate as a symbol of imagined support for the PLO by the US government and an impediment to Jerusalem's becoming the site for an American embassy. In fact, our firm policy toward the PLO was to avoid all contact with that organization and its representatives, and our views on the status of Jerusalem were equally public and clear. The PLO was banned on the West Bank and we never knowingly met with anyone from that organization, although its sympathizers were everywhere and growing in number.

There were also a few Americans, including visitors from our country, who would not come to the residence for the same reasons. Most of them expressed their opinions civilly; others felt less constrained. One of the most frustrating situations for a diplomat abroad is an emotional attack on his government's policies by fellow citizens who are biased or poorly informed, and want to stay that way. To complicate matters further, the consulate general was in good favor with elements of ultra-orthodox Jewry who believed Jerusalem should be an entirely spiritual place, and not a capital for the state of Israel. Our presence was viewed by them as desirable, and a constraint on the secular ambitions of the Israeli government. They regularly attended our Fourth of July celebrations.

D The Camp David Accords

I arrived in Jerusalem 18 months after the Camp David Accords, which brought peace between Egypt and Israel, were signed in mid-1978. One of my responsibilities was to elicit support from Palestinians for those agreements and the "autonomy" process for the West

Bank and Gaza they envisioned. It did not take me long to recognize we would not succeed. My colleagues at other consulates accurately viewed Camp David as a dead issue. Washington nevertheless remained committed to the Camp David "process." While I had general guidance from Washington, it was up to the consulate to be an advocate, devise a strategy to meet US objectives, and keep Washington informed of the prospects. Rarely, did we get specific instructions from Washington to do anything. In my three years, I was instructed only once to go to the foreign ministry, and that was on a consular matter.

Consulate personnel were closely monitored by the Israeli security apparatus. I was once introduced by Ambassador Lewis to Ariel Sharon, then defense minister, at a social function honoring the arts at Lewis' residence in Tel Aviv. Sam, in a burst of good will, hoped that by meeting me Sharon might become less hostile to the consulate. Instead, Sharon said gruffly that he already knew who I was and what I was doing. He was scathingly critical of me and my staff, whom he accused of coddling the PLO. In some heat, I replied that because Mr. Sharon was well informed he would know that no one at the consulate had any contacts with the PLO. He turned his back to me and we left it at that.

Sharon had difficult relationships with Americans who were not ardent supporters of his views on settlements, Arabs, and the war in Lebanon. I found him an extraordinarily complicated man, an amoral ideologue with a nasty agenda. To him, every Palestinian is a terrorist and something less than fully human. His unrelenting policy of paving the West Bank and Jerusalem's suburbs with settlements is intended to make serious land-for-peace compromises impossible. Over many years Sharon, in my view, has been inflicting great damage on the prospects for peace in the Middle East, and therefore on Israel's, and everyone else's, best interests.

In April 1981 during Secretary of State Al Haig's first visit to the Middle East, I briefed him over breakfast. I told him it was common knowledge among my Israeli friends that Sharon was looking for any excuse to invade Lebanon to settle the Palestinian issue once and for all by force. The invasion occurred on June 6 as "Operation Peace for Galilee," and its stated purpose was to remove PLO forces from a 40-kilometer area north of Israel's border with Lebanon, putting Israel out of range of PLO artillery. In fact, however, Sharon sought to destroy the PLO leadership and remove it from Lebanon entirely, arrange for the election of Bashir Gemayel as president of Lebanon, and then conclude a peace treaty with Lebanon. The goal of expelling the PLO was accomplished; the other objectives were not. Sharon was at this time still playing the dominant Israeli role in the Camp David autonomy talks, thus demonstrating that the Israelis had no intention of engaging in good-faith negotiations with Egypt and the US.

Sam Lewis had long been skeptical about Sharon, and became increasingly distressed as he saw what Sharon was up to in the invasion of Lebanon. I suspect Foreign Minister Shamir and Sharon knew more about plans for an Israeli push all the way to Beirut than Begin. Begin's subsequent depression, his withdrawal and isolation, in part, I believe, reflected his recognition of Israel's self-inflicted wound in Lebanon. He came to understand, as the

coffins of young Israelis kept returning, and after the massacres at Sabra and Shatila refugee camps, what his cabinet had wrought and how much blood was on their hands.

Sharon was a problem for everyone: for Sam, for Phil Habib, but especially for peace-minded Israelis. As the Lebanese negotiations unfolded, Sam and Phil would return to the consulate after having met with Sharon, often incredulous at his outrageousness. Habib was always wary of Sharon, who seemed to all of us to have an agenda of his own, no matter what his government's stated policy might be.

Israeli officials resented the consulate's reporting on their rapidly expanding settlements, and on Palestinian views critical of Israeli activities. We disciplined ourselves about what we said and wrote, and separated fact from analysis. We made it clear to Palestinians that the US government had no sympathy for the expansion of settlements, collective punishment of Palestinian families, or acts of brutality by soldiers and settlers occurring with increasing frequency on the West Bank. We also deplored Palestinian terrorism and Arafat's role in it.

Most Palestinians I met were well educated mayors and "notables," university professors, journalists, students, businessmen, lawyers and doctors. Few were professional women. Most spoke English and had family or personal connections to Jordan, where Amman was the source of financial support, passports, and other amenities for the West Bank's Palestinians. The men drank coffee, smoked, and talked politics endlessly, it seemed. A tedious part of my responsibilities was to listen to the litany of complaints from Palestinians about US policy. Most were not interested in hearing our views, and endlessly repeated set speeches accusing us of being responsible for the West Bank's miseries because of our financial and political support of Israel. They held us accountable for the construction of settlements, claiming these were paid for by diversions of US financial aid to Israel and financial support from American Jewish organizations. After a while, these Palestinians would end their monologues and get to more open discussions, although one could usually feel their bitterness toward the US and resentment of the Camp David Accords, which were viewed as legitimizing the Israeli *status quo*.

Arabs of each village and city varied in temperament; at best, one did not sense more than a loose coordination of views among the mayors in the early 1980s. The more radical Palestinians, however, marched in lockstep. Elected officials, like the mayors, talked to us without reservation and in the easy-going manner of people whose lives are in politics. This was not always true for private Palestinians, who tended to be more cautious if their ties to Jordan were strong, or they were concerned about seeming too close to US officials promoting the Camp David Accords. There were only a few occasions when it was not "convenient" for a mayor to see me, and a suggestion was made that we meet the following week. In general, access to Palestinians was not a problem.

Palestinians were also bitter toward Egypt's President Sadat, co-signer of the Accords. I was in Jerusalem when he was assassinated by his military officers, and it wasn't long before Palestinians repeated the PLO line that his fate was deserved because he was a

traitor. The moderates who made such comments surprised me. After Israel, Egypt was the strongest military power in the region. The Camp David Accords neutralized that power, which radical Palestinians saw as the only hope of one day regaining their territory and, in the case of the fanatics among them, pushing Israel into the sea. Palestinians resented President Carter as well, and were pleased when he lost his bid for re-election. They had higher hopes for the Reagan administration, believing it might repudiate Camp David. They particularly hoped the "autonomy" process would be abandoned, and that the US would become less supportive of Israel. Of course, none of this occurred.

This was still a period when Palestinians were unarmed, and violent confrontations with Israelis on the West Bank were not a daily occurrence. Demonstrations did break out in violence, but Palestinians used stones then, not guns. They burned tires, created black smoke, and blocked a few roads; they rioted in refugee camps, but this was pre-*intifada* and weapons were used only by Jewish settlers and military occupation authorities.

Acts of terrorism within Israel, organized abroad by the PLO, Hamas and other groups, were increasing in number and severity. Palestinians in general felt themselves impotent victims of an occupation that became increasingly callous toward their human rights and contemptuous of international standards defined in the Geneva Conventions. Their fellow Arabs in the Gulf States and elsewhere sent money but did not, in the eyes of Palestinians, appear seriously interested in what was happening to them.

A Palestinian I saw often was Mayor Elias Freij, of Bethlehem. He was an orthodox Christian, a moderate, even-tempered, intelligent and moral man, someone who did not whine, and who described the Palestinian dilemma in a larger perspective. As a Christian, he did not have much influence on Muslim Palestinians. I often brought visitors to him because he was eloquent, measured and credible in his soft and patient voice, and because he lived in Bethlehem, which many Americans wanted to visit in any case. Freij was effective in talking calmly and rationally about Palestinian concerns, one of a small number of Arabs who could do so. Yet he, too, strongly criticized the Camp David Accords as a sell-out to Israel. Freij was critical of Arafat in his private conversations with me, but never disavowed him as the legitimate leader of all Palestinians.

Most other Palestinians with whom I spoke would not have dreamed of criticizing Arafat. Freij had deeper insights and recognized that Arafat was not then acceptable to the West because of his endorsement of terrorism and ambition to destroy Israel, and his militant leadership of the PLO. Freij, always a sensitive man of purpose and conviction, read the mood on the West Bank well. He paid for his individuality by being something of a pariah on the Jordanian political scene, and on one occasion having his home occupied by Israeli soldiers for a number of days, for his "protection."

To get a different perspective, I saw, among many others, Karim Khalaf, the former mayor of Ramallah, who was one of two mayors to lose their legs in car bomb attacks perpetrated by a right-wing Israeli underground group. Khalaf lived in Jericho thereafter, but I knew him earlier in Ramallah. Khalaf was a radical, one of the most outspoken mayors on the

West Bank, and a vocal critic of Camp David. Even after his amputations, he never lost his fire. When I talked with him in the shade of his garden of orange trees in Jericho, he was full of sparks and anger about the Israelis and ourselves. He, too, was not interested in hearing other views. But he was always, in the Arab way, a warm and welcoming host, unhappy if you did not share coffee and food, and take some oranges home.

Shortly after my arrival in Jerusalem, Israeli occupation authorities deported two West Bank mayors accused of being PLO-sympathizers across the river to Jordan. They were widely respected leaders among the Palestinians, thoughtful men of principle who were anything but demagogues. The world-wide publicity generated by their deportations was more than the Israelis had bargained for. Deportation left the families, who chose to stay on their land, in dire straits. Western governments, including our own, protested these measures taken at a time when we were clinging to the hope of implementing the Camp David Accords as part of a peace process. To do this, we would need the support of West Bank mayors, particularly those of stature.

I decided to visit the wives and children of these mayors to ask how they were faring, and repeated my calls when I returned to their cities. In Jerusalem, I was pleased when the women stopped by my office. From comments made to me since then, including those of one of the mayors visiting the United States some fifteen years later, I now recognize that this gesture, which became well known, probably was the most effective step I was able to take in three years to reach out to Palestinians as a credible American official.

E A Visit to Batir

Mohammed Latif, our major-domo at the residence, lived in the village of Batir near Jerusalem. One day, he invited my sons and me to his home for dinner. We stopped to visit a friend of his in a village nearby, whose daughter had accidentally been killed two or three days earlier by gunfire from the Israeli military. Mohammed wanted us to meet her family. The girl's parents did not lash out at me. They spoke of their grief quietly and with dignity. They said they were unable to understand how the US could do nothing as violence increased on the West Bank and innocent people were killed. They could not believe--few Palestinians could--that we did not have the power to curb the Israelis if we chose to.

Sitting on their terrace in Batir at dusk, looking over the vineyards in the valley and hearing the father speak of this experience pulled my thoughts and feelings together. The mother had given me a photograph of her daughter, a smiling girl in her late teens with dark, braided hair. The immediacy of their loss was poignant, as were the composure and resignation with which it was accepted and conveyed to me. No angry mob could have had anything like this effect on my understanding of the human toll of the occupation. There was also, I realized, a price paid by the occupiers, young soldiers who, for the most part, found the brutal side of their orders repugnant. Violence during 1980-83 was spiraling. During one dreadful week, West Bank violence was the cover story in *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *The Economist*.

In Jerusalem that night, I wrote a cable, "The Dark Side of Israeli Occupation," drawing on the evening's conversation and its mood, trying to make a real person of this young victim of the Arab-Israeli conflict. Rarely had our reporting aroused so much comment. It struck a chord among colleagues in the Middle East and Washington.

F The "Village Leagues" Proposal

There were problems beyond violence on the West Bank, among them Sharon's plan calling for the creation of "Village Leagues." These were to be made up of Palestinians imposed as unelected mayors and functionaries in cities that had lost their mayors through deportation. Later on, they were to become a cadre of Palestinians the Israelis intended to put in place under the "self-governing" provisions of the Camp David Accords. These Palestinians had been selected by military authorities because they were willing to cooperate. They were quislings, as people on the ground including foreign journalists called them, after the Norwegian collaborator with German occupation authorities in World War II. Some, if not all, were in the pay of the Israelis. They were a mediocre lot, whose experience had little to do with skills in governing, and whose backgrounds were often shady. One of them, a notorious Israeli agent, had for many months required open protection by Israeli soldiers at his home near Hebron.

Sad to say, there were people in Washington who insisted these quislings be taken seriously and that the proposed "Village Leagues" be given US support as part of the Camp David effort to achieve autonomy. They were officials outside the State Department whose Likud sympathies were apparent. Our reporting for a while focused on exposing the dubious credentials of these Palestinians, and the Israeli government's cynicism in this effort. On the West Bank, it was essential for us to distance ourselves from the "Village Leagues" proposal, which had touched a raw nerve, if we were to maintain credibility and access to the rest of the Palestinians. I became so disturbed about pressure from USIA, in particular, that I sent a short, personal cable to Secretary of State Shultz recommending that we avoid endorsing the "Leagues," and discourage their Israeli sponsors, if we wanted to retain what influence we had with the real Palestinian leadership. Had it been implemented, the "Village Leagues" proposal would have been the final coffin nail for the Camp David Accords. Eventually, this unworthy enterprise collapsed, although for a long time our willingness even to consider it left a bad taste.

G Congressional Delegations

Israel is an important port of call for any member of congress--like going to Ireland or the Berlin wall--so we had many visitors either singly or as members of congressional delegations. These CODELS arrived in Tel Aviv and then left as soon as they could because the prime minister, religious sites, and photo-ops were in Jerusalem. Each one had an embassy and consulate "control officer" to organize their visits. Their arrivals and sojourns placed heavy demands on our time and resources. I escorted them to the West Bank whenever they showed interest in going there, and many did.

I am a great believer in the value of congressional visits. We welcomed them even in the overwhelming numbers that came to Jerusalem. Each visit provided an opportunity to present the situation as we saw it, and enter into a dialogue, sometimes profitable and always intense, with members of congress and their staffs. Our visitors were a captive audience and were interested in Palestinians, even those members of the House and Senate who favored Likud's policies. By and large CODELS are serious trips undertaken for the primary purpose of learning.

The CODELS I briefed rather endlessly came in the wake of the Camp David Accords. I often invited Palestinians to the residence to meet with American legislators directly, and tried to get Palestinians themselves to present their views to the CODELS. Occasionally, Palestinians refused to come in protest against the congress, which they considered the instrument of their misfortunes through its aid appropriations to Israel. I tried to expose visitors to a broad spectrum of Palestinian views, but because some of the most articulate among them would not come to my home, they threw away valuable opportunities to put their case to American legislators.

For example, Palestinians would not talk to Senator Howard Baker, then majority leader and a very sensible man, because he was seen by them as opposed to their cause. At the last minute, they balked at attending my reception for him and even persuaded the politically astute Mayor Freij to stay away in a show of solidarity. I usually had little idea whether Palestinians would show up at a reception before the event. Some I could invite for a small dinner, others would only attend a larger function. When Palestinians did not appear at our reception for Senator Baker, I explained why the boycott had occurred, and how misplaced it was. Baker was disappointed, but understood. Palestinians were the losers every time in these childish games.

Two CODELS came often and stood out for their thoughtful approaches to the region's problems. Congressman Steve Solarz, Democrat of New York, was one of the hardest working members I have met. He ran us ragged on the West Bank every time he came to Jerusalem. He became well acquainted with key Palestinians. It was apparent to me, and to them, that he cared about their future. Steve told me that as a congressman from Brooklyn, these visits with Palestinians were not easy politically. I admired him for his intellectual curiosity and fairness, and for the political risks he was taking at home in talking with Palestinians.

The other exceptionally hard working visitor was Senator Paul Tsongas, a Democrat of Massachusetts, who was of Greek origin. We always arranged for him and his wife to meet the Greek Patriarch in Jerusalem and he, too, was intensely interested in the West Bank and its Palestinians. While Solarz and Tsongas remained exceptionally well informed on the West Bank, many other members and their staffs made serious efforts to understand the complexity of the issues symbolized by "unified" but divided Jerusalem.

H Visit of Former President and Mrs. Carter

In March of 1983, former President Carter and his wife Rosalynn visited Jerusalem, and for most of two days traveled on the West Bank. The three of us sat in the back of his armored limousine, where Carter and Rosalynn usually held hands and she kicked off her shoes. An Israeli security officer rode in front, and a security car followed us. Carter, as the architect of the Camp David Accords, was intensely interested in Palestinians and their views. This was his first opportunity to see the West Bank. He called on some of the leaders, but not all would receive him, as we had determined beforehand. In Jerusalem, I gave a luncheon and a dinner attended by Palestinians, all moderates, who were eager to talk with him. Meron Benvenisti, a former deputy mayor of Jerusalem, had developed a statistical data base for the West Bank, including settlements and Israel's economic ties there. I arranged for him to give the Carters a briefing which had evident impact on the former president who was beginning to understand Palestinian life at first-hand.

I invited the Carters and our by then exhausted staff on the evening before they left to dinner at the Philadelphia Restaurant, our favorite place for Arab food in the heart of East Jerusalem. My sons Paul and Mark, and Martha Hayward, were there. To my surprise, Carter's security people were not unduly concerned. In that noisy and informal ambiance, we were served a banquet at which plates of cold dishes covered the table before the arrival of lamb, and *arak* was followed by beer. Walid, the owner, buried any resentments about Camp David he may have harbored. We had a lively, almost rowdy, time.

In retirement, Carter seemed more relaxed and at peace with himself: not the man of inner torments which often broke through his usual reserve when he was president. His interest in the Palestinian-Israeli relationship was genuine, and he felt sympathy for the Palestinians. By the end of his hard-working visit to Jerusalem, Carter seemed to have no doubt that the benefits of Camp David were limited to the rapprochement between Israel and Egypt he had done so much to bring about. He could see for himself that formulas for Palestinian autonomy on the West Bank and Gaza were unacceptable to the Palestinians. They were opposed by the Arab states. King Hussein of Jordan had not been invited to Camp David, and did not find himself in a position to provide the indispensable support their implementation would have required--even had he wished to do so.

Carter's lined face, with its muscles often tense, told much about his ability to concentrate. His questions reflected the pragmatic, fact-gathering and analytical bent of the engineer he had been. But he was also a man of emotions who quite easily sorted data into moral categories of right and wrong. At the Philadelphia Restaurant, his warmth, joviality and teasing nature came through when he joshed with my sons and our staff and enjoyed his glass of *arak*.

Carter's wife had great influence over him, and their devotion to each other was touching in its directness. As Carter prepared for a press conference at the King David Hotel on his last day, Mrs. Carter told me he would probably not ask me what to emphasize, but I should offer my thoughts to him anyway. I did so, even though his visit was a private one, and when he drew on my suggestions in his remarks, she turned to me and said, "See, he's taking your advice!"

Carter asked me to come to his hotel alone on the morning of his departure from Jerusalem to find out whether I thought our ambassador, Sam Lewis, too readily accepted the Israeli viewpoint on matters between us. At Camp David, he said, Sam seemed to be repeating what Begin had just told him. I replied that Sam recognized the complexities and nuances on all sides, but felt it was his particular responsibility as ambassador to interpret to our government what Israeli leaders were thinking, and why.

In briefing visitors, Sam's enthusiasm and admiration for Israel sometimes carried him away, as in his characterization of "tiny Israel" in the big Middle East. But I rarely heard criticism from him of our reporting on the West Bank, much of which, in its mere recounting, reflected discredit on Israel in ways Sam understood and, albeit reluctantly sometimes, accepted. Our two posts functioned independently of each other, an exceptional arrangement which through the years has proven itself to be sound, even when relations between them were as harmonious as Sam and I made them.

I Other American Visitors

I briefed leaders of the American Jewish Community when they came to Jerusalem, and had good relationships with all of them. Sam Lewis gave me helpful advice before I left Washington. He suggested I call on the Jewish leaders whose headquarters were in New York. They should have an opportunity to meet me before I left for Jerusalem, and express their views before I took up my duties. From Tel Aviv, he helped make the appointments. I must have seen at least six heads of various Jewish organizations, asking their advice and inviting them to visit me.

They took me up on this invitation, which helped develop some rewarding relationships. When they visited Jerusalem, they listened to our briefings with concern. A few traveled on the West Bank, often using me as their guide. Sometimes I invited Palestinians to join us at the residence, if our visitors wished me to, which most did. I had no problem getting Palestinians to come to these functions. They were more tolerant of Jewish leaders than US government officials. Their hostility was directed against US policy, not Americans or Jews as such.

Secretary of State Alexander Haig visited Jerusalem while I was there, as did George Shultz, frequently. American official VIPs stayed at the King David Hotel, near the consulate. They arrived at Lod Airport in Tel Aviv and headed quickly to Jerusalem in a roaring motorcade. If it was the secretary, I would meet him and his entourage at the hotel, along with the manager and additional Israeli security agents. We would then wend our way through the crowded lobby toward two small elevators.

The question of who would ride with the secretary in such intimacy arose early in my tour. Sam and I discussed the matter and Sam said I should do the honors. The procedure was always the same. The secretary, a security guard, and I got into the elevator and rode to the appropriate floor, usually in silence. Photographers snapped pictures of us entering and

exiting this small conveyance, and that was the point. I always tried to look as if I had just learned something important. We called this ritual "elevator diplomacy." If only these vertical boxes could talk, what tales they would tell! Before my time, Secretary Kissinger and his little group once spent forty-five minutes together when the elevator got stuck while they were on their way to dinner.

For me, the most memorable elevator ride at the King David was on the way down from former President Carter's top floor suite to the lobby, one evening near the end of his visit in 1983. Mrs. Carter had felt slightly ill during the day with symptoms of flu, and a doctor had been sent for. She was able to go out, and the Carters, the doctor, a security agent and I filled the elevator as we started off. Carter asked the doctor what was troubling his wife. "Mrs. Carter," came the answer, "has herpes." The silence was awkward as we reflected on this, eyes respectfully lowered. I wished I were at the Dead Sea rather than a few inches from President Carter as he received this unsettling news. Herpes, the doctor explained, takes many forms, including minor aggravations in the mouth, and with the pills he prescribed all would be well in a day or two. Whew! Ground Floor. Everybody out to face the tourists and cameras!

The King David's VIP suites overlooked the old city, and the view was breath-taking, particularly at sunset. Early in a visit, Sam and I briefed the visitor or CODEL, often at the hotel, where we were mindful that we might have a larger audience than just those of us in the room. We of course did the same for Henry Kissinger when he came on a private visit. When the delegation was to pay a call on the prime minister or foreign minister, Sam would be the escort; it would have been inappropriate for me to go along, as my relations with the Israeli government were circumscribed.

J Jerusalem's Mayor Kollek

Jerusalem's renowned mayor, Teddy Kollek, was in office during my tour, as he had been for many years before and was to be afterwards. When I arrived, I called on him. It was a cordial but tough meeting. He told me he was trying to make Jerusalem a united city, and the American consulate general was trying to divide it. He pointed to the fact that we had two 4th of July receptions--one in West Jerusalem, and the other in East Jerusalem for Palestinians. When June rolled around, I sent out invitations to two 4th of July parties, as had been the custom since 1948. Teddy Kollek went through the roof. He wrote an unkind letter of protest to Sam Lewis, which Sam unhelpfully forwarded to me for reply.

We did not want to hold two 4th of July receptions, of course, and were not interested in exacerbating Israeli-Palestinian divisions. I believed, however, that there was no other choice, and that the problem had not been created by the US. If we had attempted to hold just one event, no Palestinians, in those days of resentment about the Camp David Accords and the worst of West Bank violence, would have come, creating a breach in our relations that would have been difficult to repair. All of the other consuls felt obliged to hold two events on their national days, something that seemed to trouble Kollek far less. I saw no way to satisfy Kollek and at the same time continue our open, if not fruitful, dialogue with

Palestinians. I was able to bring Israelis and some Palestinians together socially at my home, but during 1980-83 that would not have worked at a public function.

So, we had the Israeli community in the shaded summer garden of the residence, along with many Americans living in Jerusalem and on the West Bank, journalists, a protocol person from Kollek's office (the mayor himself would not come), distinguished Israeli friends like the former chief justice and chancellor Harman of Hebrew University, and the religious leaders. Our consular colleagues also attended this pleasant, even elegant, garden party which, with women in hats, many men in blazers, had a 1930s feeling to it.

The second celebration was held the next evening in East Jerusalem, on the roof of the American Colony Hotel. This was a smoky feast of grilled foods and Arab dishes lit by strings of colored lights and noisily animated by sounds of Arab music. I invited as many Israelis as I could to both celebrations. Palestinians attended the party in East Jerusalem in great numbers, bringing their families and uninvited friends. Journalists and some Israelis came to both events, including Israeli reporters and columnists who enjoyed friendships with Palestinians. Our consular colleagues came, and we partied into the night with the Vester family who had so long been associated with the American colony.

These 4th of July celebrations bedeviled us for the three years I was in Jerusalem. I gritted my teeth and gave them anyway, and was finally able to pacify Teddy Kollek in the matter. At stake, I told him, were our contacts with even moderate Palestinians as conditions on the West Bank deteriorated, a situation he also deplored. The US was second to none, I told him, in its belief that Jerusalem was, and should remain, an undivided city. But we also had to face realities of the times.

Kollek and I became friends. He came to the residence often, where his preference was to sit on the floor with his legs crossed. Guests would talk with him about Jerusalem and his plans for its future. I took congressional delegations to see him or, if their stay was short, hosted a reception and invited Teddy. I also spent time with him planning visits of American officials, which brings up the Weinberger precedent.

During my time, when cabinet-level American officials visited Arab East Jerusalem they would be escorted by myself or a member of my staff, but not Kollek or one of his staff, although Teddy quite rightly considered himself mayor of the whole city. In 1983, when Cap Weinberger, then secretary of defense, was scheduled to visit Jerusalem, I cabled the State Department arguing that the practice of having the consul general escort an American official within East Jerusalem, while Kollek did the honors in West Jerusalem, was an anachronism. Kollek justifiably resented this distinction, and Palestinians didn't care. I informed the Department that unless instructed otherwise, I would ask Mayor Kollek to escort Weinberger through East and West Jerusalem. Splitting the city in this way was unseemly, and ran counter to our own interests. We had maintained for years that Jerusalem was one city and yet, when it came to realities, we sometimes treated it as two.

I had called our desk officer in Washington, after having discussed my proposal with Sam Lewis first, to alert the Department to this message. Go ahead, they said, and see what happens. I called on Teddy to share the news. Before I could open my mouth, he said to me in his gravelly voice that he knew why I was there, and was sick and tired of the usual pitch about visitors. I told him to calm down and listen. I was there to discuss the Weinberger visit. He said he didn't want to hear about it. I then told him we were proposing that he escort the secretary of defense through East and West Jerusalem. Teddy looked at me, dumbfounded. He finally said: "God bless you!" Weinberger, Kollek, and I traveled around all of Jerusalem in a mini-van. When we alighted inside the old walls, Teddy turned to Weinberger and said: "You know, you are making history!" Of course, I had briefed Weinberger and he understood the reference. This is progress in the Middle East.

I had a heartwarming relationship with Teddy Kollek, and admired him greatly. He was held in esteem by most Palestinians who lived in Jerusalem, and did a lot for them. They trusted him. I don't remember ever hearing a Palestinian say something nasty about Kollek. He was what we would call a ward politician with street smarts, a big heart, and a great personal touch, a man of the people. He took enormous pride in the acres of flowers he planted in Jerusalem. There were many parks, and the boulevards were divided by flower beds. Driving around the city in his battered Volkswagen Beetle, Teddy occasionally spotted someone picking a flower. He would slam on the brakes and pounce on the unlucky individual. "What would happen to this city if *everybody* picked its flowers?" he bellowed. The subject of this tirade from the mayor would be mortified, but what can you do with a flower once you have picked it?

Teddy made a political error: he stayed in office too long. I think he could have become prime minister if the Labor Party had chosen him. No one had better ties to Americans. But he was not willing to abandon his first love, Jerusalem. It was already too late for Kollek on the national scene when I was there. He stayed as mayor until voted out. Time passed him by, and from his small, second-floor apartment he has lived to see his Likud successor restore the walls between people he did so much to break down.

K Places on the West Bank and Gaza

Some Palestinian villages and cities remain sharply etched in memory. Bethlehem is not at all the "little town" of Christmas carols, but rather a sprawling, undistinguished even ugly place teeming with hawkers of religious souvenirs. Mark Twain caught its flavor in *Innocents Abroad*.

Hebron is a city that disturbs me in a visceral way. There is something dark and menacing about it. A great unholiness resides there. By 1980, a settlement flourished in the heart of Hebron, established by a small group of radical Jewish settlers, some of them from Brooklyn, in an old building next to a mosque. On the roof of this building, one could see a guard post manned by settlers conspicuously brandishing their Uzis, which gave it the look of a military fortress, a jarring in-your-face message to the Arab population. One sensed

catastrophies waiting to happen. When a settler shot dozens of Arab worshipers in the Hebron mosque several years ago, I was not surprised.

Nablus is a distinctive city perched on its hills with a certain grandeur. In my time, it also was the most hostile and volatile place on the West Bank. It is geographically removed from the central cluster of West Bank communities, and Palestinians seem a bit different there. Violent demonstrations were frequent in Nablus; it was in Nablus that stones were thrown at my car by teenagers. The city was radicalized in a palpable way.

The Al-Masri family in Nablus were friends. One of the brightest young men in the family, Zafer, was exceptionally courageous in his political moderation as the city's mayor. He knew the US well; members of his family had been educated there. I became acquainted with him, his lovely and politically attuned wife, and their children, who visited me in Jerusalem. Zafer paid for his courage. He was assassinated by radical Palestinians after I left Jerusalem. It was in Nablus that one found Palestinians punishing their kin for the sin of political moderation. Zafer's death was a great and painful loss to the Palestinian cause.

Then there was Gaza with its refugee camps, a powder keg in search of a match. I had good friends in Gaza, and came to understand the dynamics of the area: its poverty and restlessness, feelings of confinement, its aura of being overwhelmed by history. Arafat, today, is having difficulty exerting his authority over the Gaza strip. He is not a good administrator to start with, but Gaza is an ungovernable entity. Gaza's refugee camps were densely crowded shacks lined up along the sea shore, littered with refuse, filthy. They were made of corrugated metal or anything else that would stand, one next to the other for miles. Children were everywhere and population growth was high. There was enough food to keep people alive at modest levels, but the area was seething with pent-up anger exacerbated by the lack of jobs--and hope. Some fished, for themselves and as a business; many of the men worked in Israel as day laborers or pickers in the orange groves. It was sobering to observe such squalor and misery and wonder what Gaza's future might be. I never walked through the camps, but passed through them with my Arab driver. I saw other camps on the West Bank, such as the large one outside Bethlehem, but none as spiritless as Gaza.

My Palestinian contacts had little to do with the refugee camps, although they mentioned these camps and their problems to me often. Mayor Freij of Bethlehem and other Palestinians were concerned about the camps, but did not consider themselves spokesmen for the refugees beyond deploring camp conditions and the reasons for there being refugees in the first place. They accepted the presence of refugees as facts of life under occupation.

The mayors were more concerned about the potential for violence stemming from conditions in the camps, and the presence of so many young men with nothing to do. In fact, the refugees were not represented by anyone; they did not have a voice in the early 1980s. We would hear about them when problems arose, but they were successfully marginalized. We supported the valuable work of private voluntary agencies and UNRWA, efforts backed by many of the world's governments. But the refugees were not themselves a

coherent political force; they simply existed in the West Bank and Gaza in large multiplying, unemployed numbers.

L The Habib Negotiations

Israel's invasion of Lebanon on June 6, 1982 was the dominating event of my tour. As we watched the crisis mount, Israeli forces moved into Lebanon in an operation cynically called "Peace for Galilee." We thought, initially, that their forces would stop forty kilometers north of the border. But they kept moving, and it slowly became clear that Defense Minister Sharon intended to go all the way to Beirut to expel the PLO and arrange for the election of Bashir Gemayel as president of Lebanon. The Israelis suffered heavy casualties. As these mounted, and the purposes of the invasion became clear, the mood in Jerusalem changed.

The incursion polarized Israeli society as never before. Many Israeli friends asked: "What have we come to? What is this country about in Lebanon and on the West Bank?" Peace Now adherents were the most vocal in their opposition, followed by the Labor Party. A whole country was having an identity crisis. Many Israelis were morally outraged at Begin's government and its purported rationale for the invasion. There were demonstrations and vigils in front of the prime minister's residence, a few blocks from the consulate. When the Sabra and Shatila massacres occurred at Palestinian refugee camps in September, 1982 people viewed Sharon as responsible. Israelis and Palestinians alike were horrified.

Israeli anxiety was reinforced by the flow of soldiers returning from the front in coffins. Jerusalem's atmosphere is often tense and somber, but during the Lebanon crisis it was funereal. National schizophrenia took hold. As bad news from Lebanon flowed in day after day, the depression deepened. Jerusalem's universities, its scholars and religious leaders, provide the city moral authority and make it a repository for national values. Jerusalem cherishes its memories of the founding of the State of Israel and the collective conscience of its founders, and now the very meaning of Zionism was challenged.

Into this atmosphere came Philip C. Habib, assisted by Morris Draper, as leader of a US negotiating team seeking to dislodge Arafat and his fighters from Lebanon. Subsequently, Habib would broker a peace among Lebanese factions and attempt to end the war itself. I had no idea, nor did Phil at the outset, of what was in store for all of us.

I encountered Phil at my first post, Abidjan, in 1960, when he came through the region gathering material for his National War College paper on Africa. Ever buoyant, he and the consulate's American secretary, Marion Markle, had a memorable picnic trip by Volkswagen Beetle into the rain forest, where in village after village Phil sought out Lebanese shopkeepers to practice his Arabic. Marion reported that he received a hero's welcome. Phil had visited me in Jerusalem earlier, when he was trying to rekindle negotiations between Jordan and Israel on riparian issues involving the Jordan River. He had barely begun this work when President Reagan named him as his personal envoy for the larger issues of Lebanon.

Phil became a frequent guest at the residence. I insisted he stay with us rather than at a nearby hotel, because we had more comfortable quarters and he was better protected there. He could hold meetings at any time under secure conditions. Our offices and communications facilities were a floor above the living quarters and provided immediate support.

Phil loved staying at the residence for its spacious and cool comfort and the quality of the household staff, particularly the talents of Atta, our Arab cook. In typical Habib fashion, he complained that his shirts were ironed better at the ambassador's residence in Beirut. He gorged on the Lebanese pistachio nuts we put before him. He loved the rose garden. At my urging, after his death, a plaque was placed in the garden honoring him and his love of roses. Phil spent time with me, just musing and chatting. He found the residence a calming shelter from the world beyond its walls. There were days when he arrived worn out. Phil, at 63, had experienced two heart attacks, and the negotiating process was grueling. From time to time, I arranged for an Israeli cardiologist to show up at the residence. Phil grumbled a bit, but was pleased to have a check-up. His concern was that these calls would leak to the press, but they never did.

When his motorcade arrived, I met Phil at the front door and took him to the guest room, where he unpacked his bag and hung up his suits, which were always in plastic dry cleaning wrappers. An excellent way to keep the wrinkles out, he reminded me. He stripped to his boxer shorts and tee-shirt, stretched out on the bed, and started talking. Phil invariably asked about my children, and how the household staff was faring. We discussed the garden and agreed it needed his scrutiny, an issue of priority on his personal agenda. He shared his concerns about the work at hand. Then he dozed off.

For Phil, the negotiations were arduous, frustrating, and often disappointing. Phil instinctively understood the Lebanese and their Syrian masters lurking in the background. Washington had given him a near *carte blanche* to resolve the issues in PLO withdrawal and the larger peace effort. On the phone, he dealt with Near East assistant secretary Veliotos on day to day matters, and occasionally with Secretary Shultz, an old California friend. He also spoke frequently with NSC adviser Bud McFarlane. There were occasional bursts of shouting from Phil, but he generally found the Washington bureaucracy supportive. Ambassador Lewis shared fully in these matters. He and his committed staff, including Charlie Hill, Bill Brown, and Paul Hare, became nearly as worn down as Phil as they produced reams of reporting cables.

It was the Israeli government that troubled Phil most. He had direct access anytime to Prime Minister Begin, but sometimes found him removed from Phil's immediate concerns. While Phil encountered warmth and support in many government quarters, particularly the foreign ministry, he found these qualities lacking in Defense Minister Sharon, whom he distrusted and disliked. The massacres at the refugee camps in Lebanon upset Phil greatly. He was frustrated by infighting in Lebanon among the various factions and their inability to act together. His Lebanese origins seemed to have no influence on his views or emotions,

but helped him understand the mindset and negotiating styles of his counterparts in Beirut. During each visit Phil asked me to brief him about the situation on the West Bank, which was always grim. He was careful to keep these matters separate from the concerns of his negotiations, but on a couple of occasions agreed to pass along comments and advice about the West Bank where it was most likely to do some good in Begin's government.

One afternoon, Phil was in a good mood and looking for something to do. I suggested we visit the collection of Roman glass at the Israel Museum, one of the best collections, if not the foremost, in the world. The museum was close and he agreed to go. When we entered the rooms where the glass is exhibited, Phil lost himself. He became engrossed in shapes and colors, and for a long time walked from one beautifully lit display case to another, totally absorbed. It was one of the few times I lured him out of the residence. Arab feasts with family and staff at Walid's Philadelphia Restaurant constituted the others. Phil cherished the quiet solitude provided by the residence and its garden.

Phil was fond of my children, two of whom lived with me, and two others, Cathy and Jack, who visited from college in the summer. He would greet my youngest son Mark at the breakfast table with a hearty, "Good morning, smartass!" He was a warm and funny person, despite his often stern demeanor. Phil's daughter Phyllis spent some time with us, and we tried to make her feel part of the family. Occasionally, I would host small dinners for him to which I invited UNIFIL officers, journalists, and other interesting people in Jerusalem. Phil was a great dinner companion and raconteur. He liked good wine. "Dining is the soul of diplomacy," Lord Palmerston observed. Whenever Brian Urquhart of the UN was in Jerusalem, I asked him to dinner with Phil. It was fascinating to hear their assessments and reminiscences. Brian, as well, had a deep and intuitive understanding of Lebanon and the Middle East.

We were stretched thin in the consulate when Phil was in town. Martha Hayward, ever a tireless secretary, saved us time and again. These visits were a workload for which we were not prepared. My undaunted deputy, Jock Covey, took on this chore, having had invaluable staffing experience in the State Department's executive secretariat. We trained our junior officers to put together briefing books, sort cables, and staff the needs of a busy negotiator. They took to this work like bees to honey, and enjoyed their easy access to Phil. Phil in turn, took an interest in them. He asked about their careers, past and prospective, and why they had joined the Foreign Service, amplifying everything with his usual wisecracks. The junior officers loved it, and vied for the demanding responsibility of taking care of him. Many of them received quick promotions and were recognized by the State Department for their outstanding work in Jerusalem. The lesson in this is that foreign service professionals like to work with strong leaders engaged in important issues. They will give their all in response to wise leadership from someone whose understanding and management of matters at hand commands respect.

On one of his visits to Jerusalem, Phil was unhappy about his support from our embassy in Lebanon. He was about to return to Washington for a meeting with the president, and told me he intended to ask Reagan to appoint me ambassador to Lebanon forthwith. I thanked

him for his confidence and said I needed to sleep on it, although I knew what my answer would have to be. At breakfast the next morning, I told Phil it would not be possible for me to go. I had a commitment to my sons living with me that I could not abandon when they were at an age at which a father's guidance is badly needed. The divorce had been hard on them. Phil made his disappointment clear--he was a great believer in "the Foreign Service first"--but accepted my decision, frowning at me from time to time later on, grumbling that I should have gone to Beirut. Had I done as he wished, I would have been at our embassy when it was blown up in a terrorist attack.

Habib's temper was legendary, and his blow-ups were memorable though brief. Nick Veliotis, then assistant secretary for the Middle East, tells the story of one of Phil's quick visits to Washington during the Lebanese crisis. Phil asked Nick to draft a telegram on some complicated matter, which Veliotis and his associates promptly did. The draft was handed to Phil, who retreated into Nick's office and closed the door, while the others waited outside in trepidation. Sure enough, the outburst came: "GOD DAMN IT!" Phil yelled to their dismay. "Why can't the rest of the Department do work like this!"

Habib had a wise press policy. When he went to the foreign ministry at the outset of his negotiations, he was confronted after the initial discussions by a huge jumble of TV cameras and journalists. Phil, undaunted, went to the microphones, looked straight into the cameras and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is going to be a silent movie!" He surveyed the startled faces for a few seconds, and left. He would not speak to the press during the negotiations, except for an occasional formal statement. He believed that one cannot negotiate in public. The Israeli press, moreover, was notorious for its flights of fancy and tenacity.

In the early days of his negotiations, Phil received kudos by the gross. One week, he was on the covers of *Newsweek* and *Time*. After Arafat's exit from Beirut, he was increasingly mentioned as a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. When Phil returned to Washington for consultation, President Reagan usually invited him to lunch. Habib was the star of US foreign policy. That reputation changed after a suicide truck bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut killed 241 Americans in October of 1983, the worst of times for Americans committed to peace in the Middle East by their presence, actions and cautious hopes.

M Writ of *Ne Exiat*

One of my reasons for returning to Washington for consultations in the spring of 1983 was to be present in court for divorce proceedings. Our marriage could no longer be held together. Mary, living in Washington, had changed lawyers, and a new one was starting to work with her. One afternoon, as I briefed members of the policy planning staff in the State Department on Jerusalem and the Palestinians, two federal marshals appeared in the outer office with a warrant for my arrest under a writ of *ne exiat*, which a judge issues when someone is believed to be intending to flee the country to avoid the law. They ordered me to leave the building with them, and frisked me in a men's room. We drove to the District of

Columbia Jail where I spent the next two hours in a private cell. With time to think, once I had overcome my shock, I recognized this legal tactic, intended to embarrass me and hurt my reputation, which it briefly did to some extent, was so off the wall it would probably help me in divorce proceedings, which it also did. My lawyer delivered a thousand dollars in cash to bail me out and I breathed free air again.

The next morning, an irritated judge vacated his own order and rebuked Mary's lawyer for employing this strategy. In its Washington gossip column a few days later, however, *The New York Times* alluded to the incident without mentioning my name, lightheartedly characterizing me as a foreign service officer involved in a divorce frantically trying to elude federal marshals in the State Department's corridors. The writer seemed to find in this fantasy a characterization of the Foreign Service itself.

N Middle East Peace

I left Jerusalem in early summer 1983, thoroughly discouraged about the future of the West Bank and Gaza. The Camp David process had run its brief course. I saw no prospect any time soon for the creation of a respectable entity Palestinians could call their own. They were at their most despairing, a mood that erupted four years later in the *intifada* uprising which introduced armed clashes, for the first time, into the occupied territories themselves. Moderates in Israel and among Palestinians hunkered down to wait for change.

And, finally, change did come at the Madrid Conference of October 30, 1991, an event that could not have happened during the Cold War. Presidents Bush and Gorbachev, the latter with only two months left in office, together brought to the table in Madrid representatives of Israel, Syria, Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, and the Palestinians. Nothing comparable had occurred since the creation of Israel in 1948 at the Cold War's onset. Much of the credit belongs to Secretary of State James Baker.

The fact that the Soviet Union no longer existed, and Syria and the PLO had therefore lost its support, made the decisive difference. With Cold War competition over, Russia and the United States saw their interests beginning to converge and joined forces in the Middle East. The Madrid Conference broke the downward spiral in Arab-Israeli relations, although beyond its symbolism in post-Cold War realignments, it amounted to little more than a new format for old problems. In the Middle East, however, formats matter. The struggles between Israelis and Palestinians are not in the main religious, but secular. They are about land, water, security, dignity, and freedom in its many forms. Whose land, today, is the West Bank and Gaza, and whose city is Jerusalem? By what rights--biblical, historical, conquest, deed, use or occupation--do these lands belong to Arabs or Jews?

Progress toward peace was made under the 1993 Oslo Declaration of Principles, signed on the White House lawn one hot September day by Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, soon to be assassinated as Sadat had been, and PLO President Yasser Arafat. The accords had been reached without US participation or knowledge. At the White House ceremony on the lawn, I watched these former adversaries hesitate--and then shake hands, and I joined in the

emotional ovation. With President Clinton standing in the middle, as Carter had stood with Begin and Sadat, the scene rekindled a fragile flame of hope.

Nevertheless, in a dangerous and inexplicable strategy, Prime Minister Netanyahu, abetted by Sharon as Minister of National Infrastructures, is creating new settlements in Jerusalem and on the West Bank, more facts on the ground, as his critics say. He adheres minimally, if at all, to the spirit of the Oslo Declaration. Arafat, on his part, is showing himself, so far, to be the weak leader and poor administrator of a corrupt Palestinian Authority, failing to control terrorism and rioters, or discipline Palestinian police in cities such as Gaza and Hebron.

Regarding Jerusalem, I suspect that a generous formula for religious sovereignty and Palestinian rights will eventually prove acceptable, one that guarantees access and control of holy places to the concerned parties in an open city that serves, by common consent, as Israel's capital, and perhaps even Palestine's. When that happens, the United States will move its embassy. The US role as peace broker in the Middle East remains indispensable and, like Phil Habib, we must not give up. The Cold War's outcome augments the diplomatic options. The lesson of Oslo is that Americans, Israelis, and Palestinians are not alone in these efforts.

My years in Jerusalem were difficult and painful for everyone. And yet, Val Vester, still at the American Colony Hotel, wrote to me fifteen years afterwards: "I think you would hate Jerusalem if you saw how it is now, so built up and surrounded by high-rise fortresses...I look back on the period that you were here as a very happy one."

16

TURNED DOWN BY KUWAIT: 1983-84

A The Meaning of *Agrément*

I returned to Washington from Jerusalem in 1983, expecting to become ambassador to Kuwait. Nick Veliotis, assistant secretary for the Near East, called me in Jerusalem to propose this assignment and urge me to accept it. I was pleased at the prospect of heading an embassy in a region that interested me. There was reportedly a good school available for my son Mark.

One evening I received a call from Jock Covey, my former number two in Jerusalem who had become a deputy executive secretary of the State Department. He told me the Kuwaitis had refused to agree to my appointment. The Kuwaiti foreign minister had taken our request for *agrément* to Amir Shaykh Jabir to tell him the US was proposing an ambassador who favored Israel, as evidenced by his service in Jerusalem. This caused the Kuwaitis not only to deny *agrément*--the formal request from one government to another to agree to a proposed ambassador--but to do so publicly and angrily. There was no turning back for them after that.

This decision caused a certain amount of commotion. Larry Eagleburger, then under secretary of state for political affairs, and Nick Veliotis were outraged, both on the basis of the Kuwaiti view, and their behavior as a friend of the US. My nomination to Kuwait came in the aftermath of Israel's invasion of Lebanon, and the US-supported ouster of the PLO's leadership from Beirut. Emotions in the Middle East were churning. Kuwait's refusal of my nomination became front page news in the US media, a momentary metaphor for America's frustrations in the Middle East.

I received support from Israeli friends in the form of letters to editors and journalistic comment. Jerusalem's mayor Teddy Kollek wrote: "Brandon, sorry for all the troubles you had because of your Jerusalem assignment. Yours, Teddy." Palestinian friends on the West Bank and in Gaza wrote to me expressing their embarrassment.

Refusal to grant *agrément* is rare, but in 1983, at about the same time, my colleague Morton Abramowitz was turned down by the Indonesian government because he is Jewish. The two of us became examples of the pitfalls of a diplomatic career. Mort and I found ourselves the subjects of a lead editorial in *The New York Times*; the US government, in its turn, had refused a woman nominated by the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, believing she had been involved in the murders of associates of Somoza by first luring them to her bedroom. The *agrément* process became a brief flash in the American consciousness. I understood then what Andy Warhol meant about fifteen minutes of fame.

The State Department's response was to make it clear to the Kuwaitis that they had seen their last American ambassador for some time. It would be a year before the US proposed another ambassador, Anthony C.E. Quainton, and before the Kuwaiti ambassador in Washington was received by a senior official in the State Department.

Left in limbo, Mort and I were well treated at State. Our seniors in the Department promised they would find other posts. But embassies are not readily available. Usually ambassadorial appointments are planned six to nine months before a vacancy occurs; no post would open up in the immediate future. The hardest thing was to find a school for Mark that late in summer. Mrs. Santora, at Holy Trinity in Georgetown, could not have been more understanding and God bless her for that!

Management issues have always interested me, so I asked to be temporarily assigned to M/MO, then the office responsible for the State Department's organizational and resource issues. It was headed by a friend, Willard A. De Pree. I told Bill that if he could use me I would be delighted to join him. I worked on four projects during my tour in M/MO. Many months later, I realized that had my assignment to Kuwait proceeded without a hitch, Mark and I would have been there during a terrorist attack that heavily damaged our embassy compound.

B Communications Policy

My first assignment dealt with communications and information policy (CIP), then coordinated in the office of the deputy secretary of State. The question was where to locate

this function, which involved policy, negotiations, export concerns, and the gamut of issues in computers and information flows. I had little knowledge of these matters, but soon became engrossed in them. It was my first experience with the implications of information technology. In 1983, there was minimal awareness of the impact of the Third Wave, the Information Highway, or the communications revolution in general in the State Department. The deputy secretary's special assistant for these matters, Ambassador Diana Dougan, was reluctantly supported by the Bureau of Economic and Business Affairs (EB), and largely ignored. One of the pressures facing the Department came from congressional quarters seeking to have US interests in communication and information issues centrally managed.

Diana Dougan, the sole official in this function, was a highly competent Reagan appointee with a strong private sector background in communications. I spent three or four months working my way through these complexities and, at the end, produced a report entitled "*CIP: A Bureau in the Making*." It concluded, over the fierce opposition of the EB Bureau, that the Department's communications responsibilities should be separated from that bureau and placed in a new, discrete organization. I recommended that the Department concentrate more intensively and systematically on communications issues and that State, not the Department of Commerce, be the leading agency on policy relating to the international implications of communications issues, including US exports of communications technology.

My report focused on capabilities the State Department must find in its own expertise to address policy aspects of complex international scientific or technology issues. Were we able to deal with communications policy when the subject was so esoteric? We did not yet train foreign service officers to be competent in science and technology, or to speak their languages, and often ignored these skills when they were present in people we already had.

I concluded that a foreign service officer who understood US interests and the policy aspects of technical issues would be able to address international concerns and recommend courses of action to serve those interests. In negotiations, such a diplomat would be supported by technical experts. These conclusions were reinforced by earlier experiences on the Policy Planning Staff with Law of the Sea negotiations, during which I learned that one can take extraordinarily complex questions, distill their policy essence, and provide the necessary policy guidance at political levels. Foreign policy judgments and conclusions about US international interests cannot be left to the scientists and technicians, indispensable though these experts are to the total process of arriving at such decisions. Foreign policy positions are political in nature, and have their place in the full scope of bilateral and multilateral relations.

A separate CIP Bureau was established under Ambassador Dougan. It lasted until roughly the second year of the Clinton administration, when budgetary constraints and lingering resentment caused the bureau to be abolished and its functions merged again within the EB Bureau.

C The CAPSTONE Seminar

I next was offered an opportunity to attend the CAPSTONE seminar, two months of training at the National Defense University at Fort McNair in Washington for newly promoted admirals and generals. The State Department sends one of its senior FSOs to provide a foreign policy dimension to this flag-rank class of approximately twenty-four.

The Cold War was intense in 1984. My nearly four years in the Navy at the end of the Korean War left me with a life-long bond to the military. Our seminar consisted of outstanding officers, one of whom became the Army chief of staff. During these months, I learned the significance of "purple," the color you would allegedly produce if you were to boil Army, Navy, Coast Guard, Air Force, and Marine uniforms together in one great cauldron. Purple is a metaphor for the need, strongly emphasized during CAPSTONE, for greater cohesion among the services in order to build a more effective fighting force in joint operations. Our seminar convened shortly after the Grenada invasion fiasco of 1983, during which the absence of coordination among the services, especially in communications, was so pronounced that at least one GI was forced to use a public pay phone to call in air strikes.

A second focus was on combined operations, those involving cooperation with allied forces. Split into two groups, we visited every four-star command in the world. My half went to the Pacific commands. We traveled throughout the United States to visit major bases. The candor we encountered from senior officers was astonishing to me: the general in charge of the Grenada invasion, for example, was withering in his criticism of an operation for which he had been responsible. Such blunt and unvarnished self-criticism is not heard in the State Department. Our work was guided by retired four-star officers, who traveled with us, attended our seminars as mentors, and shared their knowledge and experience. I found this approach so effective that when I became director of the Foreign Service Institute five years later, I established a mentoring program for the A-100 course for newly appointed foreign service officers. We now invite an active duty or retired ambassador to join each A-100 course as a resource for its members.

The CAPSTONE seminar renewed my admiration for the intelligence, character, and commitment of our military, and gave me a needed opportunity to update my understanding of strategic concerns and the enormous impact of technological change. Driven by the Cold War, the readiness, competence and morale of our armed services were reassuring. They had overcome the trauma of defeat in Vietnam. There was an entirely new language of acronyms to learn. I was astonished, too, by the equipment on bridges and in the command centers of the ships we visited, which was highly computerized and entirely different from the technology of my own years at sea. The large wooden helm on the bridge, with its symbolism, reassurance and lore, was gone, replaced by something like the steering wheel of an automobile.

What struck me forcibly about CAPSTONE, which continues as mandatory training for newly minted flag officers despite its cost, is the insistence of the military services on providing expensive training to its personnel at all levels. In this case, the focus was on

leadership requirements in senior ranks. By comparison, the State Department, AID, and USIA, despite the Foreign Service Institute, are living in the Dark Ages.

D The Operations Center and History of the Bureaus

Charlie Hill, the executive secretary of the State Department and Jock Covey, his deputy, all of us colleagues from Jerusalem days, asked me to give them some help with the senior watch officer function in State's Operations Center. They wanted me to review our crisis management procedures. I spent a month in the Op Center, as everyone calls it. I joined a midnight shift, became acquainted with the senior watch officers, and talked with bureaus and agencies like CIA and Defense that depend on the Department's Operations Center, or have close working relationships with it.

The Operations Center never shuts down. Protected by security measures, it is located on the Seventh Floor a few yards from the offices of State's most senior officials. It is the first point of contact in any international crisis, and has the most sophisticated communications capability at State. It is not unusual for a secretary of state to appear there for the latest information on a crisis. I came away with admiration for the work, around the clock, performed by the Op Center staff, and developed recommendations to strengthen the watch officer function.

During this period, Ronald Spiers became under secretary for management, an old friend going back to graduate school. It was just before I went to CAPSTONE that Ron told me there were two posts for which I was being considered, Iceland and Zaire. For the last three months of my tour in M/MO, I knew I would be selected for Zaire, which was my preference in light of previous African experience and my knowledge of French. But Iceland, a NATO country, had its own tug for me as well. What would it have been like to live and work there?

My final project stemmed from experiences in M/MO with the communications function, and how it should be managed. I asked Bill De Pree whether anyone had compiled a history of the State Department's bureaus. Since he did not know of such an effort I went to see the Department's historian, Dr. William Slany, to ask him whether he would be interested in doing this. I wanted to determine when, and for what purposes, each bureau had been created. What were the needs and pressures at a particular moment in history that a new bureau was intended to address? The historian's office, in a few months, produced two volumes on the origins of each bureau in the Department of State. They contained invaluable information about how the State Department evolved into the organization it became in 1984.

In retrospect, my one-year of service in M/MO and participation in CAPSTONE were productive and enjoyable, if also disruptive to family life and unexpected.

17

AMBASSADOR TO ZAIRE: 1984-87

Being an ambassador is different from anything done before, whether as a foreign service officer, journalist, or CEO of a major corporation. At an embassy, the deputy chief of mission takes on the day-to-day management and the ambassador provides leadership and policy direction. An ambassador's authorities and responsibilities are better defined in the president's long letter of instructions to each ambassador than those of any other person in foreign affairs appointed by the president and confirmed by the Senate; they are much more explicitly stated than the functions of the secretary of state. Ambassadors are supported by staffs who ordinarily are experienced and competent, and whose success in their careers is linked to the ambassador's success. They are provided places to live intended to represent our country and its values or, in a capital like Paris, where our residence is more like a palace, America's prestige and place in history.

Despite the absorbing and stimulating activities of social and public diplomacy, an ambassador, like the captain of a ship, must be at the center of things but also maintain a certain distance, since he or she is ultimately accountable for everything that takes place. So a kind of solitude comes with the privilege of command responsibility. Making the hard decisions on how to further US interests with the host government, how to deal with a crisis, is the ambassador's task, someone who must at the same time take into account and move a huge, sluggish, Byzantine bureaucracy in Washington that sets the agenda for relations.

No American abroad should be able to define the elements of relations more lucidly than the ambassador, understand local and Washington's concerns more thoroughly, assess the future more astutely, or anticipate opportunities and difficulties more shrewdly. It is work requiring constant thought. An ambassador at post has left native shores behind and does not spend too long in either harbor, maneuvering in the waters in between, entering one and then the other port, only to leave again for the open seas that separate them and are his or her dominion.

Ronald Reagan telephoned prospective ambassadors at the time their nominations were forwarded by the White House to the Senate. His ostensible purpose was the formal one of asking whether they would accept their posting, something they had known about for an average of six months, having gone through security, financial disclosure and other bureaucratic processes along the way. I think Reagan did this because he enjoyed personal contact and dispensing good news, as well as exercising an agreeable side of presidential authority. He was making the important point, however, that ambassadors were his personal representatives abroad, deriving their constitutional authority from him. This was particularly important for foreign service appointees, accustomed to layers of bureaucracy, to understand.

A White House operator reached me a day in advance, giving me a time frame during which I could expect a call from the president. I got myself ready at the appointed hour, and asked my 13-year old son, Mark, to pick up the telephone extension when the call came through in order to hear the president. After several false rings from unwelcome callers that

morning, the White House operator was finally on the line. "The president is calling," she said. Mark scrambled into place, his hand cupped over the speaking end of the extension phone. What a special moment in a foreign service career and family life!

A pause, and then the familiar, husky, friendly voice was on the line. "Mr. Grover?" the president asked, adding an "r" to my name. I glanced at an astonished Mark with an expression that said if you laugh I'll throttle you. To his credit, Mark kept his hand on the phone, although he was starting to tremble. This was dad's big moment! In the brief exchange that followed, I told the president that in Zaire I would do my best for him and our country. "I know you will," was his gracious reply.

A US Objectives

In 1984, as I picked up the threads of our relations, Zaire was a particularly important country to us in Africa. By 1997, the year of President Mobutu's expulsion by Laurent Kabila, it was far less so. Zaire, then the Belgian Congo, gained its independence in 1961, along with many other countries in sub-Saharan Africa. Over the next four chaotic years, the Congo went in a Marxist direction under the influence of Patrice Lumumba, who was murdered, apparently by Mobutu's supporters. Its various governments narrowly succeeded in suppressing bloody secessionist movements in the mining region of Katanga and to the north in Stanleyville, and its economy collapsed.

When a former army sergeant, Joseph Désiré Mobutu, seized power with the help of the US government through its urbane, amiable and canny CIA station chief in Leopoldville, Lawrence Devlin, Zaire's future was sealed. I once asked Larry, a good friend, whether it is true that the CIA in Washington had sent him a tube of poisoned toothpaste with instructions to get it to Lumumba. "It is," he replied with a smile, "but I didn't carry out the order. I questioned it. How in the world would I get toothpaste to Lumumba, anyway?"

By 1984, Zaire had been brought to ruin by Mobutu. One-third the size of the United States, Zaire is as large as our country east of the Mississippi River. It has strategically important natural resources, among them copper, cobalt, diamonds, oil, timber, and copper related minerals, of which there are many. When world commodity prices and especially copper prices fell precipitously in 1973, Zaire suffered an economic decline of major proportions from which it has not recovered.

The US was also interested in Zaire for strategic reasons. Mobutu had steadfastly supported us in the Cold War; he had become one of our strongest allies in Africa. He sided with us in the UN on important issues. He twice sent his troops to restore order in Chad. He was viewed by us as the powerful and enduring leader of a large country surrounded by nine smaller countries which he helped keep in the Western orbit. In addition, Mobutu was an important voice in the Angolan and Namibian struggles and in US-sponsored negotiations.

I left Washington with three major objectives in our relations. First, we were committed to keeping Zaire on the path of economic reform. At the time, there was an impressive and

increasing degree of compliance by Mobutu with IMF-mandated economic restructuring, including meeting scheduled debt repayments in the Paris Club, an oddly named organization that regulates government-to-government debt. There was overall progress on the economic front, albeit uneven, which gave slender hope that the basic downward spiral could be slowed. The country had been plundered for decades by Mobutu and his cohorts. To keep Zaire on the path of economic reform the US worked in tandem with Belgium and France in particular, often urging the same actions on Mobutu and his government to demonstrate our common views.

The second US objective was to keep the dialogue with Mobutu going in our direction. For anything significant to be accomplished in Zaire during my tenure, we would require Mobutu's support. To succeed with Mobutu, I would need to understand his personality and develop strategies to foster as cooperative a relationship with him as possible. Despite US government tolerance of his despotic ways and our generous aid programs, Mobutu was renowned for having American ambassadors for breakfast. Three of my nine predecessors had formally or informally been asked by Mobutu to leave.

Our third policy objective was the most elusive. We sought real progress, in specific ways and cases, in curbing wide-spread and well documented human rights abuses. At the same time, we intended to nudge Mobutu toward democratic practices, particularly with regard to tolerating opposition leaders and their parties, and acknowledging a role for them in the political process.

Before departing for Kinshasa, I talked with my predecessors: "How did you handle Mobutu? What should I expect?" These conversations gave me, from different angles, a picture of Mobutu that was all too accurate. He was a man of constancy. Not surprisingly, my predecessors were foreign service officers rather than political appointees, each with his own style and ways of dealing with Mobutu. In the course of time I developed mine, which I will later describe.

I recognized that the situation in Zaire--the overwhelming poverty, near absence of human rights, disintegrating infrastructure, one-man rule--would not change significantly during my tenure, short of a miracle. The demise of Mobutu was not expected. I saw that I could have only a minimal effect on Zaire's future. Little glamor was attached to this ambassadorship.

There was great fear of Mobutu in Zaire, and of his army in particular, by people in villages and the countryside who suffered constantly from pillaging, brutality and rape by his underpaid or unpaid soldiers, who exacted their "pay" from villagers by stealing food and generally having their way. There was no one in Zaire at that time able to challenge Mobutu directly. Opposition leaders like Etienne Tshisekedi and members of his UDPS Party lived in exile in Belgium, as did N'guz Karl-i-Bond. Our embassy in Brussels maintained low-level contacts with these figures, arousing Mobutu's suspicions and anger. He had a relationship with us over the years that can only be described as love-hate on his part.

Before leaving Washington, I decided to call on the Israeli ambassador to tell him of my intention to work closely with his counterpart in Kinshasa. Israel had for many years made serious and sustained efforts to win friends and influence people in various African countries. Moshe Arens was away, but his deputy, Benjamin Netanyahu, received me for forty-five minutes of probing conversation. I sensed I was in the presence of a highly intelligent, smooth yet intense, politically attuned and forceful man who had done his homework on Zaire. I could not miss a steely and domineering quality in his personality.

B Accreditation of an Ambassador

Ambassadors newly arrived at their posts follow similar procedures leading to accreditation to a head of government or chief of state. Copies of letters of credence, and recall of the previous ambassador, signed by the president of the United States, are delivered to the foreign minister. The ministry's chief of protocol explains local diplomatic practices, such as when to fly flags on one's official car, and briefs the ambassador-designate about the accreditation ceremony. The new ambassador, meanwhile, has time to take charge of the embassy and settle into a residence often in need of painting and serious repair, sparsely furnished, and therefore dispiriting at first sight.

My courtesy call on the foreign minister was uneventful. The chief of protocol arranged to brief me on the evening before I was to present my credentials to President Mobutu. During my call on him, Kinshasa experienced a total power failure caused by a thunder storm. We were in complete darkness in an empty building. There were no candles or flashlights at hand. The briefing continued. At the end, moving in single file, we slid our fingers along the walls of pitch-black inner corridors, calling to each other to stay in touch, and made our way cautiously down several flights of stairs to my car outside. An apt briefing in every way, I thought.

On the following day, four other newly arrived ambassadors and I were scheduled for individual appearances before Mobutu. We were to be ready at our residences at nine o'clock, but did not know in what sequence we would be whisked to the presidency by motor cycle escorts. The heavy rains of the previous night had caused a major leak through the ceiling of my son Mark's bedroom, adding urgency to the list of repairs to the second floor of the residence. Senior advisers on the embassy's country team were invited to join me at the ceremony. We spent three warm hours on my terrace becoming better acquainted, and drinking coffee in our most formal attire while work crews attended to the flooding and roof. Motor cycle escorts for other ambassadors living nearby wailed and roared as they sped their charges to Mobutu, sounds disappointingly fading away as, once again, they passed us by. Finally, the churning reached our gates which had long stood open, and eight policemen vroomed into the circular drive at breakneck speed, flinging up dust and gravel to the horror of our bulldog, Johnny. At long last, I was on my way.

C Mobutu Sese Seko

I first saw President Mobutu at Camp Tshatshi, when I presented my credentials to him during a ceremony on a plateau overlooking the Zaire River at Stanley Pool, where millions of tons of water roiling and pounding on rock make a drumbeat of their own. A newly arrived ambassador faces this rushing river while national anthems are played, and it's quite a thrill.

I looked to my right where Mobutu was waiting in the entrance to a large *pailote*, or straw covered hut. He was a tall, heavy-set figure, standing against the dark background of the interior and my first impression was the gleaming whites of his eyes bordered by black horn-rimmed glasses. He was wearing his *abacost*, the required Zairean dress for men modeled on the Mao jacket, perhaps China's most distinctive contribution to the Zairean scene. His head was large and round with tightly curled hair covered, outdoors, by his trademark leopard skin hat. He carried the carved wooden stick of a chieftain and stood ramrod straight. It was disconcerting to feel him standing there, watching me intently as the band played.

I walked toward him trailed by senior members of my staff, whom I introduced. Another of Mobutu's affectations was to insist on being addressed as "Citizen President." I carried a letter from President Reagan, which I had helped write and managed to get signed before my departure from Washington. It described our objectives in the relationship and said some pleasant things about me. I presented it to Mobutu and he was pleased.

Mobutu, I had been told, had the habit of testing American ambassadors as soon as he could, and lost no time with me. "Mr. Ambassador," he said, "I want to offer you a traditional Zairean drink--coconut milk. I hope this does not violate your human rights," a clumsy dig at best. Mobutu felt sensitive about our human rights policies and pressures, and I was pleased to see they were having even this kind of effect. I am not fond of coconut milk, but assuring Mobutu that my human rights were unoffended, I did my duty for my country.

I met with Mobutu many times, usually alone or with one or two others over breakfast or lunch. He spoke no English and we communicated in French. He was often moody and depressed or angry, and increasingly bored with his life. Mobutu had everything money could buy: his yacht *Kamaniola*, residences in Zaire, Switzerland, France and elsewhere, women of a certain kind. There were no comforts he could not enjoy, if he wanted them. Yet he found these dull and insufficient and, as it turned out, he was ignoring his health. He was building a marble palace at Badolite, in the northwest corner of Zaire. My diplomatic colleagues and I, who were summoned there from time to time, watched its construction, and that of an airport and Potemkin village nearby, with awe and dismay. Everything seemed to be made of green malachite and Italian marble. Mobutu began to spend more and more time in the Oz world of Badolite. While he thus indulged himself, the rest of Zaire rotted.

Mobutu nevertheless felt a profound attachment to Zaire and its soil, the way Russians feel about Mother Russia. I thought at the time the worst punishment one could impose on him

would be exile. He would despair in the knowledge that he would never see his homeland again. Its loamy earth, smells, trees, crops, rain, the game preserve at Virunga, its giant muddy river, all had a strong grip on him. Mobutu had been in power eighteen years when I arrived. He pined for Zaire every time he left, even when he was enjoying the comforts of Europe, and could hardly wait to get home again.

In private, Mobutu was a shy and unassertive man. I have seen this trait in other leaders whose public display of charisma, self-confidence and authority is forceful. He was a generous and caring host. If you were his guest at a small and social meal, he would insist on serving you himself from the buffet of African dishes, telling each guest what was on his plate, not helping himself until all his guests, or at least the guest of honor, had been served. I was in constant dread of encountering monkey meat. Although I have eaten many exotic animals, I draw the line when it comes to monkey. It's a little too close to home.

Mobutu could be relaxed at intimate social occasions and participate in banter and small talk. He would wear a Hawaiian type of sport shirt with an open collar, often in wild colors. These were times he called me "tu," and we joshed without regard to roles. He liked to tease and put down his target of the moment; his humor was usually at someone else's expense. I was the butt occasionally, and never found myself on his wavelength at such times. More than once, for example, Mobutu played me off against his wife and her identical twin sister. One of them would enter the room while we were talking, and Mobutu would courteously ask me, "Have you met my wife?" I answered that I had, at which point he would say with childish delight, "Well, that's not my wife!"

Politically astute, Mobutu was a discerning and informed observer of world politics. Long in office, he had a deep appreciation of the regions of Africa and their leaders, among whom he favored Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast, Bongo of Gabon, and his old ally, King Hassan II of Morocco who would ultimately provide him refuge when he was overthrown. Beyond Africa, he arrived at sophisticated assessments of the Soviets, Chinese and ourselves, asking me pointed and well informed questions. He admired the Chinese, and had little use for the Soviets in any form. He liked to talk politics and was a Reagan fan. He understood competing interests in the Cold War as they played themselves out in Africa. For him this was vital. Mobutu managed his relationship with the United States through the Cold War decades, during which our involvement in Zaire was deep, in calculated ways that aligned him solidly with the West. While he read our leaders since Kennedy well, he never understood (or did not want to understand) our system of government, believing a president need only instruct Congress on levels of foreign and military aid. For his support, regionally and in forums like the UN, we backed and rewarded Mobutu.

Mobutu characteristically viewed politics in terms of people, assessing their strengths, weaknesses, ambitions, appeal, and foibles. "That fellow!" he would exclaim when I asked about someone, following this rejoinder with a canny and usually unflattering thumbnail sketch. Until his last few years in power, Mobutu met with many leaders on a regular basis to keep his knowledge and influence current. He nourished his African connections in ways

one can only guess at, and constantly tried to play off the Belgians, French and ourselves against each other in his own game of triangulation. During my time, at least, it didn't work.

Proud, vain and thin-skinned, Mobutu was obsessively concerned about imagined slights to his presidency. If one understood this sensitivity, and made clear one was talking about issues and not demeaning the dignity of his office, Mobutu would usually listen carefully, and the dialogue could deal with some of the most contentious aspects of US-Zairean relations. We would quite often, for example, be able to discuss such topics as transparency in financial transactions, human rights, and political reforms.

In the end, I was instrumental in causing several political prisoners to be freed. Mobutu created a government office for human rights during my tour, making a big point of it with me when it was opened. Occasionally, I would call on the head of that office, Citizen Nimi, who was one of Mobutu's henchmen. I did not get the impression that this citizen felt passionately about the rights of his fellow citizens. I attempted to make progress on issues of economic and political reforms by appealing to Mobutu's sense of history. I asked him how he thought history would judge him if he did not take steps toward reform, suggesting that such measures, were he to apply them, would be applauded. "Think of your place in history!" I implored him, with scant expectation that I could persuade him to act in accord with our policy objectives and his own best interests.

In fact, Mobutu cared little for the people of Zaire. He was never interested in discussing our economic aid programs with me. Military assistance was a different matter. Despite his skill at raising money, Mobutu did almost nothing to provide schools and functioning hospitals, roads, water, sanitation, electricity, housing, or anything else for the ordinary Zaireans, who created an extended-family economic system to stay alive. He enjoyed his power over them, and their organized support at staged mass rallies. Democratic institutions and respect for human rights had no place in his schemes. Mobutu felt himself accountable to no one.

Special Ambassador Vernon (Dick) Walters visited Kinshasa as a presidential envoy on two or three occasions while I was there. He had not yet been appointed our representative to the United Nations. He came to underscore our views on the urgency of Paris Club public sector debt repayments and structural economic reforms, and, in the usual mix we fed Mobutu, to talk about support for UNITA and the rebel leader Savimbi in Angola. Walters was tapped to make these overtures because he had great influence over Mobutu. Dick stayed with me at the residence, and this great raconteur was always a prized guest, especially in my children's eyes. I well remember the first time I went with Walters to see Mobutu. He was on board the presidential yacht, on which we landed in a helicopter while it was underway, to Walters' evident discomfort. Throughout the conversation, Walters flattered Mobutu in ways so exaggerated I thought they would cause us problems. Nobody could be that gullible, I reasoned. On the way back in the car, I commented to Dick that I thought he may have overdone it. Walters looked at me disparagingly and said: "Brandon, anyone who thinks flattery doesn't work has never had any!" He read Mobutu correctly from the day he met him years earlier.

Dick is the only person I know who can accurately recite Mobutu's full name: Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu Wa Za Banga. Translated, it means "All-conquering warrior who goes from conquest to conquest," in the polite version, or, more accurately, "The cock who jumps on anything that moves." Nothing "moved" in Zaire that was not pleasing or profitable to its president.

D Mobutu with Bush and Reagan

During a visit to Washington in 1986, on which I accompanied him, Mobutu was invited to a White House breakfast with Vice President Bush. There were perhaps eight of us around a table in the vice president's office. Mobutu sat at Bush's right, and I at Mobutu's right. When a steward entered with a platter of scrambled eggs, sausages and bacon, he went directly to Bush who served himself generously, and then proceeded to Mobutu. As Mobutu helped himself, Bush began to eat. The Zaireans noticed. I felt Mobutu stiffen. Bush, normally a man of instinctive courtesy, had unintentionally offended his visitors and run afoul of etiquette dictating the relationship between host and guest. The host, solicitous of others, is the last to be served and eat. Although Mobutu made no subsequent comment to me, he felt slighted and surely found his host wanting on this occasion.

Returning, during the visit, in an Air Zaire jet with Mobutu and his entourage from a brief sojourn in New York, I found myself sitting across the aisle and slightly behind Mme. Mobutu. I looked up from my book when she summoned an aide, who brought her a suitcase which she asked him to unlock. Inside, arranged side by side, I could see rows of fresh US currency, bound together with paper bands across the middle. It was a scene from a gangster movie. I could not read the denomination of the bills, but a safe guess is that they were 100s. And this is *after* the shopping spree on Fifth Avenue!

Before departing, Mobutu joined President Reagan for a "working lunch." This was preceded by a meeting in the Oval Office, during which a few points of substance were addressed by the president, and reinforced by George Shultz and Caspar Weinberger. Our thrust was to encourage Mobutu to adhere to IMF and World Bank reforms, which were stringent, in order to get Zaire's economy on track. Everyone then adjourned to a small luncheon in the Roosevelt Room. Here, a relaxed American president abandoned all thought of serious conversation. He began telling jokes, many of which had communism or the Soviet Union as their target. These were dutifully translated into French by one of the State Department's star interpreters (those unsung heroes!) Alec Toumayan. I have never heard a joke travel well in translation, and these were no exception.

Mobutu became increasingly baffled. The Americans chuckled loyally, although it was clear that for White House staffers like James Baker, and regulars at the table like Shultz and Weinberger, this was not the first time around. Mobutu tried to discuss Angola and the Benguela Railway. Finally, he gave in and told a rather long story himself, in French. It fell flat, although everyone tried their best. In the State Department later on, I asked Alec whether Reagan always told so many jokes. "No," Alec replied, "sometimes he tells more."

Reagan may be among our underestimated presidents. True, he struck me as shrewd and opinionated, locked in on only a few large objectives that were important to him and impatient with details, but he was also immensely friendly and brimming with good humor. From his conversation, I sensed his head was filled by a world of horses, ranches and California sun that was dear to him. One occasionally felt that for him the duties of the presidency were an unwelcome distraction, *noblesse oblige*, accepted with a small sigh of resignation. But then all I brought to him were the miseries of Palestinians on the West Bank and Mobutu Sese Seko.

Reagan was earthy, and sometimes told racial jokes after carefully checking out the room. He assessed everyone in a room. He made eye contact, smiled and nodded, and during briefings asked quiet people whether they wanted to add to the discussion. I found it impossible not to like and respect him despite his flaws and superficialities, and to be warmed and jollied by his presence. Somehow, he was emblematic of our sunny and optimistic side.

E The American Embassy

Our embassy in Kinshasa was the second largest in Africa, after Cairo. We had a major AID presence, some 250 volunteers in the Peace Corps, and a military assistance mission. Economic aid to Zaire under Reagan rose to \$80 million annually, four times the amount during the Carter administration. There was an effective USIS unit which had its greatest impact, I thought, in its library and English teaching programs. We did not have commercial or agricultural attachés.

Of particular importance in understanding the economic and political complexion of Zaire was our consulate general in Lubumbashi, the former Elisabethville in the southeast Katanga region of the Belgian Congo. Shaba, as the province is now called, has a history of secessionist tendencies. It contains much of the country's wealth, including its vast copper resources, and is the economic engine of Zaire. Its leaders are sophisticated, business oriented people who have a way of looking down their noses at the rest of the country, particularly at the governing center of Kinshasa. The Clinton administration, citing budget constraints, closed our Lubumbashi post. Penny wise, possibly, but surely pound foolish. I enjoyed visiting Lubumbashi and its surroundings, which were cooler, higher, more graceful and less grating than Kinshasa. Homes built in the western style had fireplaces to keep them warm.

The deputy chief of mission for most of my stay was Daniel L. Simpson, who had earlier in his career been consul general in Lubumbashi. He was an expert on the African continent, a first-rate manager, courageous foreign service officer, and greatly valued adviser, a friend who would later succeed me in Kinshasa, and preside over US interests during the invasion of Zaire and overthrow of a terminally ill Mobutu by Kabila. Then and thereafter, he sorely missed the presence of a US consulate in Lubumbashi.

Peace Corps volunteers were engaged in such projects as fish and chicken farms, water wells, public health, and road maintenance. These efforts, although at low technical levels, were on target. The Peace Corps served Zaire particularly well, and we were all pleased by its performance. The mesh of Peace Corps and AID projects, a result of daily coordination of efforts, was in Washington's view a model to emulate. AID was involved in larger endeavors, some of which I thought were ill-conceived. Rural electrification, being pushed by AID, was an example of economic development too advanced for the existing state of Zaire's economy and its absorptive capacity. Some of these assistance projects stemmed from what AID's Washington bureaucracy thought should be done, rather than what the Zaireans thought should be done, and I often agreed with the Zaireans.

There were, of course, many AID projects that were well conceived and successful. I was able to reshape the economic assistance program during my three years, but it wasn't easy. Soon after my arrival I initiated three seminars on development in which the full country team of senior advisers participated. The AID mission, Dan Simpson, and I selected key development issues, and our discussions produced priorities and options for program development. These seminars were tied to AID's annual budget and planning process. My initiative was not popular in the AID mission. The senior leadership felt I was being intrusive; some thought I was overstepping the bounds of propriety. As ambassador, however, I wanted a firm voice in the nature and direction of all major programs in Zaire, and was particularly interested in how increasingly scarce US resources were being used. We met on three Saturdays for about three hours during each seminar. Papers were presented and discussed. As a consequence of these seminars, we changed some existing programs and the longer term direction of our development assistance. Priorities were reordered. The AID mission afterwards could cite its ambassador as a staunch supporter, and that should have been useful to it.

On the military assistance side, the French, Israelis, Egyptians, Chinese, Canadians, Germans and Belgians had programs as well. The Israelis trained Mobutu's personal security detachment and made it a crack outfit. Mobutu himself had received training in Tel Aviv as a paratrooper. Our objectives were to assist Zairean forces in logistical matters, communications, transportation, and training. We provided Jeeps, trucks, other vehicles, communications gear, and a modest list of non-lethal equipment. We were careful not to supply weapons, ammunition, or training for potential police functions. Occasionally, we sent Zairean officers to the United States under the International Military Exchange and Training (IMET) program, one of the most effective concepts in US military assistance. An officer who visits the United States returns with a better appreciation of democracy, American style, as well as life in an open and transparent market economy.

The embassy's political officers thought of Zaire's governing process as a bewildering merry-go-round. People would be in power as cabinet officers or advisers to the president, and six to twelve months later they would be ousted, to be replaced by people who had been thrown out earlier. The process would be repeated, with former outs becoming new ins. Changes were made according to Mobutu's whims, and were intended to prevent ministers

from creating their own platforms of power. They also served as a reminder of who was in charge.

The exception to this merry-go-round was a small coterie of trusted personal advisers, one or two of whom, I suspect, managed the president's finances and knew the account numbers in Switzerland. His team was a kakistocracy, a descriptive Greek word meaning government of a state by its worst citizens. Mobutu was a hands-on president at every turn, and a paid network of spies kept him informed. His power stemmed from absolute control of the military, generous payoffs to all and sundry, and micromanaging Zaire.

Mobutu was also paranoid about the American embassy, suspecting us of plotting against him. He thought members of our political section were reaching out to opposition figures at a time when there was no political opposition worthy of the name. He was wildly suspicious of the Peace Corps. Toward the end of my stay, he ordered all volunteers expelled for allegedly stirring up dissent in the countryside. One volunteer in the Kivu region had made disparaging remarks about Mobutu over beers in a bar. My explanation to Mobutu of this trivial incident fell on deaf ears.

Zaire was special to my children, who had not seen Africa. My youngest son Mark attended TASOK, the American school of Kinshasa, for three years. During one of his holidays, we took a memorable trip to the vast Virunga Game Park, where there is no tourism, and to the pygmy country in the rain forest beyond. Jack, Cathy and Paul came from their colleges for the summers. Jack worked in the embassy's general services section, honing his skills as a carpenter and enjoying the swimming pool. Cathy filled in for the Community Liaison Officer while the latter was on leave, and led her own embassy trip to Virunga. She stood beside me, a single parent, in the receiving line at our 4th of July reception, wearing a lovely white suit with blue trim and a big white hat, a very stylish 22-year old and in every way a gracious representative of our country.

Paul, characteristically, persuaded our big-hearted Defense Attaché, Colonel Paul Wenzel, to arrange for him to join the French-sponsored paratrooper training program for Zairean soldiers, made three perfect jumps which I watched on three harrowing days, and won his wings. These youngsters were intrigued by African life and culture, and admired the Africans they came to know in open, easy ways. Foreign Service life can be a gift to one's children.

F The AIDS Virus

Along with France, we participated in a small but important AIDS research effort centered in Kinshasa. The US side was headed by Dr. Paul Mann, of the National Institutes of Health, later to become UN director in Geneva of the global effort to understand and combat AIDS. By 1983, it had become evident that the disease was of epidemic proportions, especially on the African continent. Some speculated AIDS may have started in Zaire among green rhesus monkeys; others attributed its origins to Haiti. It was in

Kinshasa that scientists learned the AIDS virus could be transmitted in both directions between the sexes, and from mother to child.

A large, uninformed American community in Zaire, comprising Peace Corps volunteers in the countryside, teenagers and our Marines among others, was exposed to this disease. I decided we needed a "town meeting" to air the matter, and presided over a large gathering of Americans, including those from our school and others outside of government, during which Dr. Mann and our two embassy physicians described AIDS as a disease, with special emphasis on how to avoid exposure. There were questions from a shocked audience, but in that one session we defused what might have become a reaction of panic had we allowed rumor and misinformation about this new and deadly virus to build up. We became the first American embassy to recognize AIDS as a public health issue. Our approach was described in *State Magazine*, the Department's house organ, as an example of successful crisis management within an American overseas community. This publicity had no discernable effect on the willingness of people from all agencies to serve in Zaire.

The Ebola hemorrhagic fever virus first erupted in Ebola, Zaire in 1976, causing nearly 300 deaths. I had never heard it mentioned, although it was identified well before AIDS which was first diagnosed in 1981. The Ebola virus emerged again in 1989, threatening laboratory workers and custodians at a monkey house in Reston, Virginia, which imported monkeys for research. No one was infected. A vaccine is now said to be in the last stages of development.

G Soviet and Chinese Diplomats in Africa

One of the most active aid donors in Zaire was the People's Republic of China. We discussed development assistance with the Chinese quite frequently, and noticed that they usually chose worthwhile, low-profile projects and made them succeed. Chinese technicians kept to themselves in the countryside, living together in cramped, hot quarters and socializing only with each other. There seemed to be little, if any, outreach on their part to the local population, except to provide technical training. There was a noticeable coolness between the Chinese and Soviets in Zaire in the mid-1980s, particularly in an environment in which Mobutu favored the former and shunned the latter.

Our relationship with the Chinese was cordial. Their ambassador lived two houses down the avenue from me alongside the river, and we called on each other from time to time. I thought it worthwhile to explain to him what we were doing in Zaire, and he reciprocated. Mobutu genuinely liked the Chinese. Some years before I arrived, on returning from a visit to China, he had Zairean men dress in Mao jackets, a compulsory and confining uniform that kept them hot and irritated. The Chinese built him an enormous People's Palace in Kinshasa, where he was able to hold lavish and wasteful social affairs.

At several occasions I found myself seated next to the Chinese ambassador's vivacious wife, who spoke neither German, French nor English. We discovered in a process of elimination that she knew a little Spanish, as did I. We spent our evenings together

exploring wide-ranging topics in broken Spanish, our hands filling in the words we did not know. She once told me with great animation that a nine-foot boa had slithered into her garden and swallowed the cat. These were long evenings.

I rarely saw the Soviet ambassador, who spoke quite good English. He once came to our residence for lunch with other ambassadors. The Cold War, of course, grimly marched on. The USSR provided little development assistance to Zaire, and no military assistance. Mobutu barely tolerated their embassy and its ambassador. The Soviet presence was passive, although it may have had links to Cuban military forces in neighboring Angola. This Soviet ambassador was visibly unhappy with his assignment: he drank more than he should, and became known for a loose tongue and disparaging remarks about Africans. He took a liking to me. I did not object to becoming better acquainted, ever curious to learn more about what my Soviet counterpart was doing.

Early one evening, the ambassador called me at my office and asked whether he could see me. I invited him to the residence for a drink. There we were, the two of us, drinking vodka while his driver waited outside. My Soviet colleague didn't seem to have an agenda. I listened carefully for the message I was certain he had come to deliver. None came through, although he talked for quite a while in a rambling way. I had finished reading a book by Arkady Shevchenko, the ranking Soviet diplomat at the UN who defected, and had it upstairs. I asked the ambassador, in a moment of mischief, whether he would be interested in reading it. He said, oh yes. I began to wonder whether he was leading up to a request for asylum and mentally reviewed what I would do under those circumstances. After another drink, he left with the book, and without my being able to determine why he had asked to see me. Thinking about it afterwards, I could only guess that some combination of loneliness, despair, alcoholism, and curiosity about Americans drove him to take such a dangerous step as seeing me alone. If he harbored thoughts of changing sides, he never mentioned them.

I did not give the episode further thought, beyond reporting it in intelligence channels. Several months later, however, after this Soviet ambassador had left Kinshasa, I read an arresting item in one of our periodic world-wide intelligence summaries. It cited a Soviet foreign ministry report about one of its ambassadors in an unnamed African country who had become recklessly friendly with his American counterpart, and had accepted from him a book by the defector Shevchenko. The report condemned loose and unprofessional behavior. The American ambassador was subversive. Soviet diplomats everywhere must keep their guard up. I found it amusing and a little sad. I suspect his "driver," probably KGB, turned him in, and assume my Russian colleague was punished for that bizarre and pointless evening with me in Kinshasa.

H Mariana

During Mobutu's visit to Washington in December 1986 I met my future wife, Mariana Moran Fleming, one of the few good things for which I credit him. I had been a single parent, with custody of my minor sons Paul and Mark, ever since Mary and I separated in

1980. They lived with me from the beginning of my assignment to Jerusalem that year until college. Cathy and Jack, ending their high school studies in Washington, spent summers with me while Mark and Paul visited their mother in Spring Valley. It was a lonely time for all of us, though friends helped us endure it. I felt the responsibilities of helping four children through their most difficult growing years; the end of our marriage surely was hardest on them. I managed the residences and official entertainment in Jerusalem and Kinshasa, and accepted the life of a diplomat without a spouse. Far from my thoughts at the end of a grinding, week-long visit to Washington by Mobutu was the prospect of meeting someone so compatible, interested in the world, lovely, and captivating as Mariana.

On a cold December evening, out of a sense of duty, I accompanied Mobutu to the Georgetown home at 28th and Q Streets of his friends Harry and Norma Smith. I had met Harry, a businessman long involved in Africa, on his visits to Kinshasa. Standing by the stair rail was Mariana, looking quite lost in a sea of Zaireans in black Mao-jackets. She lived across the street, and had been invited by a scheming Norma to meet the unattached American ambassador to Zaire. I asked her right off whether she liked to travel, and she said she had done a lot of that. The next evening we had dinner by the fire at La Chaumière. We would in any case have met two nights later at a black tie dinner dance in the home of Smith and Elizabeth Bagley, to which we had separately been invited. In encouraging her to accept, Elizabeth told Mariana she could offer two Jesuit priests and our ambassador to Zaire as single men. Mariana came anyway.

Born of a Panamanian mother in the Alfaro family and an American father of Irish descent, Mariana graduated from Smith College after majoring in art history and Spanish. She was a founding partner of a Washington antiques business specializing in 17th and 18th century English furniture. It thrived during the free-spending 1980s and then closed its doors. Mariana became a Washington real estate agent at a large firm. She was getting a divorce. Her daughter Michele, also a Smith graduate, was starting off in New York's fashion industry when I met her, working in retailing for stores like Ann Taylor and J. Crew, specializing in women's wear. Petite, bright, quick to laugh and successful, Michele became an instant New Yorker, living in Chelsea and eventually marrying David Shotts, an environmental engineer and marathon runner of some distinction. Mariana's son, Carlos, died in a drowning accident in the Philippines at the age of 24.

I invited Mariana to visit me in Zaire, after we had seen each other during several of my subsequent trips to Washington. Over lunch before returning to Kinshasa, I offered her malaria suppressant pills to take in advance of a possible visit, which she accepted and I took as a good omen. She came in time for the June 1987 festivities of "Fish Day." In the Virunga Game Preserve, on a rise overlooking an enormous, wild, and primordial plain with no trace of civilization, believed to be a site of the earliest origins of man and woman, I asked Mariana to marry me. Two bewildered, armed Zairean guards watched us at a distance. We were married in Washington on December 3, 1988 with my son Mark as an eloquent best man.

I "Fish Day"

An annual festival in Kinkole, a tiny fishing village near Kinshasa, was called "Fish Day" and provided Mobutu an opportunity to make a "State of the Nation" address in front of an enormous crowd and hundreds of drummers and dancers. Mobutu used the catching and marketing of fish as allegories for life in Zaire, and dwelt on the symbolism of the great river as provider and life force. His speech, entirely in Lingala, went on for more than two hours, with some sixty ambassadors and their wives sitting in obligatory attendance under the sun in a great variety of head cover. The Japanese had knotted a handkerchief in four corners; a colleague unabashedly sported a hat from Disneyland with a Donald Duck logo. Ambassadors who had been to Kinkole before brought books to read. People slept. Not a single diplomat, including other Africans, understood Lingala. My fiancée Mariana was there, under a large straw hat.

At the end of "Fish Day," it was announced on the public address system by the chief of protocol that luncheon would be offered to diplomats and their wives. We were told where to gather, and went to the air cooled comfort of our automobiles, forming a caravan to proceed to our destination. On disembarking at a large and completely empty hall, we were in due course told by a flustered protocol official that lunch would be provided at a different place. We all climbed back into our official cars--each with its national flag--that had been carelessly parked in conflicting directions on the narrow road. After painstakingly forming a line again, we proceeded through billowing dust to another place several miles away. When we arrived at this second destination, a grand Chinese-style pavilion with gushing fountains at one of Mobutu's military camps outside Kinshasa, we were relieved to find a splendid lunch beautifully set out. It included vintage French wines and melting cheeses, and a barbecue of local fish and beef from Belgium prepared by an Argentinian chef. Voluptuous dancers wearing not very much swayed to live Hawaiian music.

Mobutu somehow knew Mariana would be attending "Fish Day," and we were astonished to find ourselves at his small table. Mariana was on his right and I next to her. Her place card read "Madame Brandon." Fresh from Washington, she felt herself in an altogether different world. During the meal, I inadvertently caught the eye of the French ambassador at a distant table. He outranked me on the protocol ladder, and found this breach of etiquette disconcerting as did several of my other colleagues and their wives. Yet this was our life on Mobutu's merry-go-round, this time during "Fish Day" at a Chinese pavilion on a military base offering Argentine barbecue, French wine and cheeses, and Hawaiian music under a blazing African sun.

President Mobutu died of prostate cancer, in exile in Morocco on September 7, 1997.

18

MANAGEMENT REFORMS: 1987-88

A An \$84 Million Budgetary Shortfall

The day after I returned to Kinshasa from Washington, where I had been on consultation at the State Department, I received a phone call from Ronald Spiers, under secretary for management. He asked whether I could come back permanently to head up a management reform team reporting to the deputy secretary, which would address an unexpected budgetary shortfall. I asked when. In a week's time, he replied. So I scrambled to pack, make farewell calls and do the things one has to do when leaving a post. During my farewell call on the dean of the diplomatic corps, he gave me an engraved silver tray, as was the custom in Kinshasa for departing chiefs of mission; half an hour later, I handed it to the packers. I bid adieu to President Mobutu at one of his mansions, this one near Lausanne, on my way back to Washington, and told him my sudden departure had no implications for US-Zairean relations. He seemed baffled by the notion of a budgetary shortfall, and did not decorate me with the Order of the Leopard, which was customarily given to departing ambassadors.

A week later, on a warm Monday morning in September, 1987 I walked into Ron Spiers' seventh floor office, ready to go to work with him and Deputy Secretary of State John C. Whitehead. The crisis we were to address was a reduction by congress of \$84 million in the State Department's 1988 operating budget, amounting to an unprecedented 6% cut in the Department's request for salaries and expenses. A Steering Group headed by the deputy secretary had been established to oversee the budget reduction process. On that committee were Michael Armacost, under secretary for political affairs; Ron Spiers from management; Melvin Levitsky, the executive secretary, and the comptroller, Roger Feldman. I was to head up a working group reporting to this committee.

I met with Secretary of State George Shultz, who underscored his personal interest. He supported sensible belt-tightening, but established three ground rules: the effort would concentrate exclusively on Washington operations; the hiring of junior Foreign Service officers would not be reduced; and the Foreign Service Institute's training budget would remain untouched, or "fenced" as he put it.

I have come to appreciate the wisdom of these ground rules as the Department goes through a series of budget reductions after the Cold War. Today, when the cuts are greater, Shultz' views make even better sense. He was a staunch supporter of the Foreign Service as an institution and of all aspects of training. He believed our posts abroad were as lean in staffing and funding as they could be. Such focus is sadly lacking in today's nearly indiscriminate and irresponsible budget slashing.

I assembled a small working group to function on a full-time basis, selecting civil service and foreign service people who were creative and successful managers. Kerry Wiener, a young foreign service officer versed in management theory and practice, had been working for George Vest, the director general, and became my chief of staff and alter ego. "We're giving you our best," George told me. Kerry wrote much of our final report and made major contributions throughout the process. We were to break new ground and encounter heavy resistance, and quickly became a close team.

I then secured choice office space on the ground floor opposite the Loy Henderson conference room. Where you sit is important in State Department politics; if you are to head a special activity, office location is a matter to resolve at the outset while the glow of Seventh Floor support is apparent. The other immediate need is to find experienced, imaginative, and unfailingly courteous secretarial support--not for a week at a time, but for the duration of the project and through the chaos of producing a final report. Lorrie Bider, perhaps the Department's most independent minded secretary, who had long worked with Phil Habib, ably met this need.

The Steering Group had given its approval in principle to 80-odd recommendations developed by the comptroller, Roger Feldman, and I was asked to flesh them out and devise procedures to *implement* them. We found most of these to be flawed and made in haste. Some would have had drastic consequences if approved, such as removing all economic functions from the geographic bureaus and consolidating them in the Bureau of Economic and Business Affairs. The Steering Group's awareness of the impact of these two-line proposals was slight, and they looked to me to develop them in depth. Our delicate and difficult task, we saw with dismay, would be to back the Steering Group away from the most egregious of these. Feldman, whose only goal was to cut costs, had little concern about effects on the State Department's substantive work. He was stridently defensive about his proposals and knew far more than I about budgets, something he was easily able to point out. My group's initial reports to Whitehead were negative on most of the recommendations and had no numbers to offer in the savings column. We created what we dubbed "Red Books," plastic, red three-ring notebooks in which we assembled the 80 proposals and our analyses of each. The tensions with Feldman would persist.

My weekly appearances before the Steering Group were solo events. There was much to learn quickly as my team and I wrote papers citing pros, cons, and savings, and then offered our usually negative recommendations. We worked long hours and with a sense of mission. Kerry brought his framed poster of the musical "*Les Miserables*" to the office and we displayed it in a place of honor. We started with the worst proposals, to more easily change the Group's direction, and began to win support. In the end, not many Red Book items survived. If we were to abandon Feldman's approach, however, where would we find savings? We decided to launch a broader review of how the State Department is managed.

We formed the executive directors of bureaus and offices into a "committee of the whole." Kerry Wiener set up regular meetings with this group so we could draw on their experience, ask them for ideas, and keep them informed of progress. We were conscious of morale problems engendered by the Red Book proposals: rumors were circulating widely of a reduction in workforce; elimination of a 10% pay differential at hardship posts overseas; elimination of Sunday pay overseas; closing 13 consulates; and abolishing needed offices in the Department. One of my early efforts to calm the waters was to call on each assistant secretary to brief him or her on how we would proceed. I asked for their cooperation and promised we would keep them informed as my staff and I got to work on the Red Book. This helped calm things down.

At one Steering Group meeting, I discussed with Whitehead three areas I believed needed special attention: the notoriously excessive number of deputy assistant secretaries; the economic function, which had expanded without much thought or discipline; and, most important, the administrative functions of budget, personnel, general services, and management. We exempted security and communications as areas too vast to cover in the time we had. I was especially interested in examining the Department's process for linking resources to policy objectives, something Ron Spiers and his management council were also working on. Whitehead agreed to our launching special studies in each of these areas.

I recruited David Popper, a recently retired ambassador, to lead the study on deputy assistant secretaries, and persuaded Paul Boeker, also a former ambassador and an excellent economist, to study the Department's economic function. But I could not find anyone willing to assess the administrative area. "No thanks and good luck!" was the typical response. In some desperation, I went to Whitehead and told him that if he wanted to take the chance, I would give it a try myself because a review of administration was essential to our work. He agreed.

Most of the administrative review team came from the core group we had assembled, civil service and foreign service people who were already administrative experts. I recruited a few others with specialized knowledge. Again, we had the indispensable cooperation of the bureaus' executive directors. We would look at potential long-range economies on the premise that if work were done more efficiently this would translate into savings of people and money. We had been working for about four months when the State Department convinced congress to restore the full \$84 million cut. In four months' time, our group had produced more than \$20 million in savings, and no one suggested we disband. We continued our work, the restoration of the cut having returned the State Department to what was still an exceedingly tight budget.

B Listening to People

One afternoon in late autumn, our team sprawled in my office as we considered how to grapple with the daunting and dense subject of how the State Department is actually managed. Someone described a new management improvement process called the "nominal group technique." The word "nominal" means that members of a group are designated by their names, and we would select a specific cross-section of participants. The concept is a form of participatory management. For us, in this approach, the people who could best describe what is lacking in the administrative work of the Department would be the Department's consumers and providers of such administrative services themselves. We would learn what *they* considered to be the deficiencies and, later, the remedies. We would listen to people involved every day in the tasks we were examining.

Nothing like this had been tried before in the State Department. There was risk of failure and ridicule because people might not agree to participate meaningfully, or the end product might turn out to be worthless. The State Department is not a risk-taking institution. But we went ahead. We painstakingly identified by name more than 400 people representative of

the civil and foreign services, balancing grade level and specialty. With Whitehead's backing, we informed the assistant secretaries when and where we needed to have these people, ranging from several of the assistant secretaries themselves to junior staff. They cooperated fully, if at first with skepticism.

We divided these 400 people into small groups to identify management problems as they saw them. Needing a large area in which to work, we finally settled on the space at 23rd Street in the lower lobby outside the Acheson Auditorium. With each small group there was a professional facilitator, recruited for us by the Foreign Service Institute, who was skilled in grouping individual comments on large flip charts for all to see. We also had an outside consultant who advised us on the use of the nominal group technique and helped us with the process through its various stages.

When we had completed Phase I sessions we found ourselves with a list of 733 separate items these groups had identified and prioritized as problems, and described in ways we could understand. We organized this information into clusters along thematic lines by putting each of the 733 citations on a separate piece of paper and sorting them on a large table according to subject matter. This process produced for us a comprehensive picture of the most troubling management deficiencies in priority order.

The sheer number of problems reassured us about the process and depth of involvement of the participants. I had launched and then observed these group sessions, and saw that in short order people were engaged among themselves and with their facilitators in identifying problems in administration. Letting off steam about how poorly your organization is run provides special satisfaction. Most had never been asked for their views.

Then it was on to Phase II. About three weeks had passed since our first group effort, and word had spread about what we were doing. Curiosity was building up, and reassuring reports reaching us about Phase I were that people liked being part of it. Our phones began to ring with requests from others to join. Some of the strongest support came from assistant secretaries such as Joan Clark, in Consular Affairs, and this helped.

As a next step we drew on some of the participants in Phase I, and about 150 people new to the process. We again convened them in small groups helped by facilitators, and then asked each group to propose solutions to the clusters of problems we had garnered from Phase I. From this effort came 933 separately proposed solutions, or components of solutions. We returned to our large table and matched problems and proposed solutions. Some we rejected as unworkable, some we discarded because they were duplicative, but soon it became clear to us what the groups perceived to be the real issues, their relative importance, and the proposed remedies. As it turned out, we came up with a list of 38 leading problems with solution components. These findings became the nucleus of our report. It was astonishing to see the consistency of views an essentially free-form process had produced. The patterns of complaint were strong and clear. Priorities also emerged clearly. Most solution components were formulated with reasonable precision, even in their shorthand wording.

Then came Phase III, which consisted of convening groups of administrative specialists from the Department's staff. We called this the "pitfall identification" phase. We gave these groups the material we had organized, and asked them to evaluate the identification of problems and the feasibility of proposed solutions: legal and regulatory impediments, resource constraints, other barriers. In short, we challenged them to poke holes in work done during Phases I and II.

By then we had much of the information we needed for our administrative report and its recommendations. Before we put our report in final form, however, Ron Spiers convened a meeting of his management council at Airlie House, in Virginia, to which he invited the Department's executive directors. We took a day and a half to discuss the draft report, which then went to the Whitehead group along with the Popper and Boeker reports, and the Red Book analysis. The executive directors signed on at Airlie House, providing useful comments and improvements.

What follows is a shorthand summary of how the Department's employees described the ten thematic problems in administration in 1988, by priority. They are basic. Anyone familiar with the State Department today will easily recognize them:

1

Senior managers needed to establish management objectives and insure that those objectives cascade down to the smallest organizational unit of the Department; managers of all units need to link their resource requirements and expenditures to those objectives.

2

Resources must be distributed to, and controlled by, those officials who are responsible for their use.

3

Managers must consider, and be held accountable for, the resource implications of their decisions.

4

Duplicative or inefficient elements of the bureaucracy must be eliminated.

5

Managers and employees must be given personal and institutional incentives for efficient management.

6

Clear lines of authority, responsibility, and accountability must be established, made known, and adhered to.

7

The Department must better communicate what it wants from individuals and organizations and back it up with resources.

8

The Department must develop better managers.

9

Once set, management policy must be implemented.

10

The Department must regularly review resource usage.

C "*The Administrative Function for the 1990s*" - A report

Our report was entitled "*The Administrative Function for the 1990s: A Report Prepared for the Deputy Secretary's Steering Group*," and was issued in June, 1988. It had taken us six months to complete it. Of the 38 major recommendations included in the report, 32 were eventually implemented, some in revised form.

The offices of greatest resistance to change were in Personnel, even though many of our most significant recommendations applied to that function. We dealt with foreign service and civil service recruitment, assignments, training, promotions, career development, interchangeability, performance evaluation, awards, sanctions, and more. But nothing changed in Personnel, to this day one of the most inert, wasteful, and mismanaged functions at State.

A major theme of our report was that many activities, especially in Personnel, should be decentralized to the lowest organizational level at which operations were actually being performed. The State Department over the years had become rigid and top-heavy. As we looked at private sector trends, we found that the Department's predicament was not different from that of many large corporations, which had at various times, and again in the late 1980s, emphasized devolution of authority and responsibility. If Shultz and Whitehead had remained in office, they would have made needed management reforms in the Department's activities.

When James A. Baker became secretary, he brought with him a new team which was not nearly as interested in management issues. The two under secretaries for management under Baker were new to the Department and its work, and could not be expected to begin where Shultz and Whitehead left off. In Washington, moreover, new administrations are believed to represent new departures. Among political appointees, the mindset usually is: "If we didn't invent this, it can't be any good!"

Direct and explicit linkage between resources and policy objectives is essential, a goal that has always eluded the Department. Ten years later, not much has improved at State. Four

years after our work, came the "*State 2000*" report, a masterful in-house review of the foreign policy process. "*State 2000*" urged many of the same reforms we and others had sought, but its findings and recommendations were ignored as Clinton's people took charge. Vice President Gore's "*Reinventing Government*" report on the State Department has as its principal recommendation (once again!) that the Department link its resource use closely to policy objectives. In order to accomplish this, the secretary of state should be made responsible for all foreign affairs resources (including development and military assistance) in what is called the 150 International Account. Gore's report found that ambassadors overseas should have analogous authority and responsibility. No progress whatever has been made in this direction, largely because secretaries of state have not fought for change.

In the end, we filled a four-drawer file cabinet with studies of Red Book items and our special reviews. We saved studies on hundreds of management subjects with reports on the disposition of each, and an analysis of what worked and did not on every item we examined. We left thorough documentation in the certain knowledge that the ground we had covered would be revisited. It was our responsibility, we felt, to provide our successors a foundation from which to start. But there is no institutional memory. When *State 2000* began, its members were interested in finding that file cabinet. It has not yet been located.

This again supports the need for creating a position of permanent under secretary, and filling it with a career person who will remain in place as administrations change. The State Department's new leaders are always tempted to reinvent the wheel in policy and management issues. At the very least, they should know where their predecessors left off.

19

DIRECTOR, FOREIGN SERVICE INSTITUTE: 1988-92

A Opportunities Without Precedent

When Secretary of State Shultz offered me the directorship of the Foreign Service Institute in the summer of 1988 after my service as ambassador in Zaire, it was the job I wanted most. No other secretary was as committed to strengthening training as he and the senior team around him. Thanks to his efforts with congress, and those of two of my predecessors, Ambassadors Stephen Low and Charles Bray, we had before us the prospect of constructing a training facility for FSI, from the ground up, at nearby Arlington Hall in Virginia. Here was probably the only chance to give training an appropriate home. I also knew that the FSI directorship until then had been a career dead-end leading to retirement but thought little about it, buoyed as I was by Shultz's engagement and support.

My involvement with the Foreign Service Institute began in April of 1959, when I joined some twenty other recruits to the Foreign Service in the A-100 orientation seminar for junior officers. It is still the A-100 class, but its approach has gone beyond "orientation," and the manner of presentation beyond "talking heads," as we called those who merely lectured to us. FSI was located at that time in a converted basement garage at Arlington

Towers, an apartment complex in Rosslyn, Virginia. Before that, a former private residence in Foggy Bottom served as a school for novice diplomats, and much earlier, training took place in the Executive Office Building next to the White House.

On my way to Berlin in 1965, I returned to Arlington Towers for three months during summer to polish up my German. I also took one-week courses from time to time on such subjects as "The Nature of Communism," "Economics for Political Officers," and "Negotiation." The first two I attended while serving in Berlin; to my delight they were offered in London through a donation by Raymond Guest. I had the privilege of being in the 14th Senior Seminar, by then located on the top floor of FSI's main building in Rosslyn. The view from its large windows of nearly all of Washington, spread out before us across the Potomac, seemed a world removed from the cheerless learning environment of the Arlington Towers garage.

And now, while the Cold War was not yet over, one could sense that great changes were imminent and would originate in Central Europe. These, in turn, would profoundly affect training needs. Gorbachev was exciting to watch. This assignment closed a circle. I had begun my career nearly thirty years earlier at the height of the Cold War, and would have an opportunity to apply what I had learned to every aspect of training as that struggle ended. I did not at all anticipate the difficulties FSI would encounter once George Shultz left office.

There is a traditional lack of interest in training among the Department's senior managers. It would be the battle of my career to maintain support for the desperately needed facilities we were planning to build at Arlington Hall. Training must constantly change to reflect the times. No sooner has a course of instruction been designed than it needs to be reviewed for relevance and brought up to date at the edges. The cowboy in a Cormac McCarthy novel who is asked whether he knew the world would never be the same, wisely replies: "I know it. It ain't now." A modern-day Heraclitus, that man.

Our understanding of how economic forces in a global society are linked deepens; the so-called global issues themselves are nearing the top of international agendas; management of information requires understanding of technology and information flows; multilateral diplomacy in such areas as peacekeeping and global warming is being redefined; countering terrorism demands urgent attention; the nature of intellectual property is debated; human rights concerns are increasingly accepted as a basis for conditioning foreign policy; the geography and alliances of the post-Cold War world are transformed following the break-up of the Soviet Union; US interests in nearly every corner of the world are slowly being realigned. Such changes reshape the State Department's training requirements as they are caught up, like tumbleweed, in a rolling process that cannot be stopped. The challenge is to get ahead of the curve and find funding to match needs.

While training imparts knowledge, its primary focus is on building skills. Secretarial functions have forever been altered by computers: in today's world everyone working in foreign affairs must be computer-literate. Innovative progress has been made in concepts of

organization and management, such as the common use of *ad hoc* teams for specific tasks. Leadership and people-skills, greatly lacking in government, can be imparted in sophisticated new ways. Prospective ambassadors can be taught how to do their jobs. Managers can be trained to seek diversity and ensure equality of opportunity.

Developing synergy between business, private voluntary organizations, and government lends itself to analysis and instruction. So do crisis management, public diplomacy, and the cultivation of negotiating skills. The use of gaming techniques to act out scenarios of international behavior under specified circumstances, and then absorb the lessons learned and uses of preventive diplomacy, has gained acceptance at senior levels of the State Department, as well as budgetary support from congress. Crisis management is a process one can teach.

Training at FSI is also intended to develop professionalism, the motivation that comes from being engaged in worthwhile work--with its own values, standards and rewards--that is not just another job. Two hundred and twenty years of American diplomacy are on record. FSI should be a place of inspiration for everyone who goes there. Each student should emerge with enhanced knowledge, skills, and motivation. No other part of the State Department is capable of transmitting the values of the Foreign Service, its ethos and *esprit de corps*. Paradoxically, few at State think of FSI as having this function, or are concerned about perpetuating a common core of values, or even seem to care what these might be. This leaves a great deal in the hands of FSI's staff, and never more than at a time of revolutionary change such as the ending of the Cold War which, as it happened, occurred on my watch.

B Working at FSI in Rosslyn

Two high-rise, converted office buildings in Rosslyn accommodated the Foreign Service Institute in the 1970s and '80s. One of these was a narrow 14-story structure, which we occupied entirely. We also rented one-third of a similar building two long blocks away. Both buildings' elevators, which were not designed for heavy traffic, took notoriously long to arrive and caused problems of delay and frustration for students and staff each day. Anyone wanting to get from consular training to Chinese language class in a rainstorm got wet. In the main FSI building, senior management was located on the top floor, isolated from other operations in appearance and fact. Our offices had spectacular views, but were in the wrong place.

Both buildings were overcrowded. The halls were dingy, with walls that needed paint. It was either too hot or too cold in the classrooms. The furniture was terminally tacky. The A-100 course, which was conducted in the second building, occupied a cavernous, windowless room with blue walls that reminded me of the hold of a cargo ship. Despite these conditions, FSI had an extremely capable staff of some 550 people committed to their work. More than half were engaged in language training. By the time I left FSI, we were teaching 67 languages, all of them by native speakers. Such a broad range of requirements in language instruction became difficult to meet as the US opened posts in the former Soviet republics that became independent. There were problems, for example, in

persuading a young instructor and his family to move from Ulaanbaatar to Rosslyn in order to teach Mongolian. On any given day, we trained about 1,200 students from State and some 40 other agencies engaged in foreign affairs. We had four language and area training schools overseas: Arabic in Tunis, Korean in Seoul, Japanese in Yokohama, and Chinese in Taipei. FSI was like a small university with foreign branches, and we had many of the same management problems.

Despite deplorable conditions, people working there showed remarkable enthusiasm and energy. The credit for this goes to staff and students alike. We were inspected shortly before moving to the new campus, and Foreign Service inspectors made a particular point of praising morale throughout FSI. The staff knew they were engaged in work that mattered, and their enthusiasm proved contagious. Each year, the language school held a Christmas party in the hold-like A-100 classroom. It was crowded by tables with dishes from all over the world, prepared and served by teachers and their families from many different countries. For a day, FSI offered the best ethnic food in Washington. Such generosity comes only from people who love what they are doing and are proud of their roots.

C Managing FSI

FSI had a discretionary yearly budget of over \$16 million for training, beyond the fixed costs of salaries and expenses. With this, FSI provided 1.6 million instructional hours every year. We thought of our resources as money, people, time, space, and ideas; all were in play as we planned ahead. I cannot discuss FSI without mentioning Dr. John T. Sprott, who by 1988 had been its deputy director for more than six years. John is tall and professorial in dress and bearing, with a grey beard and happy look in his eyes. He was in every sense "Mr. Training," our permanent headmaster. He was recognized for his efforts by an ambassadorial assignment to the Kingdom of Lesotho, a rare occurrence since John was a civil service employee. John's contributions to training and to building Arlington Hall have been indispensable to FSI's achievements.

John and I took the senior staff each year to an off-site overnight retreat in the countryside. There, we could lean back in our chairs, discuss the present, and plan ahead. Before we left for our off-site conferences, the deans of our specialized schools and their executive directors held meetings with their own staffs to elicit ideas and build consensus on objectives and budgets. Senior managers came to these conferences with the considered judgments and targets of their staffs.

At the end of our first off-site meeting I was asked what my vision was. On a large paper chart I wrote: "One FSI," because I was concerned about compartmentalization between our schools caused--but only partly--by the physical barriers of separate, multistoried office buildings. After the second off-site, I added "...doing things differently," meaning that our training needed to reflect changing priorities at the Cold War's end. At the third annual off-site, I wrote "...at Arlington Hall." By then we had nearly completed construction of our

new home. "One FSI doing things differently at Arlington Hall," thus became our corporate vision for four years beginning in 1988, one that was fully realized.

Following our off-site conferences, I invited FSI staff and students to a general meeting held in a church across the street from the main FSI building in Rosslyn. This church, a well known landmark, was perched on top of an EXXON gasoline station at a major intersection. We rented it for large meetings and fondly called it "Our Lady of the Fumes." At these meetings, we provided summaries of what took place at the off-site sessions, described the conclusions we had reached about future directions, and tried to build broad-based support.

When we were routinely inspected in 1991, Foreign Service Inspectors took a close look at this process and, in their report, cited it as a model for other State Department bureaus to emulate because it uniquely brought goals, priorities, resource requirements and responsibilities for implementation together in one process. This inspection was the first time a State Department bureau, as opposed to an overseas post, had been singled out to receive the Department's annual "Secretary's Award" for excellence in management. Here, immodestly, is what was said about me:

"Morale at FSI is high. [The director's] confident and cheerful bearing, his enthusiasm and genuine sense of job satisfaction are infectious. His style is consensual; he is a good listener; he is willing to make decisions and take risks."

In general FSI was a self-contained and autonomous unit, with its director ranking equivalent to an assistant secretary. We were pretty much masters of our own ship, situated across the Potomac River from the mainstream of the State Department's work. We were independent of other agencies, concentrating on our educational and professional objectives, but we consulted them and got what guidance we could from them. We were, unfortunately, never able to create a board of advisers drawn from other agencies such as Agriculture and Defense, or even from our foreign policy sisters in USIA and AID, a board that would support and help us shape our training. No one at sufficiently high levels in these bureaucracies wanted to spare the time. At State and elsewhere, managers remained indifferent to the training function, except when it came to their particular concerns, as in developing specific and urgently needed language, consular, or administrative skills.

D Training Priorities

Our first task, always, was to maintain the quality and relevance of 1.6 million hours of instruction annually. We decided to strengthen economic and commercial training, and enlisted the Business Council for International Understanding, in New York, to advise us. Its staff helped design course content and provided speakers from the private sector. We made economic/commercial work part of the broadest possible training by emphasizing its importance, for example, to the consular function. It is the vice consuls abroad who grant visas to foreign business people seeking to visit the US. Our commercial section at an

embassy could help them make contacts with US firms, if they were informed of such travel.

We expanded and improved our executive development and leadership programs for supervisors at all levels. We started a course for people in their first supervisory responsibilities, and improved upon already sophisticated courses for deputy chiefs of mission and ambassadorial seminars for newly appointed chiefs of mission. These were about leadership and effective management of resources. Attendance was mandatory. Recruiting for our other leadership offerings was an uphill struggle, because most State Department people incorrectly believe they are already good managers.

In my view the ambassadorial seminar, the A-100 course for new officers, and the DCM seminar formed a training triangle. Each needed to understand the obligations and concerns of the others and how they were linked in differing roles. The lines connecting them bound together people at varying stages in their careers, yet performing within a common area of professional standards and expectations. My colleagues at FSI instilled these standards and provoked discussion, at each level, of institutional values and responsibilities to others: the president, congress and ultimately the American people.

From a training standpoint, FSI becomes the link between ambassadors, DCMs and junior officers. I met three times with each A-100 class: on their first day to welcome them and set the tone; during a brown bag lunch at midpoint to get their reactions to the course and field their questions; and at graduation to talk about assignments they had just received, some of them as exotic as my own, in earlier days, to Abidjan. It mattered a great deal who the FSI course leader was in terms of what that individual could impart by word and especially attitude, over ten weeks, to such an eagerly receptive group. I have consistently been impressed by the high caliber of people joining the Foreign Service, and by speedy progress in achieving racial and gender balance. We could not have had better women and men as trainers.

I joined the DCM Seminar at its off-site session on the first day, and spent an afternoon and dinner with these prospective deputies to ambassadors to talk about their future roles and relationships, emphasizing the central management responsibilities of the DCM. I talked at length about the ambassador-DCM relationship, the most delicate and potentially troublesome pairing of people in diplomatic life. There is a saying that the largest graveyard in the foreign service is filled with DCMs. It helped that I had been the deputy in Berlin to a political ambassador as we opened a new embassy. Here again, FSI's course leaders performed with distinction throughout two weeks of training, as attested to repeatedly by the course evaluations.

FSI's two-week Ambassadorial Seminar has been described separately in Foreign Service oral histories. [See also Chapter 4, *American Ambassadors in a Troubled World*, by Dayton Mak and Charles Stuart Kennedy, Greenwood Press, 1992] During the late Reagan and Bush administrations, I designed and led 13 two-week seminars for over 150 newly-appointed ambassadors and their spouses. The indispensable private sector

co-chairman, Langhorne (Tony) Motley, and I emphasized the leadership responsibilities of an ambassador over all elements of the US government at the embassy, especially the intelligence function, and the critical nature of a successful relationship with the DCM, "who, aside from your spouse, is likely to be your only other true friend at post," to quote Motley. We stressed to politically appointed ambassadors, initially suspicious of the Foreign Service, that the future prospects of the embassy's professionals rested on the success of the ambassador. They could be counted on for support, as well as advice worth listening to.

Training foreign diplomats became a concern. The requirement to explore such training was first levied on us by the Bureau of European Affairs. We had previous experience to get us started. There had been at least three other occasions on which FSI was involved in training foreign diplomats: when we trained Israeli diplomats in 1948 for the new state of Israel; when training was provided to Philippine diplomats after World War II; and when, by legislation, FSI was directed to train Micronesian diplomats as these tiny islands achieved independence.

We focused our attention on teaching the conduct of diplomacy in its many aspects. Georgetown University showed great interest in the project as did a number of our sister institutions in other foreign ministries, particularly in Vienna, where the Diplomatic Academy was already involved in this kind of training. The directors of such diplomatic training institutions met annually, some thirty or so of us from all over of the world. During sessions I attended in Cairo, Vienna and Washington, we discussed how we might help new foreign ministries and their untrained diplomats in countries created after the breakup of the Soviet Union. FSI's role in this function became a growing one.

E Building the National Foreign Affairs Training Center

By the time I arrived at FSI in the summer of 1988, the State Department had obtained agreement that land for a construction site would be transferred to it by the US Army, then occupying Arlington Hall as a signals intelligence facility, INTSCOM. There was already a footprint for new buildings, and a comprehensive construction budget. We worked closely with Congressman Frank Wolf (Republican, VA), in whose district this facility was to be built. By 1988, we thus had a concept, congressional backers, and the full support of George Shultz' State Department from the top down. We had not formally acquired the 72 acres of Arlington Hall from the Army, although the agreement for doing so had been signed.

The leading architect selected was a young man, Alan Greenberger, from the Philadelphia firm of MGA Partners. As part of the design contract, MGA staff and architects immersed themselves in the activities of FSI in Rosslyn, in order to understand how every component of our institution functioned so they could determine what the physical requirements would be for each. What were we doing and how we were doing it came together as this team pondered our needs. Alan designed a 500,000 square foot complex that would cost an estimated \$81 million.

My greatest concern at FSI throughout my tenure was the design and construction of Arlington Hall, a task that became increasingly time consuming. My predecessor, Steve Low, took the first steps in this direction by finding the Arlington Hall, Virginia, property on Route 50 between Glebe Road and George Mason Drive, which is now the site of the new institute. Ronald Spiers, the under secretary of state for management, supported Steve at every turn. But it is Secretary George Shultz who is the godfather of this facility. He dealt with congress on the issue initially, and made the case for it because he believed in the need for training. Deputy Secretary John C. Whitehead once told me Shultz considered himself to be primarily an educator, despite several top-level government posts after his deanship of the Graduate School of Business at the University of Chicago. Whitehead said Shultz regarded the FSI campus as his legacy to the State Department. It fell to me to take the project through the design, funding and construction phases.

Our concern was to design a facility that made sense in training terms. We placed language training and testing next to each other, and area studies alongside. We located the director's office and administrative offices at the heart of the complex. We put the classrooms for the A-100 course for junior officers nearby, so they would feel they were at the center of our activities. We installed a satellite dish to deliver inter-active video training, live, to foreign service posts throughout the world. We wired the new buildings with as many computer outlets as possible, even though we knew we could use only a fraction of this capacity initially. We required the architects to design the buildings and interiors to provide classroom flexibility in size and function, through movable panels, which would permit our successors to adapt readily to changing requirements. The cafeteria would be large, modern and open to sunlight and the broad meadow outside.

The temperature could be controlled in every room, and there would be a centrally regulated clock in each part of the facility. Controlling the clocks was a big point with me. The State Department has hundreds of wall clocks, few of which are accurate. I will never forget overhearing a visitor say in an elevator, "These people don't even know what time it is!"

On October 25, 1989 the US Army formally transferred 72 acres of Arlington Hall to us, and we began our work. Arlington Hall had been built in the early 1920s as a girls' finishing school. It was never very successful. The campus then consisted primarily of one yellow brick building, "Old Main," which still stands, a gymnasium, and a riding stable which no longer exists. The white-clad ghost of a girl named Mary, who according to lore became pregnant and committed suicide, is said to roam the halls where we now have the Overseas Briefing Center. The school ran into financial difficulties during the Depression. The property was ideally situated near Washington. The Roosevelt administration took it over in the early 1940s to house the communications analysis unit, the operation that played a key role in breaking the Japanese "Purple" code before World War II. Arlington Hall remained a cryptographic installation until its Army unit left for larger quarters in October, 1989. When the State Department took it over, it reverted to its educational function, an appropriate closing of a circle in Arlington County's history.

We began by demolishing more than fifty World War II barracks in run-down condition. Once when Sprott and I went out there, we found ourselves standing in the rubble of what had been the officers' club--the last building to be abandoned by its former owners, of course. I saw a scrap of wall paper on the ground, picked it up and had it framed alongside a picture of the pile of rubble as a salute to the past. When dealing with run-down property, one is bound to encounter nasty surprises. One, which cost us an unexpected \$1 million, was for asbestos removal, a problem not foreseen or provided for in our original calculations.

About one-third into the project, our anticipated financial resources were reduced, requiring us to scale down plans for the three wings that now house the main training activities, and eliminate a fourth wing entirely. But we stayed within our budget, despite cutbacks and the need to trim our design.

The architectural plan was developed as a "village" concept, and the campus has an enclosed feeling. We wanted to put a pond in a natural drainage depression in the middle of the large green meadow, but that too, had to be given up. Some day I hope it will be built, because for engineering as well as aesthetic reasons it belongs there. We made arrangements to acquire a seated statue of Benjamin Franklin, then lost in shrubbery in front of the State Department's entrance, and to place it prominently in the main court where it has become a magnet for class pictures and the simple pleasures of sitting on a bench with Ben, the first and one of the most effective of our nation's ambassadors.

So many of our limitations and problems at Rosslyn served as cautionary lessons in our planning for Arlington Hall. Having to get from one FSI building to another in open weather in Rosslyn led me to the idea of building two glass covered bridges to connect the buildings on our campus. Now, every part of FSI is accessible without having to go outdoors, and those who walk the bridges can see the trees and colors, the rain and snow. These connections are also important to the concept of "one FSI." I insisted the facility be seen as a whole, not as a collection of discrete training activities, and its buildings had to reflect that vision. We wanted people to feel they were all part of a single, integrated activity called foreign affairs training. Furthermore, we were interested in developing a "shirt sleeve" atmosphere no matter what the weather was. We wanted students and faculty to be able to go from one course to another, to meals and the library, without having to bundle up. People would be less inclined to engage in informal conversations and get to know one another if they had to put their coats on first. The architects liked the idea and incorporated it into their design.

We involved everyone at FSI as we developed our plans. We wanted staff and students to feel they had contributed to the design of the facility in which they would work, and we got excellent ideas from them. As we developed this project at Rosslyn, excitement about what the future would hold began to mount. Offices and people outside of government became involved and were crucial to the project's success. One such group was the Virginia Historical Association, in Richmond. They required us to keep the old main building of the

girls' school. The Association found it to be of historic value as architecture of a bygone era, and a landmark in military history for the cryptographic work done there during World War II. This requirement presented a challenge of its own: how could the large, yellow brick building be integrated in a functional way into a newly built red brick campus? In fact, saving the old building turned out to be a major asset to the complex for its usefulness and dignified appearance that evokes an earlier era.

There are two white and ugly cottages abutting Route 50 we were also obliged to keep. The Historical Association believed they were Sears Roebuck prefabricated houses dating back to 1929, and therefore of historic interest. I found it curious, even unsettling, that something built in 1929, the year of my birth, was already designated a "historic" site. To this day, they stand there and house the property managers. We also had to keep the narrow little gymnasium, because it had been part of the girls' school.

We needed approval from the National Capitol Planning Commission in Washington, and I testified on design and use before that Commission. We easily obtained their support. This was not our experience with the Bicycle Association, by far the most intransigent group we had to deal with. The campus design had a bicycle path running around it which the Association felt should pass through the campus. We spent many hours figuring out ways to route a path which would satisfy the Association's demands, and not compromise our security requirements.

Then there were the neighborhood groups. We held evening meetings with them at the beginning of the process, but despite our efforts we got some bad press at the outset, because a few people alleged we were ignoring the well-being of the neighborhood and would bring in too many cars. That story upset Congressman Wolfe, and we had to calm him down. Later on, these efforts paid off; our future neighbors became some of our strongest supporters. Their interests were legitimate. We persuaded them that the training center would be an asset to the community, and would not disrupt the area with new traffic. Their children would not be at any additional risk while walking to school. We told them we would be willing to make part of the facility available to the neighborhood for its community functions.

One of the requirements, in a venture like this, is to hold an advertised open meeting for neighborhood residents. We held ours in a rented church in Rosslyn in the winter of 1989, on a particularly cold evening as it was beginning to snow. About fifty people braved the elements and showed up. I chaired the meeting. Some expressed reservations and were antagonistic about such potential problems as traffic, parking, destruction of trees, noise, and the impact on back yards adjacent to the property. One long-time resident was particularly incensed, and condemned our project roundly.

I recognized an elderly woman sitting in the front row, having no idea who she was. She introduced herself as Louise Hale, telling us she had graduated from the Arlington Hall girls' school. Silence descended. She went on to say she thought our proposal was wonderful and had the full support of the Alumnae Society. For us, this was the crowning

moment. We knew the community would be behind us, and they were. God bless Mrs. Hale! We invited her and all other graduates of Arlington Hall we could find to our inauguration as a successor educational institution, and they came.

When George Shultz first presented the concept of a training center to congress, he decided that "Foreign Service Institute" sounded too parochial. He wanted to emphasize that the new facility was not just for the Foreign Service, or even primarily for the Department of State, but rather that it would serve all agencies of the executive branch. He believed this approach would gain support from congressional budget and appropriations committees. For that reason, the name "National Foreign Affairs Training Center," a tortured appellation, came into being. People usually refer to the campus now as Arlington Hall, and still call it the "Foreign Service Institute," but formally it is the "National Foreign Affairs Training Center," with the unfortunate acronym "En-fatsy."

Today, if you were to view Arlington Hall from the air, you would see its buildings form a large letter A, tilted to the left on its woodland plot. That is how it looked to us, anyway, during the many hours we studied the architects' drawings. The crossbar is a connecting, glass-encased walkway that joins two main wings; a similar walkway at the peak connects the new buildings to the yellow colonial-style girls' school. Built of red bricks tinged with green called Rosewood Norman bricks, because they are longer and narrower than others, the new buildings are flat-roofed and contain as many windows as one could rationally design. The ends of corridors have large panes of glass letting in light. Where there wasn't room for rectangular windows, the architects designed round ones. The interior is aglow with light, and to my delight I have heard students remark on this. Looking out the windows, you see grass, shrubs, and old trees: buds in springtime, thick heavy green in summer, Virginia's autumn colors, and snow on the ground that reflects lights from the classrooms as the days become shorter.

F Downgrading Training

The Bush administration brought with it unexpected problems for FSI and the Arlington Hall construction project. The transition from secretaries Shultz to Baker imposed such sweeping changes in senior appointments one would have thought the Democrats had won. It took us at FSI several months to understand the magnitude of what had happened. Under Shultz, we had thrived in heydays of support for training and, in hindsight, were slower than we should have been to realize that it was going to be different under Baker.

The signs were there. As Ivan Selin, the newly designated under secretary for management, was preparing for his senate confirmation hearings, I invited him to visit FSI, see what we were doing and receive briefings on the construction project from a training perspective. He chose not to, and in fact did not come to FSI during his tenure in order to meet the staff, walk through the facilities at Rosslyn, or receive a comprehensive briefing on the Department's training and its future. He appeared once to visit the Russian language section, claiming enough skill in Russian to "get the job done." The linguists were not impressed.

Ivan Selin had been one of Robert McNamara's "whiz kids," the young, highly intelligent and impatient systems analysts in the Defense Department in the mid-1960s whose quantification skills revolutionized abilities to deal with enormous amounts of information in systematic ways. He came to the State Department from American Management Systems, a company he had co-founded, with the commendable mandate of bringing order and modern practices to management. Inner-driven, he was not a "people person;" he was not disposed to learn by listening to others, but preferred his own conceptual models to shape his decisions. In the end, State turned out to be the wrong place for Ivan's talents, and he left after two years to head the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

During his first off-site management meeting at a country retreat called The Woods, Ivan indicated that funds for Arlington Hall were not a top priority for the Department's building program. The Department was working under serious budget constraints, I argued, but the development of a new training facility was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity and congress had already committed itself to funding the project. I left this session disturbed about our prospects and it soon became clear the campus project was in trouble.

After the departures of Shultz, Whitehead, and Spiers in early 1989, the low level of interest in training on the part of the Department's new senior managers became evident. Before the changeover, I met weekly with Shultz and his under secretaries, usually on a Friday morning for fifteen minutes, to bring this small group up to date on training and get their views on issues as they came up. Sometimes I would take an FSI colleague along to give the secretary a first-hand report, and make our staff visible to him. This atmosphere evaporated in the new administration. There were no regular meetings on the Seventh Floor to address training or progress on the construction project. What we did encounter was unexpected opposition to construction of the training facility on the part of Ivan Selin, and his new director general, Edward J. Perkins. Ed Perkins entered the Foreign Service laterally in 1972, having had previous careers in the Far East with the Army and Air Force Exchange Services, and in management work at AID. Prior to assuming the personnel responsibilities of director general, he served as our ambassador to Liberia and South Africa. At Baker's behest, strengthening State's minority recruitment programs became a centerpiece of his concerns.

Selin, who had no previous State Department experience, determined before his arrival that the Foreign Service Institute should be made part of the director general's office, rather than remain an independent entity reporting directly to him. In my first meeting with Ivan, I argued that such a move would be a mistake for many reasons, not least that the training staff was larger than the office of personnel and their combination would be unmanageable. What would be the advantage of adding a layer between the director of FSI and Ivan, as under secretary for management? And between FSI and other elements of the Department at the assistant secretary level, with whom we dealt all the time? I was concerned, above all, that the training function, traditionally undervalued in the State Department, would be viewed as having been downgraded. Other government structures such as CIA and the military kept their training functions separate from personnel, as did leading corporations,

to emphasize their independence and the different nature of training from personnel work. State's personnel operations, moreover, were beset by major problems of their own which needed a director general's full attention.

A fundamental flaw in this proposal, I suggested, would be elimination of a natural and healthy tension between responsibilities for assignments and training. If FSI were to become integrated into the director general's office the assignment function, with its real and imagined pressures, would always win over training. It was already difficult enough for FSI to insist on training in discussions with the assignments division, whose first priority was to fill vacancies. Training does consume time, but to assign people when they are inadequately prepared for their responsibilities is wasteful and unfair to the employee and prospective supervisor.

Selin's argument boiled down to the fact that since we trained people, anything to do with people belonged under one supervisor, the director general. It was the same argument that caused the Medical Division and Family Liaison Office to become appendages of Personnel, although the issues in these instances are different. Congress, upon being notified, as required, of Selin's reorganization plans, put a hold on them as they concerned FSI until the training facility was operational, at which time it was willing to review his proposal. This forestalled further action on consolidation during Selin's tenure.

As director of FSI, I was nonetheless cut off by Ivan from senior management councils, no longer participating in weekly management staff meetings. Selin did not receive first-hand reports of our activities, objectives and problems. These were not fully conveyed to him by the director general, whose weekly meetings I did attend, because the latter was concerned with personnel problems that were more pressing. At the same time, I had no systematic way of knowing what management's interests were, what it saw as new challenges, and what the implications of its deliberations would be for training. There was no way to enhance these discussions by talking about training needs, because no one was there to do so.

Selin viewed the training function largely as "nuts and bolts" and "dirty fingernails" work, as he described it to me. He saw FSI's function primarily as providing language training, and instruction in technical matters such as secretarial, consular, and administrative skills. This view put FSI's Senior Seminar and Center for the Study of Foreign Affairs in jeopardy. Obtaining funds for these programs was a continuing challenge, and eventually the Center was abolished by Selin's successor, John F.W. Rogers.

Secretary Baker took an hour and a half to visit FSI early in his tenure. He met the senior staff and gave a warm talk to combined A-100 and DCM classes on his views of the role of training in foreign affairs, all of which was helpful. Baker was personally supportive of training. Not a manager by instinct, he had policy issues all over the world demanding his attention as the Soviet Union imploded. Selin visited the campus construction site once or twice, and remained skeptical about the need for such a project, although by this time demolition of most of the old barracks had taken place and initial funds were committed.

Ivan told me that if the campus were not so far along, he would have stopped it. The director general was equally, and loyally, skeptical.

There is an anti-intellectual bias in the State Department, sometimes among its best and brightest, which is surprising to encounter given the nature of its work. This bias is most strongly held by people responsible for the budget, whose inclinations are to shy away from priorities in training beyond its trade school aspects. When the Department's leadership is not vocal in supporting training, which means insisting on funds for it, and that training be provided, the system takes over. Training becomes a low priority, particularly in the personnel function, of all places, which feels the heat to fill vacancies promptly, often disregarding its responsibility to insure that people are qualified and prepared for their assignments.

If one were to assign blame, it would be to the Department's foreign service officers themselves who often care little about their own professional development through training, greatly needed in management and leadership skills, much less that of their subordinates. Getting a warm body into the job, as the expression goes, is the short-sighted goal. The howls and screams come later, when it is discovered that these hastily placed warm bodies lack needed skills and are performing poorly. And nowhere is this more evident than with secretarial and administrative staffs, where poor performance is highly visible. Not fair!

Selin's successor, John F.W. Rogers, adopted the views of his predecessor, by whom he had been briefed. Rogers, at 34, had served in administrative jobs in Bush's White House and the Treasury Department. Without foreign affairs experience or serious acquaintance with the Department of State's functions, his loyalties were to Secretary Baker, under whom he had served in the White House, and to Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs Margaret Tutweiler, Baker's principal personal aide. His brief was to protect Baker from anything in the State Department that might cause public embarrassment in areas of ethics and management, and this he did well. John felt ill at ease in his role, mistrustful of the institution and its more experienced people, and soon developed a reputation for autocratic behavior that made him, for many, difficult to approach and engage, and in the end a remote figure at the top.

As soon as he was confirmed, Rogers tried to subsume FSI under the director general. This was once again blocked by congress for the same reasons. All of this was going on while we were struggling to build the campus, which was further along when Rogers became under secretary. Rogers went to the campus site once, briefly, during my tenure to make sure the director's office was not too large, and thus a potential embarrassment to Baker. It wasn't. Rogers abolished the Center for the Study of Foreign Affairs, ostensibly for financial reasons, but also because he did not consider its work appropriate or relevant.

The Center's activities were designed to enhance the Department's capabilities and engage the general public. It staged policy gaming exercises patterned after the Defense Department's war games, sometimes highly classified, at other times unclassified, so FSI

could include academics, think tankers, journalists, and business people to address specific foreign policy issues and the possibilities of preventive diplomacy. It conducted seminars on policy issues open to the public as a means to inform and build consensus. It also provided a home for a small number of officers, usually between assignments, who could then work on individual projects such as writing a book or running a series of seminars. Ambassador Howard Schaffer, for example, wrote his excellent biography of Chester Bowles there. The Center was a modest but worthwhile operation, having been led by people of such evident talent as Hans Binnendijk, Michael Vlahos, and Dennis Kux.

John Rogers eventually reached a more thoughtful assessment of FSI's role. He came to understand the relationship between training and achieving the Department's objectives. In a meeting with senior FSI staff shortly before he resigned, he said that to subsume FSI under the director general would have been a mistake. He had listened too closely to Selin on this issue, he admitted. By then I had left, categorically excluded by Rogers, as before, from management's meetings and decisions regarding training.

By far the biggest problem for us at FSI during the Bush administration was opposition by the under secretary for management and the director general's office to the construction of the training facility. Each year, the State Department had to obtain appropriations for the project. This gave opponents at State opportunities to shoot it down. Twice, we all but lost the funding, once in 1989 and again in 1991, both times during Ivan Selin's tenure. John Rogers also expressed to me his reservations about the campus and regret that it could not be stopped. One key to eventual success was that funds appropriated for construction were not fungible. They could not be used for other purposes. These funds either would have to be spent for construction or would be withdrawn.

The second time we nearly lost our funding, in 1991, seemed a fatal blow. I attended a budget meeting in Selin's office during which he announced that the Department's request for funding the training center would be dropped, despite arguments to the contrary from Admiral Fort, whose administrative bureau was responsible for construction, and myself. The matter was decided. He would shortly be going to a budget meeting in Deputy Secretary Lawrence Eagleburger's suite to which I was not invited. I left Selin's office completely discouraged. There would be no chance for me to make FSI's case to Eagleburger because I would not be attending the meeting. The dream of Arlington Hall was over, and it was the State Department, not OMB or congress, that was ending it.

I walked down the hall to Larry's office and asked his secretary for stationery and an envelope. Seated in the deputy secretary's empty conference room, which I had first come to know thirty years earlier as a junior staff assistant to Chester Bowles, I wrote a note to Larry saying that something immensely important to the Foreign Service was about to be decided in his budget meeting. If we did not take advantage of our present opportunity at Arlington Hall, we would never find a comparable site, or get money from congress. By surrendering our funding request, we would deny the Foreign Service much of the training a new world situation demanded. A supportive congress would be annoyed. I put my note

in the envelope and asked his secretary to take it in to him. I never heard a word from Eagleburger, but the funding remained in place.

The story of the new campus has a happy ending. When I left FSI in 1994, construction was 90% completed, nearly four years after George Shultz had drilled the first test hole. It is now a thriving facility, and I find it immensely satisfying, even thrilling, to watch students walk through the glass connecting passageways to their classrooms. The National Foreign Affairs Training Center is one of the great domestic accomplishments of the State Department, and I feel privileged to have had a role in its creation. How rare it is to leave something behind in bricks and mortar!

G For Training to Succeed

Here are the two most intractable problems in the effort to provide proper training in the Department of State.

First, except for rare leaders like Secretary Shultz, *there is little support and often disregard for training by the Department's senior managers.* An ethic in the State Department validates the avoidance of training because there are always "more important" things to do. These matters are called "substantive." Training, moreover, is not in the present scheme of things seen as career enhancing. Long-term training, as in the Senior Seminar and advanced economics program, is too often viewed as taking up valuable time that could be spent on activities thought to be judged more favorably by promotion boards who are, in fact, supportive of training assignments and reward them.

Second, *training too often is not linked to the assignment process.* I would like to see specific training requirements mandated for every job in the Department's civil and foreign services as prerequisites to be met by anyone filling a given position. Only if training requirements are established for each job, and insisted upon by personnel managers, will the State Department change its culture and place training in its proper place in career development. When a position description shows up on Personnel's computers, the training courses needed should appear alongside and be required. No work in the Department can be considered too unimportant to require training, and employees need training throughout their careers as their assignments and responsibilities progress.

H Diplomat-in-Residence at Georgetown University

Irrked, apparently, that the Foreign Service Institute had not been put under his authority, but was kept separate by congress from Personnel's jurisdiction, Director General Perkins made no serious effort to propose me for another ambassadorship. I would be "on the list" for India, he vaguely told me. At the end of my four years at FSI as the two of us discussed my future, Perkins candidly suggested I find a job I would enjoy, offering no help from the personnel system. I got in touch with Georgetown University to make arrangements with its dean of the School of Foreign Service, Peter Krogh, to become a diplomat-in-residence.

The purpose of this program is to make available to students and faculty an experienced person in foreign affairs as teacher and counselor. A diplomat-in-residence is available to teach courses and advise students, and is expected to stimulate interest in the Foreign Service as a career. I began to develop a course on the challenges to American foreign policy and diplomacy at the end of the Cold War, and became engrossed in this task. As it turned out, however, I was to be at Georgetown for only four months.

20

DIRECTOR, SOMALIA TASK FORCE: 1992-93

On the afternoon of November 18, 1992, while at my Georgetown University office where I was a diplomat-in-residence at the School of Foreign Service, I received a call from Frank Wisner, then under secretary of state for security assistance, science and technology. I had worked with Frank when he was a deputy assistant secretary in the African Bureau and I was in Zaire. Frank wanted to know whether I would be interested in serving as the president's special envoy to Somalia to replace Peter de Vos, who had just completed a year in that function. I said I would be. This was at the time Somalia was falling apart through starvation and the chaos created by warring factions at each other's throats. It was a situation disturbing to us, the UN, and the world at large.

A Somalia Background

Having crammed in all the briefings I could, I was prepared to leave for Somalia on a particular Monday. The preceding Friday, Acting Secretary Eagleburger decided that Robert Oakley, a retired foreign service officer and former ambassador to Somalia, should become the envoy. General Colin Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, knew Oakley well and had suggested him for the job in light of Bob's previous experience in Somalia as ambassador and his extraordinary range of contacts within the US government, both at the NSC, where they had served together, and in the Pentagon. He was the best possible choice.

I was asked, instead, to head up the task force in Washington that would support Bob in Somalia as he tried to get the leading factions to come to the table and permit food relief supplies to flow unhindered. I was to report to Wisner, a stipulation Frank and I established at the outset. We recognized that if I were to coordinate a famine relief program at policy levels, I would need to be speaking for an under secretary since it was the bureaus, headed by assistant secretaries, that would need to be coordinated. These bureaus would at one time or another have opposing views, as would other agencies, especially Defense.

At Frank's Kalorama home over drinks, Frank, Bob Oakley and I put together our instructions, aided by assistant secretary for African Affairs Herman Cohen. This document laid out a charter for Bob and me: it spelled out what each of us was expected to do, and what our formal lines of authority would be. It was later distributed over Frank's signature to the relevant offices in the Department. I say "formal lines of authority" because Oakley's bureaucratic style was, as always, free form and wide-ranging. It could become

exasperating at times, but turned out to be essential in this crisis. Without Oakley's creative and unbureaucratic ways, the relief operation would have been much more difficult to accomplish and would not have succeeded so well, so quickly.

The Cold War was over, and we were no longer competing with the Soviet Union for bases and influence in this strategically located country on the Indian Ocean. An insurgency early in 1991 toppled the government of Siad Barré. US Gulf War helicopters rescued the staff of the American embassy from its rooftop. The provision of arms by both sides during the Cold War left clan leaders an arsenal from which to help themselves as they fought each other and prevented emergency food supplies from reaching their destinations. The US took the initiative in Somalia, and we could therefore prepare our actions in advance. By late 1992, Somalia's government had collapsed. It didn't exist. There had been 500,000 starvation deaths already and people were dying at the rate of 10,000 a day. The media's graphic coverage of scenes of starvation made the famine in Somalia understandable to a world-wide audience. We had reached the point in our involvement through the UN at which the existing international relief efforts, like Somalia's government, had also collapsed.

Five hundred UN-Pakistani troops at Mogadishu's airport were helpless and pinned down by forces of the local clan leaders. It was obvious the situation required greater relief efforts, bolstered by serious military support to permit deliveries and end pillaging. These efforts could only take place through US leadership and would need the president's agreement. The strongest course of action would require US military involvement under overall UN auspices. In light of the magnitude of our prospective immersion in Somalia's humanitarian relief, it made sense to set up a task force in the State Department to establish a policy framework and coordinate operations.

B Setting Up a Task Force

Task forces are needed as *ad hoc* and temporary mechanisms to manage problems or explore issues outside the normal flow of business. They routinely deal with emergencies or operations of unusual scale. Coordinating Gulf War policy engaged a huge interagency task force in the State Department for more than a year. The Jonestown suicides in Guyana, overseas plane crashes with many Americans on board, an earthquake in Mexico City, a mob's attack on our embassy in Pakistan, are all events that cannot be managed according to lines of authority on organizational charts. They cut across many areas of responsibility and no one, except at the top, has a mandate to direct the overall effort, in which State has the leading role.

Authorities and responsibilities of various bureaus and agencies, many of them determined by law and regulation, are brought to bear by representatives who sit around a long conference table in one of the task force suites of State's Operations Center on the seventh floor, where sophisticated communications systems are available to them. Often they have not known each other before, and the task force director must begin immediately to build a team by defining objectives, procedures and responsibilities. Secure phones and fax

machines keep members in touch with their bosses in Washington and with the rest of the world. Maps of many scales are taped to the walls. CNN runs silently on the overhead TV until it focuses on the emergency at hand, when all stop working to listen to what is new and how events are being covered, or what the White House and Defense Department spokespeople are saying. In a disaster, task force members with consular experience receive phone calls, often frantic, from families inquiring about relatives. They are trained in the painful ways, requiring extraordinary sensitivity, of conveying tragic news or the lack of news. The strain on these people, who are anything but unsympathetic bureaucrats, is enormous. Sometimes they break down in tears after a string of such calls, and need to be rotated to restore their perspectives and composure.

In the task force suite, plastic status boards record information, time lines, pending items, phone numbers, and endless check lists. People quietly talk into their phones, draft telegrams and write situation reports. Someone keeps the status boards current. There are long hours of boredom when nothing seems to be happening. Around the table people catch up on work, read newspapers, chat, doze, eat food that is not permitted in the area, or stare at the television set. And suddenly, something unexpected. Oakley is on the phone from Mogadishu. A Marine jeep has hit a road mine and there are casualties. The task force snaps back to life.

I put together a task force of about 12 people who would work around the clock in three shifts, and was given latitude in picking its State Department members. They were people who had other, regular assignments but who, for the duration of the task force, were loaned to us. Many enjoy task force assignments as an intense experience in learning and doing, a change in routine, and the prospect of having solid performance rewarded by a letter of commendation in their promotion files. I started with the selection of a full-time deputy, Ambassador David Shinn, a broadly experienced officer with extensive knowledge of the Horn of Africa who is an excellent manager. He was one of the principal authors of the insightful (but ignored) "*State 2000*" report, which addressed the functions and management issues of the State Department.

That was the smartest decision I made. It freed me to think about the larger problems of our work, lead our negotiations with the UN, and be a sort of super-coordinator. David had just finished his work on "*State 2000*," and I had been pulled out of Georgetown University. We had no bureau roots or conflicting loyalties. In an innovation, we recalled three retired FSO's with expert knowledge of East Africa to be permanent shift coordinators, presiding over the task force table as team leaders for each 8-hour shift. They became known as the experienced and reliable coordinators of our work who would head their shifts at the same times each day or night. Their foreign service backgrounds were invaluable. We gave our coordinators authority to react quickly and truly serve as issue managers. We obtained an extremely capable senior foreign service secretary, Elka Hortoland, as the task force's administrative assistant. We found that working secretaries in shifts without a permanent supervisor was hopeless, because information was not passed on from one to the other and their level of skills was uneven.

We harnessed the needs of "tasking" assignments to bureaus and other agencies, such as Defense and AID, into a process managed by Stuart Jones, a sharp and persistent officer borrowed from the Secretariat staff, whose day-long job was to ride herd on these assignments and our other deadlines. We rarely initiated memoranda or wrote cables ourselves, but focused instead on crisis management. Highly particularized knowledge and information, whether about the Horn of Africa, UN resolutions, military airlifts, or humanitarian food relief uniquely resides in the bureaus. Only they have the experience, time, regional outlook and resources to pick up an intricate problem like Somalia and provide it their specialized and essential attention. If one thinks of the Somalia effort as a pie cut in many wedges, the responsibility of the task force was to keep the policy rim intact and the wedges in proper proportion to each other through time.

Task forces bring together people who have never before worked as a team, and launching a task force has its own headaches. Initially, we experienced a complete turnover in personnel with each new shift, and it was like starting all over again every eight hours. Task force members were not sure what they were supposed to do, or what records to leave of their actions and pending problems. At first, some bureaus were not sending their good officers or secretaries because they wanted to keep them on regular work. We got off to a bumpy start.

Members of a task force need to understand each other in human terms, as well as in their bureaucratic relationships. As they get to know each other the mood relaxes, trust builds, they help each other out, and tensions are broken by humor. The pressures of work in windowless confinement create bonding that is surprising in its intimacy and openness among people who barely know each other. One's sense of real time gets blurred. People feel themselves on a common journey during their shifts, sometimes staying around beyond the end for companionship and the intrinsic interest of an unfolding drama. The best in themselves and their skills often emerges effortlessly and generously. The task force experience, I thought, is not unlike serving on a jury that deliberates a long time. On Christmas Eve, I sat alone and uninterrupted, watching Jimmy Stewart on television in "It's A Wonderful Life," until David Shinn took the next shift at 6:00 a.m.

C Somalia Decision

By November 18, 1992 a few days before I returned to the Department from Georgetown, a memorandum had been written to Acting Secretary Eagleburger describing the situation in Somalia as catastrophic. By this time, the US had become the largest food donor for over a year, but clan leaders in Somalia were blocking delivery of aid in defiance of the UN. The memo began with the recommendation that the US continue on its course and that a supplemental appropriation be requested to provide additional relief. There was a cautionary note from the Bureau of International Organization Affairs (IO) about becoming further engaged, because this might require commitment of US military forces. IO argued that our national interests were not directly involved and the use of force under these circumstances, even for humanitarian purposes, might set an undesirable precedent.

The majority view, however, was that we could not be idle while people were dying in such large numbers. The UN needed to show it could act decisively in crises of the post-Cold War world. There was no argument about our relationship with the UN: we should not get in front of it, especially in dealing with political problems in Somalia. At issue was the nature of US interests in becoming involved in a massive humanitarian relief effort under the chaotic circumstances prevailing in Somalia. On November 23, a memorandum to the National Security Council was prepared for the president, offering several options for future US involvement in Somalia's famine. This document raised, for the first time, the question whether, if the US were to become militarily engaged in Somalia, it would be under Articles VI or VII of the UN Charter. Article VI refers to "peace-keeping," a largely passive operation, while Article VII refers to "peace making" which requires armed forces poised to act.

I urged that we spell out specific exit criteria and strategies, should we become militarily engaged. Once a secure environment was established for southern Somalia, about 40% of the country, we would have done our job and could leave, letting UN forces and other countries address the remaining problems, which were mostly those of establishing political stability in Somalia. Options in the memo ranged from merely providing airlift for humanitarian supplies--to creating a US-led coalition of UN forces. We estimated that as many as 12,000 UN troops would be needed.

Our memorandum reached President Bush the day before Thanksgiving, an accident of timing which in my view turned out to be important. The moral issue came into focus during a traditional national celebration of bountiful family reunions, while others starved. Its purpose is to give thanks, but the image is of Norman Rockwell's dinner table. Depiction in the media of starvation in Somalia during this weekend was graphic, as reporters underscored the contrasts. (We went into Somalia because of television, and we got out of Somalia because of television.) Yet, we did not expect that Bush, so late in his presidency, would pick the strongest option in our memorandum: a military intervention for humanitarian purposes by United Nations forces under US leadership. It would be called "Operation Restore Hope."

Bush's decision was made after the 1992 elections, in which he was defeated by Clinton. He had only a few weeks left in office, and had successfully brought the Gulf War to an end. I thought he made the right decision. None of us at State or Defense knew then that the president believed the Somalia operation could be over by January 20, 1993, the end of his term. He hoped to end his presidency with a foreign policy flourish by doing something that would set a worthy precedent as the "new world order" emerged.

We learned from the NSC staff that Bush had consulted with president-elect Clinton, who agreed with his decision. Bush believed the operation could be finished without saddling the Clinton administration with a military commitment he had made. The reaction of just about everyone else was that this goal was unrealistic. The Defense Department, which carried out the operation, did its best to accommodate to the deadline, but it soon became

clear that we could not possibly achieve a secure environment for humanitarian relief in the southern half of Somalia by January 20.

On December 3, the UN Security Council passed Resolution 794, which established UNITAF (United Task Force) as an Article VII operation, the charter article which calls for the use of "all available means," in this case to establish a secure environment for delivery of humanitarian relief. It allows the flexibility a commander in the field must have to conduct such an operation. By December 9, the first UN forces had landed in Somalia under the command of Lieutenant General Robert Johnston.

As director of the Somalia Task Force, I also led the US negotiating delegation to the UN, an unusual arrangement but one that ensured coordination. I flew to New York with our team many times to talk with Kofi Annan, the Ghanaian Under-Secretary-General for Peace-Keeping Operations. He would later succeed a prickly Boutros-Ghali, whose frequent annoyance with US positions on Somalia was public and unrestrained, as the new secretary-general. A wise and ever courteous man who had both dignity and a warm presence, Kofi was deeply experienced in United Nations diplomacy in the most difficult area of peacekeeping. Universally respected, he was able to listen and reflect on what he heard. Maintaining his side of the argument forcefully but in a soft voice, he was certain of his brief and could adjust course without needing to seek further instructions. Kofi drops his g's at the end of a word, asking, for example, "When shall we have our next meeting?" This engaging Ghanaian habit conveyed a certain warmth. I liked him very much, but found it difficult to penetrate his controlled and polite exterior, even his gentle sense of humor, to reach the less dispassionate and more emotional man beneath.

Kofi Annan understood the reasons behind Bush's January 20 deadline, which was making our task more difficult and straining credibility. Far removed from the realities of "Operation Restore Hope," this deadline with its origins in American politics soon became an embarrassment--or source of amusement--to everyone at the UN involved with Somalia. Kofi and his fellow negotiator Murrack "Mig" Goulding of the UK, the Under-Secretary-General for Political Affairs and an exceptionally talented diplomat in multilateral diplomacy, arranged several large briefings for UN heads of delegation which permitted us to give political, military, and humanitarian relief updates of the situation in Somalia, and describe UN activities there in a lively way.

This was my first experience in negotiating with United Nations representatives in New York, and at times I felt uncomfortable. The United States, which does not pay the dues it owes, is indeed the five hundred pound gorilla at the table. In the Security Council, drafts of resolutions on Somalia written in the State Department were pushed through by representatives of our mission in New York, usually working behind the scenes and not disposed or authorized to accommodate--even in minor ways--the views of others, particularly those of our allies whose support, except for the French, we seemed to take for granted. French diplomacy reflects a singular passion for being alone of its kind.

Riding roughshod over others to have our way seemed unnecessary, and while a successful exercise in power, was costing us respect. Other delegations must sometimes have viewed US representatives as driven by a single-minded desire to please Washington, no matter what. At the same time, Washington was capable of reversing gears and blaming the UN when things went awry, as the Clinton administration and congress did in the second phase of the Somalia venture, a failure largely of our own making under a Security Council resolution we had drafted and then pushed through. I could not help believing there was a better way to achieve our ends.

D Ambassador Oakley's Role

A few days after Bush's decision, Robert Oakley departed as special presidential envoy to Somalia with the broadest possible mandate. He was to deal with the clan chiefs to obtain a secure environment for the imminent arrival of UN forces, most of whom would be American, and of huge quantities of relief supplies.

As all who know Bob will attest, he is a blunt, outspoken, lean and lanky Texan who is decisive, effective in relations with our military, and shrewd in his understanding of the inner workings of bureaucracy. He is also an expert on Somalia's leadership, political culture, and clan structure by virtue of his service there during 1983-84 as ambassador. He was central to the success of our mission.

Bob was in constant personal danger. He visited clan leaders in Mogadishu and the countryside to brief them on the UN operation and secure their peaceful cooperation. Bob preceded UN forces as they moved into towns and villages in the relief area, reassuring local leaders and the population that no harm would come to them and thereby securing their support. As a result, there were no armed skirmishes in the relief phase. UNITAF's few casualties were caused by land mines. His personal courage is an illustration of what a committed foreign service officer is prepared to do.

Bob not only worked on the issues of safety for UN forces, but began to consider what needed to be done to lay the foundation for a political solution to Somalia's strife. He focused on restoring a local police force. His outreach was wide: his network included elders, women, academics, jurists, athletes--anyone who might have influence over some segment of the population. He wanted as many Somalis as possible to understand the reasons for the UN presence, the role its forces were to play, and how important the cooperation of the Somali people would be to the outcome of relief efforts.

E Task Force Operations

All task forces face unique circumstances. We were in the extraordinary position of being involved in a major military initiative decided upon by a lame duck president who would be leaving office with the task unfinished despite his ambitious deadline. Bush would be followed by someone new not only to the Somalia operation, but to the conduct of foreign affairs generally. We recognized it would take time to get Clinton's appointees confirmed,

and there would be a leadership vacuum. We were engaged in an unusual policy role in humanitarian relief on a scale unparalleled since the end of the Cold War. We also recognized we would face problems of coordination in a government that was going through changes in leadership and pangs of transition in every other foreign affairs agency, as well as the National Security Council staff.

We decided to strengthen process and procedures. We held two large interagency staff meetings in the State Department every week to bring together people working on Somalia, brief them on the current state of affairs, and provide them an opportunity to share their thoughts and complaints. We were in touch several times each day with Mogadishu by telephone, usually with Bob Oakley or his deputy John Hirsch. We knew in real time where Bob was, what he was doing, and what we needed to do to back him up. He also learned from us (and his many other sources) what Washington was planning and where the hangups were.

We managed essential coordination during the transition through regular meetings of the "core group" of the NSC staff. This group included representatives of State, Defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, CIA and AID, and was headed by Richard Clark, of the NSC staff, the most able crisis manager I know. We worked under policy guidance from the under secretaries in the NSC's Deputies Committee. The "core group" made day-to-day decisions using video conferencing; my group took care of implementation by assigning specific tasks to various parts of the Department and the other agencies. If the "core group" could not agree on something, the issue would be raised to the NSC's Deputies Committee which Admiral Jonathan Howe chaired. The National Security Council itself discussed Somalia only once or twice during the period of my involvement.

Clark and I talked each day, exchanging information and insuring that we were all moving in the same direction. We also made decisions which State's task force passed on to the Department and other agencies through our daily meetings. We had a secure interagency fax linkup which we used frequently for the transmission of classified documents. Crisis management thus remained centered in the NSC, where the pivot point was Dick Clark and his "core group."

F Failure of UNOSOM II

The humanitarian phase of the Somalia operation, and my involvement in it, ended in May, 1993 with UN Security Council Resolution 814 by which UNOSOM II succeeded the US-led UNITAF operation. The emphasis shifted from providing secure conditions for delivery of humanitarian relief to peace enforcement and nation-building, an enormous and qualitative change. US forces were to draw down to about 3,800 from 25,000. Bob Oakley had left Somalia by this time and Clinton appointed Admiral Jonathan Howe, deputy National Security adviser to Bush, as the successor special envoy.

One of the most important aspects of establishing a task force is to anticipate the time when it will no longer be needed. Once the objective of a relatively secure environment for

delivery of relief supplies had been attained, I thought State's African Bureau should pick up the residual task force functions and give our efforts permanent leadership. Hank Cohen, still the assistant secretary for African Affairs, was anxious that responsibility for Somalia be returned to his bureau. At the end of March 1993, we disbanded the task force in the belief that its crisis management functions were no longer required, and the regular mechanisms of government would suffice. In his thanks, Eagleburger termed the task force "a model of crisis operations in the future," and its work "superlative."

What we did not anticipate was that the new administration would loosen its grip on the issue of Somalia, and at its highest levels fail to recognize how great the changeover to UNOSOM II's mandate would be. Problems in Africa were not high on the policy agendas of State's new leaders. I discussed Somalia twice briefly with Peter Tarnoff, the under secretary for political affairs-designate. He was to inherit Seventh Floor responsibility for the Horn of Africa. I met with Secretary Warren Christopher once at the beginning of the administration during a general review of our relationships with the UN. Madeleine Albright, our UN ambassador-designate, attended this meeting. I had briefed her earlier, and she recognized that the US had again made Somalia a major UN concern, and that UNOSOM II would break new ground. Ambassador George Moose, the assistant secretary for African affairs-designate, was not confirmed before our task force disbanded and therefore could not play a significant role, but he sat in on the meetings my deputy David Shinn and I had with Hank Cohen. Dick Clark provided continuity at the NSC.

As soon as UNSCR 814 was adopted the draw-down of American troops began, and with that process underway, the level of interest of America's new leadership in Somalia's problems continued to diminish. Yet the situation remained volatile. There still was no government in Somalia. Conditions in the Somalian hinterland had changed sufficiently to permit the achievement of our relief objectives, but chaos ruled in Mogadishu. Clans continued to fight. The police force was not a force. We were beginning to make the grave mistake of demonizing clan leader Mohammed Farah Aideed as responsible for the UN's problems in Somalia, and therefore our own. Personification of foreign policy issues can become misleading and dangerous.

In the political vacuums of Washington and Somalia, the situation deteriorated rapidly as UNOSOM II began. Any new administration has its plate full of pressing problems when it comes into power, and must promptly set priorities. It faces major gaps in senior staffing, and new people must learn their briefs. The State Department has no permanent under secretary to maintain continuity. Somalia appeared to Clinton's people to be on a track to resolution. The humanitarian phase of the operation was considered a success, a building bloc in the new world order. There had been no American combat casualties. Sufficient supplies were delivered where they were needed. Relief had been provided throughout the designated zone, and it is fair to say that for many hope had been restored. Hundreds of thousands of lives were saved. All of us who had something to do with UNITAF felt a sense of worthwhile accomplishment.

The mood was upbeat in the Spring of 1993. President Clinton welcomed home the first contingent of our troops, and received them on the lawn of the White House. The senior policy levels of government, however, were not sufficiently engaged in looking at the remaining problems, or in contingency planning should the situation deteriorate. No one worried much about Howe. He had the same free hand, essentially, that Bob Oakley had been given during the earlier period. He understood the issues from Washington's vantage point, although he knew virtually nothing at first hand about Somalia. The situation was highly unstable, but the US government was leaving UNOSOM II operations to the bureaucracy. This phase required establishment of at least some institutions of government and a civic action program in Somalia to provide stability. It may well have been a task beyond the capacity of any nation or the UN to accomplish, and the tragedy for us is that members of our armed forces lost their lives in UNOSOM II trying to make it work.

We had anticipated the requirement for modest efforts at nation-building and had negotiated with the UN on how to proceed with UNOSOM II well before the change to Clinton in Washington. The UN was wary of undertaking this task. Its major criticisms of UNITAF were that UN forces, led by Americans, did not do enough to disarm the various factions, and that we did not devote sufficient attention to clearing Somalia of land mines--literally millions of them, mostly outside the relief areas. Disarming Somalia would be like trying to take all of the guns out of Texas. It was not feasible. How were we, in any case, to know where arms were hidden? Somalia is a vast desert, an easy place to bury weapons and even vehicles, which clan members regularly did.

A further criticism within the UN was that UNITAF did not extend its mandate into the rest of Somalia, particularly to the militant areas of the north. We were not prepared to take that step. Our objectives focused on areas that needed humanitarian relief; we would do no more than help a starving, largely concentrated population. These differences were a continuing source of tension and public friction between ourselves and the UN, much of it inspired by Secretary-General Boutros-Ghali, always a difficult man to deal with on Somalia. The media, of course, enjoy few things more than covering a scrap.

The great danger for us was what the NSC called "mission creep," a process through which, by taking one incremental step after another, each with its own persuasive rationale, the entire mission is altered without conscious decisions having been made at each stage to change it. Commitments, responsibilities, and consequences diverge increasingly from original intentions, and decision-makers find themselves sucked into a new game. "Mission creep" did happen, helped through lack of oversight by the new administration.

I agree with Henry Kissinger when he argues that national interests--definable, rational, and publically supported--should determine the conduct of foreign policy. When new issues confront a president, such as those with an entirely humanitarian cast as in Somalia, then new difficulties arise in the definition of our national interests. Government-sponsored humanitarian relief, in contrast to disaster relief, was not part of the Cold War lexicon following our post-war efforts in Europe ending in 1950.

The decision memorandum prepared for President Bush just before Thanksgiving of 1992, which stressed both humanitarian and moral national interests in alleviating suffering in Somalia, was an innovation, an early step in redefining US interests after the Cold War. Never before had we considered peace-time humanitarian assistance on such a scale or under Article VII, which required a significant US military component abroad prepared to fight for delivery. The fact that Bush approved the option of using such force was a conscious expansion of time-honored definitions of US national interests, and has created a precedent which is bound to be invoked at some future time.

President Bush's decisions eventually put the US ahead of the UN and other governments in an institution-building effort in Somalia. I did not then believe, nor do I now, that institution-building is a US capability. It was not in Somalia, nor is it in Haiti. The results are not yet in on Bosnia. There are worthy programs we can support through normal assistance channels and private, non-governmental organizations. Foreign governments, even in partnership with other organizations, have been unable to provide the long haul commitment, presence, control, and especially resources that serious institution-building requires. And who is to decide precisely what is best for other societies?

An incident illustrates the cultural gaps between the Somalis and ourselves, and what can be made of them. At Christmastime in 1992, some of our Marines, feeling homesick, took it upon themselves in a friendly American way to teach Somali children Christmas carols. Somalis are Muslims. This well meant effort was painted by some Somalis, especially clan leaders, as a plot on the part of foreigners to convert their children to Christianity and its cultural values. We reined in our troops. In their cynical way, clan leaders were using this incident for their own purposes. They knew the truth, but chose to keep their followers aligned against American forces, some of whom they would later kill and drag through the streets of Mogadishu.

G Bureaucratic Aftermath

When our task force disbanded in March, 1993 David Shinn wrote a detailed memorandum on "Lessons Learned" in our task force experiences. We thought a careful record of what we had been through, especially in our early struggles to manage the issue, would help our successors on future task forces. The memo turned out to be about twenty pages long and contained many recommendations. We gave it to the Executive Secretary, Marc Grossman, who expressed his appreciation. Marc distributed our memo to each assistant secretary and executive director in the Department. About six months later, I became peripherally involved with another task force which had spent its first few days reinventing the wheel and making the same costly mistakes. None of its members had heard of, much less seen, our memorandum. This again describes the deplorable lack of institutional memory at the State Department.

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POLICY PLANNING STAFF: 1993-94

After serving on the Somalia Task Force I was adrift and, at 64, a year away from mandatory retirement from the Foreign Service. The Clinton administration was newly in office and the appointment process moved slowly. I was encouraged by the new director general to think in terms of another ambassadorship. It soon became clear to me, however, that pressures after the Cold War to sharply reduce senior ranks in the foreign service were having widespread effect. Much was being done in haste to get the numbers down, never mind why or how.

A The Policy Environment Under Christopher

Samuel Lewis, the newly appointed director of the Policy Planning Staff (S/P) brought back by Christopher from retirement after his service as ambassador to Israel, invited me to join him as a senior adviser. I accepted the offer, recognizing with pleasure that my first chief in the State Department had been Sam Lewis, when both of us worked for under secretary Chester Bowles in the Kennedy administration. Sam was thus to be my first and last boss in the State Department. I find such circularity not unusual; a certain harmony seems at work. The year, however, was largely wasted.

Warren Christopher, Clinton's first secretary of state, previously served as deputy secretary under Cyrus Vance in the Carter administration. I worked with him then on such problems as Nicaragua during Somoza's demise, and implementation of the Panama Canal Treaties. The deputy secretary now was Clifford Wharton, who had impressive business credentials but no State Department experience, although his father had been a foreign service ambassador. Anthony Lake was the NSC adviser. He had been a foreign service officer who resigned in protest over Vietnam during the Kissinger period. In an unprecedented situation, there was no foreign service officer in any of the senior policy positions on the Department's Seventh Floor, although Peter Tarnoff was a former FSO: for the first time, not one of the under secretaries was a career person.

When I discussed policy planning earlier in these reminiscences, I suggested there were two broad ways planning staffs had been used since the days of George Kennan. The first was to keep the staff focused on long-range issues and removed from day-to-day affairs. The second was to involve the staff in daily operations, with less concern for the larger patterns, its director becoming a *de facto* special assistant to the secretary of state. Neither of these models describes what Sam Lewis was trying to accomplish for Warren Christopher. He was somewhere in between.

A policy planning staff should be what the secretary and deputy secretary want it to be. But in early 1993, neither Christopher nor Wharton seemed to know. They found themselves in a post-Cold War era and had little discernible strategic view of the US role in a greatly changed world. Lake made a major foreign policy speech during which he offered "enlargement" as the Clinton administration's answer to Kennan's policy of "containment" at the beginning of the Cold War, a concept that never took hold and remained vague. Christopher had stressed that he was skeptical of catch phrases and slogans meant to encapsulate strategic views, and he never endorsed the idea of enlargement. He described

himself as a case lawyer. This disciplined approach is essential in treaty negotiations or in securing the release of hostages in Iran, but case law is not what foreign policy is usually about. A case by case approach works for an implementor of policy, but is not, in my view at least, adequate for the political leadership responsible for determining our nation's course in unexplored waters.

In this situation, Sam found himself without a seriously interested audience on the Seventh Floor. Christopher's early speeches were noteworthy for omitting discussions of Somalia, Bosnia or Haiti, festering problem areas that were deteriorating. Christopher stressed more generally defined yet worthy ambitions, such as bringing democracy and free markets to newly emerging nations. In the end, however, there was little meat on these bones. Original drafts of his speeches came from S/P, but were changed beyond recognition before they were delivered. This should have been a time for serious and inspired planning.

B Preventive Diplomacy

Sam asked me to focus on "preventive diplomacy," a concept in which potential problems are anticipated and dealt with before, as George Shultz puts it "they beat you over the head." Lip service was paid to this technique at the beginning of the Clinton administration, without its being spelled out. It had also become a major theme of UN Secretary-General Boutros-Ghali in his agenda speeches, where it was left equally undefined.

In analyzing this idea, I concluded that the key elements of such diplomacy would require: (1) early warning--we would need to know as soon as possible about an emerging problem; (2) people in S/P and the Bureau of Intelligence and Research jointly to address problems while they were in their nascent stages, and work with the relevant bureaus and embassies to resolve them before they grew; (3) willingness to take action before a blow-up; (4) readiness to commit even military resources in advance; and finally (5) the political will to act in the face of public and congressional disinterest or skepticism.

It is difficult to overstate the importance of political will. I thought the first two steps were institutionally feasible; the other three problematic. We should be able to become more sensitive abroad and at home to the possibilities of preventive diplomacy. When an ambassador picks up the telephone to talk with a foreign minister about an imminent problem and resolves it, this simple act constitutes preventive diplomacy. The basic dilemma is when and how to intervene in a situation that seems to be heating up, usually slowly.

I have seen preventive diplomacy applied often. All of us as diplomats and in the rest of our lives have done common sense things to head off potential problems. On a grand scale, I cite global warming and population control as examples of the need for worldwide preventive diplomacies with very long fuses. Preventive diplomacy is a mind-set. To make it effective, people need to be disciplined to think in its terms. All of our training programs at the Foreign Service Institute, from the A-100 course for junior officers to the DCM and ambassadorial seminars, should stress preventive diplomacy as a problem-solving tool.

Each of our posts should review bilateral relationships regularly to identify sources of friction that could become major problems if left unattended.

C Lack of Interest in Policy Planning?

Sam Lewis and I go back to my first Washington assignment and to service together in Israel while he was ambassador and I consul general in Jerusalem, so it was particularly sad to watch his mounting disappointment in his effectiveness as director of S/P, a post Christopher had pressured him to take. Sam discovered there was little interest on the Seventh Floor in long-term planning. Similarly, he came to the conclusion that there was little regard for S/P's "devil's advocate" role. There was scant curiosity in examining what had happened in earlier administrations and how previous approaches and concepts had fared. There may be an analogy between Sam's predicament and George Kennan's at the end of his stewardship when that staff, under John Foster Dulles, was drifting into irrelevance. The case by case approach to foreign policy Christopher practiced makes it difficult for S/P as a whole to resonate; on operational matters the expertise of the staff's individual members was often well used. When Sam was succeeded by the relatively inexperienced James Steinberg, S/P slipped into the model of a support staff to its highly active and ambitious director, who in turn served the secretary effectively as a special assistant.

During 1993-94, Sam was increasingly discouraged by S/P's inability to become a vital player in the policy arena. He feared he might be hurting members of the staff who were doing solid work as individuals, but whose output increasingly met with indifference simply because it came from S/P. He had not been able to achieve the close personal rapport with Christopher essential to a successful Policy Planning Staff. Early in 1994, Sam Lewis retired for the second time.

Having reached the age of 65 in April of 1994, I too retired from the Foreign Service on the 35th anniversary, to the day, of my joining it.

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS

The Cold War framed my foreign service career. Nearly every significant foreign policy question had a Cold War dimension needing to be accommodated in a bipolar view of the world. This often reduced our flexibility, particularly in the Third World where our blunt reactions to non-alignment and Soviet inclinations turned us away from more sophisticated approaches which might have won friends, destabilized opponents, and spurred economic and social development. The American people were committed to winning this struggle and congress provided ample resources to sustain it.

As recently as the first term of the Reagan administration, we had a president who denounced the USSR as an "evil empire," to the satisfaction of most Americans. In June of 1987, in a speech in Berlin, Reagan called on Gorbachev to open up the Berlin wall. Diplomats shudder at such language, and try to keep it out of speeches as grandstanding

and needless provocation, but the fact is, unrelated to Reagan's demand, that the Cold War disintegrated with a breach in the Berlin wall on November 9, 1989. It was an event that I, who had lived for six years in Berlin, never expected to see, although I was convinced it was just a question of time. The division seemed that permanent, and the abilities of both sides to stare each other down that unconstrained. Despite a blimp-sized intelligence bureaucracy, our government had only a poor idea of the true extent of economic collapse in the Soviet Union.

We are unsure now of what new directions to take in our foreign policies, except to continue along courses that make sense in the early stages of a post-Cold War world. We have no single threat to oppose, and no overarching concept of what we are about or even what shorthand label to affix to this era. Slowly, we perceive that the US has become a more dependent variable in the equations of global politics. "Wise men," such as Acheson, Marshall, and Kennan have yet to emerge, perhaps because of the murkiness of our times and absence of the terrible tensions we lived with so long. The world does not stand still, however, and there are others who are powerful and would seek to curb our preeminence, acting either singly or by ganging up. We need to pay attention.

Born in Arkansas in 1946, as the Cold War was beginning, Bill Clinton is our first president to begin his term after the war ended and, except for Lyndon Johnson, the first since FDR not to have experienced military service. The Clinton presidency is one of transition in foreign policy. Global issues, with their weighty economic and technological components, are still soft in concept and clarity, and we continue to address them *ad hoc*.

After both world wars Americans wanted to withdraw, to pull up the covers and enjoy the comforts of isolation. For many of us, today's world seems frustratingly complex, overwhelming and unsatisfactory. Perhaps we are in touch with too much of it, all at once, through television, computers, and jumbo jets that provide transportation but rob of us any sense of journeying.

Drift in America's purposes abroad and the end of the Soviet threat have produced severe cuts by congress in the international relations budget, amounting to a reduction of fifty percent during 1984-97. The entire international relations account adds up to 1.2% of the national budget. Yes, 1.2 percent. The State Department's budget at \$2.5 billion, is one and a quarter times the cost of a single B-2 bomber. The national intelligence budget, at \$26.6 billion, is more than ten times greater. Among the 21 countries of the OECD who are the world's major donors of foreign aid the US, proportionately, ranks last.

The Foreign Service as an institution is in trouble. Today even its relevance is questioned. Most people, including a majority in congress whose lives span only the later years of the Cold War, understand little about its functions and are quick to decide that in a shrunken world largely at peace consular work is justified but the rest is marginal. Members and their staffs travel less often. There is new belief in economic determinism, this time on a global scale. Diplomacy is becoming a word out of the past, sliding into disuse unless there is a threat to peace. Secretaries of State Baker and Christopher paid scant attention to

maintaining the vigor and professional well being of our diplomatic arm, though each expressed his admiration for the career service upon retirement.

In 1924, the Rogers Act created a professional and admittedly elitist Foreign Service, at the time, which capably managed our post-war responsibilities in accustomed and leisurely ways, steering clear of entanglements and the multilateralism of a League of Nations. The Second World War found in place a virile and often brilliant crop of diplomats, informed about the Soviet Union and China and ready to shape global and strategic views of US interests. As in our army, where peacetime service was unexciting and not especially demanding, the outbreak of war found in captains and majors some of the best minds and commanders in our military history. Our armed forces and diplomats were ready when we needed them. They must remain so.

When we determined in 1946 to contain an aggressive peacetime enemy who promised to be around for a long and deadly fight, we already had our wise men of diplomacy and a military establishment armed with nuclear weapons. The Foreign Service accommodated to these circumstances, and lived its glory days during the Cold War. Now, we need both new policies and new kinds of diplomats. For what lies ahead, we know the old ways of doing things are outworn. Our political leaders, however, have not defined their international goals beyond the year 2000 with much clarity, or thought a great deal about the skills needed for successful diplomacy in pursuing our national interests.

Wars occur when diplomacy fails. This is the most telling argument in the need for professional diplomats. Nearly all of our diplomacy is conducted by professionals, who should, for America's sake, be the best our nation can produce. It is odd to think of our Foreign Service as a potential Cold War casualty. Secretary of State Albright understands diplomacy and history, and has the qualities of character, commitment and experience to lead the Foreign Service--not toward replication of the past, but to the thrilling prospects of a post-Cold War world in which we will be living by our wits more than our might. Success will not be handed to us.

Recalling my boyhood years, I observed that living abroad gave me an unexpectedly deeper appreciation of my own country, an ability to view it from a distance and appreciate its shifting contours. As a diplomat, I spent my professional life representing the United States and had an interest not only in what was happening here, but also why, and what the trends were. Issues in American life are not the subjects of these chapters, and there will always be serious issues. Two, however, trouble me sufficiently to cite them here. These destructive trends, more than even other failings, can erode the core of our society and affect our vitality, cohesion, and international influence.

The first is race, in which the strains between blacks and whites, in particular, have continued in my lifetime despite enormous visible but too often superficial progress. Finding a better way for racial groups to live together is our leading social challenge. Second, while much that is good can be said about computers, we are creating a distinction in our society so profound, between those who are computer literate and those not, that the

non-literate will be cast into a permanent underclass. We must train *all* our children in these expensively acquired skills. Access denied to Cyberworld is a form of social ostracism our nation cannot tolerate.

What then must the United States do to succeed in its foreign relations as the Cold War recedes? Here are five shorthand answers that should also serve to demystify what foreign policy and diplomacy are about.

1 Get the policy right - This requires stronger leadership by the president and secretary of state in devising and furthering policies based on our global interests as the world's remaining superpower.

2 Put the secretary of state in charge - Foreign affairs resources (the 150 International Account) should be controlled by the secretary of state, and by our ambassadors at their posts abroad, to provide policy direction and eliminate unacceptable waste and inefficiencies.

3 Obtain the resources needed - Create close and effective linkages between policy objectives and resources needed to conduct our foreign relations, then fight to get the resources.

4 Train people to excel in their work - Increased training at the National Foreign Affairs Training Center must be funded and tailored to meet the requirements of each type of position and the professional development of all who work in foreign affairs.

5 Recognize that our foreign relations are not likely to end - Greater stability and continuity in foreign affairs, and preservation of knowledge and experience over successive administrations, can best be achieved by creating the permanent under secretary of state position first called for by the Herter Commission in 1960, and the "*State 2000*" report more than thirty years later.

The horseback rider in Cormac McCarthy's tale of cowboys tells us, "the world will never be the same." Today only America, in its strength, exceptionalism, and our cherished commonness, can lead the way to make it a happier world for everyone.

Q: On behalf of the Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training, let me thank you for a most enlightening oral history. We have spent many hours on it, but I believe that it will be a very valuable addition to our collection.

GROVE: Tom, it is I who thank you.

POSTSCRIPT

I have referred to a certain "circularity," or closing of circles of experience and encounter, that sometimes happens in astonishing ways. For me this occurred once more when I learned, after the transcript of my comments to Tom Stern, that Marion Markle Henderson, now retired from the Foreign Service and living with her husband Douglas in Weston, Massachusetts, would be working with me on revisions to this oral history. We served together at the small consulate in Abidjan, my first post. I had talked about her to Tom with

fondness and the admiration one feels for a truly first-rate Foreign Service colleague. Marion has made working on my oral history a special pleasure. She is one of the people to whom I have felt myself to be speaking. She has my heartfelt thanks for everything in Abidjan and since then.

End of interview