

Part
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The Kissinger Accords

THERE IS something affectingly humble about Henry Kissinger's recent decision that he needs a literary agent. Can it be that the ultimate negotiator, the man who confidently bestrides the world manipulating nations like a vest pocket trader on the commodities exchange, feels uneasy when confronted with the Rabins and Sadats, the Nguyen Van Thieus and Le Duc Thos, of Publishers' Row?

In his time of need, the Secretary has turned to Marvin Josephson, president of International Creative Management, who will represent Mr. Kissinger with the dozen or so publishers who have already bid for his memoirs, a presumed publishing bombshell that they confidently expect to command the best-seller lists in about two years. ICM is one of that handful of agencies that specialize in making life easier for the stars, sometimes protecting their financial interests and sometimes just handholding.

So what could be more natural than for a star quality performer like Henry Kissinger to turn his case over to Mr. Josephson, who also handles Barbra Streisand's work, as well as that of Steve McQueen and Isaac Stern and Lawrence Olivier. Mr. Josephson's diplomatic mission is to get the most for Secretary Kissinger, just as for any client. The asking price for American publication rights is \$2 to \$3 million, according to the publishing grapevine. And then there are foreign rights (who will do the German translation?), staff expenses, television, limousines—perhaps, even, the

movies. Before it's all over, as the project stays in the news (the present peg is that matter over ownership of the telephone conversation transcripts) the public relations buildup probably will swell to dimensions utterly effacing even such present promotional landmarks as "King Kong" or "The Hite Report."

Faced with undertakings of this magnitude, we can imagine the Secretary's anxieties. Our heart goes out to him as he prepares to suffer through it all. And our best wishes go to Mr. Josephson as he shuttles from board room to board room to keep his new client satisfied. Will a "senior official" speak for him—anonymously, of course? Will the deal he finally reaches actually hold? Will the parties all agree in the end that what they got is what they bargained for? Will there be any secret agreements that we won't be told about? Will the Kissinger Accords be a replay of Sinai, or will they be more like Paris, or Helsinki?

Mr. Josephson clearly has his work cut out for him. But the rewards could be immense, and not just for Mr. Kissinger, or simply in monetary terms. Suppose he pulls off the publishing deal of the century? What new opportunities might the future hold for him? A call from President Carter, or Secretary Vance? Is it possible in the months ahead that we will be witnessing, in the work of Mr. Josephson and International Creative Management, the birth of a new star—a star even bigger than Henry Kissinger himself—in the great theater of international creative diplomacy?