

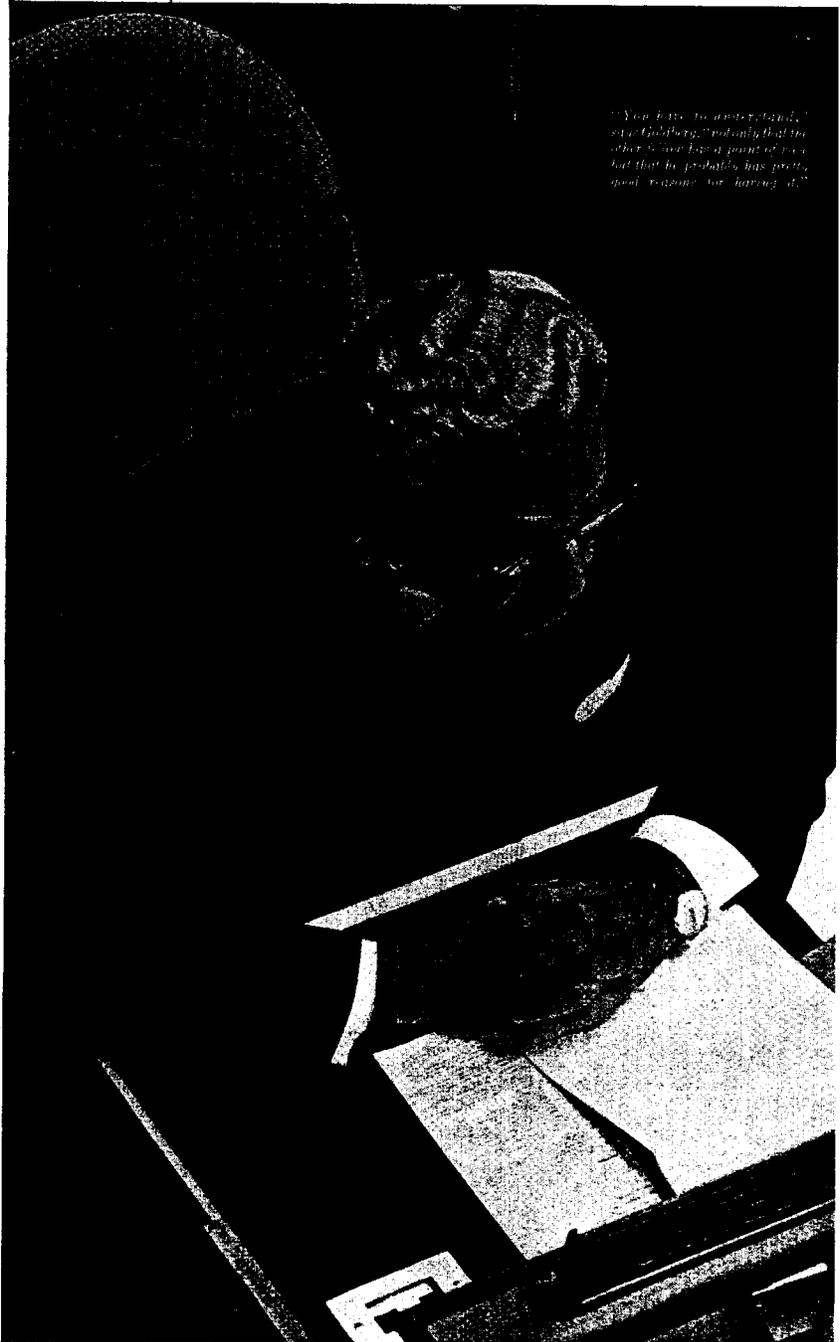
A professional mediator, Arthur Goldberg now confronts the myriad problems of the United Nations. Are the prospects encouraging? Well . . .

**'I'm
not
discouraged
either.
Got it?'**

BY ROGER KAHN

It is half a year now since Adlai Stevenson fell dead in a London street and a peddler's son was hired to replace him. (A "complete surprise," said *The New York Times*, but a "brilliant" choice.) It has been a terrifying season for mankind, and Arthur Joseph Goldberg, the freshman American ambassador to the United Nations, is walking shakily for the first time. On a damp November day, when the Rhodesian crisis was at issue before the great powers in the Security Council, Arthur Goldberg began to feel dizzy. He left the hall without help at the close of debate, but that evening he was unable to serve as host at a private showing of a film lionizing Stevenson. "To tell you the truth," Goldberg said afterward, "I thought I was having a damn stroke, right out there on the floor."

"You have to understand," says Goldberg, "not only that the other is one big point of view but that he probably has pretty good reasons for having it."



Photographs by Philippe Halsman



In private Goldberg and bow-tied Nikolai Fedorenko of the Soviet Union can entertain each other and enjoy a joke.



But on the floor of the United Nations both men are all business.

The list of delegates runs to a full 193 pages. Says Goldberg: 'I'm like a lawyer with 116 clients.'

Actually Goldberg, who is not florid and certainly not apoplectic, was feeling the first effects of a virus infection in the middle ear. For days he suffered from vertigo that kept him in bed within the ambassadorial apartment in the Waldorf Towers, 42 floors above Manhattan. For weeks after that he had to navigate with such caution that every curbstome became an adventure.

It was an unsettling experience—people who have suffered from similar infections describe them as thoroughly unpleasant—perhaps particularly unsettling to a man with Goldberg's specific set of gears. Before the illness, his walk, like his manner, usually was described as jaunty or cocky, and he maintained a consistently exhausting pace without falling sick. "But this job at the U.N.," Goldberg says humbly, "is the toughest job I've ever had. Why, I've been able to have just five dinners alone with my wife since August. Five." Goldberg repeats, shaking his head for emphasis, but slowly, so as not to disturb his middle ear.

"The day," he says, "starts at eight or so when I begin going over State Department reports. After that, staff meetings and meetings with ambassadors, foreign ministers, important men. Sometimes they can help me. Sometimes they want me to help them. Add to that my work on the floor or in the committees and the evening meetings and the formal dinners and the private ones. They're all a part of this job." Goldberg pauses

before he concludes in a matter-of-fact way that muffles the impact of the words: "I can see now what brought Adlai down."

One does not really expect to hear Arthur Goldberg musing about mortality. Like so many others drafted into government service by John Kennedy, he is devoutly young-in-heart. His background suggests a man totally involved in life. Getting ahead in life. Getting the most out of life. Being useful in life. Wanting 100 years of life. Goldberg has come very far very fast, playing within the rules, and by and large he likes what he has seen. He is proud of himself.

Before entering government work he was a labor lawyer, the best labor lawyer, an incredibly persuasive man who earned in excess of \$100,000 a year from union clients without losing the respect of big business. Enlisted as Secretary of Labor by John Kennedy, Goldberg immediately became one of Kennedy's "two or three most important cabinet members." From the outset Kennedy consulted him not only on matters of labor, but on economics, defense and personal headaches. When the President had that final soulful session during which he convinced an uncharacteristically coy brother to become Attorney General, the only other person in the room was persuasive Arthur Goldberg. "Arthur," suggests a friend, "could have come up with a reasonable response to anything Bobby might possibly have said, even if Bobby had wanted to say a lot."

After less than two years in the Cabinet, Goldberg ascended to the Supreme Court, following the late Felix Frankfurter, who in turn had followed the late Benjamin Cardozo to the court's "Jewish seat," a reality which politicians often deny exists. He was 54 when he joined the bench, and the happy saga of Goldberg seemed to have reached a satisfactory conclusion. Before him stretched an honored and magisterial old age, enlivened by Seders, secular banquets and Washington Redskin football games.

Goldberg was surprised last July when Lyndon Johnson asked him to become ambassador to the United Nations. "The first thing I did," he says, "was suggest to the President a number of

Americans who might be more suitable for the job than I." A pragmatist, he was surprised but not struck dumb. Johnson invited Goldberg to fly with him to Stevenson's funeral, and in the presidential jet, on the way to the burial, Arthur Goldberg said yes, he was willing, yes, he would leave the bench, yes. "I thought," Goldberg says, "what the hell. The country has given me two wonderful jobs. I owe the country something for that. I can't say no, even if this job is a tough one."

No one questions Goldberg's integrity or memory, but some do point out, in the interest of completeness, that he was not divinely happy on the bench. "The secretary's phone rang all the time," Goldberg had remarked. "The justice's phone never rings." To someone else he had observed in surprise, "They don't even give you a car in this job." An outgoing, mobile man, Goldberg, some of his friends now suggest, was appointed to an introspective judicial job 10 years too soon.

Sending Goldberg to the United Nations is a good example of Lyndon Johnson's political genius. In Goldberg, Johnson found a man who had the immediate, almost automatic support of everyone dedicated to the U.N. Liberals talked of his forcefulness and assured one another that Goldberg would never bow to humiliations as Stevenson, however unhappily, had done. Conservatives, such as Everett McKinley Dirksen, a Seder guest of the Goldbergs, liked his practical bent. There was nothing "fuzzy in Arthur's thinking." Editorial writers, first noting that labor-management disputes were not exactly comparable to arguments between sovereign states, then observed that they were not exactly different either. *Viva Goldberg!* is what the editorialists concluded. Thus Johnson had what he may value more than anything else: a national consensus cheering an unexpected move by Lyndon Johnson.

The President seems less sure of the international scene, and international observers seemed less sure of Arthur Goldberg. Arab delegates announced that they were going to consider him a Zionist, until he proved that he was not. ("We have transcripts of speeches he has made to B'nai B'rith," said one.) Others spoke of his



and their business is being adversaries. Here Ambassador Goldberg doggedly attacks Soviet support of North Vietnam and Ambassador Fedorenko just as doggedly tries to look bored.

inexperience in world affairs. Foreign diplomats deeply admired Adlai Stevenson, and it is doubtful that any new American ambassador who was not a bald, sad-faced, eloquent Princeton liberal could have won them over very easily.

Goldberg, a Crane Junior College man with a midwestern twang and a driving lawyer's bluntness, did not soon charm them. His first impression came in a formal public speech which displayed him at his worst. Generally, he makes no ringing phrases, his wit is slight and his references are legalistic, not classical. In this speech, his opening statement to the General Assembly, he compounded these negative qualities with such a superfluity of references to Johnson that a West European remarked, "We might have been listening to a Russian praising the Chairman."

Aware of his limitations as an orator, Goldberg

proceeded to devote himself to that which he does best: meeting people singly or in small groups, head to head. There are 117 nations in the U.N., and the roster of delegates runs 193 pages long. (Goldberg remarked not long ago, "My God, I'm like a lawyer with 116 clients.") Meeting hundreds of delegates during a General Assembly session with more than 100 items on its agenda—"That's nearly 12,000 country positions on individual items"—provides some measure of the pace Goldberg found rough.

"I'd like to ask a rude question and a philosophical one," someone said to the ambassador the other evening as the black limousine, license number S 201, drifted through Manhattan traffic toward the Waldorf-Astoria. It had been a long workday and it was going to be longer. Goldberg puffed his cheeks and nodded. "Go ahead."

"There are reports the President promised you something better, say the Vice Presidency next time, if you'd take this job."

Goldberg waved his hand impatiently. "That's foolish," he said. "I left political life when I joined the Bench. What's the philosophical question?"

"Well, now that you've been here for a while, I was wondering what you thought of the future of the U.N. and the future of man in a nuclear age."

"That," Goldberg said slowly, "certainly is a philosophical question. It is the philosophical question." He stared toward the red telephone opposite him in the back of the limousine and seemed disinclined to answer further.

"Are you encouraged?"

"No," Goldberg said heavily, "I wouldn't say that. I'm not encouraged. Peace is such a fragile thing. It can be threatened in so many places in so many ways. I'm not encouraged, but you can say this: I'm not discouraged either. Got it? Don't say I'm encouraged. Say I'm not discouraged. That way you'll be about right."

The answer seemed to cheer him and he mentioned the party to which he was going later. "The ambassador who's giving it seemed to be in, uh, a bit of trouble with his foreign minister, and I gather the idea of the party is to impress the foreign minister, who's in town. Maybe we can all do ourselves a little good tonight."

The total good that Goldberg has done at the United Nations is difficult to evaluate after one Assembly session. Most of his work at the U.N. and in Washington involves continuing issues. Further, Goldberg himself is impressed to the point of awe with the mystique of diplomacy. He is so secretive about his private positions that he constantly disappoints liberal audiences who hope for hints of a dissent from Johnson's policy on Vietnam. Indeed, if the U.N. were not such a turbulent confluence of secondary sources, it might be hard to learn if Goldberg has done any real good at all. But certain ratings can be made.

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Goldberg's impact on the world beyond the U.S. and the U.N. is not comparable to Stevenson's. It may never be, since he lacks Stevenson's eloquence. His impact within the U.N. constantly grows. More and more delegates are impressed by his persuasiveness. More and more are aware that he can reach the President by phone within minutes. More and more are concluding that he is a man of power, and the early snobbish jokes about his "exuberant vulgarity" are subsiding, power and humor being largely incompatible. Particularly in view of the unpopularity of such samples of U.S. foreign policy as the Dominican intervention and the Vietnamese war, Goldberg has made an excellent beginning. After one session of the General Assembly, that is all it is, a beginning.

"Come up to my office," Goldberg had said in the limousine, and now, in the office, he was more inclined to discuss beginnings than ends. "Look at this," he said. "A walking stick the Ghanaians gave me. A genuine chief's walking stick." He was almost a boy with a toy. "With the vertigo I can really use this," he said. He proceeded to a straight-backed Kennedy rocker and remarked, grinning, "We can talk while I exercise."

The office is big and suffused with the hiss of a forced-air ventilation system. There are two pictures of President Johnson ("To a distinguished and wise public servant with the esteem and warm affection of his friend") and one of John Kennedy ("With respect and high expectations."). A painting by Mrs. Goldberg, a non-representational artist, radiates strong colors from one wall.

"My father," Goldberg was saying, "left Russia in an unusual way, across Manchuria. He entered the United States in California and in 1894 he walked across Texas. He was a peddler. He sold what he carried on his back. Imagine that. Crossing the whole state of Texas on foot."

Joseph Goldberg, the father, traveled all the way to Chicago, where he married Rebecca Perlstein and made a living delivering produce. He sired eight children and died when the youngest, Arthur Joseph, was three years old. It was a gutter-poor childhood that Arthur Goldberg recalled in the big office with the signed pictures of two Presidents. He had to go to work at 12 as a delivery boy in a shoe factory. But he stayed in school, Benjamin Harris High, Crane Junior College, and then, working nights in the post office and working on vacations in a construction gang, he put himself through Northwestern University Law School. He graduated at the head of his class and, by special dispensation, was permitted to take the Illinois bar examination before he was 21.

The rest of his story is more familiar. There was labor law through the 1930's, when he represented the Chicago Newspaper Guild, the Steelworkers, the Packing House Workers. He married Dorothy Kurgans in 1931, and the couple had two children, both now grown. He served with the OSS in World War II, and afterward his practice gravitated more and more toward Washington. He became general counsel to the C.I.O. in 1948 and was "chief architect" of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger in 1955, an event Dorothy marked with an abstract painting. His special gift was mediation. Businessmen were glad to see Goldberg at the bargaining table. Usually this meant no strike.

"There isn't any single secret to mediation," Goldberg was saying in his office, "but primarily you have to understand not only that the other fellow has a point of view but that he probably has pretty good reasons for having it. That certainly carried over from labor to here. But, of course, labor, like management, works within the framework of American government. Here we have nations with all different schemes.

"In mediating," Goldberg said, rocking slowly, "you have to be patient and persevering and, as you may gather from the Rhodesian Resolu-

tion, you cannot afford pride of authorship."

Religion came up, and Goldberg said that it was a fool's issue. "I should think, after President Kennedy, this country would be beyond raising religious questions," he said. "It is no longer a problem for the Arabs here. Why, we have them at our parties and they ask me to theirs." The rocking stopped. "For heaven's sake," the ambassador said. "I'm not the delegate from Israel. I'm the delegate from the United States."

He spoke of dissent, a Vietnam peace march, as being distinctly different from dissension. Well then, how did he fare with his own dissents on foreign policy within the Administration?

The answer came back short and tough. "I have my say."

The talk went smoothly until suddenly and abruptly the ambassador ran out of time. The door to the big office closed, leaving him alone with State Department papers and a phone that would not stop ringing and an appointment book so crowded that he displays it with delight.

Soon it will be 21 years since the United Nations, 50 countries celebrating their own survival and the pyre of Hitler, gathered in San Francisco to write a charter. Behind them lay the wreck of the League of Nations, and they needed most of all a schema that would work. The framers decided as a fundamental that the great powers which had

fought on the same side in two World Wars within 30 years would get along with one another. Thus all nations were enrolled in the General Assembly, which could recommend but could not act, and power was reserved for the Security Council, where the five great nations—China, France, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States—had the ultimate weapon of veto.

A remarkable achievement of the U.N. is that it has survived the years of U.S.-Soviet conflict. It has done more than that. In Palestine and in Suez and in the Congo and in Cyprus, actions by the U.N. have brought crises under control. One tends to assume that some of these were minor crises, unlike Vietnam, but it may be that fast U.N. action is the reason that they stayed minor.

"I wonder," Goldberg says, "if in a nuclear time you can properly describe any crisis as minor. The world has run out of Sarejevos. I am not suggesting that multilateral negotiation is the only way, but it is one way, and to keep the peace we must pursue all ways."

At such points in a discussion, the relentless, white-haired ambassador who prides himself on his endurance seems almost weary. It is, after all, a fierce thing to face every day the cruelest fact of our time: The survival of man and his planet are no longer assured. "I am not discouraged," Arthur Goldberg says, almost as if he were trying to convince himself, "not discouraged." □

Correspondents converge for a party, there is more work to be done, but Goldberg steals a minute to kiss Dorothy hello.

