On 25 July 1997, a week before his fifty-fifth birthday, Enrique A. Baloyra was fatally stricken with a cerebral aneurysm. He left his mother; his wife, Clara; five children; and countless friends and associates. A simple recitation of facts and dates is grossly inadequate for recollection of such an exceptional human being. My intention here is a frankly personal attempt to honor the life of one who touched and humanized so many others. Let me sketch a few vignettes that marked our personal and professional association of more than a quarter-century.

We first spoke in the spring of 1971. As a candidate for a position in political science at the University of North Carolina, Kike (or Quique, as he often spelled it) called me to request a delay in his scheduled visit to the campus. Why, I inquired? Because his wife was about to give birth. When asked if this was the first, he replied that it would be the fifth. So it was that his youngest caused us to reschedule the trip to Chapel Hill. In retrospect, it is scarcely surprising that his presentation knocked our socks off, and he soon received and accepted an offer. Then, as always, his dedication and abiding love of family were always foremost.

During the decade of the 1970s, Kike played a major role in Latin American studies at UNC. With all due respect to the fine scholars who carry on that tradition today, this was truly a golden era. There was Kenan Professor Federico G. Gil, director of the institute, who wisely guided and oversaw the efforts of the rest of us. Kike swiftly became a major force in the curriculum at all levels, while my own administrative duties, plus the editorship of the *Latin American Research Review*, in conjunction with the inestimable talents of Joseph Tulchin and Leah Florence, further stimulated intellectual excitement and professional productivity. Even as a junior scholar, Kike was uncommonly knowledgeable and thoughtful. Perhaps the single most egregious misjudgment of my editorship came in a matter on which I neglected to seek his advice. It was he who, while shaking his head at my insensitivity, helped to patch up and repair the damage.
It was during these years that we collaborated on our Venezuelan research project, generously supported by several grants from the National Science Foundation. Among others, three episodes bear repeating here. The first came when we were tracking one of our presidential candidates in the Andes. I was at the wheel of our Volkswagen beetle, blithely negotiating the road's twists and turns with cavalier disregard for the absence of guardrails. As I sped toward an especially intimidating curve, my collaborator could stand it no more and angrily shouted something like "Viejo, ten cuidado con el carrito. Por Dios, despacio! despacio!"

After reluctantly lifting my foot from the gas pedal, I cut to the heart of matters: "Kike, tu tienes que preocuparte con el Polar." Shortly thereafter I pulled to the side of the road and traded car keys for a bottle of Venezuela's finest beer. By way of footnote, professional ethics require me to concede that the Baloyra version of this episode was somewhat different—as he reported to a group of relatives and guests at my wedding, where he served as best man. No matter the details, it was an event that remained a highlight of our fieldwork together.

Another recollection comes from late in the campaign when, after weeks of separation, Kike was reunited with Clarita during her visit to Caracas. We three joyfully joined a caravan of cars during a penultimate campaign celebration of the Christian Democrats, waving their green pennants and honking the horn of the redoubtable VW. We later did the same with the Social Democratic opposition, thereby underlining our nonpartisan approach while sharing in the euphoria of Venezuelan elections of that era.

One further experience bespeaks Kike's sense of humor and perspective on life. Remember that our NSF project was both extensive and expensive; for years it stood as the single most data-rich social science undertaking in the region. We were traveling with a candidate in eastern Venezuela, and between appearances, he took a break to enjoy the Caribbean waters off Cumaná. It was low tide, and we waded out more than one hundred yards with the candidate. Suddenly a campaign worker came splashing toward the three of us with paper cups and a bottle of fine rum. As we sipped away, Kike turned to me and remarked, "Remember that next month we will be requesting a supplemental grant. If NSF could only see us now!"

My remembrances carry through the years that followed, our individual decisions to accept positions elsewhere notwithstanding. Not to be in touch on a daily basis was a genuine loss, yet our
fundamental connection was unbroken. Professionally, it recently included his contribution to an edited book of mine, and participation on a methodological panel in Germany for the International Sociological Association. My wife and I stayed with Clarita and Kike while passing through Miami en route to Latin America. We also kept alive our unqualified feud over the respective skills of his Miami Dolphins and my Washington Redskins. Here was an issue we could never resolve.

None of the foregoing recognizes Kike's important role as a political activist dedicated to a negotiated solution to the Cuban situation. He was a founder of the Cuban Committee for Democracy and the Centro de la Democracia Cubana, and served as president of the Coordinadora Social Demócrata. He was a member of the Instituto de Estudios Cubanos. Two days after his death, he was to have been in Madrid for a conference on Cuba and the world at the Universidad Complutense. Along with all of this, Enrique Baloyra was a preeminent political scientist and Latin Americanist. His publications were numerous and consistently outstanding in quality. He also provided counsel and advice to a host of other entities, among them the Latin American Studies Association, where his was always a voice of reason. Whatever his other activities, moreover, he remained the scholar and academic, teaching and guiding students while performing such administrative and curricular tasks as those during his productive stewardship as associate dean of the Graduate School of International Studies at the University of Miami. He had just been appointed editor of this journal, a responsibility for which he was singularly qualified.

Most of all, those of us who knew and loved him will always remember Kike as the complete human being, one whose intellectual accomplishments were paralleled by the example of his values, principles, and ideals. With the passing of a true brother, words are inadequate. Combatiente, we will always remember you.

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ENRIQUE A. BALOYRA
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