



**THINK TANKS AND  
FOREIGN POLICY**

*The Foreign Policy Research Institute  
and Presidential Politics*

HOWARD J. WIARDA

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## P R E F A C E



# From AEI to FPRI

In December, 1986, I was working as a research scholar and foreign policy director at the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research (AEI). I had been recruited to join AEI in 1981 by Jeane Kirkpatrick, Ronald Reagan's United Nations ambassador and one of the most dynamic, articulate, and controversial figures in U.S. politics. AEI was then riding high: it was the conservative braintrust behind such large Reagan-era policy initiatives as deregulation, social security reform, privatization, healthcare reform, and a host of others. Since everyone "knew" that Ronald Reagan was not smart enough to do all these things, it was widely assumed that AEI was really running the government. Naturally, since it enhanced our power and prestige, we at AEI did nothing to disabuse people of this notion.

By 1986, however, AEI was facing internal financial and managerial problems. It was so successful in the policy realm that some of its big donors assumed it didn't need their money anymore. Administratively, AEI had been headed by Bill Baroody, Jr., affable, a fine fellow, but not up to the job when the financial crisis hit. In a series of firings that had begun the previous December, wave after wave of AEI scholars and support staff had been let go. As Bill Baroody's own managerial inadequacies became apparent, the president himself had been fired in the summer of 1986.

I had survived the first four waves of firings and had been assured by colleagues and those on the task force deciding on administrative changes that my job was secure. So I made an appointment with new AEI president Chris DeMuth to offer advice on how foreign policy studies at AEI should be

reorganized in the wake of the earlier personnel changes. Imagine my surprise then when, about half a sentence into the spiel, DeMuth interrupted and said, "Oh, by the way, you're on the list to be let go."

Never having been fired from a job in my life, I was so stunned by this news that I all but fell out of my chair. But not so stunned that I was unable to think immediately of my own self-interest. So I arranged with Chris that I would stay on full salary until the end of the following summer (still nine months hence) so as to complete several ongoing grant projects, would continue to have an office at AEI and be able to use its wonderful facilities (including the AEI dining room, one of the most elegant in Washington), and could stay on as an adjunct (unpaid) scholar even after my paid position ended. Not a bad severance deal.

I was more fortunate than most of the scholars, staff, and administrators, including Bill Baroody, let go by AEI. Many of them could not find other jobs and, when I saw them around town, looked scruffy and unkempt. Baroody himself, I am convinced, though with other major medical problems, died of a broken heart for having disgraced his family and particularly his father, Bill Senior, who had built AEI. But I had been careful while at AEI to maintain my tenured full professorship at the University of Massachusetts; instead of resigning my UMass position, which AEI had wanted me to do, I had only taken an unpaid leave of absence from the university, and had managed to get the university to renew my leave year after year. So if I wished, I could go back to my university position at any time.

But I had come to love Washington and all the perks and power of my position there, and was reluctant to go back. I was also deeply involved in Reagan-era foreign policy, on Latin America and other issues. In addition, we had just recently bought a nice house in the Maryland suburbs which we would be reluctant to give up or rent out. My wife Iêda and I therefore devised a multi-pronged plan that we thought might enable us to stay in Washington beyond the time when my AEI salary would end. After all, we had the entire winter and spring of 1987 to look for alternative positions.

The first part of our plan called for us to apply for outside fellowship funds. My recollection is that I applied to the National Endowment for Humanities, the Smith Richardson Foundation (from which we'd already received one grant), the Twentieth Century Fund (now called the Century Fund), and the United States Institute of Peace (USIP). Of these, two came through: the Twentieth Century Fund with a major, two-year, \$200,000 grant (a huge amount in those days) enabling me to continue several writing projects on democratization and civil society in the Third World; and at mid-year the USIP decided on a \$100,000 grant to continue the transitions-to-democracy work.

The second part of our strategy was to look for university positions in the Washington area. We applied to Georgetown, American University, and George Washington University. We had a good shot at the Georgetown position but it was based on “soft” (grant) money and did not look very attractive. The American University position was as director of CASA, a consortium arrangement with the other Washington universities, but the funds for that also failed to materialize. But GW did come through with a one-year visiting appointment for me teaching foreign policy, replacing Burt Sappin who was going to China for the year, and a similar one-year appointment for Iêda, also a political scientist, teaching Latin American politics in place of Prof. Cynthia McClintock.

The third prong of our strategy was to explore possibilities with other think tanks. I approached the Brookings Institution where I was told by foreign policy director John Steinbrenner that he had no interest in Latin America. At CSIS the problem was exactly the opposite: “too many” people doing Latin America, according to President David Abshire.

But then, going farther afield, I heard of this small think tank in Philadelphia, the Foreign Policy Research Institute (FPRI) which, as the name implies, was devoted entirely to foreign policy issues. FPRI was the minor leagues as compared to AEI but it had a wonderful fellowship program called the Thornton B. Hooper Fellowship in National Security Policy. So I applied and got the fellowship; FPRI was overjoyed to have someone from the Washington big leagues join their program. And that is how I came to write this book: I spent the next year in residence at FPRI, continued my association with the Institute even after my fellowship year expired, and commuted back and forth from Washington to Philadelphia so that I could fulfill my teaching obligations at GW as well.

FPRI proved to be a rewarding research and writing experience. While there, I worked on a number of book projects, did a lot of traveling including several trips abroad, and got a lot of writing done in the quiet of my office. The colleagues at the Institute were bright, articulate, and knowledgeable. But FPRI’s internal politics and interpersonal relations were among the most complicated and tension-filled of any organization I’ve ever been associated with. There were tensions with the staff, between the scholars, and between both staff and scholars and FPRI’s management. Thank goodness I was only there for one year, so I could do my writing and leave, but others among the staff and scholars had no other choices. They had to continue living and working in all this tension. Along with FPRI’s role as a think tank involved in national and international policy, it is this internal tension that gives this book some of its bite.

In the process we learned a lot about Philadelphia: its old moneyed families, the Main Line, its universities (Penn, Drexel, Temple, etc.), and the new banking and commercial elites. Philadelphia is not a city, unlike its East Coast competitors Boston, New York, or Washington, that is particularly known for its interest or importance in international politics or international finance. Yet I discovered Philadelphia to be a very interesting city, a changing city, with a lot of both old and new money, and with a growing and quite sophisticated interest in foreign affairs.

Over the last thirty years Philadelphia has undergone a renaissance in art, architecture, theater, music, and intellectual life. At the heart of this renaissance as concerns foreign affairs is the Foreign Policy Research Institute. As FPRI supporter, contributor, and grandson of a former president, David Eisenhower has said, “FPRI is an integral part of the Philadelphia renaissance.” This is the story both of that Institute and of the city that supports it.

This book is part of a series of volumes dealing with the changing role of universities, think tanks, and war colleges. The overall thesis is that since the 1960s universities and university-based academics have become less important in high-level Washington policy-making. That role has been increasingly taken over by the Washington-based think tanks, research centers, and policy “shops.”

Not located in the nation’s capital, FPRI is a little outside the main circle of Washington think tanks. Nevertheless it has considerable influence, it has a network of alumni in high Washington policy positions, and it has had an impact both on American foreign policy and on a succession of presidential campaigns. Analyzing FPRI also enables us to talk about the institution with which it was long affiliated, the University of Pennsylvania. The story I tell here is a personal story, a memoir; but in addition it has larger research and policy implications.

FPRI is a small think tank. Unlike the larger and better-known Washington-based think tanks like AEI, Brookings, or the Center for Strategic and International Studies with upwards of 200 staff each and \$30–40 million dollar budgets, it has a small staff (10–15) and a small budget (under \$3 million). Its continued existence is often precarious and it does not always have the support of the Philadelphia community that it deserves. Moreover, being outside of Washington, FPRI does not have direct access to policy-making and policy-makers as these other think tanks do. Nevertheless FPRI has considerable influence, it has a distinguished alumni association occupying high positions in Washington, its published work is widely read in the policy community, and over the years it has played a major role in presidential politics.

One of the main themes of the book is how such a small and underfunded think tank located outside Washington's corridors of power still manages to be an influential voice in American foreign policy.

In writing this memoir, the third in a series about academic, think tank, war college, and foreign policy life, I have incurred many debts. The first and foremost is to my wife Iêda Siqueira Wiarda, also a political scientist, who had shared all these sojourns with me. Next come our children Kristy, Howard, and Jonathan whose lives were both disrupted and, we hope, enriched by all these family moves and adventures. Cynthia McMeekin has served as my indispensable research assistant on this project while Kathryn Johnson and Doris Holden have done yeoman service in preparing the manuscript. Of course my greatest debt is to the subject of this research: the staff, scholars, and administrators of FPRI. The usual disclaimers apply; I am the one who bears sole responsibility for the final product.

Howard J. Wiarda  
Washington, D.C.  
December 2009



## CHAPTER ONE



# Introduction to Philadelphia and FPRI

I drove up to Philadelphia from my house in the Washington suburbs on March 5, 1987. Our house, on four, later enlarged to ten, acres in the town of Brookeville in northern Montgomery County, was exactly twenty-five miles straight north from the front door of the White House. Brookeville, though a tiny crossroads (not even a gas station but it did have a post office—for a time), was famous because it was the capital of the United States for one night.

It became the capital because, in the War of 1812, when the British bombarded and set fire to the White House, President James Madison was forced to flee up to Brookeville. He stayed overnight in the house of the postmaster; I have, on one of the Brookeville yearly tours of historic homes, been in the bedroom where Madison slept. Local feminist historians have discovered that while James went to Brookeville, his wife Dolly Madison fled to McLean, leading to speculation that the Madisons may have had a “modern marriage” even at this early date.

The United States was really a Third World country in those days or, as sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset put it, “the first new nation.” Madison was awaiting reinforcements from the army in Baltimore but they got lost on the road to Brookeville and never arrived. Meanwhile James Monroe, who would be Madison’s successor, rode out from Washington the next day to tell the president that the young country was falling apart in his absence. Hearing this news, Madison rode back to Washington without his army; fortunately, having accomplished its purpose, the British force was already retreating back to the Chesapeake Bay. Brookeville’s one-day claim to fame thus came to an end.

It is from Brookeville that I set out on a fine spring morning. From my home in a residential cul-de-sac out onto New Hampshire Avenue. A half mile south, a left turn onto Brighton Dam Road. Over Brighton Dam and into the small town of Clarksville, now mushrooming with Washington suburbanites. By Route 32 to Fort Meade and the National Security Administration (NSA) with its gigantic antennae and satellite dishes listening in to the world's telephone conversations. Onto Interstate 95 heading north. Baltimore, through the Harbor Tunnel, then northeast into the Maryland countryside. Through a narrow stretch of Delaware, around Wilmington on Interstate 495 skirting the Delaware River, and on to Philadelphia. Exactly 123 miles and two hours driving time from my home.

### Philadelphia: Getting There

Philadelphia is not very attractive upon entering it from the south. Past the Delaware border the first town in Pennsylvania is Chester, a rundown, rustbelt industrial center on the city's southern side. Next comes the Philadelphia airport tucked in between the interstate and the Delaware River. There are ocean-going tugs, ships, and barges on the river; the riverfront is grimy and not at all attractive—little did I realize then that those football field-length barges out there were the basis of the family fortune that paid for my fellowship.

I exit Interstate 95 and get on Penrose Avenue. Over the bridge across the Schuylkill River which flows into the larger Delaware. “Schuylkill” is a Dutch name that I, with my Dutch background, recognize immediately. At one point, the Dutch not only controlled New Amsterdam (New York) but most of the Eastern Seaboard from Connecticut to the Chesapeake, including the entrance to the Delaware Bay (Cape May, which really should be spelled the correct Dutch way, Cape Mey), New Castle (once New Amstel—just like the beer) up near the Delaware Bay Bridge, another “New Amsterdam” where Philadelphia is now located, and all the interior territory of the present-day states of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

I turn left onto Interstate 76 which bisects South Philadelphia and skirts downtown or Center City. Past the old Franklin Field and to the South Street exit. It's pretty dirty, grimy, and unattractive along this route with wall-to-wall used tire shops, gas stations, and small commercial and manufacturing companies. But it works as a cutoff route to the University of Pennsylvania and the Foreign Policy Research Institute. I'm surprised to find Drexel University in this neighborhood as well as UPenn. A quick left turn onto Chestnut Street going west and I'm in the proximate neighborhood of

FPRI. It's housed for now in a large office building a couple blocks from the Penn campus with which it was once connected. But that's a tale for a later chapter. A quick elevator ride and I'm at FPRI's office suite.

I didn't know Philadelphia at all well. I had been here as a little kid with my parents to view the Liberty Bell and the historic Independence Hall in the Old Town of the city near the river. I had also attended a couple professional association meetings here during which we'd been largely confined to the convention center hotels. Unlike my stays in the other great East Coast cities—Boston, New York, Washington, and even Miami—I'd never spent any time here and didn't even have a vague idea of the street plan, suburbs, and geographic layout.

But the problem was deeper than that. Although Philadelphia was then in the top five population-wise of U.S. cities (behind New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, vying with Detroit for the fourth spot), I'd had no reason other than as a tourist to visit there. It was not an academic center like Boston, a financial capital like New York, nor a political powerhouse like Washington, D.C. Nor was it thought of, unlike these others, as a city with—my specialization—an international orientation. I had put Philadelphia, I'm sorry to report, into the same category as Baltimore: a big, decaying East Coast city, and doubtless important for the folks who lived there, but with no special reason for me to go out of my way to be there. In addition, once the interstate highway system was built and you could go directly from Boston or New York to Washington via the Garden State Parkway/New Jersey Turnpike without ever coming closer than fifteen miles to Philadelphia, I had no reason to go there at all. How wrong I was on all of those counts.

## Early History

When the first European explorers arrived at the mouth of the Delaware Bay in the early seventeenth century and then sailed up the Delaware River, they found the area already populated by the Erie, Susquehannock, and Lenni Lenape Indian tribes, themselves vassals of the warring Iroquois. The first Europeans to settle in this area were Swedish and Finnish explorers who began a fur and tobacco trade with the Indians and established a number of small forts at New Castle, Wilmington, Chester, and Philadelphia. But the Dutch in New Amsterdam and along the Eastern Seaboard were the dominant power in this neighborhood and they soon drove the Scandinavians out. The Dutch, however, mainly interested in trade, made only halfhearted efforts to settle and fortify the area, changing the name of the Swedish fort at New Castle to New Amstel, but otherwise not much changing the colony's

character. However, in 1664 when the Dutch colony at New Amsterdam was defeated by a British naval squadron, the area in and around Delaware Bay also fell into British hands.

Although the Dutch were defeated by the British, quite a number of Dutch traders and merchants stayed in and settled the Delaware Bay area, including Philadelphia. They were still there when William Penn arrived two decades later. However, these Dutch, who were also Protestants and members of the Reformed faith, are not to be confused with the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch who are actually of German descent and are frequently (and mistakenly) called “Dutch” because they speak the *Deutsch* or German language.

Small numbers of British and Germans, often fleeing religious conflicts in their home countries, settled in the Delaware basin in the next two decades; but it was not until King Charles II ceded the territory to William Penn in 1681 that the area began to develop. Penn was a Quaker, a follower of Society of Friends founder George Fox who preached that individuals had a direct relationship with God, did not need priests, ministers, or an organized church to mediate for them, and that all groups could live together in peace and harmony. The Quakers also rejected civil hierarchies, did not recognize titles, and would not take an oath; for these reasons they were considered disruptive by the British Crown which was happy to get rid of the troublemaking Penn. But because most areas on the East Coast had already been ceded to others, Penn had to be content with this inland territory on the Delaware River—Pennsylvania, which proved over time to be one of the most valuable of the colonies. Although Penn himself only stayed for two years, the mark he left on Philadelphia and the interior territory proved to be an indelible and lasting one.

Penn was committed to a free, well-governed, and tolerant society. Hence the presence in early Pennsylvania of such dissenters and minority groups as the Mennonites, Amish, Moravians, Catholics, Anabaptists, Reformed, Pietists, Herrnhuters, as well as Quakers. This diversity of settlers, in turn, gave rise to a spirit of pluralism, citizen involvement, and democracy in Pennsylvania that was also present in New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. Meanwhile the population grew (20,000 in 1700, 300,000 seventy-five years later, on the eve of the Revolutionary War); a (mainly) Quaker merchant class emerged, centered in Philadelphia; the colony expanded westward toward Ohio; and trade and prosperity increased. By 1770 Philadelphia was the largest and wealthiest city in America.

Like most of the original colonies, Pennsylvania was at first a predominantly Protestant settlement. Quakers were in the majority but other strict, what we would now call evangelical, sects were also present. There were only a few dozen Catholics. The Protestants, including the several dissenter

groups from England and the Netherlands, stressed the importance of individual conscience, civic responsibility, education (so each individual could read the Bible independently), freedom (in the political sphere as well as the religious), and entrepreneurship (see Max Weber's famous thesis on "The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism"). These values strongly undergirded the Pennsylvania colony and helped give rise to one of the most literate societies in the world. It is no accident that Massachusetts Bay, New York, and Philadelphia were the hotbeds of eighteenth-century rationalist, Enlightenment, and independence and republican ideas.

It was also a well-planned, well-governed, and self-confident city. Its citizens established libraries, founded discussion clubs, and built a web of civil society organizations. It was not just Philadelphia's location midway along the Eastern Seaboard but also its rich and extensive civic life that made Philadelphia the site of the First Continental Congress in 1774. Here it was that Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, John Hancock and others met in 1776 to draft the Declaration of Independence. And here it was that in 1779 the new nation's capital was located.

After the ratification of the U.S. Constitution in 1789, New York served briefly as the nation's capital, but Philadelphia recaptured that honor a year later. The glory and benefits of being the capital were short-lived, however, since the new government decided to move its center to a new, neutral site farther south where the Potomac and Anacostia rivers come together—Washington, D.C. By 1800 Philadelphia was no longer the capital and, though it remained prosperous and attracted new immigration, two decades later it had been replaced by New York as both the country's largest city and its financial center. I have often wondered if these triple blows—political, population, financial—were the beginning of Philadelphia's long decline and particularly its loss of standing and prestige as an internationally oriented city.

Nevertheless, from the 1820s until the Civil War and beyond, Philadelphia continued to play a leading role. Its trade and commerce were enhanced by the development of bridges, roads, and interconnecting canals. Much of this development came from the rich resources of the interior of the state: vast lumber supplies, iron ore, the largest coal deposits in the world, and inland waterways to transport these and other products. Soon the city of Pittsburgh in the west thought of itself as rivaling Philadelphia; both cities built the infrastructure that would enable them to compete in world markets.

Nor should we forget the great pre-Civil War issue of slavery. Just north of the Mason-Dixon Line, Pennsylvania was not a slave-holding state; indeed in 1780, thanks to the Quakers, it had been the first state to abolish slavery. With its many Quakers and Friends' Houses used as sanctuaries for runaway

slaves, Pennsylvania and particularly Philadelphia was the glorious endpoint of the underground railroad.<sup>1</sup> Quaker Philadelphia lobbied and campaigned strongly to abolish slavery, reacted angrily to the 1856 Supreme Court decision in the Dred Scott case to extend slavery into the Western territories, and voted heavily for Abraham Lincoln for president in 1860. The bloodiest battle—over 50,000 casualties—of the Civil War also took place in Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg just north of the Maryland border.

After the Civil War, Pennsylvania, and Philadelphia, participated in and *led* the great spurt of industrial advancement and economic growth that lasted through World War I and the 1920s. The population increased rapidly mainly through immigration, cities expanded far beyond their initial centers, and huge factories and industrial complexes arose. The immigrants, mainly Catholic but not exclusively so, included Irish, Italians, Slovaks, Czechs, southern Germans, Welsh, Scots-Irish, Russian and German Jews. Thousands of blacks from the south also migrated north to where the jobs were. Meanwhile great industrialists and financiers like Andrew Carnegie, Andrew Mellon, Henry Clay Frick, Joseph Wharton, and William Scranton built the steel factories and railroads, developed the mines, and provided the capital that enabled Pennsylvania to prosper and its recent immigrants to find well-paying jobs. In areas like South Philadelphia, through which I had driven on my first visit to FPRI, entire new, working-class neighborhoods had grown up.

By the time of World War I, Philadelphia was, ethnically and religiously, a very different city than it had been in 1860. It was no longer so Quaker, so Protestant, or so white as it had been before. Rather, it was much more diverse and pluralistic. It would also become much more difficult to govern. The old Quaker/Protestant consensus on values, class relations, and ways of doing things was breaking down. Pennsylvania both in the pre-World War I and inter-war (1917–1939) periods was the scene of some of the country's nastiest strikes and meanest employer-employee conflicts.

The elites, who often traced their family histories back to colonial times, remained embedded in Chestnut Hill and the Mainline (after the suburban trains that ran westward from Philadelphia's Central Station) suburban communities. It is about these Philadelphia elites, their often futile efforts to hang on to their wealth and privilege, their inbreeding and snobbish ways, their fear of the new arrivals and immigrant communities, and their social mores and misbehavior that such giants of American literature as F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Marquand, and Louis Auchincloss wrote. I remember during my stay in Philadelphia taking the Mainline train out to have lunch at his country club with Bruce Hooper, the benefactor who provided my fellow-

ship funds, and thinking both how quaint and how doomed this particular lifestyle was.

The last gasps of this ordered, pleasant (at least for the upper classes) way of life came in the 1950s and 1960s. Mayors Richardson Dilworth and Joseph Clark, both of whom rose to national political prominence, presided over a prosperous, affluent, proud, post-World War II city. The economy was booming, there were new jobs and new people to fill them, and Philadelphia was flush with civic pride.

But the later 1960s, 1970s, and early 1980s were extremely hard on Philadelphia. Crime was rising, the schools were bad, and white residents were fleeing to the suburbs. The University of Pennsylvania was one of the hotbeds of anti-Viet Nam war fervor and student protests; located in a declining neighborhood, the campus was also the scene of some terrible violence and grisly murders that shocked the community. As a result of the rising crime, law-and-order candidate, and former police chief, Frank Rizzo, not from the Quaker or Chestnut Hill elite, was elected mayor. Rizzo was an outspoken and combative mayor whose tough-guy approach to crime also achieved national notoriety. His term produced a strong and angry reaction from the black community who in the 1980s elected Wilson Goode, Philadelphia's first African-American mayor.

Goode was a former city manager known for his honesty and administrative skills who presided over a transitional administration. He attacked only partially successfully the high levels of corruption that had been endemic in city hall, meanwhile bringing in members of the African-American community, some of whom thought it was "our turn" and introduced new forms of corruption into the city's official business. He attacked the rising crime rate, meanwhile giving free reign for downtown banks and developers, enabling them to surpass for the first time the longtime restriction that no building should surpass in height the peak of William Penn's hat on the statue to Philadelphia's founder that sits on top of city hall. The town was already beginning to experience the renaissance that would later transform the city, but the picture in the 1980s, when I was there, was still a decidedly mixed one.

Certainly the most dramatic event of the Goode Administration was the 1985 police bombing of the headquarters of the radical black power organization MOVE. MOVE, it was feared, was like the Black Panthers, full of guns, wild talk, as well as women and children. When the police attacked the MOVE headquarters, they used incendiary devices that killed scores of people and ignited a full city block, destroying sixty houses. The raid was apparently carried out by the police ("Rizzo's boys") without the mayor's knowledge or involvement. If it were not for the severe loss of life

and extensive property damage, the raid would be considered a comic-opera, “keystone-cops” operation. It earned Philadelphia the title of “The City that Bombed Itself.”

This was the context when I came into the city in 1987. The crime rate was still high but it was beginning to gradually decline; I was repeatedly warned by FPRI colleagues to be careful on the streets even around UPenn. Race relations were still tense but not as tense as they had been a few years earlier, and Mayor Goode had helped reduce those tensions. Parts of Center City were still shabby, dirty, and run-down, but a construction boom was underway that resulted in architecturally striking new banks and insurance company buildings and that would soon encompass the entire downtown area, making Philadelphia, like downtown Chicago, an eminently attractive place to live. Philadelphia’s intellectual life (UPenn and especially the political science department, which was the lowest ranking among the Ivy League universities) and its international orientation (it was still very parochial and insular) left a lot to be desired, but that was also changing thanks in large part to my new research think tank, FPRI.

### Around Philadelphia

I made up my mind early in my tenure at FPRI that, while I was primarily there to do research and write, I also wanted to see and learn about Philadelphia, this big East Coast city that neither I nor any of my professional friends ever visited. In this quest to understand Philadelphia, I was enormously aided by FPRI (and Temple University) President Marvin Wachman, who knew the city well and everyone in it. Marvin and his wife Addie took it upon themselves to show me everything there was about Philadelphia and introduce me to everyone they knew. Marvin’s motives in this respect were not just good hospitality; it turned out he was also grooming me to succeed himself as president of FPRI. But that is another and later story.

The first stop in Philadelphia for me was Central (or 30th Street) Train Station, only three-four (long) blocks from FPRI. It was a magnificent structure, with a vast expanse, marble floors, and oak woodwork, comparable to Grand Central in New York or Union Station in Washington and built around the same time. Once I’d transported the first time my books and research materials to FPRI by car, I regularly used Amtrak and Central Station to go back and forth to Philly. Depending on the time of day and the other obligations I might have that day, I’d leave Washington either from downtown Union Station or the suburban BWI station, arriving in Philadelphia two hours later. The advantage of BWI was, in those days, you could park

and leave your car free at the train station. The advantage of the train was that I could read, write, and grade student papers while sailing along at a fast speed; I once wrote an entire and quite good academic paper, later published in article form, traveling back and forth on that train, just to prove that I could write well even under difficult circumstances—though I won't tell you which article that was!

UPenn was only a block or so away from FPRI in those days, so on some nights when I stayed over in Philadelphia I would venture onto the Penn campus at night. The close proximity of the university and the think tank has to do with the fact that when FPRI was founded in 1955, its organizers were a group of faculty from the Penn political science department. On campus I got a courtesy card to use the university library; I also attended lectures and music concerts there. I would often stroll through College Green with its bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin who, along with William Penn, was the state's other leading founding citizen. And, while the UPenn neighborhood was often dirty and crime-ridden, the campus itself, as befitting an Ivy League school, was clean and intellectually dynamic. Penn was not unlike other great urban universities (Columbia, Yale, U-Cal Berkeley, Trinity in Hartford) founded in one era in a nice inner-city area, only to see the neighborhood change and a great chasm develop between the university and its surroundings.

Since I'm an art history aficionado, one of my first extra-curricular visits in Philadelphia was to the Museum of Art, a nice walk from FPRI. I was surprised by its vast holdings of Asian as well as European art, the latter including classical paintings as early as the fifteenth century. Especially pleasing was the superb impressionist—my favorites—collection including Renoir, Monet, Cezanne, and Van Gogh. There's also a Calder mobile in the open interior of the museum, Calder being a native of Philadelphia.

Just four blocks down the Benjamin Franklin Parkway heading toward Center City from the Art Museum is the Rodin Museum. The Rodin houses 124 of the sculptor's works, the largest collection outside Paris, of which the most famous are "The Kiss" and "The Gates of Hell." These museums offered a wonderful opportunity to take a noontime break from my writing or to head to in the late afternoon. I did *not* visit the Philadelphia Mummers' Museum.

One weekend wife Iêda and I made a special trip to Philadelphia to visit the Barnes Foundation and its art collection. Dr. Albert Barnes, a Philadelphia native, had made a fortune by developing Argyrol, an antiseptic used widely before the use of antibiotics, which enabled him to indulge his passion for collecting great art, including one of the (maybe *the*) world's best private collections of impressionist art—Van Gogh, Monet, Cezanne, Matisse, Seurat, Renoir, Picasso.

Barnes had his own strongly held ideas about art, including how paintings ought to be displayed (packed closely together on the walls, organized by color or theme rather than as distinct works and organized chronologically), and he despised the art “experts” and historians who criticized his collection. He went so far as to ban them from his private museum, even forcibly ejecting those who had tried to sneak in. I’m on Barnes’s side on this one; it’s his collection, it’s housed in his (former) private home, and he ought to be able to display it as he wishes. Understand, we’re by this time talking about a multi-*billion*-dollar private collection here that is one of the world’s most spectacular displays.

When Iêda and I visited, the collection was still housed in the private residence in the suburb of Merion ten miles from city center. Since the museum restricts its hours of operation (it’s on a narrow street and the neighbors complain about the traffic), it’s hard to get to and you need to make reservations far in advance. But already then there were rumors that the trustees would be challenging Barnes’s will, making the collection quasi-public, and moving it to central Philadelphia to make it more accessible to the paying public. I don’t think it’s a great idea to challenge someone’s very clear will on these matters; on the other hand the collection needed the money for upkeep. Another complicating factor was that the board of trustees were mainly from historically black Lincoln University to whom Barnes had willed his collection when UPenn (stupidly) rejected it, and Lincoln also needed the money. The last we heard was that the judge in the case had ruled in favor of those who had challenged Barnes’s will.

When I didn’t go to the museums, I would also take long walks (20 blocks) down Chestnut and Market streets into Center City. There the best attraction was the City Hall, an architectural gem, albeit with a sometimes incoherent mix of design features and then, as seemingly always, undergoing extensive renovation. For a century City Hall, at 548 feet and with its thirty-seven foot statue of William Penn on top, was the highest building in Philadelphia. But earlier in the year I spent there, 1987–1988, it had been surpassed, by four hundred feet, by the office towers of One and Two Liberty Place. That broke the dam; other skyscrapers quickly followed. During my year at FPRI I lectured in the penthouse rooms of One Liberty Place, looking down on Pennsylvania’s founder, now sadly eclipsed. I also visited the historic Masonic Temple across the street which features a Masonic apron worn by George Washington and embroidered, reputedly, by Lafayette’s wife.

A much longer (fifteen more blocks) walk took me down Arch Street to Old City and the Philadelphia waterfront. The stretch between City Hall and Old City, now being revived, was then run down, crime- and drug-filled,

and not very pleasant, so in my stay at FPRI I only ventured down here twice. If you walk all the way to the Delaware River waterfront, you can find Penn's Landing where the founder first set foot in Pennsylvania, as well as, a block inland, City Tavern where the Founding Fathers gathered for after-work food, drink, and conversation.

En route along Arch you can catch the U.S. mint, the Betsy Ross house where the first U.S. flag was sewn, the Quaker Meeting House, and even Ben Franklin's grave in the Christ Church Cemetery. In this same area, between Fifth and Sixth streets, are the most famous sights in Philadelphia which I had visited as a young kid with my parents: Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence was enacted, Congress Hall where the first U.S. Congress met, and the Liberty Bell with its famous crack, which I used as the cover design on one of my foreign policy texts to indicate that American foreign policy, or maybe America itself, was also breaking apart.

But I'm more interested in people and contemporary society than in these ancient relics, however hallowed. So when I was in the downtown area and the weather was nice, I'd settle into a park bench or a sidewalk café around Rittenhouse Square, Market Square, Washington Square, or Society Hill. From those vantage points I could watch the Philadelphia world (secretaries, businessmen, city hall employees, hippies) go by. In these nice and flourishing neighborhoods it was evident that the Philadelphia Renaissance was already under way; the many new sidewalk cafes similarly offered testimony that there was money in Philadelphia, young people were strolling on the streets, and the downtown area was being rejuvenated.

As I got to know Philadelphia better, I roamed farther afield. Those excursions included Society Hill, the wealthy enclave of nineteenth-century Philadelphia just south of the Old City and now nicely restored; South Street, which can be called Philadelphia's Greenwich Village; working-class and ethnic South Philadelphia where the original seventeenth-century Swedes and Dutch had settled, home also to the city's new sports stadiums; Germantown and Chestnut Hill (where FPRI President Marvin Wachman lived); and of course the Main Line where the country clubs and estates of Philadelphia's historic elites were located. When Iêda came for a visit, we went out to the picturesque and historic Brandywine Valley southwest of Philadelphia, and to the Du Pont estates of Winterthur and Longwood Gardens.

Philadelphia is a city that grows on you. It has a quieter charm like Boston, as distinct from the noisier variety of New York, Chicago, or Washington. The more time I spent there, the more I liked it. And through Marvin Wachman and my FPRI position, I discovered a core group of very sophisticated people that were interested in and knowledgeable about foreign policy and

international affairs. It was plain that in my earlier dismissive comments, I had woefully underestimated Philadelphia. In fact the longer I stayed there and the more I got to know the city, the more I began to think Philadelphia and FPRI might not be a bad place to relocate to permanently.

### Note

1. Earlier in this chapter I had recounted my initial trip by car from our home in Brookeville, Maryland, up to Philadelphia and FPRI. Well, an alternative (only slightly longer) way to get there would be through our equally picturesque neighboring town of Sandy Spring, Maryland. Sandy Spring was also a Quaker town settled by persons who had come down from Pennsylvania, had a splendid and historic Friends' Meeting House, and was one of the main stops on the underground railroad through which freed or escaped slaves were smuggled to freedom north of the Maryland-Pennsylvania border.

## CHAPTER TWO



# History and Background

The Foreign Policy Research Institute (FPRI) was founded in 1955 in Philadelphia at the University of Pennsylvania. It was founded by Robert Strausz-Hupé, an Old World intellectual transplanted to the New World of America, and a formidable international relations contingent in the Penn political science department. FPRI was to be the research, writing, and government contracting arm of the Penn IR faculty. It would provide the Penn group with an opportunity and an outlet for their research and writing, as distinct from their teaching obligations in the political science department. Under Strausz-Hupé's dynamic intellectual leadership, FPRI would become one of the leading think tanks in the United States, and certainly one of the three or four best and most influential in the foreign policy field.

In those early days, when the Brookings Institution still concentrated on economic policy, AEI (the American Enterprise Institute) was still mainly a business lobbying group, and CSIS (Center for Strategic and International Studies) and the Heritage Foundation had yet to be organized, most foreign policy think tanks were associated with major universities. Think of the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, the Mershon Center at Ohio State, the Center for International Affairs at Harvard, and, a few years later, the Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS) at Georgetown. Usually beginning quite amicably and cooperatively, the relations between these more independent think tanks and their host universities almost always deteriorated into tension, conflict, and often divorce. FPRI and the University of Pennsylvania were no exception in these regards. Indeed the

tension and eventual split between Penn and FPRI is one of the more exciting themes of this chapter.

Strausz-Hupé and his group at Penn have to be considered one of the great intellectual influences in the burgeoning, post-World War II field of international relations. The growth of the IR field paralleled both America's emergence as a global superpower and the development of the Cold War conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union, and in both of these developments the creative and innovative Strausz-Hupé was a leading figure. I would put him right up there with Hans Morgenthau, Herman Kahn, George Kennan, and Henry Kissinger as among the great founders and leading lights of the international relations field. Strausz-Hupé is not so well known as these others and his and FPRI's star eventually went into eclipse, in part because of his conservative political views and in part because the IR field changed and left him behind; but I would rank Strausz-Hupé during his heyday at FPRI, 1959–1963, as one of the great intellectual forces in both the field of international relations *and* in terms of his impact on American geopolitical thinking.

### The Strausz-Hupé Era at FPRI, 1955–1969

Robert Strausz-Hupé (henceforth S-H) was born in Vienna in 1903.<sup>1</sup> On his father's side he was descended from a well-to-do family of Hungarian Jews, on his mother's from a French Huguenot (Protestant) family that had fled persecution in France in the eighteenth century. Though raised as a Protestant, S-H himself was not very religious. Moreover, his mixed ethnic and religious background meant the family did not fit in well in the rigid social hierarchy of the Vienna of those pre-World War I times. In his autobiography written in the mid-1960s, S-H would write of his early years that he was “desperately unhappy.”

S-H was a product of his times, and, specifically, of Old World society. Vienna before World War I was the epitome of what historian Barbara Tuchman described as “The Proud Tower,” a stiff, rigid, hierarchical society built on powerful ideas of rank, place, position, and manners. Vienna in those years—the Vienna of Strauss waltzes, Freud, and the glorious music of Mozart and Beethoven—was the most splendid capital in Europe as well as the capital of the vast Austro-Hungarian empire, which was about to come crashing down at the end of the Great War. It was a *fin de siècle* era; the “proud tower” of pre-World War I society was about to collapse. It was in this atmosphere that S-H grew up, strongly imbued with the manners, charm, wit, and graciousness that were so valued during that era and, in the New

World of America, would serve him so well as he moved up the social, political, and academic ladders.

S-H first came to the United States in 1923 as a young, energetic, all-but-penniless (\$15), twenty-year-old immigrant. What he lacked in money and education (no university degree), he made up for in charm and talent. S-H was a Viennese city boy so, unlike many other waves of immigrants, he stayed and settled in New York rather than moving on to jobs and farms in the Midwest and West. He worked as a runner for a Wall Street firm and eventually, building on his background in Europe, moved up to a position of doing what we would today call “political risk analysis,” evaluating the worth of European bonds. He had the good fortune on the streets of New York to run into a “White Russian” friend from the old Russian nobility of before the Bolshevik revolution whom S-H had befriended in Vienna and who now invited him to share their large Manhattan apartment. Still without much money, S-H was viewed in New York social circles of the “Roaring Twenties” as a quite eligible bachelor, a bon vivant with Old World charm, and a lively and knowledgeable conversationalist. But now, getting close to thirty, he was still single and, as compared with his new friends who were rapidly moving up the job and pay scale, expressed many self-doubts about himself and what he had accomplished so far.

Although lacking what we might call “comfortable wealth,” S-H earned enough money from his early jobs to return to Europe and his homeland on several occasions for extended periods during the late 1920s and 1930s. There he witnessed the aftermath of the dissolution of that pre-World War II “proud tower” of European society that we talked of earlier, the radical shrinkage and dissolution of the old (and his own) Austro-Hungarian empire, the looming economic and political crisis in Germany of the Weimar Republic, the rise of both communism and fascism, the Great Depression in Europe and its fragmenting, disintegrating political effects, and then at the end of the 1930s the looming crisis leading to World War II. S-H traveled all over Europe (Paris, Berlin, Rome, Geneva, as well as Vienna) during this period and, with his *savoir faire*, knowledge of languages, and understanding of international bond and financial markets, saw people and understood trends firsthand that few other analysts of the inter-war period would have a chance to see. He gave several pessimistic speeches at the end of this period analyzing, correctly as it turned out, the path to war. These same experiences provided S-H with the background and firsthand knowledge that made his first book, *Geopolitics*, so insightful.

Back in the United States at the end of the 1930s, S-H, at the age of 35, met and married Eleanor Cuyler Walker from a prominent Philadelphia

Mainline family. S-H is remarkably brief and uninformative in his autobiography about the courtship, his wife, their marriage, and his move to Philadelphia and the University of Pennsylvania during this period. We do know that Eleanor was, like S-H, strong-willed and forthright, that the marriage lasted thirty-six years until her death in 1972, and that she was enormously helpful in advancing his career. She provided him with the financial security he'd never had before, ushered him into the inner sanctum of Philadelphia's elite Mainline society, and introduced him to such prominent persons as future Secretary of State Dean Acheson and future Defense Secretary James Forrestal. Through his wife, S-H began for the first time to mingle as an equal with America's social, economic, and political elite.

During the years of World War II, S-H was drawn to Washington as were so many other young academics and policy analysts. Using his knowledge of Europe, its people, and its languages, he worked as Chief of Research on what was called the Refugee Project, a small wartime office that dealt with planning for the postwar resettlement of refugees, the reallocation of resources, and the drawing of new geographic and national boundaries. One of his researchers in this office was Stefan Possony who would later be a S-H collaborator on numerous FPRI research projects. The experiences gave S-H expertise on areas he had previously not paid much attention, the Middle East and China. A few years later, after the war and taking advantage of this Far East knowledge, S-H was sent to China where he witnessed the rise of Mao, the incompetence of Chiang Kai Chek, and the triumph of the Chinese communist revolution. All this first-hand experience in Europe in the 1920s and 1930s and Asia in the 1940s gave S-H a marvelous repository of knowledge on which to draw for his later books, as well as an endless storehouse of tales for the cocktail party circuit.

During the early 1940s, while the war was raging, S-H delivered a number of lectures in and around Philadelphia on the Nazi threat and the future of international politics. Initially these talks were organized through his wife's connections, but increasingly S-H was developing his own reputation as an informed and entertaining public speaker. One who heard him was a UPenn trustee who recommended him to the university. But S-H had been mainly self-taught and lacked even an undergraduate degree; he had to enroll as a special student. S-H proved to be a brilliant analyst, a superb student, and now in his early forties he had all this incredible travel and research experience on which he could draw. He sped through his university requirements and earned his Ph.D. in 1946. He stayed on at Penn with an appointment in the political science department.

Over the next decade and a half, S-H emerged as one of the leading scholars and authors in the new, post-war field of international relations. Hans Morgen-

thau was the best-known scholar in IR with his book *Power and International Relations*, but S-H was right up there among the leaders. His approach was interdisciplinary, combining history, economics, geography (or geopolitics), sociology, and political science. He believed in the importance of culture, history, language, and social structure in understanding other countries. S-H remained strongly opposed to the new “scientific” study of politics then beginning to emerge in many political science departments across the country. Not only was he opposed, he heaped scorn on this approach, a posture that would come back to haunt him in the 1960s as S-H had his own conflicts with the Penn political science department. The fact that S-H was a superb lecturer, supremely popular with his students, and that his classes were always filled to overflowing helped save him in the eyes of his colleagues.

Substantively, S-H was one of the earliest advocates of a united or federalist Europe. He strongly supported the creation of both NATO and the EU, though he believed NATO was the more important. He was preoccupied with the issue of explaining the Holocaust in a country as cultured and sophisticated as Germany, and believed that a continued allied presence in Germany was necessary both to monitor German political developments and to keep the Russians out. He believed in the Atlantic Alliance and saw that only America could lead the Alliance. Though his earlier work, experience, and writing had all been devoted to Western Europe and the origins of World Wars I and II, he now turned his attention to the emerging Soviet threat. S-H believed the Soviets had to be resisted and he supported the early Cold War efforts of Truman and Acheson to contain it. He was less enamored of the 1950s foreign policy of the Eisenhower Administration and particularly its self-righteous Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles.

After teaching at Penn for most of a decade, from the mid-1940s to the mid-1950s, S-H convinced his colleagues, the university, and the Smith Richardson Foundation to support his own research institute, FPRI. Dissatisfied with Dulles’s massive retaliation strategy, with Ike’s humiliation of allies France and Great Britain in the Suez crisis, and with American policy in general, S-H wanted to have an outlet for his own views. He gathered together a group of colleagues and collaborators, mainly but not exclusively graduate students from the Penn international relations program—William R. Kintner, James Dougherty, Alvin Cotrell, Stefan Possony, and later Robert Pfaltzgraff—who would be his chief collaborators in the volumes that FPRI produced. In addition, S-H created the position of FPRI associate, whose ranks included some of the great IR scholars of the time: Hans Kohn, William Y. Elliot, Henry Kissinger, James Schlesinger, and Lawrence Krause. Fancy dinners and discussions with the associates were held at Eleanor’s country club

out on the Main Line or at the Cosmos Club in Washington. Additional financial assistance was provided by the Mellon Foundation (then still located in Pittsburgh); government contracts, often classified, brought in still more money. The secret nature of these contracts and the classified research involved would later give S-H's enemies a handle to attack him.

With abundant funds, FPRI launched a new, quarterly journal, *Orbis*, in 1957, that soon became, along with *Foreign Affairs*, the leading journal in the field, as well as an outlet for S-H's political views. During the years 1956–1957, S-H and his sidekick Kintner, a former military intelligence officer who had earned a doctoral degree at Georgetown University, traveled widely throughout the world gathering information and arguments for the several research projects FPRI had under way. Dissatisfied with both Eisenhower's tepid approach and that of the Democrats in power in 1960–1968, their purpose was to develop a strategy by which the United States could actually *win* the Cold War as distinct from just waiting it out as in the then-dominant containment strategy.

There followed a veritable explosion of books and articles in *Orbis* and through major commercial publishers by FPRI's collaborators and associates. In addition to his earlier *Geopolitics*, S-H had published his most original work, *The Estrangement of Western Man* (published as *The Zone of Indifference* in the U.S.), in 1952, tracing the rise and decline of the West and calling on America to lead a resurgence of the West against the Soviet Union. Two years later his *Protracted Conflict* came out (S-H's most famous book) and then, in quick succession, through FPRI and with his group of collaborators, *A Forward Strategy for America* in 1961 and *Building the Atlantic World* in 1963. Though written jointly, these later, FPRI-sponsored works clearly show S-H's intellectual influence, style, and ideas. In reviewing these books today, one is struck by how closely they resemble the Ronald Reagan agenda of the 1980s and the neoconservative agenda of George W. Bush: American leadership is essential, working with our European allies but prepared to act unilaterally, a huge expansion of defense spending to achieve primacy, and spending the Russians into the ground.

With this agenda, it is not surprising that S-H and his collaborators were attracted to the 1964 Barry Goldwater campaign and it to them. S-H had been critical of John F. Kennedy's efforts toward détente with the Soviet Union, of the Administration's focus on arms control, and of the emphasis on Viet Nam rather than Europe. He wanted a robust military and argued that arms control led to U.S. complaisance which left the Soviets the opening to gain new conquests. The Goldwater campaign liked S-H's positions and he became an adviser to the candidate and, at Penn and elsewhere, a

vocal and public advocate for Goldwater.<sup>2</sup> But Goldwater was portrayed as a dangerous war-monger and was defeated by Lyndon Johnson in a landslide in 1964; on liberal college campuses like Penn the margin was even more one-sidedly anti-Goldwater. Because of his participation in the Goldwater campaign, S-H was now increasingly criticized as out of touch and a man whose policy positions might lead to nuclear Armageddon.

S-H stayed on as director of FPRI until 1969. But his and the Institute's productivity dropped, and he was more and more isolated. Several things were going on. First his participation in the Goldwater campaign had discredited him in the eyes of many of his university colleagues and students. Second, his policy positions led him to be typecast, usually by people who had not read his books, as a dangerous lunatic who favored nuclear war. Third, the Viet Nam war—and the accompanying protests—was heating up during this period. S-H and FPRI came under criticism both for their support of the war and for the fact that they had several contracts from the government to do secret or classified research. Such secret research was viewed in some quarters on campus as antithetical to the goals of an open and free university. With regard to S-H's position on Viet Nam, he thought this was the wrong theater for the United States to be engaged; but he also believed—reminiscent of George W. Bush and the Iraq War—that once the U.S. was so heavily engaged, it had no choice but to win, rather than withdraw ignominiously.

One other factor was involved, and that involved internal developments in the Penn political science department where S-H had his professorship. Like other political science departments around the country, the Penn department was then being swept by what was called “the behavioral revolution” in politics, or the effort to make the study of politics “scientific” in the same way that chemistry or physics were scientific. S-H's favored methodologies—history, geopolitics, cultural and interpretive studies, political economy, case or regional studies, an interdisciplinary approach, engagement—were now out, whereas empiricism, statistics, moral neutrality, and the so-called scientific study of politics were now in.

In 1965 S-H published his autobiography, *In Our Time*.<sup>3</sup> It is a beautifully written and conceived volume, but exceedingly pessimistic. It recounts S-H's life history in Europe, Asia, and the United States but never once mentions FPRI or the Penn political science department. I think S-H wrote it thinking his life, at age 62, was effectively over at that time. He was discredited for his participation in the disastrous Goldwater campaign, his ideas were more and more under attack and seen as both old-fashioned and dangerous, he was more and more isolated in the Penn political science department, and his beloved institute, FPRI, was under investigation by the university, pressured by

the prevailing Viet Nam era winds on campus, for its involvement in secret (CIA and Department of Defense) research. In his book, S-H sounds ready to give up on life itself.

These events came to a head in 1969 when S-H stepped down as director of FPRI. However, contrary to his own expectations, his effective life was not yet over. Richard Nixon had read some of S-H's writings and had been impressed by them; S-H had supported Nixon in the election. After his inauguration as president, Nixon nominated S-H to be ambassador to Morocco. That appointment was blocked by Senator J. William Fulbright and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, but with the aid of then-Colonel Alexander Haig, also from Philadelphia and later an FPRI director, then National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger's military assistant, S-H instead got the ambassadorship to Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). There followed over a twenty-year period ambassadorships to Belgium, Sweden, NATO, and Turkey.

By all accounts, S-H was a remarkably successful ambassador; all his earlier background experience, his language skills, his love of conversation and clever repartee, and his storehouse of funny stories and cocktail party tidbits, to say nothing of his analytic and diplomatic skills, served him in good stead. He finally retired in 1989 at the age of eighty-six but stayed active in Philadelphia social and intellectual circles. He died in 2002 just short of his 99th birthday. So his life had proved not to be "over" in 1965 after all.

### **The William Kintner Period, 1969–1982**

William R. Kintner was a native-born Pennsylvanian, having been born in Lock Haven in 1915. He was a long-time collaborator of Strausz-Hupé, served under him as associate director of FPRI in its early years, and then succeeded his mentor as director—1969–1975—and as president—1975–1982. Unfortunately, Kintner lacked S-H's political skills, *savoir faire*, and charm; he also had to preside over some of FPRI's darkest days.

Kintner was an unlikely leader of FPRI, especially in the charged, highly politicized UPenn atmosphere of the late 1960s and 1970s. He had graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1940, was an infantry commander in World War II and Korea, and served as a career military officer until his retirement in 1961. He was a tough guy, of the "old school", a little gruff and authoritarian, a believer in a strict chain of command even when he transferred over to the civilian side of things. During World War II he had served in the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the forerunner of the CIA, and later as a CIA liaison officer; he also worked for the Office of the Secretary of Defense, on the National Security Council, and in the

Operations Research Office of Johns Hopkins University. A deeply religious man, Kintner was what we would call “other-directed”; he belonged to and was a true believer in the Swedenborgian Church. During stints in Washington in the late 1940s and 1950s, Kintner earned both an MA and a Ph.D. from Georgetown University. Current FPRI President Harvey Sicherman maintains that there was a softer, gentler side to Kintner, but that was never evident in my, admittedly brief, acquaintances with him.

Kintner was a political conservative and a hard-line cold warrior who lacked S-H’s finesse, subtlety, and broader, more worldly understanding. In his conversation he was often curt, tough, and brief, much more in accord with his early military background than with his later academic career. Despite his advanced degrees from Georgetown and his quite respectable publications record (*The Front Is Everywhere*, various co-authored books through FPRI), Kintner never gained the academic rapport with students and faculty colleagues that S-H enjoyed and that served the latter as a shield against the sometime sniping and criticism of his political views. Kintner was too authoritarian to be effective in the classroom, his CIA connections and classified research aroused suspicions with the left-leaning faculty, and he was referred to derisively by students and others as S-H’s “sidekick” or, worse, “Colonel Kintner,” a reference not just to his military background but also a takeoff on the hapless, laughable “Colonel Klink” of the television “Hogan’s Heroes” series.

In addition to his own research centered on the Soviet threat, Kintner had been a collaborator with S-H, Alvin Cottrell, Stefan Possony, James Dougherty, and the FPRI group on such books as *Protracted Conflict*, *A Forward Strategy for America*, *Building the Atlantic World*, and *Peace and Strategic Conflict*. Initially, while he was still an active-duty military officer and serving in various Washington posts, Kintner helped organize S-H’s and FPRI’s frequent Washington seminars; only after his retirement from the military did he move back to the Philadelphia area on a permanent basis. He followed S-H into the Goldwater camp in 1964 and served on Richard Nixon’s foreign policy transition team in 1968. None of these career moves would endear Kintner to the Penn faculty, nor would he have the advantage of extremely popular undergraduate classes as S-H did.

As S-H was discredited for his political views and association with the failed Goldwater campaign, and as he himself in the mid-1960s thought his career at an end, Kintner stepped into the breach at FPRI. S-H continued as director until 1969, but as sub-director Kintner was running its everyday operations. He and the staff continued to churn out FPRI publications on such subjects as the Atlantic Community, Britain and the Common Market, arms

control, as well as NATO and the Soviet threat. Kintner also helped bring along new and younger scholars at FPRI, including Georges Fauriol, William Perry, Richard Bissell, and Robert Pfaltzgraff. Pfaltzgraff was a Penn Ph.D. who, when S-H went off as ambassador to Sri Lanka and Kintner moved up to the position of director, became deputy director. We shall have more to say about Bob Pfaltzgraff later on.

By the end of the 1960s, FPRI had become more and more a lightning rod for the growing anti-Viet Nam war sentiment on the Penn campus. The situation was not unlike the Hoover Institution at Stanford, CSIS and its relations to Georgetown, and CFIA at Harvard. As the Viet Nam war polarized these and other campuses, pro-war advocates like the scholars at FPRI came under increasing fire first from student radicals and then from faculty and deans, who wanted to “oversee” FPRI’s research activities. Often the pro- and anti-war rhetoric had some other, less noble agendas: not only was the political science faculty at Penn opposed to FPRI politically, ideologically, and methodologically, but they were also green with envy that the FPRI scholars had more money, more research assistants, more opportunities to travel, and more opportunities to supplement their salaries through consulting. Adding to the conflict were personality clashes: S-H, with his Goldwater ties, was objectionable but he could be charming and was an excellent teacher, whereas the unlucky Kintner not only had all these military and CIA ties but also lacked S-H’s charm, teaching record, or popularity.

Two issues in particular brought this simmering conflict to a head in the Penn Faculty Senate. The first was contract research. Liberals on the faculty fulminated against FPRI’s ties to the Defense Department and the U.S. intelligence agencies. They argued that such contract research, and especially that fact that it was secret (and therefore suspicious), had no place on a university campus that valued free and *open* research. It may be that the other reasons stated above—political, ideological, and personality conflicts and jealousy—were the real reasons for Penn and FPRI soon going their separate ways, but the stated and ostensible reason for the divorce was the issue of secret, contract research which gave the Penn Faculty Senate and the University a legitimate excuse for severing the ties. Caught in the middle of these conflicts were many of the Penn political science graduate students who also worked at FPRI and valued the link, largely severed in the department’s move toward a more scientific orientation, between academic analysis and policy work.

The other, and related, issue was who would choose S-H’s successor when he left for his ambassadorship in Sri Lanka. S-H wanted, naturally enough, to choose his own successor and to keep the selection process within FPRI. He

had already selected his friend, collaborator, and the Institute's deputy director Kintner to succeed himself, doubtless also thinking that once he returned from his ambassadorship he would resume his directorship and move Kintner back down to deputy director. But the Penn political science department and the Faculty Senate had other ideas: for all the good and bad reasons already enumerated, they thought *they* and not FPRI should have the final say in the selection process. In the end, this second issue was resolved when the first one was settled: as FPRI and Penn now formally severed their ties, FPRI as an independent organization was able to choose its own director. And that was Kintner.

Given all the conflicts that had gone before, the final divorce was remarkably amiable and not even very protracted. Alvin Rubinstein, a Penn political science professor as well as an FPRI associate (and still at FPRI when I was there) called it a "divorce by mutual agreement." And even S-H was not overly put out by it. He argued that the relations between FPRI and the Penn political science department had long been mutually beneficial. The university, its department, the graduate students, and FPRI had all benefitted from it. In an interview recorded some years later, he said the divorce was not unpleasant and could be seen as beneficial to both the university and the Institute. I disagree. Having observed close-up both the Hoover-Stanford and the CSIS-Georgetown breakups, I believe that all the parties were big losers in these divorces. Penn lost a first-rate research organization and the political science department its foreign policy research arm, while FPRI lost the legitimacy and stability that affiliation with an Ivy League university provided.

At first, FPRI did not seem any worse off for the separation. S-H, now that FPRI was independent from the university and the department, smoothly passed the directorship baton to Kintner. Up-and-coming young Penn political science professor Bob Pfaltzgraff became the new deputy director under Kintner. The Institute, freed from the shackles of its university ties and the restrictions that had imposed, and now in the midst of the Viet Nam war, actually saw its budget increase for a time, largely on the basis of new contract research. The money also came in from conservative foundations and from the sale of its books. Led by the energetic and prolific Pfaltzgraff, the number of research products (books, papers, monographs) increased during the early 1970s. New research associates, mainly from the ranks of the Penn faculty and graduate students—quite a number of whom made a considerable splash when they subsequently moved to Washington—added to FPRI's luster. One could even say that during these years FPRI experienced a revival which brought its level of activity up to the early and energetic years of the 1950s.

Over the course of the next three decades, FPRI would experience—and require—several such “revivals” just to keep the Institute alive.

In 1973 Bill Kintner was named by President Nixon as ambassador to Thailand. The appointment was a reward for Kintner’s support in the 1968 and 1972 election campaigns and his service on Nixon’s foreign policy advisory teams. With Kintner away, Bob Pfaltzgraff moved up to the director’s position. But Kintner lacked S-H’s diplomatic and personal skills and was not nearly so effective an ambassador as S-H. He also had the nearly impossible task of reassuring the Thais of continuing U.S. interest in them and of a continuing U.S. presence in Southeast Asia even as we were scrambling as fast as possible to get out of neighboring Viet Nam. Kintner served in Thailand for two years, until 1975; at the end of his two-year stint, again unlike S-H, he was not reappointed to another diplomatic post.

Kintner returned to an FPRI that was not necessarily eager to have him back. Pfaltzgraff had been running the Institute as director and doing a credible job. A steady stream of new publications had come out, most of them by Pfaltzgraff himself or in collaboration with others. He also represented a younger generation of scholars socialized in the newer literature and approaches of political science, compared to the traditionalist and now septuagenarian S-H and the sextuagenarian Kintner. But Pfaltzgraff had also had his own falling out with the Penn political science department. After considerable internal discussion (recall that the now independent FPRI no longer had to get outside permission from Penn or the political science faculty), a compromise was reached: Pfaltzgraff would continue as director but a new position as president was created for Kintner. Under this awkward, two-headed arrangement, FPRI continued to limp along for the next few years. Meanwhile, with the Viet Nam war over and Kintner, after his Thailand stint, out of the loop for new defense contracts, FPRI’s funding also suffered.

These were anxious times at FPRI. Pfaltzgraff apparently believed he had secured an earlier commitment to be named permanent director and not just acting director. He therefore resented it when Kintner came back and he had to share the directorship with a president whose powers overlapped his own. Meanwhile Pfaltzgraff had brought in a colleague (and former student and assistant), Jacquelyn K. Davis, whom some among the FPRI staff believed he was grooming as a successor. In an effort to discredit Pfaltzgraff, some of the staff launched mean-spirited rumors about the duo, Pfaltzgraff foes also started the rumor that the reason he had been chosen to direct FPRI was because of his money—the Pfaltzgraff chinaware fortune—which could be used to rescue the institute from its economic doldrums.

Apparently disappointed and angry over not being named sole and permanent head of FPRI, and criticized by both the Penn faculty and some colleagues within the institute, Pfaltzgraff eventually decamped to Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts, where he became a professor in the Fletcher School. In nearby Cambridge he started his own think tank, the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis (IFPA). Pfaltzgraff became president; he brought in a small staff and a group of collaborators. IFPA did mainly defense analysis, foreign policy studies, and strategic assessments. Over time the IFPA budgets and contracts grew until it had a larger office, more staff, and more activities than did the parent organization, FPRI, back in Philadelphia.

### FPRI in Crisis, 1980–1986

With Pfaltzgraff and his team having left and Kintner not only older and more out of it but crustier as well, FPRI went into a severe tailspin. The downward spiral involved not just money but productivity as well. FPRI publications dropped off precipitously; the Institute was a dispirited and not very dynamic or energetic place to work. I have been told that during these years of the early 1980s FPRI almost went belly-up financially. A succession of short-lived and not very impressive directors added to the Institute's woes.

The person credited with saving FPRI was Marvin Wachman, who took over as president in 1983. Wachman had been a professor of history at Colgate University in upstate New York. He had then been asked to take on the job of president of a financially troubled and floundering black school, Lincoln University, in southern Pennsylvania, and he had succeeded in rescuing Lincoln. Based on that experience, he had been recruited to be the chancellor of the inner-city and similarly floundering Temple University in central Philadelphia. Wachman succeeded in turning Temple around as well. He developed a reputation as a man who could rescue floundering institutions. Could his skills now help save FPRI? Wachman agreed to serve as FPRI's president but only part-time; his other, and better paying, job remained as Temple's chancellor.

Wachman was one of those amazing men that you meet rarely in a lifetime—and who sometimes makes you feel badly about yourself because he's so much better than you are at so many things. Marvin knew *everyone*, in Philadelphia and the state. He was very friendly and personable; I never heard a bad word from him. He could work a room like only a superb politician can and was an excellent fund-raiser. His mind was clear of great ideological or

partisan hang-ups and he could, seemingly, get along with everyone. He was always pleasant and had a way of disarming hostile people and arguments. With his wonderful wife and sidekick Addie, Marvin was a strong presence in the Philadelphia social scene, the universities, the arts communities, among politicians, the media, bankers, and businessmen. He had good relations with all kinds of people. He had an excellent analytical mind and could turn any conversation, even if it began uncivilly, into a pleasant experience. If anyone could save FPRI, he could.

It was not an easy task, not least because the material and personnel he had to work with at FPRI were no longer as good as when S-H was there. After Pfaltzgraff had decamped for Cambridge, Alan Sabrosky was appointed director in 1981. Kintner was still then serving as president but he was already heading out the door and would retire the next year. Sabrosky was a former Marine officer who had gotten his advanced degrees at the University of Michigan. During most of the 1970s he had been a research associate at FPRI but he had never achieved the status among peers and associates in Philadelphia that comes from a full, tenured position at a major university. He had taught for a time at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., was an adjunct professor at Georgetown, and was listed during his FPRI days as a “lecturer” at Penn.

Sabrosky had a respectable publications record mainly focused on alliance systems, prisoners of war, and unionization in the U.S. military; but no breakthrough or pioneering works. He stayed only about one year at FPRI before he, too, decamped, first to Washington, D.C., for a year and then, finally, finding a permanent job as director of studies at the U.S. Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. When he left in 1982, FPRI faced a severe shortage of funds, in part from the efforts to establish an Institute branch in Washington, D.C.

The directorship of FPRI then remained empty for a time; recall that Kintner had also retired in 1982. At this stage, bereft of leadership, FPRI almost went under—until Wachman agreed to come on board the following year. Nils H. Wessell, another FPRI associate, became the new director in 1983. Wessell was, like S-H, a specialist in the Soviet Union, NATO, and Europe. But he was not especially well known and was unable to find a tenured professorship in Philadelphia. This is the period when the earlier break from UPenn really hurt FPRI. For had the partnership endured, FPRI during its period of trouble in the early 1980s could have relied on the university and the Penn political science department to see it through, providing much-needed funds, scholars, and administrative direction. But as an independent agency, when the troubles came, FPRI had nothing to hang on to.

Wessell himself, discouraged by the situation at FPRI and seeing no future there, left in 1985 for a regular-paying job at the United States Information Agency (USIA) and eventually ended up as a department head at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy.

That left FPRI rudderless once again, for the third time in five years. No institution can long survive that kind of constant leadership upheaval and vacuum, especially one whose finances and institutional base were so weak. After all, FPRI had no endowment and, after S-H's departure in 1969, it had gone for a decade and a half now with only the slimmest of ties to Philadelphia's social, business, and banking elites. Once again it was Marvin Wachman to the rescue. Even while still serving as chancellor at Temple, Wachman helped carry FPRI through these bad times, secured some funding that enabled it to keep going, and brought in new, young scholars to give the Institute renewed energy.

FPRI was without a director for a full year, 1985–1986. The Institute, after Pfaltzgraff left, needed to be reorganized and rebuilt, but that was not done. There were shortages of funds, the staff was demoralized, and the research product suffered. This was not a happy time at FPRI; it badly needed new funds, new personnel, and a shot in the arm.

Wachman was virtually alone in holding FPRI together administratively during this period and in keeping it going. Salaries were low for the three or four associates still remaining, and most jobs were part-time. It was a hard-scrabble existence. But Wachman did manage to recruit a new director, and a prestigious one, for FPRI. He was Middle East scholar Daniel Pipes, son of the well-known Harvard historian and Reagan Administration scholar Richard Pipes. Wachman was enormously proud of the Pipes appointment even while recognizing the difficulties that lay ahead. But that is a story for another chapter.

Pipes took over the directorship of FPRI in 1986, with Wachman still serving as president. Between the two of them they began to put the Institute back on a firm foundation, both financially and administratively. In a short time Pipes also succeeded in dynamizing the research program. It was at that time in the fall of 1987 that I joined FPRI as the Thornton B. Hooper Fellow.

## Notes

1. This section relies mainly on Harvey Sicherman's excellent overview, "Robert Strausz-Hupé: His Life and Times," *Orbis* (Spring, 2003).
2. I am reminded that at my other main institutional "home" during the 1980s, the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research (AEI), its founding

president, Bill Baroody Senior, had also been an enthusiastic supporter of the 1964 losing Goldwater campaign. And, like S-H, he had been discredited for it and even gotten AEI in trouble with the IRS for violating the tax-exempt status of the think tank as a non-partisan organization. Truth in advertising: I voted (in my first presidential election) for Lyndon Johnson in 1964 and when I joined AEI in 1981 it was as a liberal Republican, not as a Goldwater or Reagan “movement” conservative.

3. Robert Strausz-Hupé, *In Our Time* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1965).

## CHAPTER THREE



# Think Tanks and Foreign Policy

I had come to Washington in 1981 to join one of the country's leading think tanks, the American Enterprise Institute (AEI). But at the time I didn't know very much about these think tanks and how they operated. I knew they were prestigious and influenced policy, but beyond that I had little idea how they influenced policy and how they functioned. Joining AEI soon gave me an eye-opener on Washington politics that I'd never had before. FPRI provided me with a second and very different think tank experience.

Think tanks are major new actors on the foreign policy scene. The phenomenon of the think tanks and their role in international affairs is a new one, of the last thirty years, and the role they play and the influence they exercise on policy are not well understood by the public. I would argue the think tanks on many issues are as influential as political parties, interest groups, and other major institutions. The think tanks have taken their place among the most important actors in Washington policy-making. Plus they are fun, fascinating places to work.

### What Are Think Tanks?

It took me only a few days, at most a few weeks, to get used to and feel comfortable in the think tank world. After all, it was my generation that was now running the world; I had friends and colleagues in all areas of government and in every one of the think tanks. Despite the frequent policy differences, there was tremendous cross-fertilization among the think tank scholars, journalists,

and government officials who attend the seminars, policy forums, and conferences the “tanks” put on.

Think tanks are unlike other institutions with which we are more familiar. They are centers of research, debate, and learning; but, unlike universities, they have no students (except interns), do not offer courses, and do not try to cover all subject areas. Instead they concentrate on key public policy issues. That would be my situation at FPRI.

Nor are think tanks, like foundations, eager to give money away; rather they seek to raise funds for their various projects. They do not offer fellowship grants; instead they bring in scholars to strengthen policy research topics already decided upon, or to examine new policy issues that the think tanks have deemed important.

Think tanks are not corporations, nor are they profit-making. While they have a product (research, ideas, published studies) which they try to sell, the goal is policy influence, not profit. Nor are think tanks like interest groups whose sole purpose is lobbying; think tanks *do* seek to influence policy outcomes but they do so by shaping the policy debate, not by arm twisting or donating to election campaigns. Some of the more ideological think tanks do cross the line into lobbying and partisan activity, but that is a violation of their tax-exempt status and can land them in trouble with the IRS.

Think tanks may therefore be defined as research organizations that have as their primary purpose research on and dissemination of their views on *public policy issues*. The biggest and most influential think tanks are located in Washington, D.C., where they can most effectively influence policy outcomes; but other, usually smaller think tanks can influence policy from beyond the Beltway. There are no departments of chemistry or biology in think tanks as in a university; rather, think tanks focus chiefly on economic, social, and policy issues, including foreign as well as domestic issues. They seek not just to do abstract or “pure” research on these issues, however, but to influence the policy debate toward the think tank’s point of view and to put forth solutions to public policy problems.

Think tank scholars *think*, write, publish, appear on television, give congressional testimony, attend White House briefings, advise the State, Defense and other departments, as *advocates* of their positions. The think tanks, often more than Congress, parties, interest groups, or the White House, set the policy agenda and define the issues. They do the government’s thinking for it, hence the term “think tanks.” It may sound ludicrous but the fact is these days neither presidents, Congress, nor the big government departments have the time, resources, or personnel to do much thinking. They are too busy with meetings,

paperwork, deadlines, bureaucratic requirements, and everyday administrative matters. So the think tanks do their thinking for them.

The tanks have the ideas and expertise, the specialized knowledge, and the long-range vision that government officials lack or have no time for. Think tanks do the necessary background work and research, explore the policy options, and make the reasoned recommendations that big government rarely can do on its own. Think tanks also seek to put their ideas into an attractive form that is translatable into specific policy proposals and appeal to the public as well as policy-makers.

The journalists, scholars, and former (and often future) government officials who work at the think tanks are usually experts in specific policy issues: housing, health care, education, the economy, welfare, or foreign policy. They seek to influence policy through their own research findings or by holding conferences where they tap the country's best minds on the subject. The think tanks are often able to cut through a divisive issue like social security or immigration reform in ways that a public institution like Congress or the bureaucracy cannot.

Think tanks often serve as integrating agencies, able to pull together diverse influences and present a coherent policy proposal. They can be non-partisan as well as partisan. They are also part of a larger process just getting underway in the early 1980s: the privatization of American policy-making. Think tanks often do the government's policy work for it; in this respect, they fill a large void. In my years at AEI I have written speeches for current and former presidents and other high officials, prepared policy options papers for the State and Defense departments and the CIA, advised secretaries of state and the National Security Council on policy matters, appeared on television talk shows numerous times to influence public opinion about an issue, and lobbied strenuously for my preferred policy outcomes.

There are risks and dangers in the privatization of policy as well as advantages. The advantages include real expertise being brought to bear on public policy issues; the danger is that there is no accountability or oversight of these activities, especially as the think tanks perform public policy roles. Moreover, with the proliferation of think tanks in recent years and their range all across the political spectrum, the think tanks have become as partisan and divisive as other institutions. I learned in my Washington years that the think tanks often both reflect and add to the partisan divides and hence the increased fragmentation, politicization, and paralysis of the American political system as a whole. But it sure was a wonderful ride and learning experience while it lasted.

## Why Think Tanks Have So Much Influence— And Academic Scholars Do Not

During my years in academia, 1965–1981 and subsequently, I had discovered that many of my colleagues were frustrated policy-makers. At UMass and other academic institutions with which I was affiliated (including those in Washington, D.C.), the frustration was high because while the faculty had considerable knowledge and expertise, no one in government ever called on them for advice. Here they were with specialized information on obscure countries, regions, and issue areas, but no one ever tapped them for advice. To many of my colleagues, this was extremely frustrating. I, too, had sought at times to play a greater policy role but I never felt as frustrated as my colleagues since I went to Washington often and, on my main issues—the Dominican revolution of the 1960s, the Portuguese revolution of the 1970s, Latin American politics in general, U.S. foreign aid and development assistance—I had frequently been consulted by U.S. government agencies.<sup>1</sup>

After I'd moved to AEI in 1981, I continued to be fascinated by the issue of academic influence (or the lack thereof) on policy. First, quite a number of my former colleagues, while critical of my joining a conservative think tank like AEI, were nonetheless green with envy that I had this plush Washington think tank job with direct influence on the channels of power. Second, I discovered that even among colleagues in the Washington, D.C. universities—American, George Washington, Georgetown, University of Maryland—even though they were close to the corridors of influence, they too were frustrated because they were seldom called on for policy advice. Third, as I spent more time in Washington, I learned that there were often good reasons why the expertise of university-based academics was not often sought out on major policy issues, and, in contrast, how and why the advice of major think tank scholars *was* influential.

First, academic writing is often too abstract and theoretical for policy-makers to deal with. Policy-makers need sound, concrete advice on how to respond to immediate events; they do not have the time or the patience to put up with abstract academic arguments.

Second, most academic writing is concerned with developing models and fashioning general laws of behavior, but policy has to deal with the immediate, the particular, the real. Policy-makers cannot be bothered with grand debates over dependency theory, corporatism, or capitalism versus socialism; they need answers on how to vote or how to proceed *today, now*.

Third, most academics are on the left or far-left politically, way outside the mainstream of U.S. public opinion. But most politicians and policy-makers,

if they wish to be reelected and/or keep their jobs, must operate close to the center. When I first went to Washington in 1981, the gap between a conservative administration (Reagan's) and a professoriate radicalized by Viet Nam was as wide or wider than it's ever been.

Fourth, most academics do not understand the bureaucratic politics of Washington policy-making. These big bureaucracies are severely constrained in their freedom of action or ability to pursue new and innovative solutions; academics from the outside do not comprehend the severe organizational and institutional limits under which government officials operate. Much of policy is decided as a response to these bureaucratic rules as well as institutional turf battles and not in accord with the best or most desirable policy option.

Fifth, similarly with politics: most would-be academic policy advisors parachute briefly into Washington from the outside; they are often unfamiliar with the everyday political ups and downs, who's in and who's out, the rise and fall of rival political factions. Hence their advice is often not politically attuned to what's possible, what's feasible, what can *realistically* be done.

In all these areas the Washington think tanks have the advantage over outside academics, which helps explain why the former are influential and the latter are not. First, think tank writing, which because of my journalism background I was quickly able to master, has to be clear, direct, and concrete—although I would sometimes “sneak in” a theoretical aside which I thought it important for policy-makers to know. Second, I dealt in specific policy recommendations, although here too I would often furtively include some more general propositions. Third, I stuck close to the center politically: on Central America, for instance, I embraced neither the White House position (“the commies are coming, the commies are coming”) nor that of the opposition (“it's all due to poverty”). That centrist posture would later enable me to be part of the solution, in the form of the Kissinger Commission for Central America. Finally, by reading the *Washington Post* (especially its Style and gossip sections) and by attending endless lunches, receptions, and dinners, I made sure I was well-tuned to the political and bureaucratic currents and nuances of Washington.

I quickly learned some other things about Washington policy-making that stood me in good stead as I ventured more and more into the policy arena. First, it's not possible for an individual scholar like me to “take on” the Defense Department or reverse the course of the Reagan Administration. But if you're knowledgeable about the internal infighting or the bureaucratic rivalries that exist in any administration, you can feed advice, information, and arguments to one faction in these internal struggles and then see the possibility that your preferred solution will win out in the end. And that is

what gives you policy influence. I had done that before on issues relating to the Dominican intervention of 1965, foreign aid issues, the Portuguese revolution of 1974; now I would practice the same strategy on Central America and other Latin American issues.

Second, I learned quickly how to mobilize allies and build political support for my preferred policy options. For example, many journalists were traveling to Central America during this period but they lacked serious academic background on the area. So I spent endless hours briefing journalists, talking to them by phone, filling them in; as a result, when their stories appeared, I was frequently quoted or else my analyses found their way into their writing. I also organized a number of major conferences at AEI, on human rights policy, Brazil, Argentina and the Falklands, Central America, Spain and Portugal, investment in Latin America, which brought some of the country's leading scholars as well as policy-makers to AEI. Third, I brought in speakers who, because of their high profile—Elliott Abrams, General Vernon Walters, Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders, Assistant Secretary of State Tony Motley—attracted large audiences and considerable publicity.

Fourth, I accepted many lecture invitations, not only because they enhanced my income but also because they got my message out to a wide audience. Fifth, I wrote a lot—op-eds, papers, book chapters, articles; these as well as the edited volumes we published at AEI—on human rights, Central America, American foreign policy, U.S.-Brazil relations, trade—served both to spread our name and to envelop others—contributors, collaborators, audience participants—in our expanding web of allies and supporters.<sup>2</sup>

All these activities enlarged our range of friends and contacts and gave the policy position papers coming out of AEI's Center for Hemispheric Studies a large and receptive audience including key policy-makers. As a key player in the policy debates of the time told me, "Howard, if a World Bank official, a deputy assistant secretary, or an NSC advisor has your book or article open and in front of him as he's writing his own memo to the secretary, the director, or the president, that's when you have influence."

I have long viewed the Washington think tanks as providing the essential link between the world of academic scholarship and the world of policy-making. Recall that before going to AEI, I had had a sixteen-year career as an academic scholar, had already published extensively, and was already known in my field. Because of these connections, I could elicit the support of academic colleagues, pull them in to give academic gravitas and a heavyweight roster of speakers to our conferences, and have my invitations to them to collaborate on my various projects responded to favorably.<sup>3</sup> For our various

forums and seminars we were able to pull in some of the best scholars in the country, and these in turn drew to our meetings large crowds of journalists, congressional staff, and executive branch personnel.

Think tanks also serve a transmission belt function. They link academic research to policy. Their role is as both an original source of research and policy ideas through their own resident scholars, *and* as an agency that can draw upon the research of university-based scholars, translate it into terms and language Washington understands, and pass it on to policy-makers. Think tanks are thus both originators of knowledge relevant to policy, and brokers of ideas or knowledge from other sources. The think tanks perform liaison functions. They sift and filter academic ideas, searching out those that are useful and can “fly” in a policy sense.

Think tank scholars help make their own and others’ academic research realistic and down to earth. They learn to write in a style that is direct, eschews theory and jargon, and appeals to congressmen and policy-makers. I locate that style as somewhere between academic prose and journalism—“high journalism.” But in addition to their writing style think tank scholars must be politically savvy, plugged in, understand the bureaucratic and political pressures. They have to know how, where, and when to feed their ideas into the process, which ideas will work and which won’t. In these ways the think tanks help define the options, provide them with arguments and justification, and steer policy in their preferred directions. Think tanks can thus define the outlines of the debate, educate the public and Congress, show what will work, and demonstrate how to get from here to there. This is “political” work, not always in accord with the supposed “purity” of academic research, but practical and with a far greater effect on policy.

### From Old to New Elites on Foreign Policy

For a long time, through the 1950s, discussions about American foreign policy were largely confined to a small elite centered in New York and Washington and organized mainly in the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR). The Council, based in New York, had been formed after World War I to help lobby for the Fourteen Points of Woodrow Wilson’s Versailles peace treaty; even though Wilson failed to secure Senate ratification of his treaty, the Council continued as a meeting place and forum to hear reports on distant places and issues. At a time before globalization and modern jet travel, and when the country was still mainly isolationist, the Council was a center of internationalist thinking. Its membership consisted of wealthy New Yorkers, chiefly bankers, businessmen, diplomats, lawyers, and financiers who had an

interest in international affairs. It put on programs, invited outside speakers to talk about their travels, and published the journal *Foreign Affairs*.

Membership in the Council was by election only; it remained a small, select, and highly prestigious group. To join, you needed to be nominated and voted on; only a small percentage of those nominated were elected to membership. During the 1940s and 1950s much of the nation's foreign policy leadership came from this select group: Dean Acheson, John Foster Dulles, Douglas Dillon, Nelson and David Rockefeller, Averill Harriman, John Cabot Lodge, Christian Herter, Allen Dulles, John McCloy. Although there were partisan differences, most Council members thought of themselves as moderates and centrists, nonpartisan. They were the backbone of the consensual, bipartisan (“partisanship ends at the water's edge”) American foreign policy that prevailed up until the Viet Nam war. Truth in packaging demands that the author of this book indicate he has been a CFR member since 1983.

During the 1960s and 1970s criticisms of the Council became widespread. The well-known economist John Kenneth Galbraith denounced it as “irrelevant” and resigned. It was said to be too WASPish, too old-fashioned, and with too few women, minority, and younger members. As a New York-based organization, it was denounced by conservatives as part of the “Eastern liberal establishment.” As a bulwark of post-World War II foreign policy, it was held responsible for the assumptions that produced Viet Nam.

In the 1980s and continuing to today, the Council sought to refurbish its image. It recruited new members among women, minorities, and younger persons. It opened a branch in Washington and developed a National Program for other major cities. It hired new personnel and developed its own research program. In short, the Council refashioned itself as a still New York-based think tank with a Washington branch. But by then, it had already been overtaken and largely bypassed by the Washington-based think tanks.

This transition marked a major turning point in how American foreign policy is formulated and carried out. The Council on Foreign Relations had lost its monopoly. The center of foreign policy influence had shifted from New York to Washington, from the CFR to the Washington think tanks, with a major impact on foreign policy. Let us sum up these important changes as follows:

1. Power in foreign policy has shifted from New York to Washington.
2. It has shifted from the Council on Foreign Relations to the Washington think tanks.
3. It has shifted from the Wall Street bankers, lawyers, and financiers to the public policy specialists in the think tanks.

4. Foreign policy has become more democratized.
5. It is now in the hands of younger, less establishment figures.
6. It has become more partisan and ideological, reflecting the political positions of the several think tanks.
7. It has become less middle-of-the-road, less consensual, less bipartisan.
8. It has also become more divisive, more fragmented, and less continuous from administration to administration.

Hence while the think tanks now have more foreign policy expertise, they have also become polarizing agencies. Indeed, all the problems of American foreign policy—lack of consensus, partisanship, division, fragmentation—can be found in the Washington think tanks. Are the think tanks mainly a reflection of the deep divisions that exist in American politics generally, or are they also responsible for those divisions? Or maybe both.

### **The World of Think Tanks**

Think tanks come in a variety of forms: big or small, university-connected or independent, single-issue or general, Washington-based or not, government dependent or not. Earlier in my career I had spent a year writing a book on the Dominican revolution and the U.S. intervention of 1965 at the comparatively small Mershon Center for National Security Affairs at Ohio State University; from my Harvard years I was acquainted with the Cambridge-based Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis; I had spent the early through mid-1980s at AEI; and now I was about to spend a year at the relatively small (\$1–2 million budget) Foreign Policy Research Institute (FPRI) in Philadelphia.

FPRI was not in the “big leagues” of think tanks like AEI, Brookings, the Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS—my future home), the Heritage Foundation, and the Hoover Institution. Nor was it located in Washington—critical in today’s world if you want to influence policy. FPRI had a limited budget and a comparatively small staff: six senior scholars, three senior administrators, four or five other, often part-time, professional staff (editors, administrative assistants, research assistants), three clerical staff, twelve to fourteen adjunct scholars, several interns. Even with this small staff, however, and even though located outside of Washington, FPRI was still influential. Its books, journal, and other writings had a major impact on policy; its personnel were well known in Washington policy circles; and many of its associates and alumni occupied high policy positions. We return to the subject of FPRI’s strategies to influence policy later in this chapter.

But first, let us get a sense of the wide range of types of policy-oriented think tanks. “Tanks” that are dependent mainly on the government, chiefly the Defense Department, for contracts and support include the RAND Corporation, the Center for Naval Analysis (CNI), the BDM Corporation, and CACI. Another category is big, influential tanks that are outside of Washington (the Hoover Institution, the Hudson Institute), although recently those two have opened Washington offices, and Hudson has now relocated to Washington. Then there are the smaller, specialized institutes; in my area of specialization, Latin America, these include the Council on Hemispheric Affairs (COHA), a one-man, far-left operation headed by Larry Birns, and the Washington Office on Latin America (WOLA), another far-left organization supported by the Methodist Church but run by its radical, clerical members who are far removed politically from the church’s voting membership.

During the 1980s there was what we called “the Big Five,” the five main, general, Washington-based think tanks: the far-left Institute for Policy Studies (IPS), the moderately left Brookings Institution, the centrist Center for Strategic and International Studies, conservative AEI (which I was just leaving), and the far-right Heritage Foundation.

IPS represents the hard left in American politics. Founded by radical critics Markus Raskin and Richard Barnett, it was long funded by the Rubin family of Fabergé cosmetics fame. It took up strong positions against the Viet Nam war, called for the overthrow of capitalism, termed the U.S. “the most evil society in history,” and advocated the reconstruction of society on socialist lines. IPS, to my knowledge, had never seen a U.S. strategic or foreign policy that it could support. Except for an occasional debate with one of its activists (Barnett or Robert Borosage), I had little contact with IPS during my years in Washington; it was too far out of the mainstream of American politics. As compared with the other major Washington think tanks, IPS had a very small (\$2 million) budget; eventually it faded from view.

Brookings, on the moderate left, was a very different story. For one thing, Brookings had a large budget (approaching \$20 million) and a big endowment, which meant Brookings scholars and administrators, unlike AEI’s later on, didn’t have to scramble for money all the time and had a nice cushion in hard times. Second, Brookings work was mainstream and its scholarship serious (*too* serious, some said, with its 600-page tomes that no one read); it focused mainly, from a Keynesian perspective, on economic policy and supplied much of the background studies and personnel for Democrat administrations. Brookings had influence that IPS lacked.

But in my years in Washington Brookings was very weak on foreign policy. Its director of foreign policy studies, John Steinbrenner, was not well known

outside of think tank circles, nor a productive scholar or a dynamic force, nor with a couple of exceptions (Bill Quant on the Middle East) did Brookings recruit leading scholars to flesh out its foreign policy team. It never developed the area studies expertise that AEI had nor did it cover the full range of foreign policy issues. Its staff remained small and concentrated on Europe, NATO, and the Middle East.

As a moderate, my relations with Brookings were always good and I went over there on numerous occasions to participate with their scholars in panels and debates; at one point I even explored with Brookings the possibility of joining their staff. But Brookings scholars were also frequently at AEI, which shows that despite the ideological posturing the two institutions were not all that far apart. For example, Kennedy economic counselor (and a Brookings scholar) Charles Schultz was often in the AEI dining room, and Jimmy Carter stalwart Robert Pastor, who was then at Brookings, applied to my program at AEI for a position.

Our closest relations were with the centrist Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS). Not just physically (CSIS was only three blocks from AEI, Brookings four) but intellectually and in terms of exchanges as well. CSIS had been founded, after all, by former AEI scholars David Abshire and Richard Allen with the strong assistance of Admiral (and former Joint Chiefs of Staff head) Arleigh Burke; it liked to call itself an “action tank” rather than a “think tank.” It was in the realist, centrist-Republican school of foreign policy as exemplified by Henry Kissinger, James Schlesinger, and now Anthony Cordesman.

I was personally very close to the Latin American scholars at CSIS: Bill Perry, Georges Fauriol, Delal Baer, and, in an earlier incarnation, Roger Fontaine. However in Roger’s more recent writings and statements he had shifted quite far to the right. I felt uncomfortable with the fact that in his writings Roger had strongly criticized such friends and colleagues as Riordan Roett and Abe Lowenthal. Over time, I lost track of Roger but our relations with others at CSIS were always extremely close and cordial; we participated in each other’s programs, exchanged ideas in each other’s dining rooms, and invited each other to contribute (with honoraria!) to our respective books and anthologies. I’m sure this closeness explains why when I eventually left AEI, CSIS was my first choice as an alternative think tank “home.”

As a centrist and realist I was closest to CSIS, but my AEI colleague Mark Falcoff was closer ideologically to the hard-right Heritage Foundation. Heritage had been founded in the early 1970s by conservatives Ed Feulner and Paul Weyrich; it was unabashedly supportive of the Barry Goldwater-Jesse Helms-Ronald Reagan wing of the Republican Party. Heritage was the

think tank of “movement” conservatives; its funds came from Joseph Coors and the far-right wing. Instead of serious scholars, it hired mostly young graduate students (cheap labor) to do mainly superficial, “quickie” analyses based on newspaper clippings files. Those of us then at the mainstream think tanks—AEI, Brookings, and CSIS—didn’t think much of Heritage’s research products. On the other hand, we had to admit their undoubted success in money-raising, mobilizing conservatives, and slapping their “instant analyses” down on congressmen’s desks on an overnight basis. Over the course of the 1980s, Heritage managed to outflank and surpass AEI on both the fundraising and the political influence fronts; its research products and policy analyses also greatly improved.

There’s a neat symmetry here: IPS and Heritage on the far left and far right respectively, Brookings and AEI on the center left and center right respectively, and CSIS in the middle. As a practical matter that meant that centrist CSIS had influence in all administrations whether Democrat or Republican, AEI had influence in right and center-right administrations, Brookings in left and center-left administrations, Heritage only in conservative administrations (Reagan, Bush II), and IPS only in liberal-Democrat administrations (Carter, Clinton, Obama).

But this neat pattern and the dominance of the “Big Five,” which largely held during the 1970s and 1980s, eventually gave way. IPS faded as the Soviet Union collapsed and the socialist option looked threadbare. Heritage gained in strength surpassing AEI for a time, Brookings hired a Republican president and cozied up to conservatives and the business community, and AEI suffered a major financial-*cum*-administrative shakeup in the late 1980s. But over time it became more liberal, partially abandoning its centrist-realist position and hired a corps of liberal internationalists from the Clinton Administration. Meanwhile the CATO Institute developed over time as a serious libertarian think tank, the Center for American Progress under John Podesta supplanted Brookings on the liberal left, the Council on Foreign Relations converted itself from a meetings venue to a full-fledged think tank, the Carnegie Endowment similarly developed its own research staff and agenda, AEI recovered its élan and its financial health, and a *host* of new, specialized think tanks rose up to challenge the biggies.

## How Think Tanks Exercise Influence

How do think tanks go about influencing policy? The question is harder than it seems because it’s often difficult to measure influence. Moreover, influence is often subtle, quiet, cumulative, unseen: a spoken word, a telephone

conversation, a seminar presentation that touches someone, a discussion among friends and colleagues based on mutual trust. It's hard to measure this precisely or empirically. One good measure is to compare what comes out of the political system in the way of policy versus what went in, from think tanks and others, in the way of recommendations. Another, my favorite already mentioned, is when a lower-ranking official uses your book or paper as background when he's preparing his own memo for the decision-maker. But even then, you may not know definitely if it's your recommendation that triumphed. Influence is often murky, hard to untangle, sometimes indirect or second-hand. Here at least are the strategies that AEI employed, which offer some interesting comparisons to FPRI:

1. Breakfasts, lunches, dinners, seminars. Virtually every day AEI and the other tanks have programs on one theme or another—often several per day. To these meetings are invited congressmen and their aides, White House and State Department officials, journalists, other think tank scholars, interest group representatives, and opinion leaders in general. There may be a local scholar presenting or a distinguished guest often from abroad: president, prime minister, defense minister, foreign minister, etc. I often was amazed and even in awe at the top-level officials we were able to draw. The food, snacks, meals, etc. are always good and the setting pleasant. These events served to publicize our activities, introduce us to ever widening circles of the Washington and international policy community, and give our writings and ideas legitimacy and standing in that community.
2. Television and media. During the 1980s I was frequently on television on the major news shows. A small part of this was my own expertise; a larger part came from the fact that AEI had its own television/media office, headed by former producer Heather David. Heather had numerous friends in the industry and was adept at getting us on the news and talk shows; AEI also produced its own programs for PBS and C-Span. Aiding our frequent media appearances was the fact that ABC's Washington news bureau was right across the back alley from our offices and CBS was only three blocks down the street. We could thus be at their studios on a moment's notice, a decided advantage in time, logistics, and expenses over scholars with equal expertise but farther removed from the major studios.
3. Public appearances. In my heyday at AEI, I was giving two or three (or more) public presentations per week, to trade associations, government agencies, university audiences, World Affairs Councils, and at other

think tanks. Some of these were freebies that one did for the good of the cause, but most involved honoraria ranging from quite modest to quite munificent. Within the think tank world, if one was invited to be a presenter or contribute to an anthology at another think tank, the expectation was that you would soon reciprocate the favor, to everyone's advantage. All these public appearances not only padded my bank account but led to my views and recommendations becoming well known in Washington policy circles.

4. The presumption of expertise. When you're at the big Washington think tanks—AEI, Brookings, CSIS—it's simply assumed that you have expertise and are at the top of your field. The Washington think tanks are like Harvard in this respect: just being there, able to use the official stationery, and your name associated with the institution means you are the best. Or at least the presumption is that you're the best. And that presumption translates into influence.
5. Access to policy-makers. Because of all the forums, seminars, dinners, etc. noted above, think tank scholars have access to policy-makers in ways that academic scholars do not. During the 1980s when Central America was a hot issue, I was at the White House at least once a week, the State Department and Congress once a month, and the CIA and Defense Department once every couple months. Over time you become well known in these agencies, you're on a first-name basis with people there, and policy influence often becomes a simple matter of picking up the phone or having lunch. Since most bureaucrats lack specialized knowledge, my experience is that they usually welcome input from informed sources.
6. Congressional testimony. I often knew personally the congressmen and staffers on the foreign affairs, defense, and intelligence committees and subcommittees; hence when an issue came up on Latin America or foreign aid, I was often called on to testify. Such calls are usually more institutional than personal: since I was at AEI, I would get called on, often to balance someone from Brookings or WOLA. But I was a centrist, a maverick, and did not echo the Reagan Administration line. I remember the congressmen before whom I was testifying often looking at me quizzically because they were actually hearing something new or unexpected. Over the course of the 1980s as Congress became more and more divided and its hearings a partisan circus, I made the decision not to testify anymore.
7. Advisory panels and boards. Think tanks have high-level boards and advisory groups for all their programs. These consist of outside persons

usually prominent in business, banking, and law. In this way think tanks can list prestigious and wealthy persons on their letterheads and annual reports, which in turn gives them cachet and fund-raising possibilities. Wealthy board members donate as well as help raise funds for the think tank; they in turn get a break from their business activities and a chance to participate in Washington policy-making. In my years at AEI I got to hob-nob socially with the likes of David Rockefeller (Chase Bank), Walter Wriston (Bank of America), Rupert Murdoch (publishing), Richard Madden (Potlatch Corporation), Joseph Coors (beer), and many others.

8. Personal contacts. Over the course of my first couple years in Washington, the staff and I developed a large rolodex of personal contacts, and we continued to add to it. These included not just other scholars but journalists, government officials, business acquaintances, congressmen and their staffs, labor officials, foundation heads, representatives of foreign governments, and so on. The list of contacts was far larger and broader than I'd ever had as an academic; periodically we would use our interns to update the list. The list was eventually computerized and used for fund-raising, invitations, the sending of publications, etc. Each individual program had its own list while AEI maintained a master list; the system became so sophisticated that by computer we could cull and target even more refined sublists for mailings, fund-raising, and invitations.
9. Revolving doors. The think tanks are prime recruiting grounds for new government talent. Here you have very knowledgeable people who also understand Washington politics and bureaucracy. They do not have to undertake on-the-job training. Many long-time think tankers have gone in and out of government several times in a revolving-door fashion that brings them into high policy positions, then back to the think tank again if their party loses the next election, then often back into government at a higher level, and so on. It's a heady experience and a chance to put your ideas into practice. Both the government and the think tanks are enriched by these "in'n'outers": the government gets new and fresh ideas while think tanks benefit from the real-life policy experience of their colleagues who serve in official capacities. During my time there, some thirty AEI scholars went into government service, including most prominently Jeane Kirkpatrick (UN), Richard Cheney (Defense), Rudy Penner (CBO), Arthur Burns (ambassador), Jim Miller (Council of Economic Advisors), Fred Iklé (Defense), Max Kampelman (human rights).

10. Studies and publications. AEI, CSIS, and Brookings scholars, with no teaching and few administrative responsibilities, are able to produce a prodigious amount of policy writing. Op-eds, papers, articles, monographs, books; some of the scholars even had their own monthly or quarterly newsletters which they mailed to supporters and government officials. Herb Stein the economist (father of comedian Ben Stein) had the best of these: wry, amusing, well-written and well-argued, deft at advancing his policy positions.

Aiding all this scholarly productivity was the fact that AEI had its own highly professional editorial and publications office that turned out all those written products mentioned earlier, its sophisticated mailing lists to make sure these products got to the right hands, and its own public relations office to get op-eds published and ensure publicity for the scholars and their writings. As a former academic scholar, I had never before had the advantage of an entire production staff like this to get out and publicize my writings; with this kind of support, one could be enormously productive. In those first years at AEI I published far more than I had ever done previously; moreover, the AEI PR staff made sure it got into the right hands, the same targeted audiences we used for invitations and fund-raising. AEI could make sure your work was actually *read* and that it got into the hands of key policy-makers who made decisions. In Washington, that's how you have influence.

Now, these are all appropriate and effective strategies when you're at one of the big, prestigious think tanks like AEI, Brookings, or CSIS, and you're located close to the centers of power and media influence in Washington, D.C. But what do you do to influence policy if you're at one of the smaller, less well-known think tanks, outside of Washington, and with no direct access to policy-making, policy-makers, and the "revolving doors" of the capital?

You have to change your strategy, that's what. I remember that was one of the main preoccupations of FPRI director Daniel Pipes when I first went to Philadelphia, and, along with money, it is *the* preoccupation of all the small think tanks. I recall Daniel gathering all the FPRI scholars together and particularly addressing me on this issue.

"Look," he said, "we can't expect to do here what you're used to at AEI. We don't have a dining room, we don't have a media staff and outlets, we don't have our own publications office. Nor do we have easy and everyday access to Congress, policy-makers, and other think tanks (FPRI was the only one in Philadelphia). We don't have here and every day the rounds

of lunches, dinners, receptions, forums, and seminars that you're used to in Washington. So we can't," he said, "like the Heritage Foundation, hope to influence the everyday policy process.

"So our goal at FPRI," he continued, "will be to influence those who influence the policy-makers. Since we don't have direct access to policy-makers and we're not in Washington, our way of exercising influence has to be indirect. Our focus will be on writing lots of op-eds, writing for influential magazines like *Commentary*, *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, or our own *Orbis*, and publishing major books on important themes. Occasionally we will also hold major conferences on blockbuster themes"—precisely what FPRI did during my tenure there, to be discussed below. "In this way we may not have access to policy-makers directly but we will be able to influence others—journalists, scholars, other think tankers—who *do* have access to policy.

"Of course," Pipes continued, "we will also do as much as possible what the other Washington think tanks do: prepare congressional testimony when called upon do to so, travel to Washington when we can, appear on television as much as possible, etc. But let's face it, from FPRI and Philadelphia we don't have the access you at AEI, Brookings, or CSIS have, and therefore we need to alter our strategy to play to our strengths, which are original research, writing, and policy-relevant scholarship. Our goals are therefore not a direct influence on policy but to influence those who influence policy."

So that was the FPRI strategy. It sounded like a good strategy to me, from the point of view of being a small think tank in a secondary and not very foreign-policy-oriented city. In this early session I admired Pipes's articulateness and his clear analytic skills, and said so. On these and other issues of strategy, Pipes and I were in close accord.

FPRI had other strategies which it used skillfully. First, through its long-standing connections with Penn, and later as an independent, stand-alone think tank, it sent a large number of its alumni into high Washington policy positions. The list includes former Secretary of State Al Haig; presidential grandson David Eisenhower; former ambassadors and policy officials Robert Strauss-Hupé and William Kintner; conservative defense intellectual Robert Pfaltzgraff; former USIA official Rick Bissell; ex-Navy Secretary John Lehman; State Department official Harvey Sicherman; think tanker and International Republican Institute Vice President Georges Fauriol; former Assistant Secretary of Defense Bruce Weinrod; and many others. All of these were UPenn/FPRI alumni; not only were they influential in Washington but they also formed an alumni association to assist each others' careers.

In addition, FPRI used many of the strategies employed by the larger Washington think tanks. Its scholars churned out op-eds just like in the

larger think tanks, came to Washington to testify before Congress, met with USG officials when invited to do so, and attended many of the programs put on by the larger tanks. After all, Philadelphia is only two hours from Washington and on all the main East Coast train, plane, and highway routes; it is not as though Philly were out in the boondocks and completely isolated. But there is an important distinction to be made here: not located in Washington and therefore not in constant, everyday contact with the movers and shakers of the capital, FPRI had to adjust its tactics and could not operate the way the biggies like AEI, Brookings, and CSIS did. It had to go the indirect route, emphasizing its solid research and writing and hoping to impact policy that way through its readership of policy influentials, and with less reliance on constant political contacts. By background and orientation, I was not at all uncomfortable with this approach which also played to my own strengths.

### Question Marks?

Think tanks are really nice places to work. As a scholar, they're ideal: no students, no committees, little bureaucracy, plus you have influence. Salaries are high; there's unlimited postage, telephone, copying, computers. You have your own research assistants, secretaries, library, travel funds, support staff. You can supplement your salary by outside engagements; many of the larger tanks have their own dining facilities. The work and the surroundings are very pleasant.

But there *are* some drawbacks. Young scholars ought to be aware of these before they abandon their academic goals and rush pell-mell into the think tank/policy world.

1. There is no permanence or tenure in the think tank world. And Washington policy-making is very fickle, flitting from one issue to the next. As long as your issue (Central America in the 1980s, Russia in the early 90s, Iraq and the Middle East today) is hot, your job is also safe; but if the administration in power or the policy focus changes, your job can quickly be in jeopardy.
2. Fund-raising. When I was at AEI initially, the think tank was so wealthy that I didn't need to do fund-raising. Later, as AEI faced a financial crisis, the scholars were obliged to do fund-raising; and that is now the norm at all the think tanks, including FPRI. You may have to raise funds for your own salary and projects; fund-raising may take 30–40 percent of your time and you have to decide if that's worth it. I found fund-raising to be a skill that you learn and master like any other

and I enjoyed doing it for maybe 5–10 percent of my time, but not everyone will be successful at it and some scholars find it demeaning to go out and ask for money.

3. Policy research. If you opt for the policy world, you need to be prepared to do policy-oriented research. And that is very different from academic research: the writing style is different (direct, clear, no jargon), the organization is different (shorter, briefer), the audience is different (generalists, not specialists), and the approach is different (policy recommendations, what to do *now*, no theoretical or ideological harangues). If you're prepared to adapt in this way, you may belong in the think tank world; if you continue to write as if you want to get published in the *American Political Science Review*, you probably don't belong in Washington policy-making.
4. Ideological conformity. This is a delicate issue. But the fact is that most of the big and not-so-big think tanks are identified with clear ideological positions: AEI and FPRI with Republicans, Brookings and the Center for American Progress with Democrats, etc. But suppose you're a Democrat and you happen to be at AEI (we had quite a few of those), a Republican at Brookings, or like me, someone who's not very partisan or ideological. Or suppose you're liberal on some issues but conservative on others. But the media and everyone will *assume* that if you're at AEI or Brookings, you *must* be in accord with their presumed image of those institutions.

From personal experience I can tell you that being an outsider politically in these institutions can be a lonely and difficult position. Outsiders, your own colleagues, and perhaps your own institution may expect you to take a certain position on the issues; but if you don't there can be not just raised eyebrows but also political fights. At AEI I got into conflicts with Mike Novak over statism versus free markets, with Ben Wattenberg over population policy, and with the powerful contingent of superstar economists over the universality of their models especially in Third World contexts. All of these resulted in bruising battles, put my job in jeopardy, and left me with the choice of keeping quiet or continuing the battle against more powerful and influential people than I. Tough choice. Some of these same kinds of political differences would soon surface at FPRI.

5. Contract research. Since the big think tanks are engaged in a constant struggle for funds, the issue of contract research (research paid for by the government or other contracting agencies) constantly came up. But of course if you accept contract research, then the assumption is

strong that the contracting agency (usually the Defense Department or CIA) will influence the research and even the conclusions reached. So most of the think tanks seek to limit contract research to from 5–15 percent of their budgets. However, since that's where the big money is, the temptation to fudge the rules and accept more is always present.

6. Bias. The bigger think tanks *all* get most of their money from big business and business foundations. But not from labor, farmers, or—obviously—poor people. Doesn't that inevitably bias the research? Of course it does. I don't recall *ever* seeing a think tank study, from *any* of the bigger institutions that was critical of business, business lobbies, or, until recently, the American economic model. Some subjects, therefore, especially critical ones, because of the constant money needs of the think tanks, are simply untouched, unstudied, off-limits.

## Conclusion

Let us go back to the propositions with which we began. In the broad sweep of history, power in foreign policy-making has shifted from New York to Washington, from the old Council on Foreign Relations to the Washington think tanks, from Wall Street bankers, lawyers, and generalists to think tank scholars with specific and specialized knowledge, from centrists to more partisan and ideological analysts. Since the think tanks where power has shifted range all up and down the political spectrum, the changes outlined above have added to the division and fragmentation of our foreign policy.

The Washington think tanks as well as smaller tanks like FPRI are both a reflection and the instruments of this more partisan and ideological trend. They mirror the cultural and ideological divisions that already exist, even while they seek to influence policy to change the balance. The older unity and consensus in foreign policy have broken down in favor of a more politicized, fragmented, and often polarized debate. Our disagreements about foreign policy reflect the more contentious and divided country we have become; the think tanks and their talking heads reflect as well as reinforce these currents of fragmentation and division.

Think tanks, big and small, have assumed a far larger role than previously in our policy debates. They are new actors on the stage, influential in providing ideas and justifications for decisions often made elsewhere, but in agencies and offices where what the leading think tanks recommend on the issues matters a great deal. The think tanks feed options, information, policy positions, and, not least, their own people into governmental decision-making. They alter perspectives, affect policy decisions, and sometimes

exercise direct influence over policy. They help define the boundaries of the policy debate, offer agendas and options, catalyze and popularize new ideas, help bridge the gaps between agencies and between the academic and policy worlds, provide advice to policy-makers, and serve to educate and inform Congress, the media, policy-makers and the general public. From my perch at AEI I concluded that think tanks are now among the most important actors in Washington, right up there with major interest groups, political parties, government agencies, and maybe even Congress itself in the great panoply that is American policy-making. The struggle for FPRI would be to try to reach that same level of influence.

### Notes

1. When I went to Harvard in 1979–1981, I discovered a somewhat different issue. There, the faculty simply assumes it should be running U.S. foreign policy and, ultimately, the world. At Harvard the presidential candidates come calling, looking for *you* and to put you on their foreign policy advisory panels, for the sake of having a Harvard name on their roster, instead of you looking for them. For an amusing, tongue-in-cheek account of my own experiences in this environment during the 1980 election campaign see Howard J. Wiarda, *Universities, Think Tanks and War Colleges* (Princeton, N.J.: X Libris, 1999).

2. Up to this point my publication record, although already quite extensive, had been close to the typical academic pace: several papers and scholarly articles per year, a smattering of op-eds and shorter pieces, and a book every few years. But at AEI, with no teaching and few administrative responsibilities, my own superb research and typing staff, wonderful financial and administrative support, and an in-house editorial, conference, television, and publications staff, my productivity expanded exponentially: several volumes (almost all edited anthologies) *per year*, various papers and articles (often reprinted several times), numerous invited book chapters and briefer contributions, several op-eds. Since little of this was peer reviewed (the academic standard), some of my university-based colleagues wondered at this explosion of productivity; for my part, I was very happy to be able to get my writings out to a wider audience without all the hassles and long delays of the academic writing marketplace.

3. Some former academic colleagues on ideological or partisan grounds were reluctant to collaborate with AEI with its conservative orientation, but my experience was that an invitation to come to Washington for an AEI conference coupled with a handsome honorarium in *all cases* overcame this occasional reluctance.



## CHAPTER FOUR



# The Colleagues

FPRI treated me very well while I was there as the Hooper Fellow, so I'm a little reluctant to tell all the tales "out of school." But not too reluctant!

FPRI also provided me with a nice transitional year, a year in which we debated whether to stay in Washington on a permanent basis or to return to peaceful, pastoral, bucolic Amherst where I had a tenured full professorship. I was lucky during this transitional period to have a nice fellowship at FPRI, a halftime teaching position at George Washington University, and a convenient research office at my old think tank, AEI, which still served as my Washington base of operations and where I could use the elegant dining room to entertain friends and colleagues. On my teaching days in Washington, usually Mondays and Wednesdays, I would walk the mile between my office in the Political Science Department at GW, on F Street between 22nd and 23rd, and my plusher office at AEI where I would hang out and do my writings.

During the first weeks of my fellowship at FPRI, I commuted to Philadelphia twice per week. I was grateful for the fellowship they'd provided and felt I owed them in return. On Tuesdays I'd leave early at 5:00 or 6:00 a.m., either drive or take the train to Philly, arrive there by 8:00, even before the staff or FPRI colleagues showed up, and drive or ride home in the early evening. At the end of the week I'd repeat the trip, leaving early on Thursday morning, staying overnight, and returning home late Friday afternoon. Between the teaching, the commuting, and the research/writing work I was doing, I found this schedule exhausting and after a few months slacked off to one trip per week to FPRI, usually on Thursday–Friday.

FPRI was quiet and peaceful enough that I could get a lot of writing done there. But I also discovered rather quickly that FPRI was a hotbed of not-always-bottled-up tension and conflict. These were academic, policy, and political disputes, though they could sometimes get pretty nasty. As William Buckley has famously said, “Academic disputes are the worst kind because the stakes are so small.” But not to those academics participating in them because issues such as methodology, ideology, and of course money are high on their list of priorities. I was only there for a year and therefore, unlike my FPRI colleagues for whom this was a permanent job, could largely stay above the fray and observe it from a distance. But I also got dragged into some of these battles; they were so intense that they inevitably affected my own work.

While I was in Washington the previous two years and AEI was collapsing all around us, I had thought of writing a novel about these events. I even drafted a preliminary outline and plot. Events at AEI were so bizarre that I thought my usual social science categories could not capture all that went on; I’d *have* to write a novel. When I told her my plan, my wife chimed in, “Well, you’ve been writing fiction in your academic writings for years, why don’t you now do it seriously?” How’s that for a supportive spouse?

But when I got to FPRI, I decided that it, not AEI, ought to be the setting for the novel. It was a smaller organization and therefore would be easier to manage fictionally, it had some truly unforgettable characters to people the novel, and the tensions there were so strong that they verged on tearing the Institute apart. Some of these tensions involved the staff, some were between the scholars, still others pitted the staff and/or scholars against FPRI’s management. I found that below the surface FPRI was full of tensions and conflicts that threatened at times to get out of hand. There were times when these tensions became so great that it was hard to get one’s work done. It was the “stuff” of fiction, except that it was all true.

I never did write that AEI, or FPRI, novel. But truth is often stranger, and even more entertaining, than fiction. Hence this memoir will have to do.

### Gatekeepers

I learned early in my career to be kind to and cultivate the gatekeepers. In a university or think tank, or maybe any large organization, these are the secretaries, the clerks, and the office workers that know the rules, manage the flow of paper, and get things done. These are, most often, middle-aged women, with vast networks of friends and colleagues across campus (or

think tank or organization) who prepare all the paperwork, know where to send it, and can tell you, through their networks, how to overcome bureaucratic obstacles. These persons are essential to making any organization run; without them the whole system breaks down.<sup>1</sup> Plus, they are there every day, day in and day out, in contrast to the scholars who come and go almost at will. You need *always* to stay on the gatekeepers' good side: with them, anything is possible; without them, nothing happens. If you want, therefore, to be successful, always be friendly, shower them with gifts and pleasantries, and always, *always* stay on the good side of the gatekeepers.

At FPRI, because it was a small think tank, the number of administrative staff was small, only four or five. In that kind of small, intimate setting, good interpersonal relations are even more important than in a bigger organization. So right from the beginning I was very careful with the secretaries and administrative staff and tried to treat them with the respect and dignity they deserved. Other scholars tend to look down on the secretaries and that is a huge mistake both on human and quite practical grounds; to get along in any organization you've got to go along, and that means especially with the gatekeepers.

### **Sandy Bailey**

Sandy Bailey was the chief secretary as well as administrative assistant at FPRI. She was bright, perky, patient, cheerful, and, in my experience, efficient, well-organized, and always helpful. She's the one who made FPRI run and run well. She had been at the Institute longer than most of the scholars, the director, and other staff. She knew the history, the personalities, and all the skeletons in the closet.

Sandy was a single mother. She had a son in junior high with a disability. Her salary was not high, just enough to get by, and she had more than her share of family issues; yet I never heard her complain about anything. Not only was she a hard and disciplined worker but even at that low salary she was completely loyal and dedicated to FPRI, often arriving early and leaving late to clean up one FPRI issue or another. Sandy made FPRI function.

Because I thought her life was not easy, I leaned over backwards to be nice to Sandy, never gave her any grief, and treated her with respect. After only a couple weeks we became good friends, mainly because of her son. In addition to his other problems, the son suffered terribly from poison ivy and other skin allergies. Well, it happens that along our brook on our ten acres in Brookeville, Maryland, we have an abundance of Jewel Weed, the juice of which my wife Iêda, from her background in tropical medicine, knows is remarkably

effective against such allergies. So on my next trip to Philadelphia I carried along a large bouquet of Jewel Weed with the instruction to Sandy to chop it up, crush it, and use the juice on her son's skin. It worked miracles on the boy so every week from then on driving up to Philadelphia I brought a new batch. Having helped her son in this way, I could subsequently do no wrong in Sandy's eyes.

Sandy had been at FPRI for several years. She was both knowledgeable and efficient. Her job, even if it was not formally defined as such, was to manage the functioning of the entire Institute as well as to serve as special assistant to the director. It was a big job; Sandy had to deal both with the individual scholars and with Dan Pipes. He could be sometimes hard to deal with; I'm sure the rest of us were not always easy either. How Sandy had the patience, forbearance, and strength to do all this, I don't know. But she did, not only managing her work well and without complaining but working through the personality conflicts as well. For her patience, even temper, and management skills I came to admire Sandy greatly.

There was one issue on which Sandy came to my rescue—that's what a little supply of Jewel Weed will do! Daniel had recently become a convert to computers for his writing; I was still old-fashioned about this and believed my writing style was better if I wrote it out longhand. But Daniel wanted all of us to convert to computers and was quite insistent about it. I do memos, letters, and other materials on my computer but for what I call "serious writing" I still prefer to write it out by hand. I therefore like to have a professional typist type my scholarly manuscripts. When I gave one of my manuscripts to Sandy for the office secretaries to type, Daniel got angry. There was a bit of a to-do in the office but Sandy smoothed it over. I am grateful for her intercession; Sandy came to my rescue.

### **Lynn Smith**

Lynn Smith, another gem of a person, occupied an administrative assistant position at FPRI. I found Lynn, like Sandy, consistently to be both helpful and courteous. When I arrived at FPRI on August 31, 1987, on my first working day there, Lynn was already there at 8:05 a.m.—after what was, for me, a two-hour drive from Brookeville. Not only was Lynn there to greet me but she also, efficiently and pleasantly, processed all the paperwork to put me on the payroll, provide me with keys to the building, give me a pass to use UPenn facilities, and so on. My notes written at the time contrast the pleasant reception I received from Lynn and her competence in handling administrative procedures with the gruff, incompetent, indifferent reception

I'd received from the George Washington University personnel office (my other paying position for this year) the week before.

Shortly thereafter I found out that Lynn and other staff members, including former director Bill Kintner, were members of the Swedenborgian Church and community in Philadelphia. Emanuel Swedenborg (1688–1772) was a Swedish-born philosopher, mathematician, and renaissance man; his father was a pastor in the Swedish Lutheran Church. In 1745, at age fifty-seven, he had a vision in which he saw God; thereafter he turned all his attention to theology. He traveled throughout Continental Europe and to England where he attracted a following, organized in 1787 as the Church of the New Jerusalem. Fascinated, I sought to learn more.

By the 1780s, the first American Swedenborgian congregation had been established in Philadelphia. Because of the time period involved, when the U.S. Constitution was being written in Philadelphia and when Philadelphia served, briefly, as the capital of the United States, Swedenborgianism there has long been associated with patriotism, Americanism, and the city itself. Swedenborgianism has a considerable following in Philly, and there is a Swedenborgian church center, two retreat centers, a school and seminary, the church headquarters, and an entire Philadelphia suburb populated mainly by Swedenborgians. To complete this circle of influence, I later learned that former director Bill Kintner had married Lynn Smith's mother whom he'd met in the Swedenborgian church, and had tried to bring other Swedenborgians into FPRI—though none of this affected our work there.

This is not the place to go into detail on the Swedenborgian Church, fascinating though it may be. The Swedenborgians believe that God is Wisdom and Love; that membership in the Church is through baptism; that justification is by both faith and good works. Swedenborgians believe that theirs is “the third religion” after Judaism and Christianity; there are many Christian elements in their teachings as well as some strange beliefs—i.e., that earthly humans are inferior to the inhabitants of other planets. Swedenborgians are also committed to nature and social justice, which helps explain why some of their teachings attracted such prominent nineteenth-century intellectuals and activists as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry James, Helen Keller, and—not least—John Chapman (“Johnny Appleseed”) who, in addition to planting fruit trees as he traveled the Midwest, also “planted” new Swedenborgian congregations. Today there are some forty-five Swedenborgian churches in North America totaling about 2,600 members, with Philadelphia still serving as a stronghold. Worldwide there are 50,000 members.

So far as I know, Lynn Smith never attempted to proselytize among FPRI staff on behalf of Swedenborgianism, and certainly not with me. In all my relations with her she was always competent and thoroughly professional. Along with Sandy Bailey, in “the great typing crisis” alluded to earlier, Lynn was solidly on my side and saw to it that my various manuscripts (see chapter 6) were processed in a timely fashion. I liked Lynn and worked closely with her: she was a great help at FPRI.

### **The Staff**

FPRI had three persons who worked at the secretarial and/or assistant level. There’s no reason for me to say much about their personal histories here except for one thing: they all had explosive conflicts with the director.

Georgina (Gina) Grecescu was a Romanian lady who mainly worked with and for the two Romanians on the scholarly staff, Michael Radu and Vladimir Tismaneanu. Together they produced a journal in the Romanian language. Often I would hear Romanian spoken in the offices and corridors, much of which I could pick up because 80 percent of the Romanian language derives from the Latin and is therefore not so far removed from the Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian that I already spoke. Many of these snatches of conversation that I caught involved complaints aimed at the director, Dan Pipes, who was exasperating many of the staff at FPRI. Probably I would have been better off not knowing all the things I heard, but in fact what I did was write them all down in my little notebooks.

Gina was assigned the task of typing some manuscripts for me. I don’t know if that was the reason for her explosion with Pipes or not; doubtless other factors were also involved. But I do know that during my time there Daniel apparently tried to fire her; I was told he also sought to hold up her pay. Sandy Bailey, Lynn Smith, and assistant director Alan Luxenberg had to intervene on her behalf and Gina was able to keep her job.

Thelma Prosser was a smart, very competent secretary who worked closely with Sandy Bailey. She also was assigned to work on some of my manuscripts. I thought at first that these were the cause of our difficulties with the director but it turned out this was not the case. My relations with Thelma were always good and professional, but on February 4, 1987 (my notes are very complete on this), I came into the office to find all the secretarial staff standing around talking with no work being done. They were all discussing office politics and the director, not in a complimentary way. The level of tension was exceedingly high; an explosion must have occurred just before I arrived. The entire staff was on edge; interpersonal relations between the staff and Director Pipes seemed to have reached a low point.

The only subjects discussed were narrow business matters; everyone seemed to be trying to avoid a renewed flare-up. Sandy Bailey was the only one who seemed to be functioning normally that day.

Poor Thelma was almost beside herself. After the director accused her of rudeness, she was sick and out of the office for three days. She confided to me that she was unhappy at FPRI and couldn't work with the director, but in an office as small as FPRI that was impossible. That day she announced that she was leaving FPRI and going to work for a finance company in Center City.

Sandy, who had been at FPRI longer, had stronger commitments, and was also more diplomatic, said that she didn't like the director but could work with him. She was also interviewing elsewhere but, shrewdly, was using the threat of leaving to leverage a big raise from FPRI President Marvin Wachman. It was a big crisis but then, inexplicably, a month later, Thelma came back. She explained tersely, "The other job didn't work out." Sandy, after receiving a nice raise, also decided to stay. Marvin got her the money; he was also the one who talked to Daniel, calmed things down, and smoothed things over.

JoAnn Tomazinis was better educated, with a college degree, than the other staff. She worked as a copy editor, assistant, and proofreader for *Orbis*, the excellent scholarly foreign policy journal published by FPRI. As such, she had her share of run-ins with the scholars at FPRI, particularly the Romanian scholar (now, late) Michael Radu whose less-than-immortal English-language prose she'd had the courage to correct. But Michael, an arch-conservative, saw conspiracies everywhere and accused JoAnn of doctoring his language for political purposes. He went fuming and ranting through FPRI's hallways for two days before calming down and allowing JoAnn to touch his manuscript again.

JoAnn was not a supporter of Dr. Pipes, but she worked mainly on *Orbis* and could therefore avoid most of the internal office politics. Nevertheless, I believed she had Daniel correctly analyzed. In the big blowup when both Sandy and Thelma were threatening to leave, her analysis, probably correct, was that Daniel was so single-minded and committed to his agenda that he didn't even realize what he was doing or the effect that it was having.

## The Scholars

FPRI is a small think tank compared to AEI, Brookings, or CSIS. At the time that I was there it only had six scholars. And that's counting both Daniel and me. Of the six, two were part-time: Daniel as director with administrative responsibilities, and John Maurer who served then as editor of *Orbis*. In addition to this core group, FPRI also maintained a stable of adjunct scholars and

associates, some of whom came to the Institute regularly while others were only occasional contributors. Even with this small staff, FPRI was a remarkably energetic and productive research center.

### **Vladimir Tismaneanu**

Vlad Tismaneanu was one of the persons I liked best at FPRI. He and I saw eye-to-eye on almost all issues: politics, the role of culture in explaining politics, and that FPRI should have a scholarly focus. Of the scholars at FPRI, I was—and remain—closest to Vlad Tismaneanu.

Vlad had been born in Romania (Brasov, near Dracula's castle) in 1951. He was a Romanian version of what we in the U.S. would call a "red diaper baby": Vlad's father had been a founder of the Romanian Communist Party. But he had overcome this background and become a vigorous anti-communist. He earned his BA, MA, and Ph.D. at the University of Bucharest. Coming to the U.S. in the early 1980s, Vlad received a research appointment at FPRI in 1983. He was attractive to FPRI for two reasons: his expertise on the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe (the Cold War was still on then), and the fact that FPRI could get him cheap. After four years at the Institute, as a published research scholar, his salary was still under \$25,000. Beginning assistant professors fresh from their doctoral dissertations could command more than that.

Vlad did excellent research work at FPRI, and his writing in English was clear and readable. His analytic skills were impressive, he had an incisive mind, and he knew a lot factually. During the time I was at FPRI, Vlad was just finishing up his magisterial work, *The Crisis of Marxist Ideology in Eastern Europe* (1988). It is a superb, critical study of Marxism, both its logical flaws and its increasingly dysfunctional practice in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe of the 1980s. I read parts of the book in manuscript form and made some recommendations to Vlad, but mainly I was impressed with the book and the thoroughness and insightfulness of the research.

Vlad's book argued that Marxism was dead in Eastern Europe. No one took it seriously, read it, or believed it anymore. Eastern Europe by the 1980s was trying to forget its Marxism as soon as possible. Vlad suspected that Marxism was also dead or dying in the USSR, China, Cuba, Viet Nam, and other Marxist or Marxist-Leninist states as well. With all its manifest failures in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, Vlad couldn't conceive that anyone in the developing world would find Marxism attractive, although he understood that Leninism was still attractive in these countries not as an economic philosophy but as a way of controlling and coercing domestic political forces. He argued (1987) that the last struggle would not be between communism and

capitalism but between communists and ex-communists. Looking at Russia and most of the East European countries today, Vlad sure got that right.

Despite his undoubted insights and analytic skills, Vlad was slated to be let go at FPRI. He had the year before been appointed a Hooper Fellow, the same fellowship that I had just been awarded; now the issue was, would he be hired in a regular salaried position? FPRI had other (see chapter 5) research priorities in mind; it also wanted people who could crank out op-eds for leading newspapers on a regular basis. But Vlad was a scholar's scholar; he wanted to do serious research and writing, not superficial op-eds. His job at FPRI was saved mainly through the intervention of Alvin Rubinstein, who was a senior and prestigious faculty member at Penn and an FPRI associate, a specialist on the Soviet Union and Soviet policy in the Third World. Al weighed in attesting not just to Vlad's undoubted research skills but to the importance of his research focus. Vlad's job was saved; when the USSR began collapsing two years later and all of Eastern Europe began transitioning to democracy and EU membership, Vlad's research focus and its importance were vindicated.

During 1987–1988 I had traveled to Cuba twice and was not impressed by what I'd seen of the Cuban revolution. Because of my knowledge of Cuba, Nicaragua, and Latin America generally and the fact I'd read his manuscript on *The Crisis of Marxist Ideology*, Vlad and I began talking of collaborating on an edited volume we called "The Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes." The Soviet Union was beginning to totter at this time and Eastern Europe was restless and potentially unstable. Vlad and I thought this was a great project with enormous global implications. So we approached both Daniel and Marvin with the project; Marvin immediately saw its potential and was strongly supportive, but Daniel was unenthused. He told us he thought the Soviet Union was "boring" and "unchanging"; he preferred to concentrate FPRI's resources on his area of specialization—the Middle East. It was never clear to me if Daniel was not interested in the entire project or opposed only to Vlad and me collaborating on a project in which he was not involved.

But Vlad and I kept pushing. Marvin was in favor; Daniel came around, enthusiastically so, once he saw that we could receive a major grant for the project from the Pew Foundation. With the grant, FPRI was able to organize a major international conference in New York City on Marxism and the future of communist regimes. Vlad and I brought together the best of the papers presented at the conference and published them in a leading journal under the title, "The Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes."<sup>2</sup> In fact, quite a number of prestigious and insightful publications came out of that conference.

Vlad and I served as editors of the collection and I wrote an introduction, which also served as the framework for the papers I subsequently wrote on

Cuba and, later, a comparative study of that country plus the other three then (after 1991) remaining communist regimes: China, North Korea, Viet Nam.<sup>3</sup> In our introduction we focused on six key problem areas: the crisis of Marxist ideology, the crisis of the socialist economies, the crisis of the state or governance, the crisis of security, the moral crisis of Marxist regimes, and their crises of foreign policy. I do not want to blow our own horns too loudly, but I think Vlad and I (he especially) were among the few scholars to predict accurately the collapse of the USSR and of communism in Eastern Europe. Certainly the CIA and the U.S. government failed in this regard but Vlad got it right.

With all these accomplishments under his belt, it was not going to be possible to keep Vlad very long at the low-paying FPRI. With the publication of his book as well as the “Vulnerabilities” grant and accompanying publications, he was bound to receive other, better offers. In 1990 he received an offer from the University of Maryland in College Park; by 1997 he had already been promoted to full professor. At Maryland Vlad’s career flourished, both as an academic and as a frequent participant in Washington policy forums. He published a series of books at prestigious presses including Princeton, the University of California, the Free Press, Routledge, and M.E. Sharpe, with such provocative (and best-selling) titles as *Stalinism for All Seasons*, *Between Past and Future: The Revolutions of 1989*, *In Search of Civil Society*, *Fantasies of Salvation*, and *Uprooting Leninism*. In addition, he was named editor of *East European Politics and Societies*, which under Vlad’s leadership became the academic journal in the field. Vlad’s talents were such that FPRI was unable to keep him; ironically this budding star in the field was the same person whom the Institute had earlier tried to get rid of. Indeed, if FPRI had not tried to get rid of him, it’s likely that Vlad would not have gone in search of other positions which culminated in his appointment at Maryland.

### **Adam Garfinkle**

Adam Garfinkle was another serious scholar at FPRI. He had been at the Institute since 1972, first as a graduate student research assistant and then as a postdoc with his Penn Ph.D. Bright, bouncy, a bit flamboyant, and very outspoken, Adam was also a wonderful writer and editor. He was chock full of ideas, not reticent about expressing them, and a fun and engaging conversationalist. In his rapier-like writing skills and sparkling conversation, he reminded me of former AEI colleague Mark Falcoff. Although it’s often hazardous to tamper with the words of more senior scholars, Adam’s editorial skills were so good that he could even improve my “immortal” prose; indeed I credit Adam with helping me improve what I think may be the best-written and most engaging piece I’ve ever written.<sup>4</sup> But Adam’s flamboyance and

outspokenness frequently landed him in trouble both with his bosses and his colleagues.

Garfinkle had a razor-sharp mind, a sharp tongue, and an undergraduate degree from Columbia as well as his doctorate from the Penn Political Science Department. He was something of a neocon: in the late 1960s he had been one of the Viet Nam war protest leaders at strife-torn Columbia; by now he had gravitated to more *Commentary*-like positions. But he still crackled with the youthful enthusiasms of those earlier days, telling me once, over my demurrers since that was not my memory or experience, that Columbia was “leading the world.” He still sported a straggly beard from those same days and wore scruffy, unstylish clothes; Daniel used to tease him that the reason Adam couldn’t find a regular academic job was that he presented such an unkempt appearance. And Adam actually shaped up for a time, trimming his beard and dressing better; but he still sometimes reverted to the hippie speech and appearance of his student days.

Like Vlad and indeed all the scholars at FPRI, Adam was scandalously underpaid. But unlike Vlad at that time, he had a family to support and could barely pay the rent and feed his young family; he needed to supplement his meager salary with some regular adjunct teaching positions which were difficult to get. Because he was so bright and articulate, I loved to talk with Adam: he always had new, fresh, entertaining, and often controversial ideas to express. We grew quite close because we were both engaged heavily in politics, writing, and what was then, as now, called the “culture wars.” Our friendship was such that Adam even invited me to his son’s circumcision ceremony, the first time I had ever been invited to a circumcision ceremony. Adam went weak in the knees and fainted at the sight of blood; I did not.

Adam was a wonderful scholar. Well-read, witty, a deep and original thinker, and a marvelous writer and editor, he could be an engaging conversationalist, friend, and colleague. He had written seriously about the anti-war and nuclear freeze movements in the United States. He was also the chief mover and shaker behind the main FPRI collective project of that year: a major conference and three books on the theme of “Friendly Tyrants.” That is, what the United States should do about dictators and authoritarian regimes (Batista, Somoza, Marcos, Suharto, the Shah of Iran, the Mexican PRI, the South African Apartheid regime, the South Korean and Taiwanese military dictatorships) who were anti-communist, friendly to the U.S., and took the U.S. side in the (then still ongoing) Cold War, but were serious human rights abusers. It was a wonderful project to engage both intellectually and in terms of its foreign policy implications. Although Adam and Daniel were co-directors of the project and co-editors of the

book and monographs that followed from it, Adam was given the responsibility to organize the conference, edit all the manuscripts, and see the entire project through to completion.

Within FPRI, the relations of Adam and Daniel were complex. Adam deeply admired Daniel and, among the FPRI scholars, was his main supporter. But Daniel was often critical of Adam, critical of his sometimes unkempt appearance and, at times, of his writings.

Eventually Adam, like Vlad, received the position he deserved. Putting his undoubted writing and editorial skills to good use, in 1995 he was named executive editor of the prestigious *The National Interest* magazine. He presided over a lively staff, some excellent analysts, and produced some clear, provocative writing. He also joined, like the scholars at the main Washington think tanks, the Washington lecture and public appearance circuit, testifying before Congress, speaking at numerous forums, and appearing often on television talk shows. He later joined the Policy Planning Staff at the State Department under George W. Bush and, always a wordsmith, served as speechwriter for the secretary of state, Condi Rice. After toiling in the FPRI vineyards for so long, Adam had finally gotten the jobs and recognition he deserved.

### **Michael Radu**

Michael, along with Gina and Vlad, was part of the “Romanian mafia” at FPRI. A very sharp, intelligent, and well-educated man (Columbia Ph.D.), Michael was not only outspoken but often extremely outspoken. By his outspokenness, Michael seemed always to be in trouble—with his FPRI superiors, with colleagues, with editors and publishers, with the world. He seemed to court controversy—and to enjoy it. FPRI seemed like it was constantly trying to replace him and Michael was forever applying for other jobs so he could leave. Neither happened. Michael stayed on; FPRI couldn’t get rid of him. He was there for over twenty-five years.

Michael seemed to have several chips on his shoulders: his low pay, his lack of status at FPRI, his accent, his Romanian origins, the way he was treated by his superiors, his inability to land a good teaching job—unlike our colleagues Vlad and Adam. I have seldom encountered anyone with as many complexes as Michael. He seemed to invite confrontation. When there was none to be found, he created some of his own. Michael Radu blowups were a regular staple at FPRI.

But Michael was an acknowledged expert on Third World guerilla and revolutionary movements. He knew everything there was to know about Marxist groups and violent uprisings. If you wanted a walking compendium of details about these groups and their connections, you would see Michael.

That encyclopedic knowledge is why FPRI hired Michael. The trouble was, in my view, that Michael seemed to have difficulty conceptualizing. He frequently couldn't see the big picture, the forest for the trees. He lacked perspective—except a too simple anti-communism. Even with all his detailed knowledge of guerilla movements in Africa, Latin America, and Southeast Asia, he was often unable to see the larger picture of how domestic politics worked in these countries, the importance (or lack thereof) of these guerilla movements, the overall context.

Because of Michael's background in communist Romania, he was a fervent anti-communist. In this country he was considered an arch-conservative. He thought of me, if you can imagine that, as a wild-eyed liberal. I thought of him as to the far right of Genghis Khan. Despite these misgivings, I tried mightily to get along well with Michael at FPRI. I took him to lunch—but he never reciprocated. He seemed to resent that my salary and opportunities were greater than his. He was an angry man. On several occasions I tried, at his request, to help Michael with his English language grammar and writing style so he could get more of his research published, but he even resented that and accepted no criticism. How can you work with a person who asks for help but then resents it when given?

Michael had his blowups (more than dustups) with just about everyone at FPRI. He would frequently explode at the secretaries, and then go back to his office and slam the door. He blew up at FPRI administrators when told there were not enough seats and he could not attend a lunch and program at one of Philadelphia's plush bank boardrooms. He was consistently sarcastic with Alan Luxenberg, FPRI's able executive director who, perhaps unknown to Michael, had saved his skin and kept him from being fired on numerous occasions. When, at midyear, he was passed over for a raise by the administrative powers that be, Michael, his dignity insulted as well as his pocketbook, stayed home from work for several weeks at a time. He exploded a few times at JoAnn, the *Orbis* copy editor, when she had the "effrontery" to try to improve his prose.

But Michael had a razor-sharp mind and detailed knowledge of rebel groups and movements that the rest of us lacked, so we often relied on him for information and insights. Michael's problem was not his intelligence but that he'd not learned to be diplomatic and rein in his speech. Among the staff and scholars, Michael was also the most publicly vociferous in his criticism of Daniel, whom he hated with a passion. While other staff were quietly critical of Daniel but expressed these sentiments only among ourselves, Michael was open and outspoken in his criticism. He would rant and rave and make it clear to one and all he wanted Pipes ousted. That of course did not endear him to the director. Michael found himself on the outs, denied

raises and certain research opportunities, which raised Michael's paranoia and anger even higher.

Unlike Vlad and Adam, Michael was unable to use his FPRI position as a stepping stone to something higher. Heaven knows he applied for virtually every academic and think tank position available. I wrote glowing letters on his behalf for years afterwards but nothing ever worked out. Michael was just too volatile, his own worst enemy. The result was that he stayed on at FPRI, ultimately outlasting his nemesis Daniel. He wrote or edited eight books, testified before Congress, and was frequently quoted in the press on his areas of specialization. His research and writing improved. Eventually he was named a Senior Fellow at FPRI and Co-Chair of the Institute's Center on Terrorism, Counter-Terrorism, and Homeland Security. For most scholars, maybe especially immigrant scholars, that would constitute a satisfying career. But not for Michael. Years later he was still angry and bitter, at the world as well as at FPRI.

### **John Maurer**

John Maurer had a bachelors degree from Yale, a masters from the Fletcher School at Tufts University, and was then trying to finish his Ph.D. at Fletcher. Born in Philadelphia and now writing his thesis on the runup to World War I, John was hired as FPRI's expert on military affairs. He had also been named, at a very young age, as executive editor of *Orbis*. John therefore occupied an uncertain and ambiguous position at the Institute: he was respected on the outside because of his editorship but not always respected on the inside because he was still a "lowly" graduate student.

Of all the scholars, staff, and administrators at FPRI, I probably saw more of and got along better with John than anyone else. We had a lot in common, we had offices next to each other, and, on the days I was in Philadelphia, we both spent all day in the office. In addition, John looked on me as a sort of substitute doctoral dissertation chairman, since the actual chair, Uri Raanan, was three hundred miles away, and as an adviser on his future academic career as he was about to enter the job market. I liked John but he had one glaring fault: he complained too much. I attributed that to the fact he was the most junior scholar at FPRI.

On the first day I was at FPRI, John told me that while he was the listed editor at *Orbis*, the real editor was Dan Pipes. Pipes, he said, chose the articles, did the editing, and, he alleged, was trying to turn *Orbis* into a neocon journal—another *Commentary*. Moreover, Maurer was convinced Daniel was seeking to convert FPRI into a neocon think tank. That, among other reasons, was why, John said, Pipes was trying to get rid of Michael, Vlad, and other scholars who were not neocons. AEI was already undergoing a neocon

conversion, the Hudson Institute would soon follow; if FPRI now continued that trend it would mean a clean sweep for the neocons among the center-right think tanks.<sup>5</sup>

In the next two weeks John filled me in on all the FPRI news and gossip. He was resentful that the Institute would not provide funding for his research. He complained that FPRI took on projects but then failed to fund them, expecting the scholars to pay research expenses out of their own pockets. He blamed Al Luxenberg and President Marvin Wachman for this but, to my surprise, spared Pipes from this criticism “because he was on the side of the scholars.” He told me about the attempts to fire Vlad and Michael’s temper tantrums. He complained that FPRI was way too top-heavy with administrators (Marvin, Daniel, Lynn, Alan), whom he thought formed a cabal, but had too few scholars. From Maurer I also heard my first criticisms of Marvin, who to me had always been both jovial and very generous. John’s view was that behind the smile Wachman could be cutthroat and a heartless budget-cutter; he reported that Marvin had many enemies among the faculty at Temple.

Maurer had just been married; their first baby was on the way. They had been living in Philadelphia with his parents, but now they had their own apartment. But Maurer’s salary was even lower than that of the other scholars and, lacking a Ph.D., he was not in a good bargaining position. Plus, with Daniel helping direct *Orbis*, John felt superfluous in his position and believed—correctly as it turned out—that he would soon be replaced. He himself was lobbying to get out of his *Orbis* responsibilities, preferring to work on his dissertation, but I thought that was a mistake: FPRI was not much interested in his dissertation topic (the naval rivalry leading to World War I), and his title as editor of *Orbis* was his main claim to fame. If he let that go, FPRI would have no more reason to keep him.

Maurer was the first to tell me about the weaknesses of the Penn Political Science Department. He said it was especially weak in international relations, comparative politics, and foreign policy—precisely my fields. John argued that of all the Ivy League universities, Penn was the weakest, especially in political science. Since the days of Strausz-Hupé, Kintner, Pfaltzgraff, and others, he said, the Penn IR offerings had gone way downhill. Since I was already contemplating, post-AEI, the possibility of staying in Philadelphia, putting together an arrangement that would include both a research position at FPRI and a professorship at Penn, this was very interesting news. But it could cut either way: if Penn’s was a good political science department, then that would be a step up the academic ladder for me; if it was bad, they might be more eager to hire me, but would I be interested? Later in my sojourn at FPRI I would explore these possibilities further.

Every time that I was at FPRI, Maurer would find a time to come into my office and fill me in on the latest news. I was there primarily to get my writing done but it was also interesting, which I dutifully recorded in my journal, to hear John's take on things. He reported that Pipes was assuming more and more of his editorial responsibilities and was seeking to shove him aside and replace him. He told me that his mentor (and my friend) Uri Raanan had recently left Fletcher, recruited by John Silber, for greener pastures at Boston University. He told me that Bob Pfaltzgraff, who had left FPRI to form his own think tank in Cambridge, is quick, animated, shrewd, well-connected, bright, and charming; but he had less flattering things to say about other colleagues.

Maurer reported that Pfaltzgraff had a formula for establishing a successful think tank that he was putting into operation in Cambridge. Since that may be of general interest to readers of this book, I repeat the formula here:

1. Have a connection with a graduate school of a major university. That gives permanence, prestige, and legitimacy to your think tank; it also enables you to have faculty associates without having to pay for them, as at (once upon a time) CSIS and Georgetown, the Hoover Institution and Stanford, or FPRI and Penn.
2. Cultivate strong ties with the local business-banking-insurance community. That not only helps you in fund-raising; it also provides political connections and plush venues in which to hold lectures and conferences.
3. Maintain connections with a publisher as an outlet for the think tank's publications. That is far less expensive than an in-house publications staff.
4. Have a fund-raising office that can not only raise general funds but can also match up scholar projects with donors.
5. Publish a journal like *Orbis*, a monthly bulletin, or an occasional papers series as an outlet for briefer research results.
6. Open a Washington office, even if it consists of only one person, both to keep current on policy issues and to pick up government contracts. Use a well-connected Washington representative and, in return for services, provide a think tank and/or university affiliation.

Not a bad formula. And one I have similarly advocated and followed at different stages, academic and think tank, in my career. Meanwhile Maurer himself was more and more on the outs with the powers that be at FPRI. He now told me that he "couldn't stand" Marvin Wachman. He said he "couldn't wait to get out" of FPRI and that he was applying for various academic positions. Frankly, given the academic job market and that Maurer

had neither a Ph.D. nor to my eye was making much progress on it at FPRI, I doubted if he had very many possibilities. Thinking politically, I told him it was not a good idea to burn all his bridges at the Institute before he had landed a new position.

It was with considerable surprise, therefore, that we learned in April that Maurer had landed another job. He was headed to the Naval War College in Newport News, Rhode Island. John was ecstatic, it was his dream job, and probably the War College was the best place for him. He was a specialist in naval history and the Navy would value his expertise, he was conservative and so would fit into the military culture, and he was a slow writer so he might not survive in a civilian university where publish or perish was the rule. John told me that when he got the news, he immediately went in to see director Pipes to give notice. He half expected to be fired on the spot but that did not happen: Daniel even congratulated him and wished him well. Maurer told me he was also thinking of marching in, now that he had a secure job, and telling Daniel off; but he fortunately refrained from that.

That was not quite the end of the Maurer-FPRI saga, however. For he had also agreed—a longtime commitment—to complete a monograph on naval strategy for publication by the Institute. John was struggling with the writing and was not sure he would finish on time, to which Daniel reportedly replied that if he didn't finish, and in a good and acceptable form, he would not be paid for the months of June and July. That threat prompted Maurer to write more quickly and to complete a first draft, but it needed editing and was not yet acceptable to Daniel. The June 30 payday came and John was not paid. He was angry, marching up and down the hallways accusing Daniel of deceit and vindictiveness. It was another one of those tense days at FPRI where the staff, scholars, and everyone seemed to be on edge.

Maurer was unhappy for several days and was out of the office. I told him to stop suffering, swallow his pride, and concentrate on finalizing the monograph so he could get paid and finish this chapter in his life. Eventually he came back to the office looking for Wachman, stating a lawyer had told him it was illegal to withhold pay. Things escalated from there with John threatening to sue and engaging a lawyer. Marvin, playing his go-between role, interceded with Pipes. But Daniel pulled out a signed agreement from Maurer promising to finish the monograph and stating FPRI could withhold his pay until he produced an acceptable manuscript. The impasse continued for another month until John finally finished and he received his pay.

Poor John, he was from a nice family, well educated, and was the most decent and civilized guy at FPRI. Maybe he just wasn't cut out for the cutthroat politics of the academic or think tank life—perhaps another reason the Naval War College was a good position for him. On his last day at FPRI the other scholars and

I took him out for lunch. He thanked me profusely for being his friend, guiding his career, and providing him with sound advice over the past year. I told him not to burn any bridges and that it would be good for his career if he could work out a continuing relationship with FPRI. But by this stage he was so angry and bitter that he could not conceive of doing so.

This was actually a farewell lunch not just for Maurer but others of us as well. Vlad, John, and I were all just about to leave for other if not greener pastures. We teased Michael Radu that with all three of us going, he would now have to deal with the director all by himself. What a prospect! Michael was keenly aware of the problem: he would have loved to be leaving too but he had no offers. The next several years would be stormy.

Maurer went on to a full, twenty-year career at the War College. He didn't publish a lot but it was respectable: two single-authored books, two edited volumes, and several scholarly articles. He won the Navy's Meritorious Civilian Service Award, served on the Navy secretary's advisory board on naval history, and rose to be chair of the War College's Strategy and Policy Department. He even worked out an arrangement with FPRI to serve as an Associate Scholar! So maybe my advice about not burning bridges and keeping an FPRI connection had been heeded after all.

### The Associates

In addition to its paid scholars, FPRI had a number of associates. The associates had a formal appointment with the Institute but were not on a regular salary. They were part-timers, usually members of the Penn faculty, who saw the advantages of being associated with a major foreign policy think tank. Only a couple of the associates had offices at FPRI and showed up regularly; the others put in once a month or even less frequent appearances. As a result, I only got to know a handful of the associates.

Alvin Rubinstein was a full professor at Penn, a Senior Associate at FPRI, and a gem of a fellow. He was a specialist in the Soviet Union and Soviet policy toward the Third World, had published extensively, and was an acknowledged expert in his field. He was also moderate and level-headed, quite a contrast with the more ideological and inflammatory figures at the Institute.

Al took me to lunch the first week I was there and filled me in on all the skeletons in the closet, both at FPRI and in the Penn Political Science Department. He told me that the Political Science Department had had the "courage" to break with FPRI only after the influential, strong-willed Strausz-Hupé had left for his ambassadorship, and Al thought, as I did, that the divorce was a mistake, bad for both parties. At present, he said, no one at

the Institute had a full-time position at Penn, nor did anyone at Penn work full-time at the Institute—to the loss of both institutions. Rubinstein also told me that he was unhappy with FPRI's leadership and thought it was going in “some wrong directions,” but he tried to stay above those battles while using FPRI as his research base.

When I wanted sensible and balanced information about FPRI and Penn, I usually turned to Al. He was also my conduit to and champion in the Penn Political Science Department, in case I decided to seek a position there. As early as October he told me that Penn's Poli Sci Department was looking for a Latin Americanist, though it was at the assistant professor level and, of the *six* (no less!) positions open that year, the Latin America one was the department's third highest priority. I then asked if we could combine the Latin America slot with a comparative politics position and raise it to a full professorship; there would also have to be a position for Iêda.

A little while later Al approached me with the idea of my applying for the position of director of the International Relations Program at Penn, which also carried with it a tenured slot in the political science department. The IR Program was an endowed, undergraduate, interdisciplinary, degree-granting program; my role would be to advise undergrad students and teach one seminar each semester. Al was on the search committee and the position sounded promising: my own program, endowed, a small staff so little administrative work, a light teaching load, plenty of time for my own research and writing. This sounded more promising—until he told me that he and others at high levels in the university wanted to eliminate the program. So much for that possibility. Nevertheless, Al promised to keep me informed if other UPenn positions opened up.

Arthur Waldron was another FPRI associate. He was a professor in the Penn history department and a China specialist. I did not get to know Arthur very well during that year because he seldom came to FPRI, but I knew and respected his scholarship. Arthur was close to Daniel and had been his roommate in college; the other scholars sometimes resented their close relationship. In addition, Waldron was thought by the other scholars to be unusual among the associates because he had a paid position. They resented that because their own salaries were so low: the zero-sum assumption was, more money for Arthur meant less for them. While we didn't see him often, I kept up with Arthur's career and over the years saw him occasionally at conferences, professional meetings, and think tank gatherings.

Theodore (Dore) Friend was president of the Eisenhower Institute in Philadelphia and an FPRI associate. The Eisenhower Institute had its own small but plush building in downtown Philly; it specialized in bringing foreign scholars

and political activists to the U.S. for a long-term stay so they could really get to know our country. He was a Williams College grad, a Yale Ph.D., and, prior to taking on the Eisenhower program, had been president of Swarthmore College outside Philadelphia. Dore was, in addition to his responsibilities at Eisenhower, a Southeast Asia and, especially, a Philippines expert. He had been active in the anti-Ferdinand Marcos movement and, like me from my early 1980s period at Harvard, was a friend of newly elected president Cory Aquino.

Dore and his wife Elizabeth were nice, cultivated, sophisticated people. It was a pleasure to get to know them in Philadelphia. We got along well and kept promising that we'd get together more often, but we did so only occasionally. We shared a lot of research experiences abroad, political views, and even age. But Dore was one of those people that drive you crazy as a friend: he was so handsome, so polished, so accomplished, so smooth as to put the rest of us to shame. He always seemed to say exactly the right things and to have led a charmed life—versus my own experience which was to say the wrong thing half the time and to have to battle for every advantage. You know the type I'm talking about: you admire them for their accomplishments but at the same time hate them for their suaveness and seeming effortless-ness. I'm sure, and in fact know, that Dore had also had his ups and downs, but on the surface at least he was one of the smoothest guys I've ever met.

## Notes

1. One time, at another of my former employers, the University of Massachusetts, because of a combination of demographics and a new, attractive, early-retirement law, a whole generation of these essential women retired all in one year. As a result, the University ground to a halt and was all but paralyzed for several years afterwards.

2. Howard J. Wiarda and Vladimir Tismaneanu, guest editors, "The Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes," Special issue of *World Affairs* (Spring, 1988).

3. Howard J. Wiarda, "Is Cuba Next: The Crisis of the Castro Regime," *Problems of Communism* (January-April, 1991) 84–93; Howard J. Wiarda, "Cuba and U.S. Foreign Policy in Latin America," *World Affairs*, 150 (Winter, 1987–88) 205–18; and my chapter in Sung Chul Yang (ed.), *Democracy and Communism* (Seoul: Korean Association of International Studies, 1995).

4. Howard J. Wiarda, "Friendly Tyrants and American Interests," in Daniel Pipes and Adam Garfinkle (eds.), *Friendly Tyrants: An American Dilemma* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1991) 3–20.

5. Howard J. Wiarda, *Conservative Braintrust: The Rise, Fall, and Rise Again of AEI* (*The American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research*). (Lanham, MD: Lexington Books, 2009).

## CHAPTER FIVE



# The Central Administration

At the time that I was at FPRI, the Institute had a three-person (plus secretaries and staff) central administration consisting of Marvin Wachman (president), Daniel Pipes (director), and Alan Luxenberg (associate director). Lynn Smith as administrative assistant was sometimes included in this group but she really had no directing or managerial responsibilities.

Some of the scholars, most notably Michael Radu, thought this structure made FPRI top-heavy, that the weight ought to be loaded more heavily on the scholarly side and the administrative side reduced. But Marvin Wachman's position was only part-time and he was also essential for keeping FPRI afloat, both financially and politically; Pipes, despite the controversies about him, was a serious scholar who often put his own research above his administrative responsibilities; and Luxenberg, in addition to largely running the Institute on a day-to-day basis, was also a promising academic finishing up his thesis work at Temple University. I don't agree with the scholars that FPRI was top-heavy; in addition, after experiencing over the previous seven years the truly top-heavy and incompetent administration at AEI that drove the institution into the ground and bankruptcy, I thought the FPRI balance between research and fund-raising/administration was just about right.

### **Alan Luxenberg**

Alan Luxenberg was, to my mind (but not to everyone at FPRI), a gem of a fellow and the person who kept the Institute on track and running on a

daily basis. Along with Lynn Smith, Alan, or “Lux” as he was known, was the first one to greet me when I arrived at FPRI and to get me settled. He was the only administrator there all day and every day. Without him, FPRI would not function.

Alan had already been at FPRI for twelve years when I arrived there, which meant he stretched back to the Kintner era. That also means he had seen both the good times and the bad times of the early 1980s. Moreover, he has been there ever since; only his title has changed, from associate director to vice president now. That means a total of thirty-two years, or a lifetime, of work at FPRI. Such dedication and commitment, especially since FPRI salaries are not high, are very hard to find in any institution.

Lux and I got along well from the very beginning. Except for the typing issue which he helped mediate, I tried mightily not to give him trouble on an everyday basis as Michael seemed to do. Nor did I pull rank, as some of the scholars did, and treat him in an overbearing fashion. In addition, Alan and I had an academic or scholarly connection: he was writing his thesis at Temple on the relations of the Eisenhower Administration with the Batista regime in Cuba. I helped him organize, conceptualize, and edit the manuscript.

Contrary to much popular lore (and the Marxist-driven Left’s point of view), the United States did not support Batista up until the end, thus paving the way for Castro’s revolution and presumably justifying its anti-Americanism. Instead, the U.S. cut off military assistance to Batista, sought to get him to reform his regime, and urged him to share power more broadly. That the U.S. ultimately failed in pushing those policies should not detract from the fact that it tried and it should not be condemned falsely for “siding with Batista.” Alan had documented all this in his thesis and asked me what he should do with it. So in addition to advice on the thesis, I helped Alan get its main results published in the *Journal of Inter-American Studies and World Affairs*, the leading journal in the field. After that, Alan was not only my friend by also in my debt, and over the years we have worked closely together and he has returned the favor.

I thought Alan was a good administrator, but others disputed that view. He got the paperwork done, made the wheels at FPRI turn, and kept the “troops” from going completely off the reservation. Most importantly, he served as intermediary and go-between between Wachman and the scholars and staff, and between Daniel and the scholars and staff. Mediating between Wachman and the scholars and staff was not all that difficult because he was genial and, generally, easy-going; besides he was there not all that often. But Daniel was sometimes a different story. He was young and at times brash; he could also

be short and curt with the staff. Alan had to smooth over the difficulties not only with the staff but also, occasionally, with the scholars. We would see him trudging down the hallway putting out the occasional brushfire or serving as intermediary between administration and scholars. Lux handled these talks well and even managed to smooth some ruffled feathers in the process.

The process also worked the other way. Whenever I needed something from Wachman or Daniel, I would go see Alan first. He would tell me the lay of the land—that is, what the mood (or the finances!) was at that time. Armed with this knowledge, I would either go see Marvin or Pipes personally or channel my requests through Alan. In addition to these essential tasks, Alan helped set up a series of lectures (see chapter 8) for me in Philadelphia, helped me get an op-ed published on our “Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes” project, arranged for me to have a student assistant from Penn to help with my research, and, as a scholar himself, served as an essential facilitator of my (mostly) happy and peaceful year at FPRI.

It remains a mystery to some of his friends why Alan didn’t go on to bigger and better things. He certainly had the skills and talents to work in a bigger, higher-paying think tank or university. And at one point during my time there, he confessed to me that after twelve years, including two very difficult ones having to deal with Daniel, he was fed up and looking for another job. But he also had strong ties to Philadelphia and strong loyalties to FPRI. So either he decided not to leave or he did not get the other job offers he was hoping for. In any case, the Institute is the great beneficiary of Alan’s staying there. Almost single-handedly he is the one who held it together during difficult times.

### Marvin Wachman

FPRI had a dual executive. It consisted of a president, Marvin Wachman, and a director, Daniel Pipes. That marked a change from the earlier structure established by the Institute’s founder, Strausz-Hupé. Under the old system, S-H had served as director and his colleague Bill Kintner as associate director; the new system, changed in 1975, called for both a president and a director. Under the new system Marvin, as president beginning in 1983, was largely responsible for fund-raising, outside relations (with the trustees, the community, etc.), and the overall direction and oversight of FPRI, whereas Daniel, as director, was responsible for the research product and the day-to-day direction of the academic program. In general this dual system of executive authority worked well, although there was some overlap between responsibilities and sometimes friction between president and director. Complicating

the picture were the facts that Marvin was there only part of the day whereas Daniel was generally present all day, and that Alan Luxenberg as associate director really ran the Institute on a daily basis thus freeing up Daniel to concentrate on new ideas and his own research.

Marvin Wachman, as president of FPRI, had been the main person responsible for bringing me to the Institute as the Hooper Fellow. He had taken one look at my c.v., publications record, and Washington/AEI connections and vaulted me to the top of the candidate list. Marvin thought of me as more moderate in my views than some of the other scholars at FPRI, with fewer hard ideological edges. He recognized that I was not a neocon but was very respectful of my writing and research record. He also saw me, it later turned out, as a possible successor either to Daniel as director or to himself as president. I'm not sure if Daniel, therefore, saw me as a potential rival; our relations remained cool.

But not so with Marvin. From the first he welcomed me cordially and with open arms. On my initial day there, August 31, 1987, he called me personally to welcome me to the Institute. A few days later he called to invite me to his house for dinner. He picked me up at FPRI and personally drove me back downtown afterwards.

Marvin's wife was Adeline (Addie) from Kalamazoo, Michigan, near my hometown of Grand Rapids. Both of them were extremely cordial to me and very sharp; they both had Ph.D.s from the University of Illinois. It was a wonderful dinner of elegantly stuffed fish at his comfortable but still modest home in Chestnut Hill, a pleasant and historic neighborhood up the Schuylkill River from Center City. She was more liberal than he and asked me about Chile, El Salvador, and Nicaragua—all, then, hot topics. He extolled the virtues of Philadelphia: how pleasant it was to live here, the low cost of housing compared to Washington, and the vigorous intellectual life. I was already feeling the vibes that Marvin was seeking to recruit me for something.

Marvin Wachman had been born in Milwaukee, became a champion tennis player (he and I played frequently in Philadelphia), won an athletic scholarship to Northwestern where he also earned BA and MA degrees, and then coached tennis at Illinois (where he met Adeline) while simultaneously earning his Ph.D. in history. He spent four years in the Army, 1942–1946, before settling into a professorship at Colgate in upstate New York from 1946–1961. In 1961 Marvin was recruited, by Thurgood Marshall who was an alumnus, to serve as president of Lincoln University, 1961–1970, a small and financially troubled majority-black school in southeastern Pennsylvania. Marvin helped rescue Lincoln from financial disaster and saved the school, thus establishing a reputation as a savior of institutions that he would put to good use in the future.

In 1970 he was named vice president for academic affairs at Temple University, another, but much bigger, troubled institution in central Philadelphia. In 1973 he moved up to president, served for a full decade, helped save that institution as well, and then moved over to the less onerous position of chancellor—1982–2000. When FPRI in the early 1980s was reeling from the departures of Strausz-Hupé, Kintner, and Pfaltzgraff, from unstable and uncertain leadership, and from profligate spending that drove the Institute to near-bankruptcy, Marvin was once again called upon as institution-saver. Between 1983 and 1989 he occupied the presidency of FPRI while simultaneously serving as chancellor at Temple (mornings at Temple, afternoons at FPRI).

He balanced the books, brought in a new generation of scholars, raised new money, and recruited Daniel Pipes as director, a decision he was proud of but also, he said, gave him second thoughts. I hadn't even known the FPRI job was open in 1986, the year Pipes was recruited; had I known, Marvin asked me, would I have been interested? Probably yes, I now say in retrospect; it's always nice to have your own think tank.

The Wachmans were consistently kind and gracious to me during my time at FPRI. They invited Iêda and me to dinner at their home on several occasions. When Addie couldn't go, Marvin invited me to Temple football games where we sat in the presidential box and I could watch him in his element: as a politician in the best sense, knowing everyone, shaking hands all around, slapping backs and swapping stories. Marvin introduced me to everyone there; again I had the distinct feeling he was grooming me for something. Addie, Marvin, and I also attended theater productions in Philadelphia ("Voices Off"), music concerts, and political events where I met both ex-mayor (and very controversial) Frank Rizzo and then current mayor Wilson Goode. Marvin further introduced me to the banking, business, insurance, moneyed interests of Philadelphia, the publishers of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* (as well as foreign affairs writer Trudy Ruben who covered all FPRI's events), and the blue-bloods from the Main Line. Now I surely knew Marvin had something in mind for me.

Marvin was a "Connector" in Malcolm Gladwell's term, someone who knows lots of influential people and can change or initiate events by bringing them together. He was like Bill Clinton in this regard. I saw him do this on numerous occasions on the outside, in the larger Philadelphia political arena, but most often observed him operating within FPRI. There Marvin served as a go-between: between the trustees and FPRI, between Daniel and the scholars, between Daniel and the staff, between Daniel and the trustees, between Daniel and *Orbis*, and, occasionally, between individual scholars or staffers. Here Marvin was at his diplomatic best, smoothing over conflicts,

easing tensions, applying a little “grease” to get the Institute through its disruptive moments. It was Marvin who also interceded with Daniel to get typing support for me, to keep Vlad on as a scholar, to get Maurer paid at last, and to keep Michael working on his projects.

Not everyone always appreciated Marvin’s efforts. Several of the scholars told me that Wachman had angered many on the faculty at Temple when he’d had to implement budget cuts that sometimes eliminated tenured faculty and even whole departments. At FPRI, Michael was a severe, even mocking critic of Wachman, even though it was Marvin who had saved Michael’s job on many occasions. Several of the scholars questioned how much Marvin’s PR work in greater Philadelphia really benefitted the Institute (I had no doubts about those benefits at all, but then I was often a beneficiary of them) and even what he did to earn his salary. I continued to believe Marvin had almost single-handedly saved FPRI both financially and politically when it was threatened with dissolution in the early 1980s, but Maurer told me the state of the finances was still precarious and that Marvin had “saved” the Institute only by shifting funds around, not by raising more or new funds. I think it was my experience in a far larger think tank, AEI, as it went through its budget-cum-administrative crisis in the mid-1980s that, by comparison, led me to a more positive and charitable assessment of Marvin’s role at FPRI.

As the year wore on I continued to see the Wachmans socially, outside the Institute as well as in the corridors at FPRI. On the several occasions that my wife Iêda joined me in Philadelphia, the Wachmans were invariably gracious in inviting us to dinner, the theater, or museum exhibits. They were nice people and we got along well. But Marvin had other things in mind. On several occasions, after introducing us around, he would inquire if we had any interest in staying on in Philadelphia and at FPRI. What, precisely, he had in mind was never made clear and no explicit offer was ever made. But two possibilities presented themselves: one was that I would replace Daniel as director; the second was that I would succeed Marvin himself, then going on 70, as president.

These were interesting possibilities, and quite complicated. After seven years at AEI, I was strongly attracted to Washington and Washington policy-making; Philadelphia was an interesting city and much closer to Washington than Amherst. At the same time, I was fascinated by the role of think tanks in policy, and being director or president of my own research institute was undoubtedly attractive. On the other hand, there were big family issues: were we willing to give up our nice house and farmland in Amherst, were we willing to give up a tenured full professorship at UMass, and could we find an appropriate teaching or research position for Iêda? For me, personally, two big, important issues were at the forefront: could I work

alongside, Daniel and would I really want to take on, at this stage of life, new administrative chores? The second issue was, since FPRI still looked precarious to me financially and perhaps in other ways, that I would need to have a tenured full professorship in case the Institute failed. Marvin was never fully clear on the first issue; the second he decided to take up seriously with Penn. More on this below.

Marvin stayed on as president of FPRI until 1989. By then he had passed his seventieth birthday. But he was still energetic and enthusiastic. Even after leaving the Institute he hardly slowed down. That same year, 1989, he was named acting executive director of the Pennsylvania Higher Education Assistance Agency. A year later he was named acting president of the Philadelphia College of Textiles and Sciences, and in 1991–1992 he took on the presidency of still one more troubled institution, Albright College. Meantime he began working on his memoir, *The Education of a University President*, published by Temple University Press in 2005, as he closed in on his ninetieth birthday. In the book Wachman confesses that he is a “liberal,” though a very pragmatic one, and that he views his life as a continuous learning process. He is curiously silent about FPRI.

### Daniel Pipes

When I first contemplated writing about FPRI, I thought of the project as part of a series about think tanks and their role in foreign policy. And the think tanks I would be writing about—AEI, the Weatherhead Center for International Affairs at Harvard, FPRI—were all institutions with which I had been associated. The series would therefore be both analytical and, in part, autobiographical: how they work and influence policy as well as my own experiences in them. But as I reviewed my notes, files, and journals for the book, over time I came to realize the real subject was as much FPRI’s director, Daniel Pipes, as it was the Institute or me. Daniel was a larger-than-life figure, often controversial, hard to be neutral about. Hence the focus in this section on FPRI under his direction.

First, it needs to be said that Daniel is a very accomplished scholar and writer. Currently he is the director of the small (\$2 million budget) and specialized think tank, the Middle East Forum, in Philadelphia, as well as a distinguished visiting fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University. He is a specialist on the Middle East, Islam, and the Muslim world. His biweekly column appears regularly in newspapers around the world, and his website is one of the most accessed internet resources of authoritative information on Islam and the Middle East.

Daniel received his AB (1971) and Ph.D. (1978) in history from Harvard. He has a brilliant and incisive mind and superb writing skills. He is the son of the famed Harvard historian Richard Pipes, author of many works on Russian and Soviet history, who also served as President Ronald Reagan's chief Soviet affairs analyst on the National Security Council. There is a lot of family history here.

Daniel spent six years studying abroad, including three years in Egypt. He speaks French as well as Arabic and German. While in Egypt he compiled a widely used users' guide to the Arabic language.

Dr. Pipes has taught at the University of Chicago, Harvard University, the U.S. Naval War College, and Pepperdine University. None of these academic appointments led to tenure or a full professorship; Pipes has been more at home during his career in the think tank and policy world. His stints in or with the U.S. government include two presidentially appointed positions, vice president of the Fulbright Board of Foreign Scholarships, and board member of the United States Institute of Peace. He assumed the directorship of FPRI in 1986, the year before I arrived, and remained in that position until 1993, when he left to form his own small think tank, the Middle East Forum.

Pipes is an excellent scholar and writer, and is the author of twelve books. Four of these deal with Islam: *Slave Soldiers and Islam* (1981); *In the Path of God* (1983), which had just come out during my period at FPRI; *the Rushdie Affair* (1990), which he was working on while I was there and parts of which I read in manuscript form; and *Militant Islam Reaches America* (2002), about the 9/11 terrorist attacks. In addition, he has written three books about Syria and four more dealing with other Middle Eastern topics. *Conspiracy* is a book about conspiracy theories in Europe and America.

Daniel is a wordsmith who prides himself on writing, editing, and fashioning elegant prose. During my time at FPRI, he not only directed the Institute but was also serving as the de facto editor of its prestigious international affairs journal, *Orbis*. In this capacity he sometimes angered the actual editor, John Maurer, by assuming some of his editorial roles. Daniel also angered some of the contributors to *Orbis*, themselves often accomplished writers, by editing their prose in ways that they sometimes considered heavy-handed.

Daniel could be an exacting taskmaster. He himself possessed a brilliant mind; he was an accomplished scholar, and as a writer and editor he demanded high standards from everyone. He often worked at home on his own writings in the early mornings, usually came into FPRI later in the morning to do the administrative work of the Institute, and often stayed late into the

afternoon working on various projects. Since I also think of myself as a hard worker and a good, solid writer, I admired these traits in Dan Pipes.

A perfectionist himself, Daniel could be at times abrupt and impatient with those who failed to come up to his standards and expectations. At FPRI, that sometimes meant staff, the other scholars, writers who contributed to *Orbis* or to FPRI research projects, and even the board of trustees. Of course, in any organization there are bound to be tensions like this, but at FPRI the tensions seemed to rise above the normal office politics.

I had not met Daniel before joining FPRI, though I had met his father during my AEI years in the 1980s and knew about the son's scholarly work. When I first met Daniel at FPRI, he was pleasant enough in a formal way but not very warm or forthcoming. I attributed this to shyness, to the fact he was still new in the job of FPRI director, and the fact I was about ten years older than he.

Even in that initial meeting, however, I sensed some bad vibrations. Could it be, I wondered to myself, that as an older and more established (a full professorship with tenure) scholar, and with long policy, think tank, and Washington experience, I was viewed by Daniel as a potential rival to him within the Institute? The idea seemed preposterous at the time; I was at FPRI to do my research and writing, to finish up the several scholarly projects on which I was working, and then, after my one-year fellowship was up, to go back to my tenured professorship in Amherst. But over the course of that year, FPRI's president, Marvin Wachman, began talking to me about the possibility of taking over the directorship or the presidency at FPRI. The plan, if it was that, never came to fruition (see the following chapters), but it also meant that perhaps Daniel was correct to worry about possible competition emanating from my presence at the Institute.

In the next weeks and months at FPRI, I tried several times to talk with Daniel about future research projects, grants and foundations that we might go after for funding, and future directions for the Institute. I did this politely, with deference to his position as director, and as a "good citizen" seeking to offer positive advice to the institution with which I had affiliated. Perhaps I am misreading Daniel's response or perhaps he really did see me as a potential rival. Motivations and inner thoughts are always hard to decipher, but I felt in these meetings that my suggestions and ideas were rather consistently rejected or repudiated. Over time, without the sense that my suggestions would go anywhere, I simply gave up on offering advice to Daniel and concentrated almost entirely on my own research and writings. I thought my ideas would strengthen the Institute and therefore was saddened when I saw no follow-up; on the other hand, I was always perfectly happy to do my own work.

We did have one blow-up that year, although it was over a relatively minor issue and handled and ultimately resolved indirectly and through third parties. Daniel had recently (1987) been converted to using computers for his writing, office, and administrative work; he wanted everyone else in the office to similarly convert. I, a luddite at that time, preferred, like Joyce Carol Oates, James Patterson, and J. K. Rowling, to write by hand, and thought I was a better writer for doing so. I could write memos, letters, and short pieces on the computer; but for manuscripts, I preferred, and still do prefer, longhand.

Hence I didn't take Daniel's views about converting to computers very seriously—probably a bad mistake on my part—thinking of it as an option rather than an order, and as I'd done in the past gave one of my handwritten manuscripts to Sandy Bailey for her to distribute to the typing pool. When I next came into the office, it was obvious that an explosion had occurred. The office staff was in turmoil, the untyped manuscript had been returned to my desk, and the corridors were alive with chatter and gossip. Through the good offices of Sandy, Al Luxemburg, and even FPRI president Marvin Wachman, all my manuscripts were typed in a timely fashion. Lynn Smith cheered me by offering the thought, "What if Henry Kissinger were the Hooper Fellow (my position) and we refused to type his manuscripts?" Around FPRI, this became known as "The Great Typing Crisis."

But this blow-up was relatively minor compared to others that occurred that year at FPRI. Not so much with me—I had a secure position elsewhere, and would only be there for one year, but with others at FPRI, including the staff, the scholars, the adjuncts, and other contributors. The Institute seemed to me to be a smoldering volcano that could explode at any time. During these times I was very happy to be able to concentrate on my writings.

I always thought the staff, the gatekeepers, at FPRI were excellent: friendly, hard-working, competent, professional. Though I wasn't privy to all that went on, and in most instances didn't want to know, it was plain to me that there was a lot of tension in the central office. On at least two occasions members of the staff came crying into my office to complain about their treatment. The complaints centered on arbitrary treatment, an authoritarian workplace, and insensitivity by FPRI's director. It wasn't my business, or responsibility, to get involved in these matters and I tried to avoid the conflicts, but after all I did work there and people did seem to confide in me. During one of these big crises, Gina, a secretary, left to take a position with a center-city company, but then mysteriously returned after a few weeks, with no explanation. Head Secretary Sandy, whose patience in all these disputes seemed inexhaustible, also threatened to leave but used that threat to secure

a nice raise for herself. From the staff's point of view, FPRI seemed not a very happy place to work.

From the reports I received, it was at least as unhappy a situation for the scholars. But here the complaints varied widely, from person to person and over specific issues. Again, a lot of these tensions are normal in any workplace but some of them seemed to go beyond everyday frictions. All the scholars, for example, complained about their low pay which was in fact, by Washington think tank standards, abysmally low—and these were, with one exception, persons with Ph.D.s. The scholars also complained that their writings were seldom read in policy circles, that they had little influence in Washington, and that they were seldom invited to give lectures or make television appearances. But these are the laments of scholars everywhere, whether university or think tank-based, and could hardly be laid at the feet of FPRI's director.

More serious were the complaints about the internal administration of FPRI. Here the complaints were mainly that Daniel did not adequately consult with the scholars, that he administered FPRI in a top-down manner, that he was too imperious. The scholars further complained that he over-edited their manuscripts, that the director implemented rules without first talking to them, that he was overly secretive.

I was not sure how to respond to these complaints, which the scholars frequently unloaded on me as a senior person, presumably fair and balanced, and as a one-year appointment, with no real stake in the outcome. I usually listened carefully to the complaints, tried to calm things down and smooth things over, while also jotting down notes in my journal for future reference. Essentially what I thought I was hearing was the difference between the academic model of governance and a more business-oriented way of doing things. The scholars, having grown up and spent most of their time in academia, much preferred the consultative, participatory, university model. But think tanks are private agencies, often with precarious budgets, whose administrators must always keep in mind the bottom line and must sometimes govern from the top-down. FPRI, like AEI, was closer to the business model; management there was actually meant to *manage*, even if its products were mainly scholarship and academic reports. And that was also Daniel's view of things, although I also concluded he could have been more consultative and perhaps less intimidating and arbitrary as an administrator.

While FPRI was a stand-alone research institute, as a think tank with its own journal it also maintained relations with a vast network of outside scholars, writers, politicians, and policy consultants. Here again Daniel ran into difficulties. He himself was an excellent writer and stylist; he was also an exacting

task-master. He not only edited all FRPI book projects and publications, he also, as the de facto editor of *Orbis*, edited all those articles. While all of us would-be writers value a good copy editor that improves our “immortal” prose, sometimes Daniel was a bit too heavy-handed in reshaping the scholars’ written words. At times he changed the author’s meaning, which is the bane of all writers. And there were occasional lapses where manuscripts were heavily edited, meanings were changed, and, usually because of time constraints and deadlines, no opportunity was given to the author to review the final changes. Among scholars and writers, this last is an unpardonable sin.

During my time at FPRI, there were several major blow-ups between the scholars and/or contributors and Daniel over such writing and editing issues. A number of these were senior scholars and good writers not used to having their prose tampered with. On a few occasions they wrote letters of protest, withdrew (or threatened to) their manuscripts from FPRI publications, or contacted me with their complaints. I tried to stay out of their disputes, which were really between editor and author. They were another example, like those involving staff or resident scholars, that contributed to the electric, often tension-filled, and conflict-prone atmosphere at FPRI.

I had quite some time before concluded that our director, while possessing a sharp mind and superb writing skills, needed to develop his people skills. As an administrator, he sometimes exacerbated conflicts rather than smoothing them over, as Marvin did. Some of this I attributed to Daniel’s personality but a good part of it was also inexperience in administering a multifaceted institution with diverse employees and constituencies as FPRI had become. I found that over time I could work with Daniel on some projects but I stayed away from others. Meanwhile, I was there to do my own writing and research, and that is what I mainly did.

## CHAPTER SIX



# Work Life

Readers of the previous two chapters might come away with the impression that all we did at FPRI was gossip and play office politics. Or that the Institute was a hotbed of ideological and political conflict, a little “Peyton Place”—not in the sexual sense as portrayed in the novel but in terms of all the intrigue and office machinations.

In actuality, that was not at all the case. *All* the scholars at FPRI, including Daniel, were primarily dedicated to their research and writing. Gossip and office politics were what went on in the hallways, in the bathrooms, and around the water cooler or the coffee machine. It was a part-time, actually very small, preoccupation, not a full-time one. I would say that Michael Radu, John Maurer, and, on the other side, Daniel Pipes, were the ones most concerned with office politics; but the rest of us—Adam Garfinkle, Vlad Tismaneanu, and myself—were mainly there, as scholars, to do research and get our writing done. And that is what we did; all the rest was sideshow. But it was quite a sideshow, as chapters 4 and 5 recounted.

I saw my role as helping FPRI with various projects if I could—until discouraged by others—but I was mainly there to get my own research and writing completed. Occasional office negative reaction to some of my project ideas was not entirely unwelcome since that gave me even more time to work on my own projects. And work I did. Some of these projects I brought along to FPRI from the outside; others were conceived at the Institute. The record shows that I wrote, worked on, or edited six books while at FPRI, wrote a half-dozen scholarly articles and book chapters, and launched three new

projects. Aiding this productivity was the fact that FPRI provided a quiet environment, with a minimum of administrative responsibilities, private offices for the scholars, and unlimited copying and telephone privileges. Plus, wife Iêda was in Washington so I usually spent my evenings in Philadelphia working as well. It turned out to be an enormously productive year.

### Book Projects

My c.v. shows that I finished four books and monographs at FPRI during the 1987–1988 academic year and began two others. Not all of these four were completely written at FPRI, but three of them were and the other was finished there. That’s why, even with the sometimes office conflicts reported in the previous chapters, I’m eternally grateful to FPRI for awarding me the Hooper National Security Fellowship: it provided a marvelous environment in which to think, write, and do research.

#### *The Democratic Revolution in Latin America*

I had come to FPRI in the fall of 1987 with a grant from the Twentieth Century Fund (now, The Century Fund). Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., sat on the board of the Fund and he had been an enthusiastic reader and supporter of my proposal; so was family friend Peter Berle. It was a quite handsome grant, in the neighborhood of \$200,000 spread over two years. The topic was assessing the recent democratic transitions in Latin America.

The first year of the grant, 1986–1987, I had spent at AEI; that year was intended as a year of research. The Fund sent me a check every month; periodically, I was required to send them a progress report. The second year, my year at FPRI, was trickier. That was supposed to be the writing year. But the Fund no longer paid me monthly; it paid only when I had submitted finished, acceptable (to the Fund) chapters. I surmised when I heard of this scheme that the Fund must have had too many bad experiences with irresponsible scholars who pocketed the grant money but never finished an acceptable manuscript. I also had visions (not really), à la Charles Dickens in *A Christmas Carol*, of my children sitting around a cold fireplace at Christmas saying, “Daddy, Daddy, write faster so we can have heat and Christmas presents.”

Actually, I am a fast and efficient writer so that was not my problem. And if truth be told, I had finished not only all the research but most of the writing for this Fund project during that first year as well. In the book I had several background chapters on Latin America, the continuing struggle for democracy there, and U.S. policy toward the region. There followed new, fresh, and quite controversial chapters, since I had seen both these policies

up close and from the inside, on Jimmy Carter's human rights policy and Ronald Reagan's democracy initiatives. I traced both policies from the beginning and what was wrong with them as well as what was right.

There followed several, quite skeptical, and also controversial policy-recommendation chapters based on two equally controversial papers I had published a year or two earlier, with the titles of "Is Democracy Exportable?" (answer, no) and "Is Latin America Democratic and Does It Want to Be?" (again the answer is, probably not). You can tell from these titles that I come to these issues mainly from a realist as distinct from an idealist perspective and am skeptical of U.S. human rights and democracy-building policies in the non-Western or Third World. I am all in favor of democracy and human rights and favor limited U.S. efforts in these areas, but for the most part I don't think we as a nation know what we're doing when we try to build democracy in other people's countries. Look at Russia, Iraq, Egypt, or Afghanistan.

I spent the first month at FPRI writing steadily to finish the last two chapters of the democracy book. My journal records that on September 25, at 2:30 p.m., I let out a whoop to no one in particular and threw down my pen; the first draft was finished! As an author, it's such a relief to finish those last couple of pages, like a catharsis. The culmination of a year of writing! When he heard the noise in his neighboring office, John Maurer came running to ask what had happened. I told him I had finished, *finito*, the end of a full year of work. Maurer told me that for the past two days, as I finished up, I'd had such an intense look in my eyes that he wondered if something was wrong. Actually, during those two days as I neared the finish, I'd worked straight through, barely stopping for food or sleep. Giving birth to a book is (about) like giving birth to a baby: you can't imagine the adrenalin and exhilaration involved.

The next step was to get the book accepted by the Fund, not least so I could continue to be paid. Since Philadelphia was halfway to New York from Washington, I sometimes used that opportunity to travel by Amtrak Metroliner from Washington to New York for a session with my Fund project overseer, then double back the same day to Philadelphia and FPRI. I tried to do that once a month and with one chapter at a time because, even though I'd already finished the entire manuscript, I wanted to receive the checks for my completed chapters on a regular monthly basis.

The problem was that my Fund overseer insisted on giving me a hard time. She was Nina Massen, a young New Yorker just out of college. At first I tried to be pleasant and polite with Nina but, as with some at FPRI, she seemed immune to pleasantries. Nina was one of those persons which the New York publishing and foundation world is full of: in their early twenties, straight out of Smith College (or Wellesley or Mount Holyoke), graduates of English

departments, and thinking they know everything there is to know not only about the English language but also the substance of your research. Nina was that way: constantly nit-picking my manuscript, offering gratuitous criticism, often contradicting herself, making factual mistakes, and taking way too long—two months—to edit and return each chapter to me. Frankly, I can write chapters faster than she can read them! And I was in a hurry to move on to other projects; I sure didn't want this know-it-all to slow me down.

I'm always pleased to have an editor who can improve my prose and to work closely with a good editor. But Nina was not a good editor: she knew little about the topic, made inappropriate suggestions and editorial changes that wasted my time, and often by her editing changed—sin of all sins for editors—my meaning. I tried to be patient but eventually tired of the struggle. So I made an appointment to see her boss. But Marcía Bistryn (accented; I thought an affectation) turned out to be as sharp-edged as Nina. Were all young New York professional women like that in the 1980s: arrogant, pushy, argumentative, radical-feminists, man-haters? However, I did receive from Marcía the assurance that my chapters would henceforth be turned around in two weeks rather than two months and that she would personally supervise the editing and review process. The fact that I had friends on the Fund's board, Peter Berle and Arthur F. Schlesinger, Jr., and knew the director, Murray Rossánt, in a private capacity also helped ease and speed the process.

The story has a happy ending. I finished the final editing and collected my full grant. One of the unique features of the Fund grant was that, when my book was finished, *they* found a publisher for it and it was published as a Twentieth Century Fund book. In my case, the book was published (1990) by a prestigious commercial publisher, Holmes and Meier, that specialized in Latin America. It was a very good book in my own estimation; I, at least, was pleased with it. It sold well and made a considerable splash in policy circles because of its analysis, dissection, and recommendations concerning democracy building.

### *Transitions to Democracy in Spain and Portugal*

Recall that, while commuting to Philadelphia and FPRI, I still had an office and an associate (non-paying) position at AEI. And, after my earlier contretemps with AEI President Chris DeMuth, we actually developed a decent, professional, working relationship. I still spent time at AEI, often ate lunch there, and saw my friends and did some of my writing there. For consulting, lecturing, political, and prestige purposes, it was good to maintain the AEI affiliation.

The main reason I'd been able to keep this AEI connection and office was that I'd convinced DeMuth we still had obligations to fulfill under the terms

of the grants from the Tinker, Mellon, and Smith Richardson Foundations that I'd acquired while directing AEI's Hemispheric Studies Program. Because he was worried about AEI's faltering reputation, DeMuth wanted to make sure we fulfilled our obligations and didn't harm our relations with big donors. Shortly after joining FPRI, I went to see Chris and told him our obligations included delivering to our funding agencies a book on the Spanish and Portuguese democratic transitions. If truth be told, we probably *didn't* have any further obligations to these donors; but *I* wanted to do a book on that topic and I figured that if AEI was willing to sponsor it, so much the better.

This would be another of what AEI colleague Mark Falcoff and I came to call "instant books." I had already done, over the course of the 1980s, eight or nine of this kind of book for AEI. We defined "instant books" as those where we took a group of unpublished papers or previously published articles, organized them as chapters, wrote an introduction and a conclusion, and issued them as edited books. A further distinction needs to be made between those "instant books" where we collected other people's writings and issued them as edited volumes and those where only our own writings were collected and AEI published them as single-author volumes. This would be the fourth such collection of my own writings that AEI had published. It's a little puffy to publish collections of your own articles; on the other hand, I figured, if AEI was willing to publish them, why not get them out there in a collected form where they're accessible to readers.

I had been doing research and writing about Spain and Portugal for some twenty years. We lived in Portugal for a year in the early 1970s, and, off and on cumulatively, about the same length of time in Spain. I had written books about the Franco and Salazar regimes,<sup>1</sup> about corporatism and labor relations,<sup>2</sup> about democratization and the Portuguese revolution of 1974,<sup>3</sup> as well as a general textbook on Iberian (Spain, Portugal) politics.<sup>4</sup> In addition, over this two-decade period I'd written dozens of scholarly papers, articles, and book chapters, often in obscure publications. So I'd conceived of a plan to collect these scattered pieces in a single, edited volume, do some light editing and up-dating, write a new introduction and conclusion, and issue them as a separate book. Since she had been my partner, companion, and collaborator on all these undertakings, and was herself an expert on the Portuguese world, I invited my wife Iêda to serve as co-author. That AEI was willing to publish the collection instead of our having to spend a year or more looking for a new publisher was an added bonus.

What made this project worthwhile was that the book had a controversial point of view and a certain bite. It was not just a loose collection; it had a central thesis. For unlike most of my colleagues in academia, I was skeptical about

the Spanish and Portuguese transitions to democracy. I believed that other scholars had engaged in “wishful sociology” and “wishful political science.” They wanted so much for democracy to succeed in Spain and Portugal that they were blind to other considerations. I also wanted Spanish and Portuguese democracy to succeed, but I did not wish to be blind to the realities. Among these realities were the facts that the Spanish regimes of Franco and Salazar were changing (becoming less “fascistic”) even before their leaders passed from the scene in the mid-1970s, that there was a great deal of continuity between the Franco and Salazar eras and what followed, and that democracy was far less consolidated in both countries than most writers on the subject thought. Long before Fareed Zakaria was writing about “Il-liberal Democracy” and Larry Diamond was asking if the “Third Wave” (of democracy) was over,<sup>5</sup> I was raising hard questions about the Spanish and Portuguese transitions and whether democracy was as well institutionalized and consolidated there as we would like.

It was a nice book and at 409 pages not a small or inconsequential one. It talked at length about Spanish-Portuguese history and political culture, about the continuity of corporatism and organicism in Iberian politics, and about the weaknesses of the new democratic institutions. It offered a sober reexamination of the democratic openings acclaimed by many writers on Spain and Portugal, and a warning of possible future troubles and instability particularly in Portugal. It continued an ongoing discussion in the field of European comparative politics and stirred deep passions and controversy in the two countries that were the subject of the book. It’s not my best book; on the other hand, it sure attracted a lot of attention.

Let me return to the “instant book” theme for a minute, for this book was one of those. Once I’d gotten AEI’s approval, it took me about two days to decide which of my writings on Spain and Portugal ought to be included in the book. Editing and updating of these materials, aided by Dana Lane of AEI’s stellar editorial staff, took about two weeks. The introduction was written in two days time at FPRI and the afterword, I’ve just discovered in my journal notes, was drafted on the train going back and forth to Philadelphia. Three weeks—that’s what we mean by an “instant book.” By the end of October, after only two months at FPRI, I’d already completed two books. My colleagues, who didn’t know about the process, were in awe.

### **Working for “The Moonies”: *The Relations between Democracy, Development, and Security***

In late September 1987, I received a call at my AEI office from Mose Durst of the Global Economic Action Institute (GEAI); could he come over and see

me? I didn't know Dr. Durst or his Institute, but he said he had an "interesting opportunity" he wanted to talk over. "Sure," I said, "come on over."

It turned out to be an attractive proposition. Durst told me there was a group of "prominent citizens" at GEAI who were studying the connection between development, democracy, and security—both U.S. security and that of other countries. The group included Admiral Harry D. Train II, Brigadier General Francis J. Roberts, Admiral Robert Salzer, Congressman Ben Blaz, Lieutenant General George Seignious of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, President Edward Kime of North American Search Associates, plus Durst. The group had been meeting on and off for three years; their ongoing assumptions were that without development there could be little of either democracy or security. To explore these themes they had visited and met with representatives from Central America, Sub-Saharan Africa, Asia, and Eastern Europe.

Now the pace of their meetings was accelerating; they had divided into subgroups to study these four developing areas, and they were beginning to write a report based on their meetings. They even had a first draft. But Durst reported the first draft was not satisfactory. First, none of the members of the committee was a very good writer so the draft was very "rough"; second, they did not know how to compare countries ("apples and oranges") from such diverse culture areas; and third, they did not know how to put this all in acceptable social science language. Durst told me that his Institute did not have sufficient senior staff to do this; would I be willing to take it on? My notes do not say the amount of the honorarium offered, but I know it was in the stratosphere of several thousand dollars.

It looked like an easy proposition to me. First, I knew the literature on the relations between economic development, social change, and democracy and stability cold; I had been teaching and writing about these themes for years. Second, I was a good editor and a passable and clear writer; rewriting someone else's prose did not seem overly onerous. Third, the offer included time for research and possible travel to their four case study countries: Costa Rica, the Ivory Coast, Malaysia, and Hungary. Of these, I only knew Costa Rica well; the prospect of learning more about these other three, relatively successful countries was attractive. And fourth, the Institute's research standards did not seem overly high; this looked like an opportunity to pocket a handsome honorarium without doing much work.

The only trouble was, I soon found out, GEAI was a branch of the Unification Church (the "Moonie Church") headed by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon. And Mose Durst, in addition to directing GEAI, was the president of the Church. Rev. Moon was famous for the karate-chop delivery of his

sermons, the arranged, mass marriages (up to ten thousand couples) of his (mostly Korean) followers, and his forceful, absolutist, authoritarian personality. I considered the Unification Church a cult, and I am suspicious of persons like Rev. Moon who are certain of their beliefs. The other things I knew about the Church were that (1) it had a lot of money and (2) it had powerful political influence.

At first when I found out about the Moonie connection I considered turning down the contract. I met with Durst again and told him my concerns. But he assured me I would have absolute freedom of expression, that there would be no political interference in the research product, and that I could remove my name from the final publication if I was dissatisfied at the end. With these assurances I decided to continue with the project.

It turned out to be interesting, fun, and, of course, profitable. Over the course of the next few months while I was working on the project and seeing it through to publication, I was invited to a number of Moonie seminars and social gatherings in Washington, including a big bash at the plush, downtown Washington Marriott. There I was reassured to see Henry Kissinger assistant Hal Sonnefeldt, intellectual Richard Rubinstein, and Republican wunderkind Ralph Reed. I figured that, if these and other luminaries could attend Moonie events, I should not feel too badly about taking their money.

The project itself went very well. Essentially it involved starting at word one and rewriting the entire manuscript. I also had to give it greater methodological and conceptual sophistication. In the process I also learned a lot about the four case-study countries. The Ivory Coast was then doing very well under long-time ruler Felix Houphouet-Boigny, but later succumbed to violence and civil war. Malaysia was on the brink of taking off as the next Asian tiger. Hungary was still (1987) under communist rule but, among the East European countries, had the largest and most vigorous private sector. Costa Rica had been a long-time paragon of democracy, stability, and open markets in otherwise turbulent Central America. Long before the so-called Washington consensus arrived at essentially the same conclusions, I had determined through comparative analysis what works in development—infrastructure, democracy, social reform, education, stability, hard work, open markets, free trade—and what doesn't.

The book was published by the Global Economic Action Institute in late 1988. It contained 120 pages—not a brief report. My name appeared on the cover along with those of Admiral Train, General Roberts, and Mr. Kime. It's not my best or most sophisticated research product; on the other hand, I'm certainly not ashamed of it and have many reasons to be proud. Among other things, when I wrote my own textbooks on the developing nations<sup>6</sup> and

comparative politics,<sup>7</sup> I incorporated many of these materials into a chapter on “What Works in Development and What Doesn’t” that has by now been cited and reprinted in numerous other publications.

### ***On the Agenda and Foreign Policy without Illusions***

During this time when I was spending two or three days per week at FPRI, I was also teaching as a visiting professor at George Washington University. Burt Sapin, GW’s foreign policy expert, was on sabbatical leave that year in China and I was hired by the political science department as his replacement. I inherited both Burt’s office and his courses.

My teaching load consisted of two courses: a junior-senior-level course entitled “Introduction to American Foreign Policy” and a graduate seminar called “Issues in American Foreign Policy.” Although I thought from my Washington and AEI experience that I knew a lot about American foreign policy, I had not taught those courses before. I worked hard in preparing for my teaching, read a lot (mostly on the train to Philly and back), and prepared detailed outlines for all my lectures and seminar sessions. The courses went well and the students were responsive and appreciative.<sup>8</sup>

By the time I taught each course a second time in the spring semester, I was confident of my material, had my jokes and stories down straight, and had quite elaborate notes. I don’t remember when it dawned on me that, since I had put so much preparation into these courses and had such detailed outlines for every topic, I should think seriously about converting these notes into a textbook. I thought my text would have three major advantages over other textbooks in the field: it would be well organized; it would be well written; and it could draw on my AEI Washington experience to provide a wealth of insider stories. So I wrote a proposal and sent it off to several publishers; midway through the second semester I had a contract and an advance and was already beginning to write.

The proposal I’d sent to publishers called for a two-book set. The first book would be a textbook on American foreign policy. The focus was the *domestic* basis of American foreign policy. It would cover all the standard topics: public opinion, Congress, political parties, interest groups, National Security Council, presidency, etc. But it would also be informed by insider stories drawn from my own Washington experience. The second book, complementary to the first, would be a reader entitled *On the Agenda: Current Issues and Controversies in U.S. Foreign Policy*. It would be both issues and area focused. One section would focus on U.S. policy toward all the main global areas: Europe, Asia, Africa, the Middle East, Latin America. The other main section would focus on global issues: arms control, human rights, hunger,

global warming, etc. I would write an overall introduction to the book and then a briefer introduction to each of the global issues and the area sections. Each section would have two or three readings to give students a sense of the diversity of viewpoints on the issue.

I was pleased with the reader but most proud of the text. First, it had a lot of fun, cute, smart-alecky insider stories. Second, it contained fresh innovative chapters on think tanks and foreign policy and Washington social life and foreign policy that no one had ever written about before. Students loved those chapters as well as the insider stories. Third, the book contained a lot of advice about Washington jobs and internships that the students found useful. And fourth, the book was quite cynical, arguing that in addition to the usual rational actor, bureaucratic, and organizational models of foreign policy-making, two more “models” would need to be added: a partisan politics model and a self-interest/self-aggrandizement model.

These two books, completed the year after I left FPRI and published in 1990, had a mixed history. For one thing, they were written while the Cold War was still on but came out when Eastern Europe was in turmoil, the Berlin Wall was falling, the Soviet Union was about to collapse, and the Cold War was ending, with the result that some of the analysis was outdated by the time it appeared. For another, while students and some faculty loved the book (I still get emails from people telling me it’s their favorite foreign policy book), too many did not. They thought the book was too cynical; some even wrote in to the publisher saying they did not believe American foreign policy functioned at such a low, cynical, even comic-opera level. But they had not seen what I’d seen or been involved in during the 1980s.

However, the biggest problem was with the publisher. The original contract was with Little Brown. But by the time the book came out, Little Brown had been sold to Scott Foresman. It was, therefore, issued, confusedly, as a Little Brown-Scott Foresman book even though the advertising was still by Little Brown, a no longer existing company. Then, believe it or not, Scott Foresman “lost” the entire print run of the book in its warehouses for over a year; orders for the book were coming in but they were not being filled. Finally, to add insult to injury, Scott Foresman sold its political science *list* (not the whole company) to Pearson Educational who issued, but did not advertise, the book under its Harper-Collins imprint. The result was total confusion for a number of years, no one could figure out who the publisher was or how to buy the book, and this resulted in quickly lagging sales.

When I eventually did a second edition of the book, the publisher wanted me to cut out the stories, make it less personal, and turn it into a standard textbook. I did that, but neither I nor my readers liked the result. It was “just

another” textbook. I continue to much prefer the original version. That first edition sparkled with funny stories, deep cynicism, and wry humor. Judging from my fan mail, there are still readers out there who concur with my preference.

### **Friendly Tyrants**

The “Friendly Tyrants” project was conceived before I got to FPRI, but I was involved in it from start to finish. The brainchild of Daniel Pipes and Adam Garfinkle, the project posed the question of what to do with dictators and authoritarian regimes that were friendly to us, anti-communist in the Cold War, but also gross abusers of human rights.<sup>9</sup> Pick your regime from this era and the topic was relevant: Batista, Trujillo, Somoza, Pinochet, Duvalier, the Argentine or Brazilian generals, the Shah, Saudi Arabia, Saddam Hussein, Mubarak in Egypt, the king of Jordan, Marcos, Suharto, the South Korean generals, the Kuomintang in Taiwan, the Mexican PRI, the Apartheid regime in South Africa, numerous African tyrants. The issue, then as now, was whether we side with such regimes because they are anti-communist and protect our interests, or do we criticize them for their human rights abuses and thus risk getting something worse. Think today of our policy dilemmas in dealing with Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, Algeria, Egypt, the Sudan, or the sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf: do we support them because they give us oil and aid our security interests or seek to impose democracy on them and thus risk either instability or electoral victory by Islamic extremists who will be even more damaging to U.S. interests?

It was a wonderful project that, to my mind, had everything: comparative analysis of diverse countries, fascinating social science theory (e.g., are all countries in all cultures, and at all levels of development, ready for democracy?), and high policy relevance. For these were precisely the dilemmas facing U.S. policy-makers in all these countries during the 1970s-1980s period when the Cold War was still “hot.” If we chose the wrong policy, it was feared, quite a number of these countries might collapse and go communist, thus tipping the balance in the Cold War toward the USSR. Although at this stage the notion that the Soviet Union might have actually won the Cold War seems both far away historically and preposterous, given what we now know about Soviet weakness, in the mid-1980s that conclusion was far from certain. The “Friendly Tyrants” conundrum was a relevant, hot, and important issue.

Pipes and Garfinkle (the latter was the chief architect of the proposal) had conceived the project well and invited some of the best foreign policy minds in the country to participate in it: Richard Haass, Michael Mandelbaum, Secretary Laurence Eagleberger, Mark Falcoff, Barry Rubin, Riordan Roett, Douglas Pike, Georges Fauriol, Dore Friend, Ambassador James Theberge,

Paul Henze, Ernst Halperin, Guy Pauker, Edward Olsen, Ambassador Joseph Sisco, and others. Quite a stellar group. I was asked to contribute the chapter on Mexico's PRI, an example of party rather than individual authoritarianism. But I had some general and theoretical ideas about the Friendly Tyrant theme as well and so the editors asked me to contribute a general conceptual essay as well that constituted the lead-off chapter of the book. It is this chapter that, with Adam Garfinkle's editorial embellishments, I think of as one of the best pieces I've ever written.

The project was generously funded by the Bradley Foundation. All the contributors received handsome honoraria as well as travel to and from Philadelphia. The project proceeded in two phases and involved two conferences among the participants. The first was in June 1987 at the Sugarloaf Conference Center in Philadelphia. It dealt with all the historical cases from the 1950s through the 1980s. We all prepared papers ahead of time but, unlike most academic conferences, were not allowed to read them at the conference; rather, we asked our contributors to summarize their papers and then opened the floor up for general comments and discussion. The second conference, also convoked in Philadelphia, focused more on the policy implications.

The discussions at these two meetings were excellent, very high level. Most of the participants (but not all) were international relations experts and, therefore, inclined toward realist positions on foreign policy, but some participants came out of a more human rights-democracy idealist orientation. In the final analysis, most of us favored both: a pro-democracy foreign policy but not one that set unrealistic goals. We agreed that China (big), Saudi Arabia (oil), and Egypt (Middle East peace) should be immune from too much pressure to democratize for fear of destabilizing them. But Dore Friend, speaking of the Philippines and Marcos, suggested in some cases we needed to practice "timely daring." And we all recognized that in South Africa, and in the post-Cold War era generally, democracy and human rights would trump most security considerations. These brief comments, however, hardly begin to do justice to the richness of the conference discussions.

I thought this was one of the best conferences I'd ever attended. Thanks to Garfinkle and Pipes (let's give him due credit), it was very well organized, at a very high level, and both theoretically significant and policy relevant. At least three books,<sup>10</sup> several monographs, and numerous scholarly articles and book chapters came out of the project. In my own case, I not only contributed the two chapters already mentioned but also used the opportunity to research and travel to Mexico to write several articles on that or related themes.<sup>11</sup> In this research I was greatly aided by my FPRI research assistant (and Penn student) Carlos Guajardo. Carlos was from an elite family in Monterey, so when I wrote about corporatism, elite politics, interlocking di-

rectorates, and top-down authority in Mexico, Carlos could fill in the blank spots with specific names, family connections, and knowledge gleaned from his own family experience of how politics and social life in Mexico functioned. When my chapters and articles were published, I was happy to give Carlos full acknowledgment for his contributions.

### **The “Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes” Project**

Vladimir Tismaneanu was FPRI’s main expert on Marxism and communist regimes. He was just finishing his book on *The Crisis of Marxist Ideology in Eastern Europe*; I had read the book in manuscript and offered some suggestions on it. Vlad was very critical of Marxism, both its logical flaws and its practice in Eastern Europe, but he was a serious political scientist and not an ideologue. That set him apart from the neocon community in Washington with whom I was more familiar: they were also anti-communist on an ideological level but lacked the detailed factual knowledge that Vlad had. I did not disagree with the neocons on their anti-communism; indeed, that is my own strong orientation. But I appreciated the detailed facts and serious scholarship that Vlad as a political scientist was able to bring to his analysis.

After reading Vlad’s manuscript I approached him with the idea of broadening the analysis to include China, North Korea, Viet Nam, Cuba, and, at that time, Nicaragua. I did not have detailed knowledge of all these countries, but I knew three of them quite well and I also knew other persons who did have such knowledge. In addition, I knew the general comparative politics literature on this theme, and I was just back from a visit to Cuba which enabled me to see “the crisis of Marxist regimes” firsthand. I thought the model of crisis Vlad had set forth in his book—of economy, of ideology, of society, of morality, of politics and the state, and of international relations—fitted Cuba and, likely, these other countries quite well. So I met with Vlad and suggested we collaborate on a project through FPRI called “The Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes.”

The proposal had an on-again, off-again history at FPRI. For reasons that I could not fathom, Daniel seemed not supportive of the project. I don’t know if he opposed it on intellectual grounds, if he thought communist regimes were not worth studying, or if he just opposed any initiative that was not his own. But Marvin Wachman saw its potential and, as often was the case, he served as internal FPRI broker and intermediary. He went to Daniel and made the case. The result was the project was approved but in a slightly scaled-down version. Even after this, however, Daniel apparently tried to undermine and/or redesign the project. At one time he tried to cut me out as co-director, at which point Marvin again had to intervene. I had plenty to do on my own writing agenda and wouldn’t have been overly disappointed

not to do this one; but I was *volunteering* to do this *for* FPRI, I thought (on the eve of the Soviet Union's collapse and Eastern Europe's transitions to democracy) it would be a very exciting project, and it seemed to me silly and short-sighted for anyone to throw up obstacles to it.

Once we received major funding for the project from the Pew Memorial Trust, Daniel's questions seemed to melt away, though he still remained, inexplicably, opposed to my co-directing it. I concluded that he mainly wanted to run it himself and choose the participants. But by the time we'd worked out all the project's details and engaged in all these negotiations over who would run it, I was preparing to head back to Amherst and was not opposed to someone else (Vlad, Daniel) doing the day-to-day work of putting a major conference together. Having myself organized numerous conferences at AEI, I knew how much time, effort, and sheer drudgery would be involved. And at AEI we had a full and very capable conference staff; at FPRI we had to do a lot of this grunt work ourselves.

The conference itself, held in New York at one of the major hotels, was a huge success. For by the time it occurred (late 1988) the Soviet bloc, with Mikhail Gorbachev now in charge, was already starting to crack and crumble. We attracted media from all over the world. The speakers were very high level, mostly dissidents, exiles, and refuseniks from the USSR and Eastern Europe. These were often poets, writers, and artists as distinct from the political scientists and foreign policy specialists I was used to dealing with. I remember, in what I thought was a gesture of goodwill, congratulating Daniel on the success of "his" conference. I also met both Richard and Irene Pipes, Daniel's parents, and received from them unsolicited insights on the family's history.

Getting a publication out of this was difficult, unlike the "Friendly Tyrants" project. The reason for this was precisely the one stated above: the conference participants were so diverse and from so many intellectual traditions that it was difficult to find the common basis for a volume. When we issued a call for papers, we half-way expected we would receive American-style, twenty-page, balanced, academic-like papers. What we got instead was a motley collection of one-page political statements, four- or five-page essays on every subject imaginable, even a poem or two. How can you make an integrated volume out of such a diverse collection? Vlad and I wrestled with this issue. Eventually, rather than an edited book, we decided to pull together some of the best statements, write a conceptual introduction, and publish them in a special issue of *World Affairs* magazine.<sup>12</sup> It was a nice publication and, as indicated, enables us to lay claim to being among the few who predicted the collapse of the Soviet Union and the turn-about in Eastern Europe.

## Other Projects

The time I spent at FPRI was among the most productive of my life. It's amazing what you can accomplish when you have free time, peace and quiet, research and typing support, and no administrative responsibilities. In this sense, FPRI was a continuation of my AEI years when I also had terrific staff support, few teaching or administrative responsibilities, and a wonderful environment in which to do research and write.

At one point in the spring I was asked by former President Gerry Ford to write a speech for him on Mexico and U.S.-Mexican relations. Ford and I were both from Grand Rapids; we had known each other for over twenty years; at one point I had thought seriously of becoming a candidate for his old congressional seat; and we had both family and AEI connections. I was happy to do the speech for Ford as a favor and without compensation, even though I assumed he was probably getting \$20,000 to \$30,000 for delivering it. Iêda and I both worked on it and produced, if I may say so myself, a good speech. About a month later, however, and to our surprise, we received a thank-you note from Ford along with a check for \$1,000. That was a nice bonus; Iêda reports that, when she went to the bank to deposit the check, the teller could not believe it was from *the* Gerald Ford.

That same spring I was working on a grant proposal to the United States Institute of Peace. I wanted to further extend the research I'd done for my Twentieth Century Fund book on democracy in Latin America by examining the complex relations between democracy and peace. The story of the USIP is worth a chapter in itself: suffice it here to say that the creation of the Institute was a Reagan-Jeane Kirkpatrick (who had brought me to AEI in 1981)-neocon ploy to head off a Democratic-peace movement-nuclear freeze coalition aimed at creating just such an institute. Rather than allowing all these McGovern-Carter peacenik types to run such an institute, the Republicans had beaten them to the punch, secured federal funding, and filled the board with conservatives. A Republican-oriented peace institute ("peace through strength") would look very different from a Democrat-dominated ("peace now") institute.

I had been encouraged to apply by conservative board members Allen Weinstein, later the National Archivist, and Evron Kirkpatrick, the husband of Jeane; but by this time conservatives were no longer in full control of the board. A Democratic Congress had caught on to the earlier "game" and had insisted on placing their people on the board. My proposal was held up in the partisanship, and I was beginning to despair that it would ever get funded. Who should come to my rescue but Bill Kintner, the ex-director and former president of FPRI who was still a member of the USIP board. With his and

others' backing, my proposal sailed through on a second round of board approvals. I now had the funds needed not only for that project but to support my entire research agenda for the next two years after I left FPRI.

While still working at FPRI that spring, I received an invitation to attend a conference in Singapore. The theme was Gorbachev's twin policies of glasnost and perestroika and their impact on Third World conflicts involving the United States and the Third World. I was asked to write a paper about Latin America. I wrote the paper and it was published,<sup>13</sup> but the best part was the opportunity to see and experience Asia for the first time. So en route I stopped off in Japan, Taiwan, and Hong Kong before heading on to Singapore, and to the Philippines on the way back. It was an incredible trip which I have recounted elsewhere;<sup>14</sup> once again it was my AEI connection (rather than FPRI) that accounted for the invitation. As I again weighed our plans to go back to Amherst the coming year, I would have to recognize that at UMass I would receive far fewer such invitations than I did through my Washington think tank affiliation.

Still other writing projects were in the works at FPRI that year and were completed before I left. I had a chapter based on my Cuba trip that I had to get back to Jorge Domínguez at Harvard for inclusion in a book on U.S.-Cuban relations.<sup>15</sup> A new book on the Dominican Republic written for a Hoover Institution series and jointly authored (with Mike Kryzanek) had to be reviewed and sent back to Praeger Publishers.<sup>16</sup> I did brief portraits of both prime ministerial candidates, Edward Seaga and Michael Manley, that the culture magazine, *The World and I*, was incorporating in a section on the Jamaican elections.<sup>17</sup> I also wrote a critical article on Portuguese democracy intended for an AEI volume, *Portugal at the Polls*, part of a global series edited by Howard Penniman on democratic elections; but when AEI found itself in financial trouble that year, it cancelled both the volume and the series (and also, unfortunately, let Howard Penniman go), with the result that I incorporated that same paper into my own book on *The Transition to Democracy in Spain and Portugal*. Finally, I need to mention our work on Mexico that year which involved research trips to Mexico, a chapter in the "Friendly Tyrants" volume entitled "Mexico: The Unraveling of a Corporatist Regime," a revised, updated version of that paper published in the *Journal of Interamerican Studies*, and another article on the sources of Mexican constitutionalism that came out a bit later.<sup>18</sup>

### Winding Up—and Winding Down

The year that I spent at FPRI was an enormously productive one for me in terms of my research and writing. By my count I worked on, completed, or substantially began no fewer than six books. Two of these were single-au-

thored books (*The Democratic Revolution in Latin America* and *Foreign Policy without Illusion*), two were edited volumes (*On the Agenda* and *The Transition to Democracy in Spain and Portugal*), and two involved collaborative research (*The Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes* and *Democracy, Development, and Security*). In addition, I contributed two chapters to the “Friendly Tyrants” project, wrote a speech for Gerry Ford, wrote one grant application (to USIP), and wrote two articles and five papers that were eventually published as book chapters. It was a very productive year for scholarship and writing. If I didn’t already have tenure, I’d say this year’s productivity would have been sufficient to achieve it. And this is not counting the various speeches, seminars, and presentations that I made in both Washington and Philadelphia that year—more on these events in the next chapter.

As at AEI for the previous six years, and as I would soon have at UMass with an endowed chair, at the Wilson Center and CSIS in Washington in later years, and most recently at the University of Georgia, when you have plenty of staff support, time out from teaching and administrative responsibilities, and a climate conducive to research and writing, you can really accomplish a lot. At FPRI, I had a wonderfully quiet office, great staff support (once we resolved the typing issue), very sharp colleagues with whom to bounce off ideas, and no administrative responsibilities. Of course, I had my disagreements with Daniel—but so did everyone else at FPRI. The difference was that I was not dependent on him for my job as these others were, could leave for greener pastures at any time, and even when things got hot in the FPRI offices could just retreat to my own private office, shut the door, and go back to my writing.

It was a nice arrangement for me, a generally happy and certainly productive interlude during a transition that could have been difficult. Could the FPRI affiliation have evolved into a permanent position there? Possibly. In the next chapter we observe how I explored the possibility further.

## Notes

1. Howard J. Wiarda, *Corporatism and Development* (Amherst, MA: University of Massachusetts Press, 1977).
2. Howard J. Wiarda, *From Corporatism to Neo-Syndicalism: The State, Organized Labor, and the Changing Industrial Relations Systems of Southern Europe* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University, Center for European Studies, 1981).
3. Howard J. Wiarda, *Transcending Corporatism? The Portuguese Corporative System and the Revolution of 1974* (Columbia, SC: Institute of International Studies, University of South Carolina, 1976).
4. Howard J. Wiarda, *Politics in Iberia: The Political Systems of Spain and Portugal* (New York: Harper Collins, 1993).

5. Fareed Zakaria, "The Rise of 'Illiberal Democracy,'" *Foreign Affairs*, 76 (November-December, 1997), 22-43; and Larry Diamond, "Is the Third Wave Over?" *Journal of Democracy*, VII, No. 3 (1996) 20-37.

6. Howard J. Wiarda, *Political Development in Emerging Nations* (Belmont, CA: Wadsworth/Thomson, 2004), chapter 8.

7. Howard J. Wiarda, *Introduction to Comparative Politics* (Fort Worth, TX: Harcourt Publishers, 2000), chapter 8.

8. The best student in the class, and also the most beautiful, was the daughter-in-law of the Shah of Iran. Her pal, also Iranian, was similarly beautiful and very intelligent. The two Iranian women, with their wealth of international experience, were both more knowledgeable and sophisticated in their understanding than the American students.

9. Almost twenty years after the book first came out, I received a telephone call from a reader in Texas who told me that his stepfather, a prominent pastor of a Houston mega-church, thought the book was "wonderful" and made it the subject of four of his sermons. He recently sent me a video of the four sermons.

10. Adam Garfinkle and Daniel Pipes (eds.), *Friendly Tyrants: A Troubled History* (Philadelphia, PA: FPRI, 1988); Adam Garfinkle, *Friendly Tyrants: An American Dilemma* (Philadelphia, PA: FPRI, 1988); and Adam Garfinkle and Daniel Pipes (eds.), *Friendly Tyrants* (New York: St. Martin's, 1991).

11. Howard J. Wiarda, "Mexico: The Unraveling of a Corporatist Regime," in Garfinkle and Pipes (eds.), *Friendly Tyrants*; Wiarda, "Mexico: The Second Most Important Country," *Mexico in Transition*, I (Summer 1989); Wiarda, "Constitutionalism and Political Culture in Mexico," in Daniel Franklin and Michael Baum (eds.), *Political Culture and Constitutionalism: A Comparative Approach* (New York: M.E. Sharpe, 1995), 119-37; and Wiarda, *Adventures in Research*, Vol. IV. *Return Visits* (Lincoln, NE: iUniverse, 2007), chapter 2.

12. Howard J. Wiarda and Vladimir Tismaneanu, guest editors, "The Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes," Special Issue of *World Affairs* (Spring 1988).

13. Howard J. Wiarda, "The USSR-Cuba Alliance and Regional Conflicts," in Jiri Valenta and Frank Cibulke (eds.), *Gorbachev's New Thinking and Third World Conflicts* (New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Press, 1990), 103-24.

14. Howard J. Wiarda, *Adventures in Research*, Vol. III, chapter 17.

15. Howard J. Wiarda, "Cuba and U.S. Foreign Policy in Latin America," in Jorge Domínguez and Rafael Hernández (eds.), *Cuba and the United States in the 90s* (Boulder, CO: Westview Press, 1989), 155-78. Also published by Casa de las Americas (Havana) and in *World Affairs*, 150 (Winter 1987-8).

16. Howard J. Wiarda and Michael J. Kryzanek, *The Politics of External Influence in the Dominican Republic* (Stanford and New York: Hoover Institution and Praeger Publishers, 1988).

17. "Jamaica: The Contest for the Future," *The World and I* (April 1988).

18. See the references in note 11.

## CHAPTER SEVEN



# Out and About in Philadelphia

From the previous chapter one might get the idea that I spent all my time at FPRI working and writing. Actually, I did work very hard while I was there and wrote a lot, but that did not prevent us, Iêda and me, from seeing a lot of Philadelphia. That was particularly true as we on-again, off-again flirted with the idea of finding an academic position at Penn, working out an ongoing relationship with FPRI, and resettling in Philly on a permanent basis. So between the gracious hospitality of President Marvin Wachman and wife Addie in showing us their city and our own explorations of Philadelphia and its environs, we really saw a lot.

We've already done the Philadelphia tour in chapter 2, so here we're more selective, focusing on those events and episodes that attracted us to Philadelphia or, alternatively, drove us away.

### Settling In

The first time I stayed overnight in Philadelphia was the first week of September 1987. I worked all day at FPRI, then at 5:00 went over to the International House where I'd made a reservation. It had been recommended to me by the FPRI staff. The International House was close to the Institute and faced the Penn campus across Chestnut Street. It was a nondescript, multi-floor, poured-concrete edifice that represented the worst Bauhaus style. It reminded me of the equally nondescript, all-cement Campus Center and Whitmore Administration Building at UMass. It was used as a residence

for foreign students and visitors to the Penn campus. Its most distinguishing feature was that it was cheap.

The rooms were very small, about the size of those in a Japanese hotel. The first room I was assigned had already been slept in, not an auspicious start. There was a community bath down the hall—more like a student dorm than a decent hotel. The towels were threadbare, I had to buy my own soap, and the only TV was in the lounge. There was no restaurant or dining room in the International House so I had to eat at the Roy Rogers around the corner. This was not like the all-expenses-paid luxury I was used to at AEI, to say nothing of home. There was also a lot of noise. But I can put up with lots of things for a short time, and that's what I did here. I stayed one night. That was plenty.

The trouble was that Penn and FPRI were over a mile from the main downtown area of Philadelphia and at that time there were no decent hotels or motels in the immediate area. When the next day I mentioned my experience at the International House to my colleagues, all of whom had homes in Philadelphia and therefore never stayed in a hotel in their own city, they mentioned one other “family-oriented” hotel in the immediate neighborhood. It had a weird name, the “Divine Tracey Hotel.” But I was told by my colleagues that it was clean, nearby (one block from FPRI), and had a dining room. “Lots of FPRI guests and scholars had stayed there,” I was told.

The Divine Tracey was a throwback to an earlier era—pre-World War II. Everything was old-fashioned: the furniture, the carpeting, the décor, even the clothing and hairdos of the elderly women who manned the front desk. But it was immaculately clean and it had a one-course dining room.

I quickly learned, however, that the Divine Tracey was more than a hotel/residence; it was also a religious group. It was vaguely Christian but it consisted of the cult-like followers of Father Divine Tracey, who had been a well-known and very controversial religious leader in Philadelphia in the 1930s and 1940s. Father Divine was a charismatic preacher, a black man who had formed his own, one-man religion and congregation back in those simpler days. Despite the cult's insistence on celibacy, Father Divine had taken a wife—a white woman—in 1946 which he rationalized as like God's marriage to the Church and to the Virgin Mary. Hmmm! Both the marriage and the fact that the wife was white caused major headlines in Philadelphia in the 1940s. In addition, Father Divine created two mixed (black and white) women's groups within the church, calling them the “Rosebuds” and the “Sweets.” In my dirty, cynical, little mind, that also raised suspicions: were these his “harems”; was Father Divine like the Orthodox Church of Latter Day Saints in southern Utah, practicing polygamy in the midst of all this “celibacy”?

But the rooms at the Divine Tracey were clean and comfortable even if old-fashioned; the food was wholesome even if there was little selection; and no one tried to convert me. It was very quiet so I could work at night; it was conveniently located only a minute from FPRI; and it was cheap—better than the International House on several fronts. Even though Father Divine himself had died a few years back, his “Sweets” and “Rosebuds” were still the nice little old ladies manning the front desk, serving the food, and cleaning the rooms. The only proselytizing they did was to greet visitors and incoming telephone calls with the salutation, “Are you saved?” I always answered “Yes” to avoid any further conversation; but for first-time visitors operating in the secular world, this greeting could be either disconcerting or off-putting. As long as they left me alone, however, I wasn’t bothered; the other features of the hotel were advantageous and I stayed there regularly when I was at FPRI overnight.

But on one occasion, staying at “The Divine” cost me dearly. For five years I had been serving as a consultant and commentator on international affairs for the British Broadcasting Company (BBC), ever since the Argentines invaded the Falkland Islands in 1982 and Great Britain and the Argies went to war. The best part about the BBC, unlike the American media, was that they *paid me* for my commentaries and appearances. Several times I received calls from the BBC at FPRI and was happy to go on the air for them, but one time I missed their call and so I asked them, without thinking, to call me back in the evening and gave the Divine Tracey number. So when they called up, the BBC interviewer was subjected to the hotel’s standard inquiry, “Are you saved?” I’m sure the secular and left-oriented BBC thought I was already a little odd for being at AEI and FPRI, but this greeting apparently drove them over the wall. My consulting work for the BBC ended; I never heard from them again.

### Lunching with Bruce Hooper

I was at FPRI as the Hooper Fellow in National Security Affairs. Mr. Hooper (Bruce) had given a great deal of money to FPRI to endow the Fellowship, which paid a scholar’s salary and support funds for a year. Hooper was a strong conservative; he was one of FPRI’s biggest boosters.

Only a couple of weeks after I joined FPRI, Mr. Hooper called up and invited the Hooper Fellow, me, to lunch at his club. On October 1 I took the Paoli (after the Italian patriot) Line train out of the 30th Street station. We proceeded out through the plush Philadelphia suburbs of Haverford, Bryn Mawr, and Merion. The train was comfortable and fast and the countryside

beautiful. This was the first time since joining FPRI that this sentence appeared in my journal notes: "I'm starting to like Philadelphia."

We had lunch at Hooper's club, the Merion Cricket Club. How many cricket clubs do you know of in the U.S.? And this one had an actual cricket field—along with nine grass tennis courts and twenty more clay ones. The dining room was, of course, very pleasant as well as elegant, and the food delicious. I had stuffed shrimp, a big martini (only to keep Mr. Hooper company!), and homemade ice cream. Hooper paid.

Over lunch he told me about Philadelphia. He said Philly was isolated and provincial. He blamed this on its Quaker past. The Quaker legacy of pacifism, don't get involved, government as evil, and the distrust of power and power relations had a continuing effect even today in Philadelphia's insularity and lack of interest in international affairs. That's why he gave to FPRI, he said: it helped overcome Philadelphia's isolationism and it was the only foreign affairs agency in the city.

He then told me about his family. His father was wounded in World War I at Chateau Thierry—funny, so was my father. During the 1920s the father got into the oil barge and tugboat business. His four sons expanded the business. They had barges the length of two football fields and one football field wide. At the high point of the business they had fifty-five barges and fifteen tugs. Using the tugs, they hauled the barges full of crude oil from Texas, across the Gulf of Mexico, around Florida, and up the Atlantic coast to Philadelphia. There they refined it (Philadelphia and the Delaware River have the largest refineries on the East Coast) and reshipped it to all the big cities up and down the East Coast. Again using tugs and these gigantic barges, their costs were much lower than they would have been using big tankers. They made a fortune.

The brothers sold the business in 1981, just before the plunge in oil prices, for \$109 million. The proceeds were divided among the brothers. Now, Hooper told me, he leads a leisurely life. He was president of a golf course management firm, but he was not enthused about the work. He said that he liked foreign policy much better. He was still in his early fifties, but after selling the barge business he had little to do. He said he was still casting about for new opportunities.

Hooper was an ex-Marine and *very* conservative. He was a Ronald Reagan supporter so when he learned I was at AEI he was ecstatic. Too often in the past Hooper Fellows had been "liberals" and "intellectuals"—not his cup of tea. He had donated funds to conservative causes but not systematically. He was a friend and great admirer of another Marine, Lt. Col. Oliver (Ollie) North, recently ousted from the White House basement where, in way over his head, he had been running his own foreign policy shop. When Ollie and

the White House needed funds for their Iran-Contra caper, Bruce Hooper was one of the rich donors they turned to, along with the Sultan of Brunei and other shadowy figures. Hooper's name was mentioned prominently in the Irangate congressional hearings during the summer of 1987; it was a big story locally and in the gossipy *National Inquirer*. He was dragged through the mud a bit in the hearings but, because he was only a donor and not a participant, he never faced trial and jail time as North, National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane, and deputy NSA John Poindexter did.

I also knew Ollie North from my AEI years, which further endeared me to Hooper. I'd heard there was this obscure Lieutenant Colonel in the White House basement doing important things in Central America, so I'd invited him to lunch in that elegant AEI dining room. Along with a couple of other friends, we had a nice lunch and a provocative conversation. There, I'd formed two impressions of North: (1) he wasn't very smart and (2) he was conducting policy way above his rank and competence level. But here we were, Hooper and I, having this wonderful lunch barely two months after the hearings that almost cost Ronald Reagan an impeachment and his presidency. Naturally, I didn't tell Hooper my own impressions of North.

### Lecturing

My records show that I delivered six featured, public lectures during the time I spent at FPRI. The list does not include presentations made at academic meetings, such as the "Friendly Tyrants" or "Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes" conferences. Three of these lectures were delivered at Philadelphia area universities (Drexel, Haverford, and Swarthmore) while three others—all fund-raising events—were at the behest of FPRI. In the process of preparing for and delivering these lectures, I learned a lot about Philadelphia's social and power structure.

The first lecture I gave was on my recent (1987) trip to Cuba. It was held over a wonderful lunch in the luxury of the penthouse reception area of the Smith Kline Corporation building in downtown Philadelphia. FPRI President Marvin Wachman had done the arranging; he had long ago figured out that these big corporations and the downtown banks all had plush but mostly unused meeting rooms that they were happy to make available gratis to outside groups like FPRI if it lent prestige to their institution. So we got usage of the rooms for free and Smith Kline even provided the lunch as part of their charitable donation to the Institute.

The audience was mostly older, retired, wealthy persons who were long-time supporters of FPRI. Quite a number of them had lived or traveled in

Cuba before the revolution. Their memories of Cuba were of the Tropicana night club, the Havana Hilton, the Floridita restaurant (where Hemingway ate), and, of course, the gambling and night life. I spoke about the changes in Cuba since the revolution and particularly about the regime's present tensions and vulnerabilities, a preview of themes I would develop in more detail for our "Vulnerabilities" project. But in the question-and-answer period I learned that my (mostly older) audience wanted not so much an analysis but a reminiscence to remind themselves of earlier, happier times in Cuba.

Marvin Wachman had introduced me by talking about the length of my c.v. I retorted with an old story, used before, that my dean at UMass had once told me: "Howard," he said, "every time you sneeze it gets published." That set a nice tone for the presentation, which went very well. Everyone was very pleased—the audience as well as FPRI. For FPRI saw this primarily as a fundraising event. That I could entertain as well as present a lively lecture was a bonus for them. And that skill was one I'd largely learned in Washington and from my AEI experience where, instead of the usual boring, fifty-minute, classroom presentation, I'd mastered the thirty-second, the two-minute, the ten-minute, the thirty-minute, or the full-hour lecture presentation—and to do it with wit and good theater besides. Alan Luxenberg, FPRI's associate director, was so happy with the presentation that he said it was worth \$100,000 in donations to the Institute.

I delivered two other lectures for FPRI that year, one later in the fall, the other in the spring. Both were held in the central offices of the downtown banks. Both of these were plush, even luxurious, venues; it was clear that these banks had money to burn. More than that, it was also clear that even local or regional banks were now going international in a big way and, therefore, they were very interested in what I had to say. Their welcome and treatment of me were way beyond the call of duty. Long before the term "globalization" came into general usage, these banks were already globalized and their officials well informed on world affairs. They told me that up to 30 percent of their business was now international. That revelation blew away my earlier preconception that Philadelphia was a parochial city not much interested in or informed on world politics.

One of my lectures to them was on the Third World debt crisis; the other, a Henry Kissinger-like survey of the *world* and its trouble spots. As an academic lecturer a few years earlier, I would never have had the courage, let alone the knowledge, to talk about the whole world in one lecture or to bring it off successfully; but stints at Harvard and then at AEI had given me the chutzpah to do that kind of thing. And that was precisely what these audiences appreciated.

My lectures at the three Philadelphia-area colleges were more academic—with one exception. At Haverford I lectured on the main approaches—developmentalism, dependency theory, corporatism—in my field of comparative politics. At Drexel I was asked to give a general lecture on Latin America, a talk I've probably given, with variations, several hundred times by now.

But at Swarthmore, the program was billed as a “Great Debate.” Ken Sharpe, a leftist Latin America scholar at Swarthmore, was the host. It was entertaining, to say the least, to see all these rich, white, upper-middle-class, coddled and often spoiled kids at Swarthmore, where the costs are about \$50,000 a year, imbued by their teachers with dependency theory, Marxism, and class analysis. The other speakers on the program were Bill LeoGrande of American University, another scholar on the far left whom I'd debated numerous times on the Central America (then a hot issue) lecture circuit, and Morris (“Mo”) Blackman from the University of South Carolina and more of a centrist.

Because of my AEI and FPRI connections, I was billed as the representative of the “far-right” and a defender of Reagan Administration policy, which I emphatically am not. In fact, it had been my task at AEI and on the Kissinger Commission on Central America, where I served as the lead consultant, to pull Administration policy back toward the mainstream, the middle of the road. But in this kind of student debate, as on the television talk shows, you get typecast as on one side or the other, with no room for nuance, let alone a moderate position, because the picture of two extremists yelling at each other is considered “good television” or a “good debate.”

The program actually went very well. Once more, because of my AEI training, I have learned both how to disarm a hostile audience *and* how to be a fierce, cutting debater. So I can more than hold my own even when outnumbered on a panel and where the audience is not inclined to be on my side. But my biggest claim to fame stemming from this debate was the following: on a bright, clear, golden, Saturday fall afternoon, our debate, by actual count, outdrew the Swarthmore football game held at the same time. Of course, Swarthmore football is not exactly Big Ten or SEC football; nevertheless, outdrawing the football team on a Saturday afternoon has to be one of the big moments in my life.

### A Job at Penn?

During my time at FPRI I had several times flirted with the possibility of applying for a position at the University of Pennsylvania. This was an on-again, off-again proposition relating to the question of whether we would

stay in Philadelphia (Iêda and I have always adjusted well and liked the many places where we've lived) and at FPRI. And that issue was closely related to another one on which we similarly blew hot and cold: Marvin Wachman's ongoing efforts to recruit me to serve either as director or president of FPRI. But I'd determined early on, given FPRI's sometimes precarious financial and political position (like AEI's at this time), that I wouldn't consider that possibility unless I also had a tenured full professorship to fall back on. Hence, my interest in Penn.

Marvin Wachman was the principle instigator and mover and shaker in this little dance that we did over the course of the year. Marvin had repeatedly asked me if I was interested in staying on permanently at FPRI. But like the good politician that he was, Marvin was always a little bit ambiguous about this, leaving himself a face-saving exit if nothing worked out. He never specified whether he wanted me to serve as the director of FPRI (in which case, what would happen to Daniel?—again unspecified) or to succeed himself as president. Nor did he actually make a real offer. And my response to his queries was always the same: I'd need to have a tenured full professorship to match my UMass situation if I were to consider this possibility seriously.

Interestingly, the only institution that ever came up in these conversations was Penn. Not Temple, Haverford, Drexel, or the other Philadelphia area institutions. In some ways Penn was a logical choice because of the proximity of FPRI and the history, before the divorce, of the close ties between the two institutions. As chancellor still at Temple, Marvin could have made a position there open up, but for some reason the topic never came up. Maybe he thought that, after my Harvard, Washington, and AEI experiences, anything less than an Ivy League appointment would not be acceptable. Actually, at that time we probably would have seriously considered these other schools. But we never pursued any of the other possibilities seriously.

I had explored the Penn campus on my first night staying over in Philadelphia. It was across from the International House, off Chestnut Street, between 34th and 38th Streets. The ambience was that of an urban university with a lot of turbulence, grime, and crime on the outside, but inside the walls it was nice and peaceful. It was a private university but received state funds. However, physically it didn't resemble a state university, and both in its architecture and the small size of its student body it was more like the Ivy League institution that it was. I roamed around the campus, sometimes while at FPRI attended evening lectures and concerts there, and secured a card that gave me access to library facilities where I often worked in the evening. It was in the Penn library book stacks that I first wrote the draft outline of what I planned would be my tell-all Washington or FPRI novel.

My liaison with the Penn Political Science Department was my FPRI colleague and friend, Alvin Rubinstein. Al was a serious scholar of the Soviet Union and especially of Soviet policy in the Third World; he was also balanced and level-headed. On almost all issues he and I saw eye-to-eye. Al, who went way back, was also the only member of the Penn Poli Sci Department who, despite the split, had maintained his relationship with FPRI. It was Al who had briefed me about the department and especially its IR faculty, who had informed me of the several positions (six, he said) the department had open that year, and who also told me about the directorship of Penn's undergraduate international affairs program. Al was on my side in these considerations and wanted to recruit me for the Department.

But it was Marvin Wachman who arranged a lunch and brokered the discussion I had with Penn Political Science Chair Fred Frey. We met at the Penn faculty club. Fred told me about the department. It had once had thirty members, now it was down to eighteen. Many of its best people had left or retired; now it was in a rebuilding phase aimed at boosting the faculty back up to twenty-four. Four new positions had been authorized for this year including two in IR/comparative politics/foreign policy—precisely my fields. Fred, whose background was in comparative politics but hadn't written much lately, acknowledged that both the department and its IR/comparative fields were weak reeds by Ivy League standards. He knew my work and thought of me as a Latin Americanist, but Wachman assured him that, after my years in Washington working on foreign policy, I could also teach IR and foreign policy.

Fred told me the department ranked fortieth nationwide in terms of reputation, but seventeenth in terms of citations to the published work of department members—most of whom had left. This was not a good or promising record. He admitted that a lot of top people had left the department in recent years, including our FPRI friends Strausz-Hupé, Pfaltzgraff, and others. So the department had declined over the years, a victim of resignations and atrophy. It was also a deeply divided department on political, ideological, and methodological grounds. Fred said that the split with FPRI and the conflicts over that divorce still reverberated in the hallways of the Political Science Department. It was not a happy place to work.

But Marvin, Fred, and I had a very pleasant and cordial lunch. We talked over the various possibilities: an appointment to one of the political science positions at Penn, a joint appointment with FPRI (which Marvin for the first time assured us was a definite and tangible offer), or the directorship of Penn's undergraduate international affairs program. Fred already had a copy of my c.v.; he assured me that he was supportive of my candidacy and would circulate the c.v. around the department.

What happened next is unbelievable. After a week I got a call back from Fred. He had circulated my c.v. and then taken a vote. The vote was taken without my ever visiting the department, meeting its members, or giving a trial lecture there—all procedures that typically are done in a candidate search. But this vote was taken solely on the basis of my c.v. The vote was seven-to-seven. Apparently a number of members voted purely politically on the basis of my past association with AEI and current association with FPRI, which they didn't like. The old angers and divisions were still alive and coursing through the department. Of course, I wanted no part of a department that failed to have the courtesy to invite me over, meet me, and invite me to give a talk. Nor one that was divided seven-seven on ideological and partisan grounds without even giving me the opportunity to put in an appearance. I did not need this kind of grief. The vote was really the end of my idea of staying in Philadelphia and securing an academic position there that would also keep me at FPRI.

### On the Town

We had an active social life in Philadelphia, mainly thanks to the Wachmans (Marvin and Adeline). By “we” I mean Iêda and me because she came up to Philly from time to time, too; and when she was there our social life was more energetic than when I was there alone. I'm not exactly a wallflower, but when I'm traveling alone or engaged in a research project away from home, I'm just as happy to spend weekday evenings in my office or hotel room working and/or writing as gadding about town. Not only do I love my work but I'm also, while “on the road,” better able to stay out of trouble that way.

My first visit to the Wachmans' house for dinner was on September 14, only two weeks after I'd started at FPRI. The Wachmans had a nice and comfortable house in Philadelphia's prestigious Chestnut Hill area. As a would-be carpenter and builder, I immediately noticed that house prices even in this prestige neighborhood (comparable to Chevy Chase or Bethesda in Montgomery County) were far below Washington prices—an attractive feature if we decided to settle here.

The Wachmans were gracious hosts, with wonderful food and sparkling conversation. He told me a little of his life history; my immediate assessment of Marvin was that he was very perceptive, was politically tuned in, and knew everyone, as a good college prexy should. He and I had a lot in common: Midwesterners, poor immigrant families, state university Ph.Ds, hard workers, ambitious, upwardly mobile, loving America for the opportunities it had afforded us, and tennis players.

Wife Adeline (Addie) was similarly nice, gracious, and very intelligent (with a Ph.D. from Illinois), but I immediately detected that she was considerably more liberal than he—or at least expressed herself more openly. She indicated that she saw no moral difference between what the United States was doing in Central America and what the Soviet Union (the Cold War was still on and there still was a Soviet Union) was doing in Afghanistan. She was appalled by Pinochet in Chile (who wasn't?) and what the U.S. had done to bring him to power (that remains questionable), and told me that she was a supporter of Michael Dukakis for President. “Oh, dear,” I thought; but, of course, didn't say anything.

The next time I saw Marvin was ten days later when he's invited me to the Temple-Akron game. As chancellor at Temple, he was able to park under Philadelphia Eagle Stadium, sit on the fifty-yard line, and enjoy the high rollers' hospitality suite. I observed how Marvin worked the room, knew everyone in the Philadelphia power structure, and was liked and respected by all. I thought he was one of the best politicians I'd seen; only later did I learn that, in fact, as president of Temple he had twice been asked to run for mayor.

Temple was a working-class school, an urban school. Like Columbia in New York or Catholic in Washington, it was now surrounded by a violent, drug-infested ghetto. It had been founded by Russell Conway, he of the “Acres of Diamonds” speech, in the basement of a Baptist Temple. Though it was never sectarian, the name “Temple” stuck. Its SAT scores were not high, under 1,000, and it was mainly a commuter (as distinct from residential) university. But as a school for the children of the working class, it was closely identified with the blue-collar history of Philadelphia. Temple alumni, while not on the same level as graduates of Penn, Haverford, Bryn Mawr, or Swarthmore, held important positions throughout the city, in the professions, and in business. They were fiercely loyal to Temple because it kept tuition low and enabled them, often as the first persons in their families to attend university, to rise in the social scale.

Sixty percent of Temple's students were from Philly and 80 percent from Pennsylvania. Because of its position as a “city university” and with its working-class student body, Temple, though a private school, got 25–30 percent of its budget from the state. Not a very sophisticated or Ivy League place, but it reminded me of UMass—similarly where the bright, ambitious, hard-working children of immigrant parents went to school to raise themselves up. Temple had a good political science department in those days with theorist Peter Bachrach and comparativists Ed Glick and Robert Osborne. It remains a mystery to me why Wachman, who was already talking to me

about staying on at FPRI, never proposed to me a professorship at Temple as he did at Penn. Perhaps he thought Temple was below me. But in the right circumstances a joint appointment (FPRI-Temple) might have been attractive. Had he proposed it, Marvin might have been surprised by my response; but he never did.

In late October, Iêda and I were again invited out by the Wachmans. This followed a lecture I gave for FPRI's Inter-University Consortium, another device they used to bring together potential big donors and have them mingle with FPRI scholars. Held on the top (32nd) floor of one of the big office buildings downtown from which we were able to look *down* (heretofore forbidden in Philadelphia building construction) on the top of William Penn's hat, this was a very high-level and elegant gathering. Drinks and hors d'oeuvres were served and the surroundings were plush. I remember we had a mini-disaster as I began my speech because the microphone I used, attached to the antenna on our tall office building, was also pulling in the broadcast of a neighboring radio station. I was obliged to speak without a microphone, which was no problem as I turned on my lecturing classroom voice.

Afterwards the Wachmans and we went out for dinner at La Buca, a wonderful Philadelphia Italian restaurant. The food and service were excellent; but Iêda and I were a bit surprised at Addie's political bluntness. She launched into a mini-tirade about Salvador Allende in Chile (this was the second time I'd heard this one) and how shameful it was for the United States to try to overthrow him. Addie was a well-educated person and a university president's wife so we were surprised and taken aback by the ferocity of her comments since they sounded like what you'd hear on a left-wing university campus. But then it came out that the Wachmans' daughter Lynn had spent considerable time in Chile where she'd been enveloped in radical causes. Now we thought we understood Addie's outburst, but we held our peace. Marvin, ever the politician, just kept on smiling.

We had a "high" social life in Philadelphia with the Wachmans, Bruce Hooper, and the FPRI donors and trustees, and then a "low" social life with the FPRI scholars. On the days I was in Philly, a group of us—Vlad Tismaneanu, Michael Radu, and John Maurer—often went out for lunch. Daniel Pipes was excluded because (1) the scholars disliked him, and (2) he was usually the main topic of conversation. Although we liked him, Adam Garfinkle was also usually excluded because, as Daniel's friend, we assumed he would report back everything said to FPRI's director, and how could we have a good lunch without gossiping about Daniel?

Since everyone in this group had complaints about Pipes that they wanted to air, most of these luncheon conversations, while starting about substance,

would soon turn to grousing. These were very bright, interesting, and articulate people so some of the conversation sparkled, but after a while the constant complaining will get anyone down. Pretty soon I started brown-bagging and stayed in my office over the lunch hour. Thank goodness I would be able to move on, but I felt sorry for the other scholars who were stuck at FPRI and would have to put up with our forceful director *and* this endless gossip into the indefinite future.

The FPRI Christmas party on December 18 was quite a dramatic event. First of all, it was held in FPRI's offices, which would be enough to put a damper on any Christmas activities. Second, we had to listen while one colleague made a couple of snide and inappropriate comments about Christmas. Third, the so-called party featured at one point such a heated exchange between Pipes and Maurer that I feared they might come to blows—and this at a Christmas reception! What I can say positively is that the food was excellent; all our secretaries and interns showed up (for whom the party was mainly designed); and the speaker, Chairman of the FPRI Board, *ex-Admiral* George Steel, was remarkably brief. I stayed until 5:00; after three straight days at FPRI and two nights at the Divine Tracey, I was ready to head for home in Brookeville and a two-week Christmas vacation. Of course, I worked and wrote the entire time.

The spring semester seemed to have fewer social get-togethers. I continued once per week to go out for lunch with the other scholars, mainly to stay abreast of FPRI's internal gossip. The Wachmans remained extremely friendly and hospitable, including a superb dinner one night at the "Flying Fish." Iêda came up for a second visit, this time getting together with her college-days friend, Susan Abplanalp, and going with me to see the Impressionist collection at the Barnes Museum as well as to the Philadelphia art museum. Bruce Hooper, my sponsor, invited me out again for lunch at the elegant "Four Seasons"—my journal notes say "Best ever." And we had a nice spring reception at Daniel's home (no fights this time!) that included all the scholars plus the board members I'd gotten to know over the course of the year: Bill Kintner and his wife, Keene Butcher and his wife, and again Mr. Hooper and his wife.

But things were winding down for me at FPRI, socially and in other ways. For one thing, the novelty of our being in Philadelphia was wearing off; there was no longer anything so exciting about my being there. Second, I'd seen enough of FPRI, Penn, and Philly by this time that I'd pretty much concluded, unless a last-minute offer came through from the Penn Poli Sci Department, that I didn't want to stay there, that the grass was not necessarily greener in Philadelphia, and that it was Amherst to which we would be

returning. Third, I think Marvin recognized this as well: that after heavily recruiting me to stay at FPRI at first, he saw or sensed that it wasn't going to work out. He knew that I was unhappy with and couldn't see myself working with Daniel, and he also came to realize that, despite his and Al Rubinstein's efforts, a professorship at Penn was not going to be offered. Both Wachmans remained extremely cordial and were wonderful in providing hospitality on those evenings when I was in Philadelphia by myself. But both he and I sensed that this would not be a permanent relationship and, over time, we both moved on to new agendas.

### Presidential Politics

For a long time at AEI, I had been part of the Jeane Kirkpatrick network. When Jeane was named UN ambassador in December 1980, she had asked me to join her team at the UN with the rank of ambassador; when that didn't work out (Jeane had offered more ambassadorships than she had available), she had offered me the AEI position. I disagreed with Jeane on a variety of issues, a fact that I confided only to my journals; but while Jeane was in New York at the UN and I was in Washington at AEI (she also kept an office at AEI), we remained close to Jeane and her husband Kirk and I did some work (background research, position papers) for her and her office.

I maintained a good personal and working relationship with both Kirkpatricks after Jeane left her UN post at the end of Reagan's first term and returned to Washington and AEI. As we see in more detail in the next chapter, I was close enough to Jeane that I was asked to join her and Kirk at a retreat at her house in Provence in the south of France in the summer of 1987. The stated purpose of the gathering was to attend board meetings of the World Peace Association, the magazine *World Affairs* (I was on its editorial board), the Institute of American Education, and HELDREF Publications—all agencies the Kirkpatricks controlled or had a strong hand in. But the real reason was to plan a possible Jeane Kirkpatrick presidential campaign for 1988.<sup>1</sup> At this time Jeane was well known for her tough-minded speeches at the UN and for her sharp-edged criticism of Democrats. Jeane had a possibility in 1987 of going on to win the Republican Party nomination for president.

All of the Kirkpatricks' closest friends and collaborators—about thirty—had gathered in Provence that August. As we see later, a number of Kirkpatrick scenarios were discussed: a presidential campaign, a vice presidential nomination if Jack Kemp got the presidential nod, or a position as

secretary of state or national security adviser if these others did not work out. Eventually Jeane decided not to run for private reasons, but while it lasted, it was fun to be part of the Kirkpatrick entourage and this high-level gathering. Had she not withdrawn, Jeane might have had a real shot at the golden ring.

With Jeane out and Kemp also deciding not to run, the issue became for us Washington/think-tank policy wonks, whom would we support? In early October 1987, Richard Haass came calling at FPRI on behalf of the Bob Dole campaign. Haass was then teaching at Harvard's Kennedy School; after a strenuous competition (we later heard), he had been named foreign policy coordinator for Senator Dole. He was now recruiting people for the Dole foreign policy advisory team. Daniel Pipes, FPRI's director, was already on board as a Middle East adviser. On Latin America he had already garnered the support of Senate Foreign Relations committee staffer Margaret Daly Hayes and my old AEI colleague Mark Falcoff.

The latter selection was a surprise to me since Dole was a moderate Republican but Mark was an ultra-conservative. However, it turned out that many neocons like Mark and Daniel were in the Dole camp. They weren't particularly close to Dole, but they were supporting him to stop George H. W. Bush whom the neocons viewed as "wishy-washy" and not supportive of their agenda. I thought to myself, "If the neocons are supporting Dole, do I want to be part of that?" In talking privately to Haass (and this was only two months after our gathering in Les Baux), I learned that Jeane and Dole were already talking and had forged an agreement. Was this to be the beginning of a Stop Bush movement?

I didn't feel particularly close to Dole or his foreign policy positions, and I certainly didn't want to be part of a Dan Pipes-neocon foreign policy team. As a courtesy to my friends and colleagues, however, I did help the Dole campaign out on a couple of occasions in the fall of 1987. When Dole appeared on *Meet the Press* in October, I was one of those preparing answers to hypothetical questions that the candidate might be asked. And, along with FPRI colleagues led by Pipes, who was hoping for a high-level position in a future Dole Administration, we contributed some paragraphs to a speech that Dole was going to give on foreign policy.

There's a technique to this process of advising presidential candidates<sup>2</sup> that most academics run afoul of. And that is to never let your ego, which leading academics often have in abundance, get ahead of the candidate's. It will not do for you to appear smarter than your candidate. That is the kiss of death to whatever ambitions you may have for a high White House appointment. You must not, as a candidate adviser, let your own views (or hang-ups!)

dominate the advice sessions; rather, you must subordinate your own ego and put yourself in the shoes of the candidate in avoiding traps, avoiding issues the candidate doesn't want to talk about, and avoiding positions he/she doesn't want to take. I'd seen many a would-be presidential adviser lose out because he thought he knew more or was more articulate on the issues than the candidate.

Even while at AEI in earlier years, I had felt closer to the Bush camp than I did to Reagan and the neocons. Bush was a centrist; he was liberal on many social issues; and his foreign policy team—James Baker, Larry Eagleburger, Colin Powell, Dick Cheney, Frank Carlucci—was closer to my own more realist position. Over the course of the fall of 1987 and the winter of early 1988, I gravitated more and more toward the Bush camp.

Bush's campaign headquarters was at 733 15th Street N.W. in Washington, across from the Treasury Department. The Republican National Committee had rented most of the building; it was a big operation. I met Lee Attwater, Bush's Karl Rove, on my first visit there; he greeted the foreign policy team warmly and welcomed us to Bush headquarters. After some general orientation, we divided up into groups by issue and area. I went with the Latin America group and discovered I had several friends there, including Delal Baer, Georges Fauriol, and Bill Perry—all of CSIS. I was the only AEI or FPRI person there.

The leader of our group was Tony Lopez, a Chicano from East Los Angeles. I quickly discovered he knew nothing about Latin America and had no interest in the area. His only goal was to win the Hispanic vote for Bush. Welcome to the world of electoral politics, as distinct from academic or think tank discourse! By Tony's calculation, they already had Texas wrapped up; the big goal was California. He had just taken Bush to meet the legendary teacher, Jaime Escalante (of "Stand and Deliver" movie fame) and was aiming for the endorsement of other Hispanic notables. The actor John Gavin was to introduce Bush in San Diego and give a speech on his behalf, but Gavin wanted us to write his speech for him.

In addition to speech-writing, drafting op-eds, and preparing the candidate for the upcoming presidential debates, our job was to do a draft of the portion on Latin America for the Republican platform. As usual in these situations, no one quite knew what was wanted—until we did a draft and learned quickly what the party honchos *didn't* want. At one stage we were told to keep the language from the 1984 platform; at another, to scrap it and begin anew. We were informed at one point that Bush was "really interested" in Latin America; at another, that we should downplay mention of the area because voters were indifferent or viewed it negatively.

Perhaps this was a foretaste of future Bush Secretary of State James Baker's view that any mention of Central America was damaging to a candidate and that the problems there should be solved and gotten off our television screens as soon as possible.

Mexico was a country of particular interest. Three issues were at the forefront. First, what should be Bush's response if the long-governing Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) blatantly stole the upcoming 1988 election—which it eventually did do. One school in our group, led by Don Jacobs, said we should ignore it and treat it as a purely internal Mexican matter, while the CSIS group and I said that would not do, that Bush would need to respond. The second issue was drugs—should we support a proposal then gathering steam to forgive some of Mexico's large international debt in return for their cooperation on drugs? That issue was deemed too controversial to be included in the platform. The third issue was cooperation between the U.S., Mexico, and Canada, which would soon emerge as the North American Free Trade Agreement; but for campaign purposes it was thought we should not talk about this sensitive issue too much.

Bush's aides told us that he did not want to deviate from the Reagan Administration's positions on Latin America because he wanted the President's wholehearted support during the campaign. But on the committee we thought it important for Bush to put his own stamp on the policy. We wanted a "Bush Doctrine," a positive and new vision for the next eight years. But Tony Lopez told us—realistically, I'm afraid—that all this discussion was irrelevant, that our real job was not to write a platform statement acceptable to academic intellectuals but, as he put it, "to bring together all the little brown faces around the country like mine." In other words, it was all about domestic politics and not about issues. I'm glad he made that statement and not I.

Every campaign attracts to it a motley collection of donors and hangers-on who want to be involved. In the case of our committee, we had the widow of former ambassador James Theberge who came to be known for her flamboyant hats and dopey policy pronouncements, but whom we had to treat politely and with respect because she was a major donor. The Republican Party (you should see whom the Democrats attract!) also attracts little blue-haired ladies, mostly widows who look like they are members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who are similarly big donors and "want to be involved." It is a mark of the low stature of Latin America in Washington policy circles that, when the Republican National Committee (RNC) had such big, blue-haired donors but didn't know what to do with them, they would consistently put them on the Latin America task force.

There we would have to listen to them and pay them deference even though what they suggested was mainly ludicrous.

We gradually worked our way through the process. People came and went. Rudy Bessara replaced Tony Lopez at RNC headquarters as the chief recruiter of Hispanic voters. Our task force on Latin America swelled to thirty-five persons—all those big donors and blue-haired ladies—of whom only eight to ten ever showed up. The main participants were the CSIS group—Baer, Fauriol, and Perry—and myself. Don Gregg, who was Vice President Bush’s main foreign affairs adviser, came in to help coordinate our drafts with the work of other task forces. We met with members of the Moral Majority, Pat Robertson, and the hard-right members of “The Movement”: ideological Reaganite conservatives who believed they had the correct answers to all problems. The experience was an eye-opener for me: I’d never worked in the “guts” of a campaign before and seen how it functioned from the inside. It was chaotic, disorganized, and crazy, confirming the old adage that making policy (or choosing a candidate) is like making sausage: you’re better off not knowing too much about the process or what ingredients go into the final product.

We sparred with, gathered intelligence on, and even spied on the opposition campaign of Michael Dukakis. His chief adviser on Latin America was a friend of mine, former Ambassador Viron (“Pete”) Vaky, a career diplomat. But the arrogant, know-it-all Dukakis, here as in other issue areas, assumed that he knew all the answers about Latin America based on a year he had spent in Peru as a schoolboy. He rarely listened to his advisers. Other members of the Democrats’ advisory task force on Latin America were Bill LeoGrande, Bob Pastor, and Wayne Smith—all friends or colleagues of mine and all from the more radical wing of the party. Several of the far-left Dukakis supporters had helped the Sandinistas come to power in Nicaragua, wanted the guerrillas to win in El Salvador, and favored the Cuban position in foreign policy.<sup>3</sup> We referred to these Dukakis supporters and his policy as the “Jane Fonda (‘Hanoi Jane’!) Position,” a double entendre that resonated with our voters. We thought we had bested the Dukakis foreign policy team on this and other issues.

With all these comings and goings and the partisan politics involved, we thought we had nevertheless managed to write a really good and balanced platform statement. By then it was July of 1988 and I had recently completed my stint at FPRI and my wife and I transferred to our rural Washington house. Two things were happening: the Republican Convention would be meeting the next month in New Orleans to nominate Bush and,

meanwhile, we were slated to move back to Amherst to resume my regular academic job. So I didn't attend the convention, although Bill Perry of our group did. Bob Kasten, then the senator from Wisconsin, headed the Republican Platform Committee and, to our chagrin, took our carefully crafted language, threw it away, and, to make it more attractive to a domestic political audience, proceeded to completely rewrite the foreign affairs section of the platform. Though disappointed, I learned another valuable lesson (actually two of them) here: (1) a senator carries more clout than does an entire RNC task force, and (2) domestic politics trumps a rational foreign policy every time.

At the end of August we had left Washington and returned to my teaching position in Amherst. I, therefore, missed not only the Republican Convention but also the fall election campaign. Bush won in November; later, I heard that my name was on the list for the NSC position on Latin America and for the position as Assistant Secretary of State for inter-American affairs, the highest position in the U.S. government on Latin America. But I only heard about this after the fact, and I was no longer in Washington to campaign for these prestigious positions.

What an honor that would have been to serve in either of those high slots in an administration that, for my money and by common consent, had the best foreign policy team (Scowcroft, Baker, Powell, Eagleburger, Cheney) and ran the best foreign policy (the end of the Cold War with no shots being fired, the unification of Germany, the democratization of Russia and Eastern Europe) of any administration since Eisenhower. But you can't campaign for these positions—and you *must* campaign for them—from outside of Washington; you can't just sit passively by and wait to be “discovered.” So I was passed over for these jobs and missed my chance to serve in the Bush I Administration, which I consider one of the three great missed opportunities of my life.<sup>4</sup>

## Notes

1. This meeting is detailed in Howard J. Wiarda, *Adventures in Research*. Vol. II. *Europe and the Wider World* (Lincoln, NE: iUniverse, 2006), chapter 16.

2. See Howard J. Wiarda, *Universities, Think Tanks, and War Colleges* (Philadelphia: XLibris/McGraw Hill, 1999), chapter 6, for a tongue-in-cheek account of how Harvard faculty members vied to become advisers to the candidates in the 1980 presidential campaign.

3. Dukakis was in Peru in 1954, the same year as the U.S.-sponsored coup d'état that overthrew President Jacobo Arbenz in Guatemala. Dukakis was caught up in

these events as a young schoolboy; thirty-four years later he still blamed the CIA and the United Fruit Company for all the ills of Latin America.

4. The others being that I turned down a research/teaching (but not tenured) position at Harvard that might have grown into better things, and in 1984 I had turned down the possibility of running for Congress from my home district in Michigan.

## CHAPTER EIGHT



# Foreign Travel and the 1988 Presidential Race

The year I spent at FPRI, 1987–1988, was one of the most remarkable research-*cum*-political years of my life. That year I undertook no less than six extended research trips abroad: twice to Cuba, once to Europe, twice to Mexico, once all around Asia (Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore, the Philippines). Cuba, Europe, Mexico, and Central America were all familiar territories to me by then, but the trip around Asia was the first time I'd ever been to that continent. I was fascinated by the Asia experience, and especially the issue of why Asia had so rapidly forged ahead while my area of specialization, Latin America, though at roughly the same level as Asia in the 1950s, lagged behind. Thus began for me a new and firsthand interest in Asian affairs that resulted in my returning to Asia virtually every year or every other year subsequently and now spending more time in Asia than I do in Latin America. It was in Asia—I had early on concluded from my travel and research there—that the future lay.

These were all not just research trips, however, they also involved high politics, even at the presidential or presidential-campaign level. During my preceding six years at AEI, my other think tank, I had been intimately involved in Washington politics, from the presidential campaigns of 1980 and 1984 to advising on Central America to serving on or in two White House commissions. In 1987 as a new presidential election loomed, I was again heavily involved, first as a member of Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick's inner circle while she was contemplating a presidential race, then as she and her

ideological soulmate Congressman Jack Kemp dropped out, as an adviser to Senator Bob Dole, and most importantly (and most in accord with my own politics) as a member of Vice President George H. W. Bush's foreign policy advisory team.

When Bush won the election in November 1988, I was cheered. I thought of Bush (and still do) as one of the best foreign policy presidents we've had in recent decades, and I almost joined his foreign policy team in the White House. By then, however, we'd already gone back to my professorship in Amherst, and I couldn't conceive that my university would grant any more years of leave to work for Bush after I'd been on leave in Washington for five of the preceding seven years. So I had to turn the Bush offer down, though I now recognize that it may have been one of the great mistakes of my life.

## Cuba I

In the summer of 1987 I received an invitation to travel to Cuba with a delegation from the Latin American Studies Association (LASA). The delegation was headed by my longtime friend (and sometimes rival) Abraham Lowenthal, as well as good friend and former ambassador Sally Shelton-Colby, who had recently married ex-CIA director William Colby. LASA is the professional association of Latin American scholars, but it is often more political than it is scholarly. The delegation included former LASA president Cole Blasier, a Soviet Union-Cuba expert; New York University professor Christopher Mitchell; University of North Carolina professor Lars Schoultz; another former LASA president Helen Safa; Brazilian scholar Monica Hurst; British scholar Peter Shearman; and several Marxist "ringers" whom our hosts the Cubans added to the delegation. Of the group, I was the only Republican, the only one with ties to Jeane Kirkpatrick and the Ronald Reagan administration then in power, and the only one not necessarily in favor of lifting the U.S. embargo on Cuba—although as a pragmatist I could see advantages in a quid pro quo approach under which if Cuba gradually liberalized and democratized, we would gradually relax our own economic, travel, and diplomatic restrictions.

I'm not a great admirer of the Cuban Revolution or its communist regime, but like everyone else I was intrigued by it. I found in Havana a drab, run-down, spiritless city. Numerous people on the streets sidled up to me asking how they could get to Miami. The economy had not grown since the Revolution and in many respects Cuba had gone backward. Despite Cuba's vaunted health care system, I saw poverty, disease, rationing, and malnutrition and its related diseases.

Cuba is also a totalitarian, almost Stalinist regime politically: spies and secret police are everywhere, hotel rooms are bugged, and Cuban “guards” and “translators” report your every move and conversation. I found Cuba to be a terribly repressive place and was glad to get away, but we were guests of the Cuban Communist Party and so we were protected, given special privileges, and allowed to say whatever we wished. Not so for the Cubans.

Our meetings with Cuban counterparts were billed as an “academic exchange,” but our host in Cuba was the Center for American Studies (CEA) which functioned as a research think tank for the Communist Party. We actually held several days of meetings, receptions, and get-togethers in Cuba with our counterparts, but that was not the primary purpose of our visit. What the Cubans really wanted was—with the U.S. election coming up in 1988—for us to give them any insights we might have on future directions in U.S.–Latin America policy, especially as it affected U.S. relations with Cuba. Because while for the United States Cuba is just one small issue and country among many, for Cuba the United States and its embargo are *everything*.

Two of us in our delegation were singled out by the Cubans for special treatment. Abe Lowenthal was a liberal democrat, close to the aspiring 1988 Democratic Party candidates, and the author of a recent article on Latin America calling for an end to the embargo in *Foreign Affairs* entitled “Ending the Hegemonic Presumption.” The Cubans were well aware of Abe’s article and the arguments presented. I was also singled out by the Cubans, who had done their homework and knew that I was a scholar at the influential AEI, had worked for Kissinger and the Reagan administration, and was close to UN ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick and a number of the Republican candidates for 1988. I don’t know about Abe, but every day during our stay in Havana I was spirited away from the group meetings for private lunches or meetings with Communist Party, Foreign Ministry, and high regime officials. These officials, I discovered, lived very well compared to other suffering Cubans.

The Cuban officials wanted to know if there was any flexibility in any of the Republican candidates’ positions on Cuba. They especially wanted me to convey a message to my friend and colleague Jeane Kirkpatrick, who if she didn’t get the presidency or vice presidency was being talked of as a future secretary of state or national security adviser, that they were ready to talk about *anything*. Remember this was the summer of 1987: the Soviet Union was still intact, the Cold War was still on, and Cuban military force were deployed in all the then world hotspots: Angola, Mozambique, Central America, Ethiopia and the Horn of Africa, and numerous other countries. Although I had no diplomatic portfolio or authority to engage officially with

the Cubans, unofficially (“Track Two Diplomacy”) Cuban officials and I talked at length about what the United States might be willing to reciprocate in terms of relaxing the embargo if Cuba were willing to withdraw from or reduce its military presence in the Horn, South Africa, or Central America. I told the Cubans that I would convey the message but also told them not to be hopeful that anything would change.

As we see in a subsequent section, I *did* bring all these topics up with Jeane. She was intrigued by the possibilities but also saw the pitfalls domestically, especially if she was going to be a presidential candidate. On the one hand, as a candidate you always like to have something new and dramatic to announce because that gets you headlines and attention. Talking to and opening up relations with Cuba could be as dramatic as Nixon going to China a decade-and-a-half earlier. On the other hand, Cuba was still a volatile issue for many Americans and could cost you Florida in a presidential election. In the end, not much happened as a result of this initiative but it was fun to be singled out by the Cubans, treated as a special diplomatic emissary, and to convey the message to high U.S. government officials.

### Western Europe

Only a month after the Cuba trip I was again on the road (better, in the air), this time headed for Europe. I had been invited to the south of France by Jeane and Evron Kirkpatrick to join them for a series of meetings at their house in Les Baux, one of those gorgeous, small, picturesque towns where “everyone” went to vacation in August. While Jeane was at that time getting all the headlines as a potential presidential candidate and the first woman with a real chance to win, her former teacher, Kirk, had had a distinguished career of his own. He was the longtime director of the American Political Science Association (*my* professional association); was the overall director of HELDREF publications, which published fifty-some magazines and journals including the respected *World Affairs*; ran the Helen Dwight Reid Foundation; and had his hands in dozens of other Washington-based activities. Kirk was a Washington mover and shaker. He had also been responsible for recruiting me at AEI.

This gathering at the Kirkpatricks’ house in Les Baux was ostensibly a meeting of all the HELDREF, Helen Dwight Reid Foundation, and Kirkpatrick-related boards and directors. Since I was on the editorial board of *World Affairs* and close to Jeane and Kirk, I was invited to the confab; all my travel expenses would be paid. But I was a relative newcomer to the Kirkpatrick “family” or patronage networks, so Kirk assigned Gene Hedberg of AEI, a Georgetown

Ph.D. and a trusted Kirkpatrick lieutenant, to brief me on all the background. Before we left for Europe, Gene spent the better part of three days filling me in on where the money came from for all these activities, where it went, and what all these organizations did. It was a complex web of interlocking associations. However Gene told me that the real purpose of this gathering of the “clan” was to assess a possible Jeane Kirkpatrick presidential run.

I was at that time finishing up a research project for AEI, funded by the Tinker Foundation, on the new interrelations between Spain, Portugal, and Latin America. Before, under dictator Francisco Franco in Spain, Antonio Salazar in Portugal, and a raft of military dictators in Latin America, the relations between Iberia and Latin America had been governed by considerations of *Hispanidad*—order, discipline, conservative Catholicism, cooperation, and anti-communism. But now both Iberia and Latin America had made a transition to democracy and their foreign policies were changing as well. Our Tinker project sought to assess their new relations<sup>2</sup>; I also had a book of my own that I was writing assessing (skeptically) how complete these transitions really were. So I worked it out with AEI and the Kirkpatricks to spend a week in Portugal and Spain before flying on to Marseilles and the clan gathering at Jeane’s place in the mountains of Provence.

I arrived in Lisbon a few days before the scheduled 1987 election. That would give me time to visit the main political party headquarters, talk to the candidates, interview high government officials, and visit the U.S. embassy. It was my position at the prestigious AEI—not FPRI which was not well known in Europe—that gave me access to these high officials. At the same time, Europe had not yet developed a network of foreign policy think tanks to match what we had in the United States.

Recall that in 1974 Portugal had a revolution to end the authoritarian regime of Antonio Salazar/Marcelo Caetano. Under the direction of the strong Portuguese Communist Party, the Revolution had lurched steadily farther left. The U.S. embassy was heavily involved in all these political machinations, and I had been invited as a person with extensive prior research experience in Portugal to advise the State Department and the embassy. Eventually Portugal turned toward the center and the more conservative Portuguese political culture reasserted itself. I was back in Portugal several times in the mid- to late 1970s doing my own research and also meeting with U.S. ambassador Frank Carlucci. Eventually, after many ups and downs, Portugal did a course correction and returned to centrist politics. It was the Portuguese Revolution in 1974 and its eventual democratic outcome that began that great series of transitions to democratic rule worldwide that Samuel Huntington called “the Third Wave.”

While democracy had been established in Portugal, it was still an unstable country and the economy when I returned there in the 1980s had still not recovered to pre-1974 or pre-Revolution levels. In 1985 I had been in Portugal as an election observer when Anibal Cavaco e Silva and the center-right Social Democratic Party won a plurality in parliament and provided Portugal with its first stable government in over a decade. Then, in 1986 Portugal joined the European Economic Community (EEC, the forerunner of the European Union or EU), which provided a sorely needed economic shot in the arm. Finally in 1987 the PSD and Cavaco e Silva garnered an absolute majority for the first time in Portugal's democratic history, enabling it to stay in power until 1995 and giving Portugal its first ever period of stability, prosperity, and democracy.

I was there to observe this election as well as the previous one and stayed for some days afterward. I interviewed high government and party officials, met with the U.S. ambassador and the political section at the embassy, went to polling places to observe the balloting (all fair and the votes honestly counted), and then gathered Portuguese political socialists and pollsters to watch as the votes came in. Satisfied that Portugal now had finally established democracy, and with the EEC subsidies, that its economy was about to be transformed, I left midweek to fly to Madrid.

Spain in the mid-1980s was booming. Generalissimo Franco had died in 1975, but unlike Portugal, Spain had made a peaceful rather than revolutionary transition to democracy, and as a much bigger country, with far more resources and a larger GNP, Spain had also made gigantic economic strides. Its economy was booming ahead at 6–8 percent per year, one of the highest in the world. By 1987 we didn't have to worry about Spain either politically or economically in the same way that Portugal was still politically worrisome.

Unlike Portugal, I didn't have an election to observe in Spain; I only wanted to update my research notes for the book I was writing about the two Iberian nations. I visited friends and colleagues in the labor and Foreign Affairs ministries, visited my favorite bookstore to buy the latest studies of Spanish history and politics, and met with people I knew at the main Spanish think tanks. I also met with U.S. embassy officials from the defense, economics, CIA, and political sections. The embassy is often a useful place to collect a variety of data all in one location.

While there, I also met with Ambassador Reginald Bartholomew. I'd several years before discovered that my AEI and Jeane Kirkpatrick connections often gave me access to the highest levels of the U.S. government, and I'd learned to exploit that access. Bartholomew was gracious and hospitable, invited me to lunch, and gave me a lot of his time. He fancied himself an

intellectual; he also thought the Madrid embassy was too low level for him and had his sights set on Paris. We had a wide-ranging chat: he thought Spain was much like his previous post in Argentina in its historic isolation and inferiority complex; he believed Spain was *way ahead* of Portugal both politically and economically, and he thought that Spain had successfully completed its transition to democracy but still had a lot of consolidation and institutionalization to go. Like me, Reggie saw a lot of continuities in both Spain and Portugal from before the change and thought of both of these countries as “mixed.”

I spent a couple more days in Madrid, where I had earlier done a lot of research and travel and which had become one of my favorite cities. I walked around people watching, visited the Prado as well as the new Thyssen-Bornemisza museums, shopped at the *Corte Ingles*, and had dinner with both American and Spanish friends. It was a great visit, the enjoyment of which was aided by the fact AEI and HELDREF were paying for it. Over the weekend I flew on to Marseilles and then up to Aix-en-Provence for a series of meetings with the Kirkpatrick.

## Provence

We landed in Marseilles and I was driven up to Aix by Amos Booth, director of the Institute for American Education, one of the organizations the Kirkpatrick sponsored and helped run. It turned out, which I didn't know before, the Kirkpatrick and HELDREF had a whole “family” of activities which they sponsored here in the south of France: an art school (in the house Cezanne once lived in), study-abroad programs for college students in Aix and Avignon, as well as the Institute. Jeane and Kirk had an entire network of friends, colleagues, and political allies in France as well as the United States.

My residence during this week of confabs was the Hotel de Thermes in Aix, a hotel built literally on top of the thermal water springs that the Romans had discovered two thousand years ago. Because there was insufficient room, only the Kirkpatrick special friends like Betty and Howard Penniman, another political scientist from AEI, stayed with them at the house. The rest of us were scattered in hotels and residences around the area. The Hotel de Thermes was fun not only for the thermal baths but also for what we came to call its “nudie pool.”

That night the “clan” all gathered for the first time for dinner at the Chateau de Meyrargues on a mountain above Aix. Present were Walter Beach of the American Political Science Association, human rights lawyer and

ambassador Max Kampelman, Howard Penniman of AEI, political scientist Warren Miller, University of Illinois Chancellor Jack Peltason, HELDREF publisher Neil Valle, Institute of American Education directors Herb Maza and John Engles, Kirkpatrick confidant Gene Hedberg, Ambassador Chuck Lichtenstein from Jeane's UN staff, and a number of Jeane's trusted college and university friends. *Public Interest* editor and neocon godfather Irving Kristol and Defense Department official Richard Perle, who also had homes in Provence, joined us later in the week. It was a splendid dinner at the Meyrargues with lots of high-level talk.

The week was organized to give ample opportunity both for tourism and for discussion. We toured the gorgeous countryside of Provence, visited the art institute outside Aix (I stood in the window from which Cezanne painted Mont Sainte-Victoire in its many color variations), and traveled to Avignon to inspect the Helen Dwight Reid Foundation—run study-abroad program.

On two occasions Jeane invited us over to her house for dinner/receptions. I spent a lot of time roaming around Aix on foot, with each passing day coming to enjoy this elegant, rich, and not-a-little-bit conceited city more and more. Provence is dotted with five-star restaurants and every night some or all of "Jeane's gang" would gather for a splendid repast, all expenses paid.

The main purpose of this week-long gathering, however, was not food or tourism but political assessments. Three topics dominated the conversation. The first was AEI and its financial/administrative crisis. Everyone agreed that AEI would survive and stabilize but probably not in its current form. It needed a new organization, a new president (Chris De Muth had just been appointed, replacing Bill Baroody, Jr.), new funding, and a new direction. Over the next years AEI *did* stabilize, but as indicated earlier, not sufficiently to save my job there.

The second topic was Cuba. In these discussions, having just been there a month earlier, my views were center-stage. During my trip to Cuba I had been treated, because of my AEI, Kirkpatrick, and Reagan administration connections, as an unofficial diplomatic emissary. The Cubans, at the level of the executive committee of the Communist Party, had wanted me to pass on to Jeane and the Reagan administration that they were ready to talk on a whole range of issues—southern African, the Horn of Africa, Central America—where they had a military and intelligence presence. Their goal of course was to end the U.S. embargo which was strangling the Cuban economy. The Cubans appeared to me to be desperate to have the economic sanctions lifted because their own economy was in very bad shape. They saw greater possibilities talking to a new Democratic administration (this was the summer of 1987 but the jockeying and campaigning for the 1988 nomination

was already well under way); however, they also wanted to talk to Republicans, both the current administration and whomever would follow in 1988. Hence their overtures to me to talk to Jeane.

I met with Jeane and deputy UN ambassador Lichtenstein up at the house in Les Baux. I conveyed the message to Jeane of Cuban willingness to engage in unconditional talks, private or public, on any topic. I also told them my assessment of how desperate the Cubans were to lift the embargo. I mentioned the possible political advantages: Just as Nixon had opened up relations with China, Jeane could get headlines by talking to the Cubans. But I also warned Jeane of the traps: the Cubans would more than likely use these talks for propaganda purposes, Castro might back out, the Cubans in Florida would likely object, the talks might be used by the Cubans as a cover for actually *expanding* their military force abroad. I also told her that I thought some lower-level problems—for example, the harassment in Havana of U.S. interest section personnel—should be resolved before entering into more substantive discussions.

Jeane listened carefully; she was smart, tough, and knew the issues. She was also more ideological than I and thought more ideologically than politically. I viewed talks with Cuba not so much in left-right terms but in terms of the political advantages she might gain that could possibly carry her all the way to the nomination and the presidency. Just opening up a dialogue with the Cubans would get her enormously favorable headlines worldwide; then, if she could negotiate the Cubans out of Angola, Ethiopia, or Central America, she could probably win the presidency. That would be seen as a tremendous triumph for U.S. diplomacy and for Jeane personally. But Jeane was cautious; she was also caught up in ideological anti-Castroism and thought my view of the political advantages was too cynical.

It is of course possible that nothing would ever come of the Cuban “feeler” that I had passed on to Jeane. I learned later that she had discussed some of these possibilities with President Reagan but that there was great skepticism in the White House and the Oval Office. So far as I know, neither she nor the Reagan administration ever seriously pursued the possibility of a Cuba “opening.” But I had done my part; I had conveyed the message.

The third topic of that week was politics and Jeane’s own political possibilities. She was tremendously popular with the Republican base; “Jeane for President” buttons had been popping up all over the country. She had electrified the Republican convention in 1984 with her speech condemning “San Francisco Democrats,” and was admired for her attacks at the UN on the Soviet Union, various corrupt and anti-American Third World regimes, and the UN itself. Jeane is very quick and bright, an excellent public speaker, a fierce debater, and had a large, devoted following.

All of her friends gathered in Provence were urging her to run. Shrewd political analysis was provided by Warren Miller, Jack Peltason, Austin Ranney, Howard Penniman, and Kirk himself, all professional political scientists at the highest ranks of the profession. At AEI, Jeane had her own staff, a base of operations, and an even larger corps of advisers at the highest level. It was a campaign-in-waiting. All she had to do was say the word.

Jeane, however, had never been elected to political office, and that was a drawback. She had never gone through a national political campaign as a candidate. One scenario, therefore, that we discussed in the south of France that summer was a possible run for the Senate, from Maryland where she lived, from New York where she had been UN ambassador, or from her home state of Oklahoma. A second scenario had her running for president, conducting a credible campaign but probably not enough to get her the nomination, and then settling for the vice presidential nomination if the Kirkpatrick's good friend, Congressman Jack Kemp, then a leading contender and close to AEI, got the nomination. Still a third possibility was Jeane being named the first woman secretary of state or the first woman national security adviser in either a future Kemp or George H. W. Bush administration.

None of these scenarios worked out. First, the Kemp campaign sputtered along but never got a lot of traction; ultimately he failed to get the Republican nomination, but not from lack of effort. Second, there was very bad blood between the Kirkpatrick-neocon wing of the Republican Party and the moderate Bush wing. The Bush group, which controlled most of the Party machinery, thought Jeane and the neocons were too extreme, while Jeane and her friends denounced the Bush faction as wimpy. So when Bush eventually got the nomination and then won the presidency, not only did he not offer Jeane the State Department or NSA slots, but he also kept the neocons out of his administration almost completely.

To be honest, though I liked Jeane personally and recognized she had done a lot to advance my career, I was much closer politically and ideologically to the moderate, centrist, Bush foreign policy team (James Baker, Colin Powell, Brent Scowcroft) than I was to Jeane and the neocons.<sup>3</sup> But at AEI I was part of the Kirkpatrick team, knew all the people involved, and thought my chances for a high-level foreign policy appointment were better with the Kirkpatrick's than the Bushes. However as the Kemp-Kirkpatrick possibility had begun to fade over the course of 1987, I was not at all hesitant to switch loyalties and join the Bush team.

There was one other factor operating in Jeane's ultimate decision not to become a full-fledged presidential candidate that fewer people know about: her husband. I had noticed over the last year that Kirk appeared older and

unhealthier than before, was losing some of his sharpness, forgot things, and was slowing down. In addition, he had turned over greater management of HELDREF and other far-flung Kirkpatrick enterprises to trusted underlings. Then, when we were all in Provence, Kirk appeared tired and cancelled a number of important HELDREF meetings, including the meeting of the editorial board of *World Affairs*, which was my official reason for being at this confab.

In the following months, Kirk seemed to go further downhill. I was close to Kirk personally, actually closer to him than I was to Jeane, saw him every day, and noticed the deterioration. Among Kirk's closest friends—Howard Penniman and Austin Ranney—Kirk's condition became a matter of concern. Jeane of course knew him better than anyone and was similarly worried. I saw her agonize over the state of his health and how costly it was to him for her to be away for extended periods on political speaking engagements. Eventually Jeane had to choose between her obligations to her husband and her political aspirations. She showed no more hesitation on this decision that she did on other matters: she took herself out of the race to devote herself entirely to Kirk.

In political circles Jeane is known as a tough, hard-nosed ideologue. I doubt if very many people know another side of her, which is as a devoted mother and wife. Here we have a case of a woman who might have been president of the United States, the first woman secretary of state, the first woman national security adviser, who gave it all up for the sake of her husband and family. Meanwhile, as indicated in chapter 7, when Jeane dropped out, I did a little work through FPRI for the Bob Dole campaign; but I was mostly involved during 1987–1988 in the George H. W. Bush presidential run.

## Cuba II

In April 1988, I was again in Cuba, the second time in a year. Sponsored by the Heinz Foundation, our group consisted of scholars and policy-makers associated with the Center for International Affairs at Harvard University: Professor Jorge Domínguez, a Cuba expert; foreign policy guru Gregory Tverton; Africa specialist Michael Clough; law professor James Rowels; former assistant secretary for inter-American affairs Viron “Pete” Vaky; and former ambassador Richard Bloomfield. It was a smaller group than previously; I considered it also less politicized and more professional than the earlier LASA group.

The format was quite similar to the earlier one: we were hosted by Rafael Hernández and the Cuban Center for American Studies. The stated purpose

of our meetings was to explore issues in Cuban-American relations: Central America, the Horn of Africa, southern Africa. Our group spent the better part of three days in conference with Cuban academic and government officials exploring the possibilities for dialogue and negotiations. But as in our previous trip to Cuba, at various times during the conference some of us were spirited off for private meetings with Cuban officials.

The conference was billed as an academic and foreign policy exchange but, as in our earlier conference, politics and the U.S. presidential campaign were never far from the surface. Remember that this was by now April 1988, nine months after the previous trip: the U.S. presidential campaign was heating up, and the election was only seven months away. Almost all (maybe all!) the other conference participants on the Americans side were associated with the Democratic Party campaign of Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis; Domínguez and Vaky had also written speeches for him. As previously, I was probably the only Republican among the group, a phenomena not unusual among academic types these days. By this time I had completed my gravitation from Jeane Kirkpatrick to Dole (never a serious effort on my part) to George H. W. Bush.

The Cubans were of course counting on a Dukakis victory. They saw in Dukakis a sympathetic figure who would surely lift the embargo. In this assessment they were probably correct: in my own meetings with Dukakis (he was governor of my home state and I had met and talked to him on several occasions), I had found him to be a romantic and an idealist, not unlike Jimmy Carter. As a young man, Dukakis had been residing in Peru in 1954 when the CIA-sponsored coup against Gustavo Arbenz in Guatemala had taken place; he continued to believe the CIA and United Fruit Company machinations were behind every political event in Latin America. Dukakis, in my view, combined the worst of all possible personality traits: he knew little about the area but thought that he did, and asserted his views strongly and arrogantly even in the absence of much understanding.

Mostly the Cubans were interested in hearing about Dukakis' views, which several in our group were quite willing to provide. I thought it was wholly inappropriate for Americans like these to give inside information about future U.S. policy to the Cubans, who had a lot of blood on their hands and were our sworn enemies. Eventually it must have dawned on the Cubans, after three days of cultivating the Dukakis advisers, that their preferred candidate might not win, whereupon I was again singled out for private meetings with Cuban high officials. Having made the criticism above of my colleague, however, I was darned if I was going to give the Cubans any inside scoop on a future Bush administration. So I was deliberately vague and even mislead-

ing in what I said to the Cubans even though, working now as a member of the Bush foreign policy advisory team, I knew *exactly* what the Bush policy would be. At one point, just to see what would happen, I even planted some false information with the Cubans; as expected, the juicy little tidbit that I had planted not only showed up in the Cuban daily briefing for high officials but was also republished in the U.S. left-wing press.

These conversations with Cuban officials were very different from those the previous year when I'd been part of the Jeane Kirkpatrick campaign. Then, in that climate, and since Jeane was an intellectual, I thought there might be a possibility for a real exchange of views. By now, with Bush, campaign positions had already been locked in place and there could be no dialogue, certainly not with Cuba. In our meetings with the candidate, Bush had told us that, as the frontrunner, he didn't want to rock the boat and that, for the sake of maintaining the support of Reagan and the Reaganites, he did not want to change Reagan policy on Latin America. I knew all this and more, but I certainly did not want to reveal that to the Cubans.

In roaming around Havana this time, I'd concluded that Cuba was in even worse shape than the year earlier. Everything looked shabbier and the economy was really struggling; since the United States is Cuba's natural market, it was understandable why they so desperately wanted to lift the embargo. But with a Bush presidency all but certain, and knowing what I knew about his foreign policy intentions, I saw no possibility of lifting the embargo or even of dialogue with the Cubans. Unlike last time, I did not even raise the subject.

## Mexico

I was in Mexico twice in 1988, once in the spring while I was at FPRI and once in December, shortly after the U.S. presidential election was won by George H. W. Bush, when my name was on the list for possible high-level State Department or National Security Council positions in the new administration.

In the spring of 1988 I was doing quite a bit of research and writing about Mexico. I had been asked by FPRI to contribute a chapter on Mexico to its "Friendly Tyrants" volume. It was not that Mexico had a "tyrant" as president, but the Mexican system was authoritarian or institutionalized, one-party authoritarian as distinct from a single authoritarian leader. In addition, I had been asked to prepare another article on Mexican constitutionalism. I also had an article that I was preparing on Mexican corporatist unraveling and still a fourth paper was a review essay on deteriorating U.S.-Mexico

relations. There were still other reasons to focus on Mexico at this time: my research assistant at FPRI that spring, Carlos Guajardo, was from Mexico; and the Bush foreign policy team, when it paid attention to Latin America at all, was very worried about the potential for political and economic collapse in Mexico. A “failed state” or even the possibility thereof would undoubtedly send millions of Mexicans fleeing toward the U.S. border, a prospect that neither the administration nor Congress wished to have to deal with.

I knew a lot about Mexico from my past graduate school work, from having earlier traveled extensively and done research in Mexico, and from the fact Mexico was a prime case in my writings about corporatism. I had the theory that corporatist regimes like Mexico’s were unlikely to smoothly transition to democracy and free markets like more liberal regimes did; instead, they tended to fragment, pull apart, and break down, thus producing a “failed state.” Naturally, if such a breakdown happened in a big state (110 million people) right on our southern border, the consequences for not just Mexico but also for the United States would be enormous.

In the spring of 1988 when I traveled there, Mexico looked to be tipping on the edge of a precipice. Recall that it was Mexico, specifically a bankrupt Mexico, that had triggered the great Third World debt crisis of the early 1980s; in 1988 the Mexican economy was still dangerously vulnerable. Second, the Mexican political system was also precarious; I remember in the Bush foreign policy team debating vigorously what the U.S. response should be if the dominant PRI (Partido Revolucionario Institucional—Institutional Revolutionary Party) blatantly stole the scheduled 1988 election—which, it now seems evident, it did in fact do. Third, in the late-1980s Mexico’s corporatist and authoritarian regime seemed to be doing exactly what my theories were predicting: unraveling and disintegrating rather than evolving happily toward democracy.

In Mexico that spring I met with such Mexican friends and scholars as Carlos Rico, Manuel Millor, Francisco Zapata, Jorge Castaneda, and Enrique Krause. I visited party and labor headquarters, met with the business community, and interviewed U.S. embassy representatives. I also met with leftist challenger Cuauhtemoc Cárdenas, both before and after the election, who had been robbed of the presidency by PRI vote-stealing—he was an angry man. I took advantage of my research assistant’s elite family connections to interview some of Mexico’s richest and most influential power-wielders. Through my own contacts I was able to access Mexico’s ongoing corporatist institutions and their relations with new, emerging civil society groups. The picture I drew was of a regime in bad trouble.

I saw Mexico as a country imploding and unraveling. First, the economic situation was bad: Mexico had high and unpayable foreign debts, economic

growth had stalled, and the population growth was outstripping the country's ability to create new jobs. Second, the political system was both corrupt and inefficient; the dominant PRI was losing its hold even while it continued to steal elections. Third and directly related to my research interests, Mexico's corporatist system was fragmenting, with the different groups spinning off into separate orbits, not much still holding the country together, and an emerging democratic civil society still only in its nascent stages.

When I got back to the United States I not only wrote about this, I also talked to my colleagues in the Bush presidential campaign. Obviously mine was not the only voice reaching Bush on Mexico, but our Latin America group on the Bush foreign policy task force certainly made our views known. Especially important in this regard was longtime Bush friend and campaign manager James Baker. Out of this mix of voices was to come the North American Free Trade Act or NAFTA, Bush's answer to the Mexico crisis. Contrary to the way NAFTA has been portrayed in the media, it was not primarily a trade or even economic pact. Rather, it was preeminently a political/strategic policy aimed at getting money flowing into Mexico again with the goal of stabilizing a wobbly Mexico. The policy used economic means—investment, job creation, lower tariffs—to accomplish political and strategic ends: the survival of a stable Mexico on our southern border.

I went back to Mexico in December of 1988, right after the U.S. presidential election that my candidate Bush won. By then I was back in my regular teaching position in Amherst, while also renewing my research slot at Harvard's Center for International Affairs (CFIA). But I'd continued my relationship with FPRI, returning there several times usually while en route to Washington even after my fellowship year had ended. While we loved Amherst, we missed the political hurly-burly of D.C.

The conference I was a part of in Mexico was organized by Wayne Smith of the John Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS) in Washington. It was titled "The Foreign Policy Promise and Prospect of the Bush [I] Administration." Well, that was my forte and SAIS was a respectable institution, so I accepted the invitation even while Wayne was not my favorite Latin America scholar. I believed he was too close to the Cuban position and even functioned as an apologist for the Cuban regime, while also being too critical of his own country's politics.

My suspicions were confirmed when I got to the conference: it consisted of a sizable Cuban delegation (mainly people I'd already met in Havana), left-wing and anti-American Mexicans from the University of Mexico (UNAM), and delegates from the United States all except me associated with the Democratic Party. Although this was never stated publicly, I believe the

purpose of the conference was not academic or scholarly but to provide the Cubans and left-wing Mexicans with a briefing about what to expect from the new administration, I refused to participate in the charade, but when it came my turn to speak I laid it on the line, telling the delegates that Bush viewed Latin America as low priority, he would not take any steps to lift the embargo on Cuba, and that he would try to get out of his predecessor's imbroglio in Central America as soon as possible. To my great surprise, Wayne supported my presentation and agreed with everything I said.

There was one other piece of news that surfaced at this meeting: that I was on the list of possibilities for the position of assistant secretary for inter-American affairs at the Department of State or for the National Security Council slot as counselor to the president on Latin America, the two highest positions in the U.S. government on Latin American affairs. That was nice and certainly flattering to hear. But I had been on leave from my university for five of the preceding seven years; I could not conceive that my university would grant me more leave to serve in the Bush administration. In addition, we had already moved back to our Amherst home and thus were not in a position to campaign for these slots. And you *do* have to campaign for them; they do not just fall into your lap like overripe peaches. So, albeit reluctantly, I did not go after a Bush administration appointment; even today I wonder if I made the right choice.

## Asia

In the spring of 1988, while still at FPRI, I received another invitation to travel which I quickly accepted. The invitation came from Jiri Valenta, a Czech scholar who had previously spent time in Washington and was now at the University of Miami. Jiri was a real go-getter; he had grants from no less than four sponsors to put on a major conference in Singapore on Gorbachev's "New Thinking" (*glasnost, perestroika*) and its impact on Third-World conflicts. I was to prepare and deliver a paper on Latin America. Note that this conference, held in 1988, was just one year before Eastern Europe began going its own way separate from the U.S.S.R, two years before the fall of the Berlin Wall, and three years before the Soviet Union itself collapsed and disintegrated. Although we got a nice book out of this conference, its conclusions were largely rendered irrelevant by the Soviet collapse.<sup>4</sup>

I had never visited or done research in Asia before, though I was fascinated by the question of why, starting from approximately the same level in the 1950s, Asia had forged ahead so strongly while Latin America had lagged behind. I was also interested in the issue of why some Asian countries—Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore—were doing so well while

others—the Philippines, Indonesia, Southeast Asia—were still Third World. Since my travel round trip to Singapore was being paid for by the conference, I determined I should take advantage of the opportunity by also visiting other countries en route. So I made arrangements to visit Japan, Taiwan, and Hong Kong/Macao en route to Singapore and the Philippines on the return trip.

I've written about this eye-opening trip before,<sup>5</sup> and need not repeat all those materials here. Suffice it to say that I saw a lot, did a lot, and had a marvelous time at the conference. Although, unlike the other travel related in this chapter, the trip had no effect on presidential politics, it was an eye-opener in many ways. It opened vistas in my research and general comparative politics writing that I'd not thought about before.

Japan was incredible: a tremendously energetic, disciplined, hard-working, organized society where people actually *ran* to work. Taiwan and Hong Kong I found to be, if that's possible, even more energetic, hard-working, and in a hurry than Japan. And in Singapore it was already clear in 1987 that this small city-state was soon going to reach U.S. and Western European levels of development. By contrast, in the Philippines I found a country much like those I already knew in Latin America: corrupt, patronage-based, and not well-organized for development. The contrasts were striking. On subsequent, almost yearly travel to Asia, I spent considerable time in China, South Korea, Thailand, India, Indonesia, and East Timor where I was able to develop my comparative Asian perspective, as well as the comparison between Asia and Latin America, more fully.

If this trip was not related to presidential politics, of what importance was it? First, I came away with a newfound understanding of and admiration for the power and dynamics of the East Asian economies. Second, I learned of the profound differences within Asia, as between China and India, for example, or between those countries shaped by a Confucian ethic (China, Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore) and those shaped by other cultural traditions. Third, I was fascinated by the immense success of these Asian economies as compared with those of Latin America. The Asian experience reinforced my ideas that it was not so much dependency relations or institutions that accounted for development. Instead, it was culture. Culture is the great explanatory paradigm, I am convinced, that explains why Asia has forged ahead while Latin America continues to fall behind.

## Notes

1. A more detailed presentation can be found in Howard J. Wiarda, *Adventures in Research*, Vol. II. *Europe and the Wider World* (Lincoln, NE: iUniverse, 2006), chapter 15.

2. Howard J. Wiarda (ed.), *The Iberian-Latin American Connection: Implications for U.S. Policy* (Boulder, CO: AEI/Westview, 1986).
3. For the full story see Howard J. Wiarda, *Conservative Braintrust: The Rise, Fall, and Rise Again of AEI* (Lanham, MD: Lexington Books, 2009).
4. Jiri Valenta and Frank Cibulka (eds.), *Gorbachev's New Thinking and Third World Conflicts* (New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Publishers, 1990).
5. Howard J. Wiarda, *Adventures in Research*, Vol. III. *A Global Traveler* (Lincoln, NE: iUniverse, 2006), chapters 17–18.

## CONCLUSION



### Return Visits

In the summer of 1988, while we were moving back to Amherst, FPRI was also moving its offices into new headquarters on Chestnut Street. The building, a historic one only two blocks from the old address and one block from the UPenn campus, was called Ralston House and had at one time been the home of the Philadelphia Single and Widowed Women's Association. A plaque at the front entry commemorated this history. How quaint that sign appeared in the 1980s context of fevered women's liberation!

The new building was much larger, more spacious, and more gracious than the old, nondescript office building on Market Street that we had earlier occupied. This one had turn-of-the-century dark brick, large windows, and spacious corridors and offices with high ceilings and Victorian-style woodwork. A special feature of the new building was a spacious, two-story auditorium which the single and widowed women had used as a chapel. That a public institution would have a chapel, and a Christian one at that, also seems quaint in this era of strict separation between church and state.

When I'd left FPRI in midsummer, the new office space was still only incompletely restored; thick layers of plaster dust were everywhere, and construction materials still lined the hallways and chapel. But when I returned in late September for a lecture by my UMass colleague Paul Hollander, a prominent neocon scholar who wrote about the biases of those who admired the Soviet Union and other communist regimes, the new space had been finished and cleaned up. It looked spectacular, with those high windows allowing natural light to stream in and the oak pews and woodwork in the

chapel cleaned and refinished to show off the glory of the natural wood grain. Flowers and shrubs had been planted out front and new sidewalks and lawn put down. The new place had a whole new atmosphere of lightness and openness. Although it may be hard to believe, given all I've said previously about the many tensions and conflicts at FPRI, this new lightness of mood and the pleasantness of the surroundings were carried over to the internal workings and interpersonal relations in the Institute as well. For once, everyone seemed happy; no one was complaining. Well, almost!

Leaving FPRI, I'd accepted their invitation to continue the relationship as an Associate Scholar. That position carried no formal obligations on my part, nor did it involve paying a salary on their part. It simply meant that I could still consider FPRI as an institutional "home," in return for which I might occasionally lecture at FPRI, write for its projects (like the "Vulnerabilities of Communist Regimes" or "Friendly Tyrants"), or participate in its programs.

But if truth be told, I was happy to leave FPRI after my stint there, and not especially eager to participate in very many more of its programs. I had gotten a lot of writing done during the year and had come to enjoy Philadelphia, but the constant tension and conflicts within the Institute had taken their toll. Even more daunting were the logistics: from 1988–1991 I was teaching full-time at UMass, had a research position at Harvard, and was still commuting at least once a month to Washington. Hence, when I traveled to D.C., I flew directly from Amherst or Boston, thus bypassing Philadelphia and FPRI. On those rare occasions when I had a long weekend or vacation and took the train, I would stop off at Philadelphia's 30th Street Station, walk up to FPRI and spend the afternoon there, before going on to Washington in the evening. I did that on several occasions in 1988–1989, mainly to help finish up the projects on which I'd worked while at the Institute.

One such visit in April 1989, nine months after I'd left the Institute, especially stands out. The Ralston House building looked great, now finished, with magnolia trees blooming in front. Inside, everyone was pleasant; the new building had apparently worked wonders on collegiality. The budget was up to \$1.4 million, a considerable increase over the previous year. I was stunned to find the same work crew in the office—Sandy Bailey, Thelma Prosser, Gina Grecescu, and Lynn Smith—precisely the ones who had tried so hard to leave FPRI the year before. Sandy, my friend, told me they really liked the new building; the staff was much more content. No one, for the moment, was looking to leave.

President Marvin Wachman, who had from the beginning championed my appointment at FPRI, looked good and was very welcoming. He told me that his wife Addie, the real liberal in the family, who had been hospitalized ear-

lier in the year, was now better. Associate Director Alan Luxenberg had just received a handsome fellowship to pursue his Ph.D. at Temple, in part because of the assistance I had provided in helping him publish his MA thesis. As a teacher, that's a message that makes it all worthwhile, that one of my students or a person I had assisted had done well and on the basis of the help I had provided. My special friends John Maurer and Vlad Tismaneanu had left FPRI by this time, John going to the Naval War College and Vlad to Penn to teach on a full-time basis. But there were new people as well: Judy Goldsmith, who writes on China, was the Hooper Fellow that year; Arthur Waldron, another China expert, would be the Hooper Fellow the following year. Of the old gang, Adam Garfinkle was still there as was Michael Radu. Michael, as usual, complained bitterly about everything; apparently he was the one person on whom the new building had had no salutary effect.

The big surprise was the director, who was friendly and welcoming. We actually had a pleasant talk, the first one since I'd initially gone to FPRI. Daniel told me he was doing a short book on Salman Rushdie, the Pakistani novelist whose "Satanic Verses" had earned a fatwa or death sentence from Iran's mullahs, and another on modernization theory—my field. My conjecture was that, without anyone to challenge or outrank him (me!), Daniel was more confident and able to function better. Or maybe the "new building atmosphere" and the fact FPRI was doing well financially had made him more sociable. Marvin told me that Daniel was better now on "personality problems." On this as other issues, Michael was still a dissenter, complaining to me, if not to his own colleagues, that "Daniel had to go."

### FPRI in Decline—Again

FPRI has gone through periodic crises, most often when a change of leadership occurred and the Institute went through a succession crisis. That had happened when Strausz-Hupé had stepped down in 1969, when his successor Bill Kintner left for his ambassadorship and Bob Pfaltzgraff took over in the 1970s, and then again a few years later after Pfaltzgraff left and Kintner resigned. Such leadership-*cum*-succession crises are likely to be endemic in small, underinstitutionalized think tanks, or maybe in all organizations. The problems are especially acute, as at FPRI, where there are deep internal divisions and where the finances are modest and even precarious.

The precipitating cause this time was the resignation in 1989 of President Marvin Wachman at age seventy-two. Marvin had been named president in 1983 and, in my view, had saved the Institute. Prior to Marvin's arrival, FPRI had had a succession of weak, low-impact leaders and was, additionally, all

but destitute financially and deeply in the red. Marvin not only rescued FPRI financially and administratively, but he also brought a set of finely honed, sorely needed political skills to the job that gave the Institute new visibility and connections in the Philadelphia area. Marvin had been a balance wheel in the Institute; his departure left a real vacuum at the highest level.

Marvin had always treated me well; we were close friends and allies on a number of fronts. When I heard of his resignation, only a year after I'd left FPRI, I immediately recalled his repeated overtures to me while there to stay at the Institute on a permanent basis. Those initiatives had foundered over three issues: (1) my requirement that I would also need a tenured full professorship; (2) whether Daniel would also be staying on and I'd have to work with this complex person; and (3) Marvin's inability, or perhaps unwillingness, ever to make this a concrete and specific offer.

Marvin had always provided a level hand and diplomatic finesse to keep FPRI, with all its tensions, from flying apart. Now, with his departure, the center of gravity that he'd provided was also gone. The presidency of FPRI remained open for most of the next four years.<sup>1</sup> In Marvin's absence and without his sense of balance, all the frictions at FPRI became more pronounced; all the subgroups began spinning in their own separate orbits. The Institute, in addition, lost all the valuable political connections that Marvin had built up and the community support he had maintained. And, over the four-year period that the FPRI presidency was absent or unfilled, its finances also suffered greatly. By 1992 the Institute was in danger of going broke—again.

Although Wachman had stepped aside, Dan Pipes was still serving as director of FPRI. The "dual executive" that had existed in the past had been temporarily set aside. In my days at FPRI, the smooth and politically savvy Wachman had often served as a restraint on the more mercurial director. But now without Marvin there, Daniel felt freer to go his own way. FPRI became more top-down and, reportedly, the decision-making became more arbitrary. The battles with the scholars, especially Michael Radu, escalated. The internal situation at FPRI came to the attention of the trustees; even worse was the deteriorating financial situation. There were some intense discussions, as much over style as over concrete programs. It looked like FPRI was headed toward crisis.

Daniel Pipes was apparently able to raise funds for his Middle East research but little for other institute programs. To rescue FPRI he was reportedly told he would have to share these funds to support the other programs. But Daniel was reluctant to do that, and as the financial-*cum*-administrative crisis continued, he was asked by the trustees to step aside as director. But

that request was also rejected, precipitating a full-scale crisis. The crisis dragged on until eventually Daniel was removed as director. My understanding is that this separation and divorce, like others in FPRI's history, involved tense confrontations and unpleasant conflict.

Daniel was removed as director in 1992, but he negotiated a settlement to stay until 1993. Nor did he leave entirely quietly and meekly. He soon announced that he was establishing his own Philadelphia-based think tank, the Middle East Forum. At the time, FPRI trustees and scholars were worried that the new Forum would serve as a rival to the Institute and might even pull donor funds away. The relations between the two organizations were not friendly.

Today the Forum has a budget of about \$1 million. It publishes its own journal, the *Middle East Quarterly*, and Daniel and his center are very much involved in the debate over Middle East policy. He is also active in national politics and as an adviser on the Middle East to leading politicians and recent presidential candidates. Among other activities, the Forum sponsors *Campus Watch*, which aims to improve Middle East studies programs at universities nationwide, but which critics contend seeks to quiet pro-Arab viewpoints. It appears Daniel is as controversial as ever.

## Revival

With Marvin's departure a few years earlier and now Daniel's defection/firing to form his own "tank," FPRI began a search in 1992–1993 for new leadership. It also went through one of its periodic reorganizations that brought forth a quite new organization with new priorities.

FPRI conducted a national search. It interviewed several candidates. By this time my wife Iêda had accepted a prestigious position at the Library of Congress and I was teaching and engaged in a major research project on reconstructing post-Cold War foreign and security policy at the National War College in Washington, D.C.<sup>2</sup> I hadn't visited FPRI in a couple of years and had lost contact with most of the colleagues and what was going on there.

Unfortunately, I didn't see the job announcement and never knew that FPRI was searching for a new president and director. Would I have been interested? Maybe. It was a prestigious position; it's nice to be president of your own think tank; and Daniel was no longer there to tussle with. On the other hand, I would still have had to have that tenured, full-professorship position; and, with Iêda's position and our house in Montgomery County, Maryland, I'd have to commute to Philadelphia. Had I known about the position, it

would have been very complicated for us, a tough decision. Maybe we were better off, and it was certainly easier that way, not knowing.

The search produced Dr. Harvey Sicherman, an ideal candidate in many ways. Harvey was a Pennsylvania boy and had a BA degree in history from the University of Scranton. He then went on to graduate school at Penn, receiving his Ph.D. in 1971. While in grad school he had worked for and befriended earlier FPRI directors, Strausz-Hupé and Kintner. From 1978–1980 he had served as associate director for research at the Institute. He had thus seen and experienced most of the internal FPRI battles referred to earlier. He knew where all, or most, of the skeletons lay.

When Ronald Reagan won the presidency in 1980 and Al Haig, another Philadelphian with FPRI connections, was named Secretary of State, Harvey went with him to Washington as special assistant. He then worked for Navy Secretary John Lehman, Jr., still another Philadelphian with a Ph.D. from Penn and strong Strausz-Hupé/FPRI connections, as a consultant from 1982–1987. In 1991–1992 he served on the Policy Planning Staff at the State Department under Secretary James Baker. When the Democrats won the presidency in 1992, Harvey was out of a job. The FPRI position came at exactly the right moment for him. Harvey was named both president *and* director of FPRI, thus joining the two positions. Alan Luxenberg, the one level-headed person providing continuity to FPRI during all these upheavals of the previous twenty years, was named vice president.

Under this new leadership FPRI recovered its compass and began to flourish. Its budget is now about \$3 million, small by Washington think tank standards, but *triple* what it was when I was there. One million of this \$3 million comes from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which represents a major breakthrough for FPRI in terms of its funding. Among other innovations, Harvey began a system of weekly email bulletins on critical national issues that now reach 25,000 readers in eighty-five counties. He created new FPRI centers and research programs on national security (headed by John Lehman), American strategy (headed by Sicherman), democratic transition (Ambassador Adrian Basora), think tanks and civil society (James McGann), America and the West (James Kurth and Walter McDougall), and terrorism, counter-terrorism, and homeland security (the self-same Michael Radu).

Along with Alan Luxenberg, he established the Marvin Wachman Fund for International Education and a series of history institutes for high school teachers chaired by David Eisenhower (grandson of the former president) to teach about foreign policy, international relations, and national security. These programs are now web-cast to national and international audiences; FPRI has been instrumental in developing curricula for these courses that are

emulated worldwide. Another main step involved *Orbis*: James Kurth and Walter McDougall served successively as prestigious recruits to give renewed intellectual heft and stature as editors of the journal. The budget was put on a sound basis, and in 1994 FPRI moved from its Ralston House location near Penn to a nice office building on Walnut Street in Center City. The Institute continued a vigorous research and publications program; if anything, its scholars are more productive now than at anytime in the Institute's history.

To get more bang for its buck, FPRI changed the way its scholars work. It has very few full-time scholars in residence; rather, almost all its scholars are part-time or adjunct, with someone else paying their salary and benefits. By my count, the Institute has thirty-seven senior fellows, thirteen associates, and twelve program directors or sub-directors. Even the program directors receive only part-time stipends, however, while the fellows and associates receive honoraria only for individual contributions. This system gives FPRI access to a wide variety of scholars and their specializations without having to pay much for them. And, although FPRI has never reformed a formal relationship with Penn, some of its most prominent fellows and associates came from the Penn history and political science departments, as well as from the other universities and research or consulting agencies in the Philadelphia area. FPRI's roots and institutional connections are now stronger than ever before.

The tone is different as well. Harvey Sicherman is a careful, balanced scholar and policy analyst. He is neither as ideological nor as flamboyant as some of his predecessors. Nor does he have the sharp edges that Daniel had. Harvey and Alan make a good team; FPRI is back on its feet and doing good and important work. And they operate politically and diplomatically in ways that enhance the Institute's image both at home in Philadelphia and on the larger national policy scene.

### Winding Up—And Winding Down

I very much enjoyed the time I spent at FPRI. I got a lot of writing done, met a lot of nice people, and came to know and understand the city of Philadelphia. I was able to travel extensively, including abroad.

During the period I was at FPRI, I worked on six books and completed four of them, wrote five papers and three scholarly articles and/or book chapters, and also wrote a speech (for Gerald Ford) and one grant proposal. It was a great year for writing and very productive from that point of view. True, there were little tiffs, such as over my typing requirements, but they pale into insignificance compared to the positive accomplishments.

There was also office politics, maybe more so at FPRI than at any other institution with which I've been affiliated. Most of the office politics centered around Daniel Pipes, his personality, and the ripples and conflicts he caused throughout the Institute. Those conflicts seemed at times like they would tear FPRI apart, and eventually they did after Marvin left. But I was fortunate enough to have a nice job in a beautiful part of the country (Amherst, Mass.) waiting somewhere else so, for the most part, I could stay above these often nasty, personal, internecine battles, an observer but not a participant. Plus I could leave at any time. I felt sorry for some of my colleagues who didn't have the options I did and, therefore, had to stay on at FPRI, even in the midst of all this turmoil, and try to manage their lives, families, and careers with all this conflict going on. Over time I had concluded that FPRI was good for me in the short term but not in the long.

This book turned out to be a different book from the one I had planned. This was supposed to be a quasi-autobiographical book focused on "A Year in the Life of Howard J. Wiarda," with the main focus on FPRI as a think tank and how it operated. It is that, but it is also more—or less—than that. My plan was to show, comparable to the book I'd previously done on AEI, what it's like to work in one of these important, but still mysterious to outsiders and the general public, institutions called think tanks: how they work, what they do, who's there, and how they go about influencing American foreign policy, and especially, how a small "tank" located outside Washington goes about influencing policy. I think I've done that in the book, hopefully successfully.

But the nature of the book also changed over time. I didn't design it that way; that's what my own notes and journals told me, and that's how it turned out. For my notes and journal entries are remarkably full and detailed about these times and events. Mostly they contain information about the personalities and their conflicts within FPRI. People there seemed to think mine was a sympathetic ear and they all—secretaries, staff, scholars—came to me with their complaints and disagreements. Perhaps they trusted me as a neutral party; perhaps they recognized that, as only a visiting scholar, I was not dependent as they were on the bosses at FPRI and could intercede on their behalf. Or maybe they thought that, with my Washington connections, I could find them a better job elsewhere. Whatever the motivation, people tended to unload their innermost thoughts on me.

The result is that this book is as much about the personalities and their conflicts at FPRI as it is about the think tank itself. And in that setting there were some outsized personalities: Marvin Wachman, Michael Radu, Adam Garfinkle, and perhaps above all, Daniel Pipes. In reviewing my notes for this book, it was a bit of a surprise to me how often they centered on the

Institute's director. For Daniel is somewhat larger than life, a complex man. He is a superb writer, an excellent editor, and has a sharp and first-rate mind. But he does not suffer fools easily, he can be hard on subordinates, and in his interpersonal relations he can be abrupt and cutting. I found that he could be charming when he wanted to but at other times difficult to work with. Regardless of one's final assessment of Daniel, at FPRI he was certainly at the center of things, the controversies as well as the successes.

I have now written two books about think tanks—one about AEI<sup>3</sup> and one on FPRI. One of these "tanks" is large; the other small; one is in Washington; the other in Philadelphia; one has a \$30 million budget; the other is ten times smaller at \$3 million; one is in the big leagues of think tanks; one in the minors. These differences help explain the different strategies that think tanks use to have an impact on policy and the different influences they have. AEI has a major impact and, through the many television appearances of its scholars, their proximity to power and decision-making, and the revolving door that brings many AEI scholars into high government, a *direct* influence on policy. Whereas FPRI—smaller, outside of Washington, not close to the centers of power, and exercising mainly indirect influence—has to struggle to make its impact felt.

Yet the parallels between these two quite different think tanks are also striking. In both of them the budget situation seems always to be precarious. Life in these think tanks, whether big or small, seems to be a constant scramble for money. They both skate on thin ice financially, administratively, and in terms of the influence they wield. Both are torn frequently by personality as well as political conflicts and rivalries; both had or have administrative and/or managerial crises; both seem to oscillate between very good times and very bad. Both have at various times disintegrated into conflict and recriminations; both have poised precariously on the precipice where they could either fall off and self-destruct or right themselves and go forward. From the inside these institutions are much more precarious, unstable, and capable of going bottom-up than they appear from the outside. Nevertheless, they remain wonderful, exciting, challenging places to work and to seek to influence policy—particularly if you have another job to fall back on! And I would say that both of them, even the much smaller FPRI, have an impact on policy that is greater than all but a few universities and university-based research centers.

I left FPRI to return to my regular teaching position at UMass and to a research position at Harvard. But I missed Washington and the policy process—however messy it often is—a lot and wanted to go back. Within a short time I got the opportunity, with wife Iêda going to the Library of Congress

and me to the National War College, concurrently to a research position at the Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS), and then a bit later to the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars. Harvard, Library of Congress, the War College, CSIS, the Wilson Center—that sounds to me, potentially, like a *whole series* of books, in addition to those already completed on AEI and FPRI—rather like Margaret Truman with her series “Murder in Union Station,” “Murder in the National Gallery,” “Murder in the Library of Congress,” etc.

I hope my books on these main institutions of American academic, think tank, and policy life do not involve murder. But sometimes, as seen at AEI and FPRI, the conflicts within them seem positively murderous in their intensity, venom, and intent. I hope you’ll join me for more of these adventures in politics and policy-making.

## Notes

1. During one six-month period in 1990, Frederick Binder, a historian and Pennsylvania small-college president, took over the FPRI presidency. But his term proved to be very short-lived, and for most of these four years, 1989–1993, the office of the presidency of FPRI was vacant.
2. Howard J. Wiarda, ed., *U.S. Foreign Policy in the Post-Cold War Era: A Geopolitical Perspective* (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1995).
3. Howard J. Wiarda, *Conservative Braintrust: The Rise, Fall, and Rise Again of the American Enterprise Institute* (Lanham, MD: Lexington Books, 2009).



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