

that it was not self-evident at the time. In 1965 left-wing officers had taken power in Lima and pushed through a series of radical reforms, sometimes referred to as the Peruvian Revolution. Across the Andes in Argentina the army had spawned Peron. Allende must have thought he could co-opt the Chilean armed forces, for he lavished them with compliments and nearly doubled the defense budget between 1970 and 1973. He brought the high command into his cabinet and enjoyed such an intimate relationship with General Carlos Prats, his interior minister and army chief, that some members of the opposition began to fear a sort of socialist putsch, in which Allende would extinguish Chilean democracy with military support. But Allende could not make up his mind whether to throw in his lot with the army or indulge the extremists on the fringe of his coalition, who were setting up armed militias in the factories and boasting of a forthcoming "sergeants revolution" (i.e., a mutiny) in subverted units of the armed forces.

Allende's Popular Unity was a minority government, based on a third of the vote. It never controlled Congress. Clearly, there was no consensus for revolutionary change in Chile. This was understood by the Communist party, a well-established and respected force in Chilean politics, actually to the right of the Socialist party. Falcoff reminds us that the Communists were the moderates in the Allende coalition, forever trying to restrain the left and keep it within the confines of bourgeois legalism. But the undisciplined "triumfalistas" in Allende's own Socialist party could not be stopped. The Socialists set about the seizure of the Chilean economy at breakneck speed. The mines, banks, railways, steel, petroleum, electricity, and heavy industry fell to the state. Large farms were eliminated. "One cannot but be struck by the drastic nature of these measures, and the actual number of Chileans [one-third] willing to vote for them," writes Falcoff.

Congress would not pass legislation permitting many of these excesses so Allende either had to go beyond the law, or twist it cruelly. If a private company resisted "voluntary" expropriation, for instance, it would suffer the nutcracker: the government would mandate a wage increase and a price freeze at the same time, driving the company into bankruptcy. In other cases the Socialists (and even more extreme groups on the left with links to Allende's family) would stir up labor disputes, allowing the state to take over a factory "temporarily" without having to pay compensation. Once part of the

"Area of Social Property," the factories were almost never returned to the owners, despite court injunctions. Most comic was the treatment of the American copper mining companies, Kennecott and Anaconda, which generated much of Chile's export earnings. They were seized without compensation on the grounds that they had long been earning "excess profits." The propaganda about "excess profits" later came back to haunt Allende because the copper companies soon began to lose money under his management, and he could hardly account for this by admitting that the profit margin had been extremely thin all along.

Needless to say, there was a collapse of investment and the Chilean economy went into a tailspin. The anarchic land reform was accompanied by price controls (a practice that was already ruining Africa), causing a sharp fall in food production and a vibrant black market. The regime then tried to stamp out the black market with further controls, including rationing, which raised suspicions that all distribution was going to be nationalized and turned shopkeepers and truckers into enemies—formidable enemies as it turned out. Allende did not change course, as the Communists were urging. Instead he charged on, covering the huge losses of the state sector with printed money until Chile had the highest rate of inflation in the world.

It was a spectacular example of economic illiteracy. If it had gone on for another three years and Allende had finished his term, the left would have had to face up to its failure. Instead, those who believed that the economic crisis was simply a problem of transition were able to persist in their folly elsewhere. Two of those who worked in the Chilean land reform program, Jaime Wheelock (now Sandinista agriculture minister) and his aide Peter Marchetti (an American Jesuit), have resurfaced in Nicaragua where they have made the same fatal mistakes.

The coup turned everything upside down. Allende became a martyr. Contrasted against the brutal regime that followed, he has blended back into the old democratic order. "General Pinochet and his associates have rescued for Allende and his government a place in Chilean history which they did not earn and to which they could not otherwise have looked forward," concludes Falcoff. Perhaps now that the unhappy saga of the generals is at last coming to an end, the Allende legend will begin to fade and fashionable opinion in the United States will come to see those heady 1,000 days for what they were: a reckless attempt to impose a half-baked form of collectivism on a recalcitrant people. □

VOICES OF GLASNOST: INTERVIEWS WITH GORBACHEV'S REFORMERS

Stephen F. Cohen and Katrina vanden Heuvel/W. W. Norton

339 pp. \$19.95

Arch Puddington

To understand the position held by Stephen F. Cohen and his wife, Katrina vanden Heuvel, think of them not simply as scholar and journalist, but as key members of the intellectual apparatus of a left-wing political party. In the case of Cohen/vanden Heuvel, the party in question is the loose constellation of academics, columnists, and politicians who make up the core of the anti-anti-Communist establishment.

Cohen functions as this party's chief theorist. Despite limited scholarly achievements (mainly a well-received biography of the Bolshevik leader Nikolai Bukharin), he has positioned himself as the outspoken critic of American Sovietology, explaining how our experts misrepresent the Soviet system and how their errors contribute to mistake after mistake in U.S. foreign policy. While his appeal is generally limited to a leftish audience (he wrote the "Sovieticus" column in the *Nation* during the mid-eighties), Cohen was also adviser to the man who briefly shone as the anti-anti-Communists' brightest political star, Gary Hart. Had fate and Donna Rice not intervened, it would have been Cohen rather than Robert Gates advising the American President on policy toward Moscow.

Vanden Heuvel is less theorist than party journalist. Her articles in the *Nation*, where she serves as an editor, diligently expose the sins and "excesses" of government agencies, foreign broadcast services, and Soviet émigré organizations whose brand of anti-Communism she disapproves of (among her targets is my employer, Radio Liberty). Vanden Heuvel is always careful to insert a phrase or two proclaiming support for Soviet dissent, but the practical effect of her writings is to damage the dissident movement and bloody the institutions that provide the dissidents with crucial moral support.

With friends like Miss Vanden Heuvel, the dissidents need no enemies. They are thus probably lucky that, with the exception of the Marxist-leaning

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Roy Medvedev, Cohen has generally ignored Soviet dissent and instead focused on the reform forces inside the Soviet establishment. Over the years, Cohen has forged close personal links with the men who have risen to power with Mikhail Gorbachev, even acting as a sounding board for their opinions on internal Soviet developments and U.S.-Soviet relations.

These patient efforts have now been rewarded in a volume of interviews with fourteen of what the book jacket describes as "Gorbachev's reformers." To give credit where it's due, the group brought together in *Voices of Glasnost* is an impressive one, consisting of some of the most influential and controversial personalities in Soviet public life. Among them: Aleksandr Yakovlev, arguably the Soviet Union's second most important official; Yuri Afanasyev, one of the most radical party intellectuals; Aleksandr Bovin, the prominent foreign affairs commentator; Elem Klimov, the film director who led the internal rebellion that brought glasnost to the filmmakers' union; and Nikolai Shmelyov, a decidedly unorthodox Soviet economist. (The one ringer is long-time Kremlin mouthpiece Georgi Arbatov.)

These may be Gorbachev people, but they are also Cohen people in that each outlines a theory of Soviet history which coincides almost precisely with the version Cohen has been peddling. It goes something like this:

The October Revolution was an extraordinary and, on balance, highly progressive event. Contrary to the predominant Western view, the Bolshevik party was surprisingly pluralistic and tolerant of clashing opinions. Likewise, Lenin (whose genius is uncritically accepted) was at heart something of a democrat who came to understand the necessity of a mixed economy, as witness his support for the New Economic Policy (NEP). Tragically, the democratic and humane impulses of the Revolution were crushed by Stalin; it was Stalin and Stalin alone who bears responsibility for Communism's corruption and failure. Khrushchev, by contrast, was a reformer whose great mistake was his failure to build a popular base for change. The conservatism and stagnation of the Brezhnev

period was a hangover from the Stalin era, a continued negation of true Leninism and not evidence of any inherent sickness in the system. Andropov was clearly a reform partisan, but unfortunately expired before real change could be instituted. Reform could come only with the ascendancy of a new generation of Communists, who just happen to be the very people interviewed for *Voices of Glasnost*.

The main problem with the book, however, is not its subjects' tendency to parrot a revised, if less dogmatic line on Soviet history, but their (and the interviewers') reluctance to deal seriously with a number of the most fundamental, and tantalizing, questions of that history and of contemporary Soviet life. Since those interviewed for this volume harbor strong opinions on any number of issues, their unwillingness to go on record on certain key matters, or their adherence to a kind of unofficial but clearly understood line, is a clear sign that some questions remain outside the scope of glasnost.

There is, for example, the intriguing figure of Yuri Andropov, whose name surfaces time and again in these interviews. Andropov functioned as mentor and political sponsor for many members of the current leadership, particularly during the Khrushchev years, when he filled the Central Committee apparatus with would-be reformers. Yet the man often referred to as the godfather of perestroika is the same man who headed the KGB during the period when dissidents were hounded, religious activists harassed, and nonconformists packed off to mental institutions. It was also Andropov, the Soviet media tell us, who along with just three other Soviet leaders made the decision to invade Afghanistan, a move the Soviets now denounce as a monumental blunder. This raises the obvious question of how Andropov's colleagues square his reformist impulses with his role in enforcing policies they claim to abhor. Unfortunately, the question is raised, gingerly, but once, and not pressed when an evasive response is forthcoming.

A second omission is the nationalities question, particularly glaring given the turbulence in the Baltic republics and the Caucasus at the time the interviews were conducted. To be sure, as anti-anti-Communists in good standing Cohen/vanden Heuvel dutifully provide their subjects with opportunities to distance themselves from the ultra-Russianism of the right-wing Pamyat society. Aleksandr Yakovlev uses the opening to offer the standard Soviet denunciation of all forms of nationalism as "repugnant," "alien," "dis-

gusting." Yet Yakovlev, like (apparently) all the other personalities in *Voices of Glasnost*, is himself a Russian, and therefore a member of the ruling nation. (The Soviet leadership is even more Russified under Gorbachev than under Brezhnev.) What do Yakovlev and the rest think about Baltic demands for independence? Or about the system's failure to develop the Leninist ideal of a "Soviet man"? These crucial questions are never asked.

Another disappointment is the treatment of Soviet foreign policy. Again, a distressing sameness predominates. The invasion of Afghanistan and the placement of the SS-20s—in other words, the two actions of the Brezhnev regime that already have drawn sharp disapproval from high Gorbachev circles—are ritualistically deplored. Yet the traditional Soviet posture that weapons systems—and not more traditional political maneuvers—sustained the superpower rivalry is maintained. Naturally, the U.S. is given the lion's share of blame for the Cold War. With the exception of a few comments of distress over the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the subjugation of Eastern Europe is never broached. On the other hand, the authors serve up numerous opportunities for sneering at America, all of which are eagerly taken up. Aleksandr Yakovlev, who in the bad old days made his reputation writing vitriol about the United States, insists that Soviet democracy, once perfected, will be more genuine than the American version. The Soviets, he claims, "interpret democracy more broadly than you do. We don't limit it to participation in elections," a remark that will ring strangely familiar to anyone who followed Communist declarations on democracy in the benighted days before glasnost. Yevgeny Velikhov, a lead-

"The one possible exception is Georgi Arbatov, who is widely believed to be Jewish. The authors are too polite to raise this sensitive issue, although they do probe Arbatov's views on Jewish emigration. Arbatov's response is interesting. He contends it was a mistake to make one or several groups the focus of emigration policy. He also claims that demands for Jewish emigration created a backlash, with employers and universities refusing to hire or admit Jews for fear they would one day leave the country. This, of course, is not true: Jews were discriminated against because of official anti-Semitism, which was widespread under Brezhnev, as Arbatov is well aware. Arbatov also claims to have warned that tying détente to emigration would generate anti-Jewish sentiment in both the Soviet Union and the United States, another bit of fiction, since, in the U.S., widespread sympathy toward Jews was evoked by the persecution of the refuseniks. It hardly needs to be added that, as the quintessential Soviet man, Arbatov does not even consider the possibility that Jews wanted to leave because of official policies of religious suppression.

ing figure in both the Brezhnev and Gorbachev scientific apparatus, manages to compare Edward Teller with Trofim Lysenko, Stalin's quackish science czar.

The authors' unwillingness to challenge the presuppositions of Gorbachevism is especially lamentable in view of the unusually high caliber of their subjects. The figures often come across as admirable, idealistic, and competent, precisely the kind of people who would be valued in a government committed to change. Although none suffered the tragic fates of genuine dissidents, they were forced to absorb the routine humiliations and frustrations endemic to the Khrushchev and Brezhnev periods, evidently without succumbing to the rampant careerism and cynicism of the day.

Thus the sociologist Tatyana Zaslavskaya recounts participating in a research team that fell victim to an of-

ficial investigation because its findings—on comparative labor productivity in the U.S. and USSR—clashed with figures cited in a speech by Khrushchev. The economist Nikolai Shmelyov abandoned a promising career as a writer because a journal editor tacked a happy ending on to one of his short stories. One of Elem Klimov's best films sat on the shelf for years because the official filmmakers' bureaucracy objected to its treatment of historical issues. Yegor Ligachev, the editor of *Moscow News*, lost several journalistic positions because of his independent opinions.

But even these fascinating stories leave the reader regretting the lack of any serious analysis of political life before glasnost. What compromises were made, and how were they rationalized? How did humane-minded Soviet intellectuals respond to the nasty fates of colleagues who lacked their skill in navigating the system? How, to take an obvious case, does Georgi Arbatov justify his past defense of pol-

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ETHICS, POLITICS
and the
INDEPENDENT
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Executive Power
Executive Vice
1789–1989

by
TERRY EASTLAND

Terry Eastland, journalist and author,
is the Presswatch Columnist
for the *American Spectator*.

Ethics, Politics, and the Independent Counsel is available from the National Legal Center for the Public Interest, 1000 16th Street, N.W., Suite 301, Washington, D.C. 20036. 189pp./\$10.95 paper. By phone: (202) 296-1683.

icies now derided as manifestations of the "old thinking"? The authors were too polite, or too crafty, to ask.

However, Cohen/vanden Heuvel do perform a service by drawing out some revealing observations on Lenin and Leninism, both of which the subjects endorse unhesitatingly. There are frequent references to the need for "real Leninism" and a "return to the twen-

ties," when Lenin's ideals presumably held sway. Support is voiced for even that most undemocratic of Lenin's innovations, democratic centralism, the precept that permits no further debate once a party decision is reached, and also prohibits the organization of intra-party factions. Since those interviewed also dismiss the need for a multiparty system, the question arises: How are er-

roneous policies to be combatted? One of the most troubling responses comes from Yuri Afanasyev, a man perestroika intellectuals regard as a radical. Asked if there should no longer be a party line on historical matters, Afanasyev replies:

I can't imagine there being two lines in one party. Even if there are various schools of

thought and points of view, it is possible to reach a consensus to reach the truth, and thus to arrive at a party line based on real scholarship.

Cohen/vanden Heuvel also elicit intriguing commentary on the economics of perestroika. Thus far, Western experts see the changes introduced by Gorbachev as little more than tinkering with a system that needs a dramatic overhaul. The book's participants do not dispute this observation; they even speak frankly of the difficulties inherent in bringing about so basic a reform as a rational price structure. At the same time, one is struck by the limited perspectives of those committed to change. Aleksandr Yakovlev, while admitting the necessity of letting the market determine the price of basic goods, defends the policy of massive subsidies on the grounds that "we want bread and meat and milk at cheap prices and not the way it is in the West," and speaks of the government's intention of creating something called a "socialist market." Coming from a leading political figure, Yakovlev's ignorance of economics may in part be tactical. More disconcerting are the comments of the economist Shmelyov. Although he admits that popular support for egalitarianism poses a psychological hurdle to even limited experiments with free enterprise, he himself seems to have been infected by the general Soviet hostility toward "capitalist exploitation," as reflected in his statement that a thousand people working for one entrepreneur would be "clearly immoral."

It is revelations like these that give *Voices of Glasnost* some value. Too bad the authors saw their primary role as merely assembling evidence to buttress their own special theory of Soviet history. Unfortunately, for the authors, the least convincing parts of their book are precisely the sections they consider most significant: the attempts to shove responsibility for the system's failures on the shoulders of one man, Stalin, and the tortured, and transparent, assurances that the Soviet Union never really posed a threat to American interests or security. One should not, however, be too harsh on Cohen/vanden Heuvel. The assignment they have undertaken—to convince Americans that the anti-Communist idea is the result of a misinterpretation of history or a cynical ploy by certain elites—is preordained to failure. As each night Americans watch the gathering revolt in the non-Russian republics, or the headlong collapse of Communist rule in Eastern Europe, they well understand that the system which generated this turbulence is suffering not just from temporary deformities, but from terminal illness. □

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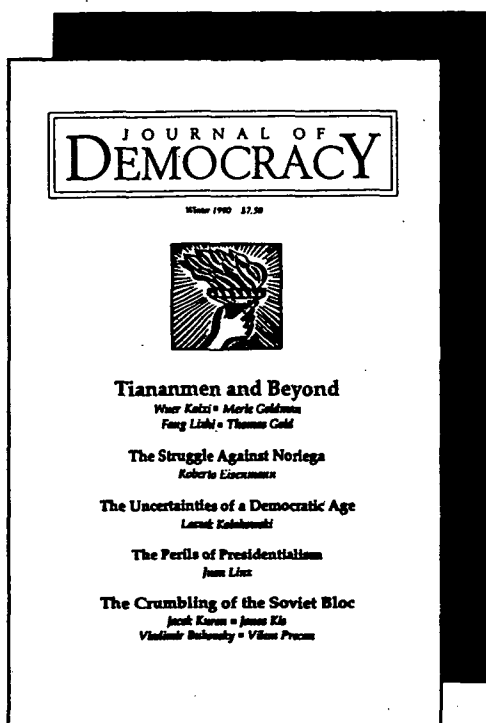
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THE LONE STAR: THE LIFE OF JOHN CONNALLY

James Reston, Jr./Harper & Row/691 pp. \$18.95

Victor Gold

Nothing reflects the political acumen of the American corporate board room better than its overwhelming support of John Connally for the 1980 Republican presidential nomination. Business wanted a sure winner, and who could doubt, watching Connally strut across the political landscape during the 1960s and '70s, that he was destined to succeed. Jimmy Carter in the Oval Office?

Ronald Reagan was too old. George Bush? He lacked fire-in-the-belly. But Big Tex, by God, was a born leader who looked like a President and talked like a President. There was the jutting jaw; the coiffed silver mane; the elegant tailoring; and the attention-getting way he pounded fist-against-lectern when he warned the Japanese that, if elected, he'd see to it that Toyotas would gather rust on the docks at Yokohama.

All very impressive. But as biographer James Reston, Jr. tells it, impressing folks was what John Connally did best, from the moment he arrived in Washington as Congressman Lyndon Johnson's aide and took up residence at the venerable Dodge House on Capitol Hill. The jutting jaw, the pampered hair, were all part of the act. Connally worked on it, day and night, a sagebrush Jay Gatsby creating a public persona to move him along in his chosen profession. From the very beginning, back in 1938, he understood the importance of superficial assets in a superficial town.

"Around the Dodge, Connally became somewhat notorious for his narcissism," writes Reston. "He was particularly fascinated by his own hair, and he would, by Luther Jones's account, stand for hours before a mirror brushing it. 'He'd look at his hair, and he'd brush it, and he'd brush it. Oh boy, he'd lovingly caress it.'"

Portrait of the future President manqué as a young narcissist. But for all the snickers it drew from Connally's friends at the Dodge, the preening paid off. In time he became Lyndon Johnson's second self when a stand-in was needed to stroke a fat-cat contributor, screw a political enemy, or put the final touches on the Duval County vote steal

Victor Gold is The American Spectator's national correspondent.

that sent "Landslide Lyndon" to the U.S. Senate by a razor-thin margin in 1948.

No doubt about it, John Connally, beyond the preening, had a fair share of serviceable political skills; but never as many as he believed or led others to believe. "You will be measured in this town," he once told Henry Kissinger, "by the enemies you destroy. The bigger they are, the bigger you will be." That was Connally in the role of the macho pol, no doubt impressing Kissinger with his instinct for *Realpolitik*. Big Tex could always talk a good game; but in the end, no matter how long or hard he brushed, the biggest thing John Connally destroyed was himself.

Reston's book on Connally comes out at a time when Robert Caro's second volume on LBJ is being serialized and two new biographies of Richard Nixon—one by Stephen Ambrose, the other by Robert Morris—are also reaching book stores. The temptation is to recommend *The Lone Star* for reading as a supplement to those presidential biographies, but that would do Reston, not to mention his subject, an injustice. Connally's biography can stand on its own, despite the man's failure to reach the top rung. There is a case to be made that political failure makes a better story than political success anyway—*Richard III* beats *Henry V* as drama on any given evening—and Reston has done a marvelous job telling the Connally story, from his early years of promise to his dismal decline into political and financial ruin, seated in the second row at his own bankruptcy auction with "an enormous unlit Macanudo panatella in his mouth."

Don't ask what was going through Connally's mind as he watched his prized possessions sold off. It was obvious, as Reston makes clear, that Big Tex was not a public figure given to reflection or remorse. He saw himself, writes Reston, as the personification of his native state, "the incarnation" of its financial collapse during the 1980s. "When he spoke of Texas," says Reston, "it was as if he were speaking about himself."

From that alone it is easy to see why Connally and Lyndon Johnson, two

egos in search of an incarnation, were a perfectly matched political couple. What is more difficult to understand is how Lyndon's protégé—"the incarnation" of every federal excess that Republicans railed against during the Kennedy-Johnson years—went on to become the man Richard Nixon considered best qualified to succeed him as President.

Reston's well-detailed story of the way in which the Nixon White House wooed Connally—with Big Tex allowing that the only cabinet posts he *might* consider were State or Treasury—tells us as much about Nixon's overrated political perspicacity as it does about Connally's chutzpah. Not only did Nixon fall over himself to bring Connally into his fold, but he elevated his Democratic convert to the highest level. Connally was considered, in Kissinger's words, the administration's "best political brain."

Indeed. And with the 1972 election coming up, what better reason was there to trust the judgment of Lyndon Johnson's protégé when, as secretary of the Treasury, John Connally proposed the pluperfect Democratic answer to cooling an economy overheated from LBJ's guns-and-butter policy of the 1960s? Wage-and-price controls, that was the ticket.

A shrewd political move, all right. That it did nothing to help the administration with business, labor, or the voting public, and also proved to be an economic disaster, did nothing to dampen Nixon's faith in John Connally's judgment. And had there been no Watergate, Nixon would undoubtedly have made Connally his choice for the Republican presidential nomination in 1976; in which year, if my understanding of Reston's biography is clear, Jimmy Carter would have been elected by roughly the same margin that he defeated Gerald Ford in the actual event. For beyond first impressions, John Connally's career as a national politician (as distinguished from the bullshit Texas variety) was characterized, in the downhome phrase he frequently used to describe others, as all hat and no cattle.

As secretary of the Navy and governor of Texas, Connally held his own, though with little impact on the national scene (Reston's mind-rupturing theory that Oswald was trying to kill Connally, not Kennedy, in Dallas notwithstanding). As a presidential contender in his own right, however, Big Tex learned that hairstyling and swagger can take a political hustler only so far. Once beyond the corporate board room, he proved to be one of the worst candidates in modern history, a laughing-stock best remembered as the

jaw-jutter who paid \$11 million to pick up one delegate. But then, of course, Nixon was said to have been awed not only by Connally's political savvy but his business acumen as well. Thus we pick up the story of Big Tex, as told by James Reston, Jr., after his political fall:

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