

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Date 7-20-00

To: *Podesta*

From: The Staff Secretary

Any comment?

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

July 19, 2000

00 JUL 19 PM 7:00

ACTION

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

THROUGH: THE EXECUTIVE CLERK

FROM: SAMUEL BERGER *Signature for*
CHARLES M. BRAIN *CMB*SUBJECT: In-Kind Assistance to UN and Peacekeeping Efforts
in Sierra LeonePurpose

Obtain your signature on a Presidential Determination to draw down \$18 million in DoD articles and services under Section 506(a)(1) of the Foreign Assistance Act.

Background

You previously authorized the use of \$20 million in Defense articles and services in support of UN and other forces seeking to provide stability in Sierra Leone.

While the UN Participation Act authorizes such in-kind assistance to UN forces, we must use Defense Department drawdown under authority of Section 506(a)(1) of the Foreign Assistance Act to authorize that portion of the \$20 million that may be provided to non-UN entities, such as Nigerian forces to which we plan to provide equipment and training prior to their becoming part of the UN force. For this reason you authorized congressional consultations on a drawdown of up to \$18 million (of the \$20 million we are making available) in Defense articles and services.

We have held consultations with the members of Congress, and we are aware of no expressions of opposition. Should you sign the attached Presidential Determination, we will begin to make available the \$20 million in articles and services, focusing much of our efforts on enhancing Nigerian capabilities to contribute to the UNAMSIL military operation. We also will

cc: Vice President
Chief of Staff

consider opportunities to provide support to British efforts to equip and train the Sierra Leone Army as well as to assist units already in UNAMSIL.

RECOMMENDATION

That you sign the attached Presidential Determination.

Attachments

Tab A Presidential Determination

Tab B Justification Memo for the Section 506 Drawdown

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Presidential Determination
No. _____

MEMORANDUM FOR THE SECRETARY OF STATE
THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

SUBJECT: Determination to Authorize the Furnishing of
Emergency Military Assistance to the United
Nations Mission in Sierra Leone (UNAMSIL),
Countries Participating in UNAMSIL, and Other
Countries Involved in Peacekeeping Efforts or
Affiliated Coalition Operations with Respect to
Sierra Leone

Pursuant to the authority vested in me by section 506(a)(1) of
the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961, as amended, 22 U.S.C.
2318(a)(1)(A) ("the Act"), I hereby determine that:

- (1) an unforeseen emergency exists which requires
immediate military assistance to UNAMSIL, countries
currently or in the future participating in UNAMSIL,
and other countries involved in peacekeeping efforts
or affiliated coalition operations with respect to
Sierra Leone, including the Government of Sierra
Leone, and
- (2) the emergency requirement cannot be met under the
authority of the Arms Export Control Act or any other
law except section 506(a)(1) of the Act.

I therefore direct the drawdown of defense articles from the
stocks of the Department of Defense, defense services from the
Department of Defense, and military education and training of an
aggregate value not to exceed \$18 million to UNAMSIL and such
countries to support peacekeeping efforts with respect to Sierra
Leone.

The Secretary of State is authorized and directed to report this
Determination to Congress and to arrange for its publication in
the Federal Register.

MEMORANDUM OF JUSTIFICATION
FOR A DRAWDOWN UNDER SECTION 506
OF THE FOREIGN ASSISTANCE ACT
TO SUPPORT UNAMSIL AND
COUNTRIES INVOLVED IN PEACEKEEPING EFFORTS
OR AFFILIATED COALITION OPERATIONS
WITH RESPECT TO SIERRA LEONE

On February 7, 2000, the UN Security Council approved resolution 1289, strengthening the UN Mission in Sierra Leone (UNAMSIL) to 11,100 military personnel and expanding its mandate. The purpose of the expansion was to assume most of the functions previously performed by the Military Observer Group of the Economic Community of West African States (ECOMOG) in Sierra Leone, such as safeguarding Freetown and its environs. On April 17, ECOMOG formally transferred its responsibilities to UNAMSIL and its troops departed Sierra Leone, with the exception of about 100 personnel who remained to complete close-out activities. Four Nigerian battalions and a tank company from ECOWAS were incorporated into UNAMSIL.

As UNAMSIL proceeded with disarming combatants under the Lome Peace Agreement, and as ECOMOG completed its withdrawal, the Revolutionary United Front (RUF) challenged the authority of UNAMSIL in a series of small-scale armed attacks. The RUF's actions in Sierra Leone have in recent years been characterized by indiscriminate attacks on civilians, during which thousands of persons have been killed, mutilated, raped, or kidnapped as sexual slaves. On May 2 and 3, 2000, the RUF attacked UNAMSIL personnel at Makeni. Fighting with the RUF resulted in four Kenyan peacekeepers being killed, and in ensuing confrontations with UNAMSIL the RUF detained over 500 UN personnel. Although the RUF's continued attacks on UNAMSIL threatened the Government of Sierra Leone and the Freetown peninsula, UNAMSIL was able to prevent further RUF advances, with the assistance of government troops and the introduction of a UK force. The situation appears to have stabilized somewhat, but the RUF remains a serious threat to the UN mission.

Since these events, the deployment schedule of the remaining forces necessary to bring UNAMSIL up to its currently mandated level has been accelerated; and countries involved in peacekeeping in Sierra Leone have begun urgently to augment their own troop contingents for force protection against further RUF actions. To further bolster UNAMSIL, the Security Council on May 19 adopted a resolution to expand the UNAMSIL troop level

to 13,000. We notified Congress on May 18 of our intention to support such a resolution. As of early July, the UNAMSIL troop level stood at roughly 12,800.

Stabilizing the situation and containing the threat posed by the RUF is the first step to resolving the humanitarian and political crisis that threatens regional stability in West Africa, and UNAMSIL is critical to that effort. Without a strong, capable security presence, the security and humanitarian environments will deteriorate, and progress towards peace will be impossible. However, UNAMSIL and troop contributing countries currently face a shortage of basic military equipment and logistics support needed to carry out their mission. The deficiency is even more apparent as these troops face well-armed RUF forces that resort to brutal tactics in carrying out their campaign. Military assistance is thus needed to bolster the military capabilities of these forces, thereby enabling them to diminish the ability of the RUF to threaten the Government and people of Sierra Leone and re-open humanitarian access to war-affected people.

In order to meet this need, the President has decided to invoke his authority under section 506(a)(1) of the Foreign Assistance Act, as amended, to provide up to \$18 million in training, defense articles, defense services of the Department of Defense, and military education and training to UNAMSIL, to eligible countries currently or in the future participating in UNAMSIL, and to other countries involved in peacekeeping efforts or affiliated coalition operations in Sierra Leone, to include the Government of Sierra Leone. Defense articles and services to be provided under this drawdown could include, but would not necessarily be limited to: defensive equipment, including defensive barrier material; operational supplies, including small arms weapons and ammunition; tactical communications equipment; navigational aids; individual clothing and personal equipment; fuel and water cans; cots; tentage; material and services for runways and airport operations; and air and sea transportation for supplies, equipment, and personnel.

We do not intend for defense articles, services, or training furnished under this drawdown to be provided to a unit of the security forces of a foreign country for which the Department of State has credible information that such unit has committed a gross violation of human rights, unless all necessary corrective steps have been taken.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Date 1-20-00

To: LS (Laura Schiller in Florus)

From: The Staff Secretary

Rosman

Let me know what
you think -- it's my
favorite. AR

IN BARTH

Teacher

FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE

IN THE FEATURELESS, low-rise, glass-and-aluminum box in which, back in the early 1960s, I taught Humanities 1 (Truth, Goodness, and Beauty) at Pennsylvania State University, her hand was always up — usually first among those of the thirty undergraduates enrolled in my section. Many were seniors from the ranks of education, home economics, engineering, even agriculture, fulfilling their “non-tech elec”; Hum 1 was not a course particularly designed for liberal-arts majors, who would presumably pick up enough T G & B in their regular curriculum. But Miss Rosenberg of the bright brown eyes and high-voltage smile and upraised hand, very much a major in the liberal arts, was there (1) because it was her policy to study with as many members as possible of that university's huge faculty — almost regardless of their subject — who she had reason to believe were of particular interest or effectiveness; (2) because other of her English professors had given me O.K. notices; and (3) because the rest of my teaching load in those days was freshman composition (a requirement from which she'd easily been absolved) and the writing of fiction (an art for which she felt no vocation).

Hum 1, then:

What is Aristotle's distinction between involuntary and non-voluntary acts, and what are the moral implications of that distinction? Miss Rosenberg?

What does David Hume mean by the remark that the rules of art come not from reason but from experience? Anybody? Miss Rosenberg.

What are all those *bridges* for in *Crime and Punishment*? Let's hear from somebody besides Miss Rosenberg this time. (No hands.) Think of it this way: What are the three main things a novelist can do with a character on a bridge? (No hands. Sigh.) Miss Rosenberg?

Her responses were sound, thoughtful, based unfailingly upon thorough preparation of the assigned material; and she was always ready. If she was not the most brilliant student I'd ever taught — I was already by then a dozen years into the profession, with more than a thousand students behind me — she was the best. Which is not to say that Miss R. (the sixties weren't yet in high gear; in central Pennsylvania, at least, most of us still lectured in jackets, white shirts, and neckties and called our students Miss and Mr., as they called us Professor) was docile: if she didn't understand a passage of Lucretius or Machiavelli or Turgenev, she interrogated it and me until either she understood it or I understood that I didn't understand it either. Her combination of academic and moral seriousness, her industry, energy, and animation — solid A, back when A meant A.

The young woman was physically attractive, too: her skirt-and-sweatered body trim and fit (from basketball, softball, soccer, tennis, fencing), her brown hair neatly brushed, her aforementioned eyes and smile. Ten years out of my all-male alma pater, I still found it mildly exciting — diverting, anyhow — to have girls, as we yet thought of them, in my classroom. But never mind that: as a student, for better or worse, I was never personally close to my teachers; as a teacher, I've never been personally close to my students. And on the matter of *physical* intimacies between teacher and taught, I've always agreed with Bernard Shaw's Henry Higgins: "What! That thing! Sacred, I assure you. . . . Teaching would be impossible unless pupils were sacred."

Now: What is the first rung on Plato's "ladder of love"? Nobody remembers? Miss Rosenberg.

All the same, it interested me to hear, from a friend and senior colleague who knew her better, that my (and his) star student was not immune to "crushes" on her favorite teachers, who were to her as were the Beatles to many of her classmates: **crushes** more or less innocent, I presumed, depending upon

their object. This same distinguished colleague I understood to be currently one such object. She frequented his office between classes; would bicycle across the town to drop in at his suburban house. I idly wondered . . . but did not ask him, much less her. Sacred, and none of my business.

I did however learn a few things further. That our Miss R. was from Philadelphia, strictly brought up, an overachiever (silly pejorative; let's say superachiever) who might well graduate first in her four-thousand-member class. That she was by temperament and/or upbringing thirsty for attention and praise, easily bruised, traumatically strung out by the term papers and examinations on which she scored so triumphantly. That her emotional budget was high on both sides of the ledger: she expended her feelings munificently; she demanded — at least expected, anyhow hoped for — reciprocal munificence from her friends and, presumably, from her crushees.

Mm hm. And the second rung, anybody? (No hands, except of course . . .) Miss Rosenberg.

En route to her A in Hum 1 we had a couple of office conferences, but when she completed her baccalaureate (with, in fact, the highest academic average in Penn State's hundred-year history, for which superachievement she was officially designated the university's one hundred thousandth graduate at its centennial commencement exercises), I was still Mr. Barth; she was still Miss Rosenberg. She would have prospered at the best colleges in our republic; circumstances, I was told, had constrained her to her state university. What circumstances? I didn't ask. Now (so my by-this-time-ex-crushee colleague reported) she had several graduate fellowships to choose from; he believed she was inclining to the University of Chicago.

I too, as it happened, was in the process of changing universities. I neither saw, nor heard from or about, nor to my recollection thought of excellent Miss Rosenberg for the next four years.

There is chalk dust on the sleeve of my soul. In the half century since my kindergarten days, I have never been away from classrooms for longer than a few months. I am as at home among blackboards, desks, lecterns, and seminar tables as among the furniture of my writing room; both are the furniture of my

head. I believe I know my strengths and limitations as a teacher the way I know them as a writer: doubtful of my accomplishments in both *métiers*, I am not doubtful at all that they *are* my *métiers*, for good or ill.

Having learned by undergraduate trial and error that I was going to devote my adult life to writing fiction, I entered the teaching profession through a side door: by impassioned default, out of heartfelt lack of alternatives. I'd had everything to learn; the university had taught me some of it, and I guessed that teaching might teach me more. I needed time to clear my literary throat, but I was already a family man; college teaching (I scarcely cared where or what; I would improvise, invent if necessary) might pay landlord and grocer, if barely, and leave my faculties less abused and exhausted than would manual labor or routine office work, of both of which I'd had a taste. Teaching assistantships in graduate school at Johns Hopkins had taught me that while I was not a "natural" teacher, I was not an unnatural one, either. Some of my undergraduate students knew more about literature, even about the rules of grammar, syntax, and punctuation, than I did. I pushed to catch up. I accepted gratefully a \$3,000-a-year instructorship in English composition at Penn State, where I taught four sections of freshman comp — six teaching days a week, twenty-five students per section, one composition per student per week, all papers to be corrected and graded by a rigorous system of symbols, rules, standards. That's three thousand freshman compositions a year, at a dollar per. It drove one of my predecessors, the poet Theodore Roethke, to drink. But there were occasional half days free, some evenings, the long academic holidays and summers. I stayed on there a dozen years, moving duly through the ranks and up the modest salary scale; got novels written and children raised; learned a great deal about English usage and abuse. And I had a number of quite good students among all those hundreds in my roll book . . . even a few superb ones.

My academic job changes happened to coincide with and correspond to major changes in society. As America moved into the High Sixties, I moved from Penn State's bucolic sprawl — still very 1950ish in 1965, with its big-time football, its pom-pommed cheerleaders, its more than half a hundred social fra-

ternities, its fewer than that number of long-haired, pot-smoking counterculturals among the fifteen-thousand-plus undergraduates, its vast experimental farms and tidy livestock barns, through which I used to stroll with my three small children when not writing sentences or professing Truth, Goodness, and Beauty — moved to the State University of New York's edgy-urban new operation in Buffalo. The Berkeley of the East, its disruptivist students proudly called the place. The Ellis Island of Academe, we new-immigrant faculty called it, also with some pride; so many of us were intellectual heretics, refugees from constrained professional or domestic circumstances, academic fortune hunters in Governor Nelson Rockefeller's promising land.

Those next four years were eventful, in U.S. history and mine. Jetting once a month to guest-lecture at other universities, I literally saw the smoke rise from America's burning urban ghettos. More than once I returned from some tear-gassed campus to find my own "trashed," on strike, or cordoned off by gas-masked National Guardsmen. It was a jim-dandy place, SUNY/ Buffalo, to work out the decade. My marriage came unglued; I finished *Giles Goat-Boy*, experimented with hashish and adultery, wrote *Lost in the Funhouse* and "The Literature of Exhaustion," began *Chimera*. Education, said Alfred North Whitehead, is the process of catching up with one's generation. The tuition can be considerable.

One afternoon in the sixties' final winter I took off from Buffalo in a snowstorm for my monthly off-campus lecture, this one at Boston College. The flight was late in arriving. My Jesuit host, who was to have taken me to a prelecture dinner, had his hands full just getting us across the snowed-in city to the BC campus, where most of my audience was kindly waiting. Promising dinner later, he hustled me onstage to do my number and then off to the obligatory reception (invited guests only) in a room above the auditorium. Since we were running late, we skipped the usual postlecture question period. Even so, as happens, people came forward to say hello, get their books signed, ask things.

Such as (her head cocked slightly, bright eyes, bright smile, nifty orange wool miniskirted dress, beige boots — but my host was virtually tugging at my sleeve; we'd agreed to cut short this

ritual and get upstairs to that reception as quickly as courtesy allowed): "Remember me?"

For a superachiever in the U.S.A., public-school teaching is a curious choice of profession. Salaries are low. The criteria for employment in most districts are not notably high; neither is the schoolteacher's prestige in the community, especially in urban neighborhoods and among members of the other professions. The workload, on the other hand, is heavy, in particular for conscientious English teachers who demand a fair amount of writing as well as reading from the hundred or more students they meet five days a week. In most other professions, superior ability and dedication are rewarded with the five P's: promotion, power, prestige, perks, and pay. Assistant professors become associate professors, full professors, endowed-chair professors, emeritus professors. Junior law partners become senior law partners; middle managers become executives in chief; doctors get rich and are held in exalted regard by our society. Even able and ambitious priests may become monsignors, bishops, cardinals. But the best schoolteacher in the land, if she has no administrative ambitions (that is, no ambition to get out of the classroom), enters the profession with the rank of teacher and retires from it decades later with the rank of teacher, not remarkably better paid and perked than when she met her maiden class. Fine orchestral players and repertory actors may be union-scaled and virtually anonymous, but at least they get, as a group, public applause. Painters, sculptors, poets may labor in poverty and obscurity, but, as Milton acknowledged, "Fame is the spur." The condition of the true artisan, perhaps, is most nearly akin to the gifted schoolteacher's: an all but anonymous calling that allows for mastery, even for a sort of genius, but rarely for fame, applause, or wealth; whose chief reward must be the mere superlative doing of the thing. The maker of stained glass or fine jewelry, however, works only with platinum, gemstones, gold, not with young minds and spirits.

Sure, I remembered her, that snowy night: Penn State, Hum 1, hand raised. After a moment I even recalled her name, a feat I'm poor at in company. My sleeve was being tugged: the reception. So what was she doing there? She'd seen notice of my reading in the newspaper and hauled through the snow from

Brookline to catch her old teacher's act. No, I meant in Boston: Ph.D. work, I supposed, somewhere along the River Chuck, that cerebral cortex of America. Or maybe she'd finished her doctorate — I couldn't remember her specialty — and was already assistant professoring in the neighborhood? No: it was a long story, Ms. R. allowed, and there were others standing about, and my sleeve was being tugged. Well, then: Obliging of you to trek through the drifts to say hello to your old teach. Too bad we can't chat a bit more, catch up; but there's this reception I have to go to now, upstairs. You're looking fine indeed.

She was: not a coed now, but a city-looking smart young woman. Where was it she'd been going to go after Penn State? What interesting things had her ex-crushees among my ex-colleagues told me about her? Couldn't remember: only the hand invariably raised (sometimes before I'd reached my question mark) in Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, the lit-up smile, and maybe one serious office conference in her senior year. Was there a wedding ring on that hand now? Before I could think to look, I was Jesuited off to an elevator already filled with the invited.

As its doors closed, she caught them, caused them to reopen, and lightly asked, "May I come along?" Surprised, delighted, I answered for my host: former star student, haven't seen her in years, we did her out of her Q & A, of course she may come along.

No wedding ring. But at the reception, too, I was rightly preempted by the Boston Collegians whose guest I was. Ms. Rosenberg and I (but it was Shelly now, and please call me Jack) had time only to register a few former mutual acquaintances and the circumstance of my being in Buffalo these days (she'd read that) and of her having left Chicago (a long story, Jack) to teach in Boston. Aha. At Boston U? Tufts? Northeastern?

The incandescent smile. Nope: in the public schools. First at Quincy Junior High, then at Weston Junior High, currently at Mayland High. She was a public-school teacher of English. A schoolteacher is what she'd wanted to be from the beginning.

We supposed I ought to mingle with the invited. But as she'd already taken two initiatives — the first merely cordial, the second a touch audacious — I took the next four. My host, the kindly priest, meant to dine me informally after the reception,

at some restaurant convenient to my motel, into which I'd not yet been checked. I urged her to join us, so that we could finish our catching up off company time. She agreed, the priest likewise. As she had her car with her and the weather was deep, they conferred upon likeliest roads and restaurants (one with oysters and champagne, the guest of honor suggested) and decided upon Tollino's on Route 9, not far from the Charterhouse Motel, where I was billeted. She'd meet us there.

My duty by the invited done, she did. Tollino's came through with half-shell Blue Points and bubbly; the priest had eaten, but he encouraged us to take our time (though the hour was late now) and to help ourselves. He even shared a glass with us. We tried politely to keep the conversation three-way; it was clear to all hands, however, that our patient host was ready to end his evening. Initiative two: The Charterhouse was just a few doors down the road; Ms. Rosenberg had her car. If she was agreeable . . .

Quite. The good father was excused; he would fetch me to the airport in the morning. Another round of oysters then, another glass of champagne to toast our reacquaintance. Here's to Penn State, to old mutual friends and ex-crushes, to Truth, to Goodness, to Beauty. Here's to lively Boston, bumptious Buffalo, and — where was it? Chicago, right. A long story, you said. On with it: long stories are my long suit.

A schoolteacher is what she'd wanted to be from the beginning. Though she'd used to weep at her difficulties with higher math, and was unnerved even back then by the prospect of examinations and term papers, she'd loved her Philadelphia public-school days. At the Pennypacker Elementary School and especially at the fast-track Philadelphia High School for Girls, Penn State's future academic superstar had regarded herself as no more than a well-above-average performer. But she'd relished each new school day; had spent the long summer breaks enthusiastically camp-counseling, the next-best thing to school.

Her resolution to "teach school" never wavered. At the urging of her professors at Penn State she'd gone on to graduate study in literature and art history in the University of Chicago's Division of the Humanities; she'd done excellent work there with Edward Wasiolek, Elder Olson, Edward Rosenheim. She'd even

charmed her way into one of Saul Bellow's courses, to check that famous fellow out. But she had no ambition for a doctorate: her objective was *schoolteaching!* (she said it always with exclamation mark and megawatt smile), and she wanted to get to it as soon as possible. On the other hand, she'd had no truck with "education" courses: Mickey Mouse stuff, in her opinion, except for the history and philosophy of education, which she'd found engrossing. Her baccalaureate was in English, her M.A. was to have been in the humanities. Neither had she been a teaching assistant; hers was a no-strings fellowship.

I pricked up my ears. *Was to have been?*

Yes: she'd left Chicago abruptly after a year and a half, for nonacademic reasons, without completing the degree. This irregularity, together with the absence of education courses on her transcripts, had made it necessary for her first employer, in Quincy, to diddle benignly with her credentials for certification to teach in the commonwealth's public schools, especially as she'd come to Boston in midacademic year. She was hired and was being paid as "M.A. equivalent," which she certainly was.

Abruptly, you said? For nonacademic reasons?

Yup. A love trauma, only recently recovered from. Long story, Jack.

Tollino's was closing. Initiative three: I supposed there was a bar of some sort in or near my motel, where we could have a nightcap and go on with our stories (I too had one to tell). Should we go check me into the Charterhouse and have a look?

Sure. We made the short change of *mise-en-scènes* down the snowplowed highway in her silver-blue Impala convertible, behind the wheel whereof my grown-up and, it would seem, now seasoned former student looked quite terrific in those beige boots and that orange miniskirted dress under that winter coat. And in the motel's all-but-empty lounge I was told at last the long story and some shorter ones, and I told mine and some shorter ones, and presently I took Initiative four.

Plato has Socrates teach in *The Symposium* that the apprehension of Very Beauty, as distinct from any beautiful thing or class of things, is arrived at by commencing with the love of, even the lust for, some particular beautiful object or person. Thence one may proceed to loving beautiful objects and persons in general,

the shared quality that transcends their individual differences — may learn even to admire that shared quality without lusting after it: "Platonic love." Thereby one may learn to love the beauty of nonmaterial things as well: beautiful actions, beautiful ideas (a philosopher colleague back at Penn State, remarking to me that he could not read without tears the beautiful scene near the end of Turgenev's *Fathers and Children* where Bazarov's old parents visit their nihilist son's grave, added, "But I weep at the Pythagorean theorem, too"). Whence the initiate, the elect, the platonically invited, may take the ultimate elevator to Beauty Bare: the quality abstracted even from beautiful abstractions. This is the celebrated "ladder of love," as I understood and taught it in Humanities 1 at Penn State, Miss Rosenberg's hand raised at every rung. Our relationship began at the top of that ladder, with those lofty abstractions: Truth, Goodness, Beauty. Now my (former) student taught her (former) teacher that that process is reversible, anyhow coaxial; that ladder a two-way street; that ultimate elevator — May I come along? — a not-bad place to begin.

She was (and is) the natural teacher I've never been. Dis-
 traught by the termination of her first adult love affair, she'd abruptly left Chicago and her almost completed graduate degree and found asylum in Boston with a Girls' High classmate, now a Harvard doctoral candidate. In the midst of this turmoil — and in midyear — she entered the profession she'd known since first grade to be her calling; and with no prior training or direct experience, from day one on the chair side of the teacher's desk she was as entirely in her element as she'd known she would be. M.A. or no M.A., she was a master of the art; personal crisis or no personal crisis, she improvised for the Quincy Junior High fast-trackers, later for the whiz kids at Weston and Wayland, a course in literature and art history as high-powered and high-spirited as its teacher. She flourished under the staggering workload of a brand-new full-time superconscientious public-school English teacher. She thrived in the life of her new city: new friends, apartment mates, parties, sports, explorations, dates, liaisons — all worked in between the long hours of preparing lesson plans and study questions, assembling films and organizing projector slides, critiquing papers, grading quizzes

and exams, and teaching, teaching, teaching her enthusiastic students, who knew a winner when they learned from one.

In subsequent Boston visits (No need to fetch me to the airport this morning, Father; I have a ride, thanks) I would meet various of her colleagues — most of them likewise energetic, dedicated, and attractive young men and women — and a few of her students, bound for advanced placement in the Ivy League. I would come to see just how good "good" public schooling can be, how mediocre mine was, how barely better had been my children's. Alas, I was unable to witness my former student's teacherly performances as she'd witnessed a semester's worth of mine. Public schools are not open to the public; anyhow, my presence would have been intrusive. By all accounts they were superlative, virtuoso. From what I knew of her as a student, I could not imagine otherwise.

Yet she came truly into her professional own when, after our marriage, we moved to Buffalo — returned to Buffalo in my case, from a honeymoon year as a visiting professor at Boston University — and, beginning to feel the burden of full-time public-school teaching, she took with misgivings a half-time job in a private girls' high school, the old Buffalo Seminary. Its non-coed aspect gave her no trouble; much as she'd enjoyed her male students in Boston, she'd enjoyed even more the atmosphere of the Philadelphia High School for Girls. But the notion of private schools — "independent schools," they call themselves — ran counter to her liberal-democratic principles. Buff Sem's exclusiveness was not academic, as had been that of Girls' High and the Wayland fast track; she feared it would be social, perhaps racist: a finishing school for the daughters of well-to-do Buffalonians who didn't want their kids in the racially and economically integrated city system.

Her apprehensions were not foundationless. Despite generous scholarship programs and sincere attempts at "balance," good U.S. private schools are far more homogeneous — racially, economically, socially, academically — than our public schools are, especially our urban public schools. But her misgivings evaporated within a week in the sunny company of her new charges. The girls as a group were no brighter than those at Quincy, Weston, Wayland; less bright, as a group, than her fast-

trackers in those public schools or her own high school classmates back in Philadelphia. But they were entirely likable, not at all snobbish, and wondrously educable. There are next to no disciplinary problems in a good private girls' school, at least not in the classroom. And with only twelve or so students per class, and with only two classes, and without the powerfully distracting sexual voltage of coeducation at the high school level — what teaching could get done!

We stayed for only one academic year. But more than a dozen years later she is still remembered with respect and affection by her seminary headmaster and by her students from that *Wunderjahr*. She had become Mrs. Barth in two respects: It pleased her to append her husband's last name to her own (to be called Mrs. John Barth, however, rightly rankles her; she is herself, not Mrs. Me), and she had become the pedagogical phenomenon her students refer to among themselves as "Barth." One does not speak of taking "Mrs. Barth's course" in myth and fantasy, or in the short story, or in the nineteenth-century Russian novel, or in the literature of alienation; one speaks of "taking Barth." For along with large infusions of the curricular subject matter, what one gets from "taking Barth" is a massive (but always high-spirited, high-energy) education in moral-intellectual responsibility: responsibility to the text, to the author, to the language, to the muses of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty . . . and, along the way, responsibility to the school, to one's teachers and classmates, to oneself.

Very little of this came via her husband. I don't doubt that "Barth" learned a few things from her undergraduate professor about the texts in Hum 1 — texts on which, however, I was no authority. No doubt too her daily life with a working novelist and writing coach sharpened her understanding of how fiction is put together, how it manages its effects. But she is a closer reader than I, both of literary texts and of student essays, and a vastly more painstaking critic of the latter, upon which she frequently spends more time than their authors. The Barth who writes this sentence involves himself not at all with the extracurricular lives and extraliterary values of the apprentice writers in his charge. My concern is with their dramaturgy, not with the drama of their personal lives, and seriously as I take my academic commitments, they unquestionably rank second to my

commitments to the muse. The Barth "taken" by the girls at the Buffalo Seminary, and thereafter (since 1973, when we moved from Buffalo to Baltimore) at Saint Timothy's School, gives them 100 percent of her professional attention: an attention that drives her to work time and a half at her "half-time" job, and that is directed at her charges' characters and values as well as at their thought processes, their written articulateness, and their literary perceptivity. I'm at my best with the best of my students, the ones en route to joining our next literary generation, and am at my weakest with the weakest. She works her wonders broadcast; the testimonial letters — I should get such reviews! — pile in from her C and D students as well as from the high achievers, and from their parents. Often those letters come from college (wimpy, the girls complain, compared to taking Barth; we thought college would be *serious!*); sometimes they come years later, from the strong young urban professionals many of those students have become: You opened my eyes. You changed my life.

This she has done for more than a dozen years now at Saint Tim's, a fairly aristocratic, Episcopal-flavored boarding school in the horse-and-mansion country north of Baltimore. It has proved a virtually ideal place for the exercise of her gifts. She has her complaints about it (as I do about my dear once-deadly-serious Johns Hopkins). She worries about grade inflation, about the risk of softening performance standards, about the unquestioning conservatism of many of her students. She freely admires, however, the general fineness of the girls themselves, who wear their privileges lightly and who strive so, once their eyes have been opened, to measure up to her elevated standards, to deserve her praise. (I have met numbers of the best of these girls and am every time reminded of Anton Chekhov's remark to his brother: "What the aristocrats take for granted, we paid for with our youth." Encircled by a garland of them at a party at our house, Donald Barthelme once asked my wife, "Can't I take a few of them home in my briefcase?")

She hopes to go on with this wonder working . . . oh, for a while yet. She doubts she has the metabolism for a full-length career, sometimes wonders whether she has it for a full-length life. As her habits of relentless self-criticism and superpreparation have required a half-time situation on which to expend

more than full-time energy, so — like some poets and fictionists — she will accomplish, perhaps must accomplish, a full professional life in fewer than the usual number of years. We feel similarly, with the same mix of emotions, about our late-started marriage, consoling ourselves with the reflection that, as two teachers who do most of our work at home, we are together more in one year than most working couples are in two. At the front end of her forties, unlike some other high-energy school-teachers, she has no interest in “moving up” or moving on to some other aspect of education. For her there is only the crucible of the classroom — those astonishing fifty-minute bursts for which, like a human satellite transmitter, she spends hours and hours preparing — and the long, patient, hugely therapeutic individual conferences with her girls, and the hours and hours more of annotating their essays: word by word, sentence by sentence, idea by idea, value by value, with a professional attention that puts to shame any doctor's or lawyer's I've known. How I wish my children had had such a high school teacher. How I wish *I* had!

So: for a while yet. A few years from now, if all goes well, I myself mean to retire from teaching, which I'll have been at for four decades, and — not without some trepidation — we'll see. An unfortunate side effect of the single-mindedness behind my best former student's teaching is that, like many another inspired workaholic, she's short on extraprofessional interests and satisfactions. And both of us are socially impaired persons, so enwrapped in our work and each other that our life is a kind of solipsism *à deux*. We'll see.

My university's loss will easily be made up. Talented apprentice writers doubtless learn things from the sympathetic and knowledgeable coach in a well-run writing program; I surely did. But they acquire their art mainly as writers always have done: from reading, from practice, from aesthetic argument with their impassioned peers, from experience of the world and of themselves. Where the talent in the room is abundant, it scarcely matters who sits at the head of the seminar table, though it matters some. The Johns Hopkins Writing Seminar-ians will readily find another coach.

But if when I go she goes too — from schooling her girls in art and life, nudging them through the stage of romance, as

Whitehead calls it, toward the stage of precision — *there's* a loss can nowise be made good. Writers publish; scholars, critics publish. In a few cases, what they publish outlives them, by much or little. But a first-rate teacher's immortality is neither more nor less than the words (spoken even decades later by her former students to their own students, spouses, children, friends): “Mrs. Barth used to tell us . . .”

I like to imagine one of hers meeting one of mine, some sufficient distance down the road. *He* has become (as I'd long predicted) one of the established writers of his generation; *she* is a hotshot young whatever, who's nevertheless still much interested in literature, so exciting did her old high school English teacher make that subject. They're in an elevator somewhere, upward bound to a reception for the invited, and they're quickly discovering, indeed busily seeking, additional common ground. Somehow the city of Baltimore gets mentioned: Hey, they both went to school there! Later, over oysters and champagne, they circle back to that subject. She'd been in high school, he in graduate school: Saint Timothy's, Johns Hopkins. Hopkins, did he say, in the mid-eighties? She supposes then (knowledgeably, indeed, for a young international banker) that he must have worked with her old English teacher's husband, the novelist . . .

Sure, we all had Barth.

What a smile she smiles! You think *you* had Barth, she declares (it's late; the place is closing; they bet there's a nightcap-pery somewhere near his motel). Never mind *that* one: Out at Saint Timothy's, we had *Barth*! Talk about teachers!

Let's.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

7-20-00

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July 14, 2000

MEMORANDUM TO THE PRESIDENT (via John Podesta)

From: *B. N.*
Beth Nolan, Bruce Lindsey, Sarah Wilson,
Eldie Acheson, and Eric AngelSubject: Judicial Nomination Memorandum

This memorandum requests your approval to nominate the three district court candidates profiled below. While we have not yet received final ABA ratings for the candidates, we expect to receive them soon. We will not, of course, proceed with any nomination until that candidate's file is complete.

Susan Ritchie Bolton, U.S. District Court for the District of Arizona

Susan Ritchie Bolton, a 48-year-old Caucasian female, has been a judge on the Superior Court of Maricopa County, Arizona since 1989. Prior to assuming the state bench, Bolton was a partner (1982-1989) and associate (1977-1982) at Shimmel, Hill, Bishop & Gruender. Bolton received her B.A. degree, with honors, from the University of Iowa in 1973 and her J.D. degree, with high distinction, from the University of Iowa College of Law in 1975. Following law school, Bolton clerked for the Honorable Laurance T. Wren of the Arizona State Court of Appeals (1975-1977). Bolton's FBI investigation is complete, and we expect her to receive at least a qualified rating from the ABA. Congressman Pastor recommended Bolton to us with the concurrence of Senator Kyl. We recommend her nomination.

☒ Approve☐ Disapprove**Mary H. Murguia, U.S. District Court for the District of Arizona**

Mary H. Murguia, a 39-year-old Hispanic female, has been the Director of the Executive Office for U.S. Attorneys since 1999, and previously served as that office's Principal Deputy Director (1999) and Counsel to the Director's Staff (1998-1999). Murguia has also been an Assistant U.S. Attorney for the District of Arizona since 1990. She began her legal career as an Assistant District Attorney for the Wyandotte County District Attorney's Office (1985-1990). Murguia received her B.A. and B.S. degrees from the University of Kansas in 1982 and her J.D.

7-20-00

degree from the University of Kansas Law School in 1985. Murguia's FBI investigation is complete, and we expect her to receive at least a qualified rating from the ABA. Murguia was recommended to us by Congressman Pastor with the concurrence of Senator Kyl. We recommend her nomination.

☒ Approve

☐ Disapprove

James A. Teilborg, U.S. District Court for the District of Arizona

James A. Teilborg, a 57-year-old Caucasian male, has been a shareholder at Teilborg, Sanders & Parks since 1973. Prior to assuming his current position, Teilborg was a partner at Dunn & Teilborg (1972-1973) and an associate at O'Connor, Cavanagh, Anderson, Westover, Killingsworth & Beshears (1967-1972). Teilborg received his B.A. degree from Colorado State University in 1963 and his J.D. degree from the University of Arizona College of Law in 1966. Teilborg's FBI investigation is complete, and we expect him to receive at least a qualified rating from the ABA. Senator Kyl recommended Teilborg to us with the concurrence of Congressman Pastor. We recommend his nomination.

☒ Approve

☐ Disapprove

DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON, D C

July 18, 2000

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: Lawrence H. Summers *LS*

SUBJECT: Economic Issues at the Okinawa Summit

Having reported separately on the G-7 Finance Ministers' meeting in Fukuoka and on Russia, I wanted to share with you some of my impressions on key economic and financial issues going into the Okinawa Summit.

World Economy: Although prospects for a sustained expansion remain favorable, there are four principal sources of risk.

1. *U.S. Economy* – The U.S. economy appears to be on a path to a more sustainable growth rate. A series of softer economic releases has raised hopes in financial markets for a gradual slowdown in domestic demand, but it is unclear whether this slowdown will be sufficient to ease pressure on resources and hold inflation in check. Our large external deficit is approaching the worrisome level of 5% of GDP.
2. *Complacency in Japan and Europe* – Recovery may be beginning in Japan, and European growth is strong. Despite the recent increases in growth rates, Japan and Europe still need to undertake more substantial structural reform if they are to raise their productive potential and help facilitate an orderly adjustment of global external imbalances. In the context of the IT discussion, you should stress that countries will benefit from a positive supply shock only to the extent that structural reforms render their economies more flexible and competitive.
3. *Oil Prices* – Oil prices remain high and low inventories create continued risk of another round of pressure on prices for a range of products.
4. *Emerging Market Economies* – Emerging market economies are in significantly stronger shape than they were a year ago. However, the process of reform still has a long way to go, and there are significant risks outstanding in countries ranging from Argentina to Indonesia to China to Poland.

Russia: Prospects for economic reform in Russia are better than they have been for some time. Putin is saying the right things, and enjoys strong domestic support from a renewed center and fairly compliant Duma. While the new Russian economic plan is broadly coherent, it does have some gaps, especially in the financial sector. Russia's IMF program is unlikely to be finalized until the fall, largely because the Russians need to implement structural reforms and put in place measures to safeguard IMF funds.

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Podesta
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On debt, there is general G-7 consensus to hold open the possibility of Paris Club rescheduling for next year (in the context of an IMF program and financial need) and repeat language that is similar to last year's Cologne Summit statement (which keeps our options open). Debt reduction appears less and less justified, given Russia's strong fiscal and balance of payments positions. The Russians themselves appear to have accepted that debt reduction is not currently on the table.

Putin will likely push for full integration into the G-7. We think it is critical to resist any prospect for this. The G-7 brings together like-minded creditor countries, and as a large debtor country, Russia would seriously impair the group's effectiveness. For example, the G-7 would not have been able to reach quick consensus on measures to address the recent financial crisis had the Russians been on board. Russia should instead focus on other avenues of integration, such as WTO accession.

Development: We think you should use the development discussion to push for more meaningful commitments from the rest of the G-8 on HIV/AIDS, other infectious diseases, and global public goods more generally. At the G-7 Finance Ministerial in Fukuoka, the Europeans expressed considerable interest in Treasury's tax credit proposals on vaccines (which was part of your Millennium Initiative). I have followed up with a letter to G-7 Finance Ministers seeking more effective action as part of the outcome in Okinawa. Separately, Treasury asked Jim Wolfensohn to send a letter to Summit Heads outlining the World Bank's plans for addressing the issue of global public goods. Wolfensohn's very responsive letter promises a tripling of annual concessional assistance for AIDS, malaria, tuberculosis, and immunization to between \$600 and \$700 million in FY01.

Debt: You are likely to face two concerns in Okinawa regarding implementation of the Enhanced Heavily Indebted Poor Countries (HIPC) initiative. The first is that insufficient funding will keep qualified countries from getting debt relief. Failure of Congress to appropriate funds for the U.S. contribution has already resulted in delay for Honduras and Bolivia. The other G-7 are looking for a credible commitment from you to work hard to seek Congressional funding. (The recent action by the House to appropriate \$225 million for HIPC is a step in the right direction; however, the Senate has only appropriated \$75 million, and even the House figure is below your budget request of \$435 million.)

The second concern is that the pace of debt relief is too slow because qualification standards have been set too high. While it would be best if all countries could get debt relief as quickly as possible, it is important that to have effective growth and poverty reduction strategies in place prior to receiving debt relief so as to maximize use of the resulting resources. The failure of many countries to qualify is principally due to severe slippage in economic policy reform, generalized corruption, or political turbulence, including war.

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This deal
is important
to the BC

This is a chicken-egg
deal - some of the poor
countries need more
help regarding

* |||
At the July 20 G-8 outreach meeting on development challenges, representatives of the G-77 are likely to raise requests for action on debt relief that goes beyond the enhanced Heavily Indebted Poor Countries (HIPC) initiative. They may request that the program be expanded to provide deeper debt relief to more countries, perhaps in connection with commitments on their part to use debt relief savings for addressing health problems. To date, our debt relief efforts have been concentrated on the poorest countries through the enhanced HIPC initiative. We are at a critical point in the political process to secure financing for the enhanced HIPC initiative, are concerned that there could be a backlash if we attempt to go beyond this major initiative which is still far from being fully funded.

Financial Crime: The international community has taken the first significant steps to increase pressure on jurisdictions that engage in money laundering (Financial Action Task Force), promote harmful tax competition (OECD), and/or maintain low standards of supervision that encourage regulatory arbitrage (Financial Stability Forum). G-7 Finance Ministries announced on July 8 in Fukuoka the issuance of coordinated advisories to our domestic financial institutions, recommending that they enhance their scrutiny of transactions with the 15 identified jurisdictions. Finance Ministries are also considering potential countermeasures against countries that continue not to cooperate, as well as conditioning or restricting support from the international financial institutions. You may wish to stress that continued forceful and cooperative G-7 action against the dark side of capital mobility is imperative if we are to convince the broader public that capital mobility remains a strong positive force for growth and prosperity around the world.

International Financial Architecture: In the aftermath of the Asia crisis, you led an international effort to strengthen the architecture of the global financial system, which featured prominently in our work at the Cologne Summit. Since Cologne, more progress has been made on strengthening the international financial architecture than is commonly realized:

- Twelve countries, including most of the key emerging market economies affected by the crisis, have moved from a soft, adjustable peg to a more flexible exchange rate regime.
- Reserve levels relative to short-term external debt have also improved markedly when compared to pre-crisis levels.

In Fukuoka, G-7 Finance Ministers reached an important agreement on a new set of proposals for reforming the International Monetary Fund and Multilateral Development Banks. While individually perhaps not headline news, the reforms taken together hold the promise of qualitatively shifting the way these institutions undertake their work and adapting them to today's global financial landscape.

On IMF reform, the G-7 agreed to:

- streamline IMF lending so as to encourage countries to rely primarily on private capital, while deterring frequent and inappropriate large-scale recourse to Fund

financing. In practice, this means interest rates should increase on a graduated basis the longer countries have resources outstanding and that extended IMF lending should be limited to a few clearly-defined cases.

- sharpen IMF surveillance by re-emphasizing the need for countries to focus on strengthening financial sectors, avoid unsustainable exchange rate regimes, and make systematic use of national liquidity and balance sheet indicators.
- strengthen IMF transparency by promoting more timely, high-quality statistics and by publishing a broader range of material.
- confirm the leading and coordinating role of the IMF in assessing countries' observance of standards and codes (data dissemination, fiscal and monetary policy transparency, core banking principles).

On MDB reform, the G-7 have reached consensus that growth is the key determinant for poverty reduction, that poverty reduction should be the core activity of the MDBs, and that the MDBs should move away from traditional infrastructure projects where private sector financing may be available and instead emphasize support for global public goods. In view of this consensus, we have used the Summit as a vehicle to promote specific operational changes and make concrete progress in the MDBs, just as we have done in the IMF over the past year. The G-7 agreed to:

- increase MDB support for basic health, education, clean water and sanitation with clear commitments spelled out in multi-year operational frameworks.
- strengthen the relationship between MDB lending and country performance.
- call on the MDBs to undertake a review of their loan pricing policies to ensure that more resources are made available for support for public goods.
- increase the transparency of the MDBs, while establishing units to ensure better project compliance with MDB policies. The latter feature will help address the problems that recently emerged with the World Bank's loan to China that displaced many Tibetan farmers.

Making these reforms operational will be a challenge going forward, since we must broaden the support for change to include countries that borrow from the institutions.

In your discussions, the others may try to resurface old ideas that we have fought over the last year, such as direct regulation of hedge funds and the involvement of the private sector in crisis prevention and resolution. We have provided briefing materials on these subjects.

Finally, it is possible that Prime Minister Chrétien will raise the issue of a "Tobin Tax" (first suggested by Yale economist James Tobin in the 1970s) as a proposed way to

"throw sand in the wheels" of international financial transactions and to raise funds for global social spending. Recent developments in international markets would make a Tobin tax infeasible, and it would be impossible to ensure that all jurisdictions would impose such a tax.

(forward by COS office)

7-20-00

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To Burkhardt for ~~agony~~ ^{reply}

Decision?

Yes ☒ No ☐

July 19, 2000

The Honorable William J. Clinton
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President,

We are writing to urge you to use your authority under the Antiquities Act to designate a National Monument to protect the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and the outer continental shelf area offshore from the refuge. You have demonstrated tremendous leadership in using this authority to protect special places across the west. Your efforts to protect the Arctic Refuge from proposals to authorize oil development on its coastal plain and offshore waters have likewise been exemplary. We believe that designation of a National Monument on the refuge and offshore waters would be an extremely effective and fitting action to provide essential protection for this area's unmatched values.

The Arctic National Wildlife Refuge is one of North America's most spectacular wilderness and wildlife areas. The Refuge is the only reserve on the continent that protects a complete spectrum of arctic ecosystems, providing habitats for the area's full ensemble of native flora and fauna. Here ecological processes have been allowed to function to their own rhythms and cycles, virtually undisturbed by exterior influences.

The refuge's coastal plain, nestled between the jagged peaks of the Brooks Range and the Beaufort Sea, is considered the most biologically productive part of the refuge. During the summer and fall, the coastal plain of the refuge hosts a great abundance and diversity of life: tens of thousands of newborn calves from the great migratory Porcupine caribou herd; hundreds of muskoxen, bears, wolves, wolverines, and other mammals; millions of waterfowl, shorebirds, songbirds, raptors and other migratory birds; and hundreds of thousands of Dolly varden, Arctic grayling and other fish species. In all, more than 200 species of animals and 350 species of plants occur within the coastal plain of the Arctic Refuge.

The biologically rich waters of the Beaufort Sea offshore from the Arctic Refuge are thought to be a critical feeding area for endangered bowhead whales. These waters are also an important migratory area for polar bears that den on the refuge, and are rich with other marine life.

The Arctic Refuge contains historic and prehistoric evidence of humans and fossilized flora and fauna important in the story of the peopling of America and the ancient movements of flora and fauna across Berengia and North America. The area has more than 200 known archeological sites and possibly many more as yet undocumented.

As you know, the refuge is of tremendous importance to the Gwich'in people, generally believed to have subsisted in the region for some 27,000 years. The Gwich'in depend on the caribou for nutrition, clothing, and tools, and the caribou are at the center of their cultural life as well. The region's Inupiat Eskimos subsist primarily from bowhead whales taken from the Beaufort Sea. The protection of this area is therefore as much a human rights issue as it is an environmental one.

The Refuge also provides outstanding opportunities for scientific study of its natural, historic, and cultural attributes. This scientific value is enhanced by the numerous studies and baseline research that has been conducted in the area for more than 50 years.

Unfortunately, the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and offshore waters are severely threatened by those who would sacrifice its magnificent values for the possibility of accessing oil reserves that may lie beneath its surface. Even as we write, legislation is pending in Congress to authorize destructive development within the refuge and the sponsors of the legislation appear determined to attach it to other pending bills. Industrializing the area would destroy this unique wilderness and most likely result in declines, displacement, and degradation of its fish and wildlife communities and their habitats. Oil drilling offshore from the refuge could likewise have a devastating effect.

Congress has debated the future of the coastal plain of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge since passage of the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act (ANILCA) in 1980. While considerable momentum has built in the Congress for protection of the area, and public support remains extremely high, the leadership of the Congress has blocked efforts to protect it and has instead advanced legislation to develop the refuge.

Establishment of an Arctic Wildlife National Monument would break this legislative logjam and provide for the area's permanent protection. National Monument designation would provide a valuable shield for the area and its historic, scientific, cultural, ecological, and wilderness values. The Antiquities Act provides the flexibility to permit the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to continue to manage the area and provide cooperative programs for subsistence needs, sport hunting, and other forms of compatible recreation.

We greatly appreciate your past efforts to protect the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and the offshore waters and sincerely request that you use your authorities under the Antiquities Act to protect this outstanding area for future generations.

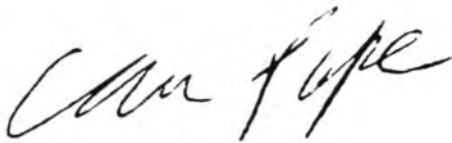
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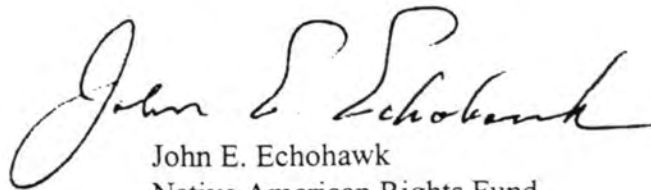
William H. Meadows
The Wilderness Society



Gene Karpinski
U.S. PIRG



Carl Pope
Sierra Club



John E. Echohawk
Native American Rights Fund



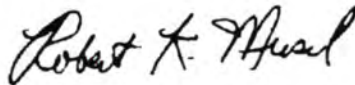
John Adams
Natural Resources Defense Council



Mark Van Putten
National Wildlife Federation



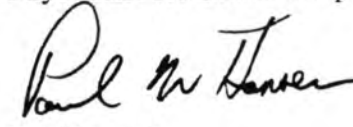
Deb Callahan
League of Conservation Voters



Robert K. Musil, Ph.D.
Physicians for Social Responsibility



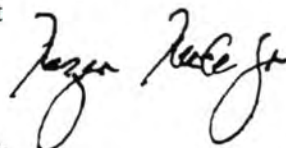
Phil Clapp
National Environmental Trust



Paul Hansen
Izaak Walton League of American
Endowment



Vawter Parker
EarthJustice Legal Defense Fund



Roger Rufe
Center for Marine Conservation



Barbara Jeanne Polo
American Oceans Campaign



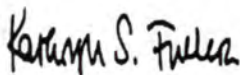
Brent Blackwelder
Friends of the Earth



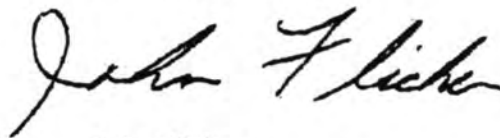
Thomas Kiernan
National Parks and Conservation Association



Roger Schlickeisen
Defenders of Wildlife



Kathryn Fuller
World Wildlife Fund



John Flicker
National Audubon Society