

James Rentschler's Falklands diary

1 April – 25 June 1982

[fo.149]

Thursday
1 April 1982

"Reach out and touch someone".

Yeah, well, the Bell System never had to deal with General Leopoldo Galtieri. That's the Argentine strongman with whom the President is eloquently pleading on the long-distance phone line to Buenos Aires, urging him to call off his country's invasion of the Falkland Islands. Never heard of them, right? Me neither – at least not until last evening when Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher sent an urgent message through the Cabinet Line requesting the President to intercede with the Argies. 1800 British-origin shepherders, pursuing a peaceful life on some wind-blown specks of rock in the South [fo.150 begins] Atlantic, now targeted by Argentine amphibious assault units – who, in turn, may soon be attacked by the largest naval armada ever to steam out of British ports since Suez? Yes indeed, the thing certainly does sound like Gilbert and Sullivan as told to Anthony Trollope by Alistair Cooke. But what started out as comic opera now looks to become not only quite serious, but exceptionally nasty. The Argentines have clearly misjudged the British temper, and this guy Galtieri, speaking first in broken mafioso-type English before the State Department interpreter tactfully intervenes, sounds like a thug. I am very proud of the President, but none of his eloquent delivery cuts any ice with the junta leader, whose machismo, according to the intercepts we have, will propel him forward with his main invasion plans early tomorrow morning (indeed, when we establish a clearer chronology of events just a few days from now, it will appear that the lead elements of that amphibious force were landing at the very moment the two Chiefs of Staff were talking – no doubt explaining that rigmarole we went through earlier this evening when we kept getting all the evasive bullshit from Palace flunkies who told us their President was unavailable to receive the call ...).

April fool? Unfortunately not, as the text of a Cabinet Line message I do for the President in response to Mrs. Thatcher's plea later tonight makes clear:

"Dear Margaret,

"I have just talked at length with General Galtieri about the situation in the Falklands. I conveyed to him my personal concern about the possibility of an Argentinian invasion. I told him that initiating military operations against the Falklands Islands would seriously compromise relations between the US and Argentina, and I urged him to refrain from

offensive action. I offered our good offices and my readiness to send a personal representative to assist in resolving the issue between Argentina and the UK.

"The General heard my message, but gave me no commitment that he would comply with it. Indeed, he spoke in terms of ultimatums and left me with the clear impression that he has embarked on a course of armed conflict. We will continue to cooperate with your government in the effort to resolve the dispute, both in attempting to avert hostilities and to stop them if they should break out. While we have a policy of neutrality on the sovereignty issue, we will not be neutral on the issue involving Argentine use of military force.

Warmest wishes,
Ron"

So here among the intercepts and the FLASH cables from Buenos Aires and the pages of Presidential correspondence and the secure-line readout for Secretary Haig and the bacon cheeseburgers schlepped in from the White House Mess, my adrenalin is really flowing. Alas, futility will be the end result. "Blessed are the peacemakers," sez I to the Sit Room [*White House Situation Room*] watch officers as we yuk around, but tomorrow the Argentines will land in the Falklands and the sputtering fuse of this crisis will be unquenchable

Thursday 8 April 1982

[fo.151 begins] ... I am now accompanying Haig to London and B.A. The detail only came up this morning – yesterday morning to be technically precise – and my involvement in it demonstrates the fortuitous, if not altogether fortunate things that can happen to a street-hardened bureaucrat who keeps a nose out for fast-breaking action. Hanging around the Sit Room late last night I learned of yet another message which Maggie Thatcher moved the President's way (she's really pushing us for all-out assistance against Argentina, including participation in an embargo) and figured that this might cause waves the following a.m.. I reported in earlier than usual – and found myself assigned as notetaker in a hurriedly convened NSPG. That's National Security Planning Group, guys, a core-group get-together which the White House heavies use to avoid the sprawling group gropes and inevitable leakage which come with more formal sessions of the full NSC. Chaired by the President – impatient to board Marine One and move off toward Easter sun in the Caribbean – it assembled the VP [*Vice President George Bush*], Judge Clark [*National Security Adviser*], Cap the Suitcase [*Caspar Weinberger, Defense Secretary*], U.N. Amby Jeanne Kirkpatrick, JCS [*Joint Chiefs of Staff*] Chairman Davy Jones, and Admiral Bobby Inman subbing for the DCI [*Director of Central Intelligence, William Casey*]. Bobby Inman, truly one of the best and the brightest! He has a bellyful of the Agency under Bill Casey & Co. and will shortly retire, but not before attacking Jeanne Kirkpatrick's view that the key issue in the South Atlantic crisis is the preservation of the Inner-American System (whatever the fuck that is) and the viability of the Rio Pact. "I couldn't disagree more with Jeanne's statement, it's the most wrongheaded thing I've ever

heard!" And he went on to evoke the ties of language, alliance, tradition, and strategic interest which should tilt us overwhelmingly in Britain's favor, adding a chilling warning: "I want you to remember the problem we have with Argentina on the non-proliferation front; if we let the Argentines get away with aggression now using conventional stuff, who is to say that ten or fifteen years down the road they won't be tempted to try it again with nuclear?"

The main outcome of that meeting, however, was the decision to send Haig to the two feuding capitals, and Bud McFarlane, Judge Clark's deputy, suggested simply in passing that I plan to go along. Hence the rush over to Haig's office immediately following the NSPG for a pre-departure strategy session, then the rush home to pack and get out to Andrews [*Air Force Base on the eastern edge of Washington*] in time for a wheels-up which was then still set for 1 p.m. (the beginning of yet another press flap, when those anonymous sources in the White House will snipe at Alexander the Great [*Haig*], telling the *New York Times* that he refused to travel in the "Tube", that windowless KC-135 converted tanker, and insisted on one of the VIP tailgates even if that meant delaying our takeoff. So much bullshit...). ... the last thing [Haig] told me at the meeting in his 7th Floor office broke up this morning was to be sure and bring my racket)....

London Heathrow, when we reach it at 4 p.m. UK time, is bathed in fresh spring sunlight which, though not truly warm, is nevertheless an improvement on those wintry gales we left behind in Washington. ... In the meantime our motorcade barrels along on the M-4 toward Central London, cutting through Beauchamp Place and SW 1 as part of the security run into Whitehall, Now we are linked up with senior [fo.152 begins] FCO counterparts, the US side comprising ARA Asst Sec. Tom Enders, Ambassador-at-Large Dick Walters (old friend from Paris days), Press Spokesman Dean Fisher, Larry Eagleburger's *homme-à-tout-faire* Dave Gompert, and some Legal Office reps (Haig is one-on-oneing with Francis Pym, the Foreign Secretary newly appointed to replace resigned Lord Carrington). In this initial meeting the resolute mood of the Brits is very clear, but only a mild taste of what we will soon get across the way in Number Ten.

Number Ten! ... The deceptively modest exterior and narrow entrance hall give way to quite an opulent and even spacious drawing room upstairs, though one must approach the latter in a gingerly fashion: they are painting the steps, and we must be careful not to tread on the fresh layer of white lining each side of the space where they have removed the carpet (as Clive Whitmore, the PM's private secretary ruefully informs us, this bit of refurbishing had been decided upon for a time which, a few weeks ago, looked to be very quiet).

And here's Maggie, appearing in a flower-decorated salon adjoining the small dining room after we have stood around about a quieter-hour sipping orange juice and sherry. La Thatcher is really quite fetching in a dark velvet two-piece ensemble with gros-grain piping and a soft hairdo that heightens her blond English coloring. "Listen, I want to show you guys something very appropriate considering the subject on our minds" – and she pointedly leads us to a pair of recently hung oil portraits, one of Nelson and the other of Wellington! Dinner in

the cramped, wood-panelled private dining-room is a very pleasant affair of overcooked British beef and quippy conversation, at least until coffee, when the PM gets down to the nut-cutter nitty-gritty.

Thatcher, you see, just ain't buying our "suggestion" for a diplomatic approach to the crisis, which is essentially a three-part process beginning with Argentine troop withdrawal from the Falklands, the establishment of an interim second stage where the return of British administration could occur under cover of some vague multilateral entity (possibly the US, Canada, and two Latins), followed by an agreement to resume negotiations on the bottom-line issues of sovereignty and self-determination.

As I say, Maggie is having none of it. Her position – strongly supported by Defense Minister John Nott and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Terry Lewin, somewhat less so by Francis Pym – calls for the status quo ante, period. High color is in her cheeks, a note of rising indignation in her voice, she leans across the polished table and flatly rejects what she calls the "woolliness" of our second-stage formulation, conceived in our view as a traditional face-saving ploy for Galtieri: "I am pledged before the House of Commons, the Defense Minister is pledged, the Foreign Secretary is pledged to restore British administration. I did not dispatch a fleet to install some nebulous arrangement which would have no authority whatsoever. Interim authority! – to do *what*? I beg you, I beg you to remember that in 1938 Neville Chamberlain sat at this same table discussing an arrangement which sounds very much like the one you are asking me to accept; and were I to do so, I would be censured in the House of Commons – and properly so! We in Britain simply refuse to reward aggression – that is the lesson we have learned from 1938."

Tough lady. She has some other wonderful quotes while Al Haig sits there, nervously tapping his leg and chain-smoking his Merits, but at the same time keeping his cool, trying to reason, ever so gently encouraging the Brits to think through the course on which they have embarked and to recognize the limits – as yet unspoken – beyond which the US [fo.153 begins] cannot and will not go in its support of this staunchest of all our Western allies, the one to whom we owe so much. The presence of Dick Walters offers some comic relief, Magpie Dick Walters with his endless anecdotal rap and his encyclopedic command of miscellaneous Argentine lore ("You know the definition of an Argentine, Prime Minister? – it's an Italian speaking Spanish who likes to pretend he's English"), but the tension over the chocolate candies and the demi-tasse cups has gotten too acute for any truly comfortable laughter. Indeed, unless this hardened attitude softens a bit, or unless we get something out of the Argentines tomorrow, I see very little daylight for a peaceful settlement, especially with John Nott making gonadal noises about the ability of the British fleet to sustain operations indefinitely in the South Atlantic, despite the onset of formidable winter conditions – the ice, the snow, the 60-foot seas, the constant Antarctic gales, and the vulnerabilities of an 8000-mile supply line (Haig will tell us later that Nott is ... showboating to convince the Cabinet that he is more royalist than the Queen and that the only reason he wasn't offloaded with Carrington was the fear that it would be too chaotic and demoralizing at a moment when the Brits were rushing

to mobilize their task force. Don't worry, Haig adds – his days are numbered). A replay of Suez (1956) and/or Skybolt (1962) coming up?????

Speaking of such débâcles, my head is undergoing one at the moment, indeed for a whole long string of moments beginning sometime near our takeoff from Andrews a million miles ago this morning. ... Still, it is worth all the pain to be seated at this table in the midst of real war-and-peace stakes. And for all the rigidity and indignation on Mrs. Thatcher's side, it is clear that she and her colleagues really do trust us and hope we can pull off some mediatory intervention which can avert hostile engagement of the fleet. Quoting the Prime Ministerial words with which I concluded the very long memcon [*memorandum of conversation*] of this Number Ten Downing Street dinner later tonight, it is clear as well that the Brits are maintaining their sense of humor: "I do hope you realize how much we appreciate and are thankful for your presence here," sez Mrs. T, "and how the kind of candor we have displayed could only be possible among the closest of friends – with everyone else we're merely *nice!*"

Friday **9 April 1982**

A beautiful blue-sky morning here in Central London, with just enough time for a quick pace around Portman Square before moving off in a Good Friday motorcade to Heathrow. Some thirteen hours of flight time (fifteen total elapsed) lie ahead on the long dog-leg route across the South Atlantic to Argentina, the first part of which lands us in Dakar for refuelling. ... [fo.154 begins]

Airborne again, we are still racing the sun in its westerly course and are just now beginning to lose, having kept pace with it most of the day. There is another four-hour leg ahead of us, some of which I devote to a good steak dinner, and the rest to a mixture of reading, writing and snoozing. Also a few asides with the SecState [*Secretary of State Haig*] who, exiting from the VIP head, beards me in the front cabin while I am bent over my Thatcher dinner memcon and tells me that Begin [*Prime Minister of Israel*] is now poised to strike in southern Lebanon. *Terrific!* – just what our gallant delegation leader needs at this particular moment. The Middle East seems remote by the time we reach B.A. – 10 p.m. Argentina time, but god only knows what hour it must be back in London, let alone inside my bod [sic] – and motorcade down a highway I last traversed in December of 1959. Such a melancholy memory trip ...

But the knots of cheering people en route and the klaxoning of the car horns interrupt this sad reverie; the local patriots are waving their blue-and-white flags and chanting AR-GEN-TIN-A AR-GEN-TIN-A! We will here this sound from larger and larger crowds before we leave B.A. Meanwhile, towering above the Retiro train station and the dark vastness of the River Plate, our headquarters on the 23rd floor of the Buenos Aires Sheraton provides a spectacular view of the nighttime city, long and loudly animated by the tooting car horns below us. One

ironic note: this Sheraton site is built on the same plaza which holds the Torre Inglesa, a clocktower built to commemorate English naval exploits on the river a century ago. It registers 1 a.m. by the time I settle into a very comfortable bed, a good place to be after having touched down in four different continents within 48 hours

Saturday 10 April 1982

It was only six hours, but that was the best and longest slumber I've had in the [fo.155 begins] past two weeks! I feel ready for anything at this moment, an upbeat sentiment amplified by the sight of this beautifully clear and crystalline day now breaking over Buenos Aires. ...

Did I say I was ready for anything? How about *nothing*? "Guard duty" is an inevitable part of details like this, i.e., standing around waiting to be of some use while the SecState confers on a tightly restricted basis with his opposite number in the Argentine Foreign Ministry. This happens to be a particularly frustrating consumption of one's time, however, when, looking down from the 23rd floor, one sees the Sheraton pool glittering in the warm sunlight and two empty tennis courts beside it! Later this morning the bulk of the Secretary's senior party continues to cool its collective heel in the Palácio de San Martín, Argentina's Foreign Ministry, sipping coffee while Haig chins with Nicanor Costa Mendez [*Argentinian Foreign Minister*] – Nicky the Gimp – his chief interlocutor for the moment. And while Haig moves on for his first talks with President Galtieri in the Casa Rosada, we return to the Sheraton, where I watch the hands on the huge clocktower beside us tick through the following desultory pursuits: ...

- watching, via technically poor tv in the S/S offices, Galtieri's demagogic appearance on the Casa Rosada balcony in traditional junta style, waving his arms and addressing the frenzied mob of demonstrators who now jam the Plaza de Mayo (given the pitch of jingoistic sentiment whipped up hereabouts, I can't possibly see how he's going to walk this cat back – a fact which adds to the pessimism I already felt anent our mission's prospects starting back in London);
- and watching on the same tv – at least for a minute or two – a Spanish-dubbed Dean Martin/Jerry Lewis moronity [sic] of the Fifties, *Sailor Beware*. Is it just zany coincidence that produced a title like that in this particular moment of the British fleet's south-bound steaming, or do the Argies possess a mordant sense of humor none of us gringos ever suspected???

... Hungry? If I knew at 11:15 a.m. what I now know near 3 p.m. – the Haig's Casa Rosada talks have been prolonged, that our tennis game tentatively skedded [*scheduled*] for 2:30 must [fo.156 begins] be cancelled, and that he will not reappear on the 23rd floor until lunch is long gone – I would certainly have copped a burger

in the snackbar downstairs. S/S misled us to a certain degree, suggesting that the Secretary would want to regroup in his suite immediately following his talks and that we would have a working lunch there while busy strategizing our next moves. He does indeed call a meeting, but there is food only for one face – guess whose – and the faster he shovels the beef sandwiches and French fries into his mouth, the more my saliva flows. So does Dave Gompert's, a fact which produces one of the funnier moments of this trip's comic relief: after giving us a set of new drafting instructions to carry out at the end of his pow-wow, Haig turns his back for just a second, time enough for both Dave and I to leap toward the table and snatch handfuls of bread, tearing these apart and loading the halves with pieces of cold meat troughed up in equally frenzied haste! ...

We're back at the Foreign Ministry now, trying to come up with some fugitive language capable of bridging the gap between Argentine and British positions – about as far apart now as the Falklands and South Sandwich! Outside the crowds of chanting people have reappeared - AR-GEN-TIN-A! AR-GEN-TIN-A! – a handsome lot on the whole with little hostility evident at this point and probably here on an Easter Saturday lark. Indeed, the mood here seems much less rambunctious than the demonstration earlier today, when the US was booed as loudly as Great Britain, Cuba was cheered, and cries of THATCHER PUTA filled the vast Plaza de Mayo. Will the college-like enthusiasm hereabouts long endure if war really does break out? I look at these faces – a lot of teenagers in the crowd, and moms with kiddies, numerous young fathers – and think of the body bags coming back from those desolate wind-swept pieces of rock in the South Atlantic. When and if they do, will you still find crowds on the Plaza de Mayo shouting GUERRA! GUERRA! ???? The same thought is on Haig's mind: during one of the breaks in this afternoon's interminable hang-around session in the Foreign Ministry I mention it to him – and will be startled some days from now, in the course of Round Two, when I learn from news leaks that he used essentially the same line on one of the junta members during a private talk

... Haig is moving on from the Palácio de San Martín to the Casa Rosada for a private working dinner with Galtieri, and it may be a final attempt to move the Argies off their present rigidity (following our joint drafting session with Costa Mendez & Co. the sumbitch [sic] sent us back a totally unacceptable proposal concerning interim administrative arrangements on the Falklands, the thrust of which would establish Argentine sovereignty as a pre-condition; it's a piece of paper which the Secretary can't possibly take to London, and so he is now grimly muttering about breaking off the business and returning to Washington tonight!). The rest of the party are on stand-by at the Sheraton, where I join Gompert, Bob Funseth, and Dean Finscher in Las Pampas, the hotel's coffee shop in whose ultragringo appointments we have *plenty* of time to put away a delicious plate of Argentine tenderloin. Haig and Tom Enders will not return to the hotel until 2:15 in the morning, and when they finally do, we have a gang of NIACT IMMEDIATES [*secret telegrams*] to get out to Barbados, where the President and his entourage are now Easter vacationing. Enders and his ARA staffers think they have made some workable progress, and maybe Haig does too. To sleep-starved me, however, the whole thing looks like a busted flush – I can't *believe*

Maggie Thatcher will buy on [sic] to the ill-defined arrangements ("woolly", to use the PM's wonderful word) outlined in this latest piece of paper, particularly the one which seems to call for Argentine sovereignty over the islands by no later than December of this year. Yet as of now we are definitely going back to London tomorrow – or rather today – with the clock winding down *very* fast (as of 4 a.m. Monday morning Argentine time – 24 hours from now – the British naval attack orders will be in effect throughout the 200 nautical mile exclusion zone they have declared around the Falklands). If that Dean Martin/Jerry Lewis *Sailor* [fo.157 begins] *Beware* title seemed ironically relevant, what about my Simone de Beauvoir? – with the US caught in the middle between two friends, we might well be headed toward *La Cérémonie Des Adieux*.

Sunday 11 April 1982

It's a *beautiful* Easter Sunday in Buenos Aires, and even with only three hours of sleep I can relish the bright, cloudless glow of this morning as it dawns over the river, the coastline of Uruguay visible fifty kilometres away. The Argentine Foreign Minister has invited Haig to mass in a nearby neighbourhood church, the *Basílica del Santísimo Sacramento*, which is where the motorcade takes us at 7:45. The Easter service here is sparsely attended, and though the church interior itself is pretty in a kind of Spanish provincial fashion – gilder altar, baroque hangings, lots of ornate metal and light blue enamel – it breathes a generally dispiriting atmosphere, due in large part, I suppose, to the toneless recital of the priest (in whose droning delivery, by the way, I do not once hear the word *paz*). And where is Costa Mendez? Reportedly this was his church and his idea, but he is a no-show throughout the service.

Even though Nicky the Gimp is not here we adopt his notion, i.e. pray for a peaceful settlement of the present crisis ...

En route across the Atlantic to Dakar we caucus on the results of our shuttle diplomacy so far and concede that, given the posturing on both sides, grounds for deep pessimism are plentiful. You might get some sense of the state of play as we now see it in a couple of excerpts lifted from the Sec-Pres we cable out from the aircraft:

"I have concluded nearly twelve hours of gruelling and emotion-filled talks with President Galtieri and his Foreign Minister, amidst a public mood approaching frenzy. We made some progress on these issues, though very probably not enough to secure British agreement. The Argentines began by demanding that they, in effect, administer the island in the interim period, and that the British agree *a priori* that the outcome of the ensuing negotiations would provide for a transfer of sovereignty. In the end, we came up with a formula that would involve transitional US-UK-Argentine tripartite supervision of local administration, and we have blurred the question of whether the negotiations would result in Argentine sovereignty. We have specified December 31, 1982, as the date for completion of negotiations. The thought of negotiating under the

deadline may cause Mrs. Thatcher as much of a problem as will the formula for interim administration. Nevertheless, what we have is worth taking to London. [fo.158 begins]

"The day was filled with ups and downs. At one point late in the day the Argentines returned to their demand for sovereignty, and I was faced with what looked like the end of the road. But the situation broke between midnight and 1:30 a.m. when Galtieri, face-to-face with the prospect of war, levelled with me. He said he could not withdraw both his military and administrative presence and last a week. If the British attacked, he explained, he would have to accept the offer of full support made by the Cuban Ambassador, who just returned after more than a year's absence. The Cubans implied they were speaking for the Russians, and even insinuated that the Soviets had offered to sink the British carrier (with Prince Andrew aboard), leaving the British and the world to believe an Argentine sub had done it. I doubt that such an offer was actually made by the Soviets, but we cannot discount it altogether.

"The time for a possible personal intervention by you with Mrs. Thatcher has not yet arrived. We must first see how she reacts to the proposed interim solution and the date certain for a final settlement, as well as my appeal for British military restraint. I will not hesitate to ask when I feel the time is right for you to approach her. Meanwhile, I will tell the press only that my discussions in B.A. were open and meaningful, and that I am returning to London with some ideas for further discussion. While we can now build pressure on the British by conveying a sense of movement on the part of the Argentines, I do not want to characterize the current proposals or describe them as US-made, since that would put the blame for the war on Mrs. Thatcher if she cannot accept them. Even as we press for diplomatic success, we must not shift the onus to our closest ally if war occurs"

Good luck, Al. Pending that moment of dark truth, a long mothering plane ride is still ahead of us We still have five and a half more hours of flight ahead of us and lord knows how many scrambled meals and time zones, so that when we finally arrive in London Heathrow it will be 6 a.m. the following day. Whenever *that* is

Monday **12 April 1982**

Make it *now*. We are climbing out of the aircraft into a crisp, clean London dawn, the kind of bracing climate where my tweeds feel *good*. ... We've got some working space in the PM's residence, the usual desultory hang-loose scene while the Secretary gets between the rock and the hard [fo.159 begins] place during his initial one-on-one with Mrs. Thatcher. He is moderately upbeat about the results thus far, though by the time we sit down to another working meal in the PM's dining room (Pym, Nott, Admiral of the Fleet Terry Lewin, Home Secretary Willie Whitelaw, and Private Secretary Clive Whitmore on the UK side, with Haig, Tom Enders, Dave Gompert, Dick Walters, and Ambassador John Louis [US Ambassador in London] on ours, along with your dear old Dad) the Secretarial mood has visibly darkened again. Our present session is not nearly so tense or dramatic as the earlier dinner at this table, at least until the moment when Haig is summoned away for his call to Costa Mendez. A New York *Times* report has triggered the necessity for this call; the piece appears to be based on official Argentine backgrounding in B.A. that, if accurate, would move the process

directly back to square one – meaning Argie insistence on conditions that the Brits have already made clear are totally unacceptable (a priori conferral of sovereignty, etc). During Haig's absence there are some light-hearted and historically fascinating references to Neville Chamberlain (Terry Lewin concurs with a view that Dick Walters claims he heard from some Brit military colleagues, namely, that Chamberlain's appeasement policy at Munich was dictated by the Imperial Chiefs of Staff, who told the King's First Minister that they needed at least a year to rearm sufficiently and that Chamberlain had to buy that time at any price), but when Haig gets back in time for the cheese course the tone turns very much more somber. Costa Mendez has, in effect, confirmed the Argentine hard line, and this in turn merely stiffens Mrs. Thatcher in her own equally tough stance. "I am afraid that this news fully reinforces the correctness of the course on which we are now embarked," sez she – "the fleet must steam inexorably on"

Following lunch there is a lot more "guard duty" and punchy quipping around in our Number Ten "work space" (lack of sleep is becoming a real problem in the American party; most of us are beginning to look like zombies, Al Haig very much included); a particularly agreeable companion for me at this stage of the proceedings is Scott Gudgeon, a young Legal Bureau lawyer who has put most of the juridical flesh on the negotiating bones we keep rattling around in the way of a settlement framework, especially in connection with the establishment of an interim administrative arrange for the Falklands (the term for this device – not to mention its composition – will undergo an inordinate number of name changes before this shuttle is over, starting with the Consortium and moving on through Entity, Commission, and numerous other synonyms before the latest designation, which is now Special Authority). Scott has a delightful off-the-wall sense of humor which draws special inspiration from the sight of our sunburned Ambassador, John Louis (the same John Louis who offered me the PAOship in London some months ago and who probably still can't understand why I turned him down), the latter hanging around this location with absolutely nothing to do, and looking rather pathetic doing it – a fate which some in Haig's party consider richly deserved since this Chief of Mission could not be bothered to interrupt his Florida vacation when the Falklands crisis first broke.....

Funny how the mind works, taking in so much information, processing the paltry and the ponderous on essentially the same level – indeed, so often assigning pride of place to the infinitely less important of competing subject matter. Present case in point: the uniformed footman whom I glimpse through two sets of windows in Number Ten while discussing the contingency talking ticks we have just crafted for a possible Haig press conference. I am standing here on an upstairs floor, and the footman is visible on the level below, seated at a guard post with a paperback book in hand, a long finger probing at length inside his prominent nose. With a kind of transfixed fascination I watch him as he withdraws his finger and stares intently at the booger he has just extracted, rolling it thoughtfully between finger and thumb. What amazes me in this performance is the fact that the footman sees me looking at him from this upstairs window across a small courtyard, but far from registering the least sign of embarrassment – or any other emotion

whatsoever – he mechanically reinserts finger in nostril and begins an even more extensive probe.....

I get bored cooling my heels in this area with the other straphangers – particularly [fo.160 begins] since my drooping eyelids rule out further reading of Simone de Beauvoir – and on a hunch slip into Haig's private office on the adjacent landing, where he has retreated while Mrs. Thatcher confers alone with her Cabinet colleagues. Big Tom joins us, and when the restricted talks in the downstairs Cabinet Room reconvene a few minutes later, I simply follow Haig into the area and join the top of the batting order. He needs what he can get! – along with Dick Walters and Dave Gompert who have also straggled in – five US together – we are facing no fewer than 12 on the UK side, including some of those whey-faced FCO types who dealt with us during our previous trip here. Ever get that hemmed-in feeling? – in the middle of the Brit team the Iron Maiden is really toughening up her already robust talk, especially on the question of the fleet standing off: "Unthinkable, that is our only leverage, I cannot possibly give it up at this point, one simply doesn't trust burglars who have tried once to steal your property! No, Al, no, asby not, the fleet must steam on!"

In this gutsy recital she is getting vigorous support from her Defense Minister, John Nott, who believes the Brits have already gone too far down Haig's diplomatic track. "I wouldn't do it, Prime Minister, I'm against it, we've really conceded too much as it is." Thanks, John, you're a *great* help – particularly now that you've got poor old Pym wringing his hands in anguish, the only British peace party we seem to have in this room! The spark of optimism which may have been generated earlier in the day looks pretty well snuffed in this session, and even the air temperature confirms it: despite the bright shafts of sunlight shining through it, a wintry chill now fills this historic space, blowing from a partially opened window at the end of it. This increasingly shivery mood is evident in the faces of our British friends as well: Nott, steely-jawed and defiant; Willie Whitelaw, beef-featured Home Secretary whose Falstaffian joviality has been replaced by obsessive nail-biting; the PM herself, staring down at the table and raising her head only to roll her eyes in a great mugging grimace (incidentally, *why*, just when she is voicing her most forceful and/or sceptical observations, does she stare so fixedly at *me*????). While the texts of our draft agreement are being retyped, the PM orders drinks brought around, and as comic relief would have it, these are delivered by the same nose-picking footman I saw earlier this afternoon, who enters with his try he as Willie Whitelaw blows loudly into a handkerchief (which he then unfolds to its full-length, peering closely at the blood-boogers splashed across it, all of them easily visible from where I sit at the opposite end of the table).

Next moves? Good question. A mood of enormous uncertainty now settles over the SecState's delegation. It is nine p.m. by the time we leave Number Ten, Haig and the PM having already agreed on a common press line for the jostling crowd of newsies who have stamped around all day in the cold waiting for us to appear (agreeing to "look grim" for the benefit of the Argentine junta, Haig has no need to strain: the catatonia which grips our whole delegation has etched his forceful

face in deep fault-lines of fatigue, and the countenance staring into the cameras from beneath that Irish tweed cap looks not merely grim but downright mortuary!). The cable links and the phone circuits are now in "crash" condition, with the Secretary and his party attempting to determine whether there is enough of a basis on which to proceed back to Buenos Aires tonight (BYOU-ness EYE-rees as the Brits keep pronouncing it), or go home. Or remain in London. Or *what*. Or *where*. Or *when*. The most wearying aspect of any detail like this is the wait factor – hanging around, trying to hang loose, unable to leave the hotel, or for that matter the *corridor*, for fear of missing a critical move. Rumors churn in and out of the Secretariat, but the fact is, nobody knows what's going to happen because Haig himself is as yet undecided. In the meantime, the S/S types had already collected the delegation's luggage and carted it out to the aircraft in anticipation of a ten p.m., then 11 p.m., then midnight departure ... [fo.161 begins] Now the word has finally filtered down from Haig's suite that we will overnight in London. And travel on *somewhere* tomorrow *sometime* (tough luck for the guys whose baggage went out to the plane: it is all locked up in the hold and can't be brought back in until tomorrow).

Tomorrow is already today by the time I turn in, Haig having signed off on the reporting cable I drafted for him a few minutes ago:

[Editorial note: there is a slip here: the following telegram – now available at the Reagan Library - describes Haig's *first* meeting with the British and was sent in the early hours of Friday 9 April; internal evidence confirms this, because it mentions Haig's plan to arrive in Buenos Aires 'late Friday']

"The Prime Minister has the bit in her teeth, owing to the politics of a unified nation and an angry Parliament, as well as her own convictions about the principles at stake. She is clearly prepared to use force, though she admits a preference for a diplomatic solution. She is rigid in her insistence on a return to the status quo ante, and indeed seemingly determined that any solution involve some retribution.

"Her Defense Secretary is squarely behind her, though less ideological than she. He is confident of military success, based not on a strategy of landing on the islands but rather by a blockade which, he believes, will eventually make the Argentine presence untenable. Thus, the prospect of imminent hostilities appears less acute – if the Argentines keep their distance – though this does not fundamentally diminish the gravity and urgency of the crisis. Her Foreign Secretary does not share her position, and went surprisingly far in showing this in her presence. Whether this means he will have a restraining influence or instead that there will be a problem within the Government is impossible to say at this point.

"The British tried to avoid the question of the long-term consequences of using force, though they are concerned and, I believe, our discussions sobered them further. They agree with our assessment that the next 72 hours, before the fleet arrives, is crucial. The Prime Minister is convinced she will fall if she concedes on any of three basic points, to which she is committed to Parliament:

- immediate withdrawal of Argentine forces;
- restoration of British administration on the islands;
- preservation of their position that the islanders must be able to exercise self-determination.

"We focused on three elements of a solution, which I argued would meet her needs:

- withdrawal of Argentine forces;
- an interim arrangement involving an international presence (e.g., U.S., Canada, and two Latin American countries) to provide an umbrella for the restoration of British administration.
- swift resumption of negotiations.

"The main problems were with point B. She wants nothing that would impinge on British authority, she wants the British Governor back, and she bridled at the thought of any Argentine non-military presence even under an international umbrella. She does not insist that British sovereignty be accepted – she is finessing this by saying that British sovereignty is simply a fact that has not been affected by aggression – but she rules out anything that would be inconsistent with self-determination.

"All in all, we got no give in the basic British position, and only the glimmering of some possibilities, and that only after much effort by me with considerable help not appreciated by Mrs. Thatcher from Pym. (I spent five hours with her, one of them alone; our working dinner included Defense Minister Nott and senior officials; I also spent an hour [fo.162 begins] alone with Pym.) It is clear that they had not thought much about diplomatic possibilities. They will now, but whether they become more imaginative or instead recoil will depend on the political situation and what I hear in Argentina. I will arrive in Buenos Aires late Friday. I will convey a picture of total British resolve, and see what I can draw from the Argentines along lines we discussed in London, without giving any hint that the British are prepared for any give-and-take.

"If the Argentines give me something to work with, I plan to return to London over the weekend. It may then be necessary for me to ask you to apply unusual pressure on Thatcher. If the Argentines offer very little, I would plan to return to confer with you. In this case, it may be necessary to apply even greater pressure on the British if we are to head off hostilities. I cannot presently offer my optimism, even if I get enough in Buenos Aires to justify a return to London. This is clearly a very steep uphill struggle, but essential, given the enormous stakes.

"As you know I have excluded travelling US press from the plane. All I have said to the local press is that we want to be helpful and support U.N. Security Council Resolution 502, which calls for withdrawal and a diplomatic solution. For the benefit of Thatcher – and the Argentines – I also said I was impressed by the resolve of the British Government. We must be absolutely disciplined with the press during this critical stage, avoiding at all cost any suggestion that we are encouraged. There is, in fact, little basis for encouragement of any kind."

I'll get close to a normal night's sleep, since it is now 1:30 a.m. and our wake-up call is set for 8:30, with *possible* departure from the hotel at 9:15. Those seven hours of slumber will help, but gawd! – what a savaging of the human system. These tumor-like bumps have reappeared under my eyes, along with eruptions of acne, and I keep popping a prodigious quantity of aspirin by way of migraine prophylaxis. This may well prove to be the most tiring intercontinental travel I have ever had to take.....

Tuesday
13 April 1982

We're finally wrapping it, but not until five this afternoon. And we will never know the exact time of departure until some thirty minutes before it comes due. The first part of the day is mired in extreme pessimism; Haig's phone discussion with his Argentine opposite number late last night left very little room for maneuver, and while he is over at Number Ten for one last round of talks with Maggie alone, his staff crashes on a press conference/wrap-up contingency which suspends the US diplomatic process and essentially puts the blame on Argentina. This may be the lowest point of the whole project, dramatized by the FLASH from B.A. which puts the Embassy's crypto files and equipment "two hours from burn" and by the clandestine reporting we have received from inside the S.I.A., Argentina's goon-ridden security service which has already targeted a number of Embassy personnel who are, in that entity's quaint parlance, "to be disappeared" (in the same way that Stavisky was "suicided") [*reference to a huge French political scandal of the mid-30s*]. By the time Haig gets back to the Churchill later this morning, however, the roller-coaster is in the ascendant again: a call from Costa Mendez suggests a tiny crack of Argentine daylight – language from some 1960 General Assembly resolution on decolonization which the UK had not voted against, merely abstained on, and which fudges the basic sovereignty/self-determination issues – and Foreign Secretary Pym is on his way over to the hotel to confer with Haig on this development. Who knows what's going to happen next? Pym, when we next meet him in the noisy little corner room at the end of the corridor, overlooking the rush of Upper Berkeley Street traffic, seems open to exploring the Argentine move, and at the very least we may have bought some additional time (this is the message I give Judge Clark, whose phone call summons me out of Haig's meeting; he will be briefing the President a few minutes from now and needs an update on the whole crisis). [fo.163 begins]

Goodby to Britain. ... Once aloft, Haig's core group crouches around his table while he strategizes out loud on next steps, which look now to include another trip to B.A. two days from now. *Vamos a ver*

Thursday
15 April 1982

Back on board Tailgate #86972, destination Buenos Aires. Round Two in the London-B.A. shuttle. Dick Walters is moving up the stairwell beside me at 8 this morning, establishing a poignant interconnection: he sez that he first rode this plane in 1960 when Eisenhower took it to his State Visit in Brazil. ... Who the hell knows – I like Dick Walters a lot, but prolonged exposure to him on this exercise has shown what a prodigious bullshitter he can be, citing instant "facts" and figures with astonishingly detailed and therefore suspect precision (Mrs. T: "And you say, General, that their ships are berthed at Puerto Belgrano; how far is that from the Falklands?" Dick W.: "572 nautical miles, Prime Minister"). The prodigality of his outpourings continues through our refuelling stop at Caracas and the long stretch above the Amazon jungle, a flight path which provides a

magnificent view of the Amazon itself, the awesomeness of its dimensions fully discernible at 33,000 feet (Dick W.: "Just look at it down there, over 4000 miles long, and 23 miles in width at the point where you see it now. Rises in the Andes at Latacunga – that's Peru, near where Vicente de Orellana started the first known descent to the seam via the Napo River in 1541. He named it, too – battling the Tapuyan savages he believed that the tribal women fought with the men – it carries more than half the world's rainfall...."). Jesus – the force of the Amazon's flow and the volume of its contents are exceeded only by the oral deliveries of Dick himself!

Shall we check out some of my other fellow delegates? Start with Big Tom Enders, seated opposite me at the four-seat VIP table in the forward compartment. His 6-foot, 8-inch frame overflows the thickly cushioned configuration of the furniture while the long long fingers of one blond hand pick identically at the bowl of shelled nuts in front of us. The once-yellow hair, now turned to ashy-gray, is getting very thin on top, but the ends of it continue to curl in tufted profusion over the back of his neck. He sits there reading D.M. Thomas' *The White Hotel*, his peanut free hand holding the book in myopic rigidity close to his bare eyes ("Mediocre" is his crisp summation of the book's quality when I question him about it – having thoroughly enjoyed it myself – and he soon discards in favor of *Deutsche Erzähler* by Zweiter Band and a book on mountaineering published by a private club in Seattle and entitled *The Freedom Of The Hills*). Being Tom! – an impressive, imposing, arrogantly imperial personality before whom even the forceful likes of Al Haig seem diminished. Haig likes Tom, though, respects him, even to a certain extent appears cowed by him, despite a number of wrong calls Tom's ARA staffers claim he made early on in the crisis. I am disposed in his favor, having enjoyed the hospitality of both him and his spouse Gaitana during their previous incarnations in Ottawa and Brussels, but Tom is not one to suffer fools (or anybody else) very gladly. ...

... Round One on the shuttle brought us some critical time – a one-day pause for both sides to reconsider fixed positions – and when we emplaned this morning a cautious note of optimism accompanied us. Here in mid-flight, however, that fragile hope has again turned to near-despair. A FLASH signal in from Defense Minister John Nott tells us that British intelligence has detected two Argentine subs inside the 200-mile exclusion zone, setting the stage for a momentary act of war and the collapse of Haig's shuttle. The implication of this message seemed clear enough – warn off the Argentines fast – but no sooner do we send FLASH instructions to B.A. than another British signal arrives, this one from the FCO requesting that we do *not* inform the Argentines. Figure it out! It is too late in any event to [fo.165 begins] recall our B.A. message, and with this in the background, plus press reports out of both capitals that Haig no longer has credibility as a go-between (Mike Getler's piece in yesterday's *Washington Post*, together with some ABC Nightline disclosures the evening before, did seriously compromise our effectiveness by laying out the alleged extent to which we are giving the Brits sensitive logistical, intelligence, and communications support), the Secretary's comment seems right on target: "It's getting hairy, fellas – it's getting hairier and hairier!"

And how. If the Brits sink one of those Argentine subs – they're old, 1960 diesels, full of loud noise, *easy* for the modern hunter-killers to search and destroy – we may not even be able to land in B.A. We may not even *want* to. The Secretary is subdued, withdrawn, sitting at his table in the central compartment restlessly jiggling his knees, alone. The low-energy output of his personality – quite uncharacteristic – derives less from the danger of the present moment, I suspect, than from the escalating flap over which aircraft he used on Round One and why. Really bat-shit stuff, and an object lesson in how the media can have such a distorting impact on larger issues – how, in fact, the press eclipses the larger issues in favor of minutia that should remain completely irrelevant. I mean the New York *Times* coverage which first drew on this wunnerful "White House sources", the ones near Jim Baker's office [*White House Chief of Staff*] who claimed that Haig delayed his Round One departure to London for half a day because he wanted an airplane with windows. And the plane incident, of initially narrow scope, has now ballooned into a much larger story concerning the resurfaced volatility of Haig's relations with the White House, the huge personal stakes he has riding on a successful outcome to this crisis, etc. etc.

Well, as I said, the roller-coaster phenomenon is still in effect on this bleak and withdrawn moment over the Brazilian jungle, and if there were the least doubt about that, I invite you to glom the IMMEDIATE which the Secretary has just released to the President:

"The situation has become distinctly more ominous. I base this assessment on several recent developments: a) today's Argentine press has an especially dark tone. Despite the fact that the British fleet is now entering the South Atlantic, Argentine commentary has become more inflexible and bellicose. This may be a response to British rhet and yesterday's tragic revelations about US intelligence and logistical support for the UK. More than anything, it betrays a self-hypnotizing war hysteria that may be taking over in Buenos Aires, with the prospect of military defeat, political isolation, and economic ruin eclipsed by patriotic fervor; b) I have also received the first detailed Argentine negotiating proposal. Although this gives us a clearer framework in which to engage the Argentines, the substance is little different than their basic demand all along: control of the Falklands, *de facto* if not *de jure*.

"An optimist might argue that these signs reflect posturing for what both sides know is the final round. This may be especially true of Buenos Aires with me en route there to extract concessions. A pessimist would take these developments at face value, based on the premise that rational statesmanship gives way to more powerful impulses – not easily controlled by the leaders themselves - as war grows more imminent. As I see it, the truth is problem somewhere in between. I should have a much clearer fix on the Argentine state of mind by late tomorrow. But we should begin to prepare ourselves for the worst. In this regard, I may need very soon to seek your decisions on two critical questions: a) whether and how far to push Mrs. Thatcher to come forth with a significant concession; b) whether and how to break off this mission if its futility becomes clear.

"Whether you should, or could, push Mrs. Thatcher to this bitter conclusion – that they cannot in any event resist the course of history and that they are now paying the price for previous UK vacillation on the sovereignty question – with all that it would mean for her, for our relationship, and our own principles, will require very careful thought.

On the second question, we must think – and think quickly – about whether there is value in continuing this process and our role even though it will lead nowhere....."

[fo.166 begins] No sooner do we dispatch this gloomy assessment, than the mood abruptly changes once again. Why? Because we have just received word from the White House that Galtieri called the President minutes before, had a half-hour exchange with him, expressed concern about the British fleet, but spoke in friendly terms. A promising sign, on the strength of which our Coney Island car begins to climb a few notches up the curving track; and before the thing careens precipitously downward anew, I clear talking points for the Secretary's use with Galtieri along the following lines:

- President Reagan asked me to see you to convey his views on this crisis.
 - We are now perilously close to war.
 - With each passing day, our ability – yours, mine, Prime Minister Thatcher's – to control events is diminished. At some point – any day now – passions and pride will take over completely; rational calculation and statesmanship will be impossible.
 - Argentina is ready for war. I have told Prime Minister Thatcher this with brutal frankness.
 - But Great Britain is also ready for war. Don't underestimate the Prime Minister's resolve or the readiness of the British to start and sustain hostilities.
 - They are not driven by the economic potential of the islands, but rather by honor – a far more powerful force. Rightly or wrongly, they believe the territory inhabited by their countrymen has been invaded. I don't expect you to agree; but I don't want you to miscalculate.
-
- The British fleet has entered the South Atlantic. Prime Minister Thatcher will not and cannot stop it or slow it down.
 - The nearing of that fleet to Argentina, even though you are prepared to meet it, will change the situation fundamentally. The strategic balance in the area will dramatically alter.
 - What might have seemed feasible with British power 7000 miles away will look much different with British power off your shores.
 - I know you are sure of Argentine will and capabilities. But this does not alter the fact that the best time for you to achieve a favorable peaceful solution is *now*, before your advantage – and therefore your leverage – slips away.
 - The diplomatic process is extremely fragile, and will become more so. Each party will come under enormous pressure to lock itself into public positions that will destroy the climate for diplomacy. This is already beginning to happen.
 - I know what you want to accomplish. There are three ways of doing so. The first is by military means alone. The prospect of success is dubious, and in any case the political, economic, and strategic consequences will be catastrophic.
-
- The second way is by obtaining now British agreement to unchallenged Argentine sovereignty. This is *not* achievable. British capitulation is out of the question, and I must tell you, my own country would not associate itself with an outcome whereby the use of force yielded such a reward.
 - Even the most committed advocates of Argentina's position know that you cannot emerge from this with immediate control of the islands. This will not be the standard of success.
 - A third way is to reach an agreement that will put you in a position to achieve your ultimate goal through a combination of subsequent, urgent negotiations and an expanded *de facto* Argentine role. The third course, in my view, is the *only* way to reach your objective. The only way to avoid war, the only way to achieve the success you must have.
 - I have brought here a coherent set of ideas which would: stop the fleet; keep the Argentine flag; expand your role on the islands; guarantee that negotiations would conclude by the end of the year; guide the entire process by the principles of decolonization and normalization; lift sanctions; and ensure our help throughout. [fo.167 begins]

- More than this I cannot achieve. As time goes on and the British military position improves, even this will not be achievable. And of course if hostilities occur – which could be literally any moment, even as we are sitting here – all of this will instantly vanish.
- If we don't move rapidly, instead of what I have outlined you will have war, isolation, and economic ruin. You will have no one to turn to but the Soviets. I know, from our last discussion, that you want at all costs to avoid being left with this as Argentina's only future.

Friday
16 April 1982

What a wonderful difference a good night's sleep can make! It also helps to travel in daylight, and to arrive in essentially the same time zones from which we started (there are only two hours difference between B.A. and EST). But while the time zones may not have significantly changed, the season has: summer still lingered in the Southern Hemisphere when I was last here a few days ago, but there is now an autumnal nip in the air. Lead-colored layers of cloud lie over the River Plate as I look out above the Torre Iglesia from the same Sheraton Hotel room I had here before. ...

We're back in the Palácio de San Martín long about now [sic] – horse-holding, spear-carrying, guard-dutying, doing all those things a loyal staff does in the hang-around mode. Haig's discussions with the Argentine leadership tend to be much more hermetic than our sessions with the Brits, and that fact, together with my credentials as a West Europe and NATO "expert" rather than a specialist in Hemispheric affairs, will mean a less direct Rentschlerian role than was the case in London. It's o.k. with me. I never move without my notebook and my [fo.168 begins] Simone de Beauvoir, *de sorte que le temps ne risque point de me peser*. I can even indulge one of my favourite pastimes in this location, *la chasse aux symbols*: the Argies have planted Haig's party in one of the most ornate parts of this baroque building, a vast conference space all marble butts, hanging tapestries, and polished parquet flooring above which glows in delicate pastels of light blue and pink an allegorical ceiling. My interpretation of the Renoir-like female girded in vegetal garments and greeting a group of sailing vessels moored near a misty shore? – Mrs. Thatcher and the British fleet about to reassert the UK presence on the Falklands, natch. Outside the building, with its front-balcony views over the little park jammed with camera crews, a ragged knot of bystanders have gathered, the same *badauds* who will chant AR-GEN-TINA AR-GEN-TINA when we spill out of here hours from now. In the meantime, I can only sip the good little cups of coffee which the Ministerial flunkies schlep in (the only Argentine "hospitality" we will get from these folks) and put the polishing touches to a private piece for Judge Clark which grows out of my mounting pessimism over the course this caper is now taking. Here is what I pen:

SUBJECT: The Guns of April? – Where We Now Stand With Argentina, the UK, and Ourselves

The likely suspension of our peace shuttle and the imminence of armed conflict between the UK and Argentina require a very hard look at our next moves. Amidst the dispiriting frustrations of Buenos Aires, I offer the following personal thoughts:

- We promised both parties our best shot at assisting them to find a peaceful settlement; we gave them that shot, and for the time being, at least, there is nothing more to give.
- Implicit and explicit in our promise was the determination to practice "even-handedness" so long as the process continued; that stage is now ending.
- Tilting toward either of the parties at this moment will undoubtedly damage out relations with the non-tiltee; yet tilting toward neither – i.e., attempting to prolong an appearance of neutrality, or even worse, passivity – could put larger U.S. strategic interests at risk.
- The greatest of all such risks may lie in the psychology of leadership: at what point does the US no longer appear "constructively concerned" but instead is perceived by the British and our own public as irresolute, ungrateful, and evasive?
- The bilateral question for us thus boils down, in both policy terms and public perceptions, to pro-UK *or* pro-Argentina; the larger strategic question boils down to Pan-America vs. NATO.

There will be arguments that the choices set out above are, in reality, neither so stark nor simplistic, and that a US policy course which is both prudent and proper will aim to preserve the best of both worlds. I believe that such a course will prove illusory. It is a circle that cannot be squared; both sides of the conflict have too much invested in emotional, geopolitical, and historical capital to allow us a safe passage between them. More important, the moves we make – or fail to make – with respect to one or the other disputant will have a long-term ripple effect throughout our national security environment.

We need, therefore, to decide – on an extremely urgent basis – in which set of relationships (Hemispheric or Atlantic) we are prepared to sustain the most immediate (but perhaps less costly) casualties, recognising that we cannot escape some significant damage in either case, and could well incur far worse.

This is properly the subject of an early NSC which would carefully weigh a detailed set **[fo.169 begins]** of options and the consequences likely to flow from each. Meanwhile, in a spirit of total prejudice and partiality, I advance these views:

- It is essential to back Britain, and for reasons which transcend the already compelling ties of language, bloodlines, and formal alliance.
- Our strategic imperatives in the East-West context and the stakes we have in asserting the primacy of our Western leadership require it.
- Enforcement and credibility of the U.N. system – particularly our principled backing for UNSC 502 – justify it.
- Moreover, our support for the UK must be seen as convincingly generous and resolute (this means something far beyond rhetoric in both the military supply and economic sanctions areas).
- Failure to back our most important and forthcoming ally at this critical juncture – to re-enact, in effect, a 1980s version of Suez or Skybolt - will have a profoundly adverse impact on an already shaky alliance and at a time when we can least afford such turbulence (we must understand that an Anglo-Argentine war will be bad for NATO and our own East-West interests, but that this unhappy state of affairs will be infinitely worse should we alienate Britain into the bargain).

To the positive factors which dictate a pro-British tilt, I would add a number of negative observations based on our direct and highly unpleasant experience with the Argentines over the past few days (in connection with which I invite the views of Roger Fontaine, who is a far better informed student of the gaucho psychology than I):

- The talks in Buenos Aires demonstrated, more than anything else, the emptiness of our bilateral "relationship" with the Argies (Ambassador Shlaudeman [*US Ambassador to Buenos Aires*] voiced this same view, heartily seconded by everyone of us who had to deal with them).
- Even if we achieved a responsible agreement with the Argentines on a politically workable text, there is no assurance that the present junta – quite possibly an ephemeral expression of leadership – could or would deliver.
- None of us ever had the certainty that the Argentine side was negotiating in good faith; indeed, the evidence indicated that we were being strung along (a risk we recognised and were willing to run in the larger interests of averting bloodshed).
- We were deliberately treated to a series of petty but cumulatively significant, not to say contemptuous derogatives from simple courtesy (manipulated crowd boos, squalid "holding" conditions for delegation members in the Presidential Palace, excessive rudeness on the part of security and administrative personnel) which called into further question the seriousness and good faith of Argentine negotiating tactics.
- On the larger question of what the South Atlantic crisis will do to the inter-American "system" I favor a realistic stance, believing as I do that those who are minded to back us would likely do so in any event, while traditional anti-gringo sentiment would line up a number of states against us no matter what role we played in the peace process (again, however, I would defer to Roger Fontaine).

The Argies with whom we dealt are not, in sum, nice people; in this sense Mrs. Thatcher and her colleagues may from the start have read Argentine intentions and operating style far more accurately than we. That fact simply reinforces my view that the time of even-[fo.170 begins]handedness, indispensable during a period when we were actively engaged in a peace-shuttling effort, may now be past. We must not lose sight of the assertions with which the President addressed his very first message to Mrs. Thatcher in this crisis: "I told Galtieri that initiating military action against the Falkland Islands would seriously compromise relations between the United States and Argentina" and "while we have a policy of neutrality on the sovereignty issue, we would not be neutral on the issue of Argentine use of force".

"Just so. Secretary Haig has undertaken a gallant and gruelling marathon effort to make the Argentines see reason, an effort which I for one strongly supported. But the Argentines have not yet seen reason, and frankly, I do not think they ever will – they may, indeed, be incapable of reasonable compromise in the sense that we understand that concept.

"Assuming that a miracle rabbit or two will not pop out of our hat, all of this argues for the earliest possible expression of support for the Brits in ways that are politically unambiguous for them. Unless such practical expression is soon forthcoming – and absent the kind of Argentine give which now seems unlikely – I can't imagine that the President would have a comfortable stay in Windsor Castle come June. Even less can I picture him happily riding with the Queen through Windsor's woods on that occasion....."

Oh yeah, Judge Clark will write "Good Memo" across your old Dad's words, and the policy recommendation which these embody will be duly adopted in an NSC of 30AP82, the Cabinet principals unanimously agreeing on a pro-UK tilt, but all of that can provide little comfort either then or now as these Argentine turkeys push recklessly forward on the one track guaranteed to produce catastrophe. ...

But back to the crisis, and to a Secretary of State who is becoming increasingly pissed. Why? Because it is more and more apparent that these clowns in the Foreign Ministry, led by Costa Méndez – Nicky the Gimp – are jerking him

around. He has engaged in god knows how many hours of good-faith talks, works hard on the language they propose, develops some kind of working consensus at their level – only to have the junta at the end of the day reject these mutually agreed positions and take us back to a point which is even tougher now than it was at the start. "A charade," sez the SecState, "a fucking charade – these guys are [fo.171 begins] diddling me." "Of course they are," chimes Shlaudeman, "they aren't hearing us, we can't negotiate with them, our relationship means nothing" – a line he was *not* giving us when we first arrived in these precincts! ...

I think we are about to wrap it, boys. But the Secretary's idea is to have one last meeting with Galtieri tomorrow morning and possibly the whole junta as well, cable Francis Pym the key paragraphs in contention, and then head on back to D.C. Continues Haig: "We must tell these guys, and then we must tell our own public, one basic thing: it is unimaginable that a responsible democratic country could accept the position they have put forward. We can't reward the force of arms." *Punto.*

That leaves the evening free for our first outside meal on this whole damn shuttle. Hard by the Retiro railway station there is a well-lighted restaurant called La Mosca Blanca – "the white fly". Appetizing? In fact it is, particularly when they lay a *bife de chorizo* on me, the most awesomely *obscene* mound of rumpsteak I can ever remember being served. Tasty, too. I trow out on this oversized material in the company of six other colleagues, washing it down with deliciously cold Argentine beer. Just as the check is paid – it is a ridiculously low \$12 per head – the walkie-talkie which Scott Gudgeon brought along summons us back to Haig's suite. Costa Méndez is on his way up with the latest reactions from the junta, which turn out to be as unyielding as we had expected and merely reconfirm the SecStates's instinct to break off his mission tomorrow. Meanwhile, there is a gang of drafting to do – Sincerely Al messages to all of his NATO counterparts, key ARA contacts, the OAS, and of course the President himself – and by two a.m. my part of the hired-pen chores are out of the way. I'll still get a good six hours of sleep tonight, however, and embark upon them with the mournful sound of train whistles blowing from the yards across the square.....

Saturday 17 April 1982

... Haig makes one last-ditch effort with Galtieri inside the Presidential Palace. He has precious little material to work with, but then so does Galtieri – listen to the talking points he's getting now:

- I trust you appreciate that your current negotiating position constitutes a decision to go to war with the United Kingdom.
- My country has made a major effort – a President Reagan has engaged his full energies – to make progress toward a peaceful settlement, only to find that the Argentine position is fundamentally unchanged. Twice now, I have worked in good faith with your Foreign

- Minister to build a basis for serious negotiations. Both times our effort has been undone by the junta. Both times I have been faced with demands that can lead only to catastrophe.
- From the outset, I understood your aim to be a change in the status quo sufficient to justify your decision to use force.
 - But I must now conclude that your aim is to guarantee unchallenged Argentine sovereignty, nothing less. **[fo.172 begins]**
 - The position you have taken is one that the United States could never support.
 - You are leaving us no choice but to break off our effort and throw our full support behind the British. We are fully prepared to do that, and in fact are facing mounting pressures that only be resisted if serious negotiations now begin.
 - I am sure you understand that the dire economic prospects you already face because of the actions of others will be far worse once we line up with the British.
 - Argentina will suffer economic collapse. Anyone who advises you otherwise is engaged in deception.
 - We know that you will be left with nowhere to turn but Moscow and Havana. We have taken this into account, though we are saddened to think what this will mean for Argentina.
 - Within a matter of days, the British fleet will be upon you. These forces are capable of inflicting severe damage on yours. I do not for one moment question Argentine courage. But it cannot prevent your systematic defeat by sophisticated British surface, sub-surface, and air power.
 - I have sensed that your government and your people do not share our estimate of British resolve. I have no doubt whatever that the British mean to go to war. Indeed, this is why I have made this extraordinary effort.
 - British determination will not wane once hostilities occur. On the contrary, if they sustain casualties, any sense of self-restraint on their part will evaporate. They will not wait for your forces to come to them.
 - The war you are about to enter will be ruinous for Argentina – politically, economically, and militarily. The British will not bear the onus, for you were the first to use force, and they made a reasonable effort to reach a peaceful settlement. There is no escaping historical responsibility for what now seems inevitable.
 - The last thing we wanted was tragedy for Argentina. We had been hopeful that we could develop a new partnership. Now that, too, will be impossible.
 - Mr. President, I have never asked you to agree to anything that could not be seen as a clear success for you. The ideas I have offered fully protect Argentina's dignity and provide the only way for you to move toward your ultimate goal.
 - The bitter irony is that you have opted for the one course that will guarantee that you do *not* achieve your aims toward the islands.
 - I urge you to review these harsh realities with the junta and then sit down with me to begin serious progress toward a successful, peaceful outcome. In that event, I pledge my utmost to help you.

While the inner colloquy drones on, the scene out here in the sunlight is not unpleasant. The newsies are swarming around the front of the Pink House – more of a tarnished egg-plant color in this bright relief – and the motorcade cars, arbitrarily directed by self-important security men, keep backing and turning in one ephemeral configuration after another. What the press types most want to hear at the moment is the identity of our next destination – hotel? **[fo.173 begins]** airport? Washington? London? – pretty much the same question the Secretary's own entourage has in mind! By the time today's talks conclude – the marathon session will extend to ten this evening – Haig will have logged a total of 28 discussion hours with the Argies (vs. 14 with the Brits) – so much for "evenhandedness".....

In the meantime, Gompert, Dean Fischer, Scott Gudgeon, and I have found the *perfect* symbol for this country: the putrid toilet on the ground floor of the Casa Rosada. Yeah, a number of us have to cop micturitions, and though reluctant to help us, the security creeps inside the Casa – *heavily* into leather, these guys, I *love* their polished boots, shoulder straps, and riding crops – lead us around a pretty palm-shaded interior courtyard, off the edges of which there is a corner with two urinals. Some corner! – it is inundated with *pipi*, huge puddles of it thoroughly soaking the pile of shredded newspaper which supposedly helps one service the nearby squatty-roo. Doesn't this sum up the regime distinctive flavor? – a façade of elegance and sophistication on the outside, behind which the cloacal reality lies in all its stinky-poo squalor. On the way out we pass a contingent of elaborately dressed Presidential guards – polished boots, gleaming sabers, towering helmets in toy-soldier perfection – which adds to the forcefulness of the symbol: here at the pinnacle of Argentine power just imagine the conditions in which these poor guys have to take a crap.....

Gotta watch myself! – my contempt for this bunch hereabouts has unconsciously begun to pervade even my familiar singing and humming habits, a fact I am only made aware of when a friendly *Time* correspondent advises me to be careful about one particular tune insistently on my lips: "Britannia Rules The Waves" (in an ironic sub-note some days from now, when the Brits will have torpedoed and sunk the Argentine cruiser *General Belgrano* some 26 miles *outside* the exclusion zone, I will remember that refrain and a British newspaper headline: "BRITANNIA WAIVES THE RULES".....) Gloom once again descends upon us when the SecState finally gets back to the Sheraton at 10 p.m., having devoted 9 straight hours to the cause of peace today. The Sec-Pres which I draft pretty much at his dictation sums up the latest stretch of roller-coaster track:

"Faced with an impasse resulting from the rigid Argentine position of last night, I insisted on a meeting this morning with President Galtieri and the other two members of the junta. I had nearly two hours with them and found them gravely preoccupied over the course on which they are embarked. The line-up within the junta is pretty much as we expected: the Air Force general is mod, the Navy admiral is hawkish and ideological, while President Galtieri – no match intellectually for either of the other two – substitutes bluster for thought.

"On balance, I consider the meeting helpful because it heightened Argentine awareness that time is running out for a solution short of war. The leadership is now clearly reluctant to see our mission suspended – especially while we are now in Buenos Aires. The stakes are so high that we agreed to look at revised language now being prepared by the Argentine side on the critical issue of the islands' ultimate status, which they are bringing to the hotel later tonight. We discussed this one issue for nine straight hours today – and the future of our efforts may hang on a single word.

"To sum up, we emerged from today's marathon session slightly better off than we were when we ended last night. In all probability, however, I will conclude tomorrow that Argentine intransigence requires me to carry out your instruction to suspend the mission and return to Washington.

Hey, if it's true that the future of our efforts really do hang on even a single word, I've got a candidate: why not call these fucking dismal pieces of South Atlantic rock The Mallands? Or maybe Las Falkvinas? Pending adoption of that brilliant

nomenclatural solution, [fo.174 begins] the game plan at the moment seems to be a glom at the junta's revised language (lots of luck), a pro-forma meeting with unspecified members of the leadership tomorrow morning, and then wheels up for Washington around noon. But we've been hitting what we thought was rock bottom before, only to find that the mission continued to breathe a bit of life, so perhaps tonight's gloomy assessment is again premature.

Sunday 18 April 1982

Ready for this, guys? – *another* note of last-ditch optimism is creeping into the game plan; the Argies have delivered their revised language on the interim arrangements for the Falklands, and there does indeed seem to have been some movement overnight – not much, really a fractional amount, but movement nevertheless, enough to warrant a bit more palaver. Haig will be reconvening with his charming hosts – they of the foul toilets and zero hospitality – this afternoon at 2:30, which leaves time for a relatively relaxed Sunday morning, replete with mass for the SecState and tennis for us both.

The latter is the only real scene I will enjoy during Round Two in the South Atlantic shuttle, and it will provide my own personal high in a very up/down day. Check the Secretary moving through the hotel lobby in his shorts, your old Dad right behind him, racket in hand, the people clapping their hands and the tv cameras busily awhir. Our motorcade rushes off to the American Ambassador's residence – I'm in the SecState's car – and the doubles team awaiting us there is my fellow JOT classmate Phil Pillsbury, plus an Argie pro as his partner. Fun scene, even though my tennis has seldom been more terrible – repeated double faults ... Fortunately, the Secretary carries me, and we take both sets, though only because the pro is playing an egregious game of customer tennis – shot after shot of his burns the tape, which he then calls out; and when one of our own misses by a mile, he calls it in. ... [fo.175 begins]

No dearth of photo ops hereabouts. The court is framed by a number of tall apartment buildings, and an Argie tv crew has bribed some of the inhabitants into use of an overhanging balcony, from which they shoot virtually the whole match, videotapes of which will be run on local outlets later this evening, with a Chilean tvcaster providing an extensive play-by-play. Tomorrow's press will also feature some good shots of Haig wielding his macho racket (with the tip of your old Dad's Prince visible in one or two of them) – a fact which will piss off Dean Fischer. Why? Because he has strongly recommended a pool photo op but had been turned down by the "bureaucrats" – his contemptuous characterization of Tom Enders & Co. – who felt that the Secretary should not be seen at play during such a critical juncture in the mission!). As I say, a fun scene – after a 5-2 lead in the second set we coast and then have to scramble to take a 7-6 tiebreaker – including some comfortable chit-chat with the Secretary as we head back to the hotel and more applause from the rubber-necks lined up in the lobby.

I accompany the motorcade back to the Casa Rosada this afternoon, but no way am I gonna cool my heels around these Argie thugs again. Just a few minutes on Plaza de Mayo to get the lay of the land, then back to the hotel to rendez-vous with Dean Fischer, a citizen similarly determined to avoid dead time. ... we stroll at length through the Sunday crowd of lolly-gaggers on the Florida, B.A.'s pedestrian mall where most of the fancy shops are concentrated, including an affiliate of Harrod's (*love* the signs saturating its shop windows: HARROD'S, LA GRAN TIENDA ARGENTINA, ADHIERE AL GRAN MOMENTO NACIONAL – reminds me of the notices you used to see in the rioting black ghettos back home, PLEASE DO NOT TRASH THIS STORE, IT IS OWNED BY A SOUL BROTHER....)

... Haig's return from the Casa Rosada and the post-mortem caucus ... happens ... about 2 in the morning, the beginning of the really *down* part of this long day. Seems I was courageous (or incautious) enough to convey to the Secretary via Tom Enders my growing sense of Washington unease at the course of these interminable talks. I told the latter of my secure-phone exchanges with both the Judge and Bud McFarlane and the concern I detected on their part about both the length of the "negotiations" and the lack of detailed information coming out of them. Was I wise to give this raw to Enders? Should I have button-holed the Secretary directly on the side? Tom is a super-bright guy, but he is super-arrogant too – I think of Larry the Eagle's remark, "He may be six foot, eight inches tall, but he *still* has a Napoleonic Complex!" – and what's more, he may be seriously afflicted by the Fatigue Factor. Having invested so much physical and psychic expenditure in this enterprise, he may not be fully capable of judging when the moment has come to break it off (I for one believe the Secretary has already lingered at least a day longer than he should have). In any event, I am not altogether sure how Big Tom has cast my remarks vis-à-vis Haig. The former has already curtly dismissed a Sec-Pres I strongly recommended he endorse as "too defensive" (the [fo.176 begins] message was meant to be a loyal, assist-covering summation with which Haig could provide some of the filler detail the White House felt it lacked while at the same time putting the likely failure of our efforts into a larger context, emphasizing the long-shot pessimism with which we approached this whole caper), and I really do wonder if Tom's judgment is not seriously in question at the moment. I go back to bed, only to be resummoned into the Secretary's suite at 3. He is exercised about the mood I conveyed from Clark and McFarlane – "Jim, what is this crap about the White House being worried over what's going on!" – and even though his aide Woody Goldberg will tell me later that the SecState trusts me and values my honesty, I go back to a four-hour sleep riddled with disquiet. Is that Malta Ambassadorship, seemingly so close, now floating out of my reach like the will-o'-the-wisp I always suspected it to be?????

Monday
19 April 1982

It's uncanny how accurately the weather can sum up the course of these palavers and their likely outcome. We arrived here the first time in such warm sunshine and glittering skies, and on the second round, while still sunny, the season was clearly moving toward colder days and nights. The view from my hotel window this morning discloses a B.A. scudded over with black trails of storm cloud, from which copious quantities of chill rain are already pouring. A *very* suitable accompaniment to these last hours of our mission here, considering the cheerless perspectives which now lie down the road. Haig does conclude a few more hours of jawboning with the Argies, and though it looks like he may have achieved a small measure of flexibility by the time we move into the motorcade, an alert from the Foreign Ministry informs us that Costa Méndez will be out at the airport to convey an important last-minute message. Which is those wunnerful guys inside the junta say no soap on the "flexibility", any proposals acceptable to Argentina must include an a priori commitment to sovereignty over the Malvinas.

Fuck you, Argentina. We're airborne, with not much to show for our extended loitering about in the Southern Hemisphere, but even so our next destination is uncertain right up to the last minute. The Secretary has decided to send the text we now have to Pym in London and let *him* determine whether he thinks it would be worthwhile for us to return to the UK. The go/no-go point will be our refuelling stop in Caracas, by which time word will have come into the aircraft from Number Ten Downing Street and we will know if we continue north to D.C. or start veering east across the Atlantic toward London. All of this I learned pretty much by eaves-dropping in the Embassy, like my colleagues part of a "hover mode" which had us munching snackbar sandwiches while Haig finally slammed down the secure-phone receiver in disgust (the rainy weather was playing havoc with the voice circuits and completely garbled Judge Clark's end of the conversation); much the same activity ensues here in the air, where Haig's senior staff clusters around his table and desultorily comments on the action thus far, laying odds on the chances of come-ahead request from London (I am betting strongly against it).

Pym's response flashes in well before we reach Venezuela – essentially "thanks but no thanks, believe it would be better for you to head on home". Did anyone seriously think he would send us any other message? Time to bag it. The stewards pull down the comfortable sleeping berths, and everybody outside the crew surrenders to the Morpheus mode – after all, this mission is dead in the water, we all know it, so why not grab whatever rest we can. By the time it is wheels-down at Andrews, we are well into the next morning – 3 a.m. – and it seems pointless to go all the way home, only to sleep an hour or two before getting up to go into the office. Accordingly, with some vague idea of sacking out on my office sofa, I pick up my Bobcat and drive directly to the White House, the start of a long long day and a very interesting one, punctuated by the following lines of more than routine absorption: [fo.177 begins]

- Judge Clark asks me to use his 9:30 a.m. briefing to fill the President in on all matters Falkland-side, a task I perform with some pleasure and enthusiasm;
- a bit later in the morning the Judge also asks me to be on hand when Al Haig comes over to provide his version of events (the President greets a fatigue-stooped Haig with the warm words "Home is the sailor, home from the sea" – the latter still sees a chance for the diplomatic route but concedes that the options have greatly narrowed and that the likelihood of imminent hostilities is very high);
- and a few hours after that I receive what is my first and quite likely last Presidential phone call: "I tried to reach you last Friday, but you were in Argentina, and now that you're back, I want to know one thing: will you be my Ambassador to Malta?" ...

Friday

30 April 1982

Falklands/Malvinas postscript

If ever a ship was in the sand, Haig's "peace shuttle" is it. The moment of South Atlantic truth is upon us this morning, and while I derive some faint satisfaction that a Reagan-chaired NSC comes down on the policy option I favor, that feeling ain't gonna do much for our interests in the Hemisphere. The discussion in the Cabinet Room is desultory, with future historians unlikely to extract any zingers from the verbatim I prepared later in the day (with the possible exception of Jeane Kirkpatrick's half-assed idea that "The Argentines will do anything to avoid war, they don't want it, they'll slip out of it, I would even anticipate a UN démarche which will settle the issue this weekend"; to which the President responds "Wouldn't it be nice if, after all these years, the UN actually did something to promote peace?"). There are a number of specific actions which emerge from this morning's exchange, and are you ready for this? – there is even a decision to make them a matter of permanent record – surely an unprecedented move for *this* NSC! Hence the draft NSDD I do up for circulation to principals entitled "U.S. Actions In The South Atlantic Crisis":

"Pursuant to the decisions reached at the meeting of the National Security Council of April 30, 1982, we are taking, effective immediately, the following actions in connection with the dispute between the United Kingdom and Argentina over the Falkland Islands:

- Issuance of an NSC-approved press statement which summarizes the U.S. position in the South Atlantic crisis and includes an explicit pro-UK tilt and the announcement of concrete steps underscoring US determination not to condone the use of unlawful force to resolve disputes.
- The suspension of all military exports to Argentina. This action covers deliver-**[fo.178 begins]**ies of all items in the pre-1977 – i.e., pre-Humphrey-Kennedy – FMS pipeline, primarily affecting spare parts in the amount of \$3.9 million; it also covers the issuance of export licenses for Munitions List items (which will affect non-government as well as government end-users, thereby reaching a category not previously covered by Humphrey-Kennedy).

- The withholding of certification of Argentine eligibility for military sales (which includes the US decision not to act on license requests for dual-use items and related COCOM-type material).
- The suspension of new Export-Import Bank credits, insurance, and guarantees;
- The suspension of Commodity Credit Corporation guarantees (which affects agricultural products worth approximately \$2 million).
- A private warning to Argentina that the measures announced do not encompass the full range of economic sanctions which the US has at its disposal and which could be applied depending on circumstances (note: under existing statutory proscriptions, third-country transfers of munitions and related items are already covered)."

Monday

3 May 1982

Falklands/Malvinas Postscript #2:

What a day, one of those frenetically fragmented moments of NSC staff time when you are not really sure which urgency you are working on and where the disparate pieces of national security exertion resemble some high-speed snapshot of clinical dementia. ... [fo.179 begins]

And of course this whole day is pervaded by the news of the *General Belgrano*, Argentina's one and only cruiser, formerly a US combatant (the USS *Phoenix*) of pre-World War Two vintage, torpedoed on Sunday by a British hunter-killer and sunk with 1882 hands aboard, the fate of whom is still very sketchy as the confused and contradictory intercepts pour in. It certainly looks like one phoenix unlikely to rise from its present watery ashes.....

Tuesday

4 May 1982

Falklands/Malvinas Postscript #3:

Now it's the Brits' turn for grief, their \$40 million destroyer HMS *Sheffield* taking a direct hit from an Exocet and almost instantly transformed into a flaming hulk – still afloat according to signals but abandoned by its crew. So much for Mrs. Kirkpatrick's "expert" view of Argentine temperament. The stance of these two disputants increasingly resembles that of a couple of staggering streetfighters, spastically-swinging at each other while blinded into fury by the flow of their own blood. Alarmed by the mounting ferocity, my Latin American counterpart Roger Fontaine and I co-author a quick memo for Clark – *The Falkland Islands: What Now? What Next?*

"Situation

The sinkings of the *Belgrano* and the *Sheffield* bring the South Atlantic conflict to an alarmingly new and perhaps desperate stage, one which throws into sharper relief the

negative strategic factors which the US will increasingly confront as the hostilities persist. We are in a situation where only an act of sanity may now save not only the belligerents themselves from further loss, but larger US interests as well.

With this in mind, your own private Falklands Task Force provides a rundown of judgments we consider relevant and outlines what we see as the necessary act of sanity (which really depends on the UK, by far the saner of the two disputants at this point). In brief, we feel the moment has been reached in this conflict when the Brits can declare victory on the military level and demonstrate some magnanimity with a political offer designed to stave off an Argentine Götterdämmerung (in which we would all substantially suffer). Urgency is now *the* issue: as this goes to press the wires are reported another Vulcan attack on Port Stanley....

"Key judgments

- Contrary to British hopes, tightening the screws on Argentina will *not* make them more amenable to negotiations. On the contrary, Galtieri is a high-stakes gambler who will keep putting chips on the table as long as he has them, hoping for the lucky strike [**fo.180 begins**] to bail him out (he has had one already).
- What is true of Galtieri is probably also true of anyone who succeeds him (with the possible exception of Orfila, who might favor a diplomatic route but whose margin of maneuver would be tightly constrained by the military).
- Continuation of the British blockade with sporadic military action will result in a grave setback to all our policies in this hemisphere as Latin American positions harden, while tying the Royal Navy down 8000 miles from its NATO responsibilities.
- Now that we have come down on the British side, our leverage with Mrs. Thatcher is greatly increased; we are a de facto partner in the enterprise and can use that position to push our own interests in ways denied to us in our previous 'honest broker' role.

"Proposal

That the US initiate another peace offer, this time through the OAS. The offer would link ultimate Argentine sovereignty after a reasonably protracted period (say, 20 years) with immediate withdrawal of Argentine troops and a third country or mixed administration during the transition between now and then. You should discuss the above outline with Haig, drawing on the attached anal and talking points, with a view toward gearing the diplomatic machinery off dead-center...."

Won't bore you boys with the analytic details, which in any case look to have little chance of flying as both sides hunker down for more hostilities. If nothing else, however, these screeds provide a bit of psychological ventilation – get something out of our systems and make us feel that we are not totally impotent in this crisis (which, of course, we are). Not that our State colleagues are doing any better: the pile of cables on my desk from Haig to his NATO and OAS counterparts which merely reiterate our position in the conflict, our support for UNSC 502, and our pious hope that the parties will exercise restraint. *Not* your most promising display of diplomacy.....

Sunday
16 May 1982
[with Haig on an official visit to Athens]

... I mill around the S/S office space this morning, trying to pick up whiffs and pieces of the Secretary's secret inner agenda, concerned that I am being cut out of significant events, particularly those dealing with the Falklands (Aide Woody Goldberg inadvertently let slip the news about a Reagan phone call to Thatcher last Thursday night [13 May 1982] and some triangular tensions between Jeane Kirkpatrick, Judge Clark and Haig which precipitated it; in addition, thanks to some indiscreet snooping through the S/S logs containing STADIS traffic [internal State Department telegrams? 'DIS' = 'distribution'], I learn of a calamitous Tom Enders idea to push South Atlantic negotiations on the basis of a Contact Group approach which would place far severer pressure on Maggie than on the Argentine junta). Objectively I have no complaint: after all, considering the institutional tensions and rivalries which form such a permanent part of State-NSC relations, it is remarkable that my State colleagues even accept me on the manifest, and more remarkable still that I have succeeded to the extent I have in insinuating myself within Haig's senior party – and me not even a State FSO (remember Mia passing news of the resentment said to be felt by some junior officers on the S/S line, who did *not* like the apparent ease with which your old Dad moved in and out of Haig's hotel suite and shared his good humor when they themselves, working for him night and day, were so often the targets of his indifference if not his disdain??). Still, the closer you get to the inside poop, the more insatiable you become; and conversely, any sign of exclusion from this kind of consumption, intended or accidental, assumes a disproportionately worrisome place in one's paranoia

[in Luxemburg later that day for the NATO Foreign Ministers' meeting on Monday]

[fo.187 begins] ... *Lovely* spring day in Luxemburg – too bad even a single minute of it has to be spent inside this overwarm room, made even hotter when one of Flesch's flunkies closes the window against the noise of the tumbling water and the chattering of the security guards. Haig is in good form, however, and sounds most of the same themes which will permeate his other bilateral meetings and the NATO Ministerial itself. Excerpts from my reporting memcons will give you the drift:

"Falklands. The Secretary stressed that the situation in the South Atlantic had reached a very critical point where it was essential for Britain's allies to support her. The situation was increasingly dangerous, not because Britain had failed to make concessions but because of Argentine intransigence. The Argentines had softened their rigidity on only one point, the question of sovereignty, but they had then compensated for that by insisting on de facto arrangements on the islands during the interim period of administration which would ensure the same outcome. A great tragedy is the fact that both sides appear headed for more bloodshed, with the loss of many young lives. Our major concern at the moment is that a breaking of EC ranks with the UK will gravely diminish the influence of more moderate forces in Argentine society which are beginning to favor a negotiated solution; at the same time, it will strengthen the extremist elements – the Peronistas and the navy – who will be emboldened by the perception of Allied disunity and become even more intransigent, thereby increasing the likelihood of military escalation. We hope the Secretary General will succeed in his efforts in New York, and

we are prepared to do everything we can to help; but unless these efforts achieve some agreement this week, the chances for avoiding more violence look bleak.

"Middle East. The Secretary summarized current US concerns in the Middle East and stressed the interrelationship between the Iran/Iraq conflict, the situation in Lebanon, and the status of the Camp David autonomy talks. So far as Iran/Iraq is concerned, the Secretary underlined the serious impact which the conflict is having on moderate Arab states and our need to steer a careful course in order to avoid driving Iran into Soviet arms, perhaps buying one hundred years of Iranian animosity in the process. A tilt toward Iraq at this could result in the West paying a very great historic price, a danger which the Turks had also warned about during the Secretary's talks in Ankara. At the same time, the US had to be sensitive to the concerns of its Arab friends, a fact which argued in favor of internationalizing the issue, with the focus on a guarantee of territorial integrity. Such an international effort would have to go well beyond the earlier initiative of Olaf Palme. The Secretary added that the US is looking closely at this question and may seek Allied help when the moment for an initiative is ripe. On Lebanon, the Secretary noted that the situation there was even more urgent and dangerous. We can no longer afford to crisis-manage this issue and must now find a process which can both deter Israel from precipitating a wider conflict and avoid bringing the Soviets into the area. As for the Camp David autonomy talks, the Secretary stressed that the urgency of forward movement on this front was not simply tied to the problem of the settlements but also involved the Village Leagues and the need to preempt a process – the Sharon Plan – which is essentially a program for de facto annexation. The only way to achieve constructive forward movement at this point was for Israel, Egypt, and the US to meet promptly. Ambassador Fairbanks' recent trip had already produced some encouraging progress in that direction.

"Credit restrictions. The Secretary concluded the exchange by appealing for continued Allied progress on the credit restrictions question vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. The French had been a major disappointment in this area by withdrawing their previous commitment. The US continued to believe that it was absolutely essential to make progress on this issue. All we were asking for was the application of commercial rates to the Soviet Union; the con- [fo.188 begins] tinued subsidization of the Soviet economy by the West was absurd and could not be justified and created a serious security problem which the President was determined to counter."

And so forth. But if you *really* want to see Jim the para-diplomat in action, catch him back in the Aérogolf Sheraton ... where he and Haig, along with our NATO Ambassador Tap Bennett, are meeting with Italian FonMin [*Foreign Minister*] Emilio Colombo. Haig lays some heavy lumber on his counterpart so far as the issue of EC support for Great Britain is concerned, trying to get him to change the Eye-tie position, which at present will prevent Colombo from joining a pro-sanctions consensus over the Falklands. Colombo sez he can't do it, if he did the Spadolini [*Italian Prime Minister*] government would fall, but he is sufficiently shaken by Haig's dire predictions about the effect of perceived EC disunity (it will increase, not diminish the bloodshed) that he collars me on his way out of the meeting and asks if he can call me in the hotel. Emilio Colombo calling *me*? He's reported to be gay – doesn't he always hold Allen Holmes close by the arm, stroking his coat sleeve? – so maybe the guy's making a pass. But in matters of war and peace old Emilio plays it pretty straight, his phone message to me – which he wants no one in his own entourage to know about – being this: urge Haig to instruct Max Rabb, our Amby in Rome, to seek appointments tonight with Prime Minister Spadolini and the secretaries of all the coalition parties and make the same points about Argentine extremism to them that Haig made to Colombo

himself. It's a long shot, but it's worth doing – which is why the Secretary approves the FLASH I've just dictated to Rome:

FOR AMBASSADOR RABB EYES ONLY FROM THE SECRETARY
SUBJECT: EC SANCTIONS AGAINST ARGENTINA

1. On an exceptionally urgent basis you should seek appointments this evening with the Prime Minister as well as the secretaries of the coalition parties and deliver following message concerning the Falklands crisis and EC support for the UK:
2. During their meeting this evening in Luxemburg (May 16), FonMin Colombo indicated to Secretary Haig that in present circumstances Italy would not be able to join an EC consensus favoring renewal of economic sanctions against Argentina. The US fully understands and is sensitive to the concerns which underlie the Italian position on this matter. Nevertheless, the US believes that timing is extremely critical at this point in the Falklands crisis and that an appearance of EC disunity vis-à-vis support for an ally on a matter of principle could have the gravest possible consequences in the days ahead. Specifically and in light of the US's own experience with the negotiating process, there is strong reason to believe that if EC breaks ranks and fails to renew economic sanctions, this will embolden extremist elements in Argentina, particularly the Peronistas and the navy, and make them more intransigent. This, in turn, will be certain to increase the possibility of military escalation and further loss of life on both sides.
3. It is therefore essential that the EC support the UK; EC political solidarity at this moment will help strengthen the more moderate forces now stirring in Argentina which favor a peaceful settlement but whose influence will be critically diminished if the extremists perceive a weakening of support for the UK.

HAIG

...

[fo.189 begins]

Monday
17 May 1982
[in Luxemburg]

... I log a good deal of time completing not only my bilateral memcons but also a Privacy Channel summary to Judge Clark. The latter will add a few pages to my burgeoning Falklands file:

"I pass along, quick and dirty, the following lights (high and low), dictated in decreasing order of priority:

"*Falklands*. Despite some opening-ceremony pep talk earlier this morning by the Ministerial's Luxemburg hosts, the mood here is somber and dominated by the South Atlantic issue. Though NATO is the nominal headliner, most eyes are on the following EC meeting scheduled later today and the uncertain status of the sanctions renewal. Leaving Ireland aside, the key to continued support for the UK may hinge on Italy. During last night's bilateral, Colombo told Haig he simply could not join a pro-sanctions consensus without bringing down the Spadolini government. Al told him that a break in EC ranks now would have the certain effect of emboldening extremist elements in Argentina (Peronistas and navy), hardening their intransigence, and drastically

increasing the likelihood of military escalation. A sobered Colombo called me shortly after the meeting and asked me to convey an urgent message to Haig which he wished to keep secret from his own people, namely, that a change in his EC instructions might be possible if Max Rabb were to weigh in immediately with Spadolini and the secretaries of the coalition parties and make the same points which Haig had made to Colombo himself (this resulted in the Rome demarche you may have seen last evening – it's a long shot, but it could help). A few other Falklands-related items of direct concern to us:

- Al's talks with Pym last night were one on one, but he said he was going to phone you and provide a complete fill-in. No one in our del here has the full story except the Secretary himself, but two nuggets filter down: 1) the Brits are reportedly incensed at what they see as less than wholehearted US support for their position; and 2) that negotiating process still has some time, but not much (one hears a great deal of talk around the other delegations and in the press about May 19 being South Atlantic D-Day).
- An old friend of mine in Pym's party told me he had seen a transcript of the President's last phone call to Mrs. Thatcher, which he termed "terrifying"; since this characterization is greatly at variance with both the tone and contents as reported to me (via Haig) from Washington last week, is it possible for me to see the text on a close-hold basis? Or are British sensitivities simply verging on the neurotic? [fo.190 begins]
- Thanks to some indiscreet glomming of STADIS traffic, I have learned that Tom Enders and his ARA people are pushing Haig to adopt a kind of Contact Group approach to the crisis emphasising much heavier pressure on the UK than on Argentina. I think this is a calamitous idea, guaranteed to give us the very worst of both worlds. God knows, the wicket we have with the British now is sticky enough, but if this hare-brained lucubration were ever leaked (let alone acted upon), we could kiss a successful Presidential visit to London next month goodbye. And that's just for starters.

Time's Greg Wierzynski springs for a delicious *pièce de charolais* in a comfortable quaint, and culinarily superior Michelin one-star called Le St. Michel, beamed-ceiling retreat in the shadow of the Palais Ducal. As usual I sing for my supper, letting Greg pump me on a variety of current topics, including the South Atlantic, the Bonn Summit, and the evolution of the NSC under Judge Clark. Greg is fairly decent company, and Le St. Michel is an excellent refuelling stop. ...

[fo.192 begins]

...

Wednesday
2 June 1982
[Washington]

Yes, tripping. And I don't mean up Capitol Hill where Judge Clark asked me to find Senator Jesse Helms and brief him on the South Atlantic, while at the same time telling him why the President thought his idea for a Summit meeting with Reagan, Maggie Thatcher, and Galtieri was perhaps not ripe (but you better believe your old Dad treated this powerful primitive with extreme deference; think I was gonna consciously endanger the Malta nomination with such a Keeper of The Conservative Flame????). That was yesterday. What I'm talking about now

is the Europe-bound translation at this very moment in train. Or in plane – a luxuriously appointed VC-137C, the identical double of Air Force One. And this voyage has something of a valedictory character to it as well, since it will probably be my last long flight under White House silks. The President is off to the dual Summits, and a not-so-minor army off with him. ...

Thursday
3 June 1982
[Paris]

[fo.193 begins] ...

"Bring your racket, Jimmy?" Here's Haig, sumbitch has already copped a game this morning, playing with some Army guys. He needs to be fit for Cheysson, a major stumbling block in our efforts to forge some allied unity on the controversial credit-limitation issue. The latter receives us in his spacious, tapestry-hung Quai d'Orsay office with its pleasant ground-floor command of the Ministry's inner garden. It's the first time I've ever been in this location, having logged many an hour in the Quai's scruffy cubicles upstairs. The Falklands figure prominently on Cheysson's agenda, an issue which the French, along with the Germans, are beginning to view in an alarming light. They are looking to us to lay a little leverage on Maggie in the hope that, as the final assault on Port Stanley shapes up, she might temper the UK's military success with a bit of moderation and magnanimity. Lots on luck, Claude – Mrs. T. is about as willing to ease up on the military front as you are to come off this vague, I-believe-we-can-find-a-monitoring-fnw bullshit you so soothingly ladle out to the Secretary. As Maggie is now making clear, both publicly and in private, "I have not sent British troops and British treasure 8000 miles from home to establish a UN trusteeship!"

Now to the Amby's residence, lovely old Rothschild mansion in the Faubourg St.–Honoré where the Reagans will stay until the movement to Versailles late Thursday afternoon. We are briefing the President for his private luncheon meeting with Mitterrand (which the French will later tell us proved substantively unsatisfying – not enough discussion of the Iran-Iraq conflict, for example), and on the margins of that activity Rick Burt and I ... refine some earlier talking points for the Thatcher bilateral tomorrow. These must be crafted in the context of the President's disastrous phone exchange with the PM a few nights ago (as usual, nobody in the West Wing checked with the NSC substantive staff, with the result that the President came off sounding like even more of a wimp than Jimmy Carter – "Well, I know I'm intruding on you, Margaret, you see, Margaret, uh yeah uh well uh ... uh"). The trick now is to make the Iron Maiden realize that we will *not* be signing in for a permanent state of war in the South Atlantic. Hence the following ticks:

- Admire your courage and determination; military campaign has been most impressive;
- We have supported you in this effort because you are right.

- The conflict, however, is not over and will not be over in our view even with stunning British military success. **[fo.194 begins]**
- It is now time to focus on the next phase of this problem.
- We understand the complex situation which now exists on the ground as a result of the military developments, and appreciate that you must be the best judge of how and when to move from the present.
- Nevertheless, we must both take into careful account the larger and longer-term interests connected with the Falklands.
- Our position all along has been embodied in U.N. Resolution 502; this remains the base line of our approach.
- We believe it is essential that you retain flexibility in the next stages of the crisis and avoid complicating future prospects by insisting too publicly and emphatically on what the long-term outcome is likely to be.
- To be candid, I am worried about a situation which could lead to a permanent state of war between Argentina and your country.
- We continue to believe that a mechanism involving, at some point, the presence of U.S. elements and those of another country or countries acceptable to both sides might be useful in reaching a negotiated settlement.
- In the final analysis, I recognise that you must be the one to make the tough decisions necessary to produce a lasting resolution of this crisis.
- At the same time, however, we share overriding strategic interests which transcend the immediacy of the Falklands issue, and I do not believe we are asking too much in requesting you to take our own concerns carefully into account.
- The inescapable fact is that the US has risked a great deal in the Hemisphere and is likely to risk a great deal more.
- For this reason, we do not believe that an indefinitely prolonged military occupation of the Falklands is in either of our interests.
- It would be very difficult if not impossible to marshal strong public or Congressional support in the US for such an arrangement.
- Let us continue to keep in close contact and consult fully and frankly on this issue, as we have from the outset.

...

- ...**[fo.194 begins]**

An uptight Haig is in as foul a mood as I've ever seen him, chewing out poor Bob Hormats, our Versailles Summit sherpa, who was innocently reading to Judge Clark a paragraph from the draft communiqué. Haig, watching the Clark and Hormats heads together, goes into his crouch, laser blue beams afire, and thrusts his own countenance forcefully between them. "Goddamit!" he sez to Hormats, "if you have any comment to make, you come to *me* first, why are you going round discussing this stuff with everybody except *me*!" The Judge and I slip away to another corner of the room. Quoth the former: "I don't know what's gotten into Al, I love him, I lived with the guy for 15 months, he was all right then, but lately ..." As unpleasant as the incident is, I do find it interesting to see the evolving dynamics between Haig and Clark and the latter's increasingly sarcastic references to his former chief. For that matter, I find it interesting to monitor all of Clark's disjointed, peculiarly stop-start asides. Not until this trip have I had such sustained contact with him and his mind – the kind of contact, incidentally, which cuts into one's dinner plans. At the moment, for example, he **[fo. 196 begins]** is talking on secure in the upstairs quarters, getting a fix from Bud McFarlane on a variety of issues – Middle East, Falklands, a Jeanne Kirkpatrick talk show, some

Eagleburger language in the Parliament speech – and I move back and forth between the substantive work upstairs and the frou-frou down. Alas, however, I *don't* miss Mitterrand's toast, a long rambling *debit* which is consecutively translated under the fierce heat of the tv lights, a good 35 minutes of elapsed time which is more than enough to melt the *baveroise* they've laid on for dessert. ...

Friday
4 June 1982
[Paris]

The Hover Mode as we have come to call it around the West Wing is fully applicable here in the Hôtel de Crillon: here I am in Judge Clark's suite, reading him aloud Lou Cannon's piece in this morning's *Trib* along with some very distorted front-page speculation by Rick Smith on planned U.S. tradeoffs (we'll give in on North-South and everything else to get some good communiqué language on East-West). The Judge is still worried about Al Haig, sez he had to talk roughly to him late last night and again this morning. The Secretary, it appears, is upset over an NSC memo on the credit restriction issue which Clark had commissioned, but as the latter asserts, the President likes it, and if Al does not, too bad (Al also does not like the idea of a one-on-one meeting with Mrs. Thatcher this afternoon – "a terrible mistake", he calls it, pushing for the inclusion of himself and Francis Pym – but on this subject too the Judge will not be swayed. "It's the President's call, and maybe it is a mistake, but if it is, he's got every right to make it!"

Back in the Residence now, and during the President's talk with Suzuki, I place an [fo. 197 begins] amusing call to Charles Mackey, using the WHCA drop beside the couch in the upstairs salon. ... [J.R. then sees] Mrs. Thatcher defiantly strolling in the warm sunlight from her chancery a few steps down St.-Honoré to our own Residence. She looks great coming into the courtyard, accompanied by Clive Whittemore [sic], Francis Pym, Brian Fall, Julian Bullard, some of the other Brit faces I got to know at Number Ten in the course of the Haig "peace" shuttle. While the two principals closet themselves away in private, I pass some very pleasant moment's in Bullard's company. As gripping as some of his purely substantive information happens to be – he gives me a rundown on the appalling losses the Brits have suffered at sea; the hit on the *Atlantic Conveyor*, for example, sent three months' worth of stores to the bottom, included some badly needed tents for the troops ashore – I am much more intrigued by Julian's literary disclosures. Turns out the FCO Political Director is a Proustian, so that the two of us intersperse our view of the Falklands, Schmidt's election prospects in Hamburg, the French position on credits, and the situation in the Middle East with evocations of Illiers and Cabourg, most of them cued by George Painter's biography

Saturday**5 June 1982****[Palace of Versailles]**

... Meanwhile, downstairs in our delegation space, the tensions are mounting anew – and I don't just mean the escalating military situation in southern Lebanon. Haig continues to be pissed over what he calls "the NSC right-wing memo" on credits and, levelled laser eyes boring on ice-blue beam into mine, he points his finger and sez "Jim, you've gotta straighten Clark out, this is a *disaster*. Goddam it, I've had it, I'm leaving, this is *it!*" Hormats, in a different part of the area, is singing from the same sheet of music: *he* threatens to resign in July, feeling that he has been unfairly whipsawed between the White House and Haig. I tell both – with great sincerity – that I think it would be a mistake for either of them to quit, and bad for the Republic. "Mr Secretary, I don't work with for you yet, so I can tell you this, it's really how I feel: I think it would be a great loss to the country for you to do that, and at the worst possible time". ...

Sunday**6 June 1982****[Palace of Versailles]**

[fo. 200 begins] ... in some ways this is the perfect time to be here, if only to enjoy the sight of people-free grounds. None of your undershirted German crowd will be visually polluting the premises on this occasion, so that it is a joy to wander around the empty gravel paths, admiring Le Nôtre's gardens and the *plans d'eau*, the fountains splashing high in the sunlit air. The enormous flags of the seven Summit nations erected both in front of the Château and behind add a vibrant touch of color to the noble stonework of Le Vau and Mansart, green perspectives around it shimmering in the hot hazy light (your old Dad makes sure that Jack Kightlinger, one of his favourite White House photographers, shoots a couple of establishing pix in these history-drenching surroundings).

At this point it's certainly nicer outside the Château than in. Last evening's fiasco at the U.N. – the US vetoing the Panama/Spain ceasefire resolution vis-à-vis the Falklands, then attempting, too late, to change our vote to an abstention – has created yet another public clash between Haig and Jeane Kirkpatrick, ratcheting up the tension levels another notch or two inside the President's travelling party. Love it? The Judge's focal diffuseness is trying, and in combination with Mike Deaver's sarcastic asides nearly insupportable. Who needs it? Who needs *them*?

...

Friday

25 June 1982
[Washington]

Here's one for the Black Friday Department: Alexander Haig resigns as SecState. And just savor the circumstances in which I receive the news, seated as I am in the Department's 8th floor Madison Room where my patron, Larry the Eagle, is hosting a lunch ... Midway through the main course a minion slips Larry a note, upon which the latter hurriedly pushes away from the table, summoning me in his wake. "Haig's resigned," he hoarsely whispers, "take over the lunch till I get back". "Did you expect this?" "Hell no – not before Monday!"

... Nobody knows how the Haig resignation will going to affect personnel assignments now in the works. Given my White House connections and sources of support I am hopeful that the present turbulence will pass me by, but who can be sure? Whatever the case, we are all going to miss this high-energy SecState, most of all the President, with whom I am convinced Haig had something of a filial relationship. Through his ever-present, ever loyal *homme à tout faire* Sherwood "Woody" Goldberg I will ensure that the departing Secretary gets the following message: **[fo. 213 begins]**

"Dear Mr. Secretary –

"I want you to know how much I admire the stand on principle which prompted you to resign and how deeply I regret your departure. During one of the tenser moments in the course of the President's European trip (coloufully characterized by the Secret Service detail as a 'goat-fuck') I told you that the Republic would be the poorer for losing your services, and that is still my sincere belief.

"Quite apart from the considerations of professionalism and principle I will greatly miss, on a purely personal basis, your leadership at State. I can never forget how warmly you welcomed me into your travelling party on numerous trips nor how genuinely a part of the team you made me feel. Those moments with you at NATO Minls, the CSCE in Madrid, and of course the Falklands peace shuttle between London and B.A. were among the highlights of my Foreign Service career, and I will long be grateful to you for the experience.

"I had been looking forward to working with you and for you, and wherever you may go, and whatever you may do, I would like to think that the chaxnces of that are still alive. In the meantime, if you need a tennis partner, I'll be ready – day or night!

"I wish the best of everything to you and Mrs. Haig. You both will be sorely missed."

* * *