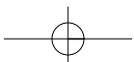
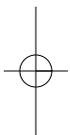


PART II

Life in Washington:
Unpredictable in Every Way



CHAPTER 4

Life with the
Foreign Policy Establishment

The Council on Foreign Relations inquires whether a council nonattribution rule has been violated when a U.S. Senate aide learns of a comment made by the Soviet ambassador in an off-the-record meeting. Two years later, confronted with proof that government officials are regularly violating this rule, the council is led to a constructive change in the rule.

But the council association proves its worth when a council clipping file reveals that a new magazine for which the author is being asked to become managing editor might have been the conduit for CIA funds.

The tension over MIRV almost cost me my fellowship at the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), a prestigious nonprofit organization of about two thousand members devoted to discussions of foreign policy.

It began when the council invited the Soviet ambassador, Anatoly Dobrynin, to give one of its normal off-the-record speeches at a gala black-tie reception that I attended along with about seventy others on January 23, 1970. Dobrynin mentioned, in passing, to the entire audience that MIRV was dangerous and that something should be done about it. At that time, my good friend Alton Frye was the administrative assistant and legislative assistant to Senator Edward Brooke, a distinguished black senator from Massachusetts. With his magnificent legislative skills, Frye had rounded up no less than fifty senators who wanted to oppose the testing of MIRV—tests that, once done, would make subsequent arms control agreements on the

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introduction of MIRV unverifiable and thus impossible to achieve. Frye, learning about Dobrynin’s remarks, called the Department of State to complain. Why, he wanted to know, was State constantly telling Brooke that the Soviet Union was uninterested in MIRV? Did not the Soviet ambassador’s remark show the opposite?

John McCloy, chairman of the board of the Council on Foreign Relations—and, at that time, also the chairman of the General Advisory Committee of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency—then asked the council’s executive director to look into whether I had violated the nonattribution rule of the Council on Foreign Relations by telling Frye what the Soviet ambassador had said in an off-the-record session.^[39]

I was therefore called on the carpet by the late George Franklin, the council’s executive director and one of the world’s sweetest men. I said I did not believe that it was I who had told Frye but pointed out—as so many in Washington tend to forget—that Congress is part of the government. Indeed, Senator Brooke and, by extension, Frye represented no less than half the legislature—fifty senators—on this issue. Why should Frye not be told? At least ten of the seventy guests worked for executive-branch agencies with intense interest in the subject of MIRV and arms control. Were not all of them writing memos for their superiors? What would happen to them if they told their superiors that they could not report the Soviet ambassador’s comments because of the council’s “nonattribution rule”? (They would, of course, have been sent to the loony bin.) Whom were we kidding about this? On hearing all this, Franklin told me not to worry. But I was sore.

At the termination of my fellowship, the council asked me to become a full (and lifetime) member. It seemed too “establishment” to me at the time, and I hesitated. I turned to an associate for advice—the Harvard biochemist Matthew Meselson—and he told me incisively that if I wanted to work in this field, membership was, really, a professional requirement. Recognizing the wisdom of this, I wrote a note to George Franklin saying—I am now embarrassed to report—that “on reflection, I have decided to join.” George responded evenly that he was happy that “on reflection” I had agreed.

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So I was a member when, a few years later, over lunch, Fred Ikle, then director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA), congratulated me on something I had said at the council. Asked how he knew, he said that one of his staff had provided him with a relevant memo on it! This was my smoking gun.

I turned on the council staff, reminding them of my earlier tribulation, and insisted that the attribution rule be changed to legitimize the discussions that were, in any case, taking place between council members and between the council and government officials.^[40] And, two years later, after intense study, it was. So far as I know, no problems have come up with the new rule.⁴¹

I came to love the council and the good fellowship of persons of quite different political views. It was indeed useful to be a member. For one thing, I recommended that Frye receive his own International Affairs Fellowship and, as a result, he later joined the council and rose to be its senior vice president. And the meetings were often quite interesting. But one thing was astonishing. In one election, there were nine candidates competing for eight positions—in effect, one's vote was reduced to *not* voting for just one person. And then it got worse; Winston Lord, the president of the council, proposed that the voting become eight for eight.

In a letter of February 11, 1985, Chairman of the Board David Rockefeller announced the abolition of all choice, which he described, in a nicely understated phrase, as “vesting somewhat greater authority in the Nominating Committee.”⁴² The reason lay on the front page of *The New York Times* some time before. Henry Kissinger—a lion of the foreign policy establishment and, indeed, the person who had proposed Lord for president—had been revealed in the *Times* as the odd man out in the last election. Only he had lost, of nine candidates. And because of the mathematics of a nine-for-eight election, he had done so with almost two-thirds of the voters voting for him.^[43]

The ballots now provided absolutely no choice while solemnly requiring that each person vote for all eight candidates or the ballot would not be accepted.^[44] After a few years of this, I could stand it

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no more.^[45] I decided to rebel and reduced my proposal to a single sentence—always a good idea:

In elections for the Board of the Council on Foreign Relations, the Nominations Committee should offer the Council membership substantial choice by putting forward a slate of candidates substantially exceeding the number of vacant positions on the Board.

Then, in a fashion that was unprecedented, I stood outside the doors of the Washington council office and collected signatures. As I got some, I mailed out new petitions with the affirming names attached. After a few such cycles, I had 109 famous names, including a very wide political range, from George McGovern to General Edward Rowley and many in between. Even President Carter pitched in with a private letter. As a consequence, the council set up a relevant committee, and the rules were changed.^[46] This episode fixed in my mind the fact that most people will *not* rebel and many will go along—even with the ridiculous.

The ABM Debate Continues

During my fellowship year at the council, in 1969–1970, I was less of a scholar and more of an activist. The book that I had hoped would emerge from the fellowship did not materialize, but an article in the council journal, *Foreign Affairs*, did (“When and How to Use SALT”). The article emphasized the role of domestic politics and concluded that “an approach that puts domestic debate first may be not only an *alternative* to a formal treaty but a precondition.”⁴⁷

I was also busy publishing articles urging congressional involvement in strategic issues. The fifty-to-fifty vote on the ABM had been the only close Senate vote in the entire Cold War on a defense issue, and I hoped for more. On March 1, I was the first “guest” advocate on an installment of the then-famous television show *The*

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Advocates. On that show the question was, “Should the Congress appropriate further funds to maintain, improve, or protect land-based missiles in the United States?” I opposed such efforts to use ABM systems for the purpose of defending intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs). Five days later, on March 6, on *The Washington Post* op-ed page, I discussed two SALT approaches. The first approach would be a permanent agreement on total size that would permit, under the quota limits, ever-changing modernization (in the end, the United States took roughly this approach). The other was an “interim freeze,” an “attempt to negotiate, in the course of a few months, a jury-rigged comprehensive freeze that would hold together for, let us say, two years.” I urged the latter.

On December 28, 1969, the council of the Federation of American Scientists met in Boston in a fateful meeting. Founded in 1945 by Manhattan Project atomic scientists as the Federation of Atomic Scientists, it had welcomed other scientists in 1946 by changing the name so as to keep the initials the same.

FAS had played an important role from 1945 to 1948 in efforts to maintain civilian control of atomic energy. And it had continued to function through the darkest Cold War years in the 1950s and 1960s. But FAS had sunk to a rather low ebb by 1969, with an annual budget of about seven thousand dollars a year and, of course, a mostly volunteer staff.

A mainstay of the volunteer organization, the physicist and former Arms Control and Disarmament Agency staffer Leonard Rodberg, suggested that FAS double the dues and hire a full-time paid director. But the candidates he rounded up for this position seemed too young, too grass-roots oriented, and, indeed, too unkempt, in the eyes of FAS officials.

I was a member of the Executive Committee at that time and had prepared most of the arms control statements since joining in 1962. Recognizing that my career as a fellowship bum was coming to an end—two fellowships back-to-back was about as much as anyone could expect—I offered to step down from the Executive

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Committee to serve as the executive director if, indeed, Leonard Rodberg himself did not wish to do so.

Leonard said nothing. So the council agreed eagerly with my proposal. I reflected that life as an activist in Washington would suit me much better than life as a scholar. But would there be enough money, even with Leonard’s experiment of doubling the dues from \$7.50 per person to \$15.00? There were only about a thousand members at the time. In today’s dollars, it meant, if everyone agreed to pay the higher dues, an annual budget of about sixty thousand dollars.

Enter *Foreign Policy* Magazine

I began considering treating FAS as a half-time job and considered, for the second half, becoming the first editor of a new magazine, *Foreign Policy*. Two distinguished persons were wooing me to do exactly this: the late Warren Manshel, an apparently wealthy stockbroker who later became the U.S. ambassador to the Netherlands (in 1978) and was now *Foreign Policy*’s publisher-to-be and chief financial angel; and Irving Kristol, a leading conservative thinker who was then editor of *The Public Interest*.

After Mandel had wined and dined me at the Century Club and at the Hotel Pierre restaurant, at his home one night he said, “Midnight is striking—you have to make up your mind.” He raised his offer from ten thousand to twelve thousand dollars a year; this was an offer of about fifty thousand dollars in current dollars for half-time work, and the work seemed attractive. But I was nervous. Sam Huntington, the renowned Harvard professor of political science, had recommended me to Manshel, and I remembered Sam saying that Manshel had worked for the CIA and that “I am not sure he ever left it.”

I repaired to the Council on Foreign Relations the next morning and consulted their clipping file. There I found a *New York Times Magazine* article on one of the CIA-front organizations much discussed in 1967: *Encounter* magazine.⁴⁸

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The article was written by none other than Irving Kristol, who had worked for *Encounter*. He denied being “witting” to its CIA involvement but said the magazine had been sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom and acknowledged that “both the Congress and *Encounter* were subsidized by the C.I.A.” And his article referred to “the executive secretary of the Congress for Cultural Freedom—who had a ‘witting’ connection with the C.I.A., as he has since candidly admitted.”

I was able, that same day, to determine that Warren Manshel had worked for the CIA from 1952 to 1954; then, after this remarkably short formal involvement, he had become the—guess what—“Executive Director, Congress for Cultural Freedom” from 1954 to 1955. In 1955 he had returned to New York and joined a brokerage house (Coleman and Company). And in 1965, he became the publisher of Kristol’s periodical, *The Public Interest*.^[49]

I broke out in a cold sweat. How would it seem if it came out that I was editing a magazine published by the same people who had previously been backed by the CIA—one of whom had actually worked for the agency? In such a case, who would believe this was not another CIA publication like *Encounter*? Of course, the rules on CIA involvement in domestic organizations had changed, as noted earlier. But could not the CIA have found some way around them? (According to a document that had escaped from a Council on Foreign Relations study group, one year before my dilemma, some had urged the CIA, after the scandal concerning the National Student Association, to do just that—to go under deeper cover, i.e., not to support American organizations directly but, somehow, to do so indirectly.)^[50]

I speculated that a stockbroker like Manshel who had a connection with the CIA could easily be provided with monies in the form of commissions for handling covert parts of the CIA’s vast budget. Then, by prearrangement, some of those brokerage fees could be used to set up anything the CIA (and Warren Manshel) wanted.

I liked Manshel but decided to withdraw quietly and work for FAS full-time. On hearing that I was declining, which I had sig-

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naled to Sam Huntington but not yet to Manshel, Warren called on a sunny May Saturday afternoon. He was concerned, he said, that if it became known that I would not serve as managing editor for some reason that reflected badly on the new *Foreign Policy* magazine, he would not be able to get it started.

I told him that it was not my intention to defame his project. And though I didn't mention my suspicions, he obviously knew what they were. I was not then against what he might well be doing; I just did not want to be part of it. And when *Foreign Policy's* next choice for managing editor, John Franklin Campbell, called me to voice the same apprehension, I did not share my fears with him.^[51]

By this time, I was acquainted with three quite senior Soviet officials: Georgi Arbatov, director of his Center for the U.S.A. and Canada; N. N. Inozemtsov, director of IMEMO; and M. D. Millionshchikov, vice president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. All were visiting Washington as part of a Soviet delegation to a Convocation for Peace. I had invited more than a hundred people to my cramped rented town house to receive them. The guests included Henry Kissinger, then the national security adviser, who arrived in a car accompanied by a guard with a pistol on his hip. It was May 2, 1970, the day the United States invaded Cambodia.

Later, in the town house next door, Millionshchikov became everlastingly grateful to me for the opportunity to describe to some American experts on "turbulence" how he had been able to derive a well-known constant for fluid flow through a pipe with the calculus of variations. It was, he confided to me, the first time in thirty years he had come up with something publishable, since his work at the academy was too demanding to allow him time for research.

In Moscow, the fall before, he had described to me the Kafkaesque scene at his dissertation oral in 1917. As was the custom at Ph.D. orals, three candidates presented themselves simultaneously to answer whatever they could. In this case, he had been brilliant, another student competent, and a third student had been able to answer no questions at all.

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The chairman of the dissertation committee regretfully advised the third candidate that he had failed. The candidate rose up and said, "It is you who are wrong. This is the year of the great socialist revolution. Russia has become a socialist country. We three candidates have presented ourselves as a collective. The collective has answered all your questions and so it passes, and I, as a member of the collective, also pass."

Millionshchikov was astonished to see the frightened professors back down in a country that had, they well knew, not the slightest idea what socialism should mean. The student passed. Perhaps, from that moment, socialism in Russia was doomed.