clear to me how very far I had come in my thinking.

The innocent first two years of the Marshall Plan could be described, as I tried to do, in terms of people and trade balances. But to leave the Marshall Plan memorialized only with figures and names is misleading, for its inner dynamic was as important as its outer frame of action.

The frame had been the cold war, the clash of Communists with the free systems of the West; and in this clash the Marshall Plan had been the master move. When George Marshall had come back from Moscow in the spring of 1947, he had been in no doubt that Stalin meant to occupy that ancient seat of culture, Western Europe. Had Marshall not mounted an American program to buttress that old culture, the Stalinists might well have succeeded. Americans described the confrontation as one of freedom versus Communism, which no doubt it was. But in the many fronts and facings of that war in European politics, we were enlisting once again the dynamics of the trading world against the statics of the Pharaonic world. Most liberals do not like to think of themselves as being linked historically with the traders because the drive force of trade is profit, a dirty word to moralists everywhere. But it came to me slowly, as I reported affairs from 1947 to 1950, that the values that liberals cherish flourish better in the trader's world than in the Pharaonic world. Art and music can flourish in both worlds. But learning and religion, letters, poetry and science, thrive better in the trader's world than in Pharaoh's world. There are no other ways of governing men; one either lures them forward by hope of gain and selfish betterment, or one drives them forward by bayonet, club and fear of the knuckle-breakers.

This I had learned in my first two years in Europe; and with it an inescapable corollary: The Marshall Plan had won because it had linked gain with freedom, had assumed that the movement of minds and the movement of peoples must go with the movement of goods and of merchants. In the noblest terms, it had enlisted the good will of free peoples against the discipline of orderly peoples. In the crudest terms, it had enlisted greed against terror. In any case, we had won. Somehow, I had left behind not only the thinking of my English friends across the Channel and my Yenan friends in China, but also the unquestioning thought processes of the American liberals, of whom I still thought myself one.

Since the Marshall Plan is one of those rare happenings in American history which, like the Boston Tea Party, has passed into the

political mythology of both American liberals and American conservatives, I feel I should close this chapter by stating what I later recognized I had learned that made the Plan more than a myth.

I learned that speed and simplicity in large affairs are most essential; that severity in preserving an idea is vital; that in a democracy, the public must be informed; and that good will without competence, or competence without good will, are both equivalent formulas for political disaster. As follows:

• The masters of the Marshall Plan insisted on simplicity; they had too much responsibility and too little time to absorb detail, either from their own staffs or from the European claimants. Each country that begged our aid and help was invited to state its goals; the directors of the Marshall Plan then shook off details as a dog shakes off water; and then after analysis and approval by our experts, the American government delivered its aid, its dollars, its procurement of supplies, on time and on target. The Plan could move swiftly, for it enlisted minimum personnel and that only of the best. At its peak, the Paris headquarters of the Marshall Plan held only 587 people on payroll, and another 839 all across Europe. These people dispensed $13,350,000,000—efficiently.

• If speed and simplicity were the first of the qualities of the Marshall Plan, the next quality could only be called a benevolent ruthlessness.

The administrators of the Plan, being sure of their own good will but not of the unstable good will of the U.S. Congress, were ruthless in requiring performance as promised to Congress. The Marshall Plan put every recipient government and its politicians to enormous temptations—for the dollars the Americans gave to central banks and governments generated billions upon billions of so-called counterpart funds. And every single European government, except perhaps the Belgian, was tempted to use these local currencies politically for social services or social benefits. The Marshall Plan insisted that such use would be inflationary, and coldly forbade it, insisting that the counterpart of our aid funds be used for solid productive investment or else be held sterile. This was a violent intrusion on sovereignty by the American gift-givers, and thus the program was most successful where our armies and air force had wiped out sovereignty and least successful where in Europe our allies had maintained real governments.

• Yet another major observation concerned the management of the press. Never had I seen the press more skillfully enlisted for American purposes, in a pattern of government only too rarely emulated in the years that followed.

The press policy of the Marshall Plan derived, I am sure, from Averell Harriman, whose relations with American reporters during the war had been dismal. Harriman loved power. Harriman's wartime power stemmed from the affections of Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. He did not need newsmen then and his manner with the press was ducal, distant and disdainful. But in the Marshall Plan, Harriman's sense of power dictated a change of manner. The plan needed Congressional support. Congressmen did not read documents in those days; they read the hometown papers; and the way to move congressmen was to move the press corps in Paris that reported home.

Thus the magisterial Harriman press briefings, twice a year, for a closed circle of correspondents in Paris were the best exercise in public diplomacy that I know of. Under the beautiful paintings that Marie Harriman hung in their apartment, the Harrimans would offer superb cheeses, the finest French wines—and solid information. Harriman would mumble briefly about our major current problems in France, England, Germany and Italy, the personalities involved, and the view from the top of the hill. Harriman, the multimillionaire, handled money figures as casually as Nelson Rockefeller: "Oh, I don't know how much it will cost, but we figured it cost a billion dollars to install a million tons of new steel capacity during the war, so take that as a bench mark," would be a typical Harriman phrase. Then he would usually turn the instruction over to Milton Katz. And Katz would transform the press briefing into a seminar, his professorial mind enjoying the provocation and the answering of questions. Our text would be the semiannual report of the Marshall Plan to Congress or to the Executive. We would get the text three or four days before its official release. This would give us time to read and study the entire thick-woven document if we wished, and then listen to Katz's tutorial summary before the public report we made in the press.

What resulted from such briefings was the thorough education of the reporters in immensely intricate subject matter. Timed deadlines gave us days to master our subject before writing. We were made to understand what was going on; we could thus make the editors understand; they, in turn, made the people understand; which forced the hand of Congress. And when Congress, press and Executive all move together, they can reshape events.

• A further observation I should add was the Marshall Plan's subdued but precise emphasis on competence. One of the most vile cartels in Europe for half a century had been the steel trust, now renamed in France as the Comptoir des Produits Sidérurgiques. Thus I could not have been angrier in my early months of reporting than to

discover that millions of ERP dollars were being given to finance two American-style strip-steel mills for France—both of them to be owned by members of the wicked old cartel, the Comité des Forges. But it was pointed out to me that first things came first: France had to have modern steel production to compete. And the rolling mills must be given to people who knew how to use them, just as American tractors had to pass through the hands of efficient tractor distributors to efficient farmers, not novices. We were conducting a restoration, not a revolution. When Katz succeeded Harriman as chief, and before the Korean War closed out social perspectives, he almost wistfully suggested that the next phase of the Plan should be to get at the working class; we had taken care of the middle class and the next problem was to work down. But he, too, had supported the philosophy of first things first, to put Europe to work again.

In retrospect, Harriman, Katz and the others were right: competence must play bodyguard to good will, for without competence American good will can become political plague. Knowing how disastrous American aid was to the incompetent government of Chiang Kai-shek, and how iatrogenic it became to the even more incompetent Saigon regime in Vietnam, I now look on American aid as an addictive political drug, as dangerous to its recipients as would be our outright political hostility. The money that Americans gave away in the years 1948 through 1950 worked best when it found its way through governments to groups, or industries, who knew how to use what they could buy with the money, and turn investments into results. Generally, those who benefited first from our money were the poorest, the neediest, the most hungry; but those who benefited longest and most were some of the most unlovely and greedy men of Europe. Yet the latter went with the former, and to get Europe working again, those invited to America's table were not at all those whom one would invite into the home.

Which brings me finally to the last and most unsettling lesson the Marshall Plan taught: a demonstration of what learned historians call the Law of Unintended Consequences.

• The Law of Unintended Consequences is what twists the simple chronology of history into drama. The operation of this law, as instrumented by Americans in the early postwar years in the areas of their dominance and conquest, is classic. Both in Asia and Europe we were bound politically and realistically by gratitude to old allies—England and China. On both continents our enemies, the Germans and Japanese, were to be treated with the utmost severity—and our

proconsuls, with no affection for Germans or Japanese, meant to impose discipline and subservience.

I watched the Law of Unintended Consequences operate only in Europe, where the logic of the Marshall Plan was the governing writ. I could not believe then that what I was watching and reporting was really happening, for it did not appear in daily dispatches. But what we were doing was dismissing the British from greatness and elevating the Germans, our killer-enemies, to the status of Europe's senior power.

This historic reversal was not at all intended. Twice in one generation Germany had been our most violent enemy. The fact that we had no policy for governing Germany meant that it was too complicated for simple solution. Its military governor, General Lucius Clay, took up his duties while the guns were still firing. Slowly, when peace came, he learned that his duty was to hold things still until Americans *could* come to a decision on what to do with Germany—a matter complicated by the suspicious brutality of the Russian Red Army he faced, and the cost of feeding the servile Germans we had just conquered. Neither Clay nor anyone else in the United States Army enjoyed asking the Congress for "Army" appropriations to feed or help Germans. Thus it was essential to get the cost of saving Germans from starvation off the Army budget onto some civilian budget like the Marshall Plan.

The result, thirty years later, is amusing to consider. I first stumbled on its roots in a conversation with one of Lucius Clay's economic experts in the Villa Hügel, the quintessential private Teutonic mansion of the Krupp family in Essen, all smelling of walnut oil and echoing of Wagner. The Villa Hügel was the command point and surveillance center for Allied occupation of the Ruhr. Clay's expert was quite simple. "Our policy," he said, "is to make these bastards work their way back." The American Army still hated Germans; he saw no reason why the Army's budget should carry the cost of feeding German children. The Marshall Plan should carry the humanitarian costs of the Occupation, he felt; but since the U.S. Army dominated West Germany, he thought the Germans should be forced to work, and work hard, to pay for the food, fiber and raw material that American humanitarians believed we must ship in.

Other West European governments were democratic governments; as all modern elected governments must, they promised more—more good houses, more schools, more health insurance, more equality. The most democratic and responsible government in Europe

was the British government; it promised its people most. The most autocratic government in Europe was West Germany—and its autocrat was the United States Army. England, France, Belgium, had governments that could vote on how many hours went into a working week, and what maternity benefits should be, and how many days or weeks of vacation people should have. But in Germany, no legislature or parliament had, initially, to be consulted. Lucius Clay and his advisers decided that Germans must work a forty-eight-hour week, and work they did. The U.S. Army, advised by its experts, said the Germans must rebuild their factories, roads and bridges first; meanwhile, let them shiver in cellars, ruins and rags; no housing or clothing until they earned their way back.

It was years before I could fully measure the results of the Law of Unintended Consequences. When I first reported Europe, shortly after the war, the British standard of living was roughly three times that in refugee-crammed West Germany. Britain, though pocked by the bombings, still functioned, while Germany was a moonscape of desolation from the Ruhr to Silesia. Since then, somehow, England has gone its jovial way across its pleasant plateau of civility, but Germany has boomed. The average per capita income in victorious England had risen to $3,871 thirty years later—while in defeated Germany it had reached $7,336, and the gap was widening. Somehow, the severity with which the Americans policed Germany and directed the flow of aid proved more fruitful than the affection and support we gave the free government of the English people to do as they wished with our billions.

Neither Clay nor MacArthur nor Hoffman nor Harriman nor George Marshall nor Dean Acheson nor Milton Katz could have envisioned that what they tried to do in the reconstruction of Europe and Asia would result in the rise of Germany and Japan—and that thirty years later, our two former enemies would threaten, like giant pincer claws, America's industrial supremacy in the new trading world we had tried to open to all.

This was an entirely Unintended Consequence of the Marshall Plan—but for a generation, which is long enough, an uneasy balance of politics between the East and West was created; and with that balance came the longest unbroken stretch of peace Europe has known in this century, which is no small thing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE POLITICS OF VICTORY: EUROPE

In the beginning, I had hoped my stay in Europe would be only a year's stopover on the way back to China and the revolution. But by the summer of 1950, when the Korean War broke out, events both personal and historic had outrun all my planning.

Nancy had already become pregnant in the fall of 1948, at a time when the news dispatches reported that Lin Piao and his Communist troops had cut the railroads of Manchuria, and were picking off Nationalist garrisons there one by one. One could not travel to a revolution with a pregnant wife, so regretfully I stayed in Paris. By the time our daughter Heyden was born in July of 1949, not only Manchuria but Peking and Tientsin, then Shanghai, Nanking and the lower Yangtze valley, had all fallen to Mao. And when the Korean War broke out, in June of 1950, Nancy was again pregnant. Our son David was born in January 1951—but I no longer regretted being kept away from war and revolution in Asia. That story was now part of my past, too far away to seek again.

Europe had now completely caught my imagination, teasing me with a story I felt must be there but could not capture. That story was larger than the Marshall Plan. I had mastered the grammar of the Plan, enough at least to know that the political story was larger than Europe's need for grain and gold, more complicated than America's solution of free trade in a free world. There was something even more vital—and I picked away at it, still trying to chip news stories off history, but also hoping to find a core.

I had carried with me to Europe a vague expectation that at the end would come a ceremonial story such as the signing of a peace treaty, whose terms would outline the future, just as the Peace of Westphalia had shaped the seventeenth century, or the Treaty of

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Versailles the Europe of the 1920s and 1930s. Peace treaties were historical markers, and made great news stories. So it had always been before, and I had myself seen such a marker as it was being made, at the cloud-gray ceremonies aboard the *Missouri*, where the Japanese, surrendering to MacArthur, formally gave up their imperial ambitions.

Europe in these years now bustled with minor ceremonies and conferences, steps in the diplomatic minuet, and I thoroughly enjoyed witnessing every one I could. But these were not what I had come for—the great Settlement, the great Treaty, the great formal understanding among all the states that had blown Europe apart and now would agree how to put it together again. I was looking for that visible climax to events, that landmark from which, as the wave recedes, one can see how the shoreline has changed.

Looking for that crest, reading the present as if it had to repeat the past, was a mistake—and for the first two years in Europe had confused my reporting. I could report only what I could see, but what a reporter like me could see was only what a man in a small boat can see of the ocean—ripples or whitecaps or great breakers, the surface as the wind moves it, not the powerful tides nor, underneath them, the irresistible sea currents.

History is all those things—waves, tides and currents—and like the sea, no matter how tranquil the surface, it is never still. A sequence of events is like a series of waves, one crest following upon another; and the trick, for statesman and reporter alike, is to tell which crest is a surge of the tide and which a mere accident of the wind.

I had come to Europe assuming that as soon as we, the Russians and the English settled the disposition of Germany, peace-making would take shape. By 1950, however, even before the outbreak of the Korean War, I had learned that there was no settlement possible with the Russians; that the British were powerless to affect any settlement we meant to impose on our allies; and that somehow, through the Marshall Plan, we had set in motion a wave effect that had vaguely but discernibly begun to move men toward something called "a Europe." My ultimate story would have to describe this new "Europe." But if it did, then at the center of the story I would have to focus tightly on those eternal antagonists Germany and France, about whom the history of the continent had revolved for so long.

The reader must go back with me, thus, through the waves prior to 1950, to see what had been set in motion in France and in Germany and how, now, in 1950, European politics would change because

America was so involved. A jolt to the United States in the Pacific moved like a seismic vibration to the Atlantic, where the American presence carried it all through Europe. My journalistic beat had originally carried me through Western Europe from Belgium to Calabria, from Spain to Poland. After 1950, however, I visited and reported no other countries but France and Germany, with an occasional trip to London for affection and friendships. As a newspaperman of the war-correspondent generation, I cherished the British, was delighted by the French, feared and hated the Germans.

Living in Paris, I would go to Germany twice a year for spring and autumn trips: spring for reporting politics, and autumn to report military exercises. My first trip came in February of 1949. And I arrived carrying in my American baggage all the ancestral nightmares of the Jews, nightmares I thought I had discarded years before.

As soon as I crossed the border of the Saar, at dusk, and heard people speaking German, I bristled with the memory of Poland, where I had just finished a reporting survey. In Poland I had visited both the rubble of Warsaw's ghetto and the ruins of Auschwitz. I had cried in the ghetto. But at Auschwitz I had had neither tears nor words. The moldering concentration camp was then three years out of service, but its museum of atrocities preserved its terror fresh: The Nazis' cache of gold-rimmed spectacles was piled in a giant mound, each pair of spectacles some traceless Jew's lens on life. There were mounds of shoes—slippers, boots, women's high-heeled shoes, babies' booties. The curators had found and stacked the hanks of women's hair—black, blond, red, but overwhelmingly gray tresses—which the Nazis had thriftily gathered from the victims whose skulls they shaved before incineration. The neat logic of Auschwitz's assembly line was clearly visible, from railway siding to "shower stations" (where the prisoners were told that they would be getting a sanitary douche but in which the overhead ventilators whirled gas into the air), to the furnaces. At that time, the furnaces of incineration had not yet been cleaned; ashes and a few fine bone fragments were still scattered around. I had also visited the pits and pools in the forests just beyond the camp limits where, I was told, they dumped bodies at the end; and the dank pools would emit a bubble now and then, a big, popping bubble that stank. I had hated Nazis from my Asian distance during the war, out of atavism, ideology and patriotism. Now, after seeing Auschwitz, I hated all Germans with animal ferocity.

All this was on my mind when I lost my way after crossing over

from the Saar into Germany. I was American. My car was French, with French license plates. I had nothing to fear—but I shook with fear. And I found I had strayed from the main road into the villages between the Saar and the Rhine. In most of these villages electricity had not yet been restored, and where it had been, it furnished only a string of dim yellow lights along the main streets. Elsewhere there was no light. I hated and feared these villagers. I did not want to be caught among them. Now my car developed a bearing knock; it had to be fixed. But there were no road signs, no garages, and the night grew darker. Wherever a light appeared, I stopped and stalked into the place to demand that a mechanic be found, as gruffly as an *Übermensch*. I must have been insufferably overbearing. At last a mechanic was found who could, actually, fix a French Citroën bearing, and when he was finished I drove on into the night as if I had just won a battle. I was headed first for Frankfurt, headquarters of the American occupation force, en route to Bonn, where we Americans had just assembled some Germans to write a new constitution which would allow Germany a limited self-government. But I trusted no German, and my drive through that night convinced me that the American occupiers were taking far too little care to patrol these desolate yet menacing villages. It was another hour before I could find anyone who could direct me to the ferry across the Rhine. When I reached it, I yelled at the captain, demanding instant passage. Then, as I reached the other side, my eye caught a sign in English and I swerved, following it. Suddenly I was up on the autobahn.

Dazzled by autobahn lights and autobahn traffic, I found myself in another world, the American world of superhighways. What I had left behind there in the darkness of the villages, without electricity and probably without enlightenment, was the nightmare Germany. And I realized I was wet with sweat.

The autobahn world belonged unmistakably to the U.S. Army. An American convoy rumbled ahead, its train of lights marking a conqueror's parade. An army jeep, headlights blazing, roared past me. I passed two American sedans in five minutes, their white occupation plates gleaming. The lights and American signs and American presence grew steadily until I reached the Rhein-Main air base outside Frankfurt. That was the winter of the Berlin airlift and the red and green wing lights of our planes rose in never-ending procession from the yellow runway lamps. I now relaxed, because we Americans held the high ground, Germany was our conquest, and when I woke in the morning the nightmares would surely be gone.

In the morning, when I drove out of the Park Hotel, a German policeman, directing traffic, tried to halt me; and I lost my temper. I knew that the Germans had organized their army, much as we had organized ours, with civilian reserve clusters to be mobilized in emergency for specific military assignments. But whereas, for example, the University of Pennsylvania Medical School had organized the great base hospitals of the CBI theater, where I had been hospitalized, German municipal police force reserves had helped organize and staff the concentration camps. The Frankfurt police force had not patrolled the worst of the camps of the Holocaust, like Auschwitz or Belsen; but it had provided cadres for the murder camps in Belgrade and Yugoslavia; or so at least I had been told. So when the policeman tried to stop me, I went into a temper tantrum, of which I am now ashamed, and having impressed myself on him as an accredited American correspondent, I was finally waved through. I bristled thus at most of the Germans I met, for this was the first of my trips to Germany. I saw crypto-Nazis everywhere.

My hatred of all Germans lasted a full ten days or two weeks—until I came to Bonn. Bonn was to be the centerpiece of my story; there we had gathered a handful of "good" Germans to write a new constitution for the ruined land Hitler had left behind. So I was visiting Bonn, suspicious as I was, to see whether the American supervisors of this experiment were monitoring it with proper severity for resurgent Nazism, Nationalism, Conspiracy and Plot.

What I was to see instead was a classic episode in the behavior of the defeated in the presence of their conquerors. Any conquered people will choose to ingratiate themselves with either the strongest or the kindest of their conquerors, seeking by instinct if not by conspiracy to divide their overlords. It is best to be defeated and occupied by Americans, for they restore and nourish what they conquer; second best is to be conquered by a coalition which includes Americans, to whom appeal can be made. The victorious coalition that had conquered and occupied Germany had included the Russians, with whom we had just irrevocably broken. It also included our partners the British, led by Labour visionaries who wanted a Socialist Germany; and the honorary conquerors, the French, who wanted no Germany at all.

In all this, the central character was our engineer general, the military governor of Germany, General Lucius Clay—and the Germans chose Clay as their judge of appeal.

Clay was an extraordinary character; he combined the utmost

intelligence with the utmost self-assurance, and was loyal only to the United States Army, the United States Government, and his sense of order. He had, before taking up his post, sought instructions of the State Department on American policy for Germany. Told that we had none, he proceeded unabashed to govern Germany on his own, deciding the most important thing was simply to make Germany work. He was the only American general always accessible to the press: his door in Berlin was not only figuratively but literally open, and a reporter could walk in at almost any time and ask him questions.

Clay's problems were not minor problems—to uproot Nazism; to get Germany working; to revive its economy; to implant democracy; all the while trying to outface the bullheaded Russian commander, Sokolovsky, who was tempting war in the Berlin blockade; and simultaneously resisting the nibbling of our caviling allies, the British and the French.

It was Clay's decision that the situation demanded a German government, and his memoirs are amusing in tracing the roots of power. In April of 1948 Clay had entertained one of the more civilized French diplomats, the dapper and urbane Couve de Murville, and found a weakening in de Murville's spirit, a faint dilution of the hate all Frenchmen bore for the Germans, who had invaded them so often. Said Clay in his memoirs: "With this thought in mind, on the last day of his visit I rushed to the office and dictated a simple memorandum. . . ." Clay's memorandum outlined an eight-point program of getting the Germans from where they were to democracy. Point One of this private memo gives his tone of conquest and command: "The several states will be advised that a constituent assembly will be held not later than 1 September 1948 to prepare a constitution for ratification by the several states." The memo then proceeds to outline hastily the constitutional structure of the German Republic as it still exists today.

The French say that "*rien ne dure que le provisoire*" ("nothing lasts as long as the provisional"); Clay's memo was an army engineer's quick answer to the quick question of how to get the Germans back to work: You let them run their own country, but under strict controls. The Germans, in response, requested that the meeting be called not a constituent assembly but a "parliamentary council." This council they hoped would be writing a "Basic Law," not a "constitution"; no final structure of Germany, they pleaded, should be settled until West and East Germany were reunited. In any event, they had obeyed and taken what was offered: elections of delegates by the parliaments of the eleven states concerned in August, to convene in Bonn by Septem-

ber of 1948, to write a provisional document to govern Germany, subject to the approval of the three military governments of West Germany, American, British, French.

Thus, when I arrived in Bonn in February of 1949, I knew a new German government was forming; and if I could expose any taint of sin or Nazism in these new constitution-framers, it would make an exciting story. I had seen a moment of political conception at Yenan five years earlier. I had seen power move from an embryo of purpose into a state, and remembered Yenan by then with a romantic coating. Perhaps Bonn would be a counterpart.

I found, however, nothing romantic about Bonn. Bonn was a drowsy town on the banks of the Rhine, hitherto famous only for its university and as the birthplace of Beethoven. (The university was less visually exciting than Beethoven's birthplace, where, if you persisted, you found, in an upper garret under sloping eaves you must stoop beneath to enter, the four-foot-high servant's hutch in which the genius was born.) The town, relatively untouched by bombing, was now full of refugees from the East. And within this town of plodding and shuffling refugees and students were two centers of politics.

For the sake of my story, I had hoped to find the two centers as polar opposites, the German center, or "parliamentary council," opposed to the American center, in charge of surveillance. But rather than the tension I had anticipated, the two centers were swaying smoothly together, both dancing to the same political waltz. The Americans and Germans here were happy partners. Or, in another analogy, the Americans had let these Germans out of reformatory and now as guardians were choosing new clothes to garb them for normal life. A German newspaper cartoon summed it up very well. A puzzled man is looking for a new suit. There is Model Lohengrin, with horns and helmet and Wagnerian regalia; there is Model Weimar, with striped trousers, cutaway and high hat; there is Model Adolf, with swastika armband, brown baggy-pants uniform, the hair-slick over the forehead. And the salesman is saying, "This time, *etwas anders* [something different]?" In Bonn, we as salesmen were suggesting to the Germans "*etwas anders*," and they were eager to comply.

I found it impossible to keep sharp the edge of hatred in Bonn. These German delegates had been screened, rescreened, de-Nazified and purified by every intelligence agency of the occupation before being allowed to come here. But not only that. It was as if the Anglo-American presence of the occupation, particularly the American presence, had magnetized and drawn out from the wreckage of

German politics a collection of waifs, strays, victims, outcasts and resistants to Hitler's politics more devoted to liberty, republicanism and democracy even than ourselves. They had suffered from freedom's loss. The chief American concern in Bonn was whether these forlorn and seedy constitution-makers would know how to use power if we turned it over to them, whether they would be tough enough on their own to crush any revival of Nazism, yet crafty and businesslike enough to get their country working again. Though the Russians in Berlin saw these middle-aged and docile Germans as American puppet leaders for a revanchist, anti- Communist Reich, we saw them as an experiment in self-government. And they, the Germans at their center in Bonn, saw us not as dictators and enemies, but as partners.

The American center of control was amusing, both for its setting and for its ambivalence. Bonn was a university town not unlike Cambridge, Massachusetts, fifty years ago; and on its outskirts, at 12 Joachim Strasse, was, as I recall it, a yellow stucco three-story building not dissimilar to a boardinghouse for graduate students at Radcliffe. In beleaguered Berlin, Clay negotiated with Sokolovsky at the edge of war; he directed the American airlift that flouted the Russian blockade; he was told by Sokolovsky that the blockade would go on until the American plans for a separate West German government were abandoned. But here, on quiet Joachim Strasse, where the American mission was supervising the architecture of this dreaded West German government, children played on the street, and the blockade crisis seemed as far away as it might at a college seminar on European politics.

No conquering legates could have been more ambivalent than the amiable group whose duty it was to sternly control the German menace yet nurse the makers of its new Republic. As in Paris at the Marshall Plan, the academics had already established a vigorous beachhead. Two professors, Edward H. Litchfield of the University of Michigan and Hans Simons of the New School for Social Research, were cranking in political science and learning, but seemed usually to be traveling elsewhere. Several State Department diplomats occasionally dropped in, either to sample progress or to offer advice. But the permanent and most engaging member of this group, described as so sinister by Russian propaganda, was a New York trucking man—Anton F. Pabsch, of Syracuse, New York, the proud boss of the Onondaga Freight Company in civilian life. Pabsch had been a good army officer in the war, was kept on later in military government to supervise the Länderrat of Stuttgart; and had now moved up, as a civilian again, to this control group in Bonn.

One could make much of Tony Pabsch's politics. He had learned what he knew of government not from Plato but from upstate New York politics, then steaming and redolent with practices now prohibited, but as superior to the practices of Hitler's Germany as those of Pericles' Athens to the practices of Susa. Pabsch, as well as the others of the supervisory group, had as his overriding directive the American injunction to create a central German government strong enough to govern, but not so strong as to crush provincial or individual rights. That was the thrust and the sum of American political thinking on Germany, and men like Clay, Pabsch, Litchfield, Simons and other experts were given complete freedom to supervise, guide or yield to the "good" Germans of the parliamentary council in all detail within this major frame. Pabsch applied his pressure not with bayonets but as the truckers' or teachers' lobby applies pressure in Albany. "We observe them," said Pabsch, no political scientist, "then we cocktail them, dine them and lunch with them." Then the Germans, within this shell of American pressure and protection, wrote their own rules.

The "good" Germans who were writing the "Basic Law" met in what had been a young ladies' normal school before the war. The tranquil mood of Joachim Strasse reached all the way across the small town to the normal school, which sat on the banks of the Rhine, and whose lawns, in the old-fashioned German way, were kept cropped by dirty yellow sheep which passed and repassed outside the windows where the councillors wrote the Basic Law. These "good" Germans were old people, seventy percent of them over fifty. The English and American occupations had scoured Germany for decent pre-Hitler leadership, so the delegates were all, in one degree or another, anti-Nazi. They were far more intellectual or academic than their supervisors. No less than thirty-seven of the seventy were Ph.D.s. Another eighteen were aging pre-Hitler civil servants. Several clergymen, a small handful of women and two Communists sat among them. They gathered together in the school auditorium overlooking the riverbank at blond-wood desks and tables which had been designed for lithe German maidens, not stiff old German men. They caucused almost constantly in former classrooms, then gathered in the stuffy auditorium to debate with intensity the power vacuum that the Americans were inviting them to fill. One could almost see the rifts and divisions of future German politics take shape as these powerless people debated such abstractions as taxes, union rights, school control, emergency powers, cabinet structures and the nine different subject areas into which their deliberations were channeled by committees. They seemed harmless enough as one watched them, and one hoped that

under the scar tissue of Nazism lay the other Germany, the country of Beethoven, Goethe and Schiller, which, with luck, we might call back into being.

Several key characters had already appeared in this council of emerging Germany, and I, being in haste, asked Pabsch to suggest the most important. The most important, said Pabsch, was "old Konrad Adenauer," and with conqueror's authority, he picked up the telephone and made a call which resulted in almost immediate consent to my visit. Adenauer's bio file reported that he had been mayor of Cologne before Hitler; had refused all cooperation and been twice imprisoned by the Nazis; been released under surveillance later in the war years, and had spent his time since cultivating roses. He was now seventy-three years old, but was our American favorite to run Germany, while Kurt Schumacher, the Socialist, was the favorite of Britain's Labour Party. The British were particularly opposed to Adenauer. British Intelligence reported him to be "politically incompetent"; Dean Acheson reported that the British opposed Adenauer's accession because he was "conservative and strongly Catholic [in] orientation." But we thought he was our man, the Americans' man as against "their" man, the British choice, Kurt Schumacher; immeasurably more palatable than the Russians' "man," Walter Ulbricht; and more reliable than the most charming of them all, Carlo Schmid, the man the French wanted to run Germany. As it turned out, Adenauer was *Germany's* man—and whether by guile or sincerity, used us all to restore Germany to power. The Germans later came to call him *Der Alte Fuchs*—the Old Fox.

When I called on Adenauer at the schoolhouse, it was as if I were visiting a painted bishop. He sat woodenly erect in his chair, his semi-Oriental eyes rarely blinking, listened intently, answered questions with precision. My first notes read: "very gray, clean, immaculate, aging, starched, detachable collar." Then I began to listen. It was difficult to talk conversationally with Adenauer, for intelligent as he was, any time he spent with newsmen became a Q and A quiz, with no suggestion of jest or zest. With me, he went through the pros and cons of each of the main questions still under constitutional debate: of centralization of government (which, he felt, depended on who controlled the purse—the central or the state governments), of the powers of the two houses (he felt Germany's lower house, like ours, should be the superior power in the new German union), and the controversy over schools. Only on this third issue did any juice come into his dry voice. Parents, he insisted, must have the right to send

children to schools of their choice—Protestants to Protestant schools, Catholics to Catholic schools—the state must aid both, and state schools must provide religious instruction to all children.

There are a thousand reasons for hating Hitler; each good man and tradition claims his own. Adenauer hated Hitler as a Catholic for separating the souls of children from the guidance of their parents; he loathed the Hitler *Jugend*, the bonfires, the pagan mystique, and as he spoke, passion quivered in his voice.

He was impressive when he spoke thus, but he seemed to me a wrinkled mummy breaking into voice. He was then, as I say, seventy-three years old and I gave him, hopefully, a year or two at most at the helm if we succeeded in setting up this new German Republic. I could not, of course, have been more wrong. By September 7, 1949, Konrad Adenauer was Chancellor of West Germany and he was to remain Chancellor for fourteen years, until he was eighty-eight years old! Though he had been separated from active life by Hitler in 1933, it was as if all his inner circuitry had remained intact, ready to function once the switch was turned on and the power began to flow. Power is an adrenaline which no doctor can provide, and the same power that circulated, by design, through Adenauer and the old men of Bonn flowed through the entire defeated country and caused it to flourish.

Transfer of power comes, in the Marxist and revolutionary catechism, by upheaval and cataclysm, by the *Putsch* at midnight or the swoop on the palace at dawn. But transfer of power in Germany came gradually and peacefully, by America's will with British acquiescence, to the men and women meeting in the old school for girls. Within our constitutional design the Germans had packed as much as they could of the old Weimar constitution, and in the detail, it was largely their handiwork. The most important and venturesome departure in constitutional theory came about almost by itself, a happy marriage of Anglo-American politics and Continental parliamentary tradition. The Continental tradition, on which the Weimar Republic had foundered, held that power is to be shared by coalitions, or partnerships of parties, which depend on flickering, shifting or unstable parliamentary voting majorities. The Anglo-American tradition is much simpler: you either wield power or you do not, you are "in" or you are "out"; politics are the way of getting the people directly involved in choice of leaders. The Bonn compromise, nearly Platonic in its simplicity, combined the best of the two traditions. The new German parliament, or *Bundestag*, would be able to eject an unpopular chancellor by a vote of no confidence, but only if, by the same

vote, it named and gave its majority to another man as chancellor. The accidental compromise of Bonn has given Germany the strongest government in Europe since.

Nothing has intrigued me in political reporting, anywhere at any time, as much as this process of transfer of power. Power at transfer is attended sometimes by ceremonies of peace, by blessings of church, by murder, by riot, by brutalities, by the invisible rites of elections and public splendor of inaugurals. In retrospect, however, the process of transfer at Bonn was the most intriguing of all—a handful of Americans, having derived authority from armies now three years disbanded and shipped home, delivering authority to another handful of timorous and tentative old Germans, as if urging them to stand up, stride forth on stage, and play the roles history assigned. Whereupon, in the next few years, this fragile group found itself able to sink roots, rewire to its nervous control old bureaucracies, and make police, tax collectors, schoolteachers, respond to its direction so naturally that what began as a group of role-players became a state.

Were I to become the scholar I once hoped to be, I would choose such moments of political embryology as my field of study, and concentrate first on Germany. I would choose Germany because in 1933 a handful of men had seized a modern state and made its people into the most hated nation in the world. In 1949 and 1950, I saw another handful of men take over in Germany—dull, dreary, plodding men—and saw them convert Germany in the next twenty years into a decent society. What frightened me then, and frightens me still, is how very few men it takes at the head of any state to give it its character of good or evil, of freedom, tyranny, torture, butchery or benevolence.

I would return to Bonn again and again over the years to watch German politics, but the nightmare I had brought with me began to fade on the very first visit until finally it vanished. I could not stay in Bonn, on that first visit of 1949, to see the new Basic Law approved by the Americans. The action in Europe then was elsewhere—in Berlin, where Clay was facing the Russians, or in Paris, where Acheson was outfacing and outwitting Vishinsky. When, finally, negotiations ended the Berlin blockade, and the Russians accepted our decision to let the West Germans administer their own affairs, the war on Germany by the Allies was over. The military occupation would come to an end in all three Western zones as soon as the German states ratified their new constitution or Basic Law; and the three commanding generals of the occupying forces would be replaced by high commissioners (who would, in a few years, be replaced by ordinary ambassadors).

The Merlin of the transformation, the man who waved his wand over the ruined enemy and prepared it to be an ally, was, of course, Lucius Clay. Clay, who had outlined the new constitution in his quick memo of 1948, flew down to Frankfurt to exercise his conqueror's authority in a brisk review of its terms on April 25, 1949; insisted on a trifle more tinkering; but was, on the whole, pleased with the handiwork carved to his desires. On May 8, the parliamentary council adopted the new Basic Law. It awaited only the conqueror's approval. On May 12, Clay, in Berlin, harvested the diplomacy of Dean Acheson as the blockade came to an end; and flew to Frankfurt to put his signature on the Basic Law. On May 15 he flew back to the United States, to become a Wall Street banker, leaving behind a Germany on her way to independence, equality and bursting prosperity.

The story changed after the blockade.

I would travel, as I say, twice a year to Germany, sampling political tissue for traces of Nazism as a doctor tests a patient for traces of returning malignancy. Fear had been the original motive in my reporting of Germany; the blockade, and the making of a new German constitution later, had been a first-class, straightforward challenge to the storytelling of any journeyman reporter. Now I had to write of Germany as a feature writer, and this too was not difficult. Though the men who governed Germany under the new Republic were, perhaps, the dullest group of politicians I had ever encountered, they governed a people so rich in remembered excitement that whenever one delved beneath government level, a journeyman storyteller could not miss. The dullness of their government was a genuine merit in the eyes of a people who had known too much excitement and experienced too much history. It was a phenomenon no American could then understand—a shrinking away of a people from its past.

As, for example, among other people of the next four years of visits:

• Heta Fischer; a blond, straight-haired Viking lady whom I had tracked down in the catacombs of Hanover—as handsome and proud a woman as I have ever met, and a heroine. She had been a member of the Communist Party's underground in Hitler's Germany, and had emerged with her *Lebenskamerad,* Kurt Mueller, into leadership of the Communist Party in West Germany after the war. Then the Communist leadership *apparat* had come to distrust her man, Mueller, kidnapped him, spirited him off to East Berlin and Russia, and eliminated him tracelessly. No one cared but her. Bewildered, she had

now lost both her man and her faith in Communism. Sensing a good scavenger's story in all this, I traced her to her home and we were moving through our conversation on Soviet wickedness very agreeably until, somehow, I inadvertently ran up my American flag with too much emphasis. At which she exploded. She had been in Hanover during the war when American planes bombed it, she said. She had *seen* those planes with white stars dropping bombs on people's homes. Killers, killers, killers, she shrieked, her voice rising in horror, a political Sadie Thompson playing *Rain* and proclaiming that all men were pigs and killers. The Russians were killers, the Nazis were killers, the Americans were killers. She was so brave, blond and handsome, I squirmed when she broke out like this.

But out of such people the stodgy leaders of Bonn had to fashion their dull Republic.

• And out of people like Willi Schlieker. Willi became the closest I knew to a friend in Germany, which is a great deal to say, for he had been, at the age of twenty-eight, the boy genius of the Speer *Ministerium* that produced the arms for Hitler's Wehrmacht. Of Willi's boyhood and career I have written elsewhere,* but what I found captivating about him was his love of steel and steel-making. He was totally apolitical, in the sense that he would work for anyone of any regime that let him make steel. He had been jailed, freed, liberated, jailed again so often by so many occupiers in the first few years of the occupation that he reacted like a jack-in-the-box when the British, who then controlled him, first took me to his cabbage-smelling and squalid apartment on Breitestrasse in Düsseldorf, and ordered him to tell me about the steel-making facilities of the Ruhr. He stopped jumping to command rather quickly thereafter as the occupation ended; and as I continued to visit him, he in his growing steelmaster's wealth would patronize me as a peripatetic American free-lancer. But I did not mind the transposition of our roles. Willi taught me about steel and industry; Willi exposed to me the affection of Germans for the forge and the rolling mill, as certain Frenchmen exposed to me their mysterious affection for wine. I learned also, after Willi grew very rich, that he loved flowers, loved Meissen ware, loved medieval art.

But most of all he loved steel and loved work, which is a particular German virtue, out of which the shrewd leaders of Bonn had to fashion their dull Republic. And that leadership had to deal with other large and small characters I came across:

*For a fuller account of Willi Schlieker and his times, see Chapter VIII of *Fire in the Ashes*.

• A twenty-seven-year-old student leader at Heidelberg University. The student leader, his friends and I drank in a beer hall as we talked. Anyone can seduce a student of any age by asking seriously for his opinion; and Heinz offered the ideal of a United Europe as the animating spirit of his group. Germans devoted to a peaceful United Europe were what I was seeking, and so I pressed him. He held forth about how only the Germans had seen Europe whole, how only the Germans had managed a Europe united from the Pyrenees almost to the Urals, and how wonderful it was for there to come about, finally, this Europe. He himself had seen Europe as a tank commander from Paris to the outskirts of Stalingrad. This conversation led backward to the war and he began to talk about ground forces and tanks. He told how his tank platoon had been there outside Stalingrad, while I told about the American air force and how we had outreached in Asia. There we were, two men of roughly the same generation, engrossed in comparing war stories. I was probably as offensive as he, doing my *hup-hup-hup* of machine guns going down on the bridge north of Sian, while he was doing his *hup-hup-hup* of the machine guns of his tank platoon in Russia. But he grew more excited than I; he was recreating that tank advance over the snows of Russia which almost gave Hitler victory, and as he swiveled in his seat, moving his imaginary guns this way and that, I realized that the son of a bitch was one of the people I ought to hate and fear. And it was good that he was a destitute student at old Heidelberg while I was—by self-assumption—one of the American conquering team. Yet he taught me a lesson: There was little in shriveled Germany that excited his imagination for the future; and since he no longer wanted Hitler's mad dream, he wanted to dream of a European Europe in which he could lead a larger life than Germany offered him. Politics need dreams to lean on.

• Or the labor leader. He was one of those men who, without trying, could supply in conversation the enzymes of common sense to make nourishing the raw sights one has been ingesting. He was a middle-aged man, grizzled, a steelworker, a Socialist, an anti-Nazi. We met in a bar in 1950 in Essen; he headed the union at the Krupp works, which I had once hoped to see torn to the ground; Krupp was the heart of Essen; Essen was at the heart of the Ruhr; and the Ruhr was the most thoroughly destroyed place I had seen except for Hiroshima—worse than Tokyo, worse than anything in China. For miles around, the ground had been churned by the Allied bombings and even now, more than four years later, it was like a panorama of

waters, hurricane-lashed; except that the waves and troughs were made of earth, frozen to immobility by peace. The only place I have seen ground so torn, so irrevocably frozen in convulsion, is in what is preserved of the battlefield of Verdun.

I was, at that point in learning, passing out of my total hate of all Germans; and I had, after several visits, come to like the Ruhr, and its capital, Düsseldorf. I had originally questioned in my own mind whether we should raze it flat, which morality and revenge required, or help rebuild it, which reason and compassion told me the Marshall Plan required. And could we? It was the historian's version of Ezekiel's old question: Can these bones live again? Can these dead stems of a civilization destroyed be made to thrive again? I was asking the labor leader specifically about reparations.

The labor leader was a man much older than I and, like most labor leaders, stubborn in conversation. He was pleading with me to stop dismantling, because he was pleading for jobs. But he left me with another thought, paradoxically contrary, yet overriding, which I called the Law of Invisible Social Capital.

Like this: Even if we Allies finished dismantling all of Krupp's plants and all the other steel mills we could see on the skyline, what would we accomplish? he asked. His union members would be unemployed and hungry for a year, or two, or three. But then the Communists would tell his workers that the Allied capitalists of the West were only trying to crush German competition; his steelworkers would accept Communist leadership to get jobs as readily as they had welcomed Nazi leadership. And in the end, we would gain nothing because it was *impossible* to dismantle the Ruhr. Yes, we could ship out dismantled machinery—which would be junk and scrap iron when it finally got to Russia. The strength of the Ruhr, he insisted, lay not in the rolling mills but in the fingers, the hands, the skills, the minds and memories and crafts of men whose fathers and guildmasters had taught them to dig coal, bake coke, distill tar, machine gears, roll steel. Unless we physically wiped out the people who embodied the Ruhr's skills, we could not wipe out the Ruhr at all. The worst would be to let the men of the Ruhr stand idle, as they had in 1932 and 1933, their skills unused and unemployment growing. Unemployment had brought Hitler; more unemployment would bring evil again. So "*Schluss mit* dismantling"; let Germans work.

This Invisible Social Capital of experience, skill and know-how, this atavistic yearning to trudge to a job in the morning to exercise the skill, then trudge home unbothered by politics in the evening, under-

lay the *Bundesrepublik* Germany that was being born—a politically inert Germany. Of all the clichés of world politics, the cliché that Germans like to work seems to hold most true. In Germany, I learned that on holidays miners wore their own special uniforms with special buttons, to show their pride in their craft. Other craftsmen, from steelworkers to brass founders, also had special garb or insignia, which came down, perhaps, from the Middle Ages. The fact that these Germans had been, since the time of Tacitus and Caesar, the world's most savage and sometimes most stupid warriors, I also knew. But now they were spiritually burned out; and out of these people with a lust to work and a desire to forget their past, Adenauer netted the working majority, which stretched the thin film of civilized government authorized by the "provisional" constitution of Bonn.

My returning trips to Germany, at spring and autumn intervals, were like cinematic speed-up frames—as if I were seeing villages growing again on the sides of a volcano that had erupted and spewed out destruction over an entire continent. I did not enjoy seeing the Germans thrive, but being caught up in the American purpose, I could agree with the logic of it. We had not set out to make a powerful Germany again; we were letting Germany thrive just as we were letting the British wither, not out of policy but because in the field of American force these things had to happen. To have exercised control of British or German affairs more aggressively would have made us, truly, into imperialists.

I could mark the wave of German resurgence creeping higher and higher at each visit to Germany, but 1950 marked a forward surge that was also a turning. The Korean War, which so widened the split between the Americans, on the one hand, and the British and French, on the other, had made us, suddenly, eye West Germans as allies. In the old days, whenever Lucius Clay had summoned, the aging Adenauer had docilely journeyed from Bonn to American headquarters in Frankfurt to bow his head and nod acquiescence. When I had passed through in 1949, a single telephone call from the American mission had delivered Adenauer to me for an immediate interview. By 1950, with the new "Constitution" in effect, there was no longer an American occupying general, and Clay had been replaced by an American high commissioner, who, like the French and British high commissioners, must journey to Bonn to see Chancellor Adenauer. Adenauer would see them one by one, when he chose, at his eighteenth-century baroque Palais Schaumberg in Bonn. But the West needed Germany by 1950—it needed German soldiers, German ar-

mies, German steel. The Korean War had made rearmament necessary; the Germans were there to be recruited; and Adenauer made the most of the leverage the Communist war in Asia provided.

By 1951 the war in Asia had so reshaped history in Europe that the following charade regularly took place in Bonn: The three uniformed members of the Allied Military Security Board would meet informally in the morning at the Petersberger Hof, across the Rhine from Bonn, with two former German generals, now civilians—Hans Speidel and Adolf Heusinger. The five would discuss the creation of a new German army to help the one-time Western enemies of Germany defend it against its present Eastern or Communist enemies. Then, quite conscious of the irony involved, the same three Allied generals would cross the Rhine to meet in the afternoon as the Military Security Board, without Germans, to discuss the demilitarization of Germany, as required of them by their postwar compact to keep Germany forever disarmed.

Adenauer presided over this charade, and the historic shift. But it was very difficult to work up emotion about Adenauer or make American editors interested in stories about him. Except for Jean Monnet, he was certainly the shrewdest of postwar European statesmen—but more inscrutable than any Oriental. Adenauer was uninterested in fine art, books, culture or women. Questions of economics he left to his pudgy economics minister, Dr. Ludwig Erhard. Erhard could explain the German "miracle"—which was the spectacle of the defeated Germans overtaking their conquerors' standards of living month by month, year by year. Adenauer was interested only in politics, and Adenauer's miracle was greater and more difficult to describe than any other. Erhard had only to persuade Adenauer to do what was right for the German economy. But Adenauer had the task of persuading Germany's conquerors to do what was right for Germany.

Adenauer was a curious man to have been so great, and I puzzled at him each time I came to Germany. Hitler had been a fanatic, a killer. Adenauer was at heart an *Oberbürgermeister*. Adenauer would send police to pursue and punish pornographers, but no honest or decent person would be hurt by Konrad Adenauer. Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, would have looked down on Adenauer. Bismarck actually enjoyed using armies; Adenauer did not, for he was not a Prussian of the goose-stepping tradition. He was a Rhinelander, which meant he did not cheer for German generals though he liked the bands, the lively music and the splashy colors of standards on parades. Adenauer's

miracle, I finally decided, was a miracle of gravity and guile that rested on his sense of time, place, strength and the relationship of forces. With these qualities he achieved more than all German warriors had achieved in a century—persuading Germany's enemies of yesterday, American, British and French, not only to set Germany free to compete with their economies, but also to provide troops, planes and guns to defend Germany against Russia, and to pay for all this to boot.

Adenauer could not have achieved all this, of course, without the relentless public malice of Joseph Stalin, who frightened the world. Nor could he have achieved what he did without the cleaving stroke of Communist armies in Korea, which made America seek allies anywhere, of any kind. But he knew how to use his opportunities. There was this contradictory quality of open stealth about his leadership of a renascent Germany—as if he knew it was wisest not to rub awareness of Germany's resurgence into its erstwhile enemies' minds.

Adenauer had led Germany out from under military occupation, in September 1949, by agreeing to something called an occupation statute, which converted the military governors into Allied high commissioners. Within three years, he had wriggled loose from the high commissioners, also. One day in May of 1952 in Bonn he signed a mound of papers which celebrated the "Contractual Arrangements"; the next day in Paris, at the Salon de l'Horloge, he signed a fatter mound, outlining the so-called European Defense Community. These papers effectively deprived me of the great Settlement of Peace which I had so long hoped to report. What the Contractual Arrangements were has long since been forgotten; they reduced the Allied high commissioners in Germany to ordinary ambassadors. The story of the European Defense Community, which was never to come about, follows later.

But I recall the scene in the Salon de l'Horloge, with its lovely gilt-and-cream décor, the great men all assembled before the fireplace under the clock, the Seine flowing by outside the Quai d'Orsay. Photographers, of course, swarmed over the ceremony to record its importance permanently. But it was sparsely attended. The price of Germany's full and free equality in the Western world had been to sign away command of its proposed new army to the proposed new European Defense Community. Adenauer, the old fox, was perfectly willing to sign this document which would never come to govern or embrace anything—and Germany would have an army to bargain with. When the cameras turned away from him to the dazzling Dean

Acheson, to Anthony Eden and the French and other foreign ministers, I watched the old man as he slowly, surreptitiously, turned over one by one the sheets of the treaty he was about to sign. He was peeking like a schoolboy, yet he was smiling, one of Adenauer's rare smiles, smiling to himself. It was the closest any German statesman in a hundred years had come to a lasting peace, and ended the most terrible of all its modern wars.

To see Adenauer in Paris was, of course, an occasion. Adenauer was a man whom I observed on my rounds in Germany. But Paris was where I lived, and I loved France.

Yet Germany always made a good story and France did not. It was so much harder to report France and French politics than Germany—not because nothing was happening but because so much was. In Germany, for years, there was only one story: Would the beast, Kurt Schumacher's *"innerer Schweinhund,"* rise again? In France there were so many stories. But what was happening was going on under the surface, a series of contrary stresses which only now and then cracked open with strain to produce fragmentary news stories.

Central to this strain was our American Presence. And from 1950 on, with the Asian war aflare again, as events urged our diplomacy ever closer to the Germans, the same events embittered and exacerbated our relations with the French, who only two years earlier had been our favorite allies.

One could not blame the editors back home for the way they assigned space to French affairs. Only in France were so many things happening at once, so many waves overlapping, cross-ripping, chopping in the tide that one could not tell where the current was truly moving. At least five massive historic movements cut through Paris at the same time. Simple French recovery, first. But then, also: the final abandonment of any Western hope of a general settlement with the Russians; the search for a settlement with the Germans; the genesis of a European union under French inspiration and leadership; and the slow decay of France's war in Vietnam, coupled with the French effort to get Americans involved in that war.

By the laws of their being, journalists hunt where space on the front page invites them, trying to flush out of the tumbling of affairs an understandable, disposable event which may persuade a competitive editor or TV producer to yield daily space or time. In the early days, the Vietnam story, ultimately the most important to Americans, was smothered in unpronounceable place names and unrecognizable

personalities. The story of European union seemed too visionary and hopeful to warrant more attention than the United World Federalists. Thus, then, a reporter was left with the superficial stories of stress, when strains surfaced in the French cabinets and French "governments" rose and then "fell." The "fall" of a French government could be made to sound like Jefferson Davis fleeing Richmond, or Napoleon fleeing Paris as Marshal Blücher closed in. The two words "collapse" and "government," when combined, can make journalism sound like history and push its way onto the front pages. By 1950, I had learned how to do that, was not very proud of the trick, but had learned a great deal about the nature of government in general, of what was flowing in Paris specifically—and of the stress and support we Americans by our very presence were contributing, whether we wished or not, to the rustling passage of French governments.

My experience was illustrative. When I came to France in June 1948, a government "crisis" impended—the fall of the first government of Robert Schuman (later called Schuman I, as in de Gaulle II and Ramadier III). Schuman's successors, the Marie government, would be the tenth government of France since liberation! And before snow fell that year, there would be two more changes of government, one government lasting only a week. After that, I lost count, and by the time I left France in the fall of 1953, I could almost automatically type the story beginning: "The twenty-second government of France since liberation fell last night as the National Assembly balked at . . ." and then continue as I filled out the routine paragraphs giving the reasons and the Assembly vote count as if I were filling in a multiple-choice question-and-answer test.

I discovered that reporting the fall of a French "government" was a minor art of political journalism—much like covering an American Presidential primary in later days. It was work for journalistic needlepoint men and folklorists; few important correspondents stooped to the drudgery of such detail work as engaged me and which I so thoroughly enjoyed.

One could almost smell a "crisis" brewing in the Palais Bourbon, where the French Assembly met. Journalists and deputies normally mingled and buttonholed each other in the imposing marble-paved lobby of the Salle des Pas Perdus; but forty-eight hours before a government fell, old contacts would become sullen or elusive. Those reporters who specialized in "crises" recognized early that several long nights would be coming, and we usually so informed our wives, for a crisis was the occupational hazard of a Paris journalist's social life; for

me, in the beginning, each crisis held out the false hope of a really great story. Only after a great many did I realize their connection to futility.

A "crisis" was usually formally signaled by a National Assembly vote of no confidence. The vote would clack in over the tickers if one was at the office; but if one had sweated it all out at the Palais Bourbon, one could have heard the *huissier* with the shiny chains on his breastplate announce the result of the critical vote that tumbled a government from the rostrum. By the time the vote was announced, the outgoing Prime Minister would already be on his way home to the lovely Left Bank beige-colored mansion of Matignon, the living and working quarters of French Prime Ministers. Journalists in taxis would chase after him. The doomed Prime Minister would closet himself with the loyalists of his just-smitten cabinet, and we would wait in the walled courtyard for the ritual statement: did the fallen Prime Minister intend to rise and fight again, or would he accept fate? Usually, he accepted fate in a few hours; emerged; made his gloomy statement from the fan-tiered steps of the threshold, and took off for the Élysée mansion, across the Seine on the Right Bank. Again we would chase him in taxis. There, at the Élysée, he must hand his resignation, as chief of government, to the President, as chief of state. Then we would all sit on the same kind of fan-tiered stairs, badgering with questions incoming and outgoing candidates for the next premiership, then gossiping among ourselves, as we skipped pebbles across the courtyard while the moon rose, the moon fell, dawn came and the night passed.

Some of those long nights, particularly that first balmy summer and fall of 1948, are among the most professionally pleasant and nostalgia-evoking of my memories; they are part of that indefinably important attendance on large events which reporters call "hanging around." Most of the French correspondents assigned to such lowly duty were veteran political reporters, but they accepted the three or four American/British reporters who joined them on such vigils as comrades. In the morning, their papers and editors would all thunder and denounce each other as well as the fallen government; but the controversies did not affect the reporters, who had become friends on many such long nights. It was a good camaraderie, but since men assigned to such duty lacked polemic or political passion, none ever advanced to the star level of French reporting.

Over the years I learned how futile it was to cover each French

cabinet "crisis" in person—as "futile" as I later learned it was to cover every American Presidential primary. But from the "hanging around" at French cabinet crises I learned to distinguish between "state" and "system," as later, in American primaries, I learned to distinguish between "party" and "people."

For example: France was a republic, as in the phrase *"Vive la République!"* To defend that republic millions of Frenchmen had died. But when "republic" was modified by a phrase, as in "the Fourth Republic," which I was reporting, it became simply another form of state with which the French system of republican freedom had been experimenting for two centuries. Underlying freedoms were never in danger all the while I was in France because the Fourth Republic was a state designed to preserve the system Frenchmen loved. But the Fourth Republic could not move this system in any historic direction because that would have hurt or cost some group or another more than it thought it should yield. Thus what all would proclaim as a government "crisis" was simply a falling out of several parties in a cabinet which, temporarily, had squabbled over the share-out the state must give their clients.

A French cabinet was thus a housekeeping group. When it fell out, the governing executive majority temporarily dissolved, and its members changed seats and responsibilities. Those of us who watched from the Salle des Pas Perdus, or from the courtyards, cynically regarded all the figures of the Fourth Republic as political comics. The characters who huffed, puffed, trotted, sauntered, stalked, marched, smiled, scowled, at their entries to and exits from the governing mansions in crisis wore always the same familiar faces. But as I watched them come and go, it slowly became clear that all these faces were members of the same company: a Schuman, a Pleven, a Mayer, a Moch, a Bidault, a Pinay, a Queuille, and other such forgotten names, would usually turn up in the next cabinet as either foreign minister, finance minister, defense minister or prime minister. They were a permanently revolving coalition that could govern, but could not move or lead.

I laughed at the processions in the pebbled courtyards—and now regret that they will not come again. For I knew, and took for granted, that these very ordinary Frenchmen would, in any major crisis, close ranks against Communists to the left or Fascists to the right; that they believed in making consumers happy; in raising old-age pensions; in peace in the streets; and in a security force which defended the liberty of all. Though they lied, cheated, wiretapped, they did not stoop to the

torment or malediction of other Frenchmen; and finally, they supported the American alliance long after it went out of fashion, which was both loyal and brave but not politically smart.

France flourished under the Fourth Republic; but the exaggerated democracy of its politics was too sensitive to stress. All its crises were variations on the same theme: What burdens must the state now accept—and who will pay for them? When the coalition parties could not agree on an answer, then a cabinet fell; and so the answer became, in practice, to give something to everyone, which translated into another shot of inflation. Anything at all might bring a French cabinet down. In the crab bucket of French problems—the future of Germany or the price of meat, the war in Vietnam or the cost of electricity, the Communist menace or the wages of civil servants—all clawed and pinched and tore at each other. We, as Americans, held the lid on the crab bucket from on top; domestic politics heated the bucket from below. Inside the bucket, French premiers did their best to govern. But the scratchings and clawings did not lend themselves to front-page stories.

There was another way of reporting French politics, which was to try and get to know its leading personalities—by the time-honored device of the "inner few." The press device of the "inner few" was not necessarily more effective than the press practice of "hanging around," for "hanging around" at a public crisis transmitted best the sense of directional paralysis which afflicted the Fourth Republic. But the device of the "inner few" could provoke great statesmen and public figures to try and formulate themselves to the American public. In every capital I have ever worked, from Chungking to London to Washington to Paris, there has always been a select group of American newsmen who presented themselves as surrogates of the entire American people, and demanded that men of state explain themselves—off the record. Press conferences are for the record and for everybody. But the "inner few" device is for trying to draw perspectives which the principals may deny, but which may guide the reporters' writings. The best "inner few" gathering of reporters I can remember was ours in Paris. It had its *New York Times* man, Harold Callender; its CBS man, David Schoenbrun; its Time Incorporated man, Frank White; its *U.S. News & World Report* man, Robert Kleiman; and several lesser personalities, all presided over by the dean of the Paris press corps, Preston Grover of the Associated Press. *Newsweek*, NBC and the Washington *Post* were, in those years, still outsiders.

Through this group, which for five years made a practice of

inviting Europe's key statesmen to dinner, filtered much of the politics of Europe as our guests wished them to be reported to the American public. Our first evening guest was Paul Reynaud, the ex-premier of France. Reynaud wanted us to come to a showdown with Russia immediately; *"Pistolets sur la table, messieurs!"* was the message Reynaud felt we must pass to our people to pass to the American government to pass on to the Russians. He appalled us. A much larger guest was Sir Edmund Hall-Patch, whose plea for an Anglo-American union stirred our emotions, as I have said, all the way to the threshold of agreement. But chiefly, our guests were French premiers or foreign ministers, and by their procession through our closed dinners one could gauge what was pushing French governments in what directions, and how large a factor the American presence was in their thinking.

The finest evening for metaphor was early in 1952, when René Pleven, then premier of France, came to dinner in the home of CBS correspondent David Schoenbrun. On this occasion what lay on Pleven's political platter as Prime Minister of France were, first, the price of meat, which was rising, and, second, the proposed treaty of European defense, which required France to merge and marry its troops with a reborn German Army. Either matter could tear the coalition apart once more. Pleven had not only to hold his Assembly majority stable on meat prices (should the farmers be subsidized?) but also to deliver it intact to support this treaty proposal (which ultimately never passed) because it was part of the American grand design and Americans insisted on it. Caught between American pressure and the popular lust for cheap beef, Pleven gave us the metaphor of the chase as the metaphor of leadership in the Fourth Republic. He, the Prime Minister, played the fox. "Ah," said Pleven, assuring us, Americans, that the treaty would pass, "if I let the treaty come to vote now, I would lose. The deputies this week are interested only in the meat price. But they will not catch me. No, they will not! For I am like the fox. They may chase me in the hill, and they may chase me in the brush, but they will never catch me in the open. They will not catch me with a vote on Germany until the meat price goes down, and then I choose the time to vote. Then, after the meat vote, will come the vote on Germany . . . no vote on Germany until after the meat, and I will choose the time to vote. . . ."

Pleven's problems were the kind that crabbed and clustered toward the end of the Fourth Republic. Pleven's was a good stewardship, but the stress was by then growing, and the French state could

not sustain the contrary stresses at home and abroad. One of the last of our memorable visitors was the then relatively unknown Pierre Mendès-France, whose political star rose in measure as the war in Vietnam worsened. Mendès-France provided the epitaph for the Fourth Republic in the title of his book *Gouverner, C'est Choisir*—"To Govern Is to Choose." Mendès-France had not yet been premier in any of the governing coalitions when he came to visit with us in 1953, so he was unsoiled by compromise. He meant flatly, and said so without mincing, to abandon Vietnam, even if it meant breaking with the United States. To ourselves he pleaded simply, and I recall his phrase, *"Aidez-nous à décrocher,"* which means "Get us off the hook." To me that sounded preposterous at the time, but a year later Mendès-France *was* premier; he *had* abandoned Vietnam; and at Geneva in 1954 he somehow persuaded John Foster Dulles not only to help France off the hook but to substitute the United States.

But I get ahead of the story. History is always full of the overlapping of events and ideas, and 1950 was a vintage year. If the Korean War seems now the largest event of that year, that is because it was hot war; it brought America back to the mainland of Asia; it saw the first American arms and advisers arrive in Saigon; it reversed American policy in Europe; it urged Japan to revive her industries. Yet it may be that history will record that another, greater departure overlapped war in 1950—the first revival of an old vision, the vision of a United Europe, an idea placed on the agenda of world politics six weeks before the invasion of Korea.

Who conceived that Communist attack in Asia remains a mystery. But there is no mystery at all about who conceived the idea of a Europe united; that was Jean Monnet. Monnet was one of only two major Frenchmen who refused to talk with our "inner few," the other being Charles de Gaulle. Monnet was a personality as large and as seductive of my thinking as had been Chou En-lai. He had been a businessman, like Paul Hoffman, and was now a dreamer. Monnet's dream was in the next two or three years to change the politics of Europe.

I would like to pause at the personality of Jean Monnet not because of the magnitude of the personality, nor because he, ultimately, was the man who provided, in his dream of Europe, the grand settlement for which I was looking—the substitute for the peace treaty—but simply because he introduced me to a craft which I have since come to consider the most important in the world.

This peculiar craft can be called the brokerage of ideas. Monnet was a businessman by origin, cool, calculating, caustic; but he did love ideas, and he could sell ideas to almost anyone except Charles de Gaulle, his great historic rival, and the succession of British Prime Ministers who followed Winston Churchill. Ideas were his private form of sport—threading an idea into the slipstream of politics, then into government, then into history. When he talked of how and where you plant ideas, he talked not like an intellectual but like a good gardener inserting slip cuttings into old stock. He coaxed people in government to think, and enjoyed the coaxing process almost as much as the coopering of the ideas themselves. There were at that time few counterparts to Monnet in other countries; I had to invent the phrase "idea broker" about Monnet in 1950. Later, I used that phrase about certain Americans; I changed it subsequently to "delegate broker"; and then finally to "power broker," a phrase which passed into some general usage.

The Monnet whom I met first in 1948 already had a prodigious reputation as a planner. There were so many Monnet Plans that he sounded like a fraud—or a huge American management consultant company. But he was one man alone. He had devised a Monnet Plan for pooling French and British war purchases in Canada and America as far back as World War I. He had devised a scheme for reorganizing the Rumanian currency in the early twenties. He had devised a scheme for reorganizing all Chinese railways and their financial system in the early thirties. He had managed to break through the Washington bureaucracy just before we entered World War II to sell Franklin Roosevelt on the idea of an effective War Planning Board.

All this was of record, and I expected a perfunctory meeting when in the summer of 1948 I first met this little man, known for his abrupt manners, tart tongue, sharp mind. The French plan for postwar reconstruction was also called the Monnet Plan, and all I sought was a quick interview, which would give me a handful of quotes to feather my reporting. The man who met me at his office at Rue Martignac was a full-chested, round-faced, acid Frenchman with a needle-pointed nose. He had the reputation of either cutting reporters off with one stroke, or else enthralling them with anecdotes and ideas to make a point. I was admitted as an unknown; within ten minutes he suggested we sit by the fireplace in his office; and within another hour he had captured me as completely as had Chou En-lai.

I came to know him much better over the five years that followed. His reminiscences were at once homely and historic: of his

old mother, Madame Monnet of Monnet Cognac, bustling around cooking for the entire family until she could no longer walk; of being sent as a youngster to Hudson's Bay in the cold Canadian winter in an ankle-length raccoon coat to sell Monnet cognac to the fur trappers; of his courtship of his beautiful wife, Sylvia, whom he had persuaded to leave her first, Italian, husband and marry him—in Moscow. He could sprinkle any conversation with the stardust of names, from Lloyd George to Clemenceau, from T. V. Soong to Dwight Eisenhower. But he would reminisce only when totally relaxed. Otherwise he was tart and to the point, peremptory and questioning.

I learned much from Monnet's questionings. After each major trip I made out of Paris I would visit him, and he would suck me dry of observations. He had an irritating habit of abruptly presenting a critically important question; you would open your mouth to answer; he would snap, "Don't explain. Just answer yes or no. We both know your reasoning either way. I just want to see how you add things up." He loved maps, and was at his most eloquent talking in front of a map. He was both warm-hearted and cold-blooded. I remember once talking with him about several problems of European unity, and the need of a particular decision. "Right," said Monnet. "*Exacte!* But *dites-moi,* on whose table should I pound to get the decision?" Monnet was convinced that ideas marched into politics only by reaching key people; his job was to find those people and use them, to pass the proper proposals through the proper offices over the proper tables to get the effects he wanted.

The Monnet Plan for postwar French reconstruction was a marvelous demonstration of Monnet's mind at work. His operation was understaffed, with less than fifty people tucked away in a quiet corner of Rue Martignac. As much detail as possible was exported to other French ministries, bureaucracies or industries. Monnet himself hated to read long, detailed explanatory papers. He would have his young men stay up nights absorbing details from papers, then summon them to brief him.

He wanted only the essence of what they accumulated. But the governing idea of the national Plan was his and could be compressed simply: that if a freely elected government makes a simple plan clear, free people can imaginatively adjust to it. Businessmen could plan investments, working people could plan savings, shopkeepers plan inventories and farmers plan their fields. The Russian kind of state planning was an abomination to Monnet—dictated, policed, compelled down to every crevice and crack, even the shoe-repair shop. A

democratic plan, Monnet held, set out the large goals—and then freed anyone under its roof to do his own, or his corporation's, or his school's, or his family's future planning, projected against the plan targets set out by the state. By 1949, Monnet's planning was so obviously superior to the thin-lipped planning of British Socialists, to whom planning and regulation was a religion, that even the most dedicated free-enterprisers in Washington recognized that this businessman turned dreamer, turned planner, was the most imposing, though officeless, leader in his country.

Monnet's prestige in French politics was akin to that of George Marshall in American politics. He was not only thought to be virtuous, he *was* virtuous; he was not only thought to be wise, he *was* wise; he belonged to no political party, yet enjoyed the confidence of all except the Communists. Thus only he had the temerity and prestige to present to both American and French governments the plan that would give flesh to an idea which, ultimately, both would have to accept as the substitute for a grand settlement of peace.

The idea was the idea of Europe—an old idea, but this time clothed with a plan. Visionaries had dreamed of a United Europe since Caesar and Charlemagne. Napoleon and Hitler had more recently tried to unite Europe by killing. But Monnet was the man who saw the opportunity in modern times, and found a word for it: community. He had lived through two wars of the French and the Germans, seen them kill off his own friends and companions. Then came the spring of 1950, with Europe still struggling, the French still starved for coking coal, without which steel cannot be made, the Germans rich in coking coal, short of iron ore, and pinned down by the rigid controls imposed by the victors on their steel production. It would be good for both Germans and French if someone could "pool" their joint resources and needs, and Monnet's idea was simple. The French would propose that the victors release their clamp on Germany's steel production if Germany freely share its coal resources with France, that a new Coal and Steel Community be created in which not only Frenchmen and Germans, but Italians, Belgians, Netherlanders, Englishmen, would share resources, facilities and markets. It was the beginning of the Common Market and a grand idea, the greatest French contribution to world peace and progress since Napoleon fled Waterloo.

Watching Monnet thread his suggestion through the bureaucrats and foreign ministries of Europe was to take delight in his political art. The idea was called the Schuman Plan, because he had first sold it to Robert Schuman, then French Foreign Minister. Schuman had had a

rendezvous with Secretary of State Acheson in May of 1950; he was shopping for ideas to present to the Americans; Monnet packaged the idea of a coal and steel pool for Schuman as one which would please the Americans—both as an immediate solution for the vexations of Ruhr control in occupied Germany, and as a long step down the road to true peace. Schuman, an old bilingual man of Lorraine, embraced the idea. More importantly, both U.S. Ambassador Bruce in Paris and Secretary of State Acheson in London proved enthusiastic about the idea. The idea, indeed, found full American backing before either the French cabinet or the American cabinet had been informed that a new Europe was to be born and this was the route. Each was persuaded by the enthusiasm of the other; it was a Monnet trick.

Ideas frequently capture control of events and then outrun them, as American politics were to prove in the 1960s and 1970s. But the first demonstration I witnessed of an idea outrunning reality came in that critical year of 1950. Monnet's original idea of a Coal and Steel Community of Western Europe, presented in May 1950, was thoroughly creative and practical at once. Then came the Communist attack in Korea. Then came the stretching of Monnet's concept of an ultimate United Europe to the creation, overnight, of a European army called into being and governed by a European Defense Community (EDC). The idea would not stretch that far; it became an almost insane scheme to have Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Walloons, fighting in one army with trilingual command systems, and contraptions of supply and recruiting which met no idea of common sense. Only on paper did it make sense; but not to common voters or men who had fought as soldiers. Everyone knew that the Communists were a menace to all; but no one quite knew how to bind the new Europe together. A large idea was needed.

I remember that shortly before the politics of the EDC began to reach the voting stage in European parliaments, I went out to visit Monnet at his cottage in the village of Houjarray. I had seen him previously only in his Paris apartment or his offices. In the cottage, under its thatched roof, lived a hoot owl, whose sound Monnet mimicked. The cottage had one large living room, full of career marks: Steuben crystalware from America, Chinese porcelains, Japanese screens, old leather-bound volumes running from *L'Histoire de la Civilisation Arabe* to *La Sainte Bible*. By Monnet's bedside was a book about Franklin Roosevelt; and on the wall of the bedroom hung a black-rimmed portrait of Roosevelt.

By the fireplace, as he scratched his kitten, Pool (named for the

coal and steel pool), Monnet spoke of "us" and "them," and the difficulty of organizing the West against the East, and the prospects for this new Defense Community which he was trying to persuade to reality. Though he was still optimistic, I remember best his last balancing thought: "The central thing about the Russians is this mystery. We have let ourselves be hypnotized by this mystery. . . . We should have a central idea on our side. The old armies can't be made good by adding on increments of conventional arms . . . they have to be reorganized and reshuffled totally. . . . People will only fight for what is inside them and what they believe, and we must give them something to believe."

Monnet could see farther than I could. He knew what was lacking in his own plan for a European Defense Community; and, I believe, grieved little when it was rejected. But I was not yet ready to explore the ideas acting on politics, and so for the next three years I went on writing in conventional terms of the Communist menace, of the new Europe being born that must be defended, and of the American presence, which, at that time, was overpowering.

I had come to Europe believing that a peace was possible. First a historic climax, then a general peace that would shelter a century or half century ahead. I was to leave Europe knowing that no formal peace would come about in our time—but neither would we have war, if we were strong enough and smart enough. We would hover between peace and war all the rest of my time.

It was in 1950 that I was pushed across that divide—and it was the Communists, I know, who pushed me, along with most of the civilized governments of the West.

It is easiest to recapture that general change in political mood by recalling the pinpoint moment when I came to that first recognition.

It came at the moment of the Korean War. There could be no doubt that the Communists had deliberately, clumsily, but with calculation, launched a violent war of conquest. But however stupid their command decision, there should have been somewhere in the world community of Communist opinion a loyal opposition—the counterpart of the intellectual opposition that, while loyal to democracy, questions constantly any action by the world's democracies.

But there was no opposition. I could find none—not even in Paris, where, theoretically, Communists were free to say what they thought, and feared not their state but their party. In exploring the French Communists in 1950 I passed my own divide.

I had come to Europe with a vivid suspicion of the Russians but a substantial suspicion of the State Department as well. I had seen American diplomacy rebuff the Chinese Communists, and make them into enemies; I had seen, or so I thought, America discard the British simply because we disagreed with British Labour's social priorities. I had no particular respect for the Russians or the Communists—their coup in Czechoslovakia had outraged me, their blockade of Berlin alarmed me—but I had no particular hostility to Communists either, until Korea.

Among European Communist specimens, I found the men and women of the "Partisans of Peace" particularly interesting. The World Peace Movement was a classic mélange of party-liners, fellow travelers, headline names; but it also included some of the most graceful and sparkling French intellectuals, and for them Picasso had designed his famous white Dove of Peace. I enjoyed visiting their world headquarters in Paris, testing them, occasionally squeezing out a story. But just two days after the Communist push into Korea I remember losing my temper for the first and only time in an interview—at their headquarters. I was insisting on a statement from the Peace Movement about the North Korean invasion of South Korea. The conversation heated up. They said this was a different kind of war, the war of the peace forces against the imperialist forces; therefore, it was not war, but peace-making. At which point I remember yelling, pounding with my fist on the table, declaring they were neither fools nor liars but madmen, for they did not believe what they were saying, they did not expect me to believe it, and only madmen would say such things.

Then I walked home, feeling very much better for the catharsis of my tantrum, and I realized that for too long the image and friendships of Yenan had hung over me; that these European Communists were not only different, but repulsively different; and that in the old-fashioned journalistic code of "fairness" I had been unfair in not reporting them as they were. I had done my best to explore the hierarchy of European Communists and their thinking; but what the Communists did showed what they thought; talk was useless. Someone had led the Communists to believe that I was an agent of the CIA. When the Communists accused me of this strange identity, I did not deny the charge; it then became easier to see them—but their conversation was so arid, so unreal, so sterile, so factually misleading, that even had I been a CIA agent (which I was not), I would have found the assignment a bore. At that time they were a branch office of Russian policy as much as the IBM office in Paris was a branch of the policy set in New York.

Moreover, as I began to notice, European Communists differed in style from country to country; and French Communists in particular had a style that made me bristle. They believed in the "tough" style; *dur* was a word of praise. The Chinese Communists, whom I had known so well, had never playacted "tough." They were, when it came to chill killing, as tough as the toughest ever. But their manners could be charming and their conversation most civilized. Italian Communists were also civilized. But French and Iron Curtain Communists were repulsive at almost every level and in all their recognizable sects. There were, in every country I visited, the Communist intellectuals who repaid the valet service of Communist publicity with unqualified party loyalty; then the bureaucrats of the apparatus, draymen, diligent, as persistent and dependent on the *apparat* for a living as a career clerk at Sears, Roebuck; and at the base, working-class people, mostly union men and women, who struggled for a living and believed in the dream of brotherhood and equality that the Communists peddled. The Communists had inherited the dream franchise.

Most of these types I had met, in less developed form, in America at one time or another. But in Europe, where Communism had matured, I met a new type: the Communist as thug. These last bothered me most. I, who had known only Chinese Communists, was appalled by how easily young European Communists could be persuaded to slug for truth.

The quality of thuggery varied at the point where one met it; unlike street thugs, who cripple out of random psychopathia, Communist thugs are always directed and, thus, coldly reflect policy.

There was, for example, the simple animal thuggery of young Red Army troops whom I saw briefly in 1949 on their weekly visit in Berlin to the monument to the Red Army dead, which lay about a quarter of a mile west of the Brandenburg Gate. On their treaty-permitted visits to lay wreaths on the monument to their fallen comrades, the young Red Army men simply kicked, shoved and slugged people in their way, including American correspondents. There was also the purposeful thuggery of Communist union leaders. For example, when I went out to cover a strike at the Renault works and managed to cajole a few auto workers into having a drink with me, I was suddenly threatened with a beating by union stewards (Communist) unless I got the hell out of there. That was directed thuggery, as in the American Teamsters Union or the old ILA. But there was also senseless thuggery. One afternoon, much later, in 1952, when the cold war was truly hot, I was reporting a Communist

demonstration on the Champs Élysées. The Communists had threatened to tie up all Paris as a protest against General Matthew Ridgway's arrival to assume command of NATO. A traffic jam, at rush hour, on the Champs Élysées would be a useful artifice of demonstration, so the Communists did tie up traffic. I watched as several young men ran down the line of stalled cars. Most of the drivers had their windows down. And the young Communist toughs would reach into the open windows and slug or slap the faces of the trapped drivers. But by that time, in 1952, I had become so reflexively anti-Communist that nothing could ever push me back to neutrality.

I regretted what was happening to me, but could not escape it. In Korea, there was no doubt that the Communists had attacked. In Europe, there was no doubt that we were no longer protected by the bomb; since the Russians also had a bomb, we were at the wrong end of a military balance. The direction of my reporting changed. Like so many who had hoped for so much from the Marshall Plan, I had been full of anticipations in 1950—anticipation for what Monnet's European Coal and Steel Community might become, anticipation for what Milton Katz, who had just replaced Harriman as field chief of the Plan, might do; for what sense David Bruce, who had recently become Ambassador to France, might bring to the Vietnam War; and then the hopes were over, killed by a single Communist stroke in June.

So I was off, for the next three years, watching the story of the Marshall Plan sliding somehow into another story, called NATO.

NATO—the North Atlantic Treaty Organization—was the military alliance of the same free European civilization the Marshall Plan was trying to make thrive by aid and trade. But the American NATO effort I would henceforth report would be an effort to add standby armies for a war that only this effort could forestall. The great peace settlement would never become the story at the end of the road because it was being worked out wordlessly, bit by bit, by American and Russian soldiers who dug ditches at night and tank traps by day, and strung barbed wire along both sides of the Thuringian ridges. There they faced each other in central Germany, immobile because on neither side surged the suicidal impulse of overt military conquest and push.

I approved of NATO, supported it wholeheartedly, and applauded what we were doing. But being a military or defense correspondent was in no way as exciting as being a war correspondent. A war correspondent reports combat, and practices a form of journalism that

most closely resembles sportswriting, full of personalities, dash and heroism. A military correspondent, however, must be a technical expert, able to recognize instantly what tactical changes the enemy may adopt from a glimpse of his new 135-mm gun, able to spot a new type of fighter plane in a ceremonial fly-by. A war correspondent can watch actual tanks moving across the fields through banana groves or hedgerows; a military correspondent must take his story out of flip charts turned too swiftly in the briefing room for him to absorb. I had been a good war correspondent in China because I was of the right age to move with troops; but I was now in my mid thirties, when I could make friends with generals, who are less interesting as stories. Thus, for the next three years, enjoying Europe more every year but finding the story more technical, I followed the story of NATO defense.

The story of NATO's efforts is dramatic only if drastically shortened. When, in 1948, the Russians threatened Western Europe with the Berlin blockade, only the atomic bomb held them off and only the American airlift balanced their ground encirclement. The United States had, by 1948, dismantled the American armies around the world. At the time of the Berlin blockade, the United States Army mustered on the line in Europe just one division, the First Infantry or the Big Red One; plus other scattered units of the American constabulary, not remotely of divisional strength, engaged in hunting down Nazis and imagined German insurrectionaries. Robert Lovett, later Secretary of Defense, said that all the Russians needed to march to the English Channel was shoes.

When, in 1949, the United States, as the leader of the West, called upon the European allies for a first estimate of what they would need in response to a Russian threat, the various national and regional staffs added up their fears area by area, region by region, as if the Russians could hit everywhere in full strength at the same time, and estimated that the United States must equip and field a full 406 Allied divisions to offset the Russians in combat! The real crisis, when it came in 1950, blew such hysteria away almost overnight and replaced it in Paris with a planning command headed by Dwight D. Eisenhower that set as target a ninety-six-division Allied force to be ready in Western Europe and the Mediterranean by 1954; and by spring of 1952, so well had NATO functioned that not even the ninety-six were necessary. By 1952, twenty-one to twenty-three divisions of Allied troops manned the line of the Thuringian ridges, and these far outweighed the Russians of the Red Army in numbers, skills and metals. By then, too, NATO was functional: it had some seventy operational or alternative

air bases that could menace the Russians from Norway to Turkey; it had signals, lines of communication and naval coordination; it had backup, timetabled reserves. The story of this superb force of 1952, now totally obsolete, was a story I might have written better, but wrote as well as I could; and from that story I learned much about the relations between civil and military in a democracy.

I learned, for example, that all public military numbers must always be suspect, whether body-count figures or divisional figures. I learned in Europe that to count "divisions," either enemy or friendly, was to count beer cans without knowing whether they were full or empty. If indeed we had, as we did in 1952, twenty-one to twenty-three "divisions" ready to fight on the line in Western Europe, one could not include in that figure, say, the backup French Sixth Division, stationed in Paris; that division was of a quality that could be wiped out in a day, even by the New York National Guard. On the other hand, the British Army of the Rhine was probably the equivalent in impact power to all the other Allies combined, except for the Americans. And then, among the Americans, the Big Red One, commanded by General C. T. Lanham, was listed as a single division but possessed what was probably the firepower of a full corps in World War II. I learned, too, the historic necessity of waste—for the most effective military expenditure a nation can make is to equip a force that is never used. The B-47 strike force, all the planes, the early atomic warheads, the artillery and the tanks of the spectacular force created in the emergency of 1950-1954, are now rusted away or entirely obsolete, a phantom army that never went to war. The billions spent on these arms were, in balance-sheet accounting, entirely wasted; yet in a political sense, never was money better spent. The armies of NATO, purchased by the United States and manned by the United States and its allies, bought Europe the longest-lasting internal peace since the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. The peace these armies bought lasted from 1950 to 1978, twenty-eight years stretching on until today—and may yet continue from one generation to a second.

But the settlement, the Grand Settlement I had been unconsciously seeking, was never to be more than the old military line on the map which the Allies and the Russians had provisionally agreed on in the first weeks of the long truce in 1945. Where the Red Army had come it meant to stay; and the lines to which the U.S. Army had been withdrawn that spring it meant to hold. If there was to be any change in this settlement, it would come not from any initiative here in Europe, not even from that of Jean Monnet, but from what was going

on somewhere else. Europe had ceased to control history; it was a "reaction" story and would remain so for thirty years. What the French, British or German governments were to do would be because of what someone else did: Chinese, Russians—above all, Americans.

I do not know precisely when it came to me during 1952, or why, that I would be going home to America—any more than I can say when it came to me in 1949 that I was never going on again to China, where I had longed to be.

There must have been the same mixture of the personal and the professional in the decision to return home as when I had decided that Europe was a more seductive story than China and I would stay there. The professional part of the decision to move homeward must certainly have come from watching the parade of famous Americans pass through Paris and Germany. Here in Europe they bestrode the stage of their assignments like giants, larger than men. Here in Europe they were the American power presence in the flesh; yet always, if one came to know them well, one found them hesitant, uncertain, unsure—not of this outer world, but of that base back home from which their power came. And of the long parade of movers and shakers that began with Harriman, Clay, Hoffman and Bruce, there were two who, pre-eminently, symbolized for me the American of power abroad—and who gradually made me realize that the drama to be worked out in the next twenty years lay on the home side rather than the far side of the Atlantic.

These were Dean Acheson and Dwight D. Eisenhower.

I knew their power descended from politics, just as did that of Europeans. But powerful Europeans, except for Jean Monnet, were part of the political process, involved in it. These two Americans were, however, derivative of politics. The power they exercised was so real as to make all Europe tremble, but they personally were so vulnerable that the power they exercised could be taken from them as easily as it had been given. American politics apparently were different, and somehow these two could stand for what was leading me home to explore American politics professionally.

There was Acheson first.

If any man offered himself as personal silhouette of American supremacy in the postwar world, it was Dean Acheson, Secretary of State. He stood very tall, physically, over the short and stocky European statesmen he dealt with; with his bushy mustache and British guardsman bearing, he looked altogether as a British viceroy of

India might have looked preparing for a durbar. But not only did he dominate physically; he dominated intellectually, in eloquence, in humor and in leadership quality. I watched him at his first major testing in 1949, the Pink Palace negotiations in Paris following the Berlin blockade. Acheson conducted the negotiations almost with a swagger, dragging along the timorous French under Robert Schuman, rousing the admiration of Britain's table-thumping Ernest Bevin, frightening with his brinkmanship the then mild-mannered John Foster Dulles of the American delegation—and backing the surly Vishinsky into a no-exit corner by relentless obduracy and mockery.

I remember Acheson best at this first crisis not only for the quality of his triumph—the Russians had yielded on the blockade with no counterpart concession from our side—but for his sense of humor. Most Secretaries of State are more candid and forthcoming overseas than in Washington, and the morning after his triumph Acheson decided he would brief a small group of American newsmen on what had happened. His purpose, I rather think now, was not to crow over the victory he had just won, as he had every right to do, but to play it down so as not to humiliate the Russians. As we gathered around him in a parlor in the embassy, he told us first the details and then a Sambo story. Acheson was a man as devoid of prejudice as Martin Luther King, Jr., himself, and the story was innocent, but it is the last time I can recall an important man of public affairs telling such a story. We asked him how he would summarize the weekend deal with Vishinsky on lifting the blockade, and he said it reminded him of the story of Sam and the plantation manager. The plantation manager came riding round the day before Christmas and tossed Sam a bottle of whiskey; then came back a few days later and asked Sam how he'd liked that whiskey. To which Sam replied, "Well, jes' about right, boss, jes' about right." What did Sam mean by "jes' about right," asked the boss. To which Sam said, "Well, boss, I figure if that whiskey was any better you wouldn't have given it to me; and if it was any worse it would have killed me." That described his deal with the Russians, said Acheson—any deal with the Russians. You couldn't get any better from them, and any worse terms would have killed us, either in Europe or in Congress.

At the height of his prestige and power abroad, Acheson had no counterpart. He was like the sun god or a Benjamin Franklin with thunderbolts. He came through for a moment of celebration at the end of May 1952 to witness and seal the treaties that were supposed to bind Germany and France in one army, the capstone of the "grand design"

some outsiders attributed to American policy. Few foreign ministers have the right to summon any other nation's cabinet to a hearing. But Acheson one morning that week entertained what was, in effect, an executive committee of the French cabinet, and asked Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, to come along to be instructed also. And then that day came to lunch with our group of correspondents in his finest storytelling mood, and presented us with a vignette of the American diplomat among allies.

It was a sunny day, lunch was at my house, Acheson sat at the head of the table, the sun streaming in behind. "Well," he began, "first they played the theme on the oboe, then they played it on the fife; then they let the strings pick it up and then they did it all in harmony." What theme? With great amusement, Acheson explained. The French had just accepted the Germans as co-equals in the army of the European Defense Community about to be formed: all of us had seen the treaty signed at the Salon de l'Horloge. But now, the treaty had to be ratified. And this morning the French cabinet had explained its problem to Acheson: the French Assembly would not accept the Germans as partners in Europe unless the American government accepted partnership with France in the Vietnam War. It was a classic case of French logic which adds up to befuddlement, and Acheson described the ministers of France, at their table, one by one, as they made their case. "It was as if they were telling a story to a child," he said, "each one adding a new line. The Prime Minister starts by saying, 'The pig came down the road to the stile,' and the next one adds, 'Then the goose came down the road to the stile,' and the third one adds, 'After the pig came down the road, then the goose came down the road, and after the goose came the farmer's son. . . .'" Whatever the specific tale Americans heard abroad in those days, it always ended with the same message: America must help. America must exercise its moral authority—and moral authority meant America must send arms, or send money, or both.

Acheson had given his hearing to the French cabinet that day, as if a proconsul were granting audience. Their logic had a certain merit which the future was to bear out—that if they lost Vietnam, they must almost certainly lose North Africa thereafter, and the effect within the Empire would be contagious. Acheson had pressed the French on why they could not reform their empire, which they called the "French Union." He told us he had brought up the case of Tunisia, the most Francophile of the French colonies in North Africa. Could they not make reforms there in good time and soon? asked Acheson. Otherwise

they would someday face the same revolt as in Vietnam. Then, said Acheson to us, "Do you know what they said?" The French had answered they would if they could, but their problem was they had already thrown the friendliest Tunisians, the ones they *could* negotiate with, in jail. And how could you negotiate with people in jail?

Acheson shrugged his shoulders, in that eloquent gesture of his. But no matter what the pressure from France, he continued, we were not going to make common cause with the French in Indo-China. He had repeated to the French that we were already paying one third the cost of their war. That we sympathized with them. But American public opinion simply would not stand for our joining the colonial war in Vietnam. Acheson did not argue either the strategy or the morality of France's war in Vietnam. He was insistent only on the central point: American public opinion would not tolerate a spread of the Korean War to Indo-China. Suddenly, I recognized that public opinion had become sovereign to this man, who had outbraved it so often.

This response of Acheson to American public opinion was strange to me. Here was this elegant spokesman of American power in Paris, visibly afraid of what the senators from Nebraska or Wisconsin might say. Acheson was vulnerable in a way that no European could understand. He had grown more bitter about Congress in each of his visits, and ever more passionate on the subject of Joe McCarthy, and how McCarthy might wreck his carefully thought-out policies. At the end, he would talk in terms of "I" and "them." If he spoke of "I and them," we knew he was talking of Acheson versus Congress. If he used "we and them," we knew he was talking about America versus the Communists. This contrast between his certain power abroad and his uncertainty about his Washington base intrigued me. His power base was Harry Truman's confidence; Truman had won his power from the American voters; so long as Acheson held Truman's confidence he was a great man; if Truman lost power, Acheson lost all leverage on affairs. Thus it was the American voter who was the true power source.

Dwight D. Eisenhower was even more important in leading my thoughts homeward.

Eisenhower had neither the elegance nor the sophistication of Acheson, but he, too, had learned, by 1952, where the source of power was. In America, the source of power ran to the people, and whatever persuaded them to believe and vote. Eisenhower had wielded power in its military form in the war, but had been bewildered and bothered by both Roosevelt and Churchill because they wielded a superior form of

power. Eisenhower had found administration of the Pentagon after the war a bore; had found being president of Columbia University also a bore; had done a first-rate job as Commander in Chief of NATO, but was now, in early 1952, beginning to be bored there, too. At that point in his life, as a world hero, there was no place higher to which any man could appoint him; only the people could vote him up from where he was to the Presidency, which he now coveted. Watching Eisenhower stalk the Presidency taught me the first lesson in watching candidates, in trying to separate the public from the private man.

I had made the mistake so many observers did of considering Ike a simple man, a good straightforward soldier. Yet Ike's mind was not flaccid; and gradually, reporting him as he performed, I found that his mind was tough, his manner deceptive; that the rosy public smile could give way, in private, to furious outbursts of temper; that the tangled, rambling rhetoric of his off-the-cuff remarks could, when he wished, be disciplined by his own pencil into clean, hard prose.

Ike's simplicity was there, all right, but it was an imperative, a decisive simplicity. His job was to see that the ungirt and unarmed NATO powers of 1949 met specific military targets and commitments by 1952. He jotted down the targets in a little hip-pocket notebook: so-and-so many divisions with component units due from the Dutch, the Belgians, the Italians, the French, the British, the Pentagon, on such-and-such a timetable of dates. On inspection in alliance countries he would pull out his little notebook, compare performance to promise, and treat prime ministers, foreign ministers and defense ministers of the lesser countries as if they were corps commanders in his wartime coalition. Foreign leaders who had read only of the benign victor were astounded; but they fell into line so smartly one could almost hear their heels click. They trusted Eisenhower as a general and some, personally, came to have affection for him. They were all politicians, and their collective fear, when he arrived in late 1950, had been that he would give the NATO job a whirl, organize the headquarters, leave the field force half-finished, then spin out of it for a Presidential fling. By 1952, they had changed their minds: the defenses were organized, or at least so well under way that the same prime ministers were individually urging him to drop the NATO command and run for President of his country, a job they felt his countrymen would surely, joyfully, yield him.

It was obvious to all of us reporters that Eisenhower's run for the Presidency was as much the story we had to cover as the defense of Europe. From the fall of 1951, we had begun to report the parade

through Paris of movers and shakers trying to see Eisenhower. Such people are now in Presidential language called "campaign strategists." There was our old friend Paul Hoffman returning for a visit in 1952, telling us about the campaign he was putting together; there were Thomas E. Dewey and Herbert Brownell, purse-lipped; there was Harold Stassen, open to the press as always, hoping the headlines of his visit would amplify his importance. There was Henry Cabot Lodge, so sure of his own Massachusetts Senate seat (which he was to lose to John F. Kennedy that year) that he felt he could spend full time on the Eisenhower campaign. All were lavish with statements, predictions, prognoses. But none could come away with a flat-out quotable commitment from Dwight D. Eisenhower that his hat was in the ring.

Time wore on into the primary season, into his surprise New Hampshire victory, but Eisenhower's position was still obscure. Editors clamored for the story of our Paris candidate. He troubled us. Those of us who, as military correspondents, were accredited to his headquarters at Marly-le-Roi outside Paris were sternly instructed that anyone who brought up politics, or Eisenhower's candidacy, in the general's presence would be forthwith escorted out of the general's presence. Bang. Finally, under the joint persuasion of the most honored of the Paris press corps, Preston Grover of the AP and our friend General C. T. Lanham, Ike yielded. He could not, he said, discuss politics in a U.S. Army headquarters; but he would accept the invitation of our group for a private, off-the-record, all-secret lunch on politics at Grover's home.

He came to our lunch of eight people two days after the March 18 Minnesota primary of 1952; and he was an Eisenhower none of us had ever known in the field, in his office or on maneuvers. He was pink-cheeked as always, but bubbling, expansive, joyful. The Minnesota primary, just over, had been contested by both Senator Robert Taft of Ohio and Stassen, Minnesota's favorite son. And Eisenhower, not listed on the ballot, on a *write-in vote,* had come in second to Stassen with 37.2 percent of the total to Stassen's 44.4 percent on the regular ballot! (Ike's one-time chief, Douglas MacArthur, it should be noted, won only one half of one percent of the vote that day.) Following Eisenhower's New Hampshire victory a week earlier, it was a phenomenal showing, an earthquake. There could no longer be any dodging the reality that Ike was the leading Republican candidate for President of the United States.

His good mood that day was too irrepressible to quench. He had Politicians' Euphoria, a condition I later came to recognize on elec-

tion-night victories—that moment of vulnerability when candidates are at their loosest and most expansive. Ike held a drink in his hand, and teetered back and forth on his heels, and I found myself in a corner encouraging his indiscretion. Von Krupp had just been freed from Allied imprisonment; and since that was the headline of the day, two of us launched him on that subject. This set him off in the raconteurial manner which was his best conversational mode. There was nothing we could do about Krupp now in 1952, said Ike; we had to let Krupp go free; but he didn't like it. If he had to do it over again, he would do it differently. Shoot all the war criminals you're going to shoot right away, then let the rest go free, said Ike. Like the Malmédy massacre of American GI's by Nazi storm troopers. He felt we should have caught, convicted and shot the S.S. killers immediately after victory; all shooting after a war should be done within six months. He did not like the Nuremberg trials, either. But the trials had been Roosevelt's idea. And thus he went from the conquest of Germany to Roosevelt, with anecdote after anecdote about Roosevelt. And as he talked about Roosevelt we edged him closer and closer to what he thought a President should be, while his own admiration for and exasperation with Roosevelt came through. He picked out Roosevelt's vast geographical knowledge as his most extraordinary quality, and then, with irritation, spoke of the difficulty of pinning Roosevelt down to specifics, the stubbornness of Roosevelt, his own inability to get clear instruction from him. When we had Eisenhower going on Roosevelt and the Presidency, with many a marvelous reminiscence, we sat down to lunch and Grover said flatly that since we were forbidden to talk politics at Ike's military headquarters, we were here to talk politics in his, Grover's, home. So—how about it?

At which Eisenhower took over, as if on cue.

Yes, he was glad to talk to us; as friends; off the record; he needed advice; he didn't know what to do; we must be his counsel.

What he wanted most, he said, was to keep the United States Army from being sucked into politics. It's bad for Americans to think of military figures in a political way; and now here he was, a general and a political figure. He made a rather impassioned speech about the vital separation of military from civilian in American life. But there it was. He'd made the mistake, on January 7, of stating he would never run for the Presidency unless there was a "clear-cut call to political duty" from the American people, and he shouldn't have used that phrase "clear-cut call." What was a clear call? he asked rhetorically. Was the New Hampshire primary a clear call? Was the Minnesota

write-in a clear call? Minnesota, said Ike, was "fantastic."

He'd never sought the nomination, not once. Even in 1948, he went on, when the Democratic "bigwigs" told him he could have their nomination on a platter if he wanted it, he'd said no. And all he'd done since was listen. Then, when the Dewey-Duff people had come to him, he'd made no commitment to them, either. All he'd done was to promise them "not to pull the rug out from under them" if they did go to work for his nomination. He couldn't repudiate them now, could he? So now he *was* a candidate in uniform, looking for the honorable thing to do.

He grasped his Eisenhower jacket by the lapels and tugged it. "I can't, I won't drag this uniform through politics. It's been all my life," he said. We must help him; what should he do?

We all knew what he was going to do; but now we had been conscripted as advisers to tell him how to do it. This was turning out to be, as we all recognized, the first press conference of the Eisenhower campaign—yet it was not. He had made us a council of his friends, trusted military correspondents who were on his side. Few sophisticated political reporters today would let themselves be so trapped in confidence and thus barred from breaking a great story; but Eisenhower had more candidate skill than any amateur on a first run I have ever known.

It was a jovial lunch as we fell to at table. Grover, a bachelor, rarely gave his gifted cook an opportunity to prepare the kind of hearty Burgundian meals in which she specialized, so now for the great General Eisenhower she had outdone herself. The wine went round and round, the pasties of ham curls stuffed with goose liver were piled up. I tried to keep notes, not knowing these would be the notes of my first exposure to a Presidential campaign, then gave up, and tried to pin the afternoon in memory.

My notes reflect all the contradictions of impression of anyone who met Eisenhower only occasionally: the mixture of simplicity and astuteness, the beguilement he could cast over any conversation he wanted; the boy-scout sincerity; the shrewdness of manipulation; his understanding of the twisting corridors of government.

If he was going to run, he said—and by now it was so obvious he would that we were all practically marching into the White House with him—he must resign soon for his conscience's sake. Thus, when should he cast off this uniform? He couldn't lay down the NATO command overnight. He had to give Bob Lovett (the Secretary of Defense) at least six weeks to find another man for the command. And

he wanted to be home by May 15, if he was going to run his own campaign. But resign to whom? Truman had always been "decent and honest" with him. He could not challenge President Truman except openly. We found ourselves all agreeing with Ike's final thought: to write the resignation letter to Truman in a sealed envelope, but to send the envelope to Lovett for delivery, with Lovett being told what was in the envelope. And then leave it to both of them to decide how to announce that General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower was leaving the United States Army to campaign for the Presidency.

There were other variations and subtleties of campaigning which we, all amateurs, discussed—matters which today would be left to the professionals of politics. Where should he make his first speech on homecoming: at West Point? or back in Abilene, Kansas? or at Columbia University? And much more of tactics.

What I find most authentic today in the notes I typed after that lunch was the spontaneous sound of the Republican voice twenty-five years ago. Ike could have had the 1952 nomination, I now know, on the ticket of either party. But as he passed in conversation from the tactics of his resignation and nomination, I find my notes picking up his theme—a theme which then sounded fresh to me, but now, on the larynxes of Republican orators, sounds as old-fashioned as a lament from the Prophets. Ike was closing the lunch with his credo. After every lunch with a Presidential candidate, there comes the moment when the man clears his throat and very sincerely leans forward to tell you what it all really means. It is the moment of confessional. Usually, they *are* sincere, if not candid, and Ike was certainly sincere.

"The people have the right to know what I stand for," Ike began, and then went on thus: He didn't think any man should run for the Presidency without telling clearly where he stood. That didn't mean he wanted to talk about subsection C of the Taft-Hartley Act. He hadn't studied that. But his ideas were clear: this business of centralism in government. There was too much of the bureaucracy, too much looking to Washington. He wanted to get the federal government organized so it did not wipe out the states and the municipalities and the communities. He didn't want to have people looking to Washington for everything. He told us about the number of local governments that came to him (when he was President of Columbia) looking for federal aid to education. Ike told us that they attacked the problem wrongly. The problem was that the federal government was "taking so much money from everyone it left no resources for local government to run its educational apparatus. That was the problem. . . ."

This was the Eisenhower who, of course, years later decided, as he had to, that federal troops must be flown into Little Rock, Arkansas, to force that community to comply with the decision of the Supreme Court. This was the man who set up the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and *did* begin the modern chapter of federal aid to education. But the incantation against the central government went on, and on, and on, to be voiced later by every Republican candidate and President for the quarter century since.

Eisenhower closed the meal with an anecdote. Somebody brought up "luck," which caused him to explain why he had quit playing poker years ago: because he was getting too good at it, he said. It happened when he and "Georgie" Patton were both brigade commanders at an Army post back in the States. After one long session of poker-playing, he (Ike) and two other "poker sharks" discovered they had cleaned a young officer, named McElroy, out of all his savings. So they plotted to get together and in one night lose back to McElroy all they had won.

"It was the hardest damn thing," said Ike to us. But after they had successfully lost the money back to McElroy, Ike went to Patton, McElroy's brigade commander, and told him that McElroy didn't know the first thing about poker and had to be commanded never to play again. Which Patton did. At this point, Ike, who had held us laughing at the story as he told it in full detail, continued: "And do you know what McElroy said to me when we got him out of the game? 'Damn it, Patton ordered me to stop playing poker—just when my luck had started to change.' " Eisenhower waited a minute and then added, without any obvious connection: "He had two of the finest boys you ever saw. Made wonderful officers in the war. Still are wonderful officers."

Thereupon, as Ike rose, we all rose. We knew we had a candidate. Somehow, without meaning to, we had all become bound to confidence so we could not break the story from Paris of his resignation—and knew our Washington counterparts would break it instead. But we did not care.

I certainly cannot say that from the moment Ike rose and left us at Grover's home, I knew I was on the way back to America to pursue Presidents on the trail of power. But the lunch was a turning point. My stay in Europe was over, because the story was over; and Ike was leaving because he, too, knew the story was over. There would be any number of other divisions inserted in that fifty-odd divisional line of battle planned to ring Russia around; the accords of Lisbon, in

February 1952, had blessed and made real all Eisenhower's plans for NATO. The decisions left to take were administrative, not policy, decisions. I would henceforth be covering an adventure that would never become a front-page story unless it was overtaken by the disaster of war. And so, sometime in early 1952, faced with this fading story, I began to face my own decisions.

I loved the life of Europe, and more particularly that of an American expatriate—but there was so little left to write about. Moreover, personal considerations were beginning to press. Money, for one thing, was running out; in four spendthrift years we had eaten up all the savings of *Thunder Out of China*. The two children were beginning to burble their baby words in French; they should be brought home to grow up as Americans. I also, like Acheson, sensed I was losing my base. Though I was as ferociously anti-Communist as our Secretary of State, I was being nipped at for my past reporting of China. Even my old friends at *Time* magazine referred to me in their columns as "pinko" Teddy White, which could be shrugged off; but the harassment of others was closing both my movements and my outlets. I was on the downhill side of the roller-coaster, not strapped in place, protected by no job. I had given myself these years in Europe not out of any idealistic purpose or passion but purely out of self-indulgence—because I liked following the big stories. Now the story clearly led back to the United States and Washington. It was time to plan homecoming. But that meant coming home on the punctuation of another book, on some impression of upbeat. For I did not like myself in my mirror. By 1952, I had become a professional free-lancer, and that was making me into the kind of reporter I did not want to be.

For the enlightenment of would-be writers and young reporters, I must strip the glamour from the term "free lance," as I came to know it in my last three years in Europe.

I had not chosen to become a "free lance." I was pushed into it in 1950 when the Overseas News Agency began slowly, then ever faster, to sink. When they owed me some $3,500 in back salary in 1950, and were falling ever further behind, I pushed off as a "free lance" to market my own writings; and discovered how very accurate the term is. A free lance in the waning Middle Ages was a knight without an overlord; free lances were variously horsemen, cavaliers, pikestaff men, who would rent their lances and services to any master per battle or per campaign; and then go their way without loyalty, without home, seeking another fee. So it was in Europe when I joined the still

crowded company of free-lance journalists—the star names left over from the war, the agile youngsters fresh from the States, all of them typing madly away around the clock, peddling by mail or by agent their latest effusion and waiting for the postman to bring back the airmail letter which might, or might not, carry the check.

I fitted my time on any assignment, as they all did, to the size of the check promised or estimated. I wrote of Paris fashion openings, the underground market in gold, a flying garage, the politics of the Isère, the best restaurants of Paris, the plight of six million excess German women, the falling Irish birth rate. In one year, while working on my book, I managed to write in off hours some twenty-two articles—and loathed all of them except those I wrote for two men, Lester Markel and Max Ascoli. There I was lucky. The imperious Markel, editor of the Sunday *New York Times,* was exceeded in outrageous personal behavior only by Max Ascoli, editor of *The Reporter* magazine. But both were men of impeccable courage. I had become an outcast of American journalism early in the McCarthy years. But neither Markel of the *Times* nor Ascoli of *The Reporter* cared a pinch of powder for McCarthy's threats, and continued to publish me on politics.

One does not grow rich, or even live comfortably, writing politics as a free-lance reporter. It is a way of life for writers of passion or narrow specialties, but not for a man trying to connect political stories romantically to history. For any major, complicated or delicate assignment a major magazine or newspaper relies on its own staff men. The free lances they hire scavenge the leavings; and Markel considered himself generous when he paid $250 for a month's work which made the first page of *The New York Times Magazine.* Of the work I did for Markel and Ascoli I was proud; of all the other work I felt like a rug merchant, proud not so much of the product as at having closed the sale.

So long as the stories of the Marshall Plan and the organization of NATO were being enacted, I could involve myself in my work. But as they faded my eye became more clinical, stripping an event or a phenomenon not for its meaning but for what was salable in free-lance commercial journalism, as television producers today strip any situation for its entertainment visuals.

One day my dear friend Theo Bennahum came upstairs to point out to me that I had become nothing more than a merchant of words. Theo was very fond of my children; he stood my three-year-old daughter Heyden in the middle of our round coffee table and made a speech which completely baffled the child. Waving his hands with

great eloquence, Theo explained the difference between peddling stories, as I was doing, and peddling oil concessions, as he was. Oil concessions brought more money—much more money. Theo, though a Zionist, spoke fluent Arabic and was dealing with both Libyan and Algerian operators for American oil companies that later made much money in North Africa. Theo went on: I owed it to this child (here he hugged Heyden, a favorite of his) to drop this nonsense of journalism. I was now a family man. He would make me a partner in his growing enterprise, and we would get rich together. Theo loved writers, actors, sculptors, musicians, and collected them all. But journalism? Ach! He shrugged his shoulders. He had met so many brilliant men who claimed once to have been journalists themselves—but the more brilliant they were, the quicker they had left journalism. I must drop it.

But I could not leave journalism, even with Theo's kingly hand beckoning me to share the riches of African oil. I could not, I suppose, have left journalism at any time after I first followed a story in China, for what could money buy more exciting than a journalist can see? Moreover, particularly at that time I could not leave, for ten years of my reporting and life were under attack. I could sense in my free-lancing that I was being silently extruded from print. The same thing was happening too often: editors back in New York would send me the encouraging instant response that a good editor usually gives a writer on first leafing through good raw copy. But then, a few weeks later, followed incomprehensible letters saying I had been "spaced out." And I recognized that, other than Markel and Ascoli, editors found me too "controversial" to print—except on gourmet food and Roman ruins.

The problem seemed always to be attached to my China past. Old China friends in the State Department were constantly in trouble; several required affidavits of their loyalty; new friends in the Army and the State Department in Europe warned that it was dangerous, or folly, to "stick your neck out"; but I persisted until, finally, I found myself involved in the case of Robert M. White, at long remove and by mail.

Robert White was my youngest brother, a scientist. I had loved him almost as a son when he was the young brother of our poverty, and later came to admire him with almost parental pride as the creator and director of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Agency, which has framed America's policy in the waters and winds that wrap us round. At this time, however, he was a junior technical researcher, a

specialist in the estoteric mathematical and computorial limits of long-range weather forecasting, working at the MIT labs on some project so sensitive that he has never yet told me of it. Then, in 1952, he wired me frantically that he was being removed, his clearance lifted, because he was the brother of the well-known subversive Theodore H. White! His message reached me in Germany; in Germany, I held NATO press card No. 6, which meant clearance, re-clearance, and over-again clearance by every security agency of the U.S. Army. My brother, however, worked on a U.S. Air Force project. His following letter revealed a rather stunned, Kafkaesque panic. Could the Air Force fire, for brotherhood, a man whose brother the Army had cleared? More than kinship binds my brother to me: respect and affection are the larger part of our friendship. He respected my work; did not want to involve me in his troubles; but I felt indignant that kinship with me should destroy a scientist so useful to the nation. I managed to pull the episode out of disaster only by a personal appeal to David Bruce, by then Under Secretary of State in Washington, who, with the help of Clayton Fritchie, another old friend in the Pentagon, managed to persuade authority that Dr. Robert M. White, scientist, was no subversive; and in no way tainted by kinship with his brother, Theodore H. White, co-author of *Thunder Out of China*, who happened also to be a trusted acquaintance of Bruce, Acheson, Eisenhower, et al.

If 1952 was disturbed by my alarm that my brother should be threatened by his blood tie to me, the next year, 1953, was further disturbed by two men named Cohn and Schine, fuglemen of Senator Joseph McCarthy. They had moved through Europe examining the books on the shelves of the USIA, and found in the Berlin library copies of *Thunder Out of China*. These had promptly been purged and burned, and the purge was duly reported in *The New York Times*. It was bad enough to be purged and burned, but to be publicly reported as subversive and burnable was even worse. I was on the public list for discard.

It was quite obvious, thus, that I would have difficulty going home again; that there would be no job waiting for me. I might, if I chose, join Theo in his business ventures; I might, if I wanted, become an expatriate, a permanent free lance; or join the growing colony of movie writers in Paris and London. But the only real option was to stake all on one more book, which would explain the American experience in Europe as *Thunder Out of China* had explained it in China. This was the option Nancy favored.

Of the faults of my first wife, Nancy, perhaps the greatest was her strange yet happy belief that with enough yellow paper, enough typewriter ribbons and enough coddling, any man can write a successful book. My first two books had been reviewed on front pages from coast to coast; both had made substantial sums of money; it seemed elementary to her that as soon as she could have me seated once more before the typewriter to write another, all would be well. Moreover, since we were growing poorer by the week, we must set aside enough money for our passage home, yet leave enough to finish up our stay in Europe in style. And so, carrying two servants with us to cook and care for the children, we made our way to Le Lavandou, on the Riviera, in 1952 and again in 1953. Those were the last two years that the Côte d'Azur still had any connection with the legend of the twenties, before it was overwhelmed by the prosperity which, in the years since, has made it as hideous as a sixty-mile-long Atlantic City.

I dream again and again that I will come to Les Mandariniers once more. Perhaps because we were so happy there, the unraveling of our marriage began at Les Mandariniers. It is not good to be too happy, and for Nancy all the years thereafter until we separated were an effort to reach back to the cloudless life of the Riviera, when all we feared was the blacklist; and we laughed at it; when our blood was young; and when Les Mandariniers was the hostelry where Americans as young as we, all of them *doing* things, visited or overnighted—the then unknown Julia Child, who liked to cook; and Jane Eakin, who liked to paint; Irving London, who did research in blood; Sasha Schneider, who organized music festivals; Blair Clark, who was making his way with CBS; Mike Bessie, who was to become my publisher.

Les Mandariniers was an old villa of whitewashed walls, orange-tiled roof, parlors, dining rooms, seven bedrooms. Nine acres of vineyard and orchard ran down to the edge of the Mediterranean, where the sun rose to our left and set to our right. Below grew the lemon and orange trees that were so fragrant and gave the villa its name, and roses and mimosa, planted between the trees. The villa belonged to a family of French diplomats in Brazil, who had not seen it in years; we found it fusty and neglected since the war, but once the grand doors were opened and the rooms aired out, it was as if we lived on a balcony overlooking our private sea. This balcony, as well as the mansion itself, was overgrown with grapevines, which bore marvelous white and purple grapes, and was trimmed for beauty's sake with bougainvillea and oleander.

We could sit there with our guests, night after night as the sun set, and see the purple smudge of the Isle du Levant offshore. The Isle du Levant was inhabited by sun-worshippers, primitive postwar French nudists, who made the naked body seem startlingly pure as they pranced about. We, and our guests, were twenty years short of the liberation that came to American manners, so we were too shy to strip and prance with them. Nor did we recognize the threat that these innocent nudists would ultimately bring—which was to attract the perverts of all Europe to the area, particularly Germans, so that Le Lavandou became known for Riviera pornography and, with St. Tropez, twelve miles east, became a center of sexual experimentation.

In our day Le Lavandou was exactly as the old Baedeker volumes described it: a fishing village named for its famous lavender flowers. In those days it produced only fish and packets of dried lavender to be shipped all over the world. At night, in spring and summer, the odor of wild lavender came drifting down the escarpment above us, and we sat on the terrace and talked about what came to mind. The Saracens had held the islands on the rim of the horizon for generations after they had lost the mainland of the Riviera; the flora and fauna of the islands were distinctly North African, while where we sat was distinctly Roman-Europe. So we could talk a great deal about history; not only were there primitive ruins to look at, but authentic classical ruins, as well as the German blockhouses that had tried to stop the American Seventh Army from landing in 1944. After talking about history, we would wander off down to the port, where we would usually eat a bouillabaisse, before Lavandou's bouillabaisse became a tourist attraction. Bouillabaisse was then, in Lavandou, a fish stew made of trash fish, leftovers of the day's catch that the fishermen could not sell. And if we ate *bifteck*, we took for granted that it was horse meat.

Here, then, for all the long summer of 1952, after Eisenhower left, and for all the spring and summer of 1953, I worked on the book that would bring us home. Nancy was happy as a Riviera hostess; the children were happy because the caretaker of the grounds let them wander in and out of his chicken runs. I would rise at seven in the morning, and begin to write about Europe and its renascence. David, then two years old, would crawl upstairs from his bedroom and sit under the desk as I typed. He liked the sound of the typewriter, and I enjoyed his gurgling company. Then Heyden would romp in and together they would racket away until I called for help. The nurse would come to carry them off for breakfast and the beach, and I would go on writing until I went down to swim myself. It was a four-

hour working day, from seven to eleven, and it is the way I wish all books could be written.

Politics were far away so that, in the book, I could look back on my experiences of the five years in Europe with some perspective. Only once did politics intrude, when in 1953, as I have said, Messrs. Cohn and Schine purged me from the USIA library in Berlin. This act was picked up by a local newspaper, which thereupon described me as another victim of resurgent American fascism. Madame LaTurque, the dark and handsome postmistress of Le Lavandou, came out from behind her *guichet* the day after that news and informed me that I was safe there in Le Lavandou; not only did she resent this fascist action of the American government, but all the villagers considered themselves friends of mine and the children. It was a touching moment; I thanked her, and explained that I felt in no danger of persecution but that, nonetheless, I would consider Le Lavandou my home and refuge forever. Which I did, as long as Le Lavandou remained Le Lavandou.

The episode of Europe in my life came to an end with two events appropriately sequenced, the first historical, the second personal.

The historical ending came on June 17, 1953—when the workers rose in East Berlin, and Russian tanks mowed them down with machine gun fire. I had no sympathy with any Germans, but enough was left of my earliest political emotions to make me see as more than irony the killing of Karl Marx's German working class by Karl Marx's self-anointed Russian apostles. My book was then in galleys, and I listened to bad French radio trying to understand what was happening in Berlin. Momentarily, I thought of canceling book publication. In June 1953, it seemed that it might be there, at Berlin, that the final game might yet be played on the road to the Settlement. I had watched us build our strength in NATO for just this clash. Would Eisenhower use it? I waited, wondering for days whether my book of peaceful triumph and American vision was obsolete. But then I realized that Eisenhower preferred peace to victory; and that I would still have no coda, no last chapter of settlement or surrender, if I postponed publication—and so I let it go to print.

To print the book went. And the personal end of the European years came on July 20, 1953, a month after the Berlin uprising, when I had let the book out of my hands forever. We were sitting on our terrace in the early moonlight above the Mediterranean, and I was complaining to Nancy that beautiful as all this was, when we left we would leave as bankrupts. Then the telephone rang; the telephone had

only recently been installed by the local Post and Telephone Administration as a grace to a writer who was being persecuted by American fascists. It rang with good news, for it was my then publisher, Thayer Hobson, calling from New York. The judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club meet there monthly for lunch, and when they rise with their decision, the president of that enterprise calls the lucky publisher to tell him. In those days, they generally broke at two-thirty in the afternoon, which meant at seven-thirty in the glowing twilight of the Riviera. Hobson had simple news: the judges had taken the new book, *Fire in the Ashes*, as their October choice. I danced away from the telephone to tell Nancy the news, and she responded, "Well, at least it means we're living within our income again." So we were no longer bankrupt, and we could look on the Riviera, as the night stretched out from the hills to blacken the blue of the sea, and feel that life would always be generous or at least lucky.

There are pleasures in writing books which are difficult to describe. Among such pleasures is learning that a success pleases one's friends. At a victory at any election in America, at an award of any kind in Hollywood, the winners enjoy the delight shared by their friends even more than the imagined discomfiture of their enemies. I sent at least a dozen letters and telegrams to friends all around the world announcing the good news. We prepared for return to America with pride, as if we were the Scott Fitzgeralds coming home again.

But I was returning to the United States of the 1950s, a wondrous decade, when both what went right and what went wrong in our time began. And I was now, I hoped, upholstered with enough money to venture again into what could not be foreseen.

PART FOUR

AMERICA

1954-1963

THE HOMECOMER

He strode down the gangplank of the *Île de France* to the old passenger pier on the Hudson River feeling, as always when he made a formal entry, like an impostor.

He was preceded by his wife and two stumbling children, followed by an authentic French nursemaid; at the end of the gangplank several friends were waving that bright morning's edition of *The New York Times.* The *Times* had chosen to review *Fire in the Ashes* a day before its publication, so that this morning, October 28, 1953, as he stepped ashore, there was a startlingly complimentary review by Orville Prescott. Another friend held up a copy of the *Saturday Review;* White's portrait was on that week's cover of the magazine. His diminutive agent, N. S. Bienstock, pulled clippings of advance reviews out of his briefcase and they were, without exception, more than satisfying in the manner the author later came to call "solid second-book reviews." Second-book praise is the very best kind, for at a writer's second book, reviewers decide that either the first was a flash phenomenon, or the second book has "fulfilled" his "early promise." Thereafter the writer becomes an "author," and in due time, if he writes more, he becomes fair game for denunciation, indignation and exposure by the same critics. But all that lay far in the future—and the author stopped right there at the pier to read the reviews and share them with his wife, while his friends struggled baggage and furniture through customs.

Then, swollen with happiness, he drove off with wife, children and nursemaid to the hotel chosen for him. New York would be his home for twenty years and the bench marks scratched in memory began with the taxi trip from pier to hotel. He had wanted a hotel in a pleasant neighborhood, near enough to Central Park for the

nursemaid to walk the children, and respectable enough to invite friends. Yet not too expensive. His agent, Bienstock, had guided him to the Van Dorn Hotel, one block from Central Park South, quiet, safe and pleasant. The homecoming suite consisted of two bedrooms, a large living room and a kitchenette; downstairs was a pleasant lobby where the children could romp. All this for fourteen dollars a day! The price lodged in his memory as fair, and bequeathed him a sense of outrage about hotel rates which rose as prices rose with American inflation for the next twenty-five years.

New York in the early fifties was a time and place to be pinned in memory and the first few weeks and months of his return were engraved there. He had seen New York first from a student's room at the YMCA at seventy-five cents a night; had seen it next as a vagabond foreign correspondent in 1941; had seen it as a man on the town in the early postwar years. But now he was seeing it at the beginning of a golden age, on the threshold of its great decade. Prices not only seemed reasonable to him; they became later almost legendary in recapture. That summer and fall of 1953, the peak rate of "inflation" was 2.1 percent—and in the next year prices would actually *drop* 1.4 percent, a phenomenon not to be repeated again in the next quarter century or, perhaps, ever. The city itself was also worth marking. That year, 1953, New York City was estimated to be at the midcentury plateau of its population: eight million people. It had taken three centuries to reach that size and thereafter, year by year, New York would shrink. That year, too, he would learn that one person was murdered almost every day in New York. In later years, the murder toll would rise to more than four persons killed a day, but he would accept the growing danger fatalistically. New York was then still predominantly a white city. Irish, Jews and Italians shared the political controls while leaving to traditional Protestants the financial, executive and cultural leadership of headquarters city; blacks and Hispanics together were only one sixth of the city's population. And the city was exuberant with vitality and good will.

Underneath the glow he could sense that many changes had taken place while he was in Europe. And three changes, outcroppings of history to come, soon intruded into personal life.

Television came first.

When he had left New York in 1948 he had never yet visited a private home with a television set.

Not only that; his early experience with television had so misled

him as to disqualify him forever from any claim to prophecy. Once in 1946 he had agreed as a lark to go on a television show called *Town Hall of the Air;* and had to journey all the way to Schenectady, New York, where General Electric had an experimental TV studio. There, under the glare of lights hot enough to heat a furnace, he wilted so completely in a debate on China as to be incoherent. TV would not work, he was sure. In 1947, he had been a member of a study panel chosen by the Authors League to explore the enticing thought that writers might, someday, make money out of television. After a few months of this inquiry, he had decided that TV was one of the great mirages technology held out to innocents. Concluding that no writer, ever, anywhere, in our time, would make or earn a dollar by writing for the flickering tube, he had left that panel just before going to Europe—where nothing he heard from travelers from America could dissuade him from his conviction that television was a trick, an illuminated yo-yo that would fade away like a passing novelty.

Now he was back in New York, six years later. And like a Rip van Winkle, unaware of the television revolution, he went to visit his old friend Ed Murrow. Edward R. Murrow is a figure in American journalistic history as large as Horace Greeley, Walter Lippmann, Henry Luce or DeWitt Wallace, and we shall come to Murrow's significance later. But Murrow was then housed in a tiny award-cluttered office at 485 Madison Avenue. A single floor—the seventeenth—then held the entire News and Public Affairs Division of the Columbia Broadcasting System, an enterprise which now, with the swelling of television, sprawls over acres of space in half a dozen cities.

Murrow and White were both chain smokers, and puffing away furiously that afternoon, Murrow explained to White what television was doing to the network, to the country and to him. Then Murrow announced that he, Ed, had launched a new show called *Person-to-Person* only a month earlier. Would Teddy like to be exposed with his new book, *Fire in the Ashes,* on *Person-to-Person?* Tallulah Bankhead, the actress, was scheduled for the top half of the show; Teddy and his wife, Nancy, would be the bottom half; and Murrow would try to televise experimentally from the new apartment into which the Whites were moving. If White had had his druthers, he would have asked Murrow to expose him and the new book on the Murrow radio show; radio, he thought, was supreme, TV ephemeral. White wished to be gracious. If old Ed wanted help to kick this TV

show off, White would agree—anything to please an old friend. Years later, when other books of his came and went, when he had learned what television was about, White would have begged for an Ed Murrow's attention. But then, not recognizing the dimension of Murrow's kindness to him, he felt it was he doing the favor to Murrow, not vice versa.

White imagined that Murrow would come to his apartment with a sound man, a cameraman and, perhaps, a producer, as in radio days. The night of the telecast, however, two huge vans pulled up beneath his apartment windows; electricians strung cables up and down the exterior walls, while grapevines of wire trailed through the rooms of the still disarranged new apartment. Fifteen people and a producer rearranged White's packing cases and furniture to suit their script of a homecoming correspondent. Murrow did not come—he was downtown in some remote studio—but White could see on the monitor that it was as if White, Murrow and Nancy were all touch-close in the same room. The portrait of this person-to-person reunion of old friends, with all its illusion of intimacy, passed flawlessly.

Except there was no intimacy; this was a show that reached into eight million homes! White had come home in the fall of 1953, having left in 1948. When he left, some agency somewhere in Washington had just frozen television at the threshold of its expansion. By 1952, television could be frozen no longer; the ban had to be lifted; and hundreds of new stations were being installed, the lucky franchise-holders about to reap millions in profits from licenses that only rich gamblers could afford to seek. Television was bursting into the nation's imagination—commercially, artistically, technically. The print-and-word tradition of press and radio was being thrust aside for the visual immediacy that television could command. *See It Now* had been the title of the first Murrow experiment in television, but CBS owned the title to that show. *Person-to-Person* was the next Murrow experiment in television, as both artist and entrepreneur. It was one of the first efforts of a television performer to acquire a property right in what his own imagination has created.

Of all this White was unaware when television happened to him at the new apartment overlooking Central Park West. And then, within days, he recognized television's force. White received more mail from the fifteen minutes with Murrow than all the mail he had so far received on the book itself. People recognized him on the street, even years later. Old friends telephoned; cranks called in; so did

salesmen; the mail was stuffed with brochures from world-savers. The power of this device, television, to move a novelty was so clearly continental that the writer felt the TV thrust behind his book as if a rocket had ignited under his saddle. He had barely made the bottom of *The New York Times* best-seller list the week before the Murrow show; the week after that show, the book began a swift, steady climb to the number four position. The week after that, the writer bought his own television set—one of the more than ten thousand Americans who *every single day during the mid fifties* were buying their first television sets, as the revolution surged through American manners and politics. And in a few years, his children were singing *"M-i-c-k-e-y M-o-u-s-e"* along with their entire generation, and he was buying them the mouse ears of the "Mousketeers."

But television was not the only new, unsettling change to force itself on personal attention. Simultaneously, he became aware of Blacks, called "Negroes" then.

The blacks were at least as important—or more. He had known no "blacks" when he was a boy in Boston, but if he used the word "nigger," it brought an instant scolding from his mother. He had first encountered blacks in the U.S. Army in Asia, and was angry, as any decent person had to be, at the way they were segregated in labor battalions. There had been blacks in postwar New York, too, but they had lived safely tucked away up in Harlem, where, as a lark, young white people visited their nightclubs. But now, suddenly, in 1953, blacks were no longer invisible. It was not just that Earl Brown, an old friend of White's from the days when both were *Life* magazine writers, was on the City Council, the first black to be elected there. It was the visible phenomenon: blacks were everywhere. They had not yet made it behind the counter in central Manhattan, but they were shopping in Macy's, Gimbel's, even Bloomingdale's. Blacks were entering offices. Blacks were becoming reporters. Everywhere blacks were moving in.

It was as he himself was "moving in" that White first rubbed against the problem. White had returned from Europe proud of America's record there, and equally proud of what he had heard about the forward lurch of civil rights at home; he smiled, with a missionary's approving smile, at the neat white-collared blacks he was seeing for the first time in Manhattan—but he was at the same time pressed to find an apartment. The Whites were amateurs at apartment-hunting in Manhattan and immediately, on inquiry to

their friends, ran into the snob divide: East Side, West Side. There were a dozen legitimate reasons, they were told, from prevailing winds to subway services, that made the East Side the better choice. But there was always, also, a hint, an unfinished reason: "Well, you know . . ." When pressed, liberals (and the Whites knew only liberals in those days) would say, "Well, you know . . . the neighborhood is changing," or "Well, you know . . . the West Side is O.K. if you live near Columbia," or ". . . if you know the block."

To "know the block," he soon learned, meant simply to know whether whites one by one were trickling away and blacks, one by one, trickling in. But the white and black countermigrations were not yet the overburdening problem of all American cities when he came to choose, as befitted a man of the world without prejudice, an apartment on Central Park West, overlooking the park. The apartment was large: three bedrooms, two maid's rooms, dining room, living room, study, modern kitchen, welcoming foyer—all for three hundred dollars a month. But his friends shook their heads: Wrong block. A recent survey had declared that the two cross streets Eighty-fourth and Eighty-fifth were the most dangerous that fed to the view on Central Park West. They were called "neighborhoods in transition." Obviously that meant that blacks and Puerto Ricans were moving in—and his apartment was at the corner of Eighty-fourth and Central Park West. The rumor did not seem important; the head-shaking of friends seemed moved by prejudice rather than by judgment. The Whites believed in integration, would have felt like traitors to join "white flight," if the term had been coined then, and wanted to live on the West Side. So they moved in.

They lived there for a year, and before they left, had learned much about city street life. The new home was indeed in an area of transition. Neither the city nor any other authority knew then how to cope with the social rub and decay which can spread like an infection from two bad blocks to an entire neighborhood. White's rent was cheap because his block was infected. But because they were so early menaced, and opened on Central Park, and Central Park was too grand a city glory to be given up lightly, the city, in due time, mobilized with millions of dollars and special projects to save the Upper West Side from the blight that eventually ravaged Harlem and made desolate the South Bronx. By then, of course, the homecomers had moved away.

White watched with great interest what was happening on his two blocks, not knowing he was seeing the beginning of America's

urban problem of the seventies and eighties. From his window, there was the vista of Central Park, the most splendid of all central-city parks anywhere in the world, and the most necessary green space to a city's survival. But down in the street, the microcosm of life he observed frightened him. One day he watched a black adolescent speeding on a bicycle on the sidewalk—not the street. The adolescent swerved away from a tottering old white woman, missed his swerve and tumbled her to the ground. The young black sped on. White helped the old lady up, knew he should not be race-blinded by one episode, tried to forget, could not. He watched, another afternoon, as three young black boys chased a white teen-ager down the block, throwing stones at him. White realized he was a coward when he moved to intervene, and found three black men on the stoop of a brownstone frowning at him for trying to rescue the white boy, who escaped. Other such incidents followed. It began to grow on him that the black-and-white problem in an area of transition always grated first with the rub of the youngsters, and unless a community had the help of both black and white parents, one had best get out of the way. He could not send his children to school here. The thought festered as he discovered that for the first time in all his life—in Irish Boston, in warlord China, in darkling Germany—he was afraid to walk the street outside his own house at night; that his wife felt unsafe going to the delicatessen on Columbus Avenue by daylight; that his children were not safe going to play in Central Park just below the window of his apartment house.

The problem was one of compression—two kinds of culture contesting in the pressure of closed city apartment blocks. It took White no more than six months from homecoming to pass through his particular adjustment to the confrontation. First, the blindness to the problem; then the bravado-disdain of the reality; then discomfort, and finally fear. Then, feeling like a deserter on a combat front, he decided to seek a house on the other side of the park, on the safe white East Side, the pleasant brownstone-and-apartment hive of the Establishment, where he had so many safe friends.

And it was here, from the safe East Side, that he began to see the dimensions of the third great change that had happened in his absence: Prosperity.

America in the 1950s was about to erupt in a well-being utterly without precedent in history. Figures often mislead, but one figure still staggers the imagination with the energy of the fifties. In those

ten years, 1950–1960, the United States added one third as much more housing for common people as it had standing in 1950 from the exertions of all its previous three centuries. Drunk on cheap gasoline, lured by new roads, urged by the butcher to upgrade from hamburger to steak, teased to new appetites by television, America was experiencing the Great Boom. And nowhere was the Great Boom more bountiful than in New York City.

It is not simply afterglow that makes New York in the fifties seem so exciting. The city was then truly rich: the wealthy were rich, the working people were rich, the municipality was rich. The city sprouted cubes of glass and stone as a meadow its flowers after rain. The wreckers' sheds surrounded a block one day, the dust and debris cascaded down next month, ironworkers shot steel cages into the sky the following month—and in one year in the 1950s 6.37 million square feet of office space (in twenty buildings) was being built in New York, probably more than in all the other big cities of the country combined. New York was, truly, headquarters city; the multinationals were reaching out and over the ocean to the continent the Marshall Plan had saved, and Manhattan was the place for them to be. Here, they and the great domestic corporations could find experts on Iranian oil and Arabian water resources, on German toilet and lavatory habits, French food and perfume specialists; financial wizards of high and low degree; and if Manhattan did not have the expertise, it could, almost overnight, import it.

Nor was New York's wealth and vitality visible only in the parlors, the offices and the changing skyline the homecomer observed. Beneath the skyscrapers and at midheight, all around the shores of the island and in the neighborhoods of its boroughs, the benign administration of New York's Mayor Wagner was building schools, hospitals and public housing as if the money had no end, and the tax rolls were ever-bearing bushes of money berries. There had long been a broader cultural underbase in New York City than in any other city of the Western world; London, in some years, might have better theater; Paris, better painting; Vienna, at one time, might have offered better music. But New York in the fifties reached an art level that it has never since, even in peril, let drop: whether in music, or in painting, or in architecture, or in dance, or in theater, New York was beginning to offer either the finest or the equivalent of the finest in the civilized world. And there remained, as there always would remain, the great museums—the Metropolitan, the Natural History, the Modern Art—as well as the opera, and the

ballet, and that special flavor of sharp thought from the great universities. If New York was moving on the road to bankruptcy, it was doing so with reckless generosity, flogged on its course by fakirs, fantastics and philanthropists, public and private, of unrestrained and unbelievable good will.

In any given year of the 1950s, more creative imagination was probably on display in New York than anywhere else in the world. In the single year 1956, for example, when *My Fair Lady* premiered on March 15, one could also see the first performance of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* and Chayevsky's *Middle of the Night;* or see the continuing performances of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, A View from the Bridge, Damn Yankees* or the Lunts performing in Lindsay and Crouse's *The Great Sebastians.* Money fertilized fantasy; fantasy nourished art. One could also see Cole Porter's *Silk Stockings;* or the 1956 Pulitzer winner *The Diary of Anne Frank;* or the Academy Award-winning *Around the World in 80 Days;* or hear Maria Callas's American debut at the Metropolitan Opera in Bellini's *Norma;* or watch the Met's new production of *The Magic Flute.* New York, at the dazzle of its splendor, was a simpler place than today. If, in 1956, the Yankees played the Dodgers for the World Series, Bronx against Brooklyn, all New York's papers took the spectacle for granted. No one guessed that it was the last New York City "subway series."

Nineteen fifty-six was still several years in the future when the Whites arrived back from Paris in 1953, but the excitement was building, and they could not stand apart from it. Both "Old New York" and "New New York" beckon to their homes people who "do things," or people who "get things done." For such celebrities New York has special graces; and though, in New York, authors rank in celebrity well below the reigning Broadway toast, to be a bestseller is an honorable ticket to the first row in the balcony. One is invited out if one is a best seller. And so the Whites were invited, and peered about them, wide-eyed; and once they had moved from the West Side to the safe East Side and established themselves in an East Sixties brownstone, they were, momentarily, part of the excitement, and had their pick of it. On the East Side of Manhattan, in those days, in what White later came to call the "perfumed stockade," lived the rain-makers and the climate-makers. There was a banking world; and New York's bankers, or at least the Federal Reserve group in New York, were as influential in London as in Washington; there were the advertising people, who sold Jell-O, Fords and TV

sets across the country; these mingled with an independent Wall Street cluster; a literary and publishing cluster; the world of the Bench and the Bar; and a Hollywood-Broadway entertainment cluster. In the early 1950s, for the first time since Roosevelt, local politicians were beginning to meet such social leaders. But leaders of the harsh underlying worlds that provide outlet for New York's muscle were still excluded: on the East Side, one met no one of New York's great shipping industry; few leaders of its garment industry; or its construction industry; or its electronic industries. Nor, in fashionable New York gatherings, did one ever meet either a labor leader or a black leader.

In the worlds of Manhattan outside the "perfumed stockade," social life was masculine; wives invited the people their husbands told them to invite. New York politics, for example, were then entirely masculine, without a single great hostess, although women of brilliance like Clare Boothe Luce or Anna Rosenberg could become power brokers in their own right. The more glamorous creative East Side life was, however, patrolled by women, by great hostesses whose parlors made stations on the way up for young men who could leapfrog years of office drudgery by meeting the proper people at such parties in the evening. One either had to work very hard at the office, or be possessed of a talent that burst through restraint, or be lucky in meeting the right people.

In Upper East Side New York, no family pedigree was required for admission to the Round Table of Celebrities—money, or achievement, or passing notoriety would do. If one had such money, or solid achievement, or this year's publicity, the Court invited one in to its best parties, its best dinners, its best weekends. It was easy to be swirled up into this celebrity world. Except that it is very hard work to stay there and spin with the swirl. White found that a night out at a top-seeded New York party left him hung over and emotionally exhausted. Whereas a night out on the road following a story with other reporters had always left him fresh for the next day's work.

After a few months, White needed to be back at work, on some story or other. By January 1954, it was a craving: he needed to know what was happening from inside; not from the newspapers, but from his own reporting. He had closed his book *Fire in the Ashes* with the lines: "Which is why, now, for the first time in fifteen years the story of America's security lies chiefly at home. And why this correspondent, after fifteen years of following that story abroad, is coming home." He was looking for a way to track the story.

It was early in 1954, after months of New York's "celebrity" life, that White began to track the story once more. And 1954 was the very best year to pick up on the story of home, because later it was clear that 1954, not 1950, was the beginning of the decade.

Americans like to think of history in terms of decades—the "twenties," the "thirties," the "sixties." Europeans think of history in longer terms—the "Victorian Age" in England, "La Belle Epoque" in France, the "Weimar Republic" in Germany. American history is usually triggered by Presidential elections, calendar dates which remain important only if the new President uses his leadership to change the direction of events. But the strange, fluid decade of the fifties did not begin until halfway through Eisenhower's first administration—in 1954, to be precise. And ended only in November 1963, with the assassination of John F. Kennedy. That decade incubated not only the problems, but the abundance, the vitality, the passion that exploded in the tormented sixties. And into this decade, as one of its would-be chroniclers, White inserted himself in early 1954, looking, as always, for stories.

Consider that year as the opening of an era: the next twenty years of American history were to fall clearly away from several sharply defined peaks; but the two most spectacular peaks thrust up within seven weeks of each other in spring of 1954. On May 7, far away in Vietnam, the elite strike force of French general Christian de Castries, surrounded at Dienbienphu after eight weeks of siege, was forced to surrender by the Vietminh. On June 29, at a conference in Geneva, the French gave up, dumping the protection of a "South Vietnam" on a willing John Foster Dulles. John Foster Dulles's decision at Geneva would, even twenty years later, be causing the death of young Americans. But within that same month, on June 17, the Supreme Court of the United States outlawed segregation by race in all American public schools. By its decision in Brown versus the Board of Education of Topeka, it set a domestic revolution under way. The Supreme Court decision would change the color and character of American cities, alter the nature of American society, free millions of black people, but hammer into categories other millions of Americans previously unaware of their differences. Youngsters still sucking their thumbs in the summer of 1954, and dangling their knobby knees from the family couch as they watched Howdy Doody, would grow up to fight, to riot, to march, some to protest, some to die, because of these two watershed spring events.

But 1954, as the beginning year of a decade, had many immediate events which concealed the deeper drama that would later flow from Dienbienphu and *Brown* v. *Board of Education.* The sharpest political threat to the American system, as the year opened, seemed to come from within. Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin was unleashing the hounds of hate on the trail of his drunken whimsy. By midsummer, the Senate had passed and offered to the House a Communist Control Bill, outlawing membership in the Communist Party as an *ipso facto* crime. Yet by fall, McCarthy had passed his power point; the Senate was debating his censure; by December McCarthy *had* been censured. If there was drama in McCarthy—and, indeed, there was—it was as much historic as personal: he destroyed the respectability of hard-rock conservatives in the opinion of thinking Americans. Decent conservatives helped destroy McCarthy; then waited thirteen years for a new conservative leader, Richard Nixon, who, again, betrayed them. The political year 1954 closed finally on an event far beyond the measure of Joe McCarthy or Richard Nixon—the Congressional elections of 1954. That was the last year in our time that Republicans would enjoy control of both houses of the U.S. Congress. Deprived thus of control for the next twenty or more years, unable to propose and enact legislation, the Republican Party that year became a state of mind. For control of this state of mind, disorganized resistants warred with each other for the next twenty years to possess themselves of the heritage that had once made their party a vehicle of history and change.

Other events great and small were to make 1954 a lucky year of re-entry to America for a returning foreign correspondent. Dr. Jonas Salk had begun to inoculate schoolchildren in Pittsburgh with his antipolio serum; it worked. A runaway hydrogen bomb had been tested by Americans at Bikini island; it also worked, but no one yet knew its full reach. Hemingway won his Nobel Prize. Catton won a Pulitzer Prize for *Stillness at Appomattox.* These events did not interest the returning reporter, who was political; he wanted to report how the United States was deciding on where and how it should go.

Who decides what is the central problem of history. To explore this central problem in America, White had enlisted on the staff of a magazine called, simply, *The Reporter.*

The Reporter reflected the personality of one man, and one man alone. That was Dr. Max Ascoli, political scientist.

White had met Ascoli before leaving for Europe, as long before

as 1948; had written several articles for Ascoli as a free-lancer; then had been named Chief European Correspondent for *The Reporter* in 1951. Now Ascoli offered White the title of National Political Correspondent; it seemed the best way to explore the story in America, for Ascoli's view of America was both refreshing and inviting.

Ascoli was a strange man. It was not easy to like him, but impossible not to respect him. He had been a heroic anti-Fascist in Italy; a professor of law at the University of Genoa; had fled; arrived destitute in New York; taught at the New School; met his wife there as a student; enthralled her with both mind and personality, and married her. She happened to be Marion Rosenwald, an heiress to the Sears, Roebuck fortune; and so, when the war was over, she financed for him a magazine all his own.

The Reporter was a "liberal" magazine; but it was a "liberal" magazine with vigor, coldness and cut that stemmed directly from its editor-publisher-proprietor. For over a century most great "liberal" magazines have been subsidized by conscience-smitten heirs to great fortunes. *The Nation,* the oldest of them, was sustained for half a century by the Villard (railroad) fortune before passing on briefly to nurse from the Kirstein (department store) fortune, and then the Storrow (New England banking) fortune. The *New Republic* was endowed originally by the Straight (banking) fortune, then enjoyed a succession of benefactors, as have most other "liberal" journals, permanent or passing. Protected by great wealth, editors of such magazines are "free" to print the truth. They have educated two generations to dissent and, with their growing influence on campus, have educated the men and women who now edit the mainstream magazines. So much so, that it is almost a truism to say that what the "liberal" magazines publish now will be republished ten or fifteen years later as conventional doctrine by the mainstream magazines. But conscious of their own virtue, many such liberal publishers of such magazines are frequently abusive of their staff, pinchpenny in pay, intolerant of political deviation. The more firm and pronounced their liberal dogmas, the harsher and coarser can be their personal manners.

Even in this tradition of "liberal" publishers, Ascoli was excessive. In depth of learning and sheer brilliance of mind he was unmatched—as he was also in vileness of temper and exaggeration of ego. There was a histrionic brutality to Ascoli's manners; if he did not like a writer's work, he might scream with rage and throw the pages of copy into the air like a child kicking leaves into the wind. If

he did like a writer's copy, his compliments were as niggardly as his envy and appreciation were apparent. *The Reporter* was his private principality; and in his court he behaved as the greater Medici behaved in Florence.

All Ascoli's shortcomings were more than balanced by his primitive virtues. He had courage, he had curiosity, he could be generous. The magazine reflected these qualities; Ascoli directed and edited an important magazine. His reporters first exposed the China Lobby of Chiang K'ai-shek, and their exposures wrecked it. He commissioned the first major investigative reporting of wiretapping; and he was among the first and most fearless antagonists of Senator Joseph McCarthy. Of all his qualities, however, the most attractive was Ascoli's mind: here was the academic political scientist, now a Maecenas and publisher, interested, as editor of a magazine, in the same questions that had interested him in his study. Ascoli's magazine eventually, in its nineteen years of life, from 1949 to 1968, became the favorite political reading of the nascent new governing class—those elites of scholarship, science and expertise who were becoming indispensable to American government. Ascoli's magazine reached a peak circulation of 178,000 subscribers, and for White, who later wrote for the *Reader's Digest* also (circulation: 18,000,000), the contrast in impact of the two magazines was most vivid in Washington. Call a man elected to Washington by the voters and tell him you write for the *Reader's Digest*—and he sits up, for the *Reader's Digest* means mass votes. No Washington politician responded to a call from *The Reporter* that way. But call a Washington bureaucrat at middle-level policy administration—and *The Reporter's* call would be returned first. *The Reporter* spoke to men and women interested in making government work.

It was both the audience and the mind of Ascoli that drew White to *The Reporter* as its national political correspondent. The attraction recalled Luce's attraction; and the contrast of Ascoli and Luce in journalism was stimulating. Luce believed that men made history; thus had come about the institution of *Time's* cover portrait. Luce's reporters were trained in pursuit of the anecdote, the quote, the personality. Ascoli, the scholar-tyrant of his magazine, held, however, that history was a study of changing institutions, and that institutions, rather than personalities, were the turntables of change. Whether the story was about New York City or the United Nations, Ascoli, the political scientist, insisted that the institution was the story. New York City, he felt, was obsolete, either too small or too large to govern five boroughs; a new metropolitan regional government was

needed for the conurbation at the mouth of the Hudson. The United Nations, Ascoli held, was an institution that did not understand its own function: Was it a Great Power conclave? Or an aid-and-assistance dispensary for backward nations? Until it decided which it was, thought Ascoli, it held no future. Ascoli personally loved gossip as much as Luce, and would listen with dripping appetite at the backstairs rumors his reporters brought back. Behind his thick-lensed glasses, his eyes would gleam; his glottal stop and strange accent would bubble as he enjoyed the inner chronicles of the great. But as editor and in print, Ascoli was a man who sought meanings, large meanings, and always preferred the institutional to the personal in his pages.

Ascoli's academic curiosities coincided with White's weakness for political anthropology—how people in power behave, both before and after power. So they came together then, early in 1954, for a series of explorations of America in that changing year.

In was an exciting and rewarding year to start on what would become twenty-five years of reporting American politics. And the reporting started not with the politicians but with the institutions, each teaching a new lesson. A first handful of the new assignments gives, somehow, the range of the learning process.

• The very first, for example, was the U.S. Senate versus the U.S. Army—and the discovery of how frightened was the United States Army of the United States Senate, while the outside world White had just left was so frightened of that Army. Joseph McCarthy was bullying the civilian Secretary of the Army, and through him the khaki-clad institution led by its Chief of Staff, Ridgway. Matthew Ridgway was a first-class soldier, as adept at dropping a division by parachute from the air or lining up the corps artillery on the ridge as any field commander of his time. But Ridgway was a mute man, who knew no politics and despised what little he saw of them. Ridgway thus sat behind his desk at the Pentagon and glowered, not at White, the interrogator, but at Eisenhower, his hero, now President, who refused to defend the institution against the Senator. Ridgway called in a mutual friend, General "Tony" Biddle, a loquacious and intelligent diplomat-soldier, who, with Ridgway nodding, put out for White their opinion of Eisenhower. "What's he waiting for?" asked Biddle rhetorically. "There he [Ike] sits with his Commander in Chief's hat and it's raining outside. And he says, 'I won't wear my Commander in Chief's hat today; it'll get wet.' He's waiting for a sunny day so he can put the hat on and lead the parade. But you don't get that hat just to lead parades on sunny days." To which

Ridgway added: "We're like men with our hands tied behind our back. McCarthy's only choice is whether to kick us in the groin or kick us in the face." Later the Army, institutionally, would try to buy up politicians; in those days it feared them.

• White's next exploration was in Texas. It was an exploration of how money gets into politics, and why Texas oilmen then seemed so much larger than life. It was the first reach White made at American politics as a process and he spiraled down into the way Texans combine, caucus and conspire to elect mayors, assemblymen, congressmen and senators. Texas politics were flavorsome with personalities the way Boston Irish politics always were, and were practiced, as in Boston, as an indoor sport. It was in Texas that White learned for the first time what he would learn again and again in California, Illinois, Wisconsin, New York, Michigan, Massachusetts: that each state of the Union has at least two parties, Democratic and Republican; but that each of these two parties has at least two and sometimes three or four rival factions; that to be an expert on grass-roots politics one must therefore try to understand the rivalries and personalities of two hundred or more factions in one hundred state parties of fifty sovereign states, which is impossible. White discovered that institutionally there simply was no national Democratic Party at that time; it did not then exist. All political parties were then built from the grass roots up by interlayers of favors and appointments, from the fixing of a traffic ticket, or a library fine, or zoning regulations, or the placement of school Stop signs, up to access to court decisions and the multimillion-dollar contracts. State parties, like the Texas Democratic Party, were bound to other state parties only in quadrennial grabs at the jugular—the Presidency, the greatest of all sources of favors and punishments.

Texas politics were unique only in the naked behavior of the state's Big Money: the two great oil companies, Humble and Magnolia, controlled the Texas state legislature, as Southern Pacific had once controlled the California legislature. And the independent oil operators, the truly Big Rich, much bolder than the big oil companies, were beginning an outreach into national politics so blatant, overt and ill-concealed that it backfired on them. In 1952, Texas oilmen had poured money into Congressional races in thirty states outside of Texas. Nothing in the leaky electoral laws of the day could stop them from trying to buy up congressmen by the dozen; one oilman, Hugh Roy Cullen, had bought his way into thirty-four campaigns! Though their money was unlimited, their understanding of out-of-state politics was not; and the outcry at what they did, or

were trying to do, was the opening sound of a twenty-year battle to reform the electoral laws of the nation, which resulted, finally, for better or worse, in the emergence of a truly national Democratic Party.

• Certainly the most important, although the most baffling, of the long institutional explorations of that year was the exploration that White and Ascoli had agreed must be done on the American Scientific Establishment. J. Robert Oppenheimer was under closed-door trial before a loyalty and security committee. Both White and Ascoli, without ever having met Oppenheimer, admired him, and they agreed that White should investigate, then throw *The Reporter's* considerable weight of influence behind the great physicist.

That story led on to uncharted frontiers and thickets. American science was the world's most creative; its creators and explorers had become favorites of the United States government and, above all, of the armed services. The hungry young doctoral candidates and youthful researchers White had known at college had vanished. A physicist now belonged to a new elite, pampered and funded by government. But they paid a price in freedom: investigators questioned their friends, brothers, sisters, rivals, about the loyalties, sobriety, sex habits, of the particular genius the government needed but could either spurn as untrustworthy or support and make rich and famous. The long investigation of the Oppenheimer case taught White some of the rudiments of the instrumentation of national defense, and even more about the politics of science. It taught another truth: each world of American endeavor, like each state, has within it a politics of its own. He encountered, in the purging of Oppenheimer, the politics of nuclear physics. He would eventually encounter the inner politics of coastal zone management; steel pricing; arts and humanities; health and hospitals; television networks; and at least another dozen constellations of purpose. Whenever such groups cannot settle their quarrels with their own leadership, they take them to a higher level; which brings most of them to the public judgment of government; and the place where all such quarrels and politics ultimately lock are on the desk of the President, where, White would finally discover, everything eventually locks.

In institutional terms, the Oppenheimer case had classic qualities. Scientists had forever left the days when, with a magnet, a bent wire, a particle emitter and a few dial counters, a single man could make a contribution of insight to physical science. The price of the ticket to explore inside the dancing emptiness of the atom had become so hideously expensive that only government could distrib-

ute such tickets. Each scientist wanted his share of government money to pursue the questions whose answers might shape mankind's history. Their differences of intellectual opinion had hitherto been critical only to scientists themselves. Now power and national security turned on their esoteric debates—as did huge wads of government money. An old Harvard classmate, Dr. Francis Friedman, a physicist who had worked on the first bomb, explained to White what had happened to the boy scientists with whom they had gone to school: "We [scientists] have briefly entered the riches of the medieval church, and are starting to resemble the fat friars grasping for temporal power through ecclesiastic politics."

Scientists, White learned, fought each other and would at times destroy each other by the most personal attacks for reasons he could not fathom. But who could sit as judge in such quarrels? What does an institution like American science do when no outside jury of peers can be found which even vaguely comprehends the facts on which a quarrel hinges? White knew that he himself was absolutely incompetent to judge who was right, who was wrong, in the controversy over Oppenheimer's attitude to the H-bomb. He knew no one else, outside his scientist friends, who was competent to judge, either. And his scientist friends were split. White wished there was no such thing as an H-bomb, but he came down in his reporting unequivocally on Oppenheimer's side. He made up his mind not on the rights, the wrongs, the timing of America's development of a thermonuclear bomb—but on the politics of the matter, the politics that let policemen and FBI agents decide Oppenheimer's quarrel with another great scientist, Edward Teller.

The lesson was that the politics of institutions were passing out of control of the voters' understanding; and White would have to accept the fact that very much of what was about to happen would pass out of his understanding, too—not only missiles and bombs, computers and controls, but also inflation and deflation, black against white, pollution and environment. Henceforth, White would have to seek wise men he trusted, because he could no longer judge for himself. One of his acquaintances was Dr. Jerome Wiesner, a scientist-statesman permitted into every sanctuary of American military secrets who later became president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Wiesner supported Oppenheimer, but would never reveal whether Oppenheimer or Teller was scientifically right or wrong in the controversy over "neutrons by the bucket." White took Wiesner's word that the most elementary consideration of justice required Oppenheimer's clearance—but was even more

impressed by Wiesner's description of his own role. "What do you do," asked Wiesner, "when you see something that can be disastrous to the country, when you find yourself one of the only dozen people in the country who understand it or have access to the secrets? This is a problem for every guy's conscience. I'm not prepared to sit on my butt and after this country has been demolished by an H-bomb say I could have prevented it, or it might have been otherwise. When we debate with the soldiers and the public has to be excluded, who represents the public?" Wiesner's question was unanswerable; but it meant accepting a world of politics by contending elites.

White had come to this point of perplexity about institutions when *The Reporter* published his articles on the Scientific Establishment in 1954. It was a fevered summer; White was enjoying the reporting of it; any number of interlocked matters were engaging public attention at the same time. There was the case of Joseph McCarthy versus the United States Army being tried on television before the entire nation. There was the case of the Atomic Energy Commission versus J. Robert Oppenheimer being tried behind closed doors, but smoke-signaled by a fringe of leakage reporting. And then there was a third case: of the United States versus John Paton Davies, a case being conducted in absolute secrecy.

It was this third and secret case that engaged White most closely. He might watch the McCarthy hearings on TV, and be caught up in the drama—but only as a citizen, not as a working reporter. The Oppenheimer hearings were, indeed, his professional assignment—and he was determined to forgo even-handed reporting and end with a clear defense of Oppenheimer. But the Davies case was another matter entirely. Davies was just too old a friend to forget or ignore.

Any man who becomes a friend of another before the age of twenty-five cannot cut himself loose; and when they were both young men, Davies was the very model of what White hoped an American diplomat would have been in China. Now, in 1954, the grapevine bore him the news that once more—for the ninth time—John Paton Davies was being investigated, this time by the State Department's Security Hearing Board. This redundant inquiry had been triggered by a TV attack on Davies by Senator Joseph McCarthy. White got in touch with Davies' lawyer and said that if any help or testimony was needed, he would be glad to journey down to Washington to testify. He remembers Davies' lawyer, Benjamin Shute, gulping on the phone and asking, in astonishment,

"You mean you'll volunteer to do that?!" White was more than willing. He was in and out of Washington at all times on the Oppenheimer story; needed no expenses for travel or hotel; was indignant at what was being done to his friend; and felt that a principle was at stake.

He did not know what other hazards were at stake.

The secret hearings on Davies had been going on for weeks when White journeyed down to Washington to testify in the first week of July. White felt invulnerable. He was a well-known author. He represented a small but highly leveraged magazine. He knew President Eisenhower and was friendly with the White House staff. And his friend Davies was being assailed.

White testified sharply, intemperately. He tried to make one principle clear: A State Department officer, he insisted, must report the truth to his government no matter how unpleasant the truth. White reached back across the years to China days. If Davies had reported that the Communists were going to win in China, which turned out to be correct, he merited praise, not purging. The government must be informed correctly at all times; that's what we paid those men for.

White was thus feeling very noble, very effective, a detached but able master at this game of loyalty inquisition. He was proceeding on the assumption that the five men on the hearing board, listening to him, were actually a judicial panel, seeking justice. After an hour's closed testimony he hoped he might have turned their minds to a consideration of the merits of the case of John P. Davies, or, at least, given them some of the resonance of life in China at war, which was, after all, at the heart of Davies' behavior. White was so hoping, when a man with a blank face at the big table closed what was obviously the Davies folder, and opened another.

It must have been the White folder; and almost instantly, White realized that this was not a judicial hearing—it was a lynching party. Davies was to be lynched; and if White had to be gotten in the process, why, so be it.

"Mr. White," came the first question, "isn't it true that you made a speech to the Negro troops on the Burma Road urging them to a revolt during the war?"

With that question, White's composure cracked. He was facing the other America, where security had its own jurisprudence; and the politics of security required *them* to get *him.*

CHAPTER NINE

THE FIFTIES: INCUBATING THE STORM

I still remember the room where the Davies security hearings were held, but no record in my diary, no note or recollection, brings back the address of the then secret hearings.

It was a nondescript building, two stories high, I think, somewhere on Twenty-second Street, Washington, Northwest. I had by then, in the summer of 1954, visited so many State Department outposts, at home and abroad, that it seemed as if I had grown up in State Department buildings. From the embassies in London, Paris, Warsaw, back through Rome, Cairo and Delhi, to Chungking and Peking; from the prewar State Department building, with its slatted doors and lazy fans, across from the White House, to the then new State Department building in Foggy Bottom—for fifteen years, from straw shack to marble palace, I had been at home in the offices of the State Department. But I had never seen an office like this: it might have been an abandoned book warehouse, or an old police station in New York. The yellow paint on its walls was peeling; the carpet in the anteroom was stained; it was the cloacal end of the State Department, through which it purged its human refuse. I walked upstairs to the designated hearing room, and as I waited to be admitted, two receptionists chatted, chewing gum, one inquiring of the other, "Hey, you got a Top Secret stamp, Doris? I've only got a Secret stamp." And then, fishing in her drawer, she said, "Oh, here it is now." Stenotypists relieved each other at twenty-minute intervals, as I watched the door. Then I was admitted.

It took several minutes before my eyes could adjust to the light in the room. It was sunny July in Washington outside, so the curtains and blinds had been drawn to keep out the heat, thus dimming the room to twilight. When my eyes did adjust from the glare of the antechamber

to the half dark inside, I could see a long table at the end of the room, behind which sat five men, their backs to the window, so that one had to peer into their shadowed features to make out who they were. Their chairman, I learned later, was Lieutenant General Daniel Noce. I faced him for perhaps two hours that morning, but I have no recollection whether he was thin or fat, tall or short. To my right sat John Davies' counsel, Benjamin Shute, who had volunteered his services out of old friendship; and to Shute's right sat Davies himself—gaunt, almost sallow, his chin poked proudly into the air. In the years since we had known each other in China he had reached eminence. He had been First Secretary of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, a member of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department, Director of Political Affairs at the U.S. Embassy in Germany. But now he looked like a character in *Darkness at Noon*. I myself would have designed a far more dramatic stage set for the operation that was going on; but the room was too dingy and shabby to merit any description at all.

They were examining Davies' supposed "Communist connections." Later, in one of those breaches of secrecy of which the McCarthy primitives were so frequently guilty, I learned that Davies had devised an elaborate scheme to plant in Peking Americans considered "friendly" by the Chinese Communists and then milk them for the intelligence we needed. Because of this rather ingenious plan, Davies was now suspect of being a double agent. But the specific charge against him, for which I was called as witness, was that, during the war, by talking to the American press and explaining Stilwell's difficulties with Chiang K'ai-shek, Davies was deliberately undermining Chiang's government and preparing the way for a Communist takeover. The charges against Davies' behavior in Chungking during the war ten years earlier were preposterous. Of course Davies had talked to the press during the war. That was his job. He was Stilwell's briefing officer. We were war correspondents. He was supposed to tell us Stilwell's side of the dispute with Chiang. I may have been too contemptuous in tossing the charges back. But now, as they closed the questioning on Davies, and opened the unexpected dossier on White, the first charge hurled at me seemed preposterous—that I had tried to organize the Negro troops on the Burma Road for a revolt during the war.

It was so wild a charge that my memory, flicking wildly through recollection, could bring up nothing but humor and I was about to make a joke when it came to me: Why, yes, yes, of course, but they have it all wrong, all wrong.

What came back to me, as the charge was repeated, was a story swimming upstream through memory over a stretch of ten years. I tried to reel the story in through all that had happened between 1944 and 1954. Yes, I had indeed spoken to a gathering of black troops on the Burma Road during the war. Black Americans were then generally assigned under white officers to all-black, segregated labor battalions. At least one, perhaps several, such black battalions had hacked their way through the jungle to cut a road trace between the Ledo Road and the Burma Road which would end the blockade of China. The road had been essential to Stilwell's strategy; ultimately it was superior as an engineering feat to the Japanese bridge on the River Kwai. So, ten years earlier, in 1944, one night in Myitkyina, advance headquarters in the North Burma campaign, I had accidentally met a boyhood neighbor from Dorchester, now Lieutenant Gilbert of the Engineers. Under these jungle palms, we were very far from home in the Boston ghetto.

Gilbert, assigned like so many Jewish engineers to be officers in black battalions, said he was goddamn mad. His battalion was hacking away at the road trace; his black troops were eating their guts out; they had malaria, too, like the white troops; but they were not allowed in Myitkyina, our forward base. Their morale was shot; they didn't know what the hell they were doing over here; they might, for Christ's sake, just as well be in a Georgia chain gang—and they hadn't seen a white officer, except for a few officer engineers like him, since they had been dumped in the jungle. Would I do him a favor? I was a war correspondent, a big shot. Would I, for Christ's sake, come out and dine in the mess with his black troops, and then get up and make a speech, and tell them why it was so important to build this road through to China? He'd drive me out in his jeep, and drive me back the same night. Please!

For boyhood memories and because he was convincing, I agreed.

I had no distinct recollection now, ten years later in 1954, of precisely what I had said to those black Americans carving a road through jungle to help the Chinese defeat the Japanese, but I remembered what I had usually said on occasions like that. This "pep talk" must have gone quite simply: that the Japanese were the worst racists in the world after the Nazis; and we had to help the Chinese knock off the Japanese; this road would do the job; then after we knocked off the racist Nazis in Europe and the racist Japanese in Asia, we would all go home and knock off racism in the United States. So lift that ax, girdle that tree, bulldoze that road, got to get it through. Whenever I was called on to make a speech to troops, I was embarrassed, and I always

tried roughly to balance snorting patriotism with facts, figures and profanity to prove that I was *not* an officer, but only a cynical newspaperman dressed up in the uniform of a war correspondent. That night as we drove back, Gilbert said I had done well, and the speech had disappeared into the pockets of memory until this question re-evoked it. I suppose today, pivoting to the new winds, I should be ashamed of the language I had then used. I called black troops "Negroes." But instead of calling on them to revolt, as charged, I had instead used the "Ol' Man River" theme: "Tote that barge, lift that bale."

I was flustering my way through that answer when, like a good prosecutor, the interrogator nipped it off with the next question.

"Is it true, Mr. White, that your wife is a member of the Communist Party?"

I can still remember my squeal. My voice tends to rise in anger or argument, and I squealed out in astonishment:

"My wife, Nancy?!"

"I don't know what your wife's name is."

From then on I was so angry I made little sense. While my speech on the Burma Road, ten years before, might have been connected, by lunatic imagination, to Davies at CBI headquarters, the accusation against Nancy had nothing to do with John Davies, or China, or anything at issue here. It was an attempt, simply, to intimidate the witness. I defended Nancy, spoke of her political indifference to all causes and stressed her background (her father was then president of his local Chamber of Commerce and considered Senator Taft a liberal). I was then queried about the political affiliation of Annalee Jacoby, my partner on *Thunder Out of China;* I defended her too against all charges (". . . she lost her husband, killed in the early days of the war . . . a loyal American"). I was asked to explain some poetry I had written. Since at the time I had never written any poetry, that defense was easily managed. They wanted to know whether I had quit or been fired at *Time* magazine, and for what reasons. And then I was asked to explain my presence at a list of meetings in 1946 and 1947, when China was being lost to the Reds.

Then I was dismissed. Davies and Shute sat through several more days of such vivisection, while I flew back to New York immediately to push ahead with my series on the Oppenheimer hearings. On June 1, another security board had voted against reinstatement of J. Robert Oppenheimer's security clearance, thus denying him access to the secrets of American defense, which he had done more to revolutionize

than any other man. So I was bitter and wrote and spoke intemperately about the sacrifice of Oppenheimer. And not until the morning of October 4, 1954, did I realize that I had made it to the target list myself. I had, of course, been singed by the heat of the McCarthy passion well before; I had come to understand from friendly producers at CBS that I could not be cleared for appearance as guest or visitor on any show for that network; I had been branded nationwide as a candidate for all blacklists by a hit man's sheet known as "Counterattack," which had flourished by listing "known" subversives. But such public slander was common in McCarthy days, and I had never sensed the difference between the sting of slander and the fist of government when it squeezes until that morning in October.

I entered the passport office on Fifth Avenue in New York and stood in line to pick up my passport. I had left it there the previous week for routine renewal, and had been routinely told to pick up the renewed passport this Monday morning. I cannot remember the face of the man behind the desk, but after a few minutes' search, he blandly replied that my passport could not be renewed; I could not have it back; I fell under the "legislation."

It was like the click of unexpected handcuffs.

Giving up my passport has always made me feel naked, even if only for half an hour to a friendly concierge in a European hotel. And this time, I had not given it up; it had been taken from me; I had been gulled; I had been robbed; I was dazed. I could not yell, I could not fight. There was this man across the counter and I could not jump the counter and ransack the bureau for my purloined passport. The people behind me in the line were murmuring, the clerk was saying there was nothing he could do, and I stumbled out of line, knowing only that my need for the green booklet was both desperate and urgent. This was a Monday. Next Monday, a week hence, I was scheduled to fly to Germany. *The Reporter* had given me a two-month leave of absence, on loan to *Collier's* magazine, for whom I was to write a special survey on Germany Ten Years After Defeat. Unless I could free my passport immediately, I would have to tell both *The Reporter* and *Collier's* that the trip was off, that I was officially on the subversive list and thus disqualified now, and indefinitely, from any further reporting from overseas. A journalist without a valid passport is as crippled, professionally, as a chauffeur whose driving license has been lifted.

The problem posed that morning was one that was posed perhaps to hundreds of Americans in those years—and there were standard reactions. There was the reasoned reaction: Get a lawyer and fight it

out. Or: Hit the press first, roar in protest and force them to martyrize you. Or: Crawl—seek them out, give the recantation in public, finger other names. Or: Quit—drop out of sight as fast as possible. In my case, I could do none of these. I could not quit: I would have to tell both *The Reporter* and *Collier's* I was on the subversive list and thus, passportless, have to break off my trip to Europe. I had no appetite for martyrdom; and even less appetite for crawling my way through the committees and boards, official and semiofficial, that in those mad days awarded badges of clearance or shame, honor, subversion or rehabilitation.

On quick reflection, it seemed to me that, first, the real malice was not against me but was snarling irritation on the part of some minor security officer, who must have been annoyed that I had volunteered to interfere in the crucifixion of John Davies. If I made a public fuss, it would frighten off any number of others from testifying for the accused officers of the China Division. That would play into their hands. Besides, there could be no real charges against me, for none were true. And lastly, if I did not know how to thread my cause through the State Department, either I had wasted my years covering it—or in truth, someone positively wanted to get me, and then, of course, they would. I knew how to use State Department telephones from years of reporting; thus I won an appointment with a passport hearing officer for the next morning, Tuesday, in Washington; was off that evening for the capital; and then began an odd twilight stretch of life which went on for eleven weeks, until Christmas Eve.

When I flew down to Washington, I discovered my hearing officer was a thin, pale-faced man named Ashley J. Nicholas. He would not let me see the charges made against me. We sat in the same room, and he held them in his hands. But with old State Department courtesy, he let me take penciled notes of the charges as he read them forth. They were nonsense—the same charges that had been read to me at the Davies hearings, dropping the poetry charge, but adding that a Soviet organization called JILEK had taken me on a tour of either the Near or the Far East in 1948 or 1949. I said that my passports would show by their markings that I had not been in the Middle East since 1938 or in the Far East since 1945. Mr. Nicholas asked what I had been writing about since. This surprised me. *Fire in the Ashes* had then sold over a quarter of a million copies. I said that I had been writing about Europe. Had he heard of a book called *Fire in the Ashes?* I asked with feigned shyness. No, Mr. Nicholas had not. I felt that any officer in the State Department should be at least familiar

with the records of others involved in foreign policy; but, gulping, I went into the degrading act of describing both my own book and my support of the American cause in Europe. I groveled.

Somewhere, in some passage of Hemingway, I had read his prescription for dealing with bureaucrats, which is never, never to argue with them, be they police officers, consuls, supplymasters, but always to meet them meekly and correctly within their own narrow rules. I now realized that Mr. Nicholas was such a bureaucrat, and I bowed, taking him quite seriously. His major doubt, as I spoke of my book, was my purpose in writing about Europe. He averred that some people wrote about Europe only to take Americans' minds off the Far East: while the Reds were mopping up hundreds of millions out there, some people were trying to divert our attention to Europe! The concept was so bizarre and would have entrapped so many involved in the Marshall Plan, that I went into a name-dropping song-and-dance of my friends and acquaintances who also felt that Europe was important in itself: David Bruce and John McCloy; Lucius Clay and Alfred Gruenther; General—no, President—Dwight D. Eisenhower, and General Ridgway, Chief of Staff.

I can laugh now at the episode. I was there most of the morning persuading Mr. Nicholas that I did not fall under the legislation entitled "Limitations on Issuance of Passports to Persons Supporting Communist Movements." I procured a copy of *Thunder Out of China* for him to read. Then hurried to the Washington home of my artist friend William Walton, who had another copy of the book; and asked Walton for typewriter and paper to write my refutation of charges against me and the book. Walton, a man of great gaiety, would not let me take the matter seriously; he roared with laughter while he helped and edited and made all he could available to me. Together, in two hours, we put together a nine-page answer to charges; and Walton proved both wiser and less expensive than learned counsel. By early afternoon, Mr. Nicholas was wavering. By three, he had issued instructions that my passport would be marked "Valid for Travel to Germany, France and England," but only for two months' duration. After that, I answered more questions about China, and about *Thunder Out of China*, and found Mr. Nicholas growing somewhat apologetic. At the end of the afternoon, Mr. Nicholas said that he believed he could get the passport extended not just for two months but for a full year; and then, with a sensitivity that must have echoed back to his early days, when the State Department expected its officers to be gentlemen, he offered the thought that I really would not have to

solicit letters of loyalty from important people I had known; "it might be embarrassing," he said. I nodded. And we agreed that when I returned from Germany, I would come to Washington, bringing my wife with me, to answer any relevant questions, and he would give us a formal hearing under oath.

So I was away two months in Europe, back in Germany, and wrote about it, and won an award, and later a new and more important job at *Collier's*. But it was a trip scored with schizophrenia. In Germany I was traveling the high road of old acquaintances who had achieved power (like Konrad Adenauer) or great wealth (like Willi Schlieker) or great eminence (like James Bryant Conant of Harvard, now Ambassador to Germany). But the passport in my inner pocket was a dirty passport, a subversive's passport, marked with the limitations and stigmata stamped there to indicate my suspect loyalty. And when I came home I would have to face more charges at Mr. Nicholas's hearing.

Nancy flew to meet me in Paris when I was done with Germany once more, and we had a lunch of asparagus and strawberries at the sidewalk terrace of La Crémaillère. It was a warm, sunny day, with Paris at its loveliest, and we wondered whether we should move back to Europe, where we had been so happy, or return to America and face the charges. It was unreal talk, of course, for both of us belonged to America, and there could be no other course but to go home—except that I was frightened and Nancy laughed because it was all nonsense.

I was home again very early in December and spent as much time working on my past for the hearing with Mr. Nicholas as I did over my survey of Germany for *Collier's*. I was charged with having attended five meetings with "subversives," and in researching my calendars of 1945–1946–1947, when supposedly I was losing China to the Reds, I found at least eleven more such meetings they had overlooked. The exercise in personal research was tedious, time-consuming, but ultimately very useful, for I prepared and sent ahead by registered mail a most meticulously detailed briefing paper for Mr. Nicholas, explaining precisely the nature of each meeting and why I had been there.

I was thus fully prepared for self-defense when I flew down to Washington, with my wife, to stand secretly before Mr. Nicholas on December 23, 1954. I was fearful of only one thing—the need to name names. But I had met that challenge on preliminary inquiries and had developed pat answers: "Yes, sir, I know many Communists, sir: Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, Chu Teh, Ch'en Chia-k'ang, Ch'iao Kuan-hua,

Huang Hua . . . No, I've never associated with American Communists, but I did know and report on French Communists, like Pierre Courtades, Jacques Duclos, Maurice Thorez. . . ." I anticipated a day, perhaps two days, of ugliness and unpleasantness. But nothing of the sort happened.

The final direct confrontation with State, as represented by Mr. Nicholas, turned out to be not only anticlimactic but painless, if not indeed pleasant. Mr. Nicholas had read my briefing paper; he seemed embarrassed. Far more importantly, however, Senator McCarthy's methods had been condemned by the full Senate of the United States only three weeks before, on December 2. Nancy was dressed as if she were chairwoman of the local League of Women Voters, and with somewhat the same hauteur of manner, stripped off her white glove to raise her right hand and swear that she was not then nor ever had been a member of the Communist Party. I, too, answered a number of perfunctory questions and swore my oaths. And then Mr. Nicholas became human. It was two days until Christmas, and, he volunteered, we'd probably like to fly back to New York with clean new passports, with all the dirty restrictions of the old wiped out. We certainly did want nice new clean passports. He suggested, then, that we go out, have lunch, come back, and he'd have the new passports ready; and we could still catch a plane back to New York. When we returned, the new passports were waiting, the new photographs still moist from being freshly pasted in place. Then we were off to the airport, and since the Virginia airport then sold no hard liquor, we celebrated on champagne until the plane was ready to take us back to New York as citizens free to travel anywhere.

I do not know how I would have behaved later had I not been able to clear myself then. John Davies was massacred judicially, purged finally by dictate of John Foster Dulles, deferring to the rock men. The hypocrisy of Dulles is Davies' story to tell. He spent fourteen years clearing his name. J. Robert Oppenheimer was removed from council on the most sensitive of all subjects in national defense. They were large men and their loss was national loss. I was small fry and men like me, suffering from similar charges, dropped out of journalism—to become press agents and real estate agents, to go into brokerage houses, to live in exile, to hide away if they could in TV. As for myself, no amount of self-reproach will reconcile me, even today, to the self-doubt that followed my clearance. From 1954 to 1972, I never wrote another article about the China I knew so well; and only four articles on Vietnam. It was not so much that I was afraid; I had

stood up when I had to and the fear passed away in time. It was that I would never again be as sure of myself on anything as I had been on the need of our getting out of the path of the Chinese revolution. And unless I was that sure of myself, I would never again want to be a polemicist or an advocate in a national debate. I recognize now that I also consciously withdrew from a reportorial area of intense past interest to me—arms and defense, weaponry and combat. I had gone down that road far enough in reporting the Oppenheimer case to know I had made powerful enemies in the defense establishment, too; and so, deliberately, except for the years when I reported on Robert McNamara's pre-Vietnam leadership of the Pentagon, I wrote nothing about national defense, either. A self-censorship, imposed not by government but by prudence, circumscribed me—as it circumscribed countless others.

When, after almost twelve weeks of living within the cyclone, I recovered myself at the Virginia National Airport, my first thoughts were selfish: to protect my family, myself and my career. It would have been nobler and more heroic of me to have stood there and sworn to punish the faceless men who had put me through such anguish, and savaged such good men as Davies and Oppenheimer.

But I did not.

I meant to go on writing of politics in America, and clearance of charges meant that I could continue to do so. But I know that from then on and for years I deliberately ignored the dynamics of foreign policy and defense because too much danger lurked there; and for that shirking I am now ashamed.

It was years before the McCarthy experience faded from my sleep-tossing self-catechisms. More importantly, professionally I could not leave behind, nor could I ignore if I meant to go on writing of American politics, what McCarthy had done to those politics. The late Richard Hofstadter, the best of contemporary American historians, has described the "Paranoid Style of American Politics" as a constant in our long history. The McCarthy troopers modernized that style. There was, in their spurious scholarship, their score-paying nastiness, their flat-head ambition, above all in their intensity of cynicism, an absolutism that let them permit themselves any lie or any sin. The McCarthy episode thus not only affected my own life, but affected all American politics for several decades, and since I was choosing to report American politics as the control center of world decisions, I could not escape from observing the warping effect it had on the politics and elections that were my work.

So much of what I was to report about American politics for fifteen years was ridden by the ghost of that paranoid man that I wish I had stomached my disgust when he was riding high and made an effort to meet and interview him. Looking back, I can see that it was he who acidified American conservatism, making it wrathful and shrill. It was he who stripped it of its political tradition of intellectual respectability, deprived it of any voice that could be widely heard. He fouled the conservative terrain, turned simple patriotism into mindless flag-waving and, worst of all, so discredited the conservative point of view that conservative critics of the dominant liberal culture could not for years expect a reasonable hearing.

McCarthy was not, of course, unique. The thirty-year-long parade of men of his type had begun well before him, with J. Parnell Thomas, chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, who ended up in jail; and a phalanx of Southern racist demagogues whose ends are long since forgotten. But McCarthy was the first to win national attention as a leader; after him came Spiro T. Agnew; and then the climactic Richard M. Nixon. Few men of merit have wished to march publicly in this dreary procession. Perhaps only two conservative men of elective politics, Ronald Reagan and James Buckley, can now command the attention of thoughtful Americans, and another, Barry Goldwater, has in recent years won affection as well as respect. But for the most part, for the last twenty years, the decent grass-roots conservatives of the country have been leaderless, and thus unrepresented in the national political debate. For them the price has been bitterness; for American politics it may have been even greater.

Somewhere in McCarthy was buried the true tragedy of American conservatives: a total incomprehension of their own cause. Only the rarest American conservative, like a William F. Buckley, Jr., understands that America marks a pause in the normal flow of history, a departure from the usual pattern. In the past, successful societies have moved, it would seem inevitably, from simple success to the complex management of the success—with a Pharaoh, a Caesar, or a Chairman. And the Pharaonic or imperial state always required a mandarinate or a bureaucracy to manage its affairs. In modern Western history, the revolt against the closed state was led by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, John Stuart Mill—and Thomas Jefferson—all men known to history as classic liberals. For American conservatives to recognize these liberals as their true philosophical parents is very difficult; they must reach through the names to the idea, and the idea that the state may best be served by letting the individual express

himself, in opinion as in business, seems alien to them. McCarthy did not even try to understand the idea he claimed to be defending. He rallied conservatives only because he could dramatize what seemed to be their enemy—Communism! McCarthy peaked in influence as Harry Truman and Dean Acheson fought Communism abroad, in blood and arms. But he ran around behind the lines like a crazed M.P.—loyal but paranoid, shooting wildly, randomly, cruelly, at friend or foe behind the lines, at anyone whom he could denounce, at the top of his lungs, as Red! Red! Red!

McCarthy was not only blindly cruel and historically ignorant, but politically reckless and myopic. He did not recognize that those who were gathering together in common defense against his attack were the forces of the near future in American politics, the nascent New Governing Class. His easy targets descended through a range of priorities—Communists, fellow-travelers, subversives, intellectuals, writers, professors, press and broadcasters. He lumped all of them together in one coast-to-coast web of conspiracy, pasted together with names, dates, meetings, letterheads, that had no connection with either the reality of the times or the linkages between them, or with Communism. But in the decade of the 1950s American universities were growing wildly; students and professors alike were first beginning to feel their way into politics. At the great foundations, new professionals of research and analysis were making the American government their central field of examination and inquiry. Within the press the first stirrings of professional change were showing as editors began to recruit political reporters from universities rather than the sports beat, and reporters and editors together began to talk back to their proprietors, who had, hitherto, treated them like hired hands. This growing class of people, what could be called the academic-media complex who would become so critically important in the next two decades, had to join ranks. And thrown together against McCarthy, by easy transfer of passion they turned against the entire Republican Party.

Fear, not hope, is the greatest glue of politics. Once the impression sped in 1954 that no thinking or dissenting personality was entirely safe from McCarthy, McCarthy had to be eliminated from politics—and was. The credit for this elimination goes to decent Republicans and Democrats alike. But the cost was borne entirely by the Republicans: McCarthy had activated against that party the best brains and leadership of news room, media and campus. He had cut the Republican Party off from the intellectual dialogue of America;

and the masters of that American dialogue were a far more formidable foe to encounter than the raddled Communist Party spokesmen, who fled in fear.

McCarthy's viral infection of American politics, particularly his penetration of the Republican Party by the temptation of the cheap win via the low blow, lasted for at least ten years and continues still, here and there, in domestic politics. But McCarthy's most lasting effect on American history may well have been on its foreign policy—for a direct line runs between McCarthy's terrorizing of the Foreign Service of the United States State Department and the ultimate tragedy of America's war in Vietnam.

It was Lord Acton who, in his inaugural lecture at Cambridge on the study of history a century ago, said: "I exhort you never . . . to lower the standard of rectitude . . . to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong." The wrong done by the McCarthy lancers, under McCarthy leadership, was to poke out the eyes and ears of the State Department on Asian affairs, to blind American foreign policy. And thus flying blind into the murk of Asian politics, American diplomacy carried American honor, resources and lives into the triple-canopied jungles and green-carpeted hills of Vietnam, where all crashed.

One could see the beginning of McCarthy's impact of irrationality on diplomacy as early as the Korean War. In Korea, we fought armies commanded by P'eng Te-huai, launched by Mao Tse-tung. We had trained a generation of dedicated Foreign Service officers to speak and understand Chinese, to cultivate the leaders of Chinese Communism, to understand what they planned. But all such China Service officers had come under the flagellation of McCarthy's rhetoric—they had not hated Communism enough. Some of these Oriental specialists could be saved by dispersion— shipped to such diplomatic posts as Kenya, Bonn, Iceland, where their expensive training was totally useless. Others were purged outright—as was John Stewart Service, purged in December of 1951. Thus, as truce negotiations at Panmunjon dragged on for two years, Service, the American diplomat who knew the Chinese Communist leadership best, was a purgee, working for a plumbing manufacturer in New York at nine thousand dollars a year. In the employ of this aging manufacturer, he invented a new and improved steam trap for radiators. But the United States Government would not seek his advice. Service had wined, befriended and spent countless hours of both purposeful and aimless conversation with the same Chinese Red leaders we now confronted across guns. They

had respected and had liked him. But the terrorism of Joe McCarthy prevented the use of either Service, or Davies, or Vincent, or Ludden, or Sprouse, or anyone who knew anything about Asia, to help us address our problems in Asia.

The ultimate impact of McCarthy on American foreign policy, and thus on the world, came many years later, in Vietnam. The purging of the State Department had begun as an effort of John Foster Dulles to please his Republican right wing by sacrificing a few of the gallant China Service diplomats who had predicted too accurately and too eloquently the ultimate victory of the Communists. The purging ended with a State Department full of junior diplomats who knew their future career was pawn to political passion at home; who knew that prediction of a Communist victory would be equated with hope for a Communist victory; and who learned to temper their dispatches of observation in the field with what their political superiors in Washington or in Congress wished to hear. No field-grade American diplomat, in the long period between 1964 and 1975, had the courage flatly to predict the potential for disaster in Vietnam. Many recognized that potential; but none dared say it aloud or in print until much too late. They reported what their political masters wanted to hear; McCarthy had ruined the truth-tellers who had gone before.

Perhaps even today I harbor a sense of the deserter for having gone on to other things once I was professionally cleared of loyalty-security charges. What if I, who knew them as well as anyone, had made a vocation of defending the China Service officers who were purged? Could they have been saved? Would matters have been different? Could I have helped them persuade the government, or the Congress, or the press, that it would be best to stand apart from the quarrels of the Asians? The Establishment had lined up to defend the U.S. Army and Matthew Ridgway against the primitives of Joe McCarthy. But few rallied to the defense of the State Department officers, or even the Department itself, which was accused of giving shelter to so many Communist spies. I had made two tries—once for John Stewart Service, once for John Paton Davies—and that was it. At the end of 1954, I ducked from the line of fire. And being freed of the threat to my journalistic license, I abandoned forever the old stories of America abroad to plunge into what now fascinated me more: America at home.

In personal terms, my clearance of loyalty and security charges in 1954 meant that I was also freed of fealty to Dr. Max Ascoli.

Had I not won my passport back, I would have had slim choice: service to Ascoli, or expulsion from the profession. Ascoli was so flamboyantly brave he would have insisted on keeping me on his payroll, as a known subversive, if only to taunt the primitives. But I would then have been pawn to his will, his to move one step by one step in any direction he chose, my writing his to rearrange, paragraph by paragraph. His Florentine generosity was laced always with cruelty and mischief; after I finally told him of my troubles with the State Department, his manner to me became more warm and protective in private, but more overbearing and demanding in public.

Our break was bound to come and it came over a matter of honorable intellectual difference—and coincided with the first cracking of my allegiance to the school of liberal journalism. If the various schools of journalism were divided as clerical orders are—Franciscans, Benedictines, Jesuits, et alia—the School of Liberal Journalism would be a leading order. The school believes that for every complicated problem there exists both an intellectual *and* a moral solution, and that they coincide. Ascoli's was the greatest liberal magazine of its time. His own intellectual frenzies and ego caused him to believe that there was *indeed* a solution for every problem and he, through his magazine, would deliver it. Since he was interested in institutions and we published in New York, it was obvious that something was wrong with the institution called New York City. Thus, once I was cleared of loyalty and security charges, he assigned me at the end of 1954 to a full-scale study of New York, and the perspectives to which its politics pointed.

All reporters owe gratitude to editors who turn them loose on a great assignment. The opportunity to spend months looking at New York, asking the proper questions, became for me a delirium of excitement, for even then, at its peak, the city was a perplexity. Few reporters are allowed to look at their city as a whole, and New York is a challenge to all reporters. Ascoli let me roam from the South Bronx to Far Rockaway, from the Board of Estimate to the Lexington Democratic Club. For three or four months, I spent my time learning New York as if it were a foreign country—and found that it fit into no known political theory. Ascoli was convinced, as always, that the problems of New York were institutional. I was convinced that they were political, ethnic and, above all, racial. This makes a difference in the thread of narrative reporting. Draft after draft rolled from my typewriter, grasping to catch the scene, from the night communications center of the police down at Centre Street to the sickbed of

Gracie Mansion, from the clan chieftains of Italian, Jewish, Irish groups to the feverish little gatherings of earnest citizens who would someday become the reform movement. But as such essays rolled out, and I discarded each, it became obvious that with all my efforts, I would not be able to present Ascoli with the Solution, the Liberal Answer, to New York City's problems. Alas, in New York, even at that time, common sense was in conflict with morality; what had to be done by the dictate of common sense was uncommonly cruel. I was baffled and the reporting stalled.

I bore gratitude to Ascoli for turning over such an exploration to me. But I also bore him resentment for his manners and imperial insistence on rewriting what was mine to say. I prickled particularly when he dropped into conversation the odd fact that he had had a cost-account study done of his writers' work, and that I had turned out to be the most expensive. In a year, my average cost per word published had been fifty cents! I was sure that it would cost him more than that per word by the time I had found the ultimate solution to New York. It would be wise to leave, before the inevitable firing came upon me.

My leavetaking from Harry Luce had come over high principle and, however bitter, ended in a formal exchange of farewells of Oriental effusiveness. My leavetaking from the Overseas News Agency had been sad—a scratchy, miserable, transatlantic series of letters in which I pleaded that the New York office must pay me the six months' back salary they owed me; and then, finally, I quit in exasperation, mostly because I needed money. This leavetaking was different. I invited Ascoli to a fine French lunch, and, after telling him how forever grateful I would be for the opportunity of serving him, I realized that Ascoli was enjoying the farewell as much as I. He was spared both the pain and the cost of firing me; moreover, he waved aside my gallant offer to work as long as necessary to finish up the New York piece. He would have that sage and magisterial old New Dealer Adolph Berle rework my draft, for Berle knew what the facts really meant. Berle would sign the story and give the Solution. That sat well with me, for I knew a few more weeks or even months would give me no satisfactory answer to the problems of New York; and I was pleased, months later, to see that Berle had written a good piece, and been gentleman enough to refuse to sign half a dozen vignettes of New York street life which I had written. So they were run without a by-line months after I had taken my leave.

I was, I told Ascoli with some pride, joining *Collier's* magazine.

Collier's was not as prestigious as *Life,* but easily equal to *Look* or the *Saturday Evening Post.* Apart from the little giant, *Reader's Digest,* these were the big four of the newsstands; each of them had a senior national political correspondent, and I was to fill that post for *Collier's.* The job was the journalistic equivalent of one of the great chairs of history at Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, or Yale. I felt, as I left Ascoli, that now after the years in the wilderness and my fright of Joe McCarthy, I was at last going back to the winning side.

And I could not have been more mistaken.

An enormous difference separated *Collier's* from *The Reporter.* It was not simply that *Collier's* sold 4,300,000 copies and *The Reporter* less than 200,000. Nor the difference in audience tone. Nor the presence in *Collier's* of those glossy advertisements that give commercial magazines so much of their flair. It was not that one came from the tradition of "mainstream" mass magazines and the other from the tradition of liberal "little" magazines. It was simply that their views of America were so different that I might almost have been reporting different countries to different peoples once I had crossed between their offices from one side of Fifth Avenue to the other. A friend hailed me in the street several months after I had made the change and asked, "What's happened to you? Since you left *The Reporter,* no one can find out where you're writing these days." Yet *Collier's* had more than twenty times the circulation of *The Reporter.*

At *The Reporter,* I had covered the wrinkled underside of American politics and leadership, examining the cellular structure of our institutions as if preparing them for Ascoli's surgical diagnosis. At *Collier's,* I was to report what was actually happening to ordinary Americans. Both *Collier's* and *The Reporter* shared the same Eisenhower years of prosperity and well-being. But their views of America were entirely unlike, a *Rashomon* of journalism. The high story in American science for *The Reporter* was the inquisition and excommunication of J. Robert Oppenheimer in the struggle over the hydrogen bomb. For *Collier's* the high story of science in that decade was Jonas Salk's triumph over polio—and *Collier's* effort to tell it first. For *Collier's,* the great women of the world were led by Grace Kelly and Marilyn Monroe, followed by Elizabeth Taylor and Kim Novak. For *The Reporter,* Eleanor Roosevelt and Golda Meir were leading ladies. At *Collier's,* the conquest of the do-it-yourself workbench by the quarter-inch drill was a major story; but the editorial director of *The Reporter* would not have known which end of the quarter-inch drill to

hold in his hand. Both magazines reported America; and reporting the same America first for one magazine, then the other, was like reporting two different countries.

In joining *Collier's* I had joined a magazine that had no other purpose than to make money. But to make money it needed an identifiable audience whose attention it could sell to advertisers. Such an audience always assembles around the personality of a great editor or great publisher, and now *Collier's* was groping for such a personality. It had been founded half a century earlier by an Irish immigrant named Peter Fenelon Collier, who made a fortune selling "library sets" on the installment plan. Collier had a flair for capturing imaginations and his magazine survived sixty-nine years of ups and downs. When the winds blew to muckraking, *Collier's* muckraked. But whether for circulation's sake or not, *Collier's* could, on occasion, stand against the wind; the magazine supported women's suffrage and a national income tax when they were unpopular, and, again against fashion, cracked down on doctors, medical cheaters and chiselers. *Collier's,* under later editors, peaked in the thirties and forties as the only mass mainstream magazine supporting Franklin Roosevelt. But then, after the war, it had erratically hawed this way and yawed that way, trying to find a cause and a course to increase audience. A loud-mouthed, colorful one-time Hearst executive came aboard as editor—Lou Ruppel. His chef-d'oeuvre was a hysterical, screaming, red-bordered issue in 1951 called "Preview of The War We Do Not Want," describing America's war with, and conquest of, Russia. Bombs whistled through *Collier's* pages, raining death on Pinsk, Minsk, Vladivostok, Rostov, Kiev. Flames spread across the center fold as Moscow burned. The issue captured perfectly the spirit of the anti-Red hysteria of the Korean War and was disastrous; even *Collier's* advertisers thought it coarse and scary.

Ruppel was replaced by a shy and diffident opposite, Roger Dakin. Dakin moved *Collier's* from anti-Communism to space-roving—prematurely, it turned out, for in 1952 and 1953, space exploration was still the domain of fictioneers and Buck Rogers. Ruppel had told the world what *he* thought they should think—at the top of his lungs. Dakin's credo, as I discovered later in a basic memo in our archives, differed: " . . . instead of editing the magazine in terms of our own preferences, . . . standards . . . interests," he said, "we are making a studied attempt to anticipate the preferences, standards and interests of our circulation . . . our primary assignment right now is to build our circulation figures as a tool for our advertising salesmen. All