

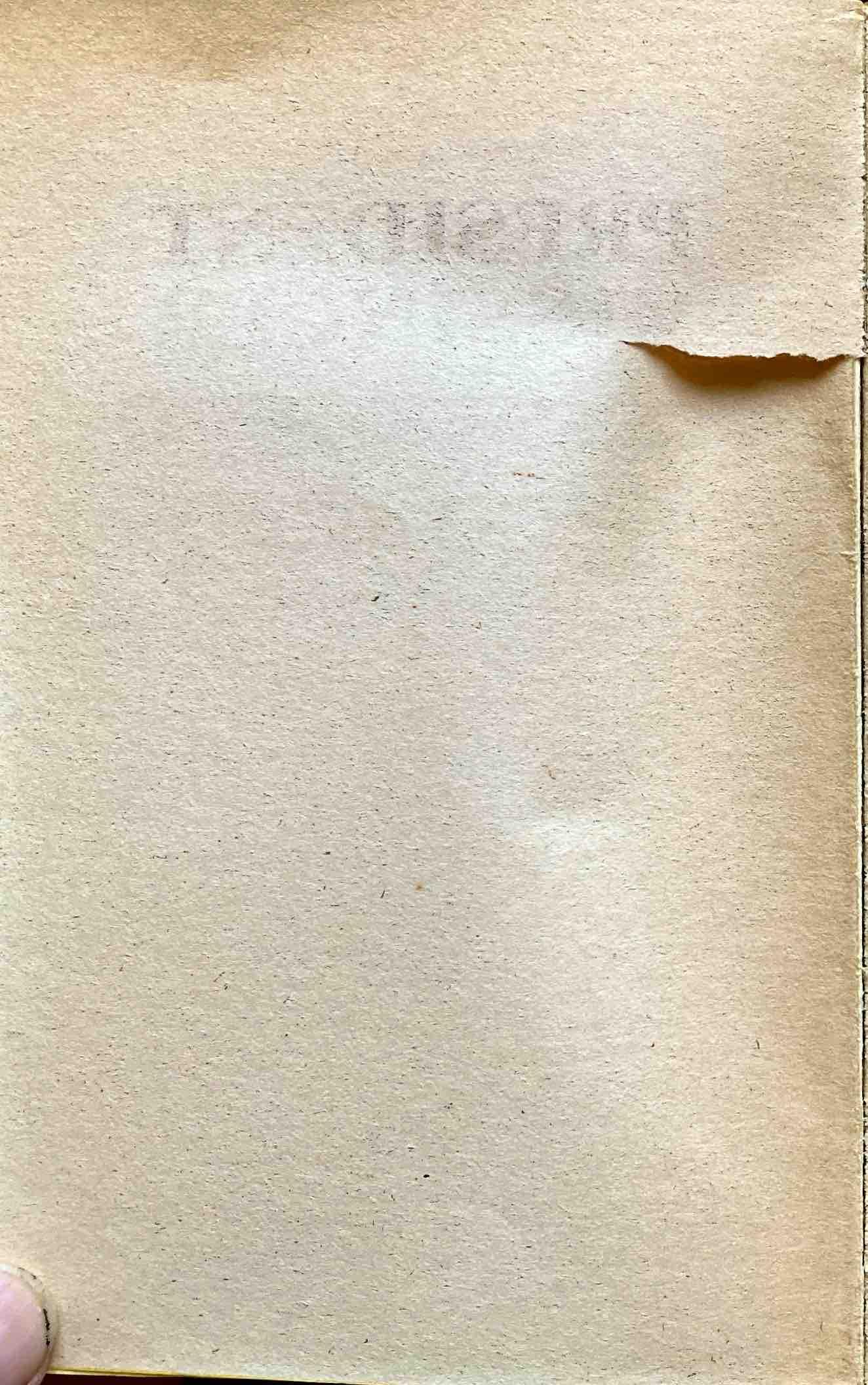
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PRESIDENT KISSINGER

FROM HISTORY TO PROPHECY...



A POLITICAL ADVENTURE FICTION
BY MONROE ROSENTHAL AND DONALD MUNSON



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A TALE OF TWO DYBBUKS

The angels that are fashioned from fire have forms of fire but only so long as they remain in heaven. When they descend to earth to do the bidding of God here below, either they are changed into wind, or they assume the guise of men. Think of the difference!

The problems of incarnation and generation are infinitely complicated, sighed young Reb Yakele; all the more since the past is gone, the future does not yet exist and the present is an immaterial barrier between the two.

Shuffling along the dark road his companion, Rabbi Menachem Mendel, seemed to endorse that statement with his silence. Then he spoke up to mention the miraculous conception of Abraham ben Eleazar, which occurred in Franconia, several years after the Great War.

Like Cain and Abel, two brother dybbuks were indispensable to each other, said the Rabbi, by virtue of

the fact that the principle of good and the principle of evil cannot exist if not by contrast to each other. Those two spirits were roaming the surface of the earth at night, just like the two of us at this very moment.

Their mutual hatred was the passion of their lives; but if you are a dybbuk, how can you express your passion without a body as an agent of expression? The answer is simple: you have to invade a body—after chasing the tenant soul therefrom. And then you can really get things going, with your man's body combined with your dybbuk's knowhow!

In a light trance, the younger man listened as they continued their interminable voyage through the pitch dark. The Rabbi was listing all the traits of each one of his two dybbuks, which contrasted them as sharply as day and night. One was of a seraphic disposition, although embedded in the essence of a dybbuk, which made him very unhappy, whereas the other was of the darkest diabolical nature, and enjoyed every evil fantasy inspired in him by the God of the Depths.

One day, the Rabbi continued, the two dybbuks heard that the time had come for the conception of Abraham ben Eleazar, an experimental Messiah about to be launched into the billowing, noxious fumes of the twentieth century. The evil dybbuk exclaimed that this was his chance to infiltrate a Messiah at the time of conception, and he gloated over the notion. A Messiah governed from the core of his soul by a perfectly malevolent dybbuk, that would be a fascinating novelty. The good dybbuk was of course horrified by his alter ego's project. Since the two of them were inseparable, what would become of him, the good one, if his malevolent brother were to engage in such a solitary adventure? But the worst part of it was, of course, the foul perversion to which God's experimental Messiah was about to be subjected, and the mass deception that would be

engineered by his companion's ruse at the expense of the suffering and confused world outside.

The conception was to take place in Fürth, a little German city, between two ordinary humans, on August 27, 1922.

As the preconception ritual progressed in a bedroom overfurnished with useless knickknacks, in a confined atmosphere and rarefied light, the two dybbuks were holding each other haltingly in a corner of the room, fighting each other with the extreme passion of hate and love combined.

As the passions mounted on the bed, and as they mounted also in front of the bed where the two invisible dybbuks were locked in their mortal struggle, a unique and totally unexpected tragedy of fate occurred with the swiftness of lightning at the very moment of ejaculation. Racing and fighting at the same time, struggling to achieve and to prevent the sacrilege, the two dybbuks fused themselves with the substance of the two champion spermatozoa at the head of the seminal pack.

Simultaneously they reached the outside envelope of the egg, and the symbiotic love-hate energy which had dominated their fate welded them into one single missile which pierced the female mass with a silent screech; and so was conceived Abraham ben Eleazar who has since made his way in the world as Henry A. Kissinger.

The Rabbi paused and absent-mindedly wiped his bleary eyes. The icy wind was blowing with intractable malpleasure.

Rabbi Mendel continued his strange story with a few remarks. Cases of joint and simultaneous impregnation have never been recorded by science, but that does not necessarily make them impossible, especially when the human process is wilfully monitored by a dybbuk, let alone two.

My son the doctor, added the old Rabbi, whose

name is Moishe and who is about your age, Reb Yekele —my son swears that such prodigies would be made possible because of the matter-transforming properties the dybbuks are alleged to possess.

Moishe, bless his name, says that obviously, in the case of our Abraham ben Eleazar, miracles have been compounded. A double sperm fused together as only one should create a single twin; or if you prefer, two humans fused in one. And Moishe says that this is indeed the case with our subject—who appears to have a double set of chromosomes in every cell, and a double physical density, a double stock of energy, a double mental capacity, a double everything. Those things are rather incomprehensible to me, but if the Highest has so decreed, who am I to dispute his judgement?

Whatever medical science would have to say on the subject, I trust that I will not surprise you if I suggest to you that our Abraham may have two souls as well, or perhaps three. He is animated in contradictory manners by the two dybbuks, and at the same time he is still acting as God's envoy. Such a theological conundrum I have not encountered once in the course of a long life!

But in God's realm, nothing is impossible, and miracles must be received with no more than humble gratitude.

Is our Abraham the Messiah? He has the ability to change the fate of mankind, and isn't that a supernatural power? But how can you recognize the Messiah in this day and age? He may appear to us in a business suit carrying a slide rule.

The fact remains that, whoever may be Abraham ben Eleazar, his soul is inhabited by two dybbuks. The evil one has kept him under his empire in the first half of Abraham's lifetime, and the seraphic one took over at mid course. But between those two the struggle will never cease.

Dybbuks will be dybbuks.

CHAPTER I

CRYSTAL NIGHT, GOLDEN DAWN

Four huge muffled explosions shook the old city on its venerable foundations.

Their noise suddenly covered the din from the brawling troops and the rhythmic, warlike chanting. An awesome silence followed.

From his high vantage point just under the roof, Heinz was able to catch a plunging perspective of the street, the patrician mansions in noble array, and, at the end, deployed with severe elegance, the old synagogue which had long been the pride of Fürth. Flames were running up behind the high windows of the Alte-Schule, illuminating the historical façade against the evening darkness. The ancient stained glass was breaking out in iridescent cascades under the condensed violence of the heat. For an endless moment every other sound vanished, all that could be heard was the distant rumbling

of the flames and the slow rain of glass hitting the flagstones.

Standing in the darkness of the dormer window, Heinz was invisible from the street, but he could see every detail of the complex architectural decor at his feet, dramatized by the dancing lights and shadows from the fire. A decor set for high tragedy . . . A fifth explosion, deafening, shook the air once more as the oriental dome of the Alte-Schule started a miraculous ascent, propelled by a gigantic tail of flames, and in turn broke into jagged fragments of wood and masonry, falling heavily all around the burning structure.

Heinz's gaze shifted quickly back to the Heineman's house, which seemed dangerously close to the blaze. All doors and shutters were closed, and Heinz felt anguish pressing at his heart: had they managed to escape through the back? Dr. Heineman could hardly walk, Frau Heineman would be in hysterics, in the hands of her maids, and Genia would be writing a poem, perhaps, or pensively brushing her luminous golden hair. But certainly not looking at all that rotten flesh in the street.

A horrible, prolonged shriek brought him back to the temple, which he saw was now a mass of flames and shadowy beams. A black scarecrow figure ran from a dark porch nearby straight into the heart of the raging fire, and the dancing shape was instantly erased without leaving a trace. Heinz had recognized the crotchety silhouette of mad Reb Mandel, the beadle. Had he been trying to rescue the Torah? Or was he seeking instant annihilation together with the love of his life, the beautiful, ancient synagogue which had been for so long his entire universe?

The sky above reigned in perfect purity over the scene of rage and death, as the soul of the synagogue was rising on a bed of flames, borne by a million prayers, to take its invisible place in the memory of the

universe. The rabble down there became vociferous again, celebrating the holocaust with orchestrated cheers. Several hundred country bumpkins dressed up in the same cheap, smelly brown uniform with the swastika-stamped armband—blind drunk, retching, reeling, and clamoring for revenge—were filling the streets. And now they were banging at the high gates of the houses closest to the synagogue, ostensibly in search of rich Jews.

Revenge!

Only a few days earlier a poor Jewish tailor who had run away from Hamburg to Paris, Hershell Grynspan, had received word that his mother and sister had been beaten to death by the storm troopers in front of their house. He stole a pistol, walked to the German Embassy, and shot dead the first man he saw in the courtyard, a young military attache. For Hitler, the provocation was perfectly timed to give the official signal for the *Rassenkampf*, the racial crusade against the Jews. The next weekend would be devoted to that great sport all over Germany, starting with a gala night on Friday, which was given by the all-provident Führer the pristine code name of Crystal Night. In Fürth the elders of the community published a one-page advertisement in the local newspaper in which was presented a humble apology for the crime committed in Paris by a German Jew. That naive effort to pacify the Nazis only added to the humiliation.

*When Jew blood runs down our knives,
Then, comrades, what happiness is in our hearts!*

The grotesque, compelling hymn was reverberating against the city's high walls, and for the first time that night Heinz felt the sickening grip of private, physical, overwhelming terror. He felt immaterial, feverish in the icy air, he was unable to think clearly anymore. The

horrible lines of the Horst Wessel Lied seemed to be aimed at him, ferreting him out of the darkness in which he was hiding. Hiding in shame and fear, like all the Jews of the Earth.

Heinz had never paid much attention to religion. He mildly resented the rites, and strongly disliked the conformist attitude of the pious Hebrews; but in his family, it did not really matter. Louis, his father, considered himself a liberated agnostic, although he was living in good faith with the rich, self-satisfied Jewish community, and paid lip service to the ceremonials. Louis taught Greek and Latin to the daughters of the rich farmers and middle-class families, and his two sons, Heinz and Walter, had been receiving a very standard, non-religious education at the local gymnasium. Paula, the mother, kept a kosher household, more by taste and pride in her own excellent cooking than for the sake of religious observance. The Kissingers saw themselves as a middle-class German family similar to all the others, certainly not as an underprivileged ethnic minority.

For countless generations, their ancestors had lived a quiet, honorable existence in Furth. It is true that the origins of the Jewish community of Furth had been marked by tragedy. In 1499, all the Jews then living in Nuremberg had been expelled from that city and forced to re-settle in Fürth. But there they had prospered, they had created an exemplary center of Jewish life and Jewish culture which included a printer's shop for Hebrewic texts, founded in the 17th century, a Jewish Orphans' Asylum, created in the 18th century, and of course the imposing Alte-Schule, the old synagogue which was first dedicated in 1617, and had known a long line of famous rabbis from Samson ben Joseph to Hirsh Janow, and Wolf Hamburg.

The Nuremberg persecution was now nearly five centuries old, and the Jews of Furth had forgotten that dis-

tant episode. They were used to the ways of power, having served as court factors to many German princes. They had fought for the emancipation of the Bavarian Jews in the 19th century, and had again become leaders during the industrial revolution. They were a select few, a rarefied financial aristocracy. They thought that they were rather more patriotic than the average German, as well as good agents for the Fatherland's economic expansion.

When that little man, Hitler, had first been heard of in 1933, they felt unconcerned. But the danger had suddenly become horribly close . . . Again Nuremberg, source of the earlier persecution, was blowing the winds of anti-Semitism all over Germany. In 1938, Nuremberg—sister city, friendly neighbor—served as headquarters for Julius Streicher, publisher of "*Der Sturmer*", and theologian and missionary of the new Nazi racist cult. Streicher was an unrestrained sadist, a joyous killer, a man whose every movement was evil.

Gauleiter Julius Streicher exercised all his punitive talents on the Nuremberg community, and on the university population. He wanted all Jews out of his sight—although never quite out of his reach. Then, to give his army of uniformed bullies a chance to exercise and learn, Nuremberg being now free of Jews, he sent his troops on weekends to Fürth: the Fürth-Nuremberg railway was the first ever built in Germany, the trip took one hour and was cheap. The Jew-baiting expeditions soon turned into weekly migrations, and now the entire Jewish community was in constant terror.

After several months of weekly harassment, the climate had entirely changed in Fürth. First Heinz and Walter were asked to leave the gymnasium, where they had both been good students, and they were forced to join a rabbinical institution. Heinz felt lost, disoriented, and deeply humiliated. Even soccer was denied him now—he had been part of a crack team at his old

school, but the Jewish kids were better at praying than playing soccer.

During those months of his life, when everything around him seemed to shrivel and to smother him, he had become rather acutely conscious of Genia's existence. Perhaps simply because she was ravishingly beautiful. Perhaps because she seemed to scorn him, at first. But then he discovered that her immense green eyes could not see very well, and they became friends.

Heinz was admitted into the Heineman family with some reluctance because they considered themselves to be of very superior rank. Mr. Heineman had a very selective collection of Impressionists. He was a patron of the arts, and he knew where he stood in the world Jewish community. As to the Kissingers, they were honorable people, but little people. Mr. Heineman was hostile to Heinz at first when he saw that both his daughter and his wife liked him. He wondered what made that short, fuzzy-haired, fattish teenager attractive to the ladies. But then he heard Heinz speak, and he liked his deadpan, perceptive comments. And the boy probably had some charm, he had intelligent eyes, he was serious and hardworking. Heinz passed.

Genia was his age, fifteen, and it was the first love for both of them. A heady experience, and a confusing one. Heinz was rather overwhelmed by the discovery of his own demanding sexuality. Genia was less interested in responding to it than in teasing him into paroxysms of undisclosed passion. She was well aware of her powers, and she was using them with something like scientific accuracy. Poor Heinz became mad with lust at each encounter, only to go home and dream of her, night after night. And she kept writing him sonnets full of nightingales, sweetly ignoring his plight. She loved him; he hated himself for the vulgarity of his feelings. He felt gross, unworthy of her. But her image would

reappear before his mind's eye, and he would sink again into a torrent of erotic frenzy.

It is hard to be fifteen and in love.

Three large trucks had rumbled to a stop at the end of the street, and they were disgorging more brownshirts, older men this time—probably city hoodlums trained as assault troops.

All the houses in the street were reviewed and on half of them a giant letter "J" was splashed in red paint on the front door: "J" for *Juden*. Heinz felt a tremor of relief when the stormtroopers passed the Kissingers' apartment building without stopping. But at the same time he saw that the Heineman's house had just been decorated with dripping paint: a "J" that looked like a gothic dragon. A powerful loudspeaker unleashed a sudden tirade of extreme violence—Streicher himself was addressing his legions. The message was simple: Revenge! Rape, plunder, hunt the Jews to the last one! The terrible voice shrieked the words in a hysterical paroxysm.

Two minutes later the Heinemans' oaken portal was rammed open by a truck. Lights went up inside the house, as the brownshirts, holding torches, piled into the staircase. Windows flew open. Amid shouts and laughter objects and furniture were thrown out into the street.

After what appeared to Heinz as an impossibly long time, the brownshirts started walking out, each one carrying all he had been able to steal. In the middle of the mob, Heinz suddenly saw the pathetic forms of the three Heinemans, all three naked, their bodies splashed with red paint, being pushed toward a truck.

Heinz felt sick. The sky above was sending its eternal message of peace. Peace! He wanted to close his eyes,

but he was unable to. Old Dr. Heineman, perfectly ridiculous with his hanging belly and his cane, was kicked into the truck. His wife was dragged by the hair. Genia suddenly tried to run away, but she was caught immediately, and her white body disappeared, gesticulating, in a group of shouting men. A clamor was rising from the street. Heinz felt something breaking inside.

He fell like a mass on the hard floor of the room.

The Fürth community disintegrated very fast after the Crystal Night. Louis managed to borrow enough money from an uncle to buy the family's passage to America. In Fürth most rich Jewish families already had ties in the United States, such as the Ochs who had partly emigrated to America where Arthur Ochs founded the *New York Times*. It seemed unthinkable to go anywhere else but New York City.

The Kissingers were relatively late among those who made the transition from the Third Reich to the Fourth—that is, from Nazi Germany to Washington Heights. So heavy had been the influx of Jewish refugees to this part of the upper West Side of New York (from about 140th Street to 185th), that the neighbors had dubbed it the Fourth Reich. Shops, huge blocks of apartment buildings, synagogues, and professional offices were increasingly occupied by, serviced by, and accommodating to a transplanted German-Jewish culture. There were those who had managed to bring some part of their wealth; but many had brought only themselves and their capacities. Doctors took state boards and resumed their professions. Chemists and engineers did pretty well in making the transition. Lawyers, confronted with the utterly different codes and common law traditions of this new land, became accountants, or entered businesses where clear heads and willingness to work endless hours gave them a foothold. But Henry's

father could scarcely become a teacher when the English language was so new to him.

Henry, at 15, was quite young enough to adapt. Some vowel and consonant patterns were deeply fixed, and "W" still came out "V" occasionally. But methodically, sturdily, Henry set himself to learning the language, the customs, the opportunities of this new culture.

Henry must surely have learned that irrational, unprovoked violence against a non-aggressor was universal—he had encountered it in Germany, and now again it came up in the hospitable, free America, in the person of Jerry Bernstein. Jerry was tough, street-smart and in Henry, the shy boy with a telltale accent, he found a natural target. Almost every immigrant has endured the curses and beatings of some Jerry, and even years later Henry would flush at the mention of this humiliating initiation.

Louis Kissinger finally managed to secure steady work as an accountant in a bookstore. Paula supplemented the meager income by cooking for, and occasionally serving at, dinner parties for the rich Jewish families in the neighborhood. It was even necessary to rent out two rooms in their apartment—a real indignity, for the Kissingers, like all other German Jews, cherished the privacy of their home.

By 1941, Henry was able to help a little. He graduated with distinction from high school. Unable to avail himself of a certain Regents scholarship, he registered for evening classes at City College and took a job in a shaving brush factory—as a shipping clerk.

The pattern is all too familiar. Long, weary hours of dull, repetitive, very unskilled labor, and then the narrow universe of accounting studies in the evening, with classmates equally handicapped by poverty, and similarly on the long treadmill to a minor profession, as

their best hope for escape from the bleak future of the uneducated.

Sarah Finkelstein was nineteen, one year younger than Henry, when they met. Her parents owned the candy store on the corner of the Kissinger's apartment, and Henry saw her almost daily as he passed by on his way to work or school. A little over five feet tall and slightly overweight, she looked as though she could start having children at once.

Her horizons were limited by the rather severe cultural limitations she had been born into. From birth, it had been assumed she would marry a hard-working Jewish man of her own class and status, become a mother, and repeat the pattern that had preceded her for generations. But Sarah had that spark of creative rebellion which marks a person with an unappeasable discontent. There is no way to know why, out of a thousand people just like her, the spark of revolt burned in her breast.

Yet, there can't be a fire without fuel, and she had no vehicle for the yearnings that stirred inside her until she met Henry. He attracted her for a number of reasons. One was his special status as a young man who had barely escaped the concentration camp. A second was his almost unrelieved seriousness; aloof, reserved, he seemed always to have weighty matters on his mind. The third was a quality only an interested woman would observe, that of a lost puppy dog, and that did bring out all of Sarah's mothering conditioning. And, finally, Henry, even as a young boy, even as a complete innocent, was endowed with that mysterious gift of sexual attraction which distinguishes some men from the multitude. It was perhaps that feeling of intensity, of inner concentration he seemed to project that gave his rather ordinary features a special glow. His deep, brooding, intelligent eyes were his most remarkable feature, and to Sarah they became an obsession.

The mating dance was difficult, however. The first difficulty came in the form of Sarah's parents, one of whom was never more than ten feet away. The second was Henry himself, who often appeared as though he wouldn't notice the end of the world if it happened in front of his nose. Sarah kept trying to attract him, using with instinctive knowhow the very subtle facial expressions and almost imperceptible posturings by which a woman offers herself to a man. However, it's doubtful whether anything would have come of it unless Henry's brother, one night at dinner, had joked, "That girl, that Finkelstein, she's really dropping her drawers over you."

Sex was, at this point, an abstraction to Henry. Many years later, the explosive force of the sexual revelation was to turn his approach to sex into a caricature of the Lothario syndrome. But at the time of his meeting with Sarah, it seemed that everything had conspired to keep Henry away and apart from the mating patterns of a steady, stable society.

Finally, he asked Sarah for a date. He had first approached her parents, asking their permission to call on their daughter. They were charmed by his old world deference, and compared that considerate attitude to what they had begun to condemn in their own children. For a month, the two did little more than walk by the river. Sarah was the first person with whom Henry was able to discuss his experiences in Germany. There was a tacit agreement among the members of his family not to mention the old days, and no one outside that circle was really interested, except to gather fuel for lamentation and hatred. Henry had already developed enough of a historical sense to hold no personal animosity against the Germans. Such an extraordinary human phenomenon had to be studied, and being emotional about it was no help in understanding those people. He knew they were beasts, but he also knew that any other group

of people could be just as bestial, without a second thought, if circumstances dictated. Where human nature was concerned, he had learned from earliest childhood to be a complete cynic: but at least he was not an indifferent one.

She sat spellbound for hours as his voice wove visions before her eyes. His narratives were complex combinations of personal experience, general observations, and future projections. His eye-witness accounts of the brutality inflicted on the Jews in Germany brought tears to her eyes. His unfaltering political analyses of the world situations and his predictions on the coming shapes of historical evolution numbed her mind, but she kept listening in awe to what she could no longer follow. And when he was relaxed enough with her to articulate his dreams for his own career, she held her breath in disbelief. Either he was a madman, or someone with a rare and special destiny.

They could not free themselves yet from the sexual morality of their upbringing, so they did not think of making love, although Sarah would probably have been willing had Henry been insistent. They gave themselves over to the forms which were culturally acceptable: holding hands, kissing, breast fondling. The idea of going any further was unthinkable to either of them, as the loss of virginity, a very serious matter in those days, was seen as something of a monstrous crime in their limited, conventional Jewish world. That self-restraint weighed heavily on the two adolescents, who were both hot-blooded and naturally sensual. Sarah was often ashamed of her flaming cheeks. Sometimes her breath was so short she was unable to speak. That confused Henry even more, caught as he was between his nice-boy image and the rising demon below. It was delicious torture, but it was torture. And it happened that in some of his dreams, Genia's pale image would come back to terrify him.

They became accepted in their neighborhood as a putative couple, and everyone assumed that they would marry. Sarah's parents called on the Kissingers one night to discuss the status of their children. Sarah began making the kind of unreal plans which every young bride will make. She knew that Henry would have to finish college and go on to graduate school. She was prepared to work to help him through. And after that, unimaginable events. Travel. Pretty children and, why not, a nurse. Important people. A house of their own! Yes, a townhouse for Henry and Sarah!

Henry went along with it all. There was nothing wrong with the trend he was following. He was fond of Sarah, and his realistic plans included little more than law school, prosperous practice, perhaps some politics. A wife like Sarah would be suitable, and he had come to depend on her for emotional release. As the marriage plans began to take shape, they became a little more free with each other, and he became truly addicted to the pleasure he found in her body, the willing lips, the eager hands, and the quick response of her taut breasts.

Henry's draft notice arrived like a sizzling grenade, once again tearing his life to pieces. When he left the neighborhood for basic training in the summer of 1943, he and Sarah parted tearfully, but the situation was predictable and it was just a matter of waiting for the war to end. However, when he received his orders for Germany, their goodbye was laced with much more intense despair. Although she would never formulate the thought, she knew he would not return to her. He was going to embark on a life of conquest, and she would have to sink back into her small and tidy world. She had him to herself for two years but, all that time she had known that it was a dream, that he was too ambitious for her, that she could never follow his drive, read

his thoughts, and be his mate. She had known that all the time, but she had kept it a perfect secret—even from herself.

Henry did what he has always been able to do when faced with abrupt change: he rolled all his feelings into a small package and placed it on the back shelf of his mind, to be unwrapped and examined at some more appropriate time. He was sorry to leave Sarah, but he was also impatient to discover a new world, new people. The pattern had to be broken, and he secretly welcomed a breath of fresh air, and his freedom from the family horizon. And from the Jewish horizon, which he saw more and more as a prison, as a perpetual restraint on his instincts, his ideas, and his unformulated ambitions. He arrived in Germany and within a week lost his virginity in the arms of an Austrian zookeeper's assistant who had taken to prostitution on the side.

The Army would be a turning point. First of all, technically, it transformed him from an anonymous European refugee into an American citizen by giving him the automatic privilege of naturalization. To Henry, that was an invaluable step. He was no longer fluttering helplessly in the diaspora: he was an American, he belonged to the strongest, youngest, most generous and most inventive nation in the world. Henry had done his basic infantry training at Camp Croft, outside of Spartanburg, South Carolina. His vision was abruptly modified from the middle-class values of Washington Heights with its predominance of German Jews, and the self-confident, city-wise workers of lower Manhattan.

Henry liked the new contacts—not only the Southerners, but the servicemen drawn from every region and social stratum of America. The morale of preparing to fight the enemy of democracy was a pow-

erful binder, and the dislocation was a stimulant, opening heady possibilities of comprehension, exploration, and achievement.

His high I.Q. was his passport to a specialized training program at Clemson College, for the summer of 1943. And, in September, this was followed by an assignment to Lafayette College for six months—"for extensive specialized engineering studies." Indirect evidence shows that this was the time when his long association with American intelligence agencies truly began. It was here that the mysterious, untraceable "Professor Adams" first appears in Henry's record. As a professor of German Studies, he singles Henry out, in a cryptic report, as "a particularly brilliant student and potentially trustworthy operative."

Then, in April of 1944, assigned to the 84th Infantry Division, at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, "to prepare for active duty in the German theatre," Henry met an older man who was to have a profound effect on the direction of his life.

Fritz Kraemer was also a private and a German refugee. Non-Jewish, Kraemer had fled Germany voluntarily, one of the small political-intellectual elite to leave a fatherland that had been desecrated by Nazi excesses. Kraemer was immensely intelligent; he had acquired two Ph.D.s, in record time, knew Greek, Latin, and various modern languages; and his original insights on law, history, and philosophy were fascinating to Henry. Kraemer was bringing back to him what he had missed when he left his country as an adolescent: German intelligence, German culture at its best. It was so much more satisfying to him, so much more real and inspiring than anything he had found in America as an immigrant and as an impoverished student, that he attached himself to Kraemer as his shadow.

Fritz was in turn stimulated by Henry's intense response, gave him the best he had to offer, and received

the best in exchange. He said that Henry had a "musical sense of history," a very perceptive remark which illustrates the enthusiasm with which Henry was plunging into those new studies. Kraemer was still only 35, "a little bombastic at times" in Henry's own words, and, in the full sense of the term, "a good German." The two men remained close friends for a time, but Kraemer remained "a good German," and Henry proceeded on his way to a philosophy which wanted to transform goodness into something more practical.

Kraemer's influence was profitable in every possible way: as a unique source of learning and ideas, but also as the example of the idealistic loser. Henry decided that he would be a realist, a pragmatist, and that efficiency would always dictate his moves rather than his ideals. Fritz was proud of his disciple: but he hardly knew what he had really taught Henry.

After six months at Camp Claiborne, the 84th Infantry and Henry Kissinger were moved into a combat zone on the West European front.

After the Battle of the Bulge, where Henry earned a bronze star, he was promoted to the rank of staff sergeant in the 970th Counter-Intelligence Corps, and because of his fluency in German and on Kraemer's recommendation, became interpreter for his commanding general. When Germany surrendered six months later, in April of 1945, Henry was rewarded by his general with a choice assignment: he was to reorganize the municipal government of Krefelt-Bensheim, a small township not too far from Heidelberg. And Henry rapidly worked up to becoming the district administrator with the military government for occupied Germany. It was his first substantial taste of power; and although the irony of his situation appeared a little heavy at times, he enjoyed the unlimited power he now wielded over the

very people who had tortured his kin, killed millions of innocents, and rejected him as a degenerate. By contrast, his behavior was exemplary and meticulously correct. He was particularly humane with the local functionaries. "Strictly by the book" was the phrase used often to describe Henry's performance in this post. The record accords with the reports: he received two letters of commendation from his superior officers. And when he was demobilized in mid-1945, Henry remained in Germany as a well-paid civilian instructor at the European Command Intelligence School, Oberamergau, teaching military officers their occupation duties—"most competently," declares a report.

During his time at Krefelt-Bensheim, he used to drive every Sunday to Heidelberg where he had made some new friends on and off the half-deserted campus.

He loved the charming old city, so overpoweringly German, quaint, gabled, and ancient. Its fresh and turbulent student population was reduced because of the war to a few dozen, who followed improvised courses in makeshift installations, but they gave much animation to the romantic decor. They were happy and carefree because it was the first spring after the war, the misery was over, and they were alive—in one piece, young, strong, and German.

Henry never missed his weekly visit to the little antiquarian bookshop next to the Cathedral, where he had already unearthed a few treasures, and was certain to find more. He felt with great force that he had found one when he entered the dusty little store, one Sunday in late May. A girl, a young woman, was the only other person present. She stood gracefully: tall, with a small, round face that made her look very young and vulnerable, reading a book with an amused expression.

She looked up when the door clanged and examined

Henry with detached boldness. My God, she's just too perfect, Henry groaned inwardly.

He returned her gaze, and smiled.

She closed her book, looked at the shelf and picked up another one.

"Are you an American?" she asked in English. Henry was not too fond of his sloppy uniform, and donned his sloppy civvies instead when he went to Heidelberg. Her accent was just as refreshing as her presence, and as her query. She was looking straight at him.

"What if I am," he answered in German. "Are you going to throw a Molotov cocktail at me?"

"Your accent is pretty good. You could be a spy. My name is Jutta von Clausewitz. Will you tell me who you are? Or is that an embarrassment?"

"Von Clausewitz? I would love to say that my first name is Napoleon: it is only Heinz, I regret to say, Heinz Kissinger. In America they call me Henry, but I was born here. Are you really a Clausewitz?"

"One of the best."

"The best," said Henry. "Let's walk out together into the sunshine, and I will tell you why."

She giggled. Henry had the dreamy impression that something extravagantly beautiful was about to happen. His usual timidity had vanished. He felt totally secure, no doubt because their contact had been so complete from the first glance. The grace from Heaven.

Jutta was two inches taller than Henry, perhaps three, but he didn't mind that. He enjoyed seeing her from that angle, it was an even richer vision. And she had felt from the first second the power in her short companion; he was not pretty or heroic-looking, but that little man had something she wanted, pretty urgently too. And so she enjoyed looking down at him, and guessing how he must be feeling about her. Very exciting.

They ran up the hill behind the old castle, frolicked in the tall grass, and later sat down to a German feast in a great old inn with an elaborately sculpted wooden facade, blackened by time. The place was filled with U.S. military and a few uncomfortable semi-official Germans, but Henry managed to obtain a quiet table where the two of them started an intimate exchange.

Jutta was three-quarters Prussian, with an American grandmother who had purchased her way into the decadent branch of the family. She was twenty-five, three years older than Henry, but she looked like an overgrown, voluptuous child. She had never been to America, and she was fascinated by Henry's story, which he told her with alternate sincerity and irony.

They remained in the restaurant alone, sipping a rare local plum liqueur and talking intensely to each other, long after all the other guests had left. Jutta's nose was ravishing, slightly upturned, and velvety. In fact she was velvet all over, her skin fresh and inviting, so smoothly polished. The exchange between them grew in fervor and intricacy. She wanted that moment to last as long as it possibly could, although she wanted what was bound to follow as much as he. But the game was to pretend perfect self-control. She did not have to look at him; she felt the waves of surging desire enveloping her, and his desire made her deliciously conscious of her own beauty. It made her mysteriously blossom and shine.

They took a room under the roof and did not leave the inn for three days, except for a few walks during the night in the ill-lit medieval streets. The German spring was exceptionally light and balmy, and Henry was intoxicated with a genuine, sudden, unexpected, multi-leveled passion. He had never imagined such a thing possible. He felt his capacities to be endlessly revived; even after a sleepless night, when by rights he should have felt completely exhausted, it was enough to see

Jutta tiptoeing nude across the room to propel him into yet another cycle of that endless tryst. By the evening of the third day they agreed that their mucous membranes were so bruised, swollen, and sensitive, that it was time to take a rest. They agreed on a 12-hour truce, and shook hands over it. Henry remarked that shaking hands was really too formal; a kiss would be more appropriate. That kiss broke the truce once again. It was hopeless, and extremely satisfying.

Henry returned two days later than planned to Krefelt-Bensheim, with Jutta, and provided the small city with rich themes for gossip. Henry worked less than before, but more efficiently, and the job had by now fallen into a routine pattern. He wrote two letters, one to Sarah to explain his last three months of silence, and to tell her that he had started a new life. The other one was to Fritz Kraemer, to ask him if he had ever been in love.

Henry and Jutta drove back often to Heidelberg, made new friends there and in Frankfurt, and toured the countryside intensively. Henry was very touched by what he saw: defeated, broken people trying to come alive again, their lovely countryside marred by sombre patches of destruction. But new, green life was fast covering the traces of carnage; Germany seemed to be emerging with a new hope from the deep shadows of Hitler's folly.

One day, as they were driving past a lake near Munich, Jutta pointed to a tiny village on the top of a hill, and asked Henry if he would mind taking a small winding road that led to it. She asked him to stop near an ancient church, and opened the door to a rustic, overgrown cemetery next to it. Inside, she led Henry by the hand, guiding him between rows of tombstones, until she stopped in front of a tomb which was simply

marked by an oblong mound of earth. At the head a simple cross bore a name, "Karl-August Hummel."

"That's my husband," she murmured. "The man I love. I am sorry. But I had to tell you. Please, darling, you must understand, you must not suffer. This man died for me. I made him suffer horribly, I killed him with my love as surely as if my love had been a poison."

So it is ending, thought Henry. Next she would say that everything she touched was destroyed. His eyes fixed on her slim ankles, then travelled slowly up her long, long legs.

"My love is poison," Jutta continued. "I wish I could cure myself. I have tried everything—everything."

Henry's mind wandered again. His eyes caressed her breasts. She has tried everything, his mind repeated. Even Henry Kissinger.

Her voice continued, rising higher and higher as she became aware of the drama of her words. "My heart is sick, sick, sick. And for me, death is the only beauty."

Henry had a sudden humorous vision of himself pulling out a Luger and shouting: Die, then, German bitch! But he only smiled.

"Our time together was wonderful, and I enjoyed having you so much in love with me. How exciting it was! But it's not fair to you, and there are few graveyards left as charming as this one. Here are the keys to the car, Heinz. I am going to spend the night in this village with some old friends of mine. Drive carefully and remember me when you are back in America. Will you?"

Henry touched her blond hair gently. "Do I get to keep the car?" he asked.

CHAPTER II

HARVARD

At their last meeting before he left Germany and Army life, Fritz Kraemer had suggested to Henry that he go to a more "evolved" school than City College. Henry applied to Harvard and was accepted, almost immediately, for the semester beginning in September of 1946. For reserve sergeant Henry Kissinger of the U.S. Army, Intelligence work was just beginning. His Intelligence experience had taught him that his taciturn, introspective nature was a valuable asset. It had also revealed the mechanics of political power operating behind the lines of public exposure: and that revelation was opening his eyes to a new understanding. So, that was American democracy at work!

The years immediately after World War II at Harvard University are often described as the most dynamic in that school's history. The energy, motivation, and maturity of the returning G.I.s and the general pos-

itive feeling in the political world after the gloom of the war, created an atmosphere of high intellectual excitement.

Henry worked hard and stayed pretty much to himself, earning a reputation as something of a recluse. On February 6, 1949, during his junior year, he married Ann Fleischer. A refugee herself, she seemed to feel that just to be alive was an extraordinary gift. She was capable of taking immense pleasure in the simplest things: the smell of a spring day, a well-cooked meal, an absorbing book. She was serious, devoted, and a good companion although not a glamorous one.

At Harvard, Henry studied under William Yandell Elliot, an aristocratic Virginian whose teachings and example became a powerful inspiration to him. Elliot, tall, flamboyant, much given to prophetic pronouncements and dramatic attitudes, was the fashionable political thinker at Harvard, and also in Washington where he was one of the most respected consultants to the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

Elliot would let fall casually the latest bit of inner council gossip and give Henry live examples of the real processes by which international decisions are made. He was a gifted raconteur who knew or had known practically everybody. His Adenauer stories were known in Cambridge, England, as well as in Cambridge, Mass. As Henry listened to anecdote after anecdote, he felt something very like envy.

And Elliot's erudition matched his freedom of spirit, an irresistible combination. Henry was totally devoted to this extraordinary teacher, and anxious to emulate him. He appealed to Elliot for a topic worthy of his senior honors thesis. Together they planned a study of three major political philosophers: Oswald Spengler, who saw man's history as the life cycle of national organisms, simulating living creatures in the inescapable necessity for birth, ripening and death. Arnold

Toynbee, who took Spengler's grandiose design, converted it into a self-evident principle, and applied it to history in a majestic monument of erudition. And Immanuel Kant, the little German burgher who constructed his own vision of the human mind, of the dialectic of perception and finality, without leaving his home town.

It was no surprise to anyone, including Henry himself, when he received a summa cum laude for the 377-page undergraduate thesis called so simply *The Meaning of History: Reflections on Spengler, Toynbee and Kant*.

It was a hard act to follow, but graduating at 27, Henry, already a lieutenant in the Army Intelligence Reserve, became a consultant to Army's Operations Research Office, and moved smoothly on his steady path to a Ph.D. and a professorship.

His next few years were devoted to reading and writing about two men: Metternich, who in the early 1800s skillfully masterminded all of Europe back into the same ruling hands—after all the bloodshed that had almost liberated the millions from their hereditary thralldoms; and Lord Castlereagh, who did the best an Englishman could, considering the greater permissiveness benignly tolerated in his country, to supplement Metternich.

So while shrewd classmates prepared themselves for the new diplomacy of the atomic age, Henry devoted himself to the grand and small operations by which those iron-hearted statesmen magnificently arranged for permanent peace in Europe—at the Congress of Vienna, 1812.

Henry cloaked his special capacities under an unassuming exterior. He faithfully attended the classes necessary to get him the useful Master's degree, which

he received in 1952. Simultaneously, he did such faithful establishment work in Army Intelligence that the same year he was promoted to reserve captain. But the breakthrough was attached to the promotion—he was assigned to the Psychological Strategy Board of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Henry was moving. Henry knew what he had. In all the writings and reports from that point on, Henry stressed the vital importance of some psychological factors that are crucial in diplomacy and international relations, and too often ignored.

In 1951, Henry managed to persuade Elliot to share with him the founding of the Harvard Foreign Student Project—better known by its later, more glamorous name—The Harvard International Seminar. Forty students carefully selected from powerful families and ruling classes in their own countries spent two summer months at Harvard in special studies. When it leaked out that the Seminar was financed by various CIA conduit foundations, Henry was duly horrified, expressed proper surprise and indignation, and denied knowing the taintedness, but he nevertheless continued to act as Director until 1969.

In actuality, he had been screening students for possible recruitment to the Defense Department Intelligence Agency. This is documented by the diary of Achmet Demirel, namesake of a former Turkish president. The diary came to light after the student's mysterious assassination. "H.K.", it says cautiously, introduced him to Professor Adams, who recruited him as "a political observer for the DIA." And, after various references to H.K.'s activities and unflagging interest in girls, it comments explicitly, under the date of July 20, 1953: "Adams and H.K. are opposite sides of the coin."

Besides all this, Henry, from somewhere, raised the funds to found and edit the Seminar's quarterly journal, *Confluence: An International Forum*. In this pe-

riodical, better than average although not particularly inspired, Henry published a rich melange of wide-ranging good and provocative names. The tally includes André Malraux, Alberto Moravia, Enoch Powell, (surprisingly), Joyce Cary, Walt Rostow, and both Reinhold Niebuhr and Karl Jaspers.

His colleagues all commented on his huge contentment with his milieu of scholarly drudgery and academic writing. They were amazed at his ability to spend endless hours on the editing and rewriting of his contributors' as well as his own materials. This, of course, was when his fine-honed, starkly simple style was perfected, a style that has since been the hallmark of his work. These colleagues were not aware that the long hours given to the inherently joyless work were secretly relieved by the challenges and battery-recharging excitement of his increasingly complex Intelligence work. Henry, as a cloak-and-dagger scholar, was living a double life.

In 1954 Henry submitted his doctoral dissertation: *A World Restored: Metternich, Castlereagh, and the Problems of Peace, 1812, to 1822*. He had a near-monopoly on the topic, and his work was politely eulogized although it remained rather confidential. And yet it deserves attention as it describes a remarkable case history in which he analyzed the principles, the shifts and strategems he would apply himself so well at a later time.

A World Restored contains the germs of many of Henry's later ideas. He argued that peace could not be the objective of foreign policy, that it was the bonus that followed a properly conceived and intelligently executed political maneuver. He constructed two types of international orders; one he called "legitimate," the other "revolutionary." He warned that statesmen who confused one with the other would commit diplomatic blunders. He also simply defined diplomacy as "the

adjustment of differences through negotiation." Only states that accepted the international order as legitimate could negotiate their differences. Other states were revolutionary, and by challenging that established order they were asking that the existing order be set aside and another put in its place. Napoleonic France was such a revolutionary power, as was the Soviet Union a century later.

In the next twelve years Henry Kissinger wrote five more books in which he developed some of the ideas found in *A World Restored* and applied them after with great modification to the "atomic age." *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, published in 1957, was the most successful and well known of these works. *Nuclear Weapons* is of course the book which brought Kissinger to the attention of the governmental and academic world. The reputation of the book spread out to the critics and the general public and it remained on the bestsellers lists for several months. *Nuclear Weapons* has been described as the Bible of the "cold warrior," and it represents that mood and spirit quite accurately. But it also contains insightful analyses of world politics which time has proved to be correct in many instances.

Briefly stated, Henry's basic ideas on the nature of international relations comprise five concepts: the concept of "world island powers" (Russia, China, Germany, France, India, and blocks or alliances of the smaller states) versus "peripheral powers" (the United States, Japan, and Great Britain); the concept that history may be viewed as an endemic struggle between the forces of legitimacy and the forces of revolution; the doctrine of "flexible response" as an alternative to total nuclear war; the concept of "multipolarity" (pentagonal polarity in the economic sphere consisting of the United States, the Soviet Union, China, Japan, and Western Europe; and bipolarity in the military since only the

Soviets and the Americans possess realistic nuclear deterrents). And finally Henry stressed the give-and-take arrangements which characterize diplomacy.

In 1955, Dr. Henry Kissinger joined the Harvard faculty as an instructor in the government department. The serious students considered him a good teacher, stimulating to the best, but rather awesome and forbidding for the less gifted. He would spend time with his students, particularly the bright ones; but he would show no patience or tolerance to the slow or inarticulate. When he was duly stimulated by his audience, he could warm up to his subject and show his sarcastic wit in a penetrating, sometimes rather cruel manner. He kept away from domestic or local problems: his interest was Europe, and he could show genuine enthusiasm when the conversation touched on Churchill or Adenauer, whom he admired greatly.

Outside of his classes, he had his writing and the Seminar which by now had blossomed from experiment to a successful Harvard summer event. Henry recruited and selected the participants from all over Europe and Asia. Application forms were sent to key foreign universities and American embassy officials were solicited for names and "recommendations." Each summer the foreign enrollment would include a British member of parliament or a French member of the Cour des Comptes, Indians, Pakistani, Swiss newspaper editors and the like. He also invited members of the Harvard faculty to come and talk to "these lively groups of foreigners." David Riesman, Arthur Schlesinger and McGeorge Bundy were frequent guests; so also were national figures like Thornton Wilder, Eleanor Roosevelt, Walter Reuther, James Reston and William Buckley. Henry ran everything from his tiny office in the Harvard Yard. These were pleasant times for him.

He made scores of friendships with important people, he wrote, he taught his courses and he stayed away from the Cambridge social scene. Henry had not made any waves in Cambridge yet, but his efforts to befriend the powerful and the famous were about to pay off.

That same year the historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. recommended Henry for the job of study director for an important research panel of "exceptionally qualified individuals to explore all factors which are involved in the making and implementing of foreign policy in the nuclear age," for the Council of Foreign Relations. "A more advantageous position for a young man, little known at the time, could scarcely have been invented," his friend Stephen Graubard was to write later.

Gordon Dean, former head of the Atomic Energy Commission, had been chairman for the panel for about a year when Henry was called in to join the group and given the opportunity to write a book utilizing the results of its research and study. As Gordon Dean explained in the foreword to the book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, "We asked Dr. Kissinger, fully exposed to the facts and the views of the group, to write a book for which he alone would be responsible, and we ended our deliberations fully respectful of each other and with a final exhortation: 'Good luck, Dr. Kissinger. If you make anything out of the efforts of this panel we will be eternally grateful.'"

That month Henry and his wife moved to New York City. They rented a small apartment on East 73rd Street, to be near the Council on Foreign Relations. For the next two years he worked unremittingly on several drafts of the book until it was published in late 1957. During that time in early 1956, through his connections at the Council on Foreign Relations, he met Nelson Rockefeller and became director of a Special Studies Project established by the Rockefeller Brothers

Fund to explore the direction American foreign policy might take in the next decade. These contacts with an elite selection of important and powerful people whom Kissinger met through the Council were among the most significant events of his career.

On the surface the Council gives the impression of being a stuffy men's club made up of wealthy business men and government and military officials who are interested in foreign relations. They publish the highly respected journal *Foreign Affairs* and conduct meetings where visiting dignitaries from Prime Ministers to journalists give short lectures in their field. They also sponsor study groups and panels on topics pertaining to foreign affairs and publish, in book form, the results of these efforts. A glance at their publications over the last years would not elicit an exciting response. In fact *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* is their most successful project to date.

However, more goes on at the Council than they would like one to think. Every President of the United States since World War I, except Truman, has been a member, along with every Secretary of State and a plethora of the highest government officials, important members of the academy, generals and admirals, both active and retired. It would be naive to assume that the Council was not a crucial factor in determining the direction of American foreign policy.

Needless to say, Henry, with his natural instincts for charming powerful people, utilized the Council to the fullest. His own study group read like a Who's Who in the world of American power. There was General James Gavin, famed commander of the 82nd Airborne and ex-ambassador to France; Air Force General James McCormick, Jr., vice president of M.I.T.; Paul Nitze, Secretary of the Navy; James Perkins, president of Cornell University; Thomas K. Finletter, former Sec-

retary of the Air Force; McGeorge Bundy, dean of Fine Arts and Faculty at Harvard; I. I. Rabi, Nobel prize winning physicist and vice-president of the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy; Carroll Wilson, former general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission; David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank and General Walter Bedell Smith, former Under Secretary of State, ambassador to Russia and director of the Central Intelligence Agency . . . to name a few.

Henry, with the great success of his book, earned the respect and friendship of many of the governing intellectuals and power brokers he met at the Council. But most importantly he established his firm relationship with Nelson Rockefeller, who later was to play such an important role in the advancement of Henry's career.

Henry came back to Harvard in 1957, with that giant academic feather in his cap, to find that he was something of a hero. He was appointed a lecturer, hurdling the intermediate post of assistant professor. But teaching undergraduates, in those days, gave him no particular pleasure. The obligation to read badly written and badly conceived student essays, and to correct them for stylistic shortcomings, for faults in logic, reasoning, and facts, frankly bored him. On top of this he suddenly found himself overextended. His duties at Harvard, his obligations in New York, the invitations to speak, lecture and write brought on by the fame of his book, plus the numerous offers for his services as a consultant to both government and private organizations, all seemed to be pulling him constantly in multiple directions. And although he was made Associate Director of the Center for International Affairs, he never seemed to have enough time to draw upon the intellectual rewards that this new Harvard organization potentially offered him. Also he did not seem to have

the best of relationships with its director, Robert Bowie. He was involved in the Center's Arms Control Seminar, a relatively new area of study, and said later that it was here that he first realized the contributions that the scientific community had to make in that field.

A meeting at the Quantico Study Seminar in 1957 was to affect not only his ideas, but the shape of his life.

"I've been invited to the slave market," he said to his wife one night. When she looked puzzled, he added, "Quantico."

"Oh, Henry," said Ann. "How wonderful!" She laughed. "But you shouldn't call it a slave market."

"Well, then, the Dr. America Contest."

More than two hundred scholars and "brain boys" were assembled at Quantico in an atmosphere of conspicuous luxury: beautiful beach, tennis courts, golf courses, small but perfectly equipped bungalows where Generals and their families went to relax. This time, however, the families were absent. Present were the "contestants"—the two hundred brain boys—and the "judges"—generals, admirals, and scores of government officials, each of whom wanted to find a brilliant, practical, loyal intellectual for his staff. One of the judges was Nelson Rockefeller.

"You know I've read your book," said Nelson. "I'd like to talk about it."

Henry nodded. Cementing his acquaintance with Rockefeller could be a turning point in his career. "Shall I start, or will you?" he asked with a grin.

Nelson grinned back. "Oh, hell," he said. "I don't really want to talk about what's in your book. I've read that. I want to find out what's on your mind these days. Let's get a drink and stroll on the beach, shall we?"

"I don't drink," said Henry, "but I more than com-

pensate for that deficiency by my inordinate love of beaches."

Nelson and Henry strolled for nearly two hours, and Henry felt he had acquitted himself well when Nelson said, "The thing I've always liked about you is that you're a scholar, but you don't close your eyes to the real world. You don't flinch from the idea of nuclear weapons. You think about them and what they can do—and can't do—and I like that."

"You're in the minority," said Henry. "Which must be a new experience for you."

Nelson chuckled. "You're okay, Henry. And I don't think I'm in the minority at all. Your book was a bestseller, after all."

"'Mein Kampf' was a bestseller, too," said Henry.

"No," said Nelson, "The way I see it is you're like castor oil."

"I don't understand," said Henry.

"Kids have to take castor oil—which tastes terrible—because it's good for them."

Henry laughed. "My ideas aren't *that* bad," he said.

Nelson didn't notice that Henry assumed that his ideas—palatable or not—were good for people.

In 1958 Henry founded, or rather created, a project that never ceased to stimulate him. He organized and became the director of the Defense Studies Program, a course that brought high-ranking military and civilian officials from Washington and elsewhere to Cambridge for weekly two-hour sessions to discuss the various aspects of defense problems. Again he surrounded himself with famous men, but he also opened the course to anyone, including gifted undergraduates, who wished to attend. The course was an immediate success and Henry excelled in his role, earning a reputation over the next few years as a great and gifted teacher.

In 1959 he received his appointment as Associate Professor of Government, and became a tenured member of the Harvard faculty. It would have been a crowning achievement for most men in academic circles, but Henry still did not feel that he belonged to the Cambridge professorial community as some of the others did.

CHAPTER III

ROCKEFELLER'S PROTÉGÉ

The ten years between 1958 and 1968 saw Henry rise from the relative obscurity of a not-too-popular Harvard professor to the most important and powerful critic of American foreign policy. This was no meteoric rise, but a slow, steady climb. During these years Henry was always writing, always planning for his beloved seminars. He was also teaching, making his patient, methodical inroads into the higher circles of government, traveling occasionally on official business—to Washington, later to Vietnam; and his association with Nelson Rockefeller was slowly maturing. His political ideas, first expressed in his dissertation, were now fully focused. He found that writing about them sharpened his thinking to a degree he had not thought possible when he first began to write about Metternich and Castlereagh. He became a perfectionist, finding a growing satisfaction in the use of the English language,

constantly seeking the perfect expression, and editing tirelessly every one of his manuscripts.

But his performance as a husband did not satisfy his wife. Ann had long since given up any idea of actually sharing much with Henry, but when he was writing he would often go for days without speaking. He could not or would not tolerate interruptions of any kind.

At first Ann had thought that being back in Cambridge would relax him, but Henry did not seem to want or need relaxation. He worked on, and she became less and less a part of his life.

For the first five years they had led a quiet life, and their differences of character had been kept under control. He worked and studied and wrote; she worked and managed a household. But gradually, insidiously, the divergence in their basic outlooks started to take its toll. While he had not yet reached the point where his historical vision blended sufficiently with his sense of purpose to spur him into a feeling for statesmanship, he had already begun to formulate a grand design for international relations. Slowly, the picture of a world run by reason invaded his consciousness, and from the outside he might have given either the classical impression of the absent-minded professor, or of a closet fanatic.

More and more he lost himself in his work and in his reveries, sometimes going almost a week without saying a word to anyone. From his viewpoint, he wasn't doing anything wrong, for he felt that his wife and, in fact, everyone else in the world, was doing what he or she wanted to do, and didn't require his constant attention. But when he would slide into bed next to the woman he had ignored for five days running, driven by a sudden spasm of loneliness to find some solace in her arms, she might murmur, "Henry, go read one of your books."

Ann possessed the native realism of women, and as far as she could see, Henry was playing a game of fu-

ture-tripping. Neglecting the moment-to-moment actuality of their life to dream about a world of universal peace seemed an incongruous streak of adolescent utopianism in an otherwise sober man. What neither of them knew was that one day the power to translate his vision into reality would be put into his hands, and that his wool-gathering was to have dramatic repercussions for all humanity.

In a way, his students knew him better than she, for at least he was forced to talk to them two or three times a week. Often he merely spoke *at* them, and so for the most part he was not a popular teacher. He did not give good marks—in fact, he was nearly as tough as Schlesinger, who had earned the unjustified reputation of giving only Cs and Ds. Henry did occasionally become interested in a student, especially when he found that some of the brighter, more articulate ones could provide good sounding boards for his criticism of the Eisenhower foreign policy. Two students in particular, Jason Forbes and Chantal Poitiers, often lingered after class to talk.

Henry's first impression of Jason almost floundered in implacable animosity, for Jason was a flamboyant young man, determined to be noticed—for whatever reason. He entered Henry's fall class one week late. Henry had already spent the first class hours on the theme of revolutionary versus legitimate powers. He was now refining his theme, noting that although there were many aspects of these two ideas, two factors in particular characterized their differences: the nature of leadership groups and administrative structure.

According to Henry, leadership in our time fell into one of three categories: the bureaucratic-pragmatic type; the ideological type; the revolutionary-charismatic type.

The main example of bureaucratic-pragmatic leader-

ship was of course the United States, though leadership of other groups of Western countries was increasingly approaching the American pattern.

"The bureaucratic-pragmatic approach to policy," said Henry, reading from a thick sheaf of notes, "is *ad hoc*, and somewhat mechanical."

As he spoke, he was aware that this lecture was mechanical. He was repeating his own ideas, without thinking about them. Teaching really was very dull most of the time.

Finally the class was finished. Jason Forbes and a Radcliffe girl, Chantal Poitiers, waited to talk to Henry, who was pleased to be out from behind the lectern and engaging in conversation.

"Mr. Kissinger," Jason began. "I'm sorry you didn't have time to discuss China when you were talking about ideological leadership."

"Indeed," said Henry. "And I am sorry you did not have time to attend the first week of class. Both China and the USSR are examples of ideological leadership. But in what way do they differ?"

Jason thought. "China's revolution is more recent," he said at last. "Perhaps the effect of—what did you call it—ideological fervor—is stronger there."

"What is the effect of ideological fervor?" asked Henry. Without waiting for an answer, he continued, "It is always flattering to read my own phrases quoted from exam books, but I would prefer that you absorb my ideas and use your own words."

"Suppose I don't like your ideas?" said Jason.

"For one semester you will like them," said Henry. "The difference between China and Russia is that in Russia the ideology has become institutionalized; it is no longer impelled by its early revolutionary fervor. Where ideology has become institutionalized, a special form of pragmatism may develop. It operates from a different reality than that of our country because it still

gives weight to doctrinal considerations. There is no guarantee of convergence of Western and Soviet thinking. China, which is more revolutionary, may permit a wider latitude because China's leadership is based on a rule of prestige which transcends bureaucratic authority. But when the early revolutionaries go, all this may change."

"If it may all change—and I assume that everything will change," said Jason, "then you are teaching history, not government."

"One must study history to learn government," said Henry.

"Not if you want to be a revolutionary-charismatic leader," said Jason.

"Even then," said Henry.

"Especially then," said Chantal unexpectedly. Both men looked at her.

After a pause, Henry said, "I think you may be right, Miss—"

"Poitiers."

As the weeks went on, Chantal interested Henry more. She and Jason, or one or the other, took to lingering after class. The fresh and beautiful Chantal grasped Henry's points almost before he made them. This, Henry liked.

Once he was talking about the tactical use of nuclear weapons—flexible response.

"You must imagine a kind of nuclear guerrilla warfare, Miss Poitiers," he said.

"I am afraid that doesn't appeal to me very much either," she said. "Nuclear weapons are nuclear weapons, whether you use them to stir a pot au feu, to obliterate an entire continent, or just to snipe at your oppressors from behind trees. It is a dangerous precedent."

"Let us assume, for the moment," he said, "that these nuclear weapons are not to be used, that they exist only as a threat. If you envisage total nuclear war—if that is the threat—it becomes useless. No power would really resort to massive nuclear retaliation because the casualties on both sides would be unacceptable. Now, still viewing these nuclear weapons as a threat, not as an active force, picture if you will smaller weapons—rockets, perhaps, but not huge bombs—stationed at strategic points in Europe. If you consider these weapons in conjunction with a more mobile ground force, they would create the necessary restraints on the expansionist powers."

She continued objecting to point after point while Henry led her through his theory of flexible response. She balked at each extension of his theory, until at last he grew irritated. "I am afraid," he said at last, "that you are talking just to hear yourself talk, Miss Poitiers."

"*Au contraire*, Mr. Kissinger," she said with a sudden, beaming smile, "I am talking to hear you talk."

Chantal began to stay alone after class—not each time, but often enough to excite Henry. Her moods were unpredictable. Sometimes she seemed to hang on his every word. Other times, some imp of the perverse stimulated her to disagree with him. Occasionally, her points were extremely well taken, but she never pursued them to a conclusion. Never offered any telling opposition to his views.

Because she was half French, he began to be quite outspoken with her in his criticism of President Eisenhower's foreign policy.

"You are trying to convince the wrong one," Chantal said to him. "I who am not an American can see this man objectively. He has no foreign policy. He could not understand one if he had one. Naturally he must rely on John Foster Dulles. Or on someone else. Mr. Dulles has

not much longer, I think." She paused, and thought for a full minute before speaking again. Then she said, "You would advise him much better, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Henry laughed. "Of course," he said lightly. But the words haunted him. Of course he would advise much better. If even this Radcliffe girl recognized that, perhaps one day . . .

And Henry began to dream his dream.

"Do you, Henry Kissinger, as Secretary of State of the United States of America, swear to uphold and defend the Constitution of this nation?" "I do."

He was dreaming those words in his living room that night.

"Henry," said Ann. "Whatever are you thinking about? You're daydreaming!"

Henry returned to the real world. "Just thinking the unthinkable. . . . But why waste time?"

Never a daydreamer, Henry had long ago disciplined himself. If he thought about the future, pictured his place five or ten years hence, he never gave in to wild flights of fancy. Today, because of a chance remark, he had suddenly seen himself holding government office. He had tested this idea and found it possible. When he thought of his oath of office, he was not indulging in idle fantasy. He was planning his career.

Ann, too, was planning, and shortly thereafter she announced to Henry that she was pregnant. She expected him to respond with anger or delight. *This must move him.* But he was deep into an article for *Foreign Affairs* and gave it hardly a thought.

She never would admit that she had got pregnant on purpose, driven by an almost unbearable loneliness. She needed some voice in her life, someone to talk to, someone to love. So she had Elizabeth.

And Henry had *The Search for Stability*. In that article, Henry wrote that European stability depended on the reunification of Germany. Then, turning to the

Middle East, he attacked Eisenhower's policy. The fact that the United States had humiliated her close allies in the Suez crisis outraged Henry's sense of world politics. He criticized other policies, notably the American intervention in Lebanon, but this he criticized for its impotence. Despite American intervention, the only Middle Eastern government which was going along with Eisenhower's doctrine was displaced.

In 1961, when John F. Kennedy was inaugurated as President of the United States, the name of Henry Kissinger was fairly well known—not in living rooms across the country, but by the men who make policy. Henry had met many of these men through his association with Nelson Rockefeller—men like General Lucius Clay, Jacob Potofsky of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, and Edward Teller.

Henry went on teaching, running his seminars, and writing. He took little interest in domestic affairs—either those of the United States or those of the Kissinger family. By 1961 he was writing *The Troubled Partnership: A Reappraisal of the Atlantic Alliance*.

That summer he was summoned to Washington to advise during the Berlin Wall crisis.

"Do you know what this will mean?" he said to Chantal. She had chosen to remain in Cambridge for the summer and was taking an upper-level Nat Sci course.

"It means you will not be here," she said.

He looked at her. Often he had considered her as a bed partner, but before this she had been his student, and Henry was not one to jeopardize his position by a compromising affair with any girl, however attractive. "That is true," he said. "I shall be in Washington. Perhaps not for long." The excitement at being part of the government, being admitted to the shrouded world of

top secrets, momentarily blotted out his desire for her. "I will have access to practically everything I have been teaching about . . ."

"There is one thing you will not have access to," Chantal said. As she spoke, her hand grazed his cheek. Immediately his desire for her returned.

"We can remedy that," he said, taking her roughly into his arms.

Chantal was quite a polished person, with a fine, vivacious intelligence, and a very pleasant sense of fun.

Henry had an excuse to go to Paris on official business, that summer, and then stay in Europe a little longer to take a well-earned vacation. He took Chantal with him, after an argument over money. She had told him that she would go only on condition that he let her pay all her own expenses from her own money. He had laughed at that, and she had been irritated; he had suddenly felt lost, confronted with another facet of the eternal feminine.

The liaison with Chantal had been at first lightweight and tentative. Then all of a sudden he convinced himself that Chantal was in love with Jason Forbes, for no reason at all, and he felt very angry and disappointed, and she responded by saying that she found his jealousy crude and insulting.

"So you are jealous of Jason? Jealous of a fop, a pretty boy! You are not jealous of me, Henry, you are envious of Jason because he is tall and handsome, and comes from one of *our* families—because he is the lady killer you dream of being. Because you are a sweet little toad of a man, and your ambitions are vulgar . . ."

They were facing each other, naked. Outside the Paris pigeons were cooing invitingly on the roof facing their window. When he was staying at the Ritz he always asked for a suite at the top, where it was so quiet

and peaceful. Chantal was sitting on the sofa, erect with indignation. Henry, kneeling in a rather ridiculous posture in front of her, was thinking that Chantal could well be a little bitch at times, but that she was damn pretty as well.

"Your ambitions are low and disgusting, you are a peasant and you pretend . . ."

Between her rounded knees Henry's head had swiftly advanced to establish direct contact with the lower Chantal. The upper Chantal was speaking with more and more severity.

"You pretend to be a scholar, but you are a phony, you claim that . . . Ah, Henry, oh please don't do that, oh please do it again. Oh damn, you've gotten me confused again, Henry. Stop this and let's go and have dinner."

"I just had . . ." started Henry, "Oh, never mind," he added. "All right, you win."

"I'll do you in the taxi. Let's go to Chez Maxim's, I feel like dancing."

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST MARRIAGE

The summer in Washington was not the success Henry had hoped for, had been living for all these years, and he was back in Cambridge sooner than he expected. Henry did not really fit in with the Kennedy Administration. He claimed it was the "rich boy" values that he disliked, but the real trouble lay in the fact that President Kennedy did not really like Henry, nor did he confide in him. Henry never fully admitted how severe the disappointment had been. But now he did realize more clearly that what he needed to have was power. He measured the intense efforts he had spent over the years to climb the dangerous ladder, using his superior intellect to compensate for all his natural handicaps, and building slowly, patiently, the conditions of his ultimate triumph. His books, Harvard, the work for the government: all that had been done not for love or

money, but for power. And now the whole edifice was crumbling. Only a miracle could restore his dreams.

"I didn't feel good there," he said later to Chantal. "I resigned. But," he added, "it's hard to give up power and the access to all those secret reports. You're back to reading the papers like everyone else, and you know they don't know anything." He managed a grin.

"One day you will be back," Chantal said.

"Not with Jack Kennedy," said Henry. "Not him, I am sure of that."

"You felt his response to the Berlin Wall was weak?" Chantal prompted him.

He nodded. "And, of course, we could never agree about de Gaulle."

"*Le grand Charles?* Nobody agrees about him. He has been good for France—"

"He is a great man," said Henry. "I admire people who don't try to monkey around with the present. De Gaulle sees further than that. His eye is on the future, and he is making a future for France. He is the embodiment of the magnificent egotism of the French."

Chantal sighed. "I suppose I am egotistic, too, Henry."

"I hadn't thought about it," he said. "Come back to bed."

Then Ann got pregnant again. As her body thickened, Henry found he could not bear to look at her. Her voice seemed to him to whine all the time, and his daughter, now two, seemed to remain perpetually a baby. He did not notice that she was bright, that her verbal ability was precocious. He compared Elizabeth's prowess to that of an adult—and found her sadly lacking.

Some friends, joining them for dinner one night, commented on Elizabeth's brightness.

"Is that so?" replied Henry without interest. "I thought children took after their mothers."

The friends gasped, but Ann sat silent. She no longer allowed Henry's words to hurt her. Usually she did not even hear them. Something in her brain would sense an abusive tone, and she would withdraw inside herself and think about Elizabeth—and now Katherine. For Ann was sure that this second child would also be a girl.

"I can see why you're not a more popular professor, Henry," one of the women said, "if you insult your students the way you do Ann."

"Popular," Henry repeated contemptuously. "What is popular? Hitler was popular. Should I take him for a model? I teach my course the way it should be taught, and if the students are not serious enough to appreciate it—"

"But you have some serious students, Henry," broke in one of the men slyly.

"Occasionally," he said.

"I think," continued the man, "that the Radcliffe students tend to be more serious than their Harvard counterparts. Wouldn't you agree, Henry?"

"No," said Henry flatly, and changed the subject. But he took the hint, and never saw Chantal alone again.

This did not improve his temper, for he found Ann completely repellent in her pregnancy.

She had never begrimed him a moment of her time or labor, so long as he kept feeding his gains back into her and into the family. But now they were faced with the chilling fact that their values were in no way the same. This ultimately became the cause of bad feelings, recriminations, silences and outrages, but through all their difficulties they were both capable of believing that neither was to blame for anything. More than that,

they wanted to maintain a smooth continuity of family life for the children, and Henry promised himself he would not leave the marriage until the children were past the age when such a split would be overly traumatic.

"Isn't this enough for you?" she would ask, indicating their entire lifestyle, their affection for one another, their children, their friends, their home. "Why do you have to keep pushing?"

"Of course it's enough," he would answer, trying to placate her, and unable to admit to himself that it wasn't enough, that he needed a wider stage. Much wider.

On other occasions, he would take the initiative. "Do you want to be stuck here forever? The world is in flames, and it needs people to help bring peace to the earth."

"What are you now, the Messiah?" she hit back.

He would smile at the joke, but at the same time a faraway look crept into his eyes. "The Messiah!" he would think, and then jerk himself forcibly away from the image. "Of course, since I am in the business of saving people from universal destruction . . . But saving them for whom?"

At last, only the thinnest formalities remained. They both knew divorce to be a certainty. Why he didn't leave her then points to the patience (some say callousness) which underlies his ability to make quick decisions. Since Ann subsequently announced that the marriage was one of unrelieved unhappiness, one wonders why she didn't make the move to walk out herself.

One night while he was working on a new book, Ann said tentatively, "I think Elizabeth is getting a cold."

For what seemed like ages, Henry did not look up.

When at last he did, his face was white with ill-suppressed fury.

"I am not a pediatrician, Ann," he said softly. "True, I am called 'doctor' by some—few enough in this compound of inverted intellectual snobs—" he added to himself. "But I shall repeat for the last time, I am a doctor of philosophy, not a doctor of medicine. If Elizabeth is getting a cold, I am surprised you have not called the plumber. He must be as capable as I in the diagnosis and treatment of colds."

"But," Ann faltered, her wits paralyzed as usual by his scorn. "But she is your daughter, not the plumber's."

"Ah, you've set my mind at rest," he said. "I hadn't wanted to ask."

"Henry!" Ann managed to gasp. "You can't think—" He cut in coldly. "No, I most certainly can *not* think if you are going to sit here all night holding your stomach and talking about possible colds. If the child has a cold, talk to the pediatrician. I am busy, and I cannot work if you are in the room, as you well know."

Determined not to cry, Ann fled.

The Kissingers maintained separate bedrooms, and their lives slowly evolved into mutually discrete categories. After a while, even the animosity disappeared; there wasn't enough feeling between them to sustain even a good fight. Finally, Henry's inner clock told him the time had come for the formal split, and one night he announced that he wanted a divorce.

The separation itself was amicable. They did not argue over alimony or child support.

"It's most peculiar," she told him. "Living with you has been like living in a museum. Very educational, but rather dull."

"That's only because you could never understand the real excitement of my life, or share in it."

"Excuse me," she replied, "I thought that I was the real excitement of your life when you married me."

"You were an important part of my life, but not the totality of it."

"I never asked to be the totality, but only that I be given priority over your books. And for what? You threw away a wife and a family in return for abstract words out of the mouths of dead men. For some vague dream."

From her standpoint, at that moment in time and space, she was, of course, absolutely correct. Henry was an obscure Ph.D., a brilliant man to be sure, but not recognizably different from thousands of other professors across the nation. He was overweight, myopic, spoke with an accent, and specialized in nineteenth-century politics. A field guaranteed to effect a final cure for insomnia. Her judgment was based on very hard facts.

"Well, keep trying," she told him as they parted. Her voice was a mixture of sarcasm and sadness. "Work hard and maybe someday you'll get to be President."

In 1963 when John F. Kennedy was assassinated, Henry was stunned, as everyone else, but he did not express much grief, and did not sympathize with the cult of Kennedy worshippers that blossomed in Cambridge. President Johnson was the silver lining, a man much more likely to be impressed by Henry's potential than his predecessor had been. Kennedy had selected a brain trust to fit his own style, and Henry felt quite painfully that he had been found suspect, or deficient, by Kennedy's entourage. But the very reasons which had caused his elimination by Kennedy became good points when he made his offer of service to Johnson.

Henry made a trip to Vietnam at Lyndon B. Johnson's behest. Johnson did not trust the CIA reports and wanted an independent appraisal of American policy. Clark Clifford and Henry were to study the political maturity and motivation of the South Vietnamese.

On their return, the two men offered a three-word report: "There isn't any."

"The most mature and motivated person we talked to," Henry said later, "was a woman called May Thut. She was obviously mature because she was at least 150 years old. And she was obviously motivated because she tried to kill Clark and me with her bare hands. Amazingly strong, too."

But making fun of the expedition was the easy way out. The truth of the matter is that he had been given a second chance by Johnson, and that he had not managed to convince the Administration that he could serve in any capacity but as an occasional adviser.

However, discouraged as he was, he would try again on the next occasion.

Again, Henry returned to Cambridge, but this time there was no Chantal, and there was no Ann, for the Kissingers had been divorced.

Henry continued to meet famous people and to assess them, and their careers, as objectively as possible. He liked Barry Goldwater, admired the senator's toughness. He also liked Nelson Rockefeller more and more, and began to see him as the instrument by which he himself might attain a government position.

One evening in 1966, at a party in New York City, Henry put his feelings about Nelson into words. He was talking to a young woman who might have been about 30. She was tall with longish blond hair and a wide smile, and her face was alert and intelligent. He introduced himself.

"I'm Henry Kissinger."

"Mmm," said the blond woman. "I know." She smiled.

"I am not so famous as that," protested Henry.

"Not yet," the woman smiled. "But you are considered something of a phenomenon."

"I am flattered," said Henry.

"Why not?" she returned. "There are so many other things one might be—governor of New York, for example."

"Nelson has a second-rate mind, but a first-rate intuition about people," commented Henry. "Whereas I have a first-rate mind, and a second-rate intuition about people. I have an intuition about you, if you'd care to hear about it."

The blond woman laughed. "Not tonight," she said. "To be quite honest, I detest this kind of party. I prefer small groups of rather more informed people. When we talk next, that should be our setting." She walked away. With dismay, Henry realized that he did not know her name. He found out later that she was Nancy Maginnes. Henry remembered the name.

She seemed to have a genius for saying intriguing things. The next time he saw her, she said, "There is something Bismarckian about you, Henry."

"Good God, what?" he asked, genuinely astonished.

"You must work that out for yourself," she replied.

The final two years of Henry's quiet decade were busy ones. In 1967, he met Richard M. Nixon at a party at Clare Boothe Luce's house. Henry was surprised to learn that Nixon had read all of his books. He was even more surprised to hear his own phrases coming from that mouth. Nixon seemed to have liked *American Foreign Policy: Three Essays* particularly. Henry had the odd feeling as he talked to Nixon that

Nixon had sought him out because he, Henry Kissinger, represented the intellectual, and Nixon was hoping that some of this might rub off on him. Just like Johnson. A cue worth following. Henry talked obligingly until Nixon stood up, ready to move on to the next person on his mental list.

Henry did not like Nixon the man, but as he rarely liked anybody, this did not trouble him. He began to reassess his career. Perhaps the way did not lie with Rockefeller after all. Perhaps this man, whose ambition was so patent, offered a more likely foothold.

Then the Six Day War broke out. He met Nancy Maginnes unexpectedly shortly after the first frenzied reactions to the fighting had subsided.

"It must be difficult to be an expert in foreign relations and also a Jew," she said.

"Not particularly," replied Henry. "I am an objective man; very few people who are truly objective can afford the luxury of also being deeply religious. Besides, this is not a religious problem."

"What a refreshing attitude. Then perhaps there may be some solution after all."

"Eventually," Henry said. "There are many ways for the Israelis to solve their problem. But they have not solved it now. There will be more conflict. They are a divided country, a geographically threatened country, a country without strong alliances to offset its disadvantages."

"But we are their allies," said Nancy. "The United States is strong."

"Strategically," said Henry, "they would be better off with an alliance with the Soviet. Their first major alliance was with Russia in 1948. This kept the Arabs at bay, which helped Israel, and it drove the British out of the Middle East, which pleased Russia. However, at

that time the U.S.S.R. benefitted more than Israel from the alliance, because the Arabic states were aroused to a frenzy of anti-Zionism and anti-imperialism. And that made them receptive to Russian aid."

"Then France," said Nancy.

"Yes," nodded Henry. "Until France got too involved in Algeria. And then the United States . . . It is to our advantage of course to keep the Suez Canal closed. Then Russia must send her supplies—the ones bound for Vietnam—around Africa."

"I don't quite see how Israel and the Soviet Union *can* form an alliance," said Nancy.

"Anything is possible if the advantages are great enough. If Russia loses influence in the Arab world, she may have to turn to Israel. She could help Israel build a Negev Canal, and Israel could give her Mediterranean bases at Haifa and Nahal Yam."

"It seems very unlikely," Nancy said thoughtfully.

"Well," smiled Henry, "then Israel could promote a Pan-Semitic Union."

"And embrace the Arabs? I am convinced that you are not really Jewish, Henry. No Jew could bring himself to speak of such a thing!"

"I am Jewish, but I am no Zionist," Henry chuckled. "I am something of an agnostic where Zionism is concerned."

It is difficult, in the age of self-consciously sophisticated attitudes, to imagine that the notion of love-at-first-sight could be powerful enough to change a person's life. But such was the case with Nancy Maginnes. From her earliest childhood, she maintained but one criterion for any possible man in her life: that he be more intelligent than she. She knew, of course, that the bell curve of intelligence quotients was the

same among men as among women, and that neither group, as a group, was superior to the other. But she also maintained a quality of common sense—something lost during the excesses of women's liberation—and she understood that a man who was a genius was brighter than a woman who managed a mediocre I.Q. Now, Nancy knew she was very, very bright indeed, and only a genius could satisfy her.

Enter Henry Kissinger, still a Harvard professor, an introverted pudgy man. To almost everyone, he presented a totally unprepossessing figure. But with her brilliant intuition, Nancy saw the capacity for greatness, that he was that rare specimen, a scholar who would be able to translate his ideas into action. It has been speculated that the very first time she laid eyes on him she had a revelation he would become President, but she has never corroborated or denied the story, even in her autobiography.

In any case, she set about at once to transform the raw material of Henry's personality, rousing him from his academic stupor and hurtling him into the world of action. Her first step was to speak to Nelson Rockefeller about hiring Henry.

"I like Henry a lot," Rockefeller said, "but I always get the impression he has trouble figuring out how to cross the street."

"At the age of 22, he ran an entire German district," she recited. "And he's the most extraordinary historical mind to leave Harvard in the past twenty-five years."

"A brilliant mind and a token will get you on the subway," Rockefeller said, using a favorite phrase he had learned in New York City. "What I want to know is, what can he *do*?"

"He can *think!*" she almost shouted. "Put him on your payroll, and then leave him alone. Let him rub shoulders with some of the rabid politicos. Give him a

practical education. And then listen to what he tells you. I guarantee it will be one of the best investments you ever made."

The year 1968 was to be something of a trial balloon for Henry Kissinger. He was no longer teaching government, but learning how to play at politics. A rather devious route to success, but he tried not to look upon it as a setback. He worked for Nelson Rockefeller, preparing position papers and speeches, and eventually he was asked to help write the Republican National Platform.

At first rather withdrawn and silent, Henry became more and more sure of himself as he worked with Nelson.

"I admire Nelson," he said to Nancy during one of their brief, infrequent meetings. "His artistic intuition—"

"There's that word again," she said, and smiled.

"Well, it is important. And he has the courage to follow his hunches. I am more at home with facts and logic."

"So am I," she replied. "Although I suppose it is unfeminine."

"It may be unfeminine to admit it," Henry said with a laugh. "But can you imagine the hell of a logical man condemned to spend years of his life with an irrational woman?"

"Most people are irrational about something," Nancy mused.

"Ah, yes, and I too," said Henry. "But perhaps you do not want to hear about that yet?"

She met his eyes briefly, as if assessing his feelings for her. Then she said, "How right you are, Henry. How intuitive, if I may say so. I don't want to hear that —yet."

As always, she intrigued him; but her appeal was low-key, not like some of the more violent, more physical attractions he had felt. He thought about Nancy Maginnes in his den, rather than in his bed, talking quietly and wittily. Women had assumed a new importance for him, but he knew how to separate them in simple categories. Nancy was someone infinitely important to him as a friend and an ally. The others filled a different function.

For a while, Henry attained a reputation as an insatiable Casanova, but there was actually only one period of his life when he lived what might be considered a classically promiscuous pattern. He maintained a highly conventional lifestyle until several years after his divorce, and entered, with his second marriage, a model monogamous relationship. It was the interlude which catapulted Henry into the most incongruous role imaginable, that of sex symbol.

Those few years of what is now referred to as his "Starlet Period," however, made up in intensity and volume what they lacked in duration. In some instances, beautiful women literally flung their bodies at him as he walked into meeting rooms. Henry handled the sudden boom with complete aplomb, jumping in with great gusto and enjoying the phenomenon for precisely what it was: an inexplicable aberration in the usual working of things which arose spontaneously and mysteriously and would disappear the same way.

The final years of his marriage had been almost totally dry. After his divorce, he lost himself in his work even more deeply, and except for one or two brief flings with graduate students, he remained inactive. But in 1968, the thaw began, and with it came the full impact of Henry's capacity for overcompensation.

After Rockefeller hired him, taking Nancy's

suggestion, Henry worked first as a speech writer, then a consultant, and in the process he found himself hurled headfirst into the brutality of politics. His last encounter with that particular reality had been in Germany, but there he had been a brash top dog, representative of a victorious army. Here he was a stuffed pedant who spoke in tedious circumlocutions. But he gained a reputation.

The speeches that he wrote for Nelson Rockefeller actually constituted the most extensive statement of foreign policy ever issued by a Presidential candidate. Henry wrote the speeches as if he knew that some day he would be in a position to implement their ideas.

The first few attracted little attention, but as detailed and intelligent position papers continued to pour out of Rockefeller's office, people began to notice.

Nelson had entered the race primarily to prevent Nixon from winning. As it became apparent that he could not do this, the press expected Rockefeller's foreign policy views to fade away. But they kept coming.

"Henry," said Nelson, "I'm not going to win. But you are. I've made it clear that your position papers are to be incorporated into the party platform."

Henry nodded. "And whoever wins the election also wins Henry Kissinger?"

"Right," agreed Nelson.

"The prize in the cereal box far exceeds the value of the cereal," said Henry drily, but he laughed so that Nelson would not take his words too seriously.

CHAPTER V

HENRY, SEX, AND POWER

The opportunity to work on the platform gave Henry a further opportunity to study Nixon. Though there was nothing in the man to excite the masses, none of the fabled Kennedy charisma, Henry thought that Nixon was a good possibility. He was the natural follow-up after the Kennedy-Johnson era, and the only Republican candidate with a solid chance. Nelson didn't have one. Out of fear and uncertainty, the great American public would finally back Nixon.

The Democrats chose George McGovern. They were dreaming again. . . .

"Robert Kennedy might have won," Henry said to Nelson. "Even wounded, he might have won. But not dead."

"You might have expressed that in a nicer way," said Nelson.

"Facts are facts," said Henry. "Don't mistake me. I

appreciated Robert Kennedy—for his faith and his compassion. He was a sort of shadow Savonarola. George McGovern, on the other hand, is a shadow McGovern. No one will vote for him."

Very few did, as it turned out, although Nixon to his sorrow still could not claim the greatest popular majority in history.

After the election Henry and Nelson met again.

"I'm sorry that it's Dick instead of me," said Nelson, in answer to Henry's unvoiced question. "It's not the right time. You'll get in as an adviser, and you'll set up the stage. Fix up Vietnam and all the other loose ends. Then I'll think about it."

"*Gesagt, getan,*" said Henry. "And what shall I do the second week?"

When Rockefeller lost in his bid for the nomination, Kissinger was ready to be scooped up by Nixon's team, and he made the move he had been preparing for while he was working for Rockefeller's nomination. He was going to work for the man he had previously estimated as "at best average in politics, and below average in thinking." Henry's first title was Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. At last Henry was getting closer to the real thing.

By this time, he had rid himself of all the residual guilt concerning his marriage. His years of preparation were over. He was on the ladder to global power, and success suited him. A new image started to emerge, much more extroverted, provocative, freewheeling. He began to make the night-club and chic party circuit. At first he was just one of hundreds of ambitious men at a relatively low notch on the very top of the pole, lost in a gaggle of young lawyers and advertising men. But as his prestige began to grow, as it started to be known that it was *his* voice speaking with greater frequency

through the President's mouth, a certain air developed around him, a sense of secrecy.

Henry's importance to Nixon became more and more obvious. His bold views in international politics impressed the President so much that he began to listen attentively when Henry outlined his ideas for a rapprochement policy simultaneously with the Chinese and the Russians. . . . To steal the Democrat's unused thunder, to ridicule the radicals, to become the first great American peacemaker President, which no Kennedy had succeeded in doing . . . And then Kissinger was one of the few men in Washington with anything approaching a moral sense. Everyone else in the capital had long since abandoned the notion of right and wrong as a viable reality. Henry could commit murder along with the rest of them, but he at least still retained the quaint idea that there was something wrong with it, that the end justified the means when the end could be made to look honorable.

"What did you see in him?" one researcher asked Lynne Lejur, a thoroughly obscure actress who had been seen with Henry several times.

"Well, let me put it this way," the ex-starlet replied. "You've finally made it to the movies. You've studied, and worked, and slept with key people, and got a few breaks, and at last you're in front of the cameras. It could go either way. You might fall right back where you came from, or you could get big, and even go all the way to the top. I mean, the real money and fame. So, one day this guy comes up to you, and he says, 'How would you like a date with one of the most powerful men in the world?' Well, you check it out and the guy he means is Kissinger. So you figure, what's the worst? You probably have to sleep with the man, maybe only give him head. And for that you get wined

and dined and have your picture on the front of every paper in the country. And if he likes you, there are trips on his private jet to every fabulous place in the world. How can you say no?"

Henry's public involvement with so many beautiful women was not uncalculated. A politician does not have his picture in the newspaper—sitting in a nightclub with champagne in one hand and a sequinned dancer whose breasts seem to surge out of her tight costume—unless he wants to. But Henry had become concerned about his image.

Nelson Rockefeller had commented that Henry was able to face the worst possibilities of the future and examine them coldly. Henry's objectivity was never marred by personal considerations, nor by errant emotion. He could and did contemplate, with utter placidity, nuclear holocaust. In fact, he had taken to writing scripts for the nuclear confrontation: if Russia bombs all our missile bases and our retaliation of bombing all their major cities results in their bombing all our major cities, what do we do? Answer: Nothing. We could not risk the destruction of all-out nuclear war.

Henry had written up dozens of similar situations.

"You're becoming the Administration's Dr. Strange-love," a friend told him one afternoon.

"Oh?" said Henry, surprised. "What am I supposed to do? Close my eyes and refuse to think of such things? How will the President be able to meet such situations if I haven't figured out in advance what has to be done?"

"Look, Henry," said the friend, "I understand. Only you're so conscientious about writing up all the possibilities, ramifications and endless permutations

that people are beginning to think you're in love with atomic bombs."

"I'll change that," said Henry.

Henry did, and the people loved it. It was the beginning of his nightclub era.

He was irresistible. Within a year, he had a fan club which numbered in the millions. Through his sheer energetic capacity to soar above the petty considerations which made all his fellow politicians gray and worried, he appealed to humanity on a broader level. It was because of his demonstrated ability to take a lusty bite out of life that he eventually won the support of all those who would otherwise have found no ground for sympathy with a dry intellectual. Through his explorations in eroticism, he became one with the most elemental dreams of an overwhelming majority of the world's people.

At a time when eunuchs like Nixon, Brezhnev, Wilson, and Pompidou ruled the roost, Kissinger played the role of a sexual nouveau riche, an incredible role for a man like him to play. What would normally be a political disaster was one of Henry's greatest successes. The applause which followed him through the bedrooms of Europe, South America, the Middle East, and the United States gave him a new idea of his public image. But when the image was no longer needed, he was able to drop it cleanly and without a trace, and no blame ever accrued to him for flashing his virility at the universe.

From his first day in office, President Nixon had been obsessed with the idea of achieving a settlement of the Vietnam war. Nixon's reasons were primarily

due to domestic unrest the increasingly unpopular war was causing. For a President committed to "law and order" the disunity and anger that were growing in the country were extremely disturbing. Nixon probably viewed hippies with even more distaste than his vice-president; but Nixon was less vociferous about it. Basically he did not care what Americans thought so long as they loved him, voted for him, and kept quiet. One way of keeping them quiet was to end the war in Vietnam. So when Nixon brought Henry Kissinger into the Government as his adviser, he made it clear that one of Henry's jobs was to end the war. So Henry sat down in front of the chess board.

Central to everything in the world of international politics was of course the Russian-Chinese dispute. Henry had simply to plan how to use this dispute, how to apply the consequences of this dispute to Vietnam.

Because Russia and China were locked into an implacable territorial dispute as world powers, both had to cultivate American support. Theoretically, if the United States tilted toward China, Russia would be threatened; her power would be outweighed by the combined weight of China plus America, particularly if the U.S. tilt toward China also implied an alliance which included Western Europe. The United States and Western Europe, particularly Germany, in alliance with a China under American nuclear protection would, in effect, checkmate Russia. The USSR would be surrounded and outmaneuvered at every turn. Allies drawn from France, the Arabs, the tribesmen of Asia would scarcely be felt if the weight of the United States came down sharply with the Chinese. Russia would be economically and politically encircled, outgunned, and outnumbered. Therefore, Henry saw that the Russians needed American support—or at least neutrality, and benign neutrality at that.

On the other hand, Henry reasoned, if America tilted

toward Russia, China's position would become truly desperate. The Chinese, faced with American and Russian power, would be encircled when India and Japan were drawn into the alliance. And India and Japan would certainly be drawn in. Even if America remained strictly neutral, Russia could perform what Henry thought of, with a grim kind of smile, as the "nuclear castration" of China. As long as the United States looked the other way, China was threatened. Thus China, more than Russia, needed American support.

This brought Henry back to the old concept of revolutionary vs. legitimate powers. If America was to deal with China, China had to be made legitimate. Complete diplomatic recognition was not possible because of the Nationalist Chinese government in Taiwan. The United States could not change its position there, and in effect *give* Taiwan to the People's Republic of China. Henry had to find some acceptable alternative.

Obviously, China would have to be dealt with on a *de facto* basis. A new relationship like that would encourage the Russians to enlarge their detente with the West. Russia would be more amenable to deals, and Vietnam would be one of these deals.

Assuming these new alignments, Henry could see how the United States could bring pressure on both Russia and China to change their positions on North Vietnam and to effect a solution to the conflict which would satisfy the opposition to the war within the United States.

There would be a further benefit, Henry saw, to focusing attention on the Russian-Chinese dispute. North Vietnam would see that Russia and China were more interested in their struggle with each other than they were in Vietnam. If both of North Vietnam's supporters turned away from her and looked toward the United States for support, North Vietnam, stranded, would be forced to negotiate a settlement.

Then, throw them a crumb: we would offer North Vietnam a ceasefire-in-place that would in effect guarantee their continued possession of the parts of South Vietnam which they effectively controlled.

Henry outlined all this to Nelson Rockefeller. "And furthermore, Nelson," he said, "America can claim a victory."

"Some victory," commented Nelson.

"No, no," argued Henry. "You have the wrong viewpoint. It is a victory—"

"It *will be* a victory, Henry. Don't get carried away. I *hope* it will be a victory," Nelson amended.

"One: our prisoners of war will be released. News coverage. Stories of atrocities by the Communists. Tearful homecomings. Focus on jobs for returned POWs. Two: South Vietnam has been preserved as a free pro-American state."

"Some of South Vietnam," objected Nelson. "Don't forget, you're giving parts of it to the North."

"What is left, however small, will be South Vietnam, free, and pro-American. And the third aspect of our victory: we have denied victory to guerrilla strategy, and in particular to the insurgent army of North Vietnam."

Rockefeller shook his head and laughed. "You know, Henry," he said, "it's so logical it just might work."

What Henry did essentially was to transform the Vietnam conflict from an exclusively American effort into a kind of "Great Game"—as Rudyard Kipling described the arming of tribesmen on India's northwest frontier by Britain and Russia during the nineteenth century. Vietnam was no longer to be treated as a disease, but as a symptom.

Consequently the United States moved its eyes from that small country to the larger parts of the world. The

concept of "linkage" was the key. In the future, the United States would link any Russian support for North Vietnam by tilting toward China, and vice versa.

Having thought this all out and planned his strategy to his own satisfaction, Henry took his first active step in ending the war in Vietnam. The first move had to be to legitimize China. Negotiations with the People's Republic had to be publicly opened. Someone had to go there.

And in 1970 Henry went to China to confer secretly with Chou En Lai.

Henry and Premier Chou En Lai struck up an immediate friendship. They liked talking to each other, and they understood each other.

Chou was a shrewd and amiable diplomat of the old school. He was engaged in a power struggle with the Lin Piaoists who held that all the capitalist and revisionist enemies of China were equally untrustworthy. Chou believed, however, that reactionary America constituted less of a threat to China than aggressive and expansionist Russia—who already occupied large tracts of Chinese territory. Chou understood the advantages of playing the international politics game with the United States. Both China and the United States would understand the realities behind the polemic. Both Henry and Chou were pleased with the secret meeting.

Henry was especially pleased to read, on the plane back to Washington, the Russian reaction to his visit. The Russians, too, would be willing to play his game.

Henry's next move was designed to weaken the Russian presence in Vietnam in a physical way which would also demonstrate the first tilt toward China. The Americans blocked the port of Haiphong, thereby cutting off direct Russian aid to North Vietnam. This meant that supplies would have to be sent by rail across China. And this gave the Chinese some real control

over the war because they could refuse passage to the Russian trains.

Next on the schedule was a trip to Moscow to assure the Russians that an American tilt toward China was not irrevocable. Henry went, and accomplished this, but on one thing he remained firm: the blockade. The United States would continue the blockade until North Vietnam agreed to negotiate a settlement. Henry urged the Russians to put pressure on the North Vietnamese.

Up to this point, Henry's plans had included no bloodshed. He had employed diplomacy to do the work of actual weapons. This was all very well, but to hold a gun and refuse to use it, when using it would accomplish his goals more quickly, and more effectively, was not Henry's way. Tilts, pressures, veiled threats, and promises were very useful but something more was needed. To set the stage for the final act, Henry urged China to stop Soviet supplies from crossing her territory. China was most willing to comply.

The North Vietnamese had been driven into a corner by Henry's shrewd geopolitical strategy, but they had refused to give up. The carpet bombing of Hanoi at Christmas, 1971, finally convinced them that they must settle.

Thus Henry's first official use of nineteenth century diplomatic techniques was successful. It lost him some liberal support, but with this he was unconcerned, it would come back later. For the first time he had made policy, and acted on it. And it had worked.

But while Henry was planning his strategy in Vietnam and enjoying real power for the first time, he was also enlarging his human experience in a very rewarding manner.

"Success is the greatest aphrodisiac," he once noted. And by 1970 he was to be the living proof of his own

aphorism. After a two-year fling as an archetypal playboy, playing out fantasies which millions upon millions of men all over the world identified with, Henry entered a period of relationships with successful and famous women who gave him, for the first time in his life, a taste of equality between the genders. He recognized intellectually that women were the equal of men, and he treated them as such in his business and social dealings. But given his cultural conditioning, and his idiosyncratic development, the equality ended once the woman had become a sexual conquest. He could maintain friendships which contained no erotic components, but the idea that he could have an open and honest involvement with a woman who also found him sexually attractive was absolutely astonishing to a man who was learning to spin the globe on one finger, but who had as yet to understand what a woman was.

The women he was to meet during his early days as Secretary of State were mostly movie stars. His prestige had risen enormously, and he was now referred to as "the second most powerful man in the most powerful nation on earth." And as Nixon's effectiveness crumbled as a result of the Watergate and tax scandals, Henry became, *de facto*, the unspoken leader of the nation. For a brief while, he was perhaps the only member of the Nixon administration considered incorruptible by the general public.

The women he dated ranged from the austere Swedish actress Liv Ullman to the lascivious Judy Brown, the pornographic film phenomenon. With the addition of the sex symbol, Jill St. John, the legendary Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Marlo Thomas for spice, Henry had moved into a different league as far as women were concerned. One other actress, Samantha Eggar, was to provide him with a hotter piece of spice than he could swallow, while the renowned feminist Gloria Steinem would act as a one-person tribunal, judging, condemning, and

sentencing Henry to not being able to make love to her because of his political skullduggery and ideological frigidity.

While the officials of the governments of the world were steeped in public hypocrisy concerning their erotic escapades, Henry stepped out boldly, unabashed and unashamed to let everyone know that he was having a good time with the women. Not too many years before, for example, England was rocked with scandal by the Profumo case, when it came out that certain members of Parliament were hiring call girls, a fact that had been obvious to anyone with eyes in his head. But in the ironic manner that has marked Henry's career, the more he outraged public sensibilities, the more darling he became. And for many a woman, an affair, or even a night with Henry was like a feather on an Indian's bonnet: it signified an important kill.

But Henry had moved to deeper waters than he was at first aware of. Having always treated women as more or less malleable material to fit the shape of his fantasy, he suddenly found himself confronted by women who were his equal, all across the board. They broke through his prejudices and brought about a significant turning in his political thinking. It has even become fashionable nowadays to ascribe his swing from conservatism to the "new age mentality" solely to the influence of the women he dated during this period, but this is unquestionably an extremist point of view.

Perhaps the most crucial of Henry's affairs was not an affair at all. Gloria Steinem had become one of the three or four most powerful voices in the women's movement when she met Kissinger. In her late thirties, slim, blond, she affected the tight-jeans and no-bra look popular at the time, before women realized that such attire triggered hormonal changes in men which rendered them highly uncomfortable, and that such informal titillation manifested a form of female chauvinism.

She was also brilliant, easily a match for Henry's mind, and as ambitious as he, and also Jewish.

He came on as he had been used to doing, flaunting his prestige and his international overnight jaunts. He leaned across the table, his voice deep and resonant, his words measured, trying to mesmerize Gloria with his eyes. But she just leaned back in her chair and cracked her knuckles.

"You missed your calling, Henry," she told him. "You should be wearing a velours dinner jacket and arranging to fix up rich middle-aged ladies with young escorts."

Henry didn't know whether to smile or frown, until she took a swig of wine and hissed, "You're a pimp, Kissinger."

To have a beautiful woman that he desired speak to him in that way aroused him, and for an instant he could picture . . . But the diatribe that followed knocked all erotic thoughts out of his head.

"Do you know what I was doing a few years ago?" she asked. "I was a dupe of the C.I.A. Do you remember the youth conferences in Helsinki and New Delhi and Paris? Thousands of us went in good faith, really believing that our governments wanted peace, and that it was our duty to work toward that end in any way we could. But there were paid operatives among us, teenagers bought by the Agency, passing themselves off as representatives of the American counter-culture, but really there to defend the 'American way' to the kids from Marxist nations. I was really naive about it until one of my friends confided it to me. I got so mad and so sick that I ran outside the tent and threw up. I couldn't do anything else. I had no words for it." And, pointing a finger at Henry, she added, "And that's who you are, you greasy, fat playboy. You can take all your fancy rhetoric and shove it up your ass. Because you're nothing but a lying lecherous pig!"

The people at the table were stunned into embarrassment. For a woman to speak like that to a man of Henry's eminence outraged all their taboos. No one knew how to react, and all eyes turned to Henry.

"I sympathize with your anger, and I admire your viewpoint, but I disagree with your evaluation of my role in the matter," he said, with uncanny calm.

"Are you going to tell me that you don't lie, that you don't take part in that kind of two-faced activity?"

"When I had no power, I was as idealistic as you," he told her with an almost avuncular air. "But you must understand that the Russians had also sent many of their young to those rallies, armed with quite specific propaganda tools. That thrust had to be met. What you don't understand yet is that although much of our defense system is pure pork barrel economy to keep the factories operating, some of it is essential. Without our planes and rockets, the Soviet Union would—and there is no fancy in this—quite literally stretch out to impose its rule on every nation in the world."

The conversation went on for more than an hour, and by the end of it each of them had acknowledged some measure of respect in the other's good faith. Henry was reminded of the pure flame of idealistic hope which is often obscured by too lengthy an involvement in *Realpolitik*. And Gloria got some insight into the problems faced by a man of honorable intentions when he is actually given some simulacrum of power; she learned that one individual, no matter how highly placed, is totally limited by his context.

Henry pursued her for months. She was the only woman he had met who could give him a real fight, and it turned him on. She was more than willing to argue with him, because she had hopes of changing his views, but when that inevitable moment came when he reached out to continue their dialogue on a physical plane, she would smile and remark, "I go to bed with

men, not titled puppets. I've learned to sympathize with your position, but it doesn't make you attractive."

Finally, he gave up. The blow to his masculine pride and his self-perpetuated image as the lover of the age was not severe enough to inconvenience him, but the entire affair did sober him quite a bit. From that time on, he began to be less frivolous about his involvements. The starlet period was coming to an end, and Henry was starting to work his way toward the culmination of all his erotic explorations: an adult and permanent relationship with one woman, a woman who was his equal or better on every level of their interaction.

His lessons along the way were to be difficult ones. Jill St. John, won from Frank Sinatra, injected her pacifist philosophy into his mind as they played chess and discussed world politics while basking in the southern California sun. Zsa Zsa Gabor treated him like a feeble-minded teddy bear, and made it quite clear that he held no interest for a *real woman*. Judy Brown tore into him for being a prig and a hypocrite, because he was ashamed to be photographed in public with her. Marlo Thomas picked him up, examined him, and put him down, treating him all the while like an unusual specimen she might have found on the beach. Liv Ullman dismissed him as a barbarian. Henry was discovering that the world of film was in some ways the true royalty in America, and that politicians were seen as rather oafish and dull-witted people whose minds were shredded by the stupidities they had to deal with every day.

However, it was Samantha Eggar who stuck the longest pin into the balloon of Henry's ego. Again, it was not that he consciously treated women as inferiors, but that in his unconscious mind, in his habitual behavior patterns, this was a man's planet.

Samantha Eggar was a beautiful Englishwoman who

had first come to prominence as the "butterfly" in the movie of the same name. But after they met, he became the "butterfly" to her net. He found her slim, freckled, red-headed good looks an extraordinary lure. He also admired her upper-class education and background. She was the niece of Lady Eggar, the English socialite. She combined all the appeal of a gentry gentle with a certain Jewishness, for her mother's people, the de Palas, were a rich Sephardic family of London banking circles, originally from Amsterdam.

To Henry, it seemed that it would be clear sailing all the way. He was, to put it in the vernacular, crazy about her, and she seemed to return his feeling. But once again, he was to find his way to romance and sex barred by the fact that he represented a murderous foreign policy.

After their first meeting, they saw each other as frequently as their schedules permitted. When he journeyed to the West Coast White House, he always looked her up, spent a few nights squiring her around Los Angeles, inviting her down to San Clemente. Whenever her theatrical career took her to New York, she would spend a day or two at his side in Washington.

It was one such visit to the East Coast which threw their euphoric pattern into turmoil. Samantha was vehemently against the Vietnam War but this was more a stand of radical chic than any completely thought-out position. Henry found her arguments delightfully easy to counter, and they spent many hours in an odd sort of sex game in which he discounted her viewpoints and supplanted them with his grandiose vision for future humanity. Although he did not consciously see it that way, he was treating her primarily as a sex object, with whom serious discussion was simply not an issue. Not that he didn't talk to her seriously, but that it was less important to take her than to try to get her into bed.

But one evening she went to New York to discuss a Broadway play with her old friend, the producer Alexander Cohen. After the meeting she attended a party, where she ran into Jane Fonda. Jane had just come back from Hanoi and was filled with tales of the horrible sufferings of the Vietnamese people under the massive American air bombardments.

"While you sit there wining and dining with your little Napoleon," Jane told her, "here's what he and his master are doing in North Vietnam." Jane whipped out some really gruesome photos of maimed and burned Vietnamese, a number of them children and infants.

"The next time you have a nice little din-din with Henry," Jane went on relentlessly, "order something roasted. That's the way he likes the Vietnamese people."

"Jane, that's sick," Samantha protested.

"Yes, it's too raw to be chic," replied Jane, "but it just happens to be true."

At first Samantha tried to shrug off Jane's impassioned denunciation of Kissinger, but the brutality and horror of the photos stayed with her. She began to think through everything she knew about the American involvement in Vietnam, and after a few hours had come to a firm conclusion.

"It was as though a veil had been lifted from my eyes," she later told a friend, "although what I saw wasn't anything I hadn't known all along. But like most Americans, I had come to feel so helpless about doing anything about the war that I hid the facts from myself. It was obvious, of course, that everything Washington had said was a lie. The President, the Congress, the Pentagon, every high official—they were all liars and murderers. From the Tonkin Bay incident on the whole war was an American invention, and produced the most savage destruction in the history of the world."

When Samantha saw Henry next, she was fired up by

a new conviction, and carried some of the photos Jane had shown her. He called her in her Washington hotel room.

"Let's go to Al Buon Gusto," he told her. "They have wonderful clams à la Posillipo."

"I'd rather you came here, to my room," she replied. "There are some things I want to show you."

He rushed over, imagining an evening of sweet capitulation. He almost fell over in dismay when she met him with a political tirade.

"How can you smile and dissemble and mouth all that inane bullshit about peace-with-honor while you're assisting in this slaughter? Do you hear what some of the politicians are saying? They want to bomb Vietnam back to the Stone Age!"

For a while, he thought this was her final attempt at ideological struggle, and he inwardly flexed his rhetorical muscles to argue her into submission, surmising that with victory would come the spoils, and he would at last have from her a total surrender. The idea of bringing this proud and beautiful creature to her knees aroused all his newly-revealed instincts.

Henry spoke for more than twenty minutes without pausing, spinning a web of complex rationalizations. He got so carried away with the sound of his own ideas and his desire to ravish the woman who had challenged him, that he began to speak platitudes which, at another moment, he would have been embarrassed to listen to, much less deliver.

In the midst of it, like an executioner putting a criminal in the sights of the final rifle, Samantha held up the photos, one by one. He stopped in mid-sentence, and gazed at the blackened skins, the stripped limbs, the agonized faces.

"You are a liar," she hissed. "This is what you're doing. *This is the reality!*"

Henry totally changed tack. In part, it was the instinct of the debater thinking on his feet. But he also felt the impact of those pictures. For he had been at his most vulnerable, his need showing, his hypocrisy exposed, in quite a different state of being than evinced from standing in a war room surrounded by metallic generals. And above all that, the pictures had been thrust on him by a woman he was half in love with.

He started to plead with her to understand, to assure her that he hated the war as much as anyone, and that he was doing everything in his power to end it. He tried to use the same argument which had somewhat softened Gloria Steinem's attack several months earlier.

"If I were the President, I'd call for a unilateral cease fire," he told her. "But I'm basically only an adviser."

"And what precisely do you advise him?" she asked. "Do you advise him to stop the killing?"

He fumbled with his tie. "I'm afraid I can't reveal . . ." he mumbled.

"I think that you'd better get out of here," she said, in tones which made his blood freeze.

But the worst was yet to come. That evening, as she listened to a late-night radio show, she heard Henry's voice during a news announcement. The same man who had stood in her room and pledged his desire for peace was now telling the American public that the U.S. had instituted a blockade of Haiphong. "This is," he said, "a major acceleration of the war."

She called him at the private unlisted number he had given her.

"Hello," said a sleepy voice.

"I didn't know a human being could get so low," she told him. "All the time you were here you were conning

me about how you are pushing for peace. You knew that that gray little Hitler in the White House was making the war bigger. What kind of lying monster are you?" she shrieked into the phone.

"But don't you understand?" he tried to explain. "This is a necessary temporary tactic while we line up support with the Russians and Chinese to persuade Hanoi to come to terms with us. This is just a tactic. Our overall strategy is peace. The precedents are legion. Why, Metternich describes the situation in the Hungarian Carpatho-Ukraine at the time of the agreement between . . ."

But she wasn't listening. Her eyes were fixed on the photos. All she could think was to wonder how a man as obviously intelligent as Henry could be so lost in sterile abstractions while real human beings were being burned to death. She put down the phone slowly, but Henry didn't hear the click. He went on talking, repeating the arguments over and over again, demonstrating, refuting, paralleling with other tragic wars in history.

When he realized she was gone, he had a sudden insight into himself, a lonely middle-aged man talking into a dead phone late at night, trying to justify his part in what he knew in his heart to be a villainous obscenity in the face of human decency. It was at that moment that something turned inside him, and he resolved that he would reach a position of viable power, sometime in his life, when he would bend every effort to bringing peace to the world. At that instant, the seeds were sown for Henry Kissinger to cease being a rank opportunist, and to begin being honest with himself about what he knew were his highest visions, visions he had come perilously close to losing forever through his dalliance with Washington roulette.

The sacrifice was dear. He never saw Samantha again. On the surface, he seemed to change little. He

still appeared to be the dashing man-about-town, brandishing one woman or another on his arm. But already the edge had been taken off, and the game was seen to be mostly tinsel. He began to wonder whether a real woman would ever love him for himself, and not for his dazzle and prestige. And then, of course, he had to ask what his real self was.

He began to return to himself slowly, and to disentangle his inner voice from the tinny voices of government which he had often given body to, like Charlie McCarthy sitting on a ventriloquist's lap. He had to continue to endorse policies which were unpleasant to him, but now at least he accepted the emotional distaste, thus keeping his perspective on what he was doing. Ultimately, he would rediscover his authentic self and at a time when he was in a position to effect his meaning.

CHAPTER VI

HENRY AND THE JEWS

During the next year, 1973, Henry busied himself with the increasingly complex problems of Europe, Africa, and West Asia. The drive toward economic nationalism in Europe was alarming to Henry because it was, for the most part, directed against American interests. Since the early sixties he saw danger from the European Common Market which was pushing to establish dominance in the resource zones of Africa and the Middle East, but publicly he gave voice to the official U.S. line of support for a unified Europe.

Then Watergate changed Henry's fortunes again. Secretary of State Rogers decided to abandon his old friend Richard Nixon to his inescapable fate, which Rogers had no desire to share; he resigned. If not for Watergate, Henry might have remained National Security adviser for the rest of Nixon's term in office. Instead, he became Secretary of State. This was his

prize for helping Nixon a little further along the path of his own undoing. Henry was conducting his plans with absolute control and lucidity: support the damned fool without compromising his own personal public image. At the same time, absorb all the personal credit he could obtain for his foreign policy, and suck the lifeblood out of the despicable man he was publicly pretending to support with staunch loyalty. And when the time was ripe, when the Republicans were desperate, then—bang—let him down, and quietly wait for the chickens to come home to roost.

On that day, he again thought of Chantal. She had predicted something like this, years ago. He wondered if she were still in New York. Wherever she was, she must be thinking of their summer together in Cambridge, and of the fact that the obscure professor she had once slept with was now the first foreign-born, Jewish Secretary of State.

Henry wrote a brief note to Chantal, but before her reply came, the Arabs and the Israelis were at it again.

Henry's role in the October war and in its resolution has never been fully assessed. But to Henry, dedicated to the Metternichian belief that the way to solve a crisis is with a crisis, the source of the conflict was clear. As he turned his mind to this new game, he thought of his conversation with Nancy six years before. He did not have the intense feeling for Israel that many—maybe most—Jews had. To Henry, the October War was just a new stage on which the Arabs had unwittingly set the scene for him to dazzle the world with his ability to mediate.

The war seesawed back and forth until Israel finally gained a tactical advantage on both fronts. The United States and Russia had been supplying their respective allies generously until the Israeli advance in Egypt

forced a confrontation between the two great powers. This culminated in the U.S. military alert of October 28, 1973.

Henry's objective was clear: to effect a cease-fire and eventual disengagement. His success was largely due to the fact that he did not hesitate to act as go-between. Henry personally shuttled each new point of view across to the adversary. Unlike previous Secretaries of State, Henry enjoyed the marketplace of diplomacy. Short state visits held no appeal for him. He wanted to be active—in planning and in carrying out. Henry's involvement in the settlement of the October War was of course misunderstood and criticized.

"Do you ask a bull whether to continue bullfights in Spain?" was one form of the question. Because Henry was Jewish, it was thought that he could not possibly be objective, and many predicted total disaster. A smaller group said: "Why not? If the matadors and the picadors and the audience haven't solved the bullfight problem, maybe it's time to ask the bull. He at least has the advantage of seeing one side with perfect clarity. Maybe, working from that point of view, he can come up with a solution."

His geopolitical understanding of history led him to perceive that the key to Arab-Israeli detente was to introduce other factors.

This Henry did. Before the Syria-Israel talks on border rectification broke down, Henry supported the old idea of a buffer zone. This buffer zone would be composed of the restive Druze minority of Syria, Lebanon, and Israel. By granting them a measure of autonomy and offering them a sort of national home on the Golan Heights, Henry had created between Israel and Syria an "organic frontier" to replace the old unnaturally straight border. The new boundary reflected the topography and the population—as boundaries must.

"Plane geometry," Henry remarked, "belongs in school, not on the map."

The final demarcation of the border between Egypt and Israel, and the knitting together of Israel and Jordan in a common market was easy. Henry breezed through the whole negotiation with perfect poise and timing, dazzling the cautious diplomats with his incredible energy and his unpredictable methods.

As expected, the international political victory was so much oxygen to Nixon, embroiled as he was in a losing battle with the great goddess Truth, for the first time a contested factor in American politics. Henry was helping his nominal boss according to plan, keeping the man on his feet with a great show of devotion. And Nixon was desperately clinging to his smiling savior, feeling a steely point piercing the skin of his back.

And meanwhile some vintage sages were reviewing the Kissinger phenomenon with awe and avidity.

At the Fort Tryon Jewish Center, the older men had gathered outside the synagogue on this pleasant work-free afternoon, by unstructured custom rather than pre-arrangement, to discuss the latest news and gossip. And, inevitably, the talk had turned to Israel, the Jews, and Henry Kissinger. These men had a fair claim to assuming to know him; his parents were members of their very congregation. In this neighborhood, and on the steps of this synagogue, the common talk of many Jewish groups around the world: "Is Henry's high office good for Israel?" had a special poignancy. Everybody had seen him visiting his parents. And almost every Passover, for either the first or second seder, he would come up from Washington to be with them. The neighbors could always be sure of the night, because suddenly the street where they lived would be full of

Secret Service men. Henry Kissinger was from this place—but not of it. Yet somehow these people, good respectable *kleinen burgeten* of German and American background, felt the irony of Henry's position as a Jew—the only prominent Jew in the Nixon Administration.

But this day the favorite topic grew warm very quickly; and for the sake of propriety the suggestion that they move to the quietness of the lounge was accepted. And indoors, the next few minutes made it perfectly clear that this was to be a definitive discussion of the thorny topic. Although those in judgment would have been the first to concede they were not an appointed select committee.

Nor did they number the required ten as Zev Bar-Ilian observed in his dry, high-cadenced singsong voice, after about ten minutes of vehement contrapuntal exchange. "Since, by good fortune, we lack two from a *minyan*, the All-Powerful need not think we are deliberating for his attention or recording. If, in His wisdom, He has summoned us purposefully to review these matters, He would not have failed to assure the tally of ten was complete. We are, therefore, compelled to assume we speak only for our ignorant selves, and without weight in these affairs."

The youngest in the lounge was appalled. He was not only new to the synagogue but even new to Washington Heights. "In the Holy Land," Itzhak Heron announced, "remarks like that are still, save His Name, considered blasphemous. You wear a skull cap; you have a beard; you intone your words like a devout reader of the Great Book, and yet you make such mocking reference."

None leaped to defend him; Bar-Ilian could speak for himself. "The Holy Land is surely more centrally located under the original point in the Heaven from which He looked down upon His footstool. There, perhaps the lightest disrespects are immediately transmitted, and powerfully recorded. In the diaspora, we

have learned that the most urgent prayers sometimes take a little time in transit. With respect, I made it clear that lacking the *minyan*, we were really free to debate without worrying that we were clogging the messages system, or perhaps seeming to request special guidance as to His purposes in having a Jew so suddenly eminent in world affairs.

"Let us be humble. We are eight assorted views, puzzling over a great man who is internationally important at a most critical time in earth's history. So let us think hard, talk wisely, and regard it as not even recorded for TV, let alone the celestial archives."

"But *is he a Jew* is the very first question," Bruce Samuels pointed out. "That Hitler persecuted him is an external fact. But after he left Washington Heights, he survived so effectively in the Army, mixed so skillfully at Harvard and in Washington, it raises the question. When did he last think of his Jewishness as other than a funny anachronism that only those resenting his progress regard as pertinent?

"Does a Sadat, discussing the realities of compromise in the Sinai—the survival of Israel as something more than a client-state of America—even feel he is talking to a Jew, rather than to the American Secretary of State?

"Does a Lin Piao, who probably can't tell a Frenchman from a Swede, say, 'This circumcised pork-spurner is of the race of Shylock, Fagin, and Maxie Rosenbloom'?"

Jacob Blumberg, the hatter, had been bursting to speak. Now he snatched the chance. "By me there is no question. He's for sure a *miesor meshinid* (dirty turncoat)." He spat the words out in that special grimace of invective that old-time Jews reserve for an anti-Semitic or traitorous Jew.

"Do you want the close-up view? Just the other day, Menachim Beigen (of the Likud opposition party in

Israel) called him a bad Jew—even compared him to the *Apothekoris* (apostate) who, like a coward, pretended to worship Zeus while the true Hebrews stood firm, even the children, with the Maccabees."

But here another congregant broke in angrily. "Beigen! What does that hooligan know from Henry Kissinger? All that Beigen knows is to tear down. It's easy for him to criticize. An opposition leader has a job—he attacks. Our rabbi just the other day denounced Beigen from the pulpit."

But Blumberg persisted in his view. "All due respect to Rabbi Goldberg, and for sure he's the best *rebbeh* we ever had; but please, what does a rabbi know from diplomacy? By me, this Henry Kissinger is a *tuches-lecker* (ass-kisser) to a *riches paonim* (a Jew-hater)."

"Richard Nixon is not a Jew-hater!" a voice stridently protested. "How can you misrepresent like that? He's always been a good friend to Israel and he made our Henry, a plain Jew-boy from the Heights, Secretary of State. That's an honor, a real honor, Mr. Blumberg. You know, almost half the Jews voted for Nixon's second term."

"Ah, but that was before he showed he was not really such a true friend to Israel," said Paul Krueger, the shoemaker. "Remember, before the election he didn't say that detente was more important than Soviet Jews."

Here the authoritative voice of Mr. Kahan, a successful and erudite member of the community made itself heard. "How about a little more balance? A turncoat he isn't, and a super-Jew he isn't either. Maybe he's just somewhere in between."

"Balance my *tuches*," exclaimed Blumberg. "This hypocrite surely knows every word of Point Four of the Nuremberg War Crimes for which the Big Nazis died. He knows them well: *Deportation, enslavement, or other inhuman acts against civilian populations, includ-*

ing persecution for political, racial, or religious reasons."

"Jake, where did you get so smart?" asked Krueger sarcastically.

"My son, Martin, the law student, told me, and don't get superior with me, Mister. You think I'm a dumb schmuck? . . . No, better don't answer."

He reverted to his point. "Isn't Russia guilty of these crimes towards the Jews? They are not free to study the Torah, learn Hebrew, operate synagogues or religious schools. An old Jew can't even leave in peace to die in the Holy Land."

Here, Mendel, the kosher butcher, shored up Jake's argument. "Sure he's right. Was Nuremberg a farce; or has Henry decided in the name of detente to set up a statute of limitations on Nuremberg war crimes principles? How do you explain his always saying that in the name of detente we should consider what Russia does as being internal matters and not subject to objections by the outside world? If Hitler, God forbid, were alive today, this nogoodnik would say, in the name of detente, that we should trade services and goods with him, and even give him special rates and bank credits yet. *Und das ist ein anständige Jude? Fooey!*"

He looked around the circle; saw Lev's cool smile, Krueger's head shake. "I'm sorry," said Mendel, "but this guy I don't like. He may be a *Yiddel*, but he dances to a *goyishe* fiddle." And jumped quickly to another grievance. "If Kissinger were a *mensch*, he would make his son *bar mitzvah*. The boy is already twelve, and when the rabbi asked Louis about it, he didn't know nothing. Some *mensch*, some *Yid*. If he really loved his father like they say, he would let him *shep naches ein bischen* (gain a little glory) by watching his grandson's *bar mitzvah*. Only a *mischa meshinid* wouldn't let his son have a *bar mitzvah*."

The equivalent was played out in Jewish community after Jewish community the length and breadth of America; and indeed throughout the world. The saga of Henry Kissinger, the Jewish boy who had made good, fascinated but in many ways also repelled his people. Since Joseph had risen to the chief counselor of Pharaoh, the Jews had always been fascinated by the rise of the second-class, the oppressed man, to the heights of power. Joseph, Josephus, Maimonides, Disraeli, and now Kissinger.

But nowhere in the Jewish world did Henry's peacemaking efforts engender more anxiety, receive more acute scrutiny, than in Israel. And among the Israeli, his most vociferous attackers were the right-wing nationalists of the Likud (Unification) Party. By a quirk of the time-zone differences, at the very hour that the Fort Tryon debate was reaching a boil, Menachem Beigen, the Likud civilian leader and General Ariel "Arik" Sharon, its most conspicuous war hero, were sitting in Beigen's living room discussing the very same subject. Beigen's flat was a simple, comfortable four-roomer in a middle-class apartment building in downtown Tel Aviv. Nothing fancy or opulent—consistent with his fanatic honesty and steadfast devotion to his party.

He was saying, "Arik, I tell you, if he gives us any more trouble we'll have to mount a campaign against him. Our good friend Senator Jackson called me just the other day to tell me how much he despised the man."

"Is Jackson really ready to attack him publicly?" asked Sharon.

"Of course," Beigen nodded his emphasis, "but I urged him to wait. Nixon may yet be useful to us. As he grows weaker he might need Jewish support—he might, on the contrary, go over to Jew-baiting. Should he try to get the American Jews and the Jackson people on his

side, he'll have to do something outstanding for us. Until we are certain which way Kissinger will go, we'll hold off from attacking him. In this at least I agree with the government."

General Sharon nodded. Tall, rugged, handsome, with stark white hair and bold intense features, he sported an incongruously human potbelly. "As an intellectual, Menachem, perhaps you can explain—what makes a Jew like this a traitor? True, he is not an Israeli citizen, but he is a Jew—a refugee from the Hitler era. How can he be so rigidly against Israel's survival? Surely he knew that his good friend Sadat was planning an all-out attack?"

Beigen smiled. "How many times have you asked me this, my old soldier? Your military heart can't understand the warped soul of such a self-hating little turncoat. Because I was born in the diaspora, perhaps I understand him a little better than you, dear Sabra, could. So many elements go into forging a man like Kissinger that I hardly know where to begin." Beigen hesitated. "Take this vignette that is, I think, the real Kissinger. He told some friends the following story. 'I was received three times by King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, a man whose dislike of Jews is legendary. The king launched into a vitriolic attack on Zionism and Jews. He ranted on about the Zionists trying to take over the world, and that they had succeeded in placing Jews in important positions everywhere, in every nation.' At that point, I was not in a position to disagree with him so I tried to change the subject.

"I saw a painting at the far end of a long smoke-filled hall, and asked if it were a landscape of Saudi Arabia. The king replied, "That's a holy oasis." It was like going into a Catholic home and seeing a Virgin Mary on the wall, and asking, "Is that your aunt?" I probably extended the oil embargo three months by that remark.' "

"Here is his real nature. Sarcastic, mock deferential, totally unmoved by anti-Semitism. A typical cowardly Jewish liberal, who if you spit in his face would say it is raining. He didn't even retort to the king."

"So finally, Menachem, what's the answer? What makes a man so contemptible?"

"I don't know. Maybe too much persecution and harassment have robbed him of his manliness and self-respect. Perhaps he was beaten by Hitler Jugend as a boy. Maybe when he was a young immigrant refugee in high school in New York he was beaten and terrorized by tough young New York Jews. Maybe that's what's wrong with him. Maybe he couldn't fight back then, and hates those Jews who could then, who dare to now."

Perhaps the strangest discussion about Henry was simultaneously taking place not far off, in the strictly orthodox Mea Shearim section of Jerusalem. Three strange, bearded mystics were sitting in the shabby gray room of an old Kabbalistic synagogue, drinking tea sweetened with plum vodka and honey, cheerfully calculating the end of the world. These kabbalist rabbis regularly worked over the topic of the final Apocalypse.

Reb Aviel, was the oldest, of late middle age, brown beard flecked with silver, incredible brown eyes had the look of the true mystic. The second, younger, but bent and bespecked, with a sad mousy expression, was Reb Yenkiel. The third, the youngest, a vividly red-haired rabbinical student, with fiery reddish-brown eyes and mad intense look, was Reb Daniel, who was speaking.

"All signs point to the end of the world. The battles of Gog and Magog are about to be resumed. Consider the war that Israel has just endured. And more wars will come, and will again and again recur. Each day a

new war breaks out in some new area. The world is cancerous with war and bloodshed."

"Truly," said Reb Yenkiel, "if Gog and Magog are upon us, which I do not at all doubt, surely there must be legions of Satans flying busily everywhere. The horrible wars that occur just before the Messiah comes must be fought by hosts of Satans. So where are they? Why don't we see these devils—*who is their leader?*"

Reb Aviel intoned, "It has been taught, as Abba Benjamin says, *If the eye had the power to see them, no creature could endure the demons.*"

"It is so," Reb Daniel agreed. "So we can't, thank God, see every petty demon. But the big ones, the leaders, surely we can see these?"

Reb Aviel enlightened him. "You can find them by recalling what we know of demons. In *Chagiyahla* it is taught: *Six things are said about demons. They have three characteristics similar to angels, and three similar to human beings. The three traits like angels are: they have wings of angels; fly over the world like angels; and hear the hidden secrets of the future like angels. They are like human beings in these three ways. They have offspring; they eat and drink; and they die.* So," concluded Reb Aviel, "consider then who flies around the word and foresees the future."

Young Reb Daniel's eyes blazed with sudden intuition. "Why not this Jew from America, 'Abraham' Henry Kissinger! If he has wings, we couldn't see, but fly around like a very Satan, he always does; and as to foreseeing the future, all the *goyim* are, all the time, praising him as the most far-sighted statesman of today. Could that be why so many Jews fear him—because underneath he's a *shaiten*, perhaps even a false Messiah?"

"Look, my brothers," concluded Reb Aviel, "in a world gone *meshuga*, anything is possible. Who can say

what is this Henry Kissinger? A Joseph advising Pharaoh, he isn't. A Mordecai advising the Persian Shah-in-Shah, he isn't. So what is he? A devil he surely could be."

"How can we tell if he is?" asked Reb Yenkiel.

"We can't," replied Reb Aviel. "Only God and Satan himself know that. And they are not telling."

Years later the Jews who feared and hated Henry Kissinger finally calmed down. It took a while for them to see it, but eventually they too understood, as did the majority of mankind, that Henry Kissinger wanted for the Jews what he wanted for all mankind—universal peace, and a new and better world order. In the end, the argumentative, stiff-necked Hebrews who, as Bolitho said "remember everything and forget nothing" would add him to the list of world saviors and prophets that were from out of Judah, but not quite of it—Jesus, Marx, Freud, Einstein, Trotsky. To that list add the name of Henry Kissinger. Add it with humility, with irony, and with just a trace of incredulity that such a schemer would rate place on the list. For if Henry was anything, he was a schemer. But he was a schemer who had somehow changed the sorry scheme of things entire, and brought it closer to all mankind's heart's desire.

Years later, too, General Sharon was to write in his memoirs:

"What that little man from Fürth has done for mankind makes him the equal of the greatest Jewish prophets of old. He led the peoples of this land into real freedom. He has overcome the demons of terror and greed. Nothing can stop that little man, he is fearless.

"He is the greatest hero the Jewish people have been blessed with since King David."

CHAPTER VII

NANCY MAGINNES

Henry Kissinger's rise to the head of the State Department in 1974 seemed to be the crowning achievement of a career full of paradoxes. A poor immigrant, he had been made the boss of an exclusive and aristocratic department quite allergic to poverty. A cold war scholar, he now abandoned the very "real" politic that shot him to fame. And his marriage was certainly another paradox. But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of his career was the support he was able to give President Nixon without becoming tainted by the misdeeds of an administration that had brought down everyone and everything but the Capitol Dome. He moved through Washington as if surrounded not by secret service agents but by guardian angels who put words in his mouth and cast a spell over those who had every political right to be his enemy. This charm did not come from a deep study of Metternich or Bismarck.

His success was eerie, baffling, and quite insolent. He shocked the French and the British; and the Jews and the Arabs, the Chinese and the Russians, loved his style of buccaneering diplomacy. In spite of his arrogant independence, he attracted sympathy and protection where it counted the most. For instance, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, according to Senator Clifford P. Case (R.-N.J.), had dealt quickly with Henry's involvement in the wiretapping of some of his aides and of several newsmen so that he would not be embarrassed. In essence, Henry was to be kept clean, and if this meant that he was sometimes not asked to tell the *whole* truth, no one was going to object.

But he worked hard at the public relations aspect of his office, always careful to listen to people and to give them a sense of their own importance.

He was the only member of the Nixon cabinet who was well liked in Congress. He had made a point of going frequently to Capitol Hill, and of being candid with whatever committee requested his presence. The only requirement he gave in return for candor was confidentiality: no leakage. "I'm going to be frank with you," Henry had said once to the Foreign Relations Committee, "but if you leak what I say, I shall not be frank the next time."

And yet, at the peak of his power, he felt that his real challenge was still to be met. He felt that he was in a position to establish world peace nearly on his own. But what peace? For whom? He was in full possession of the methods, but he was no longer certain of the ultimate objective. However, since he was leading a charmed life, he didn't have to worry: everything would become clear in due course. Everything would fall into perspective soon now. His strength was that he was always ready to learn. He would understand what the fu-

ture was made of before anyone else, simply because he was more intelligent than anyone else.

So why be humble?

When Henry arrived in Venezuela in early 1974 to attend the Inter-American Conference, he had made a firm decision to reform his public image in line with his new role as head of U.S. diplomacy, and to marry as soon as possible. He felt something like nostalgia for the intellectual companionship he had missed during his starlet years—and he looked around him for a woman who could really communicate with him. He was aware that there was something truly oafish about the starlet culture, and now that his ultimate ambition had declared itself, he had to rectify that image quickly.

The Inter-American Conference in Caracas was primarily a diplomatic bash, an excuse for fancy partying. The only potentially explosive issue to be considered was the continuing U.S. control of the Panama Canal. Panama had erupted in riots and demonstrations more than once to demand home rule over the important waterway. But since U.S. economic intransigence offered no compromise on the matter, Henry could hope to do nothing but apply balm to the wound. It was a small hurdle—his perspective for Latin America was beginning to assume large proportions. But as Secretary of State he wouldn't move. He would make friends, and wait for the Presidency.

He barely had a chance, however, to come to terms with the political questions on the agenda, for when he entered the conference hall he was met with the kind of reception the Beatles might have expected from a room filled with teenaged girls. Scores of women present let out a collective whoop of delight. Startled, Henry stopped dead in his tracks.

The women composed the entourages which the Spanish officials took with them on their junkets, and presumably represented the most highly bred and educated women of South America. But they literally mobbed him. They drowned him in a sea of flesh, haute couture, and expensive perfume. Shrieking, giggling, sighing, they swarmed over him until he disappeared from view. Some pulled at his tie and handkerchief. A few pulled at his clothing as though they would tear it off. It was a dazed, bruised, and dishevelled Henry Kissinger who finally squirmed out of the mass of bodies and made his way to relative security, his secret service guards paralyzed by mirth and springing to assist him only at the last moment.

"What the hell was that?" he asked an aide once they had reached the safety of an ante-chamber.

"Maybe they mistook you for Mick Jagger," the aide quipped. Henry shot him a dirty look and the man went on, "But surely, sir, you are aware of your reputation."

Henry was indeed aware of his reputation, but he could not afford a replay of the scene in Caracas. Publicly, there was no repeat, but soon the private contacts began. He was deluged under a stream of invitations. Telephone calls inviting him to everything from huge parties to intimate dinners to clandestine assignations. More than once he put his hand into his jacket pocket and found a brief note containing a lilting name, a number, and an expression of fluttery desire. For some strange reason, he had sparked the latent romantic passion in the hearts of women who had hitherto seemed welded into complete social stultification.

It was two in the morning when Henry, clad in nothing but his shorts, sat writing at a table. He heard the door to his hotel suite opening. Looking up, he could not control a gasp. Iridiana Boulanger, magnificent in a flowing gown that revealed much of her light copper

skin, was standing at the door which she seemed to have opened with her own key, and she was holding a small gold and lacquer revolver pointed at Henry. His nostrils caught her subtle perfume, which went very well with the style of the gun. Henry grinned at her. After all, he had met her several times on the Washington cocktail circuit. She had a wonderful body, a personality that promised fire and brimstone, and she had offered her services to Henry several times with some insistence. But he had declined. She was too notorious, too uncontrolled, and both her father, a powerful Peruvian contractor, and her husband, a Paris millionaire, were dangerous men.

"Hands up," she said in a hoarse voice.

"First," said Henry, rising from his chair, "let me put on my Chinese robe and make you a drink. What will you have?"

She sighed and slipped the gun into her sequined purse.

"I guess I shouldn't have done that, I knew it wouldn't work. I'll have some of that Stolitchnaya, please. With ice."

She sat down gracefully on Henry's couch, a charming display of limbs settling down into the perfect image of Latin seduction. Henry's pulse went up very fast. "My, my," he murmured nervously. "She shouldn't be doing that to me."

"Iridiana, my dear, in the name of Allah, what are you doing in my bedroom?" She looked at him pensively. If she smiles her crazy smile at me, Henry thought, I won't be able to resist.

"I've come to read your thoughts, darling," she murmured in her impossible voice, a throaty erotic sound some found rather overdone. But Henry was subjugated.

How easy it was to lose in a fight like that. He put down his glass of fizzy mineral water on the desk,

turned off the ceiling lights, and walked a little unsteadily toward the couch.

"*Madame est servie,*" he said. "What does Madame want to start with?"

Henry's decision to marry, which had gradually been taking substance in his mind, coincided with the evolution of his vision of world politics. Both changes illustrate the maturity he had now achieved. Just as he would no longer court starlets, he would let Metternich rest in whatever peace he deserved. Both had served him well, but he had outgrown them.

Power politics were still the rule in today's world, but clearly they were becoming antiquated, impractical and much too dangerous. The new ecological issues promoted by the Club of Rome were misrepresented, but they were totally real. The planet was going ape—with a population due to jump from four to seven billions during half of a lifetime—due to the energy crisis, and due to the dangerous inequality between the inhabitants of a world each day more narrow, more tense, more lost, before the problems of the future.

It was now nearly impossible for Henry to think in terms of the American viewpoint alone. He was feeling in his bones the acceleration of history which has been the mark of this century.

Henry addressed the General Assembly of the United Nations in April, 1974.

"I would like to identify for the Assembly six problem areas which, in the view of the United States delegation, must be solved, to spur both the world economy and world development. I do so not with the attitude of presenting blueprints, but of defining common tasks to whose solution the United States offers its wholehearted cooperation."

"First, a global economy requires an expanding supply of energy at an equitable price. . . ."

"Second, a healthy global economy requires that both consumers and producers escape from the cycle of raw material surplus and shortage which threatens all our economies. . . ."

"Third, the global economy must achieve a balance between food production and population growth, and must restore the capacity to meet food emergencies. . . ."

"Fourth, a global economy under stress cannot allow the poorest nations to be overwhelmed. . . ."

"Fifth, in a global economy of physical scarcity, science and technology must become our most precious resources. . . ."

"Sixth, the global economy requires a trade, monetary, and investment system that sustains industrial civilization and stimulates its growth."

All of this, along with Henry's suggestions for implementation, can be dismissed as a clever disguise for old power politics—and some columnists in America and elsewhere called Kissinger a shameless hypocrite for his speech. But that kind of reaction acted on him as an added stimulus. He was a man with a conscience, a man with a heart. The insults being hurled at him were aimed at the politician, not the man. He deserved to be called a hypocrite—what political person doesn't? But he was also becoming aware of being a man with a fate which transcended politics, the bearer of a new vision. The use of power had given him a clearer idea of the true responsibilities attached to it.

Power had to be creative.

It is difficult to accept the fact that, when Nancy Maginess met Henry Kissinger in the mid-60s, it was love at first sight. For someone as cerebrally controlled

as she was, this was certainly unexpected, and rather frightening. But she had to admit the fact to herself—and, since she was, if anything, a realist, she was forced to consider two more facts. First, she had made an impression on him, but purely on a social and intellectual level, with no suggestion of any sexual interest. Second, he was the first man she had ever met to fill her only criterion of excellence: he was brighter than she was. She had to get him, sooner or later, she would not rest until he was hers.

Her organized mind immediately provided a suitable strategy. She would not pursue him, or let him guess at her true feelings. Instead she would bolster his ego at a distance, in various indirect manners. She had a clear intuition of the forceful ambition that was hiding behind the pudgy appearance of the little Harvard professor: the only way to go straight to the heart of such a man was to make him famous, to push him up the ladder, to give him a chance to prove his true worth, to flower and assert himself—and leave him with the entire credit for his successes. She had to make herself indispensable to him, but smoothly, unobtrusively. It would probably take many months, many years, but she could wait.

Henry's career had been taking its course, slowly at first, under Rockefeller's tutelage, and then more and more rapidly after he negotiated the first hurdles. Nancy was keeping a firm although invisible hand on him. While he was indulging himself with attractive movie stars, she disappeared and gave him full rein, knowing this was a necessary part of the process of his coming to terms with himself. While he dated and courted women with whom a serious attachment might have been possible, Nancy took a more controlling role, using her power of suggestion to keep him from what she would consider an undesirable commitment. And on some occasions she didn't hesitate using a little po-

litical muscle to eliminate the candidates who seemed to take themselves too seriously. But she knew that his passions were usually superficial and shortlived, and she had no cause to worry.

Whatever Henry did, Nancy remained a patient and considerate friend. They became lovers in a very casual way. They had even discussed a possible marriage on several occasions: but Nancy was well aware that Henry was not ready to take the plunge, and she therefore treated the subject in a very indifferent, amused manner, as if it were the last thing she had on her mind. But she patiently worked at getting him used to the idea.

Henry's star was rising rapidly now, and she realized that he was beginning to feel the need for at least one totally dependable ally before launching himself into the higher spheres. Henry had waited patiently until Bill Rogers stepped down, and now that he was about to get Rogers' job, the need for such an ally was becoming urgent. To be a bachelor Secretary of State would be embarrassing, especially with the kind of pious family-style assumed by Nixon and his entourage. Who would fill that double function: a socially useful wife who could also be trusted as a thinking partner? This was the moment Nancy had been working for.

Henry had come to view Nancy as the closest person in the world. The one he could always speak to with absolute freedom.

One night, as they were playing chess, with her bejewelled Kurdistan waterpipe gurgling happily between them, she said almost offhandedly, "You ought to get married again, Henry."

"I've thought of it," he replied.

They looked at one another in silence for a while.

"It all depends, of course, on finding the right

woman," he added. "I don't want another disaster. Like the last time."

"That's highly unlikely," she told him. "You've grown up since that marriage of yours. You know where you're going and you know what you want."

The opiated strains of Satie's *Trois Gymnopédies* wafted through the room. The comforting interior of Nancy's mid-Manhattan apartment shone like a jewel.

She was the only person in the world, except his mother, who could talk to him as though he were a child. And whenever she did, something melted inside him. That feeling of warmth in his chest was the closest he ever came to defining love.

"So you really think I'm grown up now," he sighed. "Ripe to get married at last. Or overripe, perhaps?"

"You're fifty years old, and that qualifies you chronologically."

"Yes, it's time," he admitted. "Aside from celibacy and promiscuity, the only alternative is marriage."

"Quite so," she said. And added, "Check," as she brought her queen's bishop to bear on his king.

Still thinking that her talk was somehow academic, he smiled and went on. "Who would you recommend?"

"Me," she said.

His eyes were on the board between them. He was a stronger player than she, but not so much more so that he could afford to be careless. His position was precarious. He thought for a long time. She avoided looking at him, and waited, quiet and composed, for his reaction.

"I suppose," he said finally, "that if I were to marry, you would be the ideal choice."

"From any angle you wish to study it," she said.

"It would be amusing for the official symbol of sexual freedom to get married."

"It would be clever," she countered, "for the next President of the United States, to become the symbol of sexual maturity." She caught his facial expression and

gave him a brilliant smile. "You know, Henry, you and I can afford to be completely honest with each other. The Presidency *is* yours for the asking. You are the only man in the country who would know what to do with it. You could change the face of things—Nelson couldn't, he would be disastrous. Nobody has the imagination, the character and the energy to pick up the pieces Nixon will leave after him. But you are truly inspired, and I trust you to make a complete success of it—with me as your partner. So you get a partner, a wife, and the top political job in the entire world—all at once. Henry, don't tell me you've never thought of it!"

"Of course I've thought of it," he said. "But it's just not within reach. The Republicans don't have a chance in '76, and even if they did, Nelson or Ronald are the obvious choices. Besides, I was born in Germany." His mind was on politics, not marriage.

"They'll deadlock at the convention, and you will be the compromise candidate, once Jonathan Bingham's amendment is ratified."

He shook his head.

"It's a pleasant dream," he mused.

"Your king is still in check," she reminded him.

He interposed a knight.

"And if that were not to happen," he said at last, "would you want a divorce?"

She laughed. "There isn't anyone in the world who knows you as well as I do," she said. "And yet, surprise, I still love you. I think you can trust my wanting you even if you don't make it all the way to the top."

"Would I need to be faithful?" he asked.

"Do you want to be?"

"It depends on how successful we are. It would be pretty absurd to lie to each other," he decided. "Well," he concluded, "I do like you very much."

Nancy pushed a pawn forward, attacking the knight

which was now pinned against the king by the bishop.
“I think you’ve lost this game,” she said. “My dear.”

“It’s only a game,” he replied, and made a sweeping gesture with his arm which included the board, the room, themselves, the world outside, and the entire universe.

CHAPTER VIII

THE YUGOSLAV WAR

December, 1975. The high point of Henry's pre-presidential career was the resolution of the Yugoslavian crisis. It began with Marshal Tito's retirement, which had finally been confirmed toward the end of the year.

"Henry," said Nancy one morning at breakfast, "do you think the Russians will get Yugoslavia now that Tito is retiring?"

"Ordinarily, yes," he replied. "But there is one factor which they haven't counted on."

"And that is?"

"That is Henry Kissinger," he smiled.

"How modest you are. Seriously, Henry, what can be done? What can *you* do?"

Nancy grinned. She enjoyed this kind of exchange. She thought for a moment and then said, "Well, the Serbs and the Croats will fight. And there's Slovenia,

Dalmatia, Montenegro, Bosnia-Herzegovina. They'll be pulled into it. The bordering countries will all want pieces—Albania will surely take the Cosmet, which is, after all, basically Albanian. Macedonia will probably go to Bulgaria, and Hungary—there won't be any Yugoslavia for the Russians to take," she finished.

"More or less," agreed Henry. "It will probably happen over Christmas, so please don't make any holiday plans this year."

She laughed, thinking of the Christmas before. Nancy had always liked Christmas, liked buying presents for people she cared about. Christmas made her feel happy. And she had wanted to transmit some of this feeling to Henry.

So they had celebrated their first Christmas, complete with towering tree, wassail bowl, and stockings hung up on the mantelpiece. But it had been a dismal failure. Henry had not been there at all.

"You're worse than an obstetrician," she said. "You're always on call because no one can cover for you. And your babies are always born on holidays, during dinner parties—"

Henry laughed. "You'd get tired of me if you saw me all the time," he said.

Nancy made a face. "Very likely," she said.

"But I have just had a wonderful idea," Henry went on. "A magnificent Christmas gift for you."

"What?"

"Bosnia-Herzegovina?"

They both laughed. "Anything but that," Nancy said. "I once misspelled it in front of several hundred people."

"One thing is certain." Henry was serious again. "I must keep Yugoslavia out of Russia's hands."

"If you can do that," said Nancy, "perhaps you can use the crisis—when it comes—for even more. Perhaps you can undermine the Russian influence in the Balkans still further."

Henry smiled. "If only my advisers were as clear-sighted as you are," he said ruefully. "I do hope to get the Russians out of Hungary and Bulgaria. The Russians have always admitted that they remain in Hungary for purely geopolitical reasons."

"How will you get them out?" asked Nancy.

"By granting the Hungarian and Bulgar territorial claim. Once the Hungarians have Voivodinya and the Bulgars have a good piece of Yugoslavian Macedonia—"

"Then Hungary and Bulgaria will eject the Russians themselves," finished Nancy. "They won't have any reason for continuing to tolerate Russian occupation. But—" She hesitated. "It sounds simple."

"It is—and it isn't. Just like everything else. At the peace conference—"

"Henry!" Nancy broke in with a laugh. "There isn't even a hint of a crisis yet. No riots. Nothing. And you're planning the peace conference."

"I'd rather think about peace than about what is going to precede it," Henry said. "Here's what I plan."

Briefly, Henry's plan was to make Magyar and Bulgar acquisition of new territory conditional on those two countries' withdrawing from the Warsaw Pact. If and when the Russians objected, Hungary and Bulgaria would be at cross-purposes with Russia, and Russia would risk alienating her two satellites.

Eventually, Henry would propose a compromise: that Hungary and Bulgaria be allowed to stay in the Warsaw Block, but that Russian troops be permanently banned from the two nations. At the same time, he intended to pry Albania loose from China. Albania's just territorial claims to the Cosmet would also be settled, and Albania would not close her alliance with China.

"As for Greece," Henry continued, "we will withdraw *our* fleet if the Russians withdraw *their* forces. Exit power troops from the Balkans. My real aim in all

this will be to loosen the Soviet hold on the Balkans, while at the same time reducing Chinese influence in the region. I want the Balkans to provide a sort of *cordon sanitaire*."

"So the Russians are out, and the Chinese are out, and you've created a neutral zone. The Balkans have become a buffer zone between Russia and the West."

Henry nodded.

"And no one's fired a shot," said Nancy.

"They will," said Henry.

The first indications of trouble came on Christmas Eve. Henry and Nancy were having dinner together at the restaurant in the Watergate Towers. Henry was summoned first to the telephone, then to the State Department.

"Read this," said his secretary. "Pentagon cable."

Henry took it and read: *Capt. Hawkins DDE450 USS Truman patrol duty Adriatic Sea 1100 hrs. observed disturbances Dubrovnic port rioting youths police fire termed massacre patrol boat fired on police many reports other disturbances contact with Embassy possible advise soonest.*

"God, I hate these cables," Henry snarled. "Haven't they ever heard of punctuation? Or grammar? Or syntax? What the hell does this mean?"

Henry's secretary coughed deprecatingly. "Well, Mr. Secretary," he said, "I've experimented with several different patterns of punctuation, and I think it means that youths were rioting in the port of Dubrovnic."

"I got that, thanks," Henry said.

"Yes, sir. I mean, I don't doubt it, sir, I was just going over the entire cable."

"Fine, fine, get on with it."

"Sir. The police fired on the rioters—massacred

them, in fact, and then a patrol boat fired on the police."

"I don't see how they get anything done at the Pentagon if it requires two men to decode their decoded messages. But I've always been an agnostic where the military is concerned. What about these other disturbances?"

"Well, sir, naturally I checked around for confirmation, etc. There's a bulletin from Belgrade." He handed Henry another sheet of paper. "And this report from a Reuters correspondent."

"Croatian nationalists fought Serbian nationalists in Dubrovnik, Zagreb, Split, and other cities today. Believe civil war breaking out. Army mobilizing.' That's clear, at least. Now what do Reuters have to say? 'I had come up from Athens—'" Henry broke off. "Where did you get this?" he asked his secretary.

"Well, sir, actually the telex operator is something of a friend—"

"I thought so. Something of a journalist in her own right, I imagine?"

"Er, yes sir. I believe she has aspirations in that direction."

"Because this language never came from Reuters," Henry said. "Not in this form. 'I had come up from Athens to cover the International Water Ski event when suddenly all hell broke loose. Crowds of Croat youth marched down a jammed beach full of summer vacationers from other parts of Yugoslavia singing Ustachi songs (Ustachi-fascist World War II Croat separatist songs). Suddenly Serbian and Montenegrin vacationers, including many college students, began to beat them up. Then local police arrived. They began to club the Serbians, then fired into them. A massacre. A national coast guard hut along the beach filled with Serbian naval crew radioed the navy at the Split naval base. PT

came from Split and attacked the police. Fighting spread all day throughout all Croatia, Dalmatia, and northern Bosnia-Herzegovnia.' " Henry looked at his secretary who was standing rather uncomfortably looking at his fingernails. "She's not a very good speller, either," he commented. "But to return to the communiqué: 'Everywhere Croats joined in Bosnia by the Muslims, massacred Serbian and Montenegrin.' What does *that* mean?"

There was no response from the secretary, so Henry continued. "'Army units are fighting between themselves.' How odd. Only two army units. I'd have thought there were more."

"Of course there are more, sir," said his secretary.

"So. Fighting *among* themselves, perhaps? No matter. 'Some units are defecting to the Croat rebels. In other units the Serbs are executing Croat fellow soldiers. It looks like the Bangladesh war all over again. Here in Belgrade mobs are forming to demand mobilization of Serbs to punish Croatians. Looks like civil war. Army units (all Serbo-Montenegrin) are demanding new tougher military government.' " Henry looked up, utterly confused for a moment.

"Not a pretty situation, sir?" ventured his secretary. "And I have just learned that Shiptar—that is, Albanian—students are rising in the Cosmet in support of the Croats."

"It looks like a busy week," said Henry. "You might as well go home now. Tell your wife to start cooking the turkey. I may need you tomorrow."

"I'm not married, sir," said the secretary.

"Well, your mother, then. Run along."

The situation, as Henry disentangled the various messages in his mind, was roughly that the old Serb-Croat antagonism had exploded. As Nancy had pre-

dicted, there was trouble in the Cosmet. The people there were waiting for the arrival of Albanian troops. They were Albanians anyway; this was to be expected. And Bulgarian troops had mobilized along their border, greedily eyeing Macedonia. Russian armies in Hungary were preparing to make some kind of move. It was time to talk to the president.

President Ford refused to regard the situation in Yugoslavia as anything out of the ordinary. "It was only to be expected," he said. "They'll calm down."

"It would show the United States in a good light, Mr. President," said Henry, "if we could help them to stop this needless bloodshed."

"All right, Henry. If you say so. Just do whatever you think."

"Yes, Mr. President. I suggest that the following steps be taken—"

"Whatever you say, Henry. That's your job." The President turned away to signify the end of the interview.

Henry did not move. "Mr. President, I would feel much more comfortable," he said slowly, "if I could have the opportunity to discuss with you the steps I think we should take. Perhaps you will see something I have overlooked."

Ford smiled. "Perhaps I will at that," he said, turning back to Henry. "Shoot."

"First, send the bulk of the Sixth Fleet to the Adriatic immediately. Second, alert all military units in Europe and prepare the air-borne units in Germany to occupy Slovenia if Russia moves in. Third—"

"Do you think Russia will move in?"

"I hope not," replied Henry. "That is one of the things we must prevent. That is why my third step is to contact Brezhnev immediately to tell him not to invade. We must convince him that we are ready to invade Yugoslavia ourselves if Russia does."

"Holy smoke," said Ford. "I don't like the sound of that, Henry. Another Middle East crisis, and troops, and invasion? No, I don't like that a bit."

"Well," said Henry, "it all hinges on how convincing we can be. If the Russians really believe that we stand ready to commit our power in order to preserve Yugoslavia's neutrality, we probably won't have to. In fact, if we can keep the Russians out of Yugoslavia for just three days while I line up some support, I can assure you we won't have to invade."

"You do that, Henry," said Ford. "You get yourself on that plane and you go wherever you have to, 'cause I'm not invading Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia, for Chris-sake."

Henry left the President. It was midnight. He went back to his office. Now he needed to line up European support: England, France, Germany.

His first call was to Fritz Thielan, Germany's foreign minister.

"Herr Minister Thielan," he began, "it is in the interest of both of our countries to prevent the Soviet from intervening in Yugoslavia. A Russian absorption of all Yugoslavia would be an irreparable loss to Europe, and particularly to Germany. For Germany and Austria it would constitute a threat to the weak southern flank, with Soviet military force then facing you on two sides."

"We are also of that opinion, Mr. Secretary."

"I shall be going to Moscow to present an ultimatum not to intervene. We should like this supported by your country, and by France and Britain too."

"Mr. Secretary, I shall confer with my Chancellor, and let you know. But I think I can say that we may join you."

Next, Henry spoke to the French.

"Jean-Jacques," Henry said, "we are anxious to ob-

tain the firm support of France in a united Atlantic effort to prevent the Russians from absorbing Yugoslavia. France, as the first country of Western Europe, will impress the Russians—and also the other countries of Western Europe whom I hope to persuade to join us."

"Henri, I think you say that to *all* the girls. Naturally I must confer with the President and cabinet, but I think we will support you."

"I must know immediately," Henry said.

"No sooner than that? *Alors, mon ami*, I shall do my best. You know the situation around here."

Henry's conversation with Roy Jenkins, the British Prime Minister, was equally successful.

"The support of the United Kingdom is vital to us," he said. "We plan to present the Soviets with an ultimatum not to intervene in Yugoslavia. But we need the support—"

The Englishman cut in. "You need our support for show, I should think. German support will do you more good."

"No, indeed," protested Henry. He was never quite comfortable talking to the English; their accents reminded him too much of Samantha Eggar.

"I'll see what I can do," said Jenkins. "I'll ring you tomorrow."

Henry put through similar calls to the Greek and Italian foreign ministers. He also summoned the Chinese chargé d'affaires to his office. He asked them the same thing: would their countries lend their support to the American ultimatum? And of China, he asked further: Could the government issue a statement offering resolute support to Yugoslavia? And would they consider some small military maneuvers along the Sino-Soviet frontier?

Finally he called Bruno Kreisky of Austria and found him quite upset.

"Mr. Secretary," Kreisky replied to Henry's request, "we are too weak to join in any design against the Russians. Our hands are bound." Henry was polite, but disgusted. "Golda was right," he thought, "when she said that man had no balls."

"You can't win 'em all," said President Ford, when Henry reported to him.

"I won most of them," Henry said later to Nancy.

"Darling," Nancy replied, "no one cares how many you *win*. Americans only count losses. Don't tell me you hadn't noticed *that!*"

The next day, the situation in Yugoslavia had worsened. The Yugoslav Central Army now consisted entirely of Serbo-Montenegrin units. These were firmly in control of all the Serbian areas, plus large areas of the Cosmet and Macedonia.

Slovenia still remained quiet, but it was a tense silence that blanketed the area. Although the Slovenians had little quarrel with either the Croats or the Serbs, they did not want to be annexed to Russia, or Austria, or Italy. Somewhat tentatively, they announced the Provisional Republic of Slovenia. If the Yugoslavian Federation should be reconstructed, they said, they would enter into negotiations with the Federal structure and would possibly rejoin. They would want certain conditions, of course, more economic autonomy, for example, but they would consider rejoining. But for the time being, they were independent and neutral. Their only desire was to exist as a peaceful European state.

The situation in Croatia was bloody. Three brigades of Serbian troops had been left in Zagreb by the Belgrade government. These units were now trapped there and surrounded by Croat irregulars. At first, some few Croats in the three brigades had deserted to join their Croat brothers. Then their General, a partisan Slav of

the old guard, realized what was happening. He ordered the immediate arrest of all Croats in the army—officers and enlisted men alike. The Croats resisted; many of them died resisting. The rest were taken prisoner. They became uneasy hostages.

In Bosnia-Herzegovina and the Cosmet fighting was fierce. There the Serbian forces battled both the Croats and the Albanians.

And while Henry was flying toward Moscow, he learned that Bulgarian and Hungarian troops had invaded Macedonia and Voivodinya respectively.

The important thing was, however, that the Russians had not moved. This reassured Henry somewhat. He settled back in his seat to edit, in his mind, the words he had already planned to say to Brezhnev.

His goals were clear: first and foremost, to prevent the Russians from invading Yugoslavia with their own troops. The U.S.S.R. must agree to the partitioning of Yugoslavia, for it was obvious that the country was to be partitioned. Voivodinya would go to Hungary. This would not displease the Russians; nor would the fact that portions of Macedonia would go to Bulgaria. Russia would be less happy with the Albanian possession of the Cosmet, which would please the Chinese. Would the Russians agree that the rest of Yugoslavia, divided into the small states of Croatia, Serbia, Slovenia, and Macedonia, remain independent and neutral?

Many Russian leaders would agree, Henry knew. But there were those who would never give up the hope that by quick intervention Russia might gain the entire country. Henry had an answer for that, but was it convincing? He would point out that the Serbs and the Montenegrins would resist any Russian occupation to the death but if left to themselves they would certainly be *pro-Russian*.

This alone would convince no one. But the powerful

opposition of America and Europe to Russian intervention could do the trick.

As he leaned back in his seat, with his eyes closed, he mumbled, "Gentlemen, if you do not act with restraint, you will see a reunified Atlantic Alliance arrayed against you, an alliance which will be forced through fear of further Soviet aggression, to turn toward China."

This was the type of argument the Russian understood, and after only a few brief and agitated conferences, they announced that the U.S.S.R. had no intention of involving itself in a purely local dispute. Such actions, they continued, prolonged conflict and caused many lives to be lost unnecessarily. The Soviet Union deplored civil war, but regretfully she could not see that it was her place to interfere.

A few days of negotiations established rough borders, and delineated the areas which would be patrolled by the West—NATO fleets would patrol the Dalmatian coast—and which would be under Soviet surveillance.

The most difficult negotiations concerned Macedonia. The Russians wanted Bulgaria to occupy all of it. Henry insisted that it should remain federated to Serbia. Eventually they compromised: Bulgaria would be given those parts of Macedonia that she had had before World War I plus a few valleys, mountains, and strong points. The rest of Macedonia, including its capital at Skopje, would be set up as a neutral state.

Henry was back in Georgetown for New Year's Eve. He and Nancy went to a party given by Clare Boothe Luce, but they left early.

"It's rather an ill omen, don't you think, Henry?" Nancy said. "To begin the new year with a disintegration?"

Henry only laughed. He was in good spirits. "Will

disintegration become the new craze of 1976—like flag-pole sitting, and marathon dances, and streaking? It could happen, I suppose, but not this year."

"It gives me a rather awful feeling," Nancy said, unable to match his mood. "That poem of Yeats's: 'Things fall apart the centre cannot hold; —Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world. — . . . And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,—Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?'"

With laughter in his eyes, Henry said, "I'm not such a rough beast, really, am I?"

Within a few weeks, the partitioning of Yugoslavia had assumed its final form. The Serbian army and the Russians held all of Serbia and Montenegro and the Serb-populated parts of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

The Croats held Croatia, Dalmatia, and the Croat-Muslim parts of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

The Albanians held the Cosmet.

The Bulgarians and the Serbs continued to fight over Macedonia for another ten days, but finally they agreed to arbitration when they saw that neither the U.S. nor the U.S.S.R. would support either side. The arbiters were to be Servan-Schreiber, Gromyko, and, of course, Henry Kissinger.

For Henry it was a job well done. He was testing his own powers, and waiting for the next assignment fate was no doubt preparing for him.

CHAPTER IX

KISSINGER FOR PRESIDENT

Early in 1974, Rep. Jonathan Bingham (D.-N.Y.) had introduced a Constitutional amendment deleting the present requirement of Article II, Section 1, that the President of the United States be a "natural born" American citizen.

"Naturalized citizens may serve in every other post in the government," Bingham announced to a press conference. "In fact, there would be great resentment if it should be proposed that a person who was not born a citizen be barred from serving in the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, or the Congress."

Asked whether he would support Henry Kissinger for President, Bingham said, "My Constitutional amendment does not amount to an endorsement of Henry Kissinger for the Presidency. But I must say in all candor that his achievements as Secretary of State have brought the problem into focus. Why should a

citizen of Kissinger's talents be barred from the Presidency? More importantly, why should the American voting public be denied the right to elect a Kissinger to any office?"

Bingham had been interested in this question for a long time. As he told reporters: "In 1928, with the Republican Party assured of re-election to the Presidency, my father, Senator Hiram Bingham, was everybody's choice for Vice-President, and there seemed little doubt that he'd be nominated. But he was born in Hawaii—before Hawaii was annexed to the United States. Technically, he might not have been a native-born citizen. It was insane. There was Dad, the scion of an old American family . . . the Binghams were among the earliest colonists in New England . . . the family moved, as missionaries, to the Hawaiian Islands in the nineteenth century. If any family was one hundred percent American, it was Dad's. But he couldn't be Vice-President!"

Then Bingham mentioned a family he had helped some ten years before. "The father approached me," Bingham said. "He had six kids, all born here except the third child who was born in Ireland before her father became a citizen. And her father was in Ireland because he was serving in the U.S. Army. The child—a girl—could never become President, the father complained. And he didn't think it was fair. Well, neither did I."

So Bingham had introduced a private bill declaring the child "deemed to be a natural-born American citizen." The bill was passed by both houses of Congress and signed into law by President Johnson in 1967. "Whatever rationale there may have been in 1789 for limiting the Presidency to natural-born citizens, such a distinction today is repugnant to our sense of justice," he said.

As the months passed, however, Bingham realized

that the bill might never be passed. Even though Henry Kissinger, because of his role in the Yugoslavian crisis, was being described as the white hope of the Republicans, it looked as though Henry would not get a chance to run.

But Bingham had no way of knowing about the meeting that had been held in March of 1976 in a mansion in upstate New York.

It was late afternoon, and although Daylight Saving Time assured that it was not completely dark outside, neither was it light. It was a gloomy March day, raw, cold, and gray. Inside, the lights were warmly yellow. A fire burned in the fireplace, creating a circle of warmth. The latest arrival stood over the fire, toasting his hands.

"I hate this crazy climate," he said conversationally. He was the youngest of the three, a man whose home territory on the West Coast professed total ignorance of the East Coast's more extreme weather.

The second man, whose suntanned face proclaimed him to be a westerner too, said, "I'd 'a' thought you'd be trying to build up some kind of resistance to the climate, seeing as you're thinking about moving to these parts."

The third man laughed. "I hate that phony western accent of yours, Barry," he said.

The first man turned away from the fireplace and stuck his hands in his belt. "I got no objections to yore accent, pardner, 'ceptin' you don't do it so well."

"We haven't all had your experience, Ronald," the man called Barry said drily.

The third man walked to the bar. "What are you people drinking?" he asked.

"Scotch," said the other two in chorus.

The third man fixed three drinks and put them on

the low round table. The three took seats and settled down to talk.

"You got Scotch there, too, Nelson?" asked Barry.

"Wormwood and gall," said Nelson. "Your health, gentlemen. And to the health of the next President of the United States."

The next President of the United States. Barry Goldwater from Arizona and Ronald Reagan from California had accepted, after a rather difficult negotiation, to meet with Rockefeller and see if they could agree on a candidate. The Republicans stood no chance in 1976, and these three men knew it. But Nelson Rockefeller had devised a plan to rescue the Party from bankruptcy; his task now was to sell it to Goldwater and Reagan.

"It comes down to a deal among ourselves," said Nelson. "There's no other way—and believe me, I've thought about it. I haven't thought of anything else. I've spent hours, days, weeks planning and considering and weighing. I know what I'm talking about, and I tell you it can't fail."

"Balls," said Ronald.

"And that goes double for me," said Barry.

"You always did have a lot of balls, Barry," said Ronald.

"Save the comedy routines for the Convention. We'll need some laughs then," said Nelson, his eyes glowing. This was to be the culmination of all he had worked for—not the actual Presidency, but the power of the Presidency. And it would be his. The other two would believe that they shared equally, but the power would be Nelson's.

His job now was first of all to convince them that a compromise president would allow himself to be ruled;

and second to convince them that all three men would share that ruling power equally. Not an easy task, but Nelson had worked hard to prepare himself for this moment. He had trained his man, fed him, launched him. And now he had to give a piece of equity to these two gentlemen gamblers in exchange for their support. But they had to understand that this was a new kind of game—at least between the three of them.

He let the playful bantering go on, encouraged it, and tended the bar. He caught himself reasoning that from now on he would pour only ginger ale into his glass. Cautious Nelson.

Barry and Ronald were getting on fine—but that was to be expected. They were more like each other than either was like him. Nelson encouraged this too, for he knew that in reality neither man trusted the other, and this mutual distrust would tend to cancel out their power. He also knew that if the two men achieved enough rapport, he would only have to convince one of them. So Nelson waited, and sipped his ginger ale.

"When do you start the pep talk, Nelson?" demanded Ronald after a while.

"Any minute now," returned Nelson. "How about some sandwiches?"

When the time came, Nelson spoke. He knew what words to use because Henry himself had fed him the words. Now the tables were turning, though Nelson did not know it. He had used Bingham; he would use Goldwater; but now Henry Kissinger was using him.

Nelson ploughed on, and after a long time he won the grudging support of Ronald Reagan and Barry Goldwater.

All three now believed that with Henry—and of course Nancy—in the White House, they would be free to control. They would be above criticism because it would not be known that they controlled. They would run the country—even the world.

Barry Goldwater didn't much care. He was past that sort of thing, but in Ronald Reagan, Nelson had a kindred spirit.

The three men shook hands gravely, and parted.

The key was the Constitutional amendment. Rockefeller needed Barry Goldwater for that. Jonathan Bingham, on his own, could never push it through. But Barry Goldwater had some influence in the South, where the opposition was most deeply rooted. And now that Barry Goldwater was on the team . . .

Goldwater spoke in Phoenix: he spoke of a Polish buddy who had died in his arms during World War II. He told tales of the heroism of a Sicilian buddy who had saved his life. "Why, the way our Constitution reads today, if King Solomon in all his wisdom were alive—and a Republican—we couldn't choose him to be our President. And why? Because he wasn't born in these United States!"

Barry Goldwater and Jonathan Bingham spoke in Maryland, in Tennessee, in Florida. Goldwater talked to the local politicians and to the people.

The name of Henry Kissinger was occasionally mentioned—though never by Goldwater—but the issue was: *Justice*. The democratic equality of all citizens under the laws of the United States. After the explosions of anti-Jewish racism in the U.S.S.R., the issue had unexpectedly become one of tremendous international consequence. The U.S.A. had been put to shame by the European press in particular for its totally hypocritical position on racial issues—and all those rumors and denunciations had been forcefully echoed by the U.S. embassies in many countries. It did look like an inside job, but it was a job well done.

"A man can't choose where he's born. Neither can he choose his own parents. We don't penalize an adopted

child by giving him fewer rights than a natural child. We can't penalize an adopted citizen either. It is not just."

And again, "In these troubled times we need all the great men we can find. A loyal American is a loyal American—no matter where he was born."

The amendment was ratified.

Two months later, in May of 1976, Nelson decided the time was right to speak to Henry. He had already sounded out Nancy, who took it as a matter of course that Henry would become President.

"I told you that years ago, Nelson," she said.

"So you did, so you did. But you were joking then, and I'm not joking now."

Nancy stifled her next remark. "Henry will be honored," she said.

"Honored!" cried Henry when she told him about it later. "Nelson thinks he'll have me in his hands, that he'll be the big wheel, and I'll be the visible tip of the iceberg. Nancy, I can't let him . . ."

Nancy shrugged. "It does no harm for him to think that."

"Perhaps not," said Henry. "But I am not sure how reliable he is. You know how he was about that drug law. He could have another spell like that."

"You've always been able to talk him round, Henry. Even if he is dreaming dreams of immeasurable quantities of power and glory, you can handle him."

"I suppose he'll put it to me next week at the dinner. I'll be surprised, honored, immediately refuse, and then gradually, reluctantly, accept."

"And you'll be grateful to Nelson," added Nancy.

"Most assuredly," he agreed.

The dinner was sponsored by the Committee to Elect Rockefeller.

On these public occasions, Nancy usually wore what Henry chose for her, and that night she had on a silver-blue dress, long-sleeved, high-necked, and close-fitting. It gave her a regal air that pleased him, though she complained that it was miserably uncomfortable.

Henry was not surprised to be summoned almost at once to an anteroom where Nelson and some of his advisers were sitting, drinks in hand.

Somebody brought him an orange juice and indicated the chair next to Nelson.

"I'm not going to run, Henry," said Nelson abruptly. "Final decision, not open to argument, persuasion, or bribery. The reason I'm giving is health—though I've never been in better shape." While he talked, the others in the room left quietly.

Henry said, "If that's a final decision, Nelson, what do you need me for? I'm flattered, of course, that you told me before I heard it out there, but you didn't have to do that."

"*You're* going to run, Henry," said Nelson.

"I'm *not* going to run, Nelson," said Henry quietly.

Nelson waved the protest aside. "I know what you're going to tell me, Henry," he said. "All that stuff about being foreign-born and Jewish. But five years ago you'd have said that you could never be Secretary of State. And you were foreign-born and Jewish then, too."

"I wasn't elected," Henry said. "That's the difference."

"But my God, Henry," Nelson exploded, "you've practically *been* the President for the last three years!"

Henry shook his head. After a pause, he asked, "Why aren't you going to run, Nelson?"

"I've had it, Henry," said Nelson. "I just don't want to be President any more."

"But you'll still be around," Henry probed delicately.

"Oh, here and there, now and then," Nelson grinned. "When you need a shoulder to cry on, or a spot of advice. I'll be around."

That was it, then. Nelson had sold himself a vision of kingmaker. He would be around. Of that, Henry had no doubt. And he would expect Henry to sit and heel and beg. He would have to believe that Henry would do this.

"I haven't done much domestically," Henry said tentatively.

"Exactly," grinned Nelson. "I'm hardly the one to tell you—the great negotiator—how to deal with foreign policy, but I've lived in *this* country for a long time."

"That brings us right back to my problem," said Henry. "I haven't."

"I've lined up some pretty impressive support," said Nelson.

Henry laughed. "You mean you asked Nancy if she'd like to be First Lady?"

"I didn't have to ask," said Nelson. "She's a terrific asset. You know that."

"She would be, no matter what I did," said Henry.

"But you're going to be President. My God, Henry, why did you marry *her* if you didn't want to be President?"

"There are other reasons," Henry smiled.

"Those other reasons are for other people," said Nelson shrewdly. "Not for you."

"Tell me more about this support," said Henry.

"Reagan and Goldwater. How's that for starters?"

Henry smiled. "When you want something, you really go all out, don't you, Nelson?" But as he spoke, his mind worked quickly. Nelson must have sold those two on the king-maker idea too. It would be difficult to remain his own man with those three lined up against

him. And yet Henry knew he could do it. Had to do it. He could play that game himself, and quite well, at that.

"So the nomination is assured," said Nelson. "Nominated by acclaim."

During the Democratic convention Edward Kennedy openly feuded with both Jackson and Wallace in a display of political bridgeburning unparalleled in the annals of American party politics. Kennedy was incensed when both men offered him deals whereby he would be Vice-President, a role he had no intention of playing, either with Jackson or with Wallace—*particularly* with Wallace.

But the real break came with Jackson over American policy toward Russia. Jackson, the hard-liner, and Kennedy, the liberal, ultimately became locked in non-negotiable positions and both of them turned to Wallace to tip the balance in each other's favor.

The second break, with Wallace, came in his first convention meeting. This time it concerned domestic issues of the party platform—the support of migrant workers and issues dealing with the blacks and chico groups.

As a result of the battle, Kennedy stormed out of the Convention with one quarter of the delegates and announced that he might not support the Democratic ticket. The convention nominated Jackson and Wallace, but Teddy remained holed in Hyannis, surrounded by what has been described as a "halo of indecision." It was generally thought he would form a third party and run, much as Wallace did in 1968. There was a large segment of the country that felt he could even win.

It was at that point that Henry Kissinger approached Kennedy and convinced him there was yet a better way to best the populist nationalists, Wallace and Jackson:

"You would run as my Vice-President on a coalition ticket. But the office of Vice-President will be awarded full power over domestic issues that do not infringe on the areas of foreign policy or defense," Henry suggested.

Teddy listened attentively. "What do you mean, specifically, by *areas that don't infringe on foreign policy?*"

"I mean labor policy, social welfare, racial problems. We would have to work out something regarding fiscal policy. Perhaps we could each make certain cabinet appointments who would then report primarily to whichever of us made the appointment."

"Wouldn't that involve Constitutional changes?" Teddy asked.

"I don't think so. We might just be able to make an agreement between ourselves."

And they did.

Then came the Republican convention.

Henry had still not been mentioned as a serious candidate, and Rockefeller and Reagan were still in the running. It was assumed that a deadlock would develop. The French election of 1974 should have taught something to the Republican policy-makers. But apparently it hadn't.

Then, just before the nominations were closed, Nelson Rockefeller made a surprise appearance.

"There is one man," Rockefeller announced, "who has kept this country great, who deals with foreign policy as easily as most of us deal with getting up in the morning, whose brilliant leadership has not only averted international tragedy, but has also brought us closer than ever before in the history of this nation to our cherished goal of world peace. This man has worked tirelessly for all of us, for every man, woman, and child in this country!"

Rockefeller spoke on. After their first startled gasps, the delegates were with him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, *the next President of the United States—Henry Kissinger!*"

The ovation was tremendous, booming, rising endlessly in volume, filled with much more than the usual anticipated enthusiasm.

Then Ronald Reagan stood to make the seconding speech.

The convention hall went wild!

It was twenty minutes before any one voice could be heard. At last, Reagan, very briefly, seconded the nomination. Then Henry appeared.

He was nominated by acclaim.

The next day, Henry faced the task of convincing the Republican Party that its only hope lay with a fusion ticket: Kissinger and Edward Kennedy.

Obviously, the fusion ticket would appeal to a number of the uncommitted liberals, but this was certainly not enough. Henry still had a long row to hoe. It looked as though the American people would possibly boycott the polls.

Then the kids made their move.

CHAPTER X

THE YOUTH REVOLT

It was the youth of America—who elected Henry Kissinger.

For the first time great hordes of them turned out to vote, and they were fresh and pure enough to believe that their vote would mean something.

The crisis erupted in September of 1976. Henry and Ted Kennedy were running a good campaign. Henry projected a rather chilly intellectualism, but the Kennedy charm more than offset this. The Democrats lost no opportunity to hint that Kennedy had somehow sold out, but whatever Ted Kennedy was getting out of the fusion ticket, it was not money. The Republicans hinted that the fusion ticket represented the only way Ted Kennedy could rise in the government without losing his life.

The Jackson-Wallace platform actually differed very

little from the fusion platform. Neither confronted the touchy issue of abortion. Both had far-ranging programs of economic reform. Both issued similar statements on foreign policy, although the Democrats tried to belittle Henry's contributions in that area.

The formidable obstacle of Watergate still loomed. Both candidates were clean, but the Republicans had left a bad taste in everyone's mouth. The total collapse of political ethics—and the sickening revelations of the past years, had created a great moral unrest throughout the nation. President Ford had proved to be not much better than Nixon. He had, in fact, been so demoralized by his sudden assumption of his role in the government that he had left almost everything to his advisers—specifically to Henry Kissinger.

That was the situation in September.

The Democrats shrewdly suggested televised debates. They were willing to debate anything anywhere—just to get Henry's unpresidential body, his un-American face, and his foreign accent before as many people as possible.

Henry and Nancy discussed the problem with Rockefeller.

"How can I get out of it, Nelson?" asked Henry.

There seemed to be no escape.

"There's no way to get Teddy to do it," Nancy said finally.

Rockefeller shook his head. "You'll just have to capitalize on it, Henry. Capitalize on the great objectivity you have due to your background."

"That'll just make everything worse," said Nancy glumly.

The telephone rang. Rockefeller picked it up.

The other two withdrew to let him talk, but he summoned them urgently with his hand. He hung up abruptly. His face was livid with rage.

"The youth," he said. "The drop-outs, the freak-outs, whatever you want to call them! Those fucking good-for-nothing acid heads. They've got bombs and hostages and God knows what. They've taken over New York City!"

Henry jumped to his feet. Nancy rose more slowly, a faint smile on her face.

"Come, negotiator," said Rockefeller with a sudden laugh. "There's work for you."

Henry sighed. "I think I would rather deal with Yugoslavia again," he said.

The country's youth, always a somewhat unpredictable sector of the population, had steadily grown more disillusioned through the Ford years. Agnew, Nixon, Watergate, Ford—the youth had completely lost faith in government, and in all adult establishment enterprises. Unemployment had hit them extremely hard, and they were dropping out of colleges and universities because education could not prepare them for jobs they could not find. As they dropped out, communes spread.

After a brief flirtation with the natural life and with various types of communal living in the 1960s, most of the youth had gone on to something else. Now, in the second half of the 70s, the movement had caught on again. Countless types of communes had been created. Many were extremely well organized and highly successful. Such a lifestyle permitted the youth—and others who wished to opt out—to live independent of the establishment. The commune movement, essentially middle class in its second flowering, was spreading to women, blacks, and other minority groups.

The commune movement created a whole subculture of people living side by side with the farmers, miners, foresters, Indians, and those who did physical labor. In a way, the commune dwellers gave the laborers a new

sense of their own value; even the more cautious segments of the country accepted the commune dwellers with surprising rapidity and warmth.

The commune dwellers grew their own food, built their own houses, and even, in some cases, wrote their own books, printed them and sold them to other communes. And most of them developed their own religions. They were, for the most part, serene young people, desiring simply to be left alone and not made to conform to the establishment pattern. They had quietly and peacefully carried out a revolution against which their elders had fought a bloody war for half a century: the economy of the communes was based on the cooperative system, which eliminated all profit margins from production and distribution. The communes were self-sufficient, and constituted a non-capitalist network thriving and growing rapidly inside the world of capitalism. Truth, simplicity and harmony were the unwritten laws of these colonies, not only in moral terms, but also in economic and practical matters. Objects were manufactured with love, and were meant for one specific user, not to be sold on some anonymous market. American communism was quickly developing and spreading its structures throughout the nation, and the military-industrial complex was losing ground. The communes no longer depended on the state for social help of any kind, but they also refused to pay taxes, since they did not recognize the profit system and seldom used currency in their simplified transactions. No commune member would dream of fighting in a war, let alone serving in an army. The communes sometimes participated in local or national elections, when it was in the interest of the movement to defend an ecological or ideological cause, for instance—but never for political reasons. Politics, seen as the source of all corruption, were the enemy.

The entire movement was peaceful and non-violent

—except for a hard-core of extremely vocal, well-organized young militants.

They were the ones who had staged the surprise Manhattan revolt. They held City Hall and Gracie Mansion. They had stopped the buses and subways. All entrances to the island city were blocked, and people were permitted neither to enter the city nor to leave it. Seventeen groups of terrified hostages were being held in office buildings throughout the city.

That night the eleven o'clock news was seen on CBS at ten o'clock. Neither the anchorman nor his staff put in an appearance. Instead, John Kingsley—a name no one had ever heard before—stepped in front of the camera. A tall, lean young man with deep circles under his bright blue eyes, he had surprising assurance, and his voice was deep and steady.

"People of America," he said, "I am John Kingsley. I speak for the youth of this country, and for the non-establishment. We have invaded New York today. Tomorrow we may invade Chicago or Los Angeles. Or nowhere. It depends on you.

"By our standards, this country is no longer habitable. We wish to make it—a small part of it—livable again. We demand that the leaders of this country advise and consent—" his voice mocked the words—"to our so doing.

"Mr. Jackson, Mr. Kissinger, you may not want to talk to each other, but you will talk to us. Here. Tonight. In this studio.

"We hold 26 hostages here with us. As you know, we hold many other hostages in other parts of the city. For the moment, those other hostages are not in danger. But the ones here *are*. Until both Mr. Jackson and Mr. Kissinger agree to meet here with us, and are ready to

deal fairly and honestly with us, we will shoot one hostage per hour. Starting now."

And he pulled a gun from his jeans and shot the cameraman who was at that moment filming him. Screens went dark. CBS was off the air.

Henry Kissinger and Henry Jackson telephoned CBS immediately. Jackson, as it happened, was in New York, but Kissinger was in Washington. Jackson instantly offered himself as a hostage until Henry's arrival, if the people who held the CBS studio would stop the shooting.

"When will Mr. Kissinger arrive here?" John Kingsley inquired. He sounded very sane and reasonable.

Jackson told him that Kissinger hoped to arrive in three hours, but he could not be certain. Kingsley agreed to wait for Kissinger.

Henry Kissinger arrived two hours and 47 minutes later.

"Our talks will be televised," John Kingsley told them.

Kissinger and Jackson nodded assent.

"It will be a service to the American people," said Kingsley. Henry was not sure whether he was serious or not. "Instead of showing them mere debates, we will show them their prospective leaders in action. Our talks will begin now.

"First I shall tell you what we demand in exchange for the lives of the people in this building and elsewhere in the city." He turned to another young man who handed him a folder. "I shall read our demands slowly. You may take notes, if you like. Frank, paper and pencils." Frank handed out paper and pencils.

"When I have finished—and it will not take long; our wants are simple and moderate—when I finish, you

will each be given equal time to tell us what you will do for us, how you will do it, and how soon." He smiled, and looked like any ordinary young man.

Henry spoke first. "Mr. Kingsley," may we have time to confer with the leaders of our parties and to arrange things so that, since neither of us is at the moment President, we can offer you some assurance that we will indeed be able to implement whatever solutions we arrive at?"

"How much time?" asked Kingsley. His eyes burned dangerously.

"What do you think, Senator?" Henry asked.

Jackson clenched his fists. "Twenty-four hours at a minimum, I'd say."

Kingsley turned his gaze, now curiously serene, to Kissinger. "Do you also require twenty-four hours, Mr. Kissinger?" he asked politely.

Henry sensed that the young man was near the point of explosion. A delay of twenty-four hours could turn him into a more dangerous threat than he was. Henry needed to come out on top in the impending exchange, but he did not want to be obvious about it. "I think, Mr. Kingsley," he said, "that if you will specify a time period, both of us will do our best to gain whatever assurances are necessary."

"Ah!" said Kingsley. "Well said, Mr. Kissinger. The first round goes to you. Very well, then. You've asked for twenty-four hours. Or, rather, *you* have, Mr. Jackson." He bowed ironically at the senator. "I intended to give you twenty-four minutes, but Mr. Kissinger was so polite that I will extend that. You may have *one hour* from the time I finish speaking."

Jackson opened his mouth to protest, but Henry silenced him with a gentle touch on the shoulder.

John Kingsley began to read to the cameras.

"We speak for oppressed peoples everywhere, but mainly we speak for the youth of America. You, the es-

tablishment, have fouled our land. We, the non-establishment, can no longer live in peace with you. We must live apart. We will live in Vermont, Kentucky, Colorado, and Arizona. *Only* we will live there. You will get out. We will live according to our own laws. We will not be under your jurisdiction in any way. We will not be bound by your laws, nor will we pay taxes to support your mistakes.

"If we enter your land, we will obey your laws, but we demand total amnesty for any infraction of your law now outstanding against us.

"The four states mentioned will immediately cease to be part of the United States of America and will constitute a free federation, the first territories on this planet where freedom will be real and complete, and where brotherhood will be accepted as the only law of the land.

"We will have free right of way between our four states, which will henceforth be known as Vitanova, Brotherhood, Arete, and New Age, respectively. You, the Unliberated States of America, will need visas to pass through our lands.

"We demand that all citizens of the Unliberated States, including criminals now in prison and those awaiting trial, be given an opportunity to relocate in our land." He paused.

"People of America, we demand that these conditions be met, and that they be met immediately. We are serious. Your world and your generation have betrayed mankind, by cowardice, stupidity, greed and general incompetence. We don't think that you can be reformed, re-educated or saved, you are too far gone. And we want out. We don't want to live in your stinking society, we don't want to be contaminated by you, we don't want any of your fears and unhappiness." He was looking straight at the camera and his face broke into a

wide, pleasant grin. He looked like such a nice young man.

"All right, America, get off the phone. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Kissinger are calling you." He turned to face the politicos. "Ready to start timing. Mr. Kissinger, Mr. Jackson. You have exactly sixty minutes from—now. Guitar." Frank, apparently in charge of central supply, produced a guitar. Kingsley began to sing in a muffled, toneless voice. He sang variations of nursery rhymes which were much in favor in his group of militant troubadours.

Mary was a little lamb. Her fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went, the pigs shat on her toe.

Taffy was a good man. Taffy was no thief.
Taffy he got hungry and took a piece of beef.
The pigs went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed.
They aimed all their pig guns, and shot Taffy dead.

Little Bo Peep wants to lose the sheep
But don't know how to hack it
Give her a home and she'll go home
And kill the sheep in back o' it.

Hey, diddle diddle, the shit and the piddle,
The pig tried to fly to the moon.
The pig gave a fart and fell back to earth
Eating shit with a silver spoon.

Henry heard very little of this. He went straight to the phone, and made one call, to the chairman of the Republican National Committee.

"I think," Henry said, "that in many ways their requests are justified. Furthermore, it will make things easier all around if we can isolate them in four locations, and avoid having their movement disrupt the rest of the country. We are dealing now with the extremist,

militant fringe. If we give them what they want, the militants will be absorbed by the majority, which is peaceful and non-political, and obviously we won't have lost much, apart from our self-respect. If we resist, then we are sure to antagonize ten million kids, and that's to *no one's* advantage . . . What I propose to do, and I hope you will approve it, is to negotiate a settlement, and we will incorporate its contents into our platform. Make whatever calls you think necessary. I shall telephone no one else. If anyone wishes to reach me, call this number." He gave a number and hung up.

The first call was, as he had hoped, from Rockefeller. "Just wanted to agree with you, Henry," said Nelson. "And goodnight, Mr. President."

Senator Goldwater was next. It was hard to tell whether he was more upset about the non-payment of income tax or the general amnesty. "They can't get away with murder," he rumbled, half interrogatively.

"They already have," said Kissinger, and hung up.

Edward Kennedy was third. "Good luck, Henry," he said. "Make a point of saying that I'm a hundred percent with you. You know, sometimes I think that our only redeeming quality, in the Kennedy clan, is that we have so many babies, and spend so much time with them. So we can't be all bad, and that's why I feel I understand your new friends, although I don't understand their use of violence. Well, good luck, do your best."

"Naturally, Mr. Vice-President," said Henry.

He spoke to about a dozen more people before he realized with a shock that President Ford had not called. Surely the President had been informed. While Henry was pondering this, the telephone rang. It was the President.

"Better you than me," was all he said.

Essentially Henry had finished. He had not yet begun to negotiate, but he had won the right to do so. Nine minutes remained in the hour.

Henry sat silently, carefully holding his body in relaxed stillness while the minutes ticked by. Jackson, looking extremely upset, was summoned.

"Lights, camera, action," said Kingsley. "Who speaks first?" He looked brightly at the two older men.

Jackson seemed to slump in his chair.

"He needs twenty-three more hours," called someone from the back.

Immediately a chorus of voices began to suggest other needs.

"Quiet," said Kingsley. "We'll go in alphabetical order. Mr. Jackson, you have the floor."

Jackson straightened his body and leaned forward. "John," he said, "you don't mind if I call you 'John,' do you? You're about the right age to be my son."

"I do mind, actually," said Kingsley. "But if it makes you more comfortable, Scoop, be my guest."

Jackson tried a tight little smile. "Okay, then. You know this country's in a hell of a mess. Scandals all over, pollution, money-grubbing. Sure some people are being treated unfairly. That's always happened. We can't change it in a day. But we *will* change it. We *are* changing it. We want this country to be clean—in all senses of the word—just as much as you do. That's only common sense, son," he added. "Now, we also have a list of priorities. Naturally you're your own number-one priority, but one thing depends on another. There are a couple of first steps—things that maybe you hadn't considered—but things that have to be done before we can offer you the kind of United States you want to live in."

As Jackson talked, Kingsley sat, unmoving, in his chair. His expression did not change.

"You're going to need more education to go it your-

selves, John," said Jackson. "You can't just *decide* to live on a farm. You've got to know how to grow beans, or wheat, or whatever you want to grow. You've got to arrange education for your kids—the little ones. You've got to have tools." He paused. "What I'm saying is, you've got to have *help*. And we're going to give it to you. All the help you want, absolutely free. We're going to have a special tax form for you people so you can pay a token tax and stay with us, stay part of the United States. Let's liberate the whole country, John. We don't want you to think of us as a separate country, an unliberated country. Right here there's enough liberty and justice for all. If it hasn't seemed so in the past, it will in the future. We *need* you young people. You're the future of this great nation of ours. And we're going to keep you—but you'll get a square deal."

Jackson stopped.

"Is that all, Mr. Jackson?" inquired Kingsley.

"Well, the amnesty, you mean. That goes without saying, John. When I'm elected President, I'll sign a bill, give a Presidential pardon, whatever is necessary."

"And until then?"

"I think you can count on the people of these United States," said Jackson. "Nobody wants to see unfair punishment."

"I see," said Kingsley neutrally. "I guess it's your turn now, Mr. Kissinger—or do you want to be 'Henry' too?"

"Mr. Kingsley, your complaints are justified," Henry said. "And we, the members of what you call the establishment, have much to answer for. We have not provided you with the kinds of examples which might have shaped you differently."

"That's very nice, Mr. Kissinger," Kingsley broke in, "but get to the demands. Vermont, Kentucky, Colorado, Arizona, amnesty, taxes."

"If those are your demands, I will help you achieve them," said Henry.

"But?" asked Kingsley.

"Yes," smiled Henry. "There is always a 'but,' isn't there? It is somewhat difficult for me to describe the difficulties you would face, since I do not know you. I can only guess at your level of understanding of world politics."

"I'm a Harvard dropout," said Kingsley. "I was a Gov major."

"So was I." Henry smiled again. "But I expect you knew that. Very well, then, I will speak as to a colleague, but I am sometimes difficult to follow when I have not carefully prepared my remarks—I mean when I am talking about world politics. At most other times I hope I am reasonably clear."

Kingsley nodded. "I'm not afraid to ask questions if I don't understand," he said.

"Then you are even more remarkable than I thought," said Henry drily. "The situation would be roughly as follows, if you take Vermont, Kentucky, Colorado, and Arizona. You will have created four islands, cut off from each other—"

"But we'd have free access between our states. That's part of it."

"If you mean that you would be able to travel freely across *our* states, that is quite true. But it is another point I wish to make. You have not chosen states with *natural boundaries*—mountains and rivers. You have chosen states that you could not protect. You would be constantly threatened, constantly open to attack."

"Who would attack us?" asked Kingsley.

"Your neighbors," said Henry. "It is possible that I will *not* be elected President. I may be elected and die in office. I may not be *re-elected*. But it is certain that eight years from now I will no longer be President. And even if I were to offer you your sovereignty for eight

years, I might find myself unable to implement it. Your states will always be in someone's way. Also, if your population grows, then what?"

"We've created four mini-Israels, you mean."

Henry shrugged. "Something like that," he said, "although at the moment Israel's borders offer her somewhat more protection than yours." He did not want to talk about Israel.

"What's the alternative?" Kingsley asked.

"There may be many, but one seems to be the most practicable."

"What?"

"It is not yet perfectly clear in my mind," Henry apologized, "but in essence it is this: whichever of the *existing* communes you so designate shall immediately be declared exempt from all taxation; any new communes which you so designate shall also be granted this tax-exempt status; finally, you will be guaranteed the right to pursue your lives on these communes, unmolested by any representatives of the establishment—that is, the United States proper."

"We have those alternatives already."

"Not quite. You are still liable for taxes. And you are still interfered with in many ways, I think, or else you would not be here tonight."

"Haven't you just created a larger group of micro-mini-Israels?" asked Kingsley.

"I do not think so. Your land areas will be small, though many. You will not be in the way of public transportation. You will not be asking people to vacate their homes."

"What about laws? What about our amnesty?"

"You will be granted amnesty. You can make your own laws for your communes. We ask only that when you come off the communes you obey our laws."

"When in Rome, and all that?"

"Precisely. There will be more details to our agree-

ment, of course," said Henry. "But that is the idea. You will be free to live your lives on your own soil, and if it becomes polluted, you will have polluted it yourselves. If you manufacture items which you wish to sell to us, we will work out trade agreements. We will deal with you honestly and fairly."

"What if there's another Kinzua Dam?" called a voice from the back.

"I do not understand," said Henry.

"My friend means," said John, "that this country offered the same deal to the Indians. We don't want to be the Indians of the future, tucked away snugly on our reservations and forbidden to purchase white man's fire water. We don't want you wiping us out with smallpox germs. We don't want you to start moving our communes around after a couple of years because you want to build a new road or put in a power plant or test atomic bombs."

"That is a most unfortunate analogy—communes and Indians," said Henry. "But let us talk about it. We, that is, the government of the United States, are no longer wiping out Indians with small pox germs—"

"Wounded Knee, Wounded Knee," shouted another voice.

"This *is* Wounded Knee," said Henry. "Right here and now! I repeat, the Indians are being dealt with fairly, *now*. We have at last achieved an accord with them. But," he mused, "I am not sure that this system which we are creating here tonight might not well be applied to the Indians, if they wished."

"Let me just repeat what you're offering, Mr. Kissinger," said Kingsley. "Basically it's a—de facto kind of independence. No taxes. No interference. No representation?"

"You would need some representation, wouldn't you? You would have to maintain some way of communicating with us, perhaps even of cooperating with us.

You will doubtless need some sort of economic support in the beginning. Perhaps advice from schools of agriculture. Perhaps the ability to take courses in such schools—free courses, of course."

"So we would have representation without taxation. And amnesty." He paused, and sat quite still for a long time. "I wish I could believe you," he said softly.

"I wish you could too," said Henry Kissinger.

"Well," said Kingsley at last. "It seems pretty clear." He turned to Henry. "I believe you are telling us the truth, and that's the only thing that matters right now. Mr. Jackson and yourself must be commended for having placed your lives in our hands. And having kept your wits as well, which shows you both to be Presidential timber. You know, as well as I, how many of the thieves in the White House or the government would be able to discuss politics over a dead body! Not one . . . especially over a *warm* dead body.

"So you both have the guts required to live up to our challenge. But who is closest to our cause? Which of the two is most capable of understanding the New Age? Granted that you are both politicians, and therefore incorrigible liars: which is the one best prepared to understand the spirit of the future?

"In choosing the man we want to negotiate with, we are choosing the man who will become President of the United States. And we choose tonight."

And with his irrepressible boyish grin, he concluded:

"Between these two men, we will not choose the Republican or the Democrat, because those parties have already ceased to exist. We will choose one man, our candidate, Henry Kissinger. *Our man.*"

CHAPTER XI

GEOPOLITICAL PRESIDENT

January 20, 1977, a cold, rainy Tuesday: the occasion of Henry Kissinger's inaugural address and his first formal speech containing the refinements of his view of the geo-political world.

Henry's nervousness was totally overshadowed by his physical discomfort. As usual, he had written his speech himself; written and rewritten it over many hours in the den of his Georgetown house. The speech pleased him because it seemed to be utterly compact—a brief, but comprehensive, statement. Here were no flights of rhetoric, no singing, emotional phrases ("Ask not what your country can do for you . . ."). Henry Kissinger's inaugural address was a statement from his intellect. And he felt that, viewed objectively, it was as great a speech—because of its immense political import—as the one of 1960.

At the prescribed moment, Chief Justice Warren E.

Burger intoned: "Do you, as President of these United States, swear to defend and uphold the Constitution of this nation?"

"I do."

As Henry pronounced the words, Nancy, standing nearby, thought of their marriage ceremony. The same promise—or rather an analogous promise using the same words. But Henry was truly wedded now. Nancy shifted her weight to her right foot as she waited for Henry to begin his speech.

She knew its content, of course. They had discussed it often and lengthily. But she had wanted to judge it as objectively as possible. Henry had made her even more aware of the necessity for objectivity at all times and in all things. So she had not read the speech since Henry's first rough draft several weeks before.

She shifted her bag to the other hand, growing impatient in the cold. The crowd cheered and the band played "Hail to the Chief" twice. She watched, noting indifferently that Henry's raised-arm gesture to quiet the crowd looked ineffectual. Henry smiled rather absurdly and stepped forward.

Nancy listened intently as the precise phrases fell from Henry's lips. No beautiful words, but meaningful ones.

"Today, we in this country have achieved a great measure of unity. This unity is precious and vital to us, and it must be preserved if we as a nation are to continue as a power of the first rank. The world today is not what it was—not what it will be." He paused. "The cold war has given way over the last ten years to alliances of more natural groupings—and by natural I mean those groups of allies which geographically will best serve to expand their domination of the resource areas and at the same time check the expansion of opponents.

"This rivalry has fostered the evolution of two power blocs: China and the Soviet Union."

"We have witnessed this alarming impasse develop over the past years as the U.S.S.R. and China jockey for position across the Eastern hemisphere. In order to facilitate our own role as mediator, the U.S. has taken two important steps: the recognition of the People's Republic of China, including her admission to the United Nations, and the pursuit of a detente with the Soviet Union

"Our one great overriding goal has been the creation of a stable international order. In effect, to make the peace. Peace is not, nor can it be, a constant and unchanging state. Peace is a process. Peace is a function of balance, not an ideal, not an object of diplomacy. Peace is achieved through a balance between or among the powers of the world. Each new world situation must bring about its own particular new peace before the old peace is lost. . . .

"The United States is the potential balancer. If we adjust our position toward one or the other of the powers, the scale will tip.

"Our role must be one of judicial measurement: as one power bloc adds weight to its side of the balance through a new alliance, we must provide a counter-balance by changing our position. In this way and only in this way will there be peace.

"If this is not the peace we once dreamed of as children—the calm and static view of a field unruffled by breezes—then we have at last come of age. We have defined our role in today's and tomorrow's world: makers of peace through a process of constant change in direct proportion to the changes in the world.

"This is why I say we must have internal unity. A nation whose vision is impaired by waves of internal struggle cannot see beyond its own borders.

"The United States must look two ways at once, like

Janus facing the past and future. We must constantly scan our internal sensors for indications of disorder, while at the same time our antennae sweep the globe.

"We cannot sit back and hope for peace. We must make peace. We shall make peace."

There was puzzled silence for a moment before the crowd applauded. Henry realized then that for the most part they had not understood his premises. He had so carefully honed his paragraphs, his sentences, that he had ended with something too dense to penetrate. He had excised all the rhetoric and too many of the grand, empty words, and he had produced finally something that required as much effort to comprehend as it had required discipline to create. But now that this great concentrated effort was over, he was conscious of its emptiness. John Kingsley, a few days before, had expressed ideas and feelings which carried much more reality than Henry could draw from his geo-political precepts. And yet, with obvious warmth, the crowd applauded. Was that entirely courtesy and tradition? No. Henry had said the magic word: *peace*. And even though peace had only indirectly been his theme, although that tired old word, peace, was an eroded mantra voided of its original magic, it was now the idea of peace that the people were applauding. A conditioned reflex. An out-of-date population, still responding to cold-war verbiage.

One day, he thought, he would make international diplomacy and geo-politics comprehensible to the people.

One day they would understand the concepts that were so clear to him. He would teach them, and he would show them—as he had already begun to do—what peace could be, and how it could be achieved. But peace was more than the absence of war, it could only be founded on organized international cooperation and exchange. Ah, there was so much more to it than what

you found in the books! Geo-politics did not provide all the answers, as he had once so forcefully proclaimed, as he had taught others with such conviction. And now he was torn between his old thinking habits and blinding new insights which threatened to draw him completely in the opposite direction. His speech to the U.N. in April, 1974, was much closer to his new vision.

Peace was indeed an empty word without justice. The balance of power between political states seemed more and more questionable in today's world—and for good reasons. Only poor or under-developed countries were still resorting to war: to believe for one minute that most of the young American men he knew would let themselves be drawn into another war, big or small, atomic or not, was unrealistic. Once peace was firmly established in the conscience of a people, war became an impossible alternative. The balance of power became an obsolete concept. Armament racing, war economy and international competition could only grow more and more unpopular. The states themselves became powerless entities, drawn apart by the fast internationalization of the economy, by the new popular culture, and by the terrifying prospects deriving from demographic growth, the shortage of all sources of industrial energy, of food . . . The people who were promoting the Anti-Nation concept were winning all the arguments in all public debates.

That night, after the Inaugural Ball, when at last Nancy had a chance to talk to him undisturbed, she said, "Your speech was magnificent, you know, Henry."

"Well, thank you, but . . ."

"But?"

"Well, as an inaugural speech, it probably did accomplish a function. Roosevelt and Kennedy also delivered themselves of some immense platitudes, and de-

spised themselves for it. I suppose it's the noise that counts, and to reassure the constituents with an image of solid conventionality. But I am beginning to distinguish between what I *have* to say, and what I really feel and think. I'm tired of lying. I think that I am going to stop lying, and embarrass those blurry rednecks a little bit. Can you picture me as the Justice Douglas of American politics? Born a Jew in Furth, Germany, under Hitler? I'll do it, Nancy, you will see. And they will lap it up!"

Nancy shook her head. "So you did all this on purpose," she said. "You wouldn't *try* to turn everyone against you." She thought for a while. Then she looked up and said slowly, "Something is going to happen. Something that will justify your view. You will be seen as a great predictor, a man of vision."

Henry smiled. "How well you know me," he said.

"I know part of you, Henry," she said. "That part. There are other parts." She sighed. She smiled at Henry, her private, thoughtful smile which he adored. She added, "The *best* in you is your ability to change, to accept lessons, to analyze them, and to grow all the time. I love you for that more than I can say."

"My very dear Nancy," he said. Then he grinned. "But I still have a geo-political confrontation ahead of me tonight . . ."

She did not immediately understand. Then she looked at him.

He grinned again. "The President desires to have carnal knowledge of the First Lady."

Nancy laughed. Then, with grave formality, she took his arm as they walked upstairs to bed.

Henry's prediction of the press reaction to his inaugural address proved to be true. The American papers hailed the peacemaking concept enthusiastically. Eu-

rope was bitterly sarcastic, and Russia and China were sullenly enraged.

A week or so went by. Then the *Washington Post* discovered geo-politics.

Geo-politics, wrote Cab Farnsworth, quoting from an obscure geo-political text, *is a concept of world power strategy that has evolved from political geography, demography, political economy, and their relationship to the nature of alliance systems. Each state is viewed as possessing a unique vitality that is impelled by its races, its boundaries, and its economic needs. Historically, the interaction of these forces manifests itself in a cycle, either of expansion or of decline.*

Human, social, and cultural values are of little importance in the geo-political view. The particular concern of geo-politics is the strategic problems motivating the conflict for world power and the resulting increase in the centralization of national power these problems seem to demand. Hence the totalitarian character of geographical determinism.

The primary example of geo-political thought is of course to be found in Nationalist Socialist Germany, where it became the inspiration and the tool of German expansion.

Farnsworth, and the rest of the political writers, took off from there. Overnight Henry Kissinger was transformed from a peace-loving President into a Fascist pig and a Nazi.

"Of all the things I have been accused of being," Henry shouted. "I am least of all a Nazi."

But as so often happens in world politics, one crisis is moved out of the public eye by another.

The Pakistan situation and the Canadian situation flared up at the same time.

The developments in Pakistan were more serious in

terms of geo-political objectives. The conflict was obviously (to Henry) masterminded by the Chinese, to give China an advantage over Russia. This would be done by weakening India, Russia's ally, and at the same time strengthening Pakistan, the Chinese ally. Presumably, the United States would have to balance the Chinese advantage either by nullifying it or by engineering a Russian alliance to offset it. And with all that, the United States could not overlook the fact that geographically the U.S.S.R. posed a greater threat to the United States than did China.

The Canadian situation, although violent, seemed far less threatening. The American habit, so long and so well established, of regarding Canada as a rather backward fifty-first state, made it difficult to assess the actual significance of the French-English schism. Kissinger studied both situations intently.

China was using Pakistan as a wedge in an attempt to dismantle India. If India could be divided into component, warring parts, she would cease to be a large, unified nation. India could then no longer aspire to global importance. Russia would still be allied with India, but the alliance would be less threatening. And Pakistan would gain importance, becoming a more valuable ally.

A further benefit to the Chinese from the Indian partition would be that the Indian population per se would be held down. This was important because India's growth rate exceeded China's. And if India were allowed to grow unchecked, she might one day overpower China.

It began on March 3, 1971. Pakistan annexed Kashmir, claiming that the Kashmiri were ethnically, religiously and linguistically more Pakistani than Indian. At the same time, Bangladesh announced its in-

tention of forming, with Indian Bengal, a greater Bengali nation which would be separate from India. Other areas of India immediately began to clamor for autonomy, and their demands touched off violent and bloody uprisings throughout the multi-lingual and culturally diverse state.

Hyderabad and the Rajput area around Bombay wanted to be separate states, as they had been in the past. The Mizo and Naga tribesmen in the Northeast also wanted separate republics. Then the non-Hindi linguistic groups demanded separate communal states, which included the Tamil and Maharatta areas.

While India tried desperately to hold herself together, Kashmir passed to Pakistan. A plebiscite was held in Kashmir with the result, faintly suspect but unprovable either way, that 76 percent of the Kashmir population wanted to belong to Pakistan. The border states of Sikkim, Nepal, and Bhutan were obviously meant to be vassal states of the Chinese.

Once again India was involved in a bloody conflict. The United States remained neutral, although Henry unofficially made it known that he was not in favor of granting separate status to the three border states. He did not want the balance to swing too sharply toward China.

In fact all three world powers remained neutral—officially. However, the Soviet Union hovered dangerously near the tactical use of atomic weapons for thirty-six hours. So Kissinger flew to Moscow for a secret meeting with Brezhnev.

"We cannot hold India together with our bare hands," Henry remarked.

The Russian, in a dangerous state of anger, replied, "At this time we do not, thank God, have to rely upon our bare hands."

Henry shook his head. "It must not come to that," he

said. "Let us consider our neighbor to the north: Canada."

"So," said Brezhnev, "they are having a small but extremely violent civil war, race against race—as you will have at home one day, my friend. Canada is not Pakistan. I do not need you to take my mind off my troubles. There are more interesting entertainments than the show your neighbor is putting on."

"The French separatists are remarkably unrestrained in their attitude toward violence," said Henry. "And perhaps you are right that this is a preview of things to come, though I hope not. But my point was not merely to entertain you."

Henry paused, and helped himself to the caviar that the Russians always provided at important meetings. He despised himself for the fact that, when he was actively negotiating, he ate almost compulsively. Nancy had teased him about it during the Yugoslavian crisis—he had gained seventeen pounds during those few weeks. He did not like to think of himself as fat. In fact, he was rather vain about his appearance, but somehow he needed the solace of extra food when his mind was working at its best.

"This is certainly one of the better Russian inventions," Henry remarked, as he nibbled.

"All Russian inventions are superb!" said Brezhnev. "And since the Russians have invented nearly everything, it follows that nearly everything is superb." He grinned briefly. "Except this Pakistan situation. That is a Chinese invention, and it is intolerable."

Henry saw that Brezhnev's rage had returned in full force.

"We will not stand for this," the Russian thundered. "The loss of Kashmir is not in itself so serious, but all of India is being hacked to pieces by the slavering yellow dogs! What will we have left when they are finished? What will the yellow dogs leave us? A

shadow, an impotent shadow, a spectre, an impotent old man."

"Indira is a friend of mine, too," said Henry. "I doubt that she would relish being called old, or impotent, or a man."

Brezhnev stared, then let out a guffaw. "Yes, yes," he said impatiently. "She is of course my friend. All India is the Soviet's friend. But soon she will be so small that we cannot find her to smile at her."

"I think," said Henry slowly, "that the significant issue is the border states. We must be practical. India has been partitioned. We must accept that as a *fait accompli*. Now let us work to keep Sikkim, Nepal, and Bhutan from becoming Chinese puppet states."

"You are throwing me a very small bone, my friend," said Brezhnev.

"I am not throwing you a bone at all. Surely the Russians are not dogs to be placated by a morsel of food that no one else wants."

The Russian laughed explosively again. "Very good," he exclaimed. "No, the Russians are not dogs." He scowled fiercely and for a moment Henry feared he would revert to his violent rage. "The Chinese are dogs! Yellow curs—"

"Calm yourself, my good friend. There is no point in calling them names if they can't hear you."

Brezhnev looked shrewdly at Henry. "You do not like this new alignment any more than I do," he said. "If you must throw your weight from side to side to keep the world in balance," his tone was caustic, "you still do not want to throw yourself so far that you fall on your face."

"Certainly not," replied Henry. "But perhaps we could talk of Canada again."

"As you wish." Brezhnev waved his hand in the air. "Talk."

"In Canada there are bombings, kidnappings, occu-

pation of public buildings—in general, terrorist tactics," said Henry. He paused and added, "I hope you are not wishing that sort of thing upon us."

"It is not in my hands," said Brezhnev. He grinned. "But I cannot promise you that I would prevent it if I could."

Henry gave him a long look. "You see my point about India, then," he said.

"I do not like anything you have said to me about India," he grumbled. "And so far you're not doing so well with Canada."

"Canada will partition itself," said Henry. "I can see no other solution. The French Canadians will have Quebec, and the others will have the rest. Canada will have to grant Quebec the status of a federated autonomous body. There will be, in effect, two Canadas—maybe even the Canadian States of America."

"So. Then what?"

"Several things," said Henry. "If an agreement between French and English Canada can be effected quickly, if they can be helped to formulate an acceptable plan for federation wherein neither side feels oppressed—"

"With only Quebec, the French are bound to feel oppressed."

"Quite so," said Henry. "Thus English Canada will be much more likely to agree to an alliance with France, through French Canada. And an alliance with France—"

"Is an alliance with Mother Russia. Bah! Who needs Canada? She has been your friend and ally for all these years and what good has she done for you?"

"She has been our friend and ally for all these years," repeated Henry. "Does that not suggest something to you?"

"Suggestion is cheap," said Brezhnev. "I prefer

promises. In fact, I prefer written, signed, and witnessed documents."

Kissinger sighed. "Certainly. I prefer them too—or I would if I were in your place. But we do not always get our first—or second—preference."

"True," Brezhnev mused. "I have seen that happen at horse races. Not even the third choice sometimes." His eyes were shrewd again.

"You must have been betting on a hot tip," said Henry. "I am sure that your own judgment—of horses—is more accurate."

"We shall see," was all that Brezhnev said.

Henry ate more caviar. He had hinted that the United States might form a federation that would include the two Canadas. At the moment he thought this very unlikely, but Brezhnev would consider it. He could relax for a while.

"I thought," said Brezhnev jovially, "that you might be going to propose a Soviet-Israeli alliance. But you would never stand for that, would you?"

Kissinger shrugged. "Let me give you a word of warning, since you were good enough to point to the racial problem that exists in my own country. There is one alliance which you would like least of all, I think. And that is a *China-Germany* alliance."

For a moment Henry thought the Russian was going to choke. But Brezhnev recovered himself quickly. "But what could be more fitting?" he said lightly. "The two dog nations sharing one kennel."

From Moscow, Henry flew directly to Peking.

Henry enjoyed talking to Chou. They had always understood one another. So he said outright that the United States was considering plans for a federated Northern Hemisphere which, because of French Canada's ties with France, might be construed as an in-

direct alliance with the Soviet. He added that the United States and the Soviet Union were concerned about China's expansionist policies.

Chou promptly denied all expansionist sentiment with such thoroughness and such total lack of sincerity that it made Henry grin.

Henry referred to Sikkim, Nepal, and Bhutan. "A nation as great as yours," he said, "could not help but influence three such small nations. It would be only natural. Unfortunately, the Russians think it would be a good deal worse than unfortunate. You know the way they think."

Chou nodded, and after a while it was agreed that Sikkim, Nepal, and Bhutan would be federated with India.

Once the revolutions had died down and the border revisions had been made, the United States and the world took another look at Henry's geo-politics.

The attitude of the American man-in-the-street seemed to be, *It's so crazy it just might work*. Henry was reckoned so brilliant that the ordinary people who had not hesitated to make scathing pronouncements about Nixon were now a little wary. The media spoke of the President's vision, of an end justifying the means, and again of his uncanny gift of political clairvoyance.

President Kissinger's role in the partitioning of India was known, if it was not generally understood, and he was thought to approve of the separation of the two Canadas.

"Just because I predict something doesn't mean I like it," said Henry.

CHAPTER XII

MS. KISSINGER

The first months of Henry's presidency had been busy ones, and he was already beginning to show some signs of strain. Nancy broached the touchy subject.

"You need a vacation," she said on the first day of spring.

"That's quite a statement," he replied mechanically. "Do I need a vacation?" he wondered.

"And I do too. We both need to get away from all this. . . ." Her gesture encompassed the White House, the secret service men, the pomp and circumstance.

It was all completely exhausting—the price to pay for so much accomplishment. Washington was living through its first year of renaissance after the glum, moronic Nixon years. The excitement was everywhere, as new ideas blazed their way into the political reality. But to Nancy the experience had been as gruelling as it had been exhilarating.

Washington had suddenly become the center of the world, leading all other major cities with its intellectual effervescence, and some compared it to the Paris of 1789, when all the forces of renewal and revolution seemed to find their geographical center in one condensed location.

Nancy had revealed herself as the chief architect of this renaissance, animating both the intellectual community of Washington and the social and diplomatic circles with her brilliance and her verve. She was a perfect hostess, giving to all State events the same relaxed charm that had marked John Kennedy's brief era; instilling in everything she did a very personal touch, which often came out as a smart challenge to diplomatic etiquette and political usage.

Nancy never made a wrong statement, never erred in her social choices, and she had become the center of a brilliant coterie which made it its business to select and test both the new ideas and the new people. She appropriated the role which would normally have been played by the Kennedy clan; now Nancy's choices made or unmade careers, and she could be quite ruthless when it came to unmasking a veteran Nixonite, or a stone-age politico sniping for the old order. Her power was equal to Henry's, and they gave the world an example of the new man-woman relationship which was fast replacing marriage in the old style.

But her rhythm was different from Henry's, who was still the one-man-think-tank-and-diplomatic-machine, and she needed occasional breaks to replenish her reserves and re-establish contact with nature. But try as she might, Henry could not be persuaded to leave Washington, and so Nancy decided to abandon him to his own devices for a couple of weeks, which she would spend relaxing on Suzi Eban's lovely farm in Wisconsin.

She not only liked Suzi's company, but she was curious about what she had heard of the nearby commune, situated a few miles from the Ebans' farm, where John Kingsley was holding court.

Auroville IV was an American offshoot of the first Auroville, the free international youth city erected in Tamil country, on the southeast coast of India. *Auroville IV* had become an important center, a meeting place for visitors from Eastern countries, Europeans, and young people from all over the American continent. Many figures from the old guard liked to stay there and hold informal seminars; famous guests such as Andrei Sakharov, Arthur Clark, Buckminster Fuller, Allen Ginsberg, Ravi Shankar, René Dumont, Ivan Illich, William Burroughs, Larry Ferlinghetti, Margaret Mead, Krishnamurti, were all treated as equals by the young commune dwellers in accordance with the life-style of *Auro-IV*.

To visit the commune was no easy thing for Nancy—she had first to negotiate a deal with the security men attached to her—but finally they agreed to stay out of *Auro-IV*'s territory against a pledge by the commune leaders that they would guarantee her security themselves in a completely professional manner. They valued Nancy Kissinger's visit very highly. However, it took several telephone exchanges with the White House to reach this agreement, and Nancy was as embarrassed as she was furious.

But when she arrived at *Auro-IV*, she found that it had been well worth the time and effort. John Kingsley, that intriguing young killer, proved to be all she had expected, and more. He was not, in fact, a permanent *Aurovillian*; he travelled constantly from commune to commune to coordinate projects and discuss all the problems of the new society. He had worked at developing Dr. Arthur Shaw's ideas on free flow and open

economy, and he had synthesized the new thinking in his book, *Anti-Nation*.

Nancy was listening with growing interest to John's ideas, the antithesis of what she and Henry had spent all their lives learning and serving. The concept of an acceleration of history, of a sudden rush of energies and focusing of human lives, creating extraordinary conditions on the planet, at certain times, such as *now*—that concept in particular seduced her, although more by style than by content. And she was quite impressed with the commune's models and statistics for an international free-flow exchange system which followed the cooperative experience as carried out with unquestionable success by the communes.

According to John's book, the first historical anti-nation would be Canada. The country was a likely candidate because of its low population and immense natural resources. It would be the first country to reverse the old rules: to deny an economy based on competition, accumulation, waste and shortage. To give Canada's surplus riches freely to underdeveloped countries—with absolutely no strings attached. To cut down all waste and unnecessary public expenses, and all profit margins on production and distribution. To guarantee food and mobility for everyone, and to guarantee access to many levels of education to all. To reduce traditional politics to purely administrative functions, under the strict control of the people. To dissolve the armed forces, and announce an international policy of cooperation and non-violence. To outlaw commercial advertising, thesaurisation, and private ownership. John believed that all this would happen in Canada within ten years, under the impulse of the North American commune and coop movements, unless Canada were to break in two, which seemed quite possible; but even *that* could help. A two-nation federation would be a good step toward the anti-nation concept.

But at the same time, John explained, the natural horizon of human life must be restored. The political borders of the Nation-State must be destroyed forever, and its power abolished; but people must simultaneously learn to live a better life in their organic milieu—professional, cultural, tribal, communal and/or regional. “Natural region” was a very insufficient expression, of course, to describe in geographical terms such a complex combination of factors. By “natural region” John rather loosely designated a whole complex, covering the notions of language; ethnic origins; religion; traditions, mores and culture; historical settlement and evolution; natural boundaries; and ecological balance. The relative importance of these various contributing factors for the inhabitants of a natural region would, of course, vary from one individual to the next, but one could not ignore them; one could not refuse the fact that we live in a milieu, in a society to which we “belong” in the most practical sense of the word. One can “belong” simultaneously to several milieux, of course; one can travel and one can even “start a new life elsewhere.” But such special cases only confirm the basic rules. To *live* as static individuals and as stable societies, John reasoned, we need the natural region. And to *evolve*, both as individuals and as societies, we need mobility, frictions, exchanges, travelling, complexity and universality. A truly evolutive and dynamic society would be the one which managed to combine both elements. To give people a stable environment, both social and material—and at the same time to open their minds to the universal, through intensified exchanges of people, ideas and lifestyles—the communes were busy setting up vast plans to exchange sections of their populations for prolonged periods of time, both in America and abroad.

Between the natural region and human society taken

as a whole, there was no place left for the nation. The nation, John explained, is an artificial and temporary conglomerate of natural regions brought together for unnatural and selfish reasons. History could be replayed with the same pieces—the same natural regions—and produce a totally different combination of nation-states, wars and revolutions. Nations were the work of politics and politicians, of rogue kings and mad emperors, of invaders, thieves and tyrants. Nations were political forgeries, they were artificial, cruel and monstrous contrivances—certainly the major source of human misery and xenophobic misunderstandings. Turning mob violence into wars, turning egomaniacal crooks into statesmen and leaders, that was the good work accomplished by the nation-states throughout the so-called Christian era. A unified planet, with a truly democratic, apolitical administration to run all exchanges and set down all rules—and the natural region at the other end, federated in ecologically sound groups: that was the future. Every sign, every necessity pointed in that direction.

"As you see, our ideas in the movement don't leave much room for your old man's geopolitics. But he's a good fellow, Henry K., and his mind is much better than it looks at first glance. If I had read his books ten years ago, I would have shot him dead on sight. You know how I react under provocation. . . . It's a good thing my head was elsewhere at the time."

"Agreed," said Nancy. She was never certain when John was teasing her or not. He was such a totally dedicated young man. One wondered how he could accommodate a sense of humor together with such tremendous prophetic passion. (Did Moses have a sense of humor? she wondered.) "But," she added, "you *must*

admit that Henry has done at least as much for your own cause as you have done yourself. The communes . . .”

“Nancy, let’s be serious. Kissinger is a politico, like his old boss and friend, Rocky: he gave us the communes to win an election and get rid of us. I can read him, you know, I can see how he is systematically isolating us in our territories, how he is supporting the old establishment, the Pentagon . . . As a woman you must admit he has undermined the women’s movement . . .”

“No, John, that’s *not* fair. He has done the best that could be done with a series of incredible tragedies, and I can’t think of anyone else who could serve peace as well as he has.”

“He serves peace when peace is good for him. But if war is what’s needed to keep his job, then he serves war. He’s the same man who bombed Haiphong a few Christmases ago, after all! Don’t ask me to believe he has abandoned his goddamn realpoliticks, his goddamn Rockefeller, and his CIA, his FBI, his ITT. Why should he? I gave him a chance to understand, remember? Well, he hasn’t. He’s the same old Superkraut we’ve always known.”

These were harsh and unfair words, and Nancy spent a long time arguing and explaining. Such as it was, the exchange was wonderfully cathartic and illuminating. They agreed on the creation of a *White House-Auro IV* axis, and to exchange information and opinions freely and frequently.

In France, Hervé’s separatist movement for the liberation of Brittany was announcing a cultural-political platform very similar to John’s. The world had changed enormously in ten years; but obviously the real and complete transfiguration was still ahead. John and his friends understood that fully, and they were setting the stage.

Driving back with Suzi along meandering country roads verdant with the first promise of spring, Nancy gazed at a royal sunset illuminating the entire horizon, a celestial theatre designed for some apocalyptic revelation.

"Enter the gods, and the heroes," she murmured. "This planet is tired of simple humans. My poor little Henry, what am I going to tell *him*?"

CHAPTER XIII

GERMAN-CHINESE ALLIANCE

Henry's first year came to an end. He had given the Presidency a new direction and style, and it seemed to be working: for the time being, there was peace.

He and Teddy Kennedy met often. They had worked out a *modus operandi* dependent upon each of them being as well informed as the other in both domestic and foreign affairs. Their objective was to coordinate their programs so that the efforts of one would complement the efforts of the other.

During the recent twin crises in India and Canada, Teddy had become deeply involved with the growing and complex commune movement. He had studied the most and the least successful communes and was describing them to Henry.

"In a way," he said, "it's analogous to the India partition. The U.S. doesn't have ethnic areas to the same extent that Europe does—our groups have been

assimilated more than—than the Basques, for instance. We have Germans for example, but not just in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Our Italians aren't only in New York's 'Little Italy.' Our Irish and blacks and communists—" He accented the middle syllable of the last word. Then he grinned. "Native bred communists," he said, shifting the emphasis to the first syllable. "Joe McCarthy never envisaged this. But the communists are like an ethnic group. They have their own sort of language, their own culture, and they want to be left alone, loosely federated with us. We're seeing the opposite of the great nineteenth century melting pot syndrome."

Henry nodded. "Not just here," he said. "It's worldwide. Nancy calls it the William Butler Yeats effect."

"Yeats?" questioned Teddy, wrinkling his forehead.

"Things fall apart; The centre cannot hold," said Henry. "It's happening in Russia."

"So you haven't much hope for lasting peace," said Teddy.

"Not yet, but at least there seems to be a trend toward shorter wars: the Hundred Years War, the Thirty Years War, the Six Day War—"

Teddy interrupted. "You need a Guinness Book of World Records," he said. "The shortest war ever fought lasted thirty-eight minutes."

"Thirty-eight minutes?"

"Between the U.K. and Zanzibar some time around the turn of the century. I don't think anyone was actually killed."

Henry laughed. "It's this trend toward shorter periods of peace that's getting me down," he said. "I don't think I can take a series of thirty-eight minute peaces."

The situation in Russia was certainly serious enough to warrant Henry's concern. Across the length and breadth of Russian territory dissolution was setting in.

The *moujiks*, the workers, the students, the women, and the separate nationalist groups all experienced their own forms of malaise. Before the 1970s, the Soviet Union had seemed immune to this kind of unrest, but now the Byzantine monolith was coming apart.

It started with the demands of Russian Jews to leave their Soviet birthplace, not because they were Zionists, but because they were old and sick and dying, and they wanted to be buried in the Holy Land, the land sacred to their ancestors. Denied this privilege, they began to protest.

Eventually the young Jews of Russia responded. No longer content to endure the suppression of all Jewish national, cultural, and spiritual sentiments in silence, they began to demonstrate with a fervor that shocked their cautious parents and the Soviet Authorities.

At the same time the Russians realized that they faced an embittered and implacable enemy across the vast Chinese border—an enemy that would not go away, and could only grow stronger. Frightened, the Soviets sought to quiet their Western flank: to offset China's obdurate, unyielding hostility, they tried to appease the West—America and Western Europe. Russian Jews sensed the vulnerability of Kremlin leaders to Western pressure and increased their protestations.

Then two more groups defied the authorities: the Tartars and the Soviet intellectual community.

The Tartars had been accused, during World War II, of disloyalty. Certainly some of them had collaborated with the Germans, as had many restive minority peoples, and even Russians. More than one million Soviet citizens had served in "Vlassof's Cossacks," an army of Soviet deserters and prisoners who fought for Hitler under a captured Soviet officer, General Vlassof.

Soon the Tartars also began to stage demonstrations, demanding that they be returned from the bleak Sibe-

rian waste where Stalin had exiled them, back to their sunny Crimean home. General Illanovitch, a World War II hero, offered vociferous support to the Tartars though he was not a Tartar himself. The Soviet authorities immediately confined him to a mental institution, but they could not halt the increasing surge of sentiment for freedom for all Soviet ethnic groups. The Ukrainians in particular were restive.

Even more damaging to the Soviet tranquility were Solzhenitzyn's and Sakharov's indictments of the state.

Solzhenitzyn touched some primordial chord in the Russian soul, evoking the ideals of Tolstoy—and even the older ideas of the Dublukors and the poetic, religious anarchism of the Russian peasant. By the late 1960s the Russian people had become intensely interested in their roots. The Russian Orthodox Church, with the religious music and iconography of medieval Russia, the peasant revolts, the Cossack epics of heroism—all these things made the Russian people turn to their roots. And this often meant a religious, anarchist drive to weaken the atheist, totalitarian, materialist Soviet state. On the large collective farms of Russia, peasants excitedly read and discussed Solzhenitzyn's books, which were usually circulated in the form of typewritten *samizdats*. Ferment was spreading.

Even more upsetting to the Soviet *status quo* was Andrei Sakharov's brilliant social commentary. The father of Russian nuclear power, his attacks could not be dismissed or ignored. Basically, he urged the Russians to stop oppressing the Germans, Tartars, Jews, Georgians, Ukrainians, Uzbeks, and other ethnic minorities, and to put the money and energy wasted in suppressing those peoples, by means of an evil, bureaucratic police state, into the development of the vast riches of Siberia.

Here, predicted Sakharov, lay the Russian peoples' future. By harnessing the abundant mineral and energy wealth of underdeveloped Siberia, Russia could trans-

form herself into the richest country in the world. But to achieve such a grand project she also needed the capital resources and the technology of the West. As long as the Soviet Union presented the world with an image of a medieval society, closed to new ideas and paralyzed by its all-encompassing bureaucracy, the Westerners would withhold their help. The Russian People must push resolutely forward into the twentieth century, throwing off the yoke of state ideology, and moving into a renovated world community. The new horizons opening to young people everywhere must become those of the Russian youth too.

Solzhenitzyn's mystical, traditional ideals appealed to the soul of the *mujik*, and Sakharov's clairvoyant message appealed to the Russian intelligentsia. Although their ideas were far apart on most issues, together they offered Russia the two aspects of the revolution which was now looming in the historical future.

The first step in a revolution is the slow germination bred by oppression and discontent. The second is marked by violent upheavals, civil war, destruction. The third one brings in the apotheosis of reconciliation and reconstruction.

The Soviet Union had been living for many years in the first silent phase of this process. The next one was in sight.

The months wore on, and as Henry grew accustomed to being President of the United States, the personal changes he was experiencing grew more and more evident. The Presidency changed Henry: perhaps without it he would not have changed. Perhaps he needed to absorb the power and the glory attached to his office before he could turn away from power toward a vision of a united, peaceful world.

Many men have been said to grow with their as-

sumption of the Presidency, but none as remarkably as Henry Kissinger.

Henry's marriage matured him too, by freeing him from his adolescent need to "collect" women. True, he had consciously sought a playboy image, and he had basked in the glory of it too. But now he had grown out of it. In his private life, as in his public life, Henry first had to attain his dream—the blond goddess, the Presidency—before he could move outward.

Henry's vision of peace seemed to gather strength as the world situation worsened. He had said to Teddy that peace could not come immediately. He had not had to state his reasons for this assessment: the Russians and the Chinese were slowly, inevitably moving toward a confrontation.

In effect, what was happening was that the Chinese power bloc was growing stronger, while at the same time the Russian power bloc was threatened by a series of internal dissensions.

Henry watched the situation with growing apprehension. China's new leader, Marshal Feng, was a militant nationalist, and he had devoted the last two years to creating and reinforcing a "people's Axis." Now, in 1978, China and West Germany were on the verge of combining their power for a final clash with the Soviets. And Chinese nuclear technology had finally reached the deterrent level.

Finland was to be drawn into the People's Axis with a promise of Chinese aid, if Finland revived its claim to the Russian-held Karelian Peninsula.

The maverick Ceausescu regime in Roumania had been committed, since the 1960s, to a policy of working with China and West Germany to regain the lost territories of Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina.

In the Baltic, the nations of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia were eager to throw off the Soviet yoke.

Around the Persian Gulf, Kurds, Iraquis, Iranis, Af-

ghanis, and Pakistanis faced each other in a network of stresses and cross-stresses that invited manipulation by the People's Axis.

And while China waxed strong, militant, and nationalistic, the Soviet Union waned.

Henry was chatting with two of the women who participated in the Peace committee. He had developed a good understanding with them, and he marvelled how productive and relaxed those exchanges were. Men were in a way much more allergic to change—especially hard-headed old statesmen. These women were a joy to speak to, their responses to his ideas and his provocations were always an inspiration. To them, peace was a real thing. Peace and happiness, work and children: their realities were so much better organized than whatever was travelling through men's minds.

One of the women delegates was military, Congressperson Forbes. Forbes? The name struck a vague chord, but he could not remember having met her before. Gradually the desultory conversation gave place to a more serious exchange.

Senator Elizabeth Holtzman was saying: "There have been any number of plans to change the U.N., Mr. President, none has come to fruition."

"None has even produced a bud, to carry out your metaphor," said Senator Patsy Mink.

"None has been properly planted," said Henry with a smile.

"And you can plant it?" questioned Holtzman.

"I think so," Henry replied. "But autumn is not the sowing season."

"You're carrying a metaphor too far," said Mink. "Peace is not a picture on a packet of seeds."

"Agreed," said Henry. "But peace will not flourish in an atmosphere of strife—any more than roses will

grow from a bed of weeds. We have an objective. Let us not jeopardize its success by sowing our seeds in frozen earth."

"Is this agricultural hodge-podge worth the time we are wasting here?" enquired a fresh and precise voice.

Henry looked up, startled.

"Yes, Mr. President, you know me," smiled Congressperson Forbes. "I was Chantal Poitiers, a student of yours. My name is now Forbes: surely you remember my husband Jason? That's where the name comes from, in case you wouldn't remember me. . . ."

Henry remembered. He remembered his irrational jealousy of Jason Forbes, and with a sudden, almost painful clarity, he remembered the hours in Chantal's bed. A lovely, fleshy kaleidoscope. With an effort he shook the memories from his mind.

He grinned. "Agricultural hodge-podge, perhaps. And most certainly a strained metaphor for a city person like me. Hello, my dear Chantal, I am so glad to see you back in this small world of mine . . ." He paused. "And my congratulations on your marriage. When did . . . ?"

"And I really was straining," he said later to Nancy. "Gardening has never been a hobby of mine, and I was stuck in a metaphorical flower bed. The German-Chinese alliance just doesn't make me think of flowers."

Nancy laughed. "Poor city boy," she said. "You could always have talked about 'hybrid vigor,' or grafting Germany onto the Chinese alliance tree. Or you could have developed a lovely compost heap."

Henry threw up his hands in mock despair. As he did so, an image of Chantal came unbidden into his mind—not the Chantal of fifteen years before, but the tall, blond Chantal he had seen that afternoon: the same magnificent figure, the same compelling gray eyes but

with a new assurance; her consciousness of her own beauty denied its own importance. It was as if she were saying: I am an intellect now, not a girl's body, and if you want this body again, you must first win this mind. You must prove yourself worthy.

But while Henry was thinking of Chantal, three Chinese submarines were surfacing 24,000 miles away in the Sulu Sea, at a point situated at an equal distance from the coast of China and the Philippines.

About a hundred Moros had been waiting since mid-day in the dense growth behind the beach. The sun was setting now, and at last it was time for the rendezvous with the Chinese submarine from the Spratly Islands. The Moros were silently waiting for orders from the two men who were in charge of the operation—the elderly Datu Osman-bin-Abdul and the taciturn Nur Misuri, a young Muslim Maoist with countless engagements to his credit.

The Datu whispered. "Do you think the Chinese will keep their word?"

"Of course," replied Nur. "Mao promised, and now Marshall Feng keeps that promise. He understands our worth. Now when China helps us, she is striking a blow for the freedom of all Muslims. And at the same time she is helping us to chase the Russian murderers from these lands, our lands."

When the sun disappeared, the Chinese submarine surfaced. A few men went forward with burning torches. After a short wait a boat from the submarine moved toward them, while two more submarines appeared swiftly. The boat from the first ship beached, and the crew of half a dozen sailors and officers came out of the dark to greet the torch-bearing men. They were led to the little clearing in the jungle where they

were welcomed by the Datu and Nur, and tea was provided.

The Moros told the Chinese that several small outer islands were already held by their comrades in the Sulu Archipelago. But as soon as the war broke out on the Asian mainland, the Moro guerrillas would spread their hold to all the Sulu Islands, and Mindanao. The Chinese officer reminded them that China would back them to the hilt with arms, ammunition, and naval support.

"Our submarines are prepared to cooperate with your effort from now on," he said. "As soon as the War of Territorial Liberation begins, my squadron will start harassing Filippino shipping around Mindanao. We bring the first shipment of weapons with us tonight: guns and ammunition, mortars, hand rockets." Groups of Moros took the supplies and moved them into the jungle.

Nur and the Chinese naval officer drew maps in the sand. The Datu prayed nearby. "Prayer?" questioned the Chinese. "Is that not medieval superstition?"

"Well," replied Nur, "for our old people it is a reminder. We are an oppressed people. Our religion is oppressed. Now Datu is praying for our armies, the Moros, and all the members—present and future—of the great People's Axis."

"To such a prayer even I, a Marxist atheist, will say *Amen*," said the Chinese naval commander. "If Allah helps kill Russians and Filippines, then *Allah Akbar!* Allah is great."

The next day Henry spent an hour at his desk, re-reading a report entitled "An Evaluation and Prognosis of the Consequences of a Nuclear Confrontation on the Chinese-Soviet Border," or, more familiarly, the "Consequence Report." The document stated, in dry, unemo-

tional language, that the Chinese had two hundred launching sites capable of releasing, in several minutes, slightly more than three hundred bombs of high megatonnage. The Russians had 1700 launching sites capable of launching four thousand bombs of various megatonnages in the same period of time. Two bombs would be needed to effectively destroy each site. Thus the Russians, in a hypothetical strike against the Chinese, would have to release four hundred missiles. In two weeks, the fallout from such a strike would cover the entire Northern Hemisphere with radiation levels well above the critically dangerous point. It would only take one month for the Southern Hemisphere to become similarly infected.

As Henry looked at the familiar words, he felt the same cold fear that he had felt the first time he read the report. "One would think that constant exposure would mitigate the shock," he said aloud to himself. "But it doesn't."

Just then Chantal was shown in.

"Have you seen this?" he asked instead of a greeting.

Chantal glanced at the document. "The Consequence Report? No, but I've heard. We have all heard. It seems to mean that the Chinese will not strike the first blow."

"The Chinese have already struck the first blow," said Henry. "By forming an alliance with Germany. And now there is the Finnish situation."

"Finland?" Chantal was incredulous. "What can Finland do?"

"It is more a question of what Finland refuses to do," said Henry, suppressing the thought that Nancy would have instantly understood the Finnish position vis-a-vis the Soviet Union.

"After the election of the Akaru government," he said, "the Finns devoted themselves to rejecting the Soviet-Finnish Neutrality Treaty. If Finland is no

longer neutral, then Russia no longer has that 'neutrality in depth' that the Finnish and Swedish neutrality have always afforded her on her Northwestern frontier. As long as the Finns were neutral," Henry continued, "the Soviets would have no need to occupy Finland as a first line of defense—as they did in Czechoslovakia or Poland or Hungary."

"And the Russians are obsessed with the idea of total security," said Chantal, "at the expense of total insecurity for their neighbors. You see, I do remember something from my Cambridge days."

Henry nodded. He, too, remembered something from the Cambridge days.

As he turned back to the Consequence Report, his mind automatically began to devise scenarios: The Chinese are certain that the Russians will not use nuclear rockets in an all-out attempt to destroy the Chinese missile sites. So the Chinese, with the Germans, encourage all the border states of Russia to declare themselves independent. Fighting breaks out. Tactical nuclear weapons are used by both sides. What do we do? Answer: We take advantage of the world's panic to effect a ceasefire and create another thirty-eight minute peace.

Henry sighed.

"Is it as bad as all that?" asked Chantal.

Henry started. "Pardon me, Chantal, I suppose I daydream a lot in this new job."

"That's all right, I'd like to help you daydream a bit too," she said softly. "But you are being Dr. Strangelove again. I dare not waste any of your precious body fluids."

Henry laughed out loud.

"The Presidential fluidity is indeed its most solid asset," he said.

CHAPTER XIV

EURASIAN WAR I

At two o'clock in the morning on September 3, 1979, an emergency session of the Finnish parliament dissolved the existing government and declared Field Marshal Karsi temporary Prime Minister. Three hours later, the first shots of the Eurasian War were fired. Three divisions of Soviet armored columns blitzed across the Russian-Finnish border to Viborg, Sortavala, and Lendery. At the same moment, an amphibious task force hit the port of Borkkala in the Gulf of Finland. Fortunately for the world, the five nuclear missiles given to Finland by China were not yet operational, but Finnish resistance was strong, and there were heavy casualties on both sides. A terse Russian communique stated that the coup engineered by the Karsi clique had violated the Soviet-Finnish neutrality pact.

By the end of the day, fighting had erupted in twelve

areas along a front that stretched from Finland to the Maritime Province of Soviet Siberia.

In the center of the old Kazakh town of Lepsy Uch-Aral, not far from the Chinese border, stood the new People's Recreation Hall. This building served as a focal point, both culturally and ideologically, for the Russian settler population in this part of the Kazakhstan Soviet Socialist Republic. The Russian population consisted of engineers and workers who maintained the great dams nearby; miners and mining engineers, and collective farmers.

On the first night of the Eurasian War the hall was crowded for a performance of Berthold Brecht's "Galileo." "Galileo" was a favorite of Russian audiences because the play dealt with the superiority of rationality over theology and superstition. Its theme was the inevitability of progress, the victory of reason over the blind faith of the dark ages.

The audience had been conditioned over three or four generations to respond with applause to the perpetual courses of indoctrination dispensed by the central powers. As the curtain fell, an ovation started in the vast hall, deafening and prolonged: for such an expensive production, brought from Moscow at great cost to that distant republic, the Russian colonists knew by instinct that the regulation applause should last a full five minutes, with as many curtain calls.

Behind the backs of the standing spectators, the doors of the hall flew open and suddenly gunfire erupted. Galileo was taking his bow at that moment, and that bow was his last—he ended in a bloody mess on the stage. Hand grenades exploded, compounding the horrible din, while several senior citizens continued applauding mechanically, probably thinking that was part

of the show. A band of three dozen fierce-looking Kazakhs, masked and silent, were gunning down the flower of the Soviet bureaucracy with savage perfection. Kill Mother Russia! Out with the oppressors! Free Kazakhstan!

In other areas of combat, fighting was equally ruthless and total.

In the Baltic states there were scattered risings by Estonians aided by their blood brothers, the Finns. In Latvia and Lithuania, large elements of the population massacred Russian colonists and attacked Russian naval installations.

In West Germany, although there was no real fighting, bands of privately organized *Freikorps* men raced into the Eastern Sector and engaged some units of the *Volkspolizei*. East German workers responded to this with related acts of sabotage, but for the most part the German contribution to universal confusion consisted of threats.

On the Hungarian, Roumanian, and Russian fronts, the fighting was fluid. The Roumanians drove into Besarabia in the north from Jassy, and in the center they struck toward Kishinev. The Russians countered, took Jassy, and unleashed the Hungarians to invade Roumanian Transylvania.

The Bulgarians occupied Roumanian territory in northern Drobruja with little resistance, as almost all of the Roumanian troops were fighting on the Transylvanian front.

In the Ukraine, there were massive guerrilla uprisings, bloody riots in the cities, and mutinies by Ukrainian regiments.

On the Russian-Turkish front, the Turkish army penetrated Soviet Transcaucasia in an attempt to aid the Circassian Muslims. They were fiercely resisted by

Russian troops and Armenian guerrillas fighting a rear guard action.

High up on the wind-swept plateau of central Iraqi Kurdistan, a young Persian knelt in prayer, his eyes burning with fanatic fervor.

"On Allah," he intoned, "grant our brothers victory in the war that is coming! Victory to Iran! Victory to the People's Axis! *Allah Akbar!* Strike the Infidels, free the oppressed, destroy Soviet power! Allah give us strength and victory, that we may restore your glory in the universe! Allah hear me, hear my brothers, destroy the Russian vermin!"

One hour later, the heavily guarded Kirkuk oilfields were invaded by several bands of frenzied Persian and Kurdish terrorists—bouncing, shrieking devils, who overran the guards and killed everything in sight.

That night, it seemed that the planet itself had burst into flames. In the immense oilfields the legendary black gold was burning, masses of fire and dark smoke were rising and billowing all over the horizon, cremating hundreds of Russian bodies and bringing down a pall of death over the earth.

The Iranians sent small units against the Iraqis and into Soviet Azerbaizhan and Kurdistan, but most of their army was positioned in Pakistani Baluchistan to meet an Indian and Afghani push.

In Central Asia the Muslims drove the Russian army from large stretches of Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan. The fighting was extraordinarily brutal in Kazakhstan, where half the population were Russian immigrants. In spite of their fierce, well-organized resistance they were all annihilated in one day. China helped the slaughter with ground and air support.

Afghanistan sent one army into the Pathan tribal lands, Pakitan's northwest frontier province, and a second one to the south, where it was to take Pakistani Baluchistan. But there they met stiff resistance from Irani brigades.

The Indians moved to take Azad Kashmir, meeting a heavy opposition from Pakistan.

An explosion of ancestral hatreds was shaking the Eastern world. Past tyranny, oppression and genocides were being violently revived and avenged everywhere. Blood enemies were at each other's throats, and the earth was avidly drinking in the blood of thousands of her hateful children.

Armies and guerrillas were locked in many savage confrontations all over Eurasia, but the heaviest fighting was on the Sino-Soviet front, both in Siberia and in the Sinkiang-Kazakhstan area.

Then the Russians and the Chinese turned to nuclear weapons.

It happened on the Siberian front, fortunately, where civilian population was virtually non-existent. And the devices were of low megatonnage.

The high commands in their war rooms around the world were gingerly experimenting with the reality of their old war games, and that reality now had quite a different taste than yesterday's leisurely abstractions. For some generals whose entire life had been one long bureaucratic riddle, the horror of their own fate suddenly appeared at this ultimate moment of truth.

That superb academic masterpiece, "The Consequence Report," loomed darkly over the world, like an apocalyptic pronouncement reciting verse after verse of the somber epic written by man's stubborn perversity. In a few hours that world could be reduced to a burning coal.

A Senate Committee asked Henry to make a speech, reassuring the American people. He refused. People were fleeing the cities in compact masses. The communes were besieged and invaded by millions of terrified men and women, begging their own children to somehow save their lives, to finally give them the comfort and protection they had been unable to provide for themselves and their progeny.

Both sides of the Sino-Soviet front penetrated each-other's territory, but the use of nuclear weapons cancelled out their respective advances—and in fact stopped the armies in their tracks. Between both sides some fifty thousand casualties had been reported on the first two days of fighting on the Siberian front alone. The heaviest fighting had been on the Sino-Soviet front, both in Siberia and in the Sinkiang-Kazakhstan area.

On the second day of the war, all the armies bogged down in a tactical dispersement. In order to be effective, small nuclear weapons must strike armies grouped together for attack. To defend against these weapons, armies separated and spread over large areas so that massive strikes became impossible.

No one was better prepared than President Kissinger to foresee how the war would consume its own initial momentum by such tactical dispersements. Taking advantage of the situation, he pressed forward with a scheme to bring about a peace once again.

Henry's plan would not only halt the fighting, but it would also bring about a general global accord. This would be no mere detente between Russia and China, but a real, self-perpetuating balance tied to international diplomacy and the United Nations. The key to the ceasefire was Germany.

If the Strauss government could be persuaded to stop fighting, then China, left without a major ally on the European front, could be persuaded to follow suit. But this could only come about if German pressures were used to restrain the Chinese, at the same time as American pressures would be applied to the USSR. The Soviet Union would almost certainly have to accept a ceasefire in place.

To entice the Germans, Henry promised Strauss that the United States would support the reunification of Germany, and would devote its best effort to the creation of a neutral zone, an old-fashioned *cordon sanitaire*, a string of small non-belligerent states between reunified Germany and its dangerous Soviet neighbor.

The French had attempted this after World War I by interposing Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Balkan and Baltic states between Russia and Germany. The plan ultimately failed when Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia joined together and divided the little states between them. This time the President felt the idea would work, at least as a temporary security device. But the peace of the world, if it were ever restored, would obviously require much more than such old remedies.

The new *cordon sanitaire* would, in effect, include the regions where armies were now bogged down. A line of states and peoples stretching from Finland to the Ukraine and to Mongolia would effectively place a vast neutral zone between the Russians and the Chinese and the Germans. First of all, a cease-fire had to be enforced in that immense territory. Then the difficult thing would be to prolong that immediate solution into a long-ranging political one: that would take years of negotiations. At the moment, the ceasefire was first and foremost in the President's mind. He left for Bonn that evening.

On the third day of the war, President Kissinger arrived in Bonn. Germany was in a state of panic, and the Strauss coalition was under attack from many factions and almost every party in the land. Although Strauss—had seized emergency powers, the traditionally compliant German masses hovered on the brink of mass civil resistance. There was much in the nature and career of Franz-Josef Strauss that reminded the Germans of their legendary Führer, the bad genius of their past. It was reported that some elements of the army were ready to revolt as the fighting on the front drew to a standstill.

The armies seemed to be waiting for the other atomic shoe to drop. And Strauss himself must have felt that he had unleashed more than he had bargained for.

It was time to take advantage of the psychological situation. Strauss had been playing a predictable game—manufacturing a national emergency to consolidate his autocratic power and bring to life the old dream of pan-Germanic domination. The man was wily and dangerous, but Henry knew that today's Germany was a very far cry from Hitler's country. No irrational terrors would ever force those men to fight. Strauss must have fully realized by now that he was losing ground fast.

At their first meeting, the German Prime Minister decried his idea of a neutral zone, saying that it represented such a loss of power and territory for both the Russians and the Chinese that neither would accept it. Also, Strauss doubted that the United States would really press for German reunification. But there was really nothing Strauss could do. A nuclear threat dangled over Germany, and he had now to press for a ceasefire in place.

At his second meeting with the American President, Strauss conceded; and at noon that day, after a short

meeting with the Chinese ambassador, Germany and her immediate allies of Finland, Roumania and Turkey, announced that they were willing to accept a ceasefire in place. During the next two days the remainder of the combatants agreed to the ceasefire, and finally it was put into effect. United Nations troops were called in to police the neutral ground between the opposing armies.

President Kissinger mulled over the idea of a *cordon sanitaire*.

"It won't work," his advisers said.

"We must think of a new name for it. It's a ridiculous term anyway, even in French. Then we will call for a congress of all the states, in some place like Vienna, and see if we can't make a deal. Eh, what do you think of Vienna?"

Smiles greeted the idea. The President smiled too.

Only two months after the ceasefire agreement had been in effect—and sixty years after the armistice that had ended the first World War—the Second Congress of Vienna convened on November 11, 1978, in an atmosphere of dread and apprehension over the possibility of further nuclear confrontation. Four stark conditions had been agreed on by the attending nations.

1. The Soviet Union, China, Germany and other belligerents accepted the mediation of the neutral states (the United States, Japan, Great Britain, and other non-belligerents).

2. Representatives of the belligerent powers would meet on June 15th to confer with representatives of the mediating powers.

3. August 1st was fixed as the deadline for the conclusion of negotiations.

4. Until that day all military operations would be suspended.

None of the royal pomp and splendor that had marked the first Congress of Vienna, in 1815, was deployed at this gathering. Leaders and foreign ministers representing some fifty nations and peoples arrived and quickly isolated themselves in their embassies, consulates or hotel suites. Socializing was confined to meetings between allies, but even between political friends distrust was extreme as everyone knew that the Congress would produce new alignments of powers and geography. Moreover, the men who had assembled here to barter for their countries were, for the most part, the hardliners and hawks who had just thrown their respective armies into the war. Very few of them brought their women. The most notable exception, of course, was President Kissinger, who strode off Air Force One with Nancy at his side, dressed in a light spring suit, hatless and smiling.

"Look at the television camera," he whispered as they walked slowly past an enthusiastic crowd of Viennese onlookers and into a waiting limousine. He stopped only for a moment at the bank of microphones to say, "The days ahead will be difficult. But at the moment, there is every reason to be optimistic."

"What would you like to achieve here, Mr. President?" a Dutch correspondent questioned.

"I would like to see if we can agree on a format for a negotiation which would effect a lasting peace." He grinned widely and added, "I would also like to try a few pastries."

The President's idea of what could be achieved at the Congress was simple.

It was also considered impossible.

Germany could be reunified, but the Eastern sector, demilitarized, would continue to preserve its socialist status until free elections could be held. The Baltic states of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia would become demilitarized independent neutral republics. The same

status would be awarded to the Ukraine, Azerbaijan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Kirgizia, and Tzadikstan. These areas would have complete cultural and political autonomy, and would be tied economically to the Soviet Union. Russia would exercise a kind of Monroe-Doctrine-like relationship toward them.

China would be awarded the southern section of the Maritime Province, and a stretch of territory along the Ussuri river. She would give up Tibet and about one third of Sinkiang. Inner Mongolia would be united with Outer Mongolia. These states would exist as a vast, demilitarized neutral border between the hostile powers. The U.N. would police any provisions of the agreement that needed scrutiny. Kissinger's plan was, on this first day, a deep secret.

"It will be virtually impossible to please everyone in a real sense, but psychologically I think we can make everyone feel they are not displeased," Henry said later in the day to his Secretary of State, Walter Griswold, while they waited for Soviet Premier Brezhnev and Defense Minister Grechko to arrive for their first meeting.

"I'm not overly optimistic about selling the Soviets the idea of *cordon sanitaire*," Griswold said.

"We must not call it a *cordon sanitaire* any more. It will be, in fact, a demilitarized organic border zone and that is what we will call it," Henry said firmly.

"Yes, you're right. But no matter what it's called, Grechko will be opposed."

"I'm aware of that. However, it was Grechko's impulsiveness over Finland that put the Soviets in their present dilemma. Brezhnev is the one we must impress."

"Yes, I understand. But I'm still not optimistic where the God of the Soviet military is involved."

"I'm still an agnostic when it comes to the military," Henry smiled.

At the first meeting with the Russians, both Grechko and Brezhnev immediately demanded that the President use his good offices to have the Chinese, Germans and others withdraw from the territories their armies now occupied. This had been the official Soviet line since the ceasefire, and Henry had hinted that he might cooperate, in order to get the Russians to join the ceasefire agreements and come to Vienna. The Russians said they would be willing to sign peace treaties and seriously begin to negotiate a "real" nuclear accord which would eventually eliminate nuclear weapons altogether. The present ceasefire was intolerable for the Soviet Union and the world ran the risk of more war as long as it continued.

Henry told them he understood and would do what he could. His aim, as always, was both general and particular. He wished to safeguard the general security of the world by creating both a technological and geographic balance of power that would make it impossible for any single nation ever to contemplate a successful war. He also wished to safeguard the economic interests of the northern industrial zone and the southern resource zones by working out a set of agreements acceptable to all parties that would at least avoid situations of dangerous competition. Finally, he told them he would like to establish a legitimate system of world order where, within the framework of this legitimacy, all the problems between the states would be subjected to an endless forum for negotiation. "This would include territorial and minority problems. Even within our own borders." He glanced at Grechko as he delivered the line. The idea disturbed the Marshal. "When it comes to questions of revising Soviet territory, one doesn't have to worry much about negotiations when one has a nuclear deterrent," Grechko answered slowly.

"Our nuclear deterrent hasn't done much for either of us lately," Henry answered, then quickly changed the direction of the conversation.

The meeting ended when Henry asked Brezhnev to consider what concessions the Russians might be willing to make regarding German reunification, Chinese territorial claims, and the desire of certain Soviet minorities to become independent republics. It was like trying to sell a watch to a man who was committing suicide.

That evening Henry met with Marshal Feng and the Chinese delegation. His approach to the Chinese was more direct than with the Russians since they would be asked to give up less, and would have some of their ancient territories returned. They were not opposed to an independent Kazakhstan or Tibet if they were given the southern part of the Maritime Province and territories along the Ussuri river. But the idea of giving up Sinkiang or Inner Mongolia was unthinkable. As Marshal Feng pointed out, China would have a billion people by 1980, and these territories would be needed for resettlement, even though they were poor lands.

"The Russians would be asked to give up much more," Henry said.

"It is doubtful that they will give up anything," Feng answered.

"If I could promise them that China and Germany were willing to make equal concessions, we might be able to persuade them."

"You do not understand the Russians, Mr. President. They will not accept a reduction of what they regard as rightful sovereign territory."

"I do believe they might, if they were guaranteed security. The security that a neutral demilitarized border would provide them. There are elements within the So-

viet Union that would be willing to make great concessions. If you were also to make concessions, the world would support you. The Soviet Union cannot face the world alone, no country can."

"We have faced the world alone."

"Times have changed. Diplomacy, politics have changed. It is time for all of us to understand that we are living through the last crisis of the world's history, and you know that no power in this world is secure if we fail to institute peace immediately."

"Mr. President, China's position is flexible. You have always know that, I am sure. We never were the aggressors . . ."

Henry felt he had made some progress. "Flexible" was one of his favorite words.

On the following day Henry met again with the Russians. This promised to be the most critical meeting of the entire congress. As soon as it opened, Henry began his direct campaign to persuade the Soviet Union to grant autonomy to its minority republics. His task was to show the Russians that the Soviet Empire could continue as a loosely knit geo-zonal federation, but that it could not continue as a non-legitimate cohesive slave empire.

In the course of the meeting, which lasted for some eight hours, he argued four points: First, he invoked the views of the Russian physicist Andrei Sakharov who, in 1974, had shocked the Communist world when he openly claimed that the Soviet Union would suffer great defeats both internally and externally if the Soviets did not move to give up their hegemony over Eastern Europe, and over the non-Russian republics within their borders. Specifically Sakharov advocated political democracy for the Soviet Union, urged completely free movement across its frontiers for all citizens

and declared that "only on a global scale" and with the cooperation of all major countries would it be possible to draw up a strategy for the development of a human society compatible with man's continued existence on earth.

"The problems of the Soviet Union and the problems of the United States are in reality the problems of planet Earth," Henry said.

Second, President Kissinger presented a recent study by the Soviet geologist Vladimir Orgoff and Army Colonel Gregory Zakharin. After extensive field work, Orgoff and Zakharin showed that the Soviet Union could become the world's most powerful and richest country if it did the following things: pulled back its costly military machine from the Warsaw Pact nations and the internal republics—and used those resources, both manpower and economic, to develop Northern Siberia where the Orgoff Zakharin study had located vast strains of minerals and pools of energy without equal anywhere in the world. This program could only be implemented with aid, in the form of capital and technological assistance, from the rest of the world, and particularly from the Soviet's main rival states of the northern industrial zone. Russia would also benefit strategically. Giving freedom back to the Eastern European nations would place them forever on the side of the USSR in the event of any future conflicts with China or even Germany—as doubtful as that might be in a reorganized world.

Henry underlined the Orgoff-Zakharin study by pointing out that American experience in Latin America has shown that the best policy has been to maintain a loose economic control and to afford these nations complete political control over their own destinies, no matter how unstable certain governments may become from time to time.

Finally, Henry applied his technique of leverage. If

the Soviet Union proved obdurate, the United States would not be able to maintain its present state of neutrality, but would be forced to tilt toward a Chinese line. Japan, France and India, he warned, would surely follow suit. The present tactical situation in this war certainly did not favor the Soviet Union. No matter how well they might do in the field, on their many fronts, the cost would retard their development for years to come and bring about a great impoverishment and decimation of their peoples. At every opportunity he made the point that "the USSR can not go it alone."

"The Soviet Union will go it alone!" Grechko answered, almost as if he didn't hear his own words.

"Then God help us. Because that road will only lead to a wider nuclear confrontation," Henry answered.

"Maybe. Perhaps not. You're not the only prophet under our skies, Mr. President," Brezhnev replied.

"We are not prophets. We are statesmen trying to negotiate the fate of a world under great stress," Henry replied.

"You are trying to negotiate the reduction of the Soviet Union, Mr. President," Marshal Grechko said.

"That is true. But I have word from the Chinese this morning that they are willing to give autonomy to Tibet and Inner Mongolia, and to set up an independent republic of Ugars in a part of Sinkiang."

Brezhnev and Grechko conferred for a minute, then announced that the meeting was over. They did not reject formally any of Henry's arguments or proposals.

That evening, at his first press conference of the Congress, Henry told a gathering of three thousand reporters that definite progress had been made. The Russians made no comment at all, which was regarded as a positive change from the normal terse communique calling for troop withdrawals.

That night Henry and Nancy went to a special performance of Wagner's "Gotterdämmerung." Coming out of the State Opera Haus after the show, he remarked to her, "For the first time I really believe we may avoid the real thing. The Gotterdämmerung may remain Wagner's property."

In two more meetings with the Russians Henry repeated and restated the same arguments. During that time, Marshal Feng announced that China would accord autonomy to Tibet, Inner Mongolia, and the Uigars of Sinkiang.

At last, on Monday of the following week, the Russians announced that they accepted the suggestions of the mediators, in principle, and would sit down with all the belligerents in face-to-face meetings to negotiate the details of the mediators' plans. The details of the plan, describing the broad demilitarized belt of neutrality across the Eurasian mainland, were then given to the press.

The belt became known to history as the "Kissinger Zone."

CHAPTER XV

THE WOMEN'S REVOLT

"The sexual revolution started that truth mania," Nancy was saying. "If you consider what happened to America since the fifties, you have to admit that the one traumatic modification to American consciousness was —sex . . . After centuries of virtuous pioneer life turning into the sour, hypocritical puritanism of our industrial society, sex was the magic word, the truth symbol, the one thing people had been hiding, and hiding not only in their breeches but . . ."

"Smut at the breakfast table!" Henry protested. "If your All-American ancestors could hear you . . ."

"Well some of them might have agreed, I don't know, I think those people in the old days used to speak the truth . . . they were at least open about their sex life. And without truth and openness about sex, you have a society of liars. That's what we were, of late, a society of liars, and lying to ourselves too . . ."

"But what matters is the *new* use of truth," Nancy went on. "In that sense I think that what you and Teddy did in your last three press conferences is quite remarkable. When I remember what press conferences were in the old days, those ugly cat and mouse games . . ."

"Thanks, yes I think we succeeded, to a large extent, and also the exchanges are now really helpful—as a two-way truth communications system, you know . . .

"We will have more and more of those," he added. "But each one must be a complete challenge. The next one we will have to face, together with Teddy, sooner or later, is—with your sister. Ah, that one gives me cold feet . . ."

"Yes, and *that* one is long overdue. I don't think you have kept the initiative on *that* one, my dear."

The political cataclysm which concluded the Nixon era had led to a far-ranging reassessment of the American reality.

The role played by the media in exposing the multiple "Watergate-related" scandals had given a new role and a new authority to the press in translating popular feeling. The press conferences had become the occasion for extremely frank and vigorous give and take between the government and the media. In the very first exchanges, the press had mapped out its new positions very clearly for the government. Kissinger was President because he had made a pact with the American nation to restore its integrity, its inner balance, and its dynamic role in the outside world. But both Kissinger and Kennedy were reminded on every possible occasion that they were not co-monarchs: they had been placed at the helm only as delegates of the people, to do the great work of rehabilitation and renovation demanded by the people. The media now considered that their role was that of arbiters, even more than that of informants.

At his first press conference following the Presidential inauguration, the tone had been set in memorable manner in an address made by Stanley Karcow, speaking for his peers and for himself.

"Mr. President," Karcow started, "you have been named 'the Merlin of Foreign Policy,' and also 'the biggest permanent floating foreign policy establishment in our history,' and also 'America's most admired man,' and I would like to point out to you if I may resort to such a poor pun, the fallacy of such hyperboles.

"To our charming Italian colleague, Oriana Fallaci, you once described your rapport with Richard Nixon as that of 'two men in a foxhole.'

"All of us present here are happy to see you out of that particular foxhole. All of us wish you luck, and so do we wish luck to the Vice-President.

"But we will make sure, Mr. President, that your ratings at the public opinion polls do accurately translate the manner in which you discharge the special duties you have assumed toward the American people.

"We know who you are, Henry Kissinger, and we want to remind you of it. We will help you, I am sure, all of us here present in this room, with the greatest enthusiasm, if your acts answer the universal demand for justice, equality and renovation.

"So it is not idle to remind you here, today, hopefully for the last time, that we have seen you grow up, Mr. President, and that we know your two sides quite well.

"We have seen you fighting Richard Nixon's battles.

"We have seen your ruthlessness being exercised in the savage bombings of Indochina. We have noted your silence when civil liberties were suppressed in Greece, Ethiopia, Brazil, and Portugal, and when the Tutsi minority government massacred 200,000 Hutus in

Burundi. We have noted your readiness in helping the Franco regime, and in supporting the old Pakistani regime when it was engaged in the wholesale genocide in Bangladesh, and we see in all this a deplorable pattern. We want to believe that it belongs exclusively to the past.

"We see your hand in many shameful transactions that have gravely damaged this country's image in the world. You gave your blessing to the crooked wheat sale to Russia, when millions were dying of hunger in Africa and in Asia. You gave your blessing to the economic pressures on the Allende regime, and to the assistance granted by this country to the Chilean army, which must have given great satisfaction to the conglomerates which had requested Allende's head. You damaged our relationship with Japan at the time of the Red China overture. You fought persistently against European unity, in the hope of maintaining American power supreme thanks to our allies' divisions—instead of helping to create a healthy new rival for this country—a unified, democratic Europe, a strong and lively partner to share with us in the responsibility for the necessary transformations of the new age.

"You have deliberately ignored the world food problems, and we all remember what Lester Brown had to say on the subject after his years with the Department of Agriculture. While you were doing your best to keep President Thieu in good financial fettle, you were ignoring the true, dramatic needs of the underdeveloped countries.

"Fred Bersten, your own ex-assistant for international economic affairs, said to himself: 'Henry Kissinger's record on economics is dismal.' Your politics during the Nixon era have helped in the destruction of the dollar, by ignorance, callousness, and insensitivity to the new rule of universal solidarity.

"A quick diplomatic victory, a flashing success, these

are the goals you have been content to seek, all too often. But we have much higher ambitions for you, for this country, and for the world community.

"And we are here to remind you most respectfully, Mr. President, as friends and as willing advisers, that we have our eye on every one of your acts, of your words, of your thoughts.

"We know what you did: and in spite of the list of accusations I just recited, I want to say, in the name of my friends, and in my own name, that we will back you to the hilt if you do right. And of course we will destroy you without hesitation if you do wrong.

"Good luck Mr. President."

Henry had been half-rebellious, half-subdued during his earlier Presidential exchanges with the press. He was still the golden boy, he was more than ever the hope of American politics, but post-Watergate Americans were a much tougher lot than the bland, easily manipulated voters of the pre-Watergate days. The Americans were tired of being duped by second-rate preachers and political thieves: Billy Graham, being booed and relieved of his pants at a recent public appearance had found out something about that.

And now the press was watching. And their lessons had been so implacable and so relentless that Henry had been forced to comply.

And then he had understood the implications more fully, and his next press conferences had become occasions for wide-open consultations between the government and the press.

Special guests would often give a particular significance to those meetings. Willy Brandt—who had become the chief artisan of European unity since he had left the leadership of German affairs to Helmut Schmidt—brought the vision of a European-American alliance

into perspective. Justice Douglas, when he was elevated to the head of the Supreme Court, brought to the masses the message of the new age, with as much youthful enthusiasm as if he were sixty years younger. Ralph Nader, when he was made Secretary of State for Socio-Economic Planning, developed the prospect of a long-range deflationary policy, and of an open world-wide exchange market. Robert McNamara, the repentant War Lord of the Kennedy-Johnson administrations, described what role the World Bank would play in monitoring such planet-wide exchanges. Kenneth Galbraith talked about the prospects now being opened for the launching of a world currency, linked to productivity, present and future. Many more press conferences were devoted to the new themes—de-urbanization of the cities, re-mapping of national resources, the communes, national and international food policy, industrial decompression and rehabilitation, youth problems, continuing education for adults, mass tourism . . .

Professor Gerard O'Neill made an impressive presentation of the Princeton studies concerning the building of inhabited space stations in the balanced gravitational fields between the Earth and the Moon, and outlined the broad lines of an international space policy to colonize outer space—that old dream of science fiction now became tomorrow's pressing reality.

But no doubt one of the most impressive press conferences was the last one, when Teddy Kennedy had announced his personal endorsement of the voluntary poverty movement: as a result millionaires all around the country were stripping themselves of their conspicuous, useless millions. Times were truly changing . . .

So the only big confrontation left for Henry to prepare for was with the delegates of the women's movement. The media had urged him to meet with the women very soon. But Henry had been procrastinating

for one year now. Let things mature, he kept saying, there's time.

But Henry was wrong. In August came the feminist revolution.

And the feminist revolution came as a surprise to Henry Kissinger. He had never truly been able to accept women as political beings. He recognized the exceptions, of course. Golda, Indira, but they were the rare ones, the women with "masculine minds." The loud ones, like "Congress-person Abzug," he discounted. They were not women at all.

There were, he thought, very few women who could have real political understanding without sacrificing something of themselves. His wife was a political woman, but who else?

Nancy had a logical mind. She understood, if she could not quite share, the thrust for power. She was a political being. And yet, was she really? Had she not, by her marriage to him, abdicated her power, her right—as an individual—to exercise her knowledge and understanding of foreign policy *if it differed from his?*

Henry did not question this phenomenon; he accepted it. It was a pity, perhaps, that a woman—a person—as intelligent as Nancy should be deprived of her right to be actively involved in foreign policy simply because of a piece of paper, a vow that many people felt to be outdated.

Henry was handicapped by not quite understanding what the women wanted. In his plans he had somehow discounted the radicalization and politicalization of large numbers of women. After all, the Equal Rights Amendment had passed years ago. Complaints of violations and suits against employers had virtually disappeared. Low cost abortions were generally available. The number of federally operated daycare centers was growing daily. Several states now accepted marriage

contracts in lieu of church or civil ceremonies. Women kept their birth names as often as not. Or created brand new names instead.

Henry was also handicapped by his own original vision of "woman." Not German enough to subscribe to Goethe's *ewig weibliche*, he was also unable too see women as subordinates relegated entirely to *kinder, kirche* and *kuchen*. Nevertheless, he was enough a product of Western Europe to feel that women had different roles from men in the natural scheme of things.

Women, to Henry, were prisoners of their own physiology—although he would not have phrased it like that in August of 1980. That the women he had slept with had brains as well as female organs was obvious to him. Indeed the brains had often proved essential to truly stimulating pleasure. That such women had lives during the day in which their sex and their sexuality were not utilized was incomprehensible to him. Basically, Henry felt that a "real woman" was conscious at all times of the fact that she was a woman.

The crux of the matter was that women had no power. Henry accepted this as a fact of life rather than understanding that it was the women's clarion call to revolution.

Meanwhile the women's movement was spreading. This time the women would not make the mistake they made sixty years before. Much of the necessary legislation had passed, but it had passed a House and a Senate composed of men. The bills had been drafted by women, but permitted by men. This had happened once before, with women's suffrage. Then the women, having won a long and bloody battle, stopped fighting. It would not happen again.

Ten years earlier, in the "Dialectic of Sex," Shulamith Firestone, then twenty-five, had outlined the necessary conditions for a successful feminist revolution. Primary among these was the pre-existence of a

socialist revolution. This had not happened. True, the communes had introduced total sexual, as well as social, equality on their own territories. But outside, although the old industrial-political establishment was losing momentum and visibly shriveling—outside, things were unchanged, and with the government as it stood, there was little real power which could be seized by the women.

The women simply could not wait any longer. The liberation movement was marking time, bogged down as it was by the initial excesses and confusion. Most young revolutionaries had left the establishment-controlled society to its own devices. Day by day the movement was losing momentum, and some feminist meetings looked like gatherings of octogenarian suffragettes. By isolating and effectively segregating the dynamic elements from the more passive, or aged, or compromised followers, male power had consolidated its position. The establishment had made enough concessions to dismantle the opposition, and the influence of women in American society was constantly decreasing under a mass of small pressures and imposed compromises.

The leaders of the movement were fully conscious of this. A decisive move had to be made immediately to revitalize the movement, to dramatize its purpose and necessity, and to force the men—the government—to grant American women the status they were obtaining everywhere else.

Henry did not question the fact that laws—and wars—were made by men. He accepted it as a reality which was not open to question. He knew, of course, that there was an impassioned minority who wanted the country to be run entirely by women. He could not take them seriously, and those extreme, unrealistic postures confirmed his secret feeling that women, excepting a

very few, would never develop political intelligence. When a woman said "revolution" to him, Henry could not help seeing bare-breasted, long-haired shrieking harridans pelting public officials with rotten eggs.

He had been clever enough to reduce and control the dynamics of the revolutionaries by allowing the development of the communes, and their isolation from adult, traditional society: but was that such a good thing in the long range? Inside the communes peace reigned; the young people living there were perfectly satisfied to let the corrupt society outside rot and die away. In five, ten years, when all the fuddy-duddies were in their little tombs, then it would be time to have a look at the sad world they had left behind, and decide what could be salvaged.

Henry was becoming aware, with growing misgivings, that he was responsible for the state of things, more than anyone else. Even revolutionaries were necessary for the organic balance of a society. Outside the communes, only the women retained a seed of militance. Women were the only hope. The country had emptied itself of its young people.

Henry and Nancy were having dinner one night toward the end of August.

"Tell me about the women," Henry said suddenly. "It will soon be the day of their marches or demonstrations, or whatever, and it's a hot summer."

Nancy frowned. "I thought that you had it all mapped out with Teddy. I can't even start telling you what I really think, and besides, we've quarreled about it at least twice already."

"Three times," said Henry. "But we needn't quarrel about the number."

"The trouble is," Nancy said, "that you just can't understand women. I respect you as a man, and you re-

spect me as an intelligent person. Let's leave it at that."

Henry looked at her with genuine surprise. "Nancy, please. I am serious. I am sorry if I gave you the impression that I did not take the issue seriously, but I do. Really!"

"Well, of course, I know you do. But this is technically in Teddy's ballpark and you know how I feel about Teddy's intuitions and attitudes. Women distrust him, and there will be no dialogue between them and the government as long as he is acting and speaking for the government."

"I'll argue that point another time. But for the time being, let's leave Teddy out of this. I want to know *your* feelings, Nancy, not Teddy's."

"Teddy is in Rome, anyway," Nancy said. "Caroline Kennedy is being married this week. Don't tell me you've forgotten that!"

"I had, actually. I told you: I'm interested in *you* right now, not in Caroline or her uncle, or her fiance, or her fiance's uncle. You."

"Caroline's fiance's uncle is a cardinal."

"Caroline's uncle is co-President of the United States. Forget uncles. Please."

"Well, Henry, you know what women want: they want parity. They—we—don't want to drop out and live on female communes. What you have to understand, what *all* men have to understand, is that we are not interested in sharing power for the sake of power: what we want is to be free to contribute to the building up of the new society. We don't want to take away, we want to give. We want to be an equal part of the running of this country, not because we are politically hungry as men are, but because we have observed our government from the outside for many years, and we can see what is needed. A full and equal status, not by nondiscriminatory legislature, but by full and equal voice in the government and in the bodies that rule our

country. That's what it boils down to, that's what you have to give us. And of course we would want an end to the military. That may be a more important issue than the full and equal status this year."

"The military will go," said Henry. "It will die a natural death. But not yet."

On August 26, 1978, the women marched in the major cities of the United States. Their placards called for "A FULL AND EQUAL STATUS IN A WORLD WITHOUT WAR." One hundred women, aged twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three, announced that they had been voluntarily sterilized, all of them by tubal ligation. They would bear no children into a world that was made, governed, dominated by men. Their placards were simple: "THIS WEEK ONE HUNDRED, NEXT WEEK ONE THOUSAND, NEXT MONTH ONE MILLION!"

The media went wild. Public opinion had never been as polarized since Nixon's era.

"Do they mean it?" Henry asked Nancy.

She nodded. "I'm told the Mexican method is better. The 'belly button' method seems to involve such a lot of blind probing around."

Henry stared at her. "Are you—"

"I am a symbol, like it or not," she said. "True, in my case it is not so startling. I'm not twenty-one, after all, I'm over forty. And we don't want children. But the thing is, Henry, I'm a *leader*. I have a responsibility too."

"If you do it," said Henry, "many more women will follow. Many more."

"Next month one million," Nancy smiled, and it was not a happy smile.

"When do you want to do it?" asked Henry.

"In a day or so, with a press conference the day after."

"What about Joan? Is she having one too?"

"The President must be kidding. Joan is kissing the Pope's mule in Rome. I don't think she'll be back for several weeks."

"It's terrible. The Lysistrata method was more civilized."

"The Lysistrata method has no chance of success with a society made up of tired businessmen."

Henry did not laugh. "If only the women who are doing this were a little older. . . . People change a great deal between the ages of twenty and thirty. These young women who are so passionately devoted to the movement now—how will they feel in ten years? It is surely effective, but does it have to be so gory?"

"Gory? My God, Henry, you've played all your war games and power politics: that's gory enough! Our point is that we don't want to feed any more human beings into the crude and selfish society created by men. Can't you see that? Perhaps it's too simple for you, but that's the women's platform and I must say that I agree with it."

As it turned out, the Kennedy's came back to the United States without being summoned. The next day, Caroline Kennedy appeared on nationwide television. She was pale and obviously under some strain, but she spoke with absolute poise.

"Paolo and I were on our honeymoon," she said into the camera. "We had been talking—as any newly married couple might—of the future. We had just agreed on a boy's name and a girl's name." She paused. "We hadn't had the radio on for several days. We turned it on. And when we heard what was happening here, we came right back." She paused again.

"I've had a tubal ligation. Paolo and I will have no children." For a second or two, she looked bleakly into the camera.

"The decision was terribly difficult," she said. "Both Paolo and I are Roman Catholics, of course, and my faith is important to me. But I am a human being first. I am a woman before I am a Catholic. As a Catholic I have just committed an unforgivable crime. I have done so because I have a responsibility to my sisters, and I could not flinch from it. It was a hard thing to do, something that has changed my life in a few minutes and forever, in a way I would never have foretold."

"But until this country is free from the threat of war, and from the politics of war, and until the women of this country are equal partners in every facet of this country's life, women—young women like myself—will produce no more American babies. We shall deny this country its future until this country gives us *our* future. Sisters! I have killed the greatest hope a woman can entertain.

"I dedicate my sacrifice to you. I killed my children so that yours may live in peace and happiness."

The next day, many clinics could not accommodate the numbers of women, young and not-so-young, who demanded sterilization.

Panic began to sweep the country. With no babies, the demographic collapse was sure to destroy the United States as a world power in a few years' time. But people were more concerned about the individual tragedies. Already more than one hundred thousand women had been sterilized. A woman in San Francisco gave birth to twin girls and asked that the infants' tubes be tied immediately. The hospital refused to perform the operation, but the case attracted a great deal of publicity.

Nancy Kissinger had her own tubal ligation, but by then many other famous women had done the same thing.

Edward Kennedy came directly to the White House. "Henry, I'll have a press conference tonight, we must stop this horrible thing. . . ."

Henry nodded. "What will you say?" he asked.

Teddy grinned uncertainly. "I'll ask for a cease-fire in place, and then we'll negotiate," he said. The joke fell flat and Henry deliberately failed to respond.

But the women would not negotiate with Edward Kennedy. Shortly after Teddy's television appeal, Henry received a telephone call from Senator Patsy Mink.

"Mr. President," she said, "we are as anxious as you to stop this movement, but we will not talk to the Vice President. To too many of us, he is still the Man from Chappaquidick, the man who killed one of our sisters."

"He is the President for Domestic Affairs," said Henry.

"This is an international movement, Mr. President," retorted Patsy Mink. "If you doubt it—"

"I don't doubt it," said Henry.

"The Pope himself is going to be pulled into it. Caroline Kennedy may be excommunicated. We don't want that to happen—to Caroline Kennedy or to any Roman Catholic woman who has undergone voluntary sterilization."

"I wouldn't want that either," said Henry. "I am afraid that for some of these young women their lives will be difficult enough without that extra burden."

"Women's lives have always been difficult, Mr. President," said Mink rather coldly. "We intend to change that. But we will not under any circumstances meet with the Vice-President. That must be clearly under-

stood if you are interested in a constructive solution."

"I shall see what I can work out," said Henry.

Henry summoned Teddy and told him what Patsy Mink had said. When Henry repeated Mink's opinion that Pope Paul would involve himself, Teddy shook his head.

"I don't think so," he said. "He's dead set against birth control, of course, and abortion. He's always been implacable on that score. But excommunication isn't something the Church enters into lightly or quickly. I think he will stay out of it—plead illness, if need be, anything. He's always been delicate, and this whole business is sure to turn his stomach even more than loose living and blue movies."

"Well, then, we no longer have any rationale for calling this an international affair," said Henry.

Teddy threw up his hands. "Go talk to them yourself, Henry," he said. "If Brezhnev refuses to speak to you, I'll pay you back." His face clouded. "Seriously, though, we've got to do something fast. I don't feel happy about the manner in which I've been eliminated, but my personal problems have nothing to do with this, of course. It's your move, Henry."

Henry apprised Patsy Mink of the Vice-President's decision. "Will you meet with me?" he asked. The Senator said yes. A meeting was scheduled for that day. The Senator said that she would be bringing Congresspeople Abzug and Jordan and Gloria Steinem.

At two-thirty the women arrived.

Henry braced himself for a harangue, but when it came it was surprisingly gentle.

Abzug began it.

"Mr. President, we are here to end the oppression of women. In the past ten years a number of laws have

been passed which have begun to end women's traditional oppression.

"We feel that this, although helpful, does not effectively end our oppression; that the oppression of women will not end until women have a full and equal voice in the actual government of this country. We do not wish to dictate, nor to dominate. We wish an end to dictation and domination of one sex over the other.

"There are certain conditions which must be met if the mass sterilization is to end."

Kissinger nodded. He looked at the other three women: Patsy Mink, Barbara Jordan and Gloria Steinem.

Mink said: "Mr. President, even if we could ask for 50 percent of the Senate—that is, that each state select one male and one female senator—the ERA makes such a stipulation unconstitutional. Nor, in fact, do we wish that. The Democrats have held an effective majority—not just an equality in numbers—in the Senate under Republican presidents for ten years. It has made no real difference in that party's power. We do not want empty posts, devoid of power. We must have full voice in the future of our country."

Kissinger nodded again and turned to face the next woman.

It was Barbara Jordan, the black congressperson from Texas. "Mr. President," she began, "power is still, to a great degree, a function of wealth in this country. We recognize that it is not feasible for you to install women as presidents of the major corporations, or in positions which control the media, or to provide for our equal participation in the military-industrial complex. We want an end to the military-industrial complex, not a part in it. However, there are government positions which we can and will fill, if you want to see an end to this movement."

Kissinger turned to Gloria Steinem. "Will you specify

your conditions, then, Gloria?" he asked. He could not, simply could not, call her "Ms. Steinem."

"Certainly, Mr. President," said Steinem, emphasizing the formality of their present relationship. "There are six positions which we should like to fill with highly qualified women. These are not positions which are at present vacant, but we know"—she stressed the word lightly—"we know that you can make such positions available to us."

"It is true that in many cases a President can do such things," said Henry.

"And you must also destroy the Pentagon and all the machinery of war," said Steinem.

"Can you stop the mass sterilization movement immediately?" asked Henry.

Steinem shrugged. "Things gather momentum. We do not try to legislate women's use of their own bodies. The way to stop the movement is grant us our wishes."

"Specifically?"

Congressperson Abzug spoke up. "Mr. President," she said, "I have here a list of the six positions which we would like to occupy, the names of the women whom we propose as replacements for the men now holding these positions, and a statement about each woman which briefly gives her qualifications for the jobs. In addition to this list, we also require that the country be de-militarized. You will find more details here."

"May I see?" asked Kissinger.

Abzug handed him a folder.

He read the first page. He looked up. "I know all these women," he said. "I have no need to read their qualifications to say that you have made admirable choices. Admirable."

The women had asked for the following posts: Secretary of State—Shirley Garrett; Secretary of Agriculture—Rose Bowman; Supreme Court Justice to replace

Harry Blackmun—Yvonne Brathwaite Burke; Supreme Court Justice to replace William Rehnquist—Constance Mottley; Senate Majority Leader—Elizabeth Holtzman; Speaker of the House—Margaret Heckler.

Henry told Nancy about the woman's platform that night.

"If I can get the support of all the women, we might yet see the United Nations grow into a worthwhile body—a governing body which has sole control of all military and nuclear weapons," he said. "But it is too soon."

Nancy nodded. "Will they accept that?" she asked.

"I expect so. I shall give them much of the rest."

The next day Henry met again with the women.

"Let us first discuss the posts you have asked for," he began. "I said that you had chosen well—both the offices and the people to hold them. You would have a certain amount of power if these women were given these jobs. You have probably chosen the six most important positions—most powerful positions—which you had any chance of obtaining." He paced a small circle. "I admire that," he said. "I can talk to people who see exactly what they want, and the implications of what they want."

"I could most probably induce the six men involved—Mr. Jackson, Mr. Rodino, Mr. Butz, Mr. Blackmun, Mr. Rehnquist and Mr. Fulbright—to resign. And I could appoint Ms. Garrett and Ms. Bowman to the cabinet. I could appoint Ms. Burke and Ms. Mottley to the Supreme Court. The Senate, on my strong recommendation, would probably choose Ms. Holtzman as Majority Leader, and the House would take Ms. Heckler as its Speaker.

"But the world will ask why you did not demand my job, and Mr. Kennedy's job. Whatever jobs you take, the world will view them as a compromise." He looked directly at Gloria. "And, in fact, they *are* a compromise, aren't they? You would rather have Ms. Holtzman as President, would you not? You would prefer Mr. Burger's seat to Mr. Rehnquist's. You see, even those in power must compromise."

Jordan said into the silence that followed, "I am glad you recognize that our platform already constitutes a compromise. I assume that you also recognize the attendant implications. We have already compromised; we shall not do so again; we did not come here to bargain. We all wish to resolve our difficulties as quickly as possible, and not to spend fruitless weeks in counter-offers. We have told you what we want. Now it is up to you."

"I agree that speed is necessary. I was prepared to offer you three posts, only one of which coincides with your—platform."

"Supreme Court," said Patsy Mink.

Kissinger nodded. "I intended no guessing game," he said. "The others were the Senate Whip and Secretary of Commerce."

He stared away from the women. "The exact positions are unimportant," he said. "Until there is a socialist revolution, the positions of real power are not all government positions—as you said, Ms. Jordan. If this country had a different form of government and were economically organized under a system other than capitalism, you might be asking for posts as the minister of trade or communications. Such people would set policy. You would want positions on the Central Committee of the party or parties so that you could choose officials.

"Such is not the case in the United States today. We have turned away from capitalism to an extent that unemployment is no longer an issue, and that surely

solved one of your most pressing problems; that freed women to work in equal jobs and receive equal pay. It also freed men from some of the pressures that caused ulcers and heart attacks at 35." He paused.

"You mean that we are not going to get equal power, don't you?" said Steinem.

"I do," he replied.

"But are we going to get these positions?" persisted Abzug.

"The positions are not really as important as the rest of your platform, are they?"

The women agreed that they were not.

"To end war is a great thing," said Henry. "I have said—you may have heard me, or read it—that peace must fail as an object of diplomacy. I have said that peace is a function of balance. But I have learned a great deal since I have been here in the White House." He paused, then began again. "Peace is not merely the absence of war," he said. "It implies a number of other things—freedom, economic security, a world that is safe and beautiful to live in. To bring about that sort of peace, I will need your help—the help of all women. I hope that the United Nations can become a world-governing body. But before that can happen, some of the so-called power blocs must break up. People cannot be bound together in a 'state' just because it is to the advantage of another 'state' for them to be so. The world will soon have to recognize this. Then we can move to transform the United Nations. Then we can rid ourselves of the machinery of war. And I have pledged myself to do this. I want you to pledge yourselves to help me."

Abzug looked annoyed. Steinem looked skeptical. The other two, Jordan and Mink, both spoke at once.

"If that could be done—" Mink began.

"We are agreeably surprised—" Jordan began.

Both women stopped speaking.

"We are not as far apart as you think," said Kissinger. "Announce that Rose Bowman is the new Secretary of Agriculture, that Elizabeth Holtzman is the Senate Majority Leader, and that Ms. Burke or Ms. Mottley will be appointed to the Supreme Court.

"And announce a coalition for peace."

The first cabinet meeting after the women's revolt was followed by a press conference which was the occasion for an eloquent presentation of the women's platform. It was all carried out with great seriousness and dignity. The speeches were televised, and it became evident to a world-wide public that America had made its conversion to a new way of life, and was entering a new era.

In his concluding speech, the President said: "What we have achieved now will prove to be essential to each one of us. We have achieved the reconciliation of the sexes.

"After thousands of years of misunderstandings, humiliation, exploitation and injustice, men and women are at last equal under the laws of this land.

"I will pay homage to the frightening sacrifice consented to by thousands of American women for a cause which was not only their own cause, but the cause of the nation and the cause of humankind.

"Let us all praise them and thank them all for their sacrifice, which can in truth be called the supreme sacrifice."

Henry was sprawled out in his old leather chair, half asleep, when Nancy came in from a late meeting.

"Wake up and celebrate. From now on I am providing the caviar and the champagne," she said with a wide, happy smile.

"I am truly thankful for that, my dear. I am relieved that it's over, you know. I agree it was all necessary, and well done, but what a nightmare!"

"The nightmare is over, Henry. And the First Lady requests carnal knowledge of the President."

Henry's eyes lit up. "The President will be happy to accede to the First Lady's blackmail," he replied. "It's about time."

CHAPTER XVI

THE BLACK ZONE

With the end of the seventies, Europe and Asia had settled into an uneasy peace. Although it seemed unlikely that China would provoke any further incidents, Henry saw clearly the necessity for building permanence and security into the peace. It was not enough for the United States to assume a permanent pole as "balancer." The world needed a governing body, a global government, to assure a self-perpetuating peace.

Once again, Henry turned to the United Nations. It could be transformed into a true governing body, but could that be done now?

While Henry was planning the reorganization and revitalization of the United Nations, the black population was planning something quite different.

For the last few months, the world's attention had been focused on Europe and Asia. Africa, temporarily forgotten, had been slowly heating. Now the dark conti-

nent hovered near the boiling point, its people united against the white way of life.

The black liberation movement was equally strong in the United States, where it had grown through a hundred years of resentment and hatred. From the freedom marches of the early sixties, the growth to Black Power sects, liberation armies, and terrorist groups was rapid.

The Caribbean, where racial hatreds had never been far from the surface, was slowly emerging from the colonial era. But the awakening of popular awareness was difficult, because of the geographical fragmentation of the islands, the diversified origin of the initial slave populations, and the cultural ambiguity of their first masters—Spanish, French, Dutch, British, and American. National or cultural identity could only be defined by a powerful hatred and rejection of the white man. And yet the white man was as oppressively present as ever—economically. The slaves were nominally free, as long as they continued working to make the white man richer. And the white master maintained his domination, mostly with the help of the new “ruling class blacks.”

The Caribbean masses still deeply suffered from economic and educational privations. But they were now at least rapidly acquiring an awareness of themselves both as an ethnic reality, and as a class of society. There were more of them than there were white people, many, many more. For the first time in history, they believed that they could rid themselves of the white man forever—and forever erase the stamp of slavery from their destiny.

That awakening of the mass consciousness in the Caribbean found an echo in Mexico, where the masses were also in deep turmoil. White American racism as practiced against the Mexican-American workers in the United States had provoked much rancor, generation after generation, and the popular sentiment was now in-

spiring political action. For a black revolt to succeed in the Caribbean, the best movement would be an international war in which the United States would be involved. The black ethno-revolutionaries had been waiting for their cue, and they had let their chance pass during the Eurasian War, which had been so short and limited. However, the ensuing peace set the stage for the black uprising. The Second Congress of Vienna settled Eurasian affairs, but left the African continent unattended. And Africa was now ready to lead the black world into a colossal ethnic and cultural revolution, an event which broke with the force of a cataclysm, and changed the political map of the planet forever. In turn, the black revolt set a chain reaction in the Third World populations. Whatever the conditions of their birth, all the non-whites alive on the planet at the end of the twentieth century demanded complete equality. The solitary dominance of the white man was about to end.

In 1981, shortly after the completion of the reforms suggested at the Second Congress, Ethiopia exploded.

"What the hell is going on in Africa, Henry?" Nelson Rockefeller barked. He had come to the Executive Offices to inveigh against commune leader John Kingsley's proposal that those commune dwellers who cultivated marijuana be permitted to sell it in non-commune areas.

Henry looked up from his littered desk. "You were always able to get your priorities straight, Nelson," he said mildly.

"And what the hell does that mean?"

"It means—and I thought *you* meant—that Africa is more important today than the sale of marijuana. That young man, Zara Yakov, is going to stir things up considerably."

For years now Henry had been carrying Nelson as

others carry a cross. At times he became so annoyed, that he wanted to get rid of Nelson, but he never did. Nelson was a mirror image of what he used to be, himself, in the old days. Nelson was the perfect reactionary: the man who is obsessed by the need to teach other people how to live, but who at the same time denies those same people the means to live.

And so he persisted in giving Nelson the illusion of a dialogue.

Ethiopia had been ravaged by famines and army mutinies for many years. The Lion of Judah—the octogenarian emperor—had done nothing practical to counteract this, and his ancient throne had been constantly under pressure from growing dissolution. Border disputes with Muslim Somalia and Sudan, and the continued dissidence of the Muslim half of the population in Eritrea, had brought Ethiopia to the critical point. Then, two months before, while the world was totally occupied in watching the seven thousand mile front, a trusted imperial guard learned that his wife and children had died of starvation in their little village. Maddened with grief, he shot the emperor.

General Zara Yakov, a provincial commander, was Haile Selassie's grandson, whose father had been semi-disgraced in 1963 when he led an attempt against the Imperial throne. Yakov had studied engineering at Cambridge and the military arts in Sandhurst. Now in his late twenties, a good tactician and leader of men, he was first in line of succession to the throne.

With the old emperor's death, the government, never very strong, tottered. It became obvious that it could neither maintain order, nor even rely on the loyalty of its troops. Bands of armed robbers roamed the countryside; Ethiopia was on the verge of bloody anarchy.

At a time when no one could issue two consecutive,

unconflicting orders, General Yakov's calm authority united the army. His personal credit was such that in spite of the uncertain future of the country he managed to secure a foreign loan, and he then firmly installed himself on the imperial throne. In almost the same breath, he defeated the Somalis, and pacified the restless Eritrean Muslims.

"I don't care what Zara Yakov stirs up so long as he stirs it up in Ethiopia and only in Ethiopia," said Nelson. "We've got to keep him out of the Sudan. Those goddam tribes in the south are appealing to Yakov for help. You've got to step in and stop it."

The pagan tribes of southern Sudan, inspired by Yakov's leadership, decided to emulate his movement, and they unexpectedly revolted against the Arab Muslim Sudani in the North. Their surprise attack threw back the opposing Sudan army. Now the southern tribespeople were appealing to Yakov to support them, and they had proclaimed South Sudan an independent African state, which they wanted to federate with Ethiopia under the supreme authority of the new Ras Tafari.

Henry reached into his desk drawer for a can of dry-roasted peanuts. "Have some?" he invited Nelson. Nelson shook his head impatiently. "Well," said Henry, "I don't think the United States can interfere in what is still a local squabble."

"A *local squabble*? Good Lord, man," exclaimed Nelson, "there are Rastis—followers of the Ras Tafari—all over Africa. This Yakov could take the entire continent!"

Henry chewed a mouthful of peanuts thoughtfully. "There are Rastis all over America," he said. "All through the West Indies. I still say we can't interfere."

"I never thought you were stupid, Henry," said Nel-

son more calmly. "But here's a crisis potentially more destructive than the Russian-Chinese war—and you sit there eating peanuts. Of course you can interfere. You must interfere. If this thing grows much more, it will be too late! We have to contain these bastards or they'll take over the world."

"Hardly that," said Henry lightly. He scooped another mouthful of peanuts from his hand. In disgust, Nelson walked out, slamming the door behind him.

"And he never mentioned the marijuana project again," Henry told Nancy that night.

"Well that's Teddy's bailiwick anyway," said Nancy. "Maybe Teddy is growing his own in his Hyannis Port greenhouse."

"Nelson doesn't understand that," said Henry. "He thinks I control everything—or perhaps he still wants to believe that through me *he* controls everything. But he has forgotten that successful negation is largely a matter of timing. And luck."

"Timing and luck my foot," said Nancy. She considered for a moment. "Well, maybe timing," she agreed.

"Of course," said Henry. "If I were, somehow, to settle the Ethiopian situation now, there would be repercussions all over the world. It is just possible that we may avert a major confrontation between black and white in this country and in the Caribbean. Nothing would plunge the blacks of this hemisphere more surely or more swiftly into war than American intervention in Africa now."

"Mexico is jumpy too," said Nancy. She added, "If Nelson were President, we would already have had a civil war in Mexico and two million dead bodies in the area. He's a dear, but at times I fail to understand his approach to things."

General Augustino Machero was the new popular Mexican leader. Machero belonged to a Mexican tradition as old as Father Hidalgo and Benito Juarez, but best exemplified by Pancho Villa, Emiliano Zapata, and Francisco Murrietta. Like Father Hidalgo, Machero founded a new and more independent Mexico; like Juarez and Pancho Villa, he resisted simultaneously national reaction and American intervention; and like Murrietta, he knew how to electrify the masses by calling upon their taste for violence. He had a simple slogan: "*Matan los gringos!* Kill the Yankees!"

General Machero was catapulted to fame when, called as a character witness in the trial of an illiterate Chicano by a Los Angeles court, he beat up the local policeman who had brought up the case in front of the judge, and threatened to strangle him with his bare hands. Three months after this, civil war broke out in Mexico. General Machero was given the chief role in the organization of the uprising, and in a few weeks the Echeveria government fell, following which Machero was installed as provisional president. A plebiscite confirmed him in that function immediately after that, which proved that he had the whole country solidly behind him. One of his most insistent themes was the creation of a Central American union under Mexico's lead, to insure their common security and economic progress. From 1821 to 1824 the small republics of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica had been federated to Mexico, and Machero's program reawakened the central American drive toward political unity, an old platform that had long been one of the nightmares of American diplomacy.

"Machero made that one speech demanding border adjustments in order to liberate the Chicanos, but he seems to have dropped that theme," Nancy continued. "For now."

"Only 'for now'?" asked Henry. "Do you think he will renew his claims?" Henry had always found that he had less instinct for Latin America than for Europe and Asia, and he listened attentively for guidance to Nancy's judgment in Latin American affairs.

"If the African movement spreads," Nancy said, gesturing with her hands, "Machero will hop on the band-wagon. He wouldn't hesitate to claim that Mexicans were Oriental if he thought it would increase his power."

"But the Central American Union is basically a good idea," Henry objected. "We have opposed it all that time, of course, because that's the way things used to be. Perhaps it's not too late to reverse ourselves?"

"It is," Nancy said. "Machero needs a huge popular scarecrow to rally the masses—he needs the United States as an enemy to consolidate his own power, not as a friend. He's going to make trouble for you, I'm afraid."

Henry sighed.

"Well it seems that it is my bad Karma to endure the consequences of other men's folly. I have to pay for my teachers' mistakes. Who's going to pay for *my* mistakes?"

The next day Ethiopian troops crossed into Sudan and with the Anya-Anyas, the freedom army of South Sudan, they succeeded in liberating the southern Sudanese tribes.

The rest of the black world, electrified by Yakov's success, hastily brought old plans for their own revolutions up to date. As the blacks hesitated on the brink of bloody revolution, Henry paced the floors and ate more than ever.

The fuse that set off the black explosion was an accident, a *malentendu*, that might, in another time, have

been funny. It happened in Jamaica at the Playboy Hotel.

It was increasingly evident that a racial confrontation was unavoidable in the West Indies, and it would no doubt start in Jamaica because there the Rastis had the best organization and a determined leader, Ovawassi. There was still hope, however, that the Jamaican uprising would be bloodless.

The Jamaican revolutionaries had their own calypso-rock anthem which was to serve as the signal for the revolt. The time chose to start the uprising was the night during which Haile Selassie's grandson was to be installed as the new Ras Tafari. All over the island, black Jamaicans were waiting for ten o'clock.

At 9:55 all music stopped in the tourist hotels in Montego Bay and all along the North Coast, from Runaway Bay to Port Antonio. Band leaders, players, even singers and limbo dancers, pulled out ganja and began openly to smoke the pungent drug—as if they were performing some bizarre, solemn rite.

At ten o'clock the band struck up the revolutionary anthem.

"Light up for Freedom
Light up a storm
Then grab your panga (machette)
And bang an oppressor.
Strike out for freedom today
Freedom for you and freedom for me
Freedom for blacks who want to be free.
Freedom for every black nation
In a giant federation!
Freedom in South Africa
And in America
And after we use the panga
Freedom in Jamaica.
Freedom for you and me under Ras Tafari

From Aruba to Bermuda,
He's the Lion of Judah!
Freedom in the land.
Freedom is at hand.
Freedom for every man.
Light up for Freedom!"

A totally unplanned incident started the violence. Several Rastis, standing outside the Playboy Club, spotted a party of British Naval Officers approaching the beach in a small boat. They were on their way to an official reception being given in their honor by the United States Consul, resplendent in their gala uniforms and, of course, unarmed.

"Hey, mon. They attackin' us."

The Rastis, armed with hand guns, began to fire at the British officers. Two were killed, three wounded, and the rest fled to give the alarm. The police reacted brutally, and in turn were overpowered by the Rastis. Every white-skinned person caught in the streets or in the public rooms of the large hotels was executed on the spot.

In the United States, black leaders were determined to keep the U.S. from intervening in Jamaica where 171 U.S. citizens had been killed and mutilated in the Montego Bay Massacre. They demanded that the U.S. recognize a Rasti-Jamaican government pledged to the African federation. They also demanded that the United States withdraw all support from racist white African regimes, and aid black Africa. If these conditions were not met, America, too, would have a black revolution. American Rasti leader Reverend Clayton Kenyatta sent to the media an appeal addressed to President Kissinger.

"All we demand is that you promise us a Congress of Washington to be called immediately to draw up a new

'social contract' between us Afro-Americans and the so-called United States of America."

"'So-called' United States of America?" questioned Henry.

"So-called," replied Reverend Kenyatta, "because to us black people it has never been a united country. We have already been treated as slaves or strangers. All we ask is that you use your negotiating talents for us, as you did for Syria and Israel. We give you a chance to show the world that you are not an enemy of the black people."

Now Henry sat alone in his office, lost in his thoughts. Then he called his advisers. And after hours of agitated debate they reached the following conclusions: The United States would not intervene in Jamaica provided that all U.S. citizens, black and white alike, were permitted to leave the island immediately and safely. U.S. citizens in other parts of the West Indies were to be called home. Recognition of the Rasti-Jamaican regime would only be released after all fighting had stopped. And if public sentiment, as shown by referendum, favored constitutional change, the President would hold a "Congress of Washington."

Suddenly one hot September afternoon the streets of Harlem exploded in mass insurrection. Police cars cruising up 125th street were stopped by masses of polite blacks who calmly told them their services were no longer needed in the territory of the Republic of New Africa, of which the Reverend Clayton Kenyatta was the first provisional president. That afternoon, a black-owned radio station monitored President Kenyatta's first official address.

"Black brothers, in your northern and southern ghettos, your hour has finally come! Henceforth we will pay no more taxes; we will pay no more rents; we will render no more services to white industry, public or private, until our demands are met."

And what the blacks demanded was a disengagement conference between the Republic of New Africa and the United States of America. "Until such a conference is scheduled," Kenyatta proclaimed, "we consider ourselves in a state of civil war."

Beneath the main floor of the Plaza Hotel there are innumerable basements and sub-basements containing boiler rooms, storage rooms, locker rooms, and even an aviary for visiting birds. In all, there are nine layers to this subterranean complex. On the lowest, dampest, and grimest level is the locker room and off-duty space for the busboys who, at the Plaza, are exclusively black and ninety percent West-Indian. Here in this locker room, the smells, atmospheres, accents and beat of the islands is recreated. French patois and Calypso English can be heard and there is almost always someone singing a creole or a Reggie tune.

Leslie Eagle generally spent his Saturday afternoons sitting around the Palm Court at the Plaza. He was a tacky middle aged queen with brownish hair, steel-blue eyes, the long fingernails of a fag-sadist. His silky voice with its affected accent, from nowhere in particular, almost sounded like a cat's purr. On Saturday afternoons, he liked to cruise the lobbies, men's rooms and Palm Court of the Plaza.

On this particular Saturday, Leslie recognized a young Haitian busboy he had smiled at several times before. He grinned at the handsome young black, and patted him as he headed for the men's room. "Step inside with me a minute," he said.

The young negro followed.

Once inside, Leslie quickly made his move. He pushed the handsome Haitian into the stall and sat him down on the toilet. But before Leslie knew what was happening, the busboy was on his feet and in one mo-

tion pushed a chloroform-drenched napkin over Leslie's mouth and nose.

Leslie woke to the rhythm of Haitian Rada drums and Antiguan steel drums. He did not realize that he was in the Plaza sub-basement, nor did he recognize the Reverend Clayton Kenyatta, leader of the American Rastis.

Suddenly the Papaloi (voodoo priest) held up a panga, the great cane-cutting knife of the islands. "Silence," he commanded. Then two beautiful girls carried in a struggling, white rooster. The drums grew more frenzied as the two girls held the rooster over their heads. Gradually Leslie realized that the room was filled with wildly dancing or chanting blacks. One of them placed a white mixing bowl in front of the Papaloi. The girls slowly danced about the circle, then suddenly flung the chicken down before the Papaloi. With one slight stroke of the panga he lopped off its head. The two girls held the severed head and body over the bowl, and the blood gushed in.

Paralyzed with terror, Leslie could not prevent the girls from stripping off his clothing. The girls dipped their fingers in the chicken blood and painted red lines and circles on Leslie's naked body. He screamed with terror when they tied the severed chicken head to his hair with a black cord.

A group of young men came forward, the Haitian busboy in the lead. The busboy grinned at Leslie, and shoved a gourd of rum mixed with coconut and pineapple juice down his throat and let the thick liquid splatter onto his face and chest.

The Reverend Clayton Kenyatta hurriedly left the room.

Then the two girls held Leslie's head over the mixing bowl, and the Papaloi slit his throat with a quarter swing of the panga. Blood gushed into the bowl, mixing with the chicken's blood. The Papaloi took the bowl,

sipped from it, and placed a dot of blood on his forehead. Then he passed it around the circle for each to drink.

"Legba, opener of the way, opener of the gate. Take this blood sacrifice to Damballa." The dance sprang up again, the drumming intensified, and the dancers went wild.

Meanwhile, General Machero, firmly entrenched as revolutionary president of Mexico, gave diplomatic recognition to the Republic of New Africa and to the federated African Empire which now included South Sudan, South Chad, Uganda, Rwanda, Burundi, Kenya, and Zambia.

Fighting in Rhodesia and South Africa was just beginning, as were movements to liberate Angola and Mozambique, now ruled by Mulatto and White minority governments.

The northern powers waited uneasily. Russia had, for decades, paid lip-service to African liberation. Simultaneously, she had supported the liberation of Arab lands. She still maintained some influence in both places. Should she support Zara Yakov's new federation or its Arab enemies? If she supported the Arabs she would ally herself with racist South Africa. But if she supported the blacks, she would lose her bases and influence in Somalia. The Russians did nothing.

The European powers reacted the same way. For the United States, the situation was even more perplexing. The Americans were heavily involved economically with South Africa, Rhodesia, and Portuguese Africa. Angolan oil was helping to fuel the American economy as was Rhodesian chrome. South African gold, diamonds, and uranium were important to America. Also there was considerable sympathy for the South African whites. The T.V. news coverage managed to show

scenes in which South African whites were being massacred. In Durban, for example, the Zulu servants, police, and country peasants rose up one night and violently raped, mutilated, and murdered thousands of whites.

Within a few days the "Zulu uprising" was suppressed by army and police, but not without a terrible massacre of Zulus and other blacks by the enraged whites.

Racial feelings in America polarized. Governor Wallace, most Southerners, and in fact, most whites, sympathized with the African movement. The black community was committed to the Republic of New Africa and the Federated African Empire. In Harlem and in all black ghettos of America, pictures of Emperor Zara Yakov were displayed in thousands of windows. All black power and most black Christian groups rallied to the cause of the Coptic King.

Then came the new Civil War. In army units from Fort Benning to Europe, the black troops mutinied, seizing hostages, killing and looting. In every black ghetto and the rural slums of the South, the malcontented blacks rose up, in a peasant-worker revolt that splattered all America with blood.

It was worse than white America had dreamed racial war could be, and it was apparent almost from the start that, while the blacks could not win, either could they be beaten.

After eight brutal days, Congress passed a resolution to empower the President to convene a conference in Washington for the purpose of negotiating peace between the United States of America and the Republic of New Africa.

Ten days later delegates to the Conference of Washington assembled. Black delegates included President Kenyatta, representative of the NAACP, the Urban

League, various insurgent groups, many of whom came straight from prison.

President Kissinger selected the white delegates from all segments of American political life, particularly in the more nationalistic wing of American white statesmen: Governor Wallace, Senators Jackson, Goldwater, and Mathias; representatives from labor, the State department, and from the intellectual community were also included.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "It must be obvious to all of us here today that the status of all blacks in the United States must be radically changed. Reform has been withheld for too long, and it is our task today to devise a form of actual political separation, to satisfy the legitimate demands of the Black minority, as well as those of the White majority."

"A new federal structure and economic integration must be instituted between the new white American and the new black American communities. We must realize that the black American culture is linked to the Caribbean world and to Africa, and that the problems of these three territories are one."

"And finally, as the Soviet Union and China and other great nations of the world have revised their territory and ideas of sovereignty to accommodate the desire of minorities for self rule, so must the United States now accommodate self rule for its minorities."

The Reverend Kenyatta rose slowly to reply.

"We, the Blacks, are now determined, after three hundred years of servitude, exploitation and alienation, to form our own state and to secede from what John Brown called this dark and bloody land."

"We, the black people of America, have decided that in our drive toward total freedom we will suffer no hesitation, no compromise, and no concessions. We cannot live as the slaves of the white Americans, but we cannot

live as their guests either, nor even as their equals. We want to be free to live according to the style and the genius of the Black race, on our own land, among ourselves. We look to Africa for inspiration and identity, and we want to recreate Africa on this continent where the cruel greed of the white man has brought us. Call it a federation, call it what you will: We will fight to our last drop of blood if we cannot obtain now a state of our own, of our own design, with our own black God and our own black laws."

Senator Jackson rose quickly to his feet. "If we accord you this autonomy, do you expect to conduct a separate foreign policy or separate defense programs?" There was silence for a moment then, from the middle of the black crowd, a low voice called, "You ain't accordin' us nothing, motherfucker. We are *taking*."

Governor Wallace rapped his gavel.

"My point," said the Senator, visibly ruffled, "was that our security needs dictate that any new political formation on our continent will not make security alliance outside of the hemisphere."

"I think," the President, interjected, "that we must bend our best efforts to preserve peace and ensure justice. Let us not exchange threats or unnecessarily strong language around this table. We are all responsible men with a truly ominous task before us. In a few days, in a few hours, we must right an injustice which has lasted for centuries. Let us do that with clear heads and generous hearts, and a sense of the solemn mission that has been entrusted to us. I propose that we who live in this country agree to live separately, but in harmony. Let us consider what we can share, and what must be divided between us. Let us define our reciprocal duties and our reciprocal needs for freedom, economic progress, and cultural expression. We cannot be brothers, but let us at least forget the past, since we cannot change it, and live as good neighbors."

Kenyatta stood. "I feel certain, Mr. President, that all present have listened to your words with understanding and gratitude. I am ready to express in the most practical manner the desire of my people for a peaceful solution."

In the third day of the Conference, a seven point program was agreed to in principle.

1. A Republic of New Africa would be recognized as the sole representative of the thirty five million blacks in continental North America.
2. The republic would be linked economically and culturally with a new black federation in The Caribbean.
3. This entire new area would be linked with Africa as soon as the Africans had resolved their own federal problems.
4. The Republic of New Africa would have representation in the United Nations.
5. An economic customs union would link the United States and New Africa. This union would have jurisdiction over such areas as U.S. citizens in New Africa and vice versa, and over the necessary and complex tax revisions.
6. The United States and New Africa would belong to a new inter-American union to be known as The United States of the Americas.
7. Those Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans, and Amerindians who played a part in the revolt were also to be accorded autonomy within the new confederacy.

But as peace came to the New World, the last grim threat to complete harmony was brewing in the Old World, in the ancient lands of the Bible.

CHAPTER XVII

ARMAGEDDON

1983 is now remembered, with good reason, as "The Year of the Semitic Zone."

For the better part of a decade, the Middle East had been almost peaceful. The globe-shattering events of Gotterdammerung had not touched this region directly. True, the Kurds had used the military technical might of the Chinese-German Axis, as well as the bankroll and arsenal of the Shah-in-Shah of Iran, to settle their score once and for all with the Iraqis. With the help of the vast Chinese-German-Irani alliance, the Kurds had not only driven the Iraqi Arabs from the Kirkuk oil fields and from the Mosul region, but they had also invaded Syrian-held Kurdistan and added that part of the Euphratean Province to their domain.

Surprisingly, the Syrian-Israeli frontier had not been affected by the Gotterdammerung. President Kissinger's adroit diplomatic manoeuvres created a viable buffer

zone by giving the Druze tribesmen an autonomous area on the northern Golan Heights. The Druze tribes of Druze Mountain, deep in Syria, had rebelled, and under cover of the Syrian-Kurdish clash northward along the Euphrates, they had established an autonomous "Druze Mountain Republic." But the formerly volatile Golan Heights had stayed quiet. Israel, under a peace-minded Labor government had chosen not to move. She had covertly granted limited arms aid to the embattled Druze mountaineers, but she had done no more. Of course, many Galilean and Golani Druzes volunteered to fight for Druze Mountain freedom; yet, somewhat miraculously, a serious Syrian-Israeli clash had been avoided.

Now, however, in 1983, the volatile Middle East again faced bloody conflict. The somewhat phlegmatic Labor government of Israel had been replaced by a far more fiery coalition, the Nationalist Likud and the more fanatic religious elements. The new Shophet of Israel, General Ariel ("Arik") Sharon was a tough, intelligent soldier with great popular appeal, and a rather provocative personality with somewhat theatrical ambitions. However, Sharon was not a trigger-happy leader, he was not an unreasonable man in ordinary circumstances. Henry knew that he would keep the peace —unless the new strong man on the Egyptian side started acting up. And that looked like a rather ominous possibility. He was not a man to fool with. Most alarming to President Kissinger's peace plan was the sudden emergence in Egypt of a new popular leader who appeared to be driven by a ruthless personal ambition, and who enjoyed the support of a fanatical movement, half-religious and half-political.

As early as 1974, President Sadat of Egypt had publicly declared that he was first and foremost an Egyptian nationalist. Under his leadership, capitalism had been allowed to prosper, nationalism had developed.

On the fringe of the nationalist movement, however, a dangerous syndicate of fanatics had become a threat for Sadat's regime. They were backed by the Muslim Brotherhood and were known as Ikhwan.

Ikhwan, armed and financed by the Lybian dictator, Colonel Qadaffi, was not strong enough to overthrow Anwar Sadat, who was an orthodox Muslim himself and had the full support of the Egyptian masses. It did, however, inspire among the more disinherited Feddayen and workers a form of religious extremism which was to provide the power base for Colonel Baruk's Green Sphinx Movement.

Colonel Ismaili Baruk was an officer of the Egyptian Camel Corps (later the tank corps) from Upper Egypt. Like General Naguib, Nasser's predecessor, he had considerable Nubian and Sudanese blood. He had won a field promotion from Major to Colonel for his heroism under fire in the Sinai during the Yom Kippur War. Following a severe wound, he had gone down to Nubia to recover.

And as he hiked through the stark wadis and hills of Nubia, he felt suddenly faint and lay down under a rock to sleep. Then a strange and powerful vision came to him, and when he awoke, he felt transformed by the revelation, like a modern Mohammed. From that moment, Ismaili Baruk was a new man, and he had only one goal: to proclaim his vision until its power would inspire all of Egypt. And that same day he wrote down what he had seen in his dream.

"In the name of Allah, the All-Compassionate, the All-Merciful, hear, oh you faithful! Hearken to my voice!

"In the ancient times, great seraphims from the heavens conquered Egypt, the land of Kheft, driving out the Djinns who fled to Ethiopia and Arabia. These sera-

phim gave birth to the Pharaonic Empire, and the Pharaoh was descended from them. In these early days, the ancient Pharaohs worshipped the lord of Death, and they erected a colossal sphinx in his likeness in Gizeh, which they painted red.

"The sphinx was a winged lion with the head of a seraph. He was green and red, the husband of the flying horse that carried Mohammed to Jerusalem when he wrote the Koran.

"Behold, as I slept, the great green Sphinx came to me in my dream, saying: My name is Hu. I am a Seraph out of ancient Egypt. To follow the dictate of your heart and restore the greatness of eternal Egypt, you must do as I command. Restore my shrine at Gizeh as a Holy Place; teach the people of the land to venerate my name; establish the throne of Egypt along all the banks of the Nile, even as far as Ethiopia. So I command you. Let this be done.

This was the message of Hu which Ismaili Baruk carried to the Egyptian people. Back in Cairo, his fellow officers, the students and the journalists laughed at him—at first. He ignored their derision. He went among the ordinary people and preached Egypt's regeneration through the cult of Hu.

Before long, an increasing number of people converted to the Doctrine of the Green Sphinx. When Ikhwan-related disturbances brought down the government, the masses were ready to force the leader of the new sect to power. By 1981 the majority of enlisted men, NCOs and junior officers revered the Green Sphinx of Islam. The army was swept by the movement.

Ismaili Baruk came to power, and as the sacred creature of his dream had bidden him, he restored the throne of the Pharaohs—by proclaiming himself the

first Islamic Pharaoh of Egypt. The cult of Hu was proclaimed the state religion, and the temple at Gizeh became a national shrine.

At first, Ismaili Baruk had praised the Coptic Christian population of Egypt, but when he found that they disdained his teaching, he began to harass them.

And then, since his winged demon had enjoined him to recover the Sudan and most of Ethiopia, for Egypt, he became a political expansionist as well.

The Ethiopians were divided between a ruling Coptic Christian, and an oppressed Muslim element. This provided the fuel for the new struggle between Egypt and Ethiopia. The issue of Muslim-pagan and Muslim-Christian hostility that had erupted during the African wars of Zara Yakov now burst out once more.

In his mountain fortress, General Sharon had gathered the five officers who constituted his inner council for a high level review of Israeli policies.

Egyptian imperialism was gathering momentum, month after month, with the assistance of the Green Sphinx fanatics. Things were even worse in Syria where a new hardliner government was testing its power.

In response to the rise of the danger on the two traditional fronts, the Israeli electorate finally gave its parliamentary majority to the Likud. A new coalition of religious parties organized around the fanatic Rabbi, Obediah Ha-Levi. When the old Sephardic Grand Rabbi retired, the new Likud Prime Minister, General Sharon, had Rabbi Ha-Levi appointed as his successor.

General Sharon, the first leader to yield so much personal authority in Israel's history, now undertook to transform the structure, even the very nature, of the state and of the government. He sought to bring them into accord with what he conceived to be the old Hebraic way. One of his first reforms, made to give his

office more popular prestige, was to abolish the offices of President and Premier, and unify the two functions by creating a third one; he gave the Hebrew title of Shophet to the chief executive office. In ancient times the Hebrews had given the title of Shophet, or Judge, to their supreme ruler: General Sharon had himself appointed first Shophet of Israel.

The meeting was taking place in General Sharon's headquarters, far across the desert that separated Egypt and Israel, deep in the mountains of southern Sinai. There, immediately after his access to power, he had started building a vast complex of defensive sites, silos, nuclear missile systems, underground defense industries, hidden air fields, and an armed forces high command, with a war room which had been hewn out of a mountain top. It is there that the Shophet was addressing his companions, each one of them a famous soldier and fervent patriot.

"The Ethiopian Empire will soon be on the move again." General Sharon was saying to his officers. "Zara Yakov's death caused the dissolution of the confederacy in Africa, as we knew it, but now his nephew, General Wolof Joseph, has ascended to the throne, and recaptured full control of the country. He is about to mobilize his troops again to establish the strong Nilotic empire which was the dream of his uncle.

"And he wants us to revive the old alliance between Ethiopia and Israel that was shattered many years ago when the old Emperor Haile Selassie broke with us.

"I have decided to accept his offer. An expansionist, renovated Egypt is as much a threat to Israel's security as to the nations of the Nile valley. Today the paws of the Sphinx reach out to embrace the Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, or Uganda. Tomorrow, she will seek to regain the rest of Sinai and perhaps our Negev. Whether we want it or not, war is unavoidable, and we have all been preparing for it. It will be the hardest war ever fought

by Israel for its survival, we all know that clearly, as we know that, if we confront that challenge with a weak heart, we will lose. This time Israel is facing a much stronger enemy alliance than ever before. But this time all our power is gathered in only one hand—,” and General Sharon solemnly lifted his right fist. “This time,” he concluded, “there will be no mistake, no weakness. We are united to win, and we have a bold and powerful ally whose fate also depends on our victory.”

“How will we fight this war, Shophet?” his air force commander, General Hod, asked him. General Mordecai Hod was a tall, lean, mustached man with what looked like a permanent sardonic smile, the result of a facial wound. A brilliant air commander in the Six Day War, he had been brought to Air Command again by the Shophet.

“The answer to your question, my friend, is that we will fight this war on land, sea, and air—simultaneously on many fronts. We will fight here, here, and here.” He stabbed the war map with his pointer. “We will call this war Har-Mediggo. Armageddon, if you prefer modern language.”

When he spoke about war, General Sharon’s face always shone with an inner fire. It was the face of an armed prophet, the face of an old lion for whom fighting is the only rule of life—fighting to conquer, never fighting to survive.

“We have sent technicians to divert the water of the Nile. They will begin work immediately on a dam, ostensibly to irrigate farming soil in Tigre Province, but actually to prepare for a water stoppage up-river.

“However, let us review briefly the moves already planned.

“We will place a paratroop division in Ethiopia, ready for a drop in South Sudan. From there, they can

harry the Egyptians in their attempt to annex and hold Northern Sudan.

"A fast naval expedition will shell Askum-on-the-Red-Sea. We will totally destroy it and deny Egypt a port on that sea.

"We shall occupy the small islands along the coast of Eritrea to give Israel a base near the Straits of Bal El-Mandab.

"We must develop a plan similar to Ayela, which gave us control of the bridge head in 1973, during the Yom Kippur War. My own inclination is to invade Egypt where the Christian Crusaders, under St. Louis, landed, at Damietta. It is the best place. From there we can strike south to encircle the Egyptian troops along the Canal.

"And then," he continued, "we will knock out the Syrians. We shall go through Lebanon."

"My God," cried General Ya'ariv, the Chief of Intelligence, "How are we going to do that? That means that we will have to fight the Lebanese as well!"

"No, Aaron. I'm working on a plan right now to neutralize their opposition. This very afternoon, I am seeing our so-called enemies. You know that Lebanon has its own internal problems, and we can exploit them to our advantage. The paramilitary forces of the Kataib party are ready to fight on our side, with the Christian phalangists who are well armed, and disciplined. And General Chebun has also agreed to give us the help of the Lebanese army, under certain conditions. I am expecting delegates from both the Kabaib party and from Chebun to plan a combined strategy, and I am confident that we will reach an agreement.

"Essentially, gentlemen," continued the Shophet, "Armageddon will be a surprise attack. We want a quick and decisive victory. Our plan is simple, logical, and it cannot fail. Thanks to our alliance with Ethiopia,

we can take Egypt in a giant pincer movement. Israel and Ethiopia will be the two jaws of the pincer that will clamp on Egypt while Israel, Kurdistan and the Druze will combine their forces to crush Syria.

"We have made good progress in the construction of the secret air field in the dense jungle of Bahr-el-Shazar. That gives us the best location in Southern Sudan from which our planes can take off to bomb the high dam at Aswan.

"Finally, I am sure that you will agree with me that the time has come to reduce the arrogant little kingdom of Jordan. We shall undertake an occupation of the Gil-iad Mounts of northern Jordan. This war will go so fast that the world won't have time to catch its breath. And then Israel will have the power and the mission to rebuild the Middle East in such a manner that war will be a word our grandchildren will never use again.

"The peace of Israel will be a just and fair peace.

"We will destroy the enemy as long as he remains the enemy. But after the victory, we will know how to forgive, how to live and work with those who would like today to deny our right to existence."

Two months later the war broke out.

When Egypt realized that Israeli technicians were tampering with the headwaters of the Nile at Lake Tigre in Ethiopia, the Egyptian dictator ordered his powerful air force into operation. They bombed everything in the vicinity of Lake Tigre.

The Ethiopians immediately declared war on Egypt. The following day, large groups of Ethiopian Muslims marched through Addis Ababa, demanding an alliance with Egypt.

So now was the time to set in motion Armageddon along the plans carefully prepared by General Sharon

and Wolof Joseph. The next morning, just as the sun was coming up over Aswan, a combined Israeli-Ethiopian air group hit the dam. They did not use nuclear bombs—only highly destructive, concrete-and-steel piercing rockets.

The second attack was a complete success, and the dam gave way. Thousands of tons of water spilled over the banks of the Nile with such force that the entire delta was inundated in less than fifteen minutes. One million Egyptian peasants were drowned, six million more lost everything they owned as the waters surged over farms and farmland.

The Egyptian reaction was immediate. Egyptian rockets—El Kahir super-scuds—took off to bomb Tel-Aviv and Addis Ababa. The Egyptians did not use nuclear warheads for fear of being paid back in kind, as they knew how vulnerable their own cities were.

That night Palestinian commandos from Lebanon crossed into Galilee and massacred a large number of Israeli civilians. In Kiryat Shemona, the long suffering border town where they had struck in 1974 with brutal fury, the commandos disemboweled fifteen hostages, including a pregnant woman. Almost immediately the Lebanese army moved against the Palestinian guerrillas.

Artillery and tanks opened up on crowded refugee camps. The resulting carnage was atrocious. Tens of thousands of Palestinian guerrillas and civilians fled toward the Syrian border. Incensed, the Syrians sent tanks and some Palestinian units of the Syrian army to occupy the border town of Yanta, as they had done in previous guerrilla-army clashes. This time, however, the Lebanese army was waiting for them. The new Israeli tanks contributed by General Sharon, as part of his agreement with General Chebud, were stationed in the town. The Syrians did not expect to find them there, and they were driven out.

Now, the Lebanese army faced a very serious situation: Civil war raged between Christians and Muslims in Lebanon. The Muslim population of the north, backed by guerrillas, was in full revolt. Only the Shia Muslims of Sidon and the Druze remained loyal among the non-Christian population. At the same time the Syrians began infiltrating.

General Chebud took power as Provisional President, and took the ancient title of Suffette, in memory of the ancient Phoenician power: it was beginning to be a habit among the new dictators of the Middle East to found their political authority on the revival of some ancient traditions. This was part of the theatrical propaganda necessary to impress the masses, and it often gave a comic opera flavor to public affairs.

The Lebanese began to drive the angry refugees and the Muslims across the border.

Almost immediately Chebun called his Israeli ally.

"I need a diversion," he told General Sharon. "Will you open a diversionary front on the Golon? Just give me three days and I'll be in complete control."

"Okay, you've got it. I'll start an incident tonight."

And that night, the Syrian-Israeli front blazed with artillery and air raids launched by Israel. The Syrians met the attack, but it kept them from moving strongly on Lebanon. General Chebun secured a firm hold on his country, and repaid his debt to his secret ally by letting an Israeli armored brigade move surreptitiously through Lebanon to strike at Damascus from the north. This unit, attacking the next day, cut a wide swath of destruction through the Syrian countryside as they advanced toward Damascus.

President Kissinger watched the war with mounting dismay from his temporary vantage point near Rome. He had come there partly to escape from the tedium of Washington in the summer, and partly to get away from the squabbling about the new marijuana laws. He was

also curious to meet the new Pope John, whose extraordinary personality seemed to fascinate Christians as well as non-Christians, and seemed to promise a fruitful alliance.

The new Pope, Cardinal Renaldo, was a Roman aristocrat said to be responsive to the "New Age" ideas. His nephew had married Caroline Kennedy; he was a devotee of President Kissinger's "New Politics," and most shocking of all to Church traditionalists, he had announced his intention to abrogate the ancient ban on marriage for the clergy. The new Pope had taken the name Pope John XXIV to show his devotion to the broad, humanist, and ecumenical church of John XXIII.

Henry was amazed to discover one Rouault, two fleshy Matisse, and even one large Picasso—plus some Mondrians and Vasarolys—in the Pope's summer residence at Castel Gondolfo. He would have been delighted by the find in normal circumstances, but he was too disturbed to enjoy the delightful eccentricity of this modern leader of the Catholic Church. He was tortured by the realization that he was unable to tackle the new war. The old leverage technique was unusable now that Russia and China had been eased out of the Middle East. No longer could he threaten the Israelis with a Russian-backed Arab military machine. He could only point to the uselessness of the carnage, and to the world's rising indignation against the old power politics, against the traditional use of mass slaughter as a political tool.

"I've said it so many times before," Henry said. "I am almost afraid that to say the words puts a hex on me." He smiled somewhat sadly. "But the answer lies in a strengthened United Nations. Then and only then can the world truly be at peace."

"It is strange to me that you can think of peace in such a calm, detached way when the world is at war again," said the Pope.

"I always think of peace," said Henry. "Even in my sleep."

"You must strive for moderation, my son," said the Pope.

"You're joking, I hope," said Henry.

"As usual," sighed the Pope. "You dream of world peace when blood is being shed in inhuman, unnecessary wars. And I make jokes. Not very funny ones, at that."

For a moment the two men sat silent, each lost in his own thoughts. After a while, Henry looked up. "How do you resolve hatreds that go back to Biblical days?" he asked. "Israel and Ethiopia—Solomon and Sheba—that goes back three thousand years. How can one expect to solve such a conflict in three thousand minutes or hours or days?"

"You haven't done badly up to now," said the Pope.

"That's the irony," said Henry. "Before I really committed my soul to work for peace, I pitted one geographical area against another, one society against another, one race against another—and then equalized them, or neutralized them, or separated them. Now—" His voice trailed off.

"Now you are afraid that you are committing the sin of pride," said the Pope.

Henry shook his head.

"Call it hubris, then, if the religious connotation of 'pride' disturbs you. The fact is that you can *divine* ways to end a conflict. You can see how to do it, and you can do it. You must recognize this quality in yourself, my son, and not fear it. Now that you have given your soul to peace as you say—" The Pope smiled suddenly. "Odd that you should use the word 'soul,'" he added. "I shouldn't think it a usual one for you."

Henry smiled, too. "Must be something in the air here," he said.

"No doubt. But now that you are committed to peace, you need not fear your abilities. You need not minimize them. They are greater than you are. I would say that they are God-given, but I don't imagine you would phrase it that way."

Again the two men fell silent, and again it was Henry who broke the silence. "Do you know the code name for this little war?" he asked. "Armageddon. No wonder that little town in the Israel-Syria-Lebanon frontier region has always symbolized catastrophic warfare."

Pope John smiled. "To a religious mystic, Armageddon is the final escatological denouncement when the chastising hand of God stretches out in the sky to exact judgment above and below."

"Above and below?" questioned Henry.

"Your Zohar says, 'As above, so below,' four words that are worth their weight in gold. My son, my friend, I ask you, what are you going to do?"

Henry remained silent for a moment, refreshing his mind in the serene presence of his companion. "There is nothing much that I can do without you," Henry finally said.

"We are in dire need of a bold leader to solve our temporal problems," he added. "Caesar is in bad trouble, Your Holiness, and humbly requests your intervention. Would you consider going with me on a peace mission, to Jerusalem, Cairo, Damascus, Addis-Ababa?"

"Nothing would please me more," the Holy Pontiff quickly answered. "What better task for my Master's servant than to travel his route from Jerusalem to Damascus on his Master's work! Peace and Brotherhood are at the end of this mission."

"Okay John, you're hired," laughed Henry. And the two men embraced in a movement of great emotion.

It is a very high level peace delegation that was received with friendly pomp in Jerusalem, jointly by the Grand Rabbi Ha-Levi and the Shophet, General Sharon.

To the Pope and the President had been added several spiritual leaders who had spontaneously offered their support. The Dalai Lama, Krisnamurti, the Archbishop of Canterbury, several high ranking Sufis, Zen Buddhists, Coptic and Orthodox dignitaries. The extraordinary meeting in vast, silent and beautiful gardens on Gethsemane was witnessed by no one but the participants. It had been agreed on all sides not only to strictly forbid access to the media, but to keep the secret of those deliberations until definitive accord would have been reached by all.

The Jerusalem Peace Conclave will of course remain in our future history as the great turning point, as the beginning of universal reconciliation.

The Conclave established peace in that troubled land, but that one, limited gesture of good will was to signal the beginning of the new age, of the coming together of all mankind.

In his opening address, Henry Kissinger described his efforts to win peace, his attempt at creating a new type of direct, personal diplomacy, and how by establishing such authentic human contacts with the leaders involved, he had come to understand that in each one of them, deep down, lay the ardent desire to achieve peace.

But in the present geopolitical and emotional deadlock, none of those leaders clearly knew how to achieve peace, and contentment for their respective peoples.

"To overcome that deadlock, we beseech the highest spiritual authorities of this world to endorse the words of peace.

"Higher values than human pride must be evoked.

The Hebrew and Muslim peoples must rediscover their brotherhood in the history of the great Semite nation.

"Instead of condemning their own children to endless war and misery, they must devote all their energies, all their genius in the creation of a new world, of an exemplar of the power man has to recreate Paradise on Earth.

"Instead of fighting like two mangy dogs over a bone, your two worlds must stand up as men and work with love and intelligence at this great task.

"Those dry sands of the desert lands between your nations contain the secret of your rich and happy future.

"The Golon Heights are the size of a brick as compared to the territory you must reconstruct. Why spend your blood over so little when next to you lies a world of riches—if only you will open your eyes!

"Here you have all the sterile lands of the Semitic Zone—starting in Morocco and Mauritania is the Sahara—covering large parts of Algeria, Mali, Niger, Tunisia, Lybia—continuing through the Nile as the Arabian desert and leaping over the Red Sea to cover most of Saudi Arabia and Jordan, Syria and Iraq.

"In the old days, those empty spaces were the cause of your misery. They did not yield enough to keep one people away from starvation—let alone two.

"But today you have access to all the resources of our technology. You can transform those arid lands, in only a few years, into rich meadowlands, green forests; you can open mines and exploit your immense natural resources. You can restore the glory of the Ancient Kingdoms of Shem.

"These lands also constitute your bridge to black Africa. Instead of the arid barrier they are now, they must be transformed into lush frontiers that will knit your peoples together with the vitality and resources of the

African Black Zone. To do this you have your oil resources. You can use this money from your petrol wealth to produce a needed industrial belt in the area.

"Here you will avoid the ecological problems and disasters that so marked the industrial revolution of the West. You will so place your industrial areas that they do not destroy the traditional way of life of your people.

"Along the banks of the Nile and Tigris, Euphrates, Jordan and Litaney, the fellahs will, as always, cultivate their soil. Your goal must be nothing less than the recreation of the Garden of Eden.

"You must invent the rules of a new geojurisprudence, and institute equitable sharing in the resources of this vast land.

"Great dams will be built on all rivers to harness the water power of the Nile, Tigris, Euphrates, and Jordan. Next you will place powerful nuclear reactors at strategic points along the desert zones. These plants in cooperation with solar energy will provide the necessary power to begin the transformation, to make fertile the barren deserts of the Sinai, Negev and South Jordan. Similar combinations of dams, nuclear reactors, and solar energy will have to be employed at other key points in the region.

"Once the guns will be finally stilled along these bleeding borders, your people will awaken from their ethnic wars as though from a bad dream. Arabs and Jews will recall the legends of Joseph, Moses and Solomon. You will recall your common origins in the bosom of Father Abraham, and your common grandeur in the days of the Caliphates of Cordoba and Baghdad, Cairo and Damascus.

"Repository of a score of great past civilizations, your Pansemitic Confederacy will be more powerful than Assyria, more profound in its astronomical calculations than Chaldea or Arabia, more magical than en-

during Ethiopia, more sensuous than Babylon, and equal in every way of producing a new and more grandiose moral and scientific culture than Israel and Ishmael had before created."

After three days spent in the gardens of Gethsemane, the Conclave had reached agreement on new plans to enforce peace in the Middle East along the lines described by the American President.

Each participant made the solemn pledge to use all the spiritual authority he yielded over his followers to force the advent of peace, mostly by non-violent means. Per Vilayat Inayat Khan and the Coptic delegates conferred to combine the efforts of the Sufis and of the Ethiopian Coptic church in defusing Muslim extremism in Egypt.

Ismail Baruk had revealed himself a politically inept leader, and he had lost most of the credit he had first built up with his call to the violent instincts of the masses. He was assassinated by a Muslim Brother, one of his ex-supporters. Immediately after his death a coalition of students, peasants and workers made a pact with some elements from the army to control and eliminate the Green Sphinx movement. The coalition found in itself a clear majority who would follow the principles proclaimed by the Jerusalem Conclave, and gradually the entire Muslim world followed that example.

Peace was at last dawning on Earth.

CHAPTER XVIII

L'ENVOI

At the end of Henry Kissinger's second term, the entire planet had been brought a long way along the path of transformation.

The demographic explosion was mushrooming and it seemed certain, in 1984, that the seven billion mark would be reached by the second decade of the next century.

As a result, all the old structures, intellectual and political, were being shattered. The balance of the planet was being rapidly reversed, with the population of the poor countries multiplying at top speed, and that of the richer countries receding slowly but steadily. The economic, political, and human problems created by the resulting tensions were truly threatening.

Henry, a self-appointed arbiter, diplomat and peacemaker for the entire world, had acquired an intimate knowledge of the issues, no longer from a national but

from a global viewpoint, and he shared with Nancy and her revolutionary friends some pretty strong intuitions as to the shape of the future; but the worlds were in fusion, the dangers of collision were still enormous and threatening, and it took an infinite skill to maintain a peaceful balance between the opposite forces and to guess the nature of the next crisis so as to defuse it in time.

The fight for the succession of the outgoing Presidential team had started, although in a manner and on a level quite different from what had been the case up to the Nixon era. The Republican and Democratic parties had practically ceased to exist, and were replaced by a much more diversified and meaningful representation, with the youth vote and the women's vote solidly in control.

The economy had changed enormously in that short time. Industry had been disorganized by the energy crisis, dismantled by the ecological pressures, deflated by the disarmament policy—and even more so by the rise of the coop movement in the communes and the ethnically-reserved areas.

There was much talk of a new "clean industry," which would draw its inspiration from the communal movement, but would adapt its findings to the requirements of the outside world. Industry would now be harnessed to serve the needs of agriculture, education, science and spatial exploration, communication, housing and transportation—always under strict rules of ecological control.

But even outside of the communes, where the profit motive was unknown, the very motor of industrial progress was running out of fuel: commercial competition had lost all sense. Market economy was dead, the stock market had fallen into disuse, and Madison Avenue was only holding together thanks to the cobwebs. That had truly been the miracle of the seventies, that com-

plete conversion of an entire country to a different, simpler, less wasteful, and much more relaxed way of life.

To change the buccaneer salesman's mentality of the average American, his cheating habits, his greed and criminal egotism, that had been quite a job after the Nixon years. To show that all the Americans were responsible for Watergate, just as all the Germans had been responsible for Hitler's crimes—that had been Nancy's difficult task, as well as Teddy's. And they both had been remarkably good at it.

Strange to say, money was going out of fashion, and people were beginning to learn how to live, at long last . . . After so many years spent traveling up the inflation spiral, the Americans were caught in a deflationary vertigo. Prices were going down all the time: at first it had seemed uncanny, like a midnight sun . . . The businessmen going broke, and starting a new life on the farm . . . The media were dwindling, becoming humane and bucolic. The deep changes in everything that concerned work, social meaning, young people, education. It had been a peaceful revolution, a liberation, the conclusion of a long effort toward freedom which had been started in the sixties with the sexual liberation . . . For years the confrontation between the old world and the new one had seemed ominous. But the worst danger had been avoided over the black revolt, just when the revolt had already turned into a full-scale civil war. The youth revolt and the women's revolt had been relatively peaceful ones; and now quiet seemed to reign on all fronts. People were busy adjusting to a new life.

Now peace reigned, but it reigned over a country fragmented in many different units and areas, some of them totally independent, others organized in systems and federations. The majority of the population was still subject to the laws of the Federal government, in a somewhat elastic fashion. Out of two hundred and some millions, only 38 million inhabitants were paying

local or federal taxes; and those who paid anything had nothing much really to offer Uncle Sam, as profits were vanishing from the economy. America was taking the appearance of an abandoned factory overgrown with wild roses. The old generals in the Pentagon were quietly waiting for a last trip to Arlington Cemetery, to take their well-earned place next to their comrades. Even the cops were losing weight, assurance, and the right to carry a gun.

Henry had not met Kingsley since their dramatic confrontation in the CBS studios. When he entered the room, he immediately recognized the impact John Kingsley's presence had had on him at their first encounter. Henry thought that he would have called that quality "charisma" in the old days. That was the first thing he told John.

"Charisma! Another one of those obscene American words, like compassion, words stolen from the funeral parlor ads . . ."

"Well, what I wanted to say is that it is indeed a word that belongs strictly to the old political language. I wanted to say that, as a preface to a short statement, that I do not use the old language, and I do not use the old ideas. I have changed a lot in the past few years, John, along with the country, and with the Presidency. I think, I deeply believe, that all those changes are to the good, because they all lead toward human happiness, which is the conscious goal of my political effort."

"I have changed a lot, and I owe much of the merit of that change to you. And so does the country."

"Henry, I accept what you say. I believe in your complete truthfulness when you say it, and I want to add that I owe you as much as you think you owe me. If you had not played cool during our little debate, that would have been pretty bad for all of God's little chil-

dren. It took a great deal of intellectual courage to stay cool.

"But you know why I asked to see you today. I will be thirty-eight next month, and I feel that's the right age for me to become President of the United States of the Americas. I want to be President. I may take Nader as Vice-President, but I want to reassure you, you are not out of work. I've got the perfect, the natural job. The crowning of your career."

"What?"

"You will be the first President of the United Nations. I've talked to Secretary General Atbeg about it, and he is completely in favor of it. Your role will be to bring to conclusion what you have started to do as American President: the creation of a unified world structure."

"President of the U.N. . . . ?"

"I know the function does not exist now. But you became President of this country at a time when the laws seemed to make *that* impossible. Same thing with the U.N."

"Interesting. So you're doing all the planning around here, eh, young fellow? Well, I have always admired your sense of decision; not to speak of your sense of history; and your incredible gall. I will have to talk to Nancy, you understand. She's my partner."

"Well, you're welcome to do that. But you won't surprise her; we made these decisions together seven weeks ago. Hope that's all right."

Henry Kissinger's official appointment as first President of the United Nations, together with Genghis Atbeg's re-election as Secretary General, was to take place on the day of the summer equinox, 1984.

Orwell's year! And what a different picture was emerging from every corner of the earth.

Mankind was not reduced to slavery: on the contrary, it was discovering the many faces of real freedom. Big Brother was on the sick list. And the job ahead was truly exciting.

First of all, create a world citizenship which could be legally used in addition to, or instead of, a national citizenship; and issue a world passport to the millions who had already applied for one, including the Soviet Jews, and all other oppressed minorities everywhere. That would turn the U.N. into a political reality in a basic manner, practically everywhere under the sun.

A new bill of rights for the citizens of the world would be promulgated. The civil rights would include the inalienable right of access to a minimum food budget and social benefits—total freedom of opinion and of expression—total right of privacy—the guaranteed access to mobility—and to a continuing, lifelong education.

The World Bank was next. It was about to become an enormous clearing house for international exchanges, and an advanced planning office. It would become one of the vital organs of the future world administration.

Part of the planning included advanced research in nutrition and eugenics. The food crisis was being solved, thanks to the new massive production of cereals and proteins, to the use of algae and other sea products, and foods grown in the upper atmosphere. But a global ecology plan had yet to be designed, not just to control widespread pollution, but to give mankind a more complete control over its environment, and its destiny.

Rebuilding a world economy which eliminated waste and injustice would require as a first condition a universal monetary union. With all the national treasuries either bankrupt or over-saturated with useless reserves, an impasse had been reached in international exchanges; most countries had resorted more and more of

late to the old barter system. The time had come for a technical currency to be universally accepted and designed to measure production, present or future, and facilitate all exchanges. Who needs the gold standard in this day-and age?

Another major task of the renovated World Bank was to plan and finance vast public works, also on a global scale. Entire zones of the earth's surface would be transformed by forestation, fertilization, irrigation and strategic cultivation. The entire length of the Semitic zone, from West Africa to the Persian Gulf, was one of the first programs on the agenda; another soil reclamation program would be started across the entire Tropic of Cancer zone; and still another one would help to exploit the dormant wealth of Yukon, Alaska and Siberia. By the year 2000 there would be no more icy tundras, sandy deserts or swampy marshes. An uninterrupted system of interconnecting dams, channels and rivers was being projected that would revitalize vast areas of Afro-Eurasia and Inter-America.

The surface of the entire planet would be completely remodelled in no more than two generations. The nucleus of the great historical cities would be cured, restored, "humanized", but the ugly suburban fat around the nucleus would be fragmented into rural communities, with large areas being returned to nature.

Outside of the cities, the earth would be covered with forests, agricultural and pastoral communes, interspersed with sterilized, "integrated" factories, plant and wildlife preserves, universities and rural centers of education—all in ecological balance.

Industry had to be converted to these new objectives. In the hospitals, in the factories and in the fields, robots would be doing much of the work; in Northern Siberia and Northern Canada, for instance, most of the heavy mining in the icy tundra land was already being done by robots . . .

One of the greatest of Nancy's achievements had been to convert American industrialists to a new vision of the future. At first they had resisted, often with anger; and then they had been conquered, and their enthusiastic conversion had contributed much to the renovation of America, and it had been a powerful example for all of the planet's populations. The gradual acceptance of new rules, of noncompetition, of the harmonization and voluntary limitation of profits, these had been difficult victories to win against tradition, moral sloth, and the fear of the unknown.

One of the greatest changes now in progress had to do with the energy crisis of the seventies. That crisis had underlined the interdependence of all areas, and the self-destructive madness of the entire system. But now things were already beginning to look better. The fight against waste and the transformation of industry had reduced the energy requirements drastically. And much of what was still needed was provided by natural means. Atomic, solar and geothermic energy, sophisticated windmills, tidal stations, and the many new gravity devices were fast replacing the traditional combustion engines.

Education had long been waiting for its own revolution. That renovation had already provided the occasion, in America, for the elaboration of joint programs between the government and the communes. Vast nature camps had been opened on the periphery of most communes where children from both worlds were spending their early years in children's republics, kibbutz-type organizations run by the children themselves with nearly invisible adult assistance. This would give them a chance to define their own character and their own aspirations, and in many instances to escape from the unhealthy domination exercised by their failed progenitors. The movement, started in America, would gradually be extended to all countries. And that, in

turn, would help develop the vast exchanges of teenage populations which the communes had already started to organize on a world-wide scale.

Adults too would be offered a full opportunity to travel to their hearts' content, and to improve their skills and culture thanks to a system of education with centers distributed as widely as possible. Vast areas of unspoiled territory in Africa, Europe, America and Asia would be turned into vacation areas, but with such restrictions on population settlement as would be necessary to prevent the destruction of the natural milieu.

The more enlightened capitalists had already started collaborating on such projects, and one could foresee the time when a Swedish nurse or a German housewife would spend a one-year sabbatical as a member of a Tuareg or Beduin harem—when a Jamaican negro would go to Japan to perfect his knowledge of karate, or haiku poetry—when a Tibetan lama would sojourn for several years in Mecca or Jerusalem to study the tradition of the mullahs or of the rabbis.

Mobility would be the fuel of the new culture.

In the weeks preceding his official nomination, Henry was busy creating the basic structures of his future organization. The first step was to convene a permanent international counsel of wise men—geopoliticians of the new school, thinkers, researchers in many different fields, specialists in administration, education, industry . . .

He had to find some 500 of the best brains in every essential field—and they all had to be future-oriented, men and women who would have conquered their own inner freedom the hard way. Later, when the United Nations would transform itself into a world administration, the advisory counsel would automatically become the first World Senate.

His approach had been criticized because he was not following the rules of representational democracy. Henry was annoyed at his critics for their muddle-headed, old-style radicalism. Was the old electoral system fair and efficient? Of course it wasn't. It had never been more than the half-baked product of the 18th-century ideologies, a corrupt, repugnant fraud that had never served its original purpose.

To be fair and efficient, true democratic representation should express the real needs of mankind—instead of serving as a shameful coverup for the political depravities of the nation state. And first of all, representation had to be, to a great extent, depoliticized.

But all the convulsions that were agitating the planet today gave some idea of what a world democracy would look like, in the near future.

The nation-states were falling apart everywhere as political structures, and John Kingsley's "anti-nation" was making fast inroads into the popular consciousness everywhere. Soon now Spain and Portugal would form a federation of Iberic nations, while the Spanish Basques would unite with the French Basques and the Chilean Basques in a cultural union above the political border marked by the Pyrenees, and above 5000 miles of oceans and mountains. The Celtic peoples seemed ready to announce their own cultural confederation, which was to include Brittany, Cornwall, Ireland, Wales, and large portions of Scotland—which further weakened France and Britain as national states. After accomplishing its political unity, Germany had immediately organized a Germanic cultural union which extended from Zurich to Strasburg, Antwerp and Rotterdam. Inside the Soviet Union and on its Eastern European frontiers, inside India and China, each national culture was now allowed to bloom freely. The South-

American states and Central American federation were about to form a cultural union with the Iberic federation; and so were the Finns and the Hungarians, with the Kazaks and the Turks, in memory of their distant blood ties.

The most stimulating and extraordinary of those movements was no doubt the rebirth of French Provence not simply as a cultural region, but as the center of a cultural empire which covered nearly all the areas where the faith of the Catahars had spread in the middle ages. The dualistic philosophy and religion of the Catahars had been reconstructed, and many young people were practicing Catahr rites and meditation patterns, which were very close to Indian yoga. The Provencal and Languedocien dialects were also being revived as a national language which was being used from Dalmatia on the Yugoslav coast to Burgos in Northern Spain. The holy Catahr castle of Montsegur in the Pyrenees mountains had become again, after seven centuries, one of the most shining spiritual centers in the world; and in Toulouse, in Aix, Nimes, Albi, Arles, Carpentras, Montpellier, Genoa, Milan and Burgos, Occitan universities were springing from the ground, while Jeux Floraux, or poetic contests, were everywhere reviving the ancient songs of the Troubadours, dedicated to the quest of the soul and of perfect love.

That renaissance was truly a miracle, charged with symbolic significance. If ever the history of Western civilization had gone wrong, it was back in the 13th century when Simon de Monfort and his bloodthirsty barons had descended from the North of Europe to destroy the heresy of the Albigensians (or Catahars) which was threatening with its angelic purity the moral authority of the corrupt church of Rome. Two centuries of military oppression, genocide, and police control had finally eradicated the Catahr faith, with the help of the

ruthless Dominican inquisition. And so the feudal, war-like and oppressive system of the Northern barbarians had become the model for the new national structures; while the land of the good King René, the land of the Counts of Toulouse, which had been entirely dedicated in ancient times to peace and poetry, had been turned into a sparsely populated, sterilized colony.

Surely the rebirth of Provence was one of the most joyful and hopeful signs one could hope for. Henry felt that this long-suppressed Mediterranean culture, in a few generations, would truly become the new heart of old Europe.

Cultural unions and free flow economic systems were reducing the nation-states to phantom structures, but they still had to be dealt with. The European federation was well under way, under the impulse of the Franco-German coalition, after two centuries of false attempts and bloody wars.

It was time now for Henry's inauguration, and that was to take place in great pomp in the U.N. building, in Paris.

The man who had started the Celtic cultural union, and who had since then become Secretary General of UNESCO, Hervé was to make the inaugural speech.

Henry's appearance was practically unchanged, but for a little sobering silver at the temples, and when he appeared on the rostrum, a long ovation followed the introduction by Secretary Genghis Atbeg.

Then Hervé moved forward and read the speech which was to mark the end of passive history for mankind, and the beginning of planned history.

Mr. President,
Citizens of the World,

This unique day in the history of the human race is the first day of its accession to universal brotherhood and solidarity.

The utopia fed by the blood and hopes of a million heroes has at last found its expression in the world of politics.

Mr. President, you are one of us. You are a common man; your power does not derive from some supernatural sources as the monarchs of old, but only from our will to establish on this Earth a rule of Peace, for as long as mankind will last.

Mr. President, we, the People, elect you to accomplish this grand and glorious design because you were born a humble man, because you have known the shame and misery of the human condition more closely than most, and because, more than most, you possess the skills, the vision, and the energy needed to accomplish the grand design.

You are not our king, you are our delegate, our trustee, and our arbiter. You are the efficient instrument of the new democracy we are founding with you today, on this first day of the new age.

Mr. President, we elect you to this novel and supreme function, at the head of the United Nations, not as a reward, not to pay homage to your political and diplomatic genius, but because you are the best man amongst us to do the job at hand.

And since the first rule of the new age is truth, we must in truth declare that you have earned our trust not because of what you have been, but because of what you have become. Ten years ago we would not have given you the title and the function with which you are being invested today. Ten years ago you were the servant of power politics, you were deeply steeped in the extreme corruption which marked the last of the old age.

But, miraculously, your access to real power changed all that.

In your new responsibility as President of the United States of the Americas, you proved to all of us that you did not only have a vast political intelligence, but also a fervent soul in search of an ideal. You were no longer a hired hand, but an architect of peace diplomacy serving a purpose much higher than national domination.

You were able to read the message in the prodigious acceleration of history that has marked our times. You gradually learned to understand the madness of the politics of despair, of famine, of ignorance and shortage. You listened to the voice of freedom rising from all oppressed minorities—the poor, the young, the women, the ethnic minorities, the old people, the sick, the culturally deprived. You saw that social injustice was not only morally unfair, but that it opened the way to decadence and global destruction. You declared that since we could not realistically fight the demographic explosion, we had to live with it; and that the only key to survival was cooperation, free flow of products and of all values; and the simplification of all human exchanges, the elimination of all barriers—whether mental or political—and the institution of a universal commonwealth.

In one word, Mr. President, political experience turned you into one of the foremost protagonists of human brotherhood. That is the true reason why we are here today, that is why we feel that we can give you our complete trust. Because you have found truth the hard way, because you have effected your conversion with a clear vision of all that was entailed, because you have been touched by the prophetic grace, we elect you to be our guide for the greatest adventure mankind has ever known.

The revolutions of the 18th century rested on the

three principles of liberty, equality and brotherhood. The first two were turned into law. The third one was forgotten. To the men of the industrial age, the word "brotherhood" became merely decorative, empty of true meaning. Our fathers ignored the lesson of our grandfathers. But liberty and equality without brotherhood are like a triangle with only two sides: an impossibility. Democracy became a tragic mockery because of that misunderstanding. Brotherhood should have been the driving force, the dynamic principle—without which equality and liberty become in turn meaningless abstractions. We have opened our minds again to the true significance of brotherhood—as an ecological fact.

Mankind is only one body, a system in which each individual is related in a thousand ways to all other humans who live at the same time on this planet—and also to all humans who have ever lived, or will ever be born on this planet in the ages to come. Every one of our acts, every one of our thoughts affects the entire body of mankind throughout the aeons. And the human system must be seen in turn as part of Nature, that all-encompassing system which embraces every form of life not only on this planet but, as we understand it now, in the entire universe.

To convince ourselves that we were free and equal in the old days, we kept asserting our selfish rights, which resulted in political strife and in blind economic competition. We were taught to cheat and lie to survive and triumph in that so-called free, competitive society of ours, and our bad habits so corrupted and poisoned our lives that the very notion of human happiness came to be considered as a lie, as an impossible dream, as an empty electoral promise. Centuries of hesitations and permutations between liberalism and fascism produced a violent, destructive society, a world without hope and without joy. We were impotent, living a life of anger, of

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