

Railroads have a big advantage over the State Department. When an engineer dies, automatic devices take control. The train and its passengers are safe. But the State Department and the country are not so fortunate. George Marshall and John Foster Dulles are dead. They are respected, revered - almost deified in some quarters. But the mythology they created still controls the State Department. The fictions they converted into national policy, eloquently and ardently expressed, still are ~~control~~ national policy.

As children we learned and laughed at the fable of The Emperor's Clothes. As adults, we are the throngs lining the path of the naked Emperor's procession, and we marvel to each other at his beautiful raiment.

George Catlett Marshall had a great vision, to help Western Europe's ~~re~~ economic reconstruction from the devastation of the second World War. His place in history now seems to most people assured by the plan that bears his name. Yet historians of the future, assuming there is a future history to record, may pay more attention to a petty meanness, almost forgotten today. He was a pre-McCarthy McCarthyite. In a "heads we win tails you lose" deal involving a ^{sub} picaresque appropriation, he cowed before a tiny group of Congressional Neanderthals and summarily fired ten State Department employees in an undemocratic, Un-American manner that could have stigmatized them for life. The lesson was not lost upon all other State

Department employees, then or since. The effect was to emasculate thought, blind research, stifle reporting, and cripple analysis. It is no longer folklore, it is fact that the surest way to end a promising career in the State Department is to be an original thinker, to report facts the way they really are, or to perform brilliant analysis, if they do not conform to national policy. And, of course, to end a promising career in personnel, management or administration to be directly or indirectly responsible for the hiring of anyone who dared let his mind wander outside the confines of national policy.

Millions of men who served under George Catless Marshall during World War II when he was chief of staff were indoctrinated with this idea: the American soldier had a tremendous advantage over his Nazi adversary. The American was taught to think and do for himself; the Nazi depended on orders. Without a leader the Nazi was lost. The American was independent, self-reliant. When the war ended and George Catlett Marshall was made Secretary of State, his files bulged with untold thousands of pages of captured German Foreign Office files. Many have been publicly released, and others have been made available to writers and scholars. The almost totally suppressed part of these files showed that what had been alleged of the Nazi soldier's handicap was a clearly established fact of life in the Nazi

Foreign Service. Hitler's dream was the Nazi diplomat's fact. Never, once Hitler was firmly entrenched, did anyone survive reporting or analysis that even remotely contradicted the Fuehrer's intuition. They all learned it and they lived by it.

If Hitler decided the average American was afraid to fight, the Embassy in Washington dutifully reported that Americans, by and large, feared the Third Reich. Did Hitler believe Latin Americans loved him? He was soon convinced how right he was, for his Embassies flooded Herr Ribbentrop with paeans of praise to the Fuehrer.

Of course, all the documents weren't captured, and all those captured weren't made public. When George Catlett Marshall was in charge of the Army and it came upon Nazi repositories in salt mines and other unusually storage places that were soon to be under Russian administration, it was policy to destroy those files that couldn't be removed before the Russians took over. Thousands of Germans escaped punishment this way, and many, as we have since seen, have risen to positions of authority and power since then. Didn't the author of the Nuremberg laws become the highest civil servant in West Germany? And have you ever seen anything in print incriminating Latin America's two-bit Hitlers? You won't, either, and not because we didn't get the goods on them. For example, the Nicaraguan butcher Somoza called in the Italian Ambassador and asked to be taught how Mussolini did it. But Mr. Somoza and his sons and other successors have been a sure vote for the State Depart-

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ment at the United Nations, and in the Organization of American States. We can depend on them, now, to go down the line against Castro. Why embarrass them by revealing their complicity with foreign fascism? And while we're at it, why not ignore ~~the~~ ^{their} personal fascism, the tyranny with which they maintain themselves in power? After all, isn't it a basic American principle that a vote is a vote? Didn't Senator Barry Goldwater, when a candidate for President, say he wanted all the John Birch Society votes he could get? And didn't Dwight Eisenhower, who was made what he was by then General Marshall, campaign in the States and on behalf of Senators McCarthy and Jenner who had, in effect, called General Marshall a traitor?

It is a perfectly safe assumption that Senators McCarthy and Jenner did not have in mind that George Catlett Marshall was the first American government official to use the infamous "McCarran Rider". This was the legislative ~~monstrosity~~ ^{one of the} monstrosities that are a permanent memorial to the late Senator from Nevada. It authorized the Secretary of State to fire any employee, without regard to any law, to fire anyone he wanted at any time. There was no recourse, not defense. And the stigma was that of traitor.

There isn't much consolation for anyone who genuinely believes in the Constitution and the so-called inalienable rights of man and the "American way" to say George Catlett Marshall had it coming to him.

But his dead hand is still on the controls. If there still remain in the State Department men and women whose political analysis might reach people in policy levels and whose sincere beliefs are at variance with national policy, do they dare indicate knowledge at variance with that policy? If policy is based on fiction, fiction it remains. There is no future, indeed, no survival for him who says the emperor is naked, or that policy is wrong.

John Foster Dulles was anything but uncomfortable in such a home. No one in the history of our country was as skilled at pretending ^{naked} the emperor was fully clothed. Dulles, in fact, is the man who described the non-existent garments as gloriously beautiful. He saw the woof and warp, the subtlest shadings of color, the most exquisite details of design, even if they weren't there.

Not in our recent history, at least, has any man fashioned as great a public success ^{being} out of unremitting^{ly} and consistently wrong. He was eloquent and persuasive, and somebody started the rumor that he was a great and deep thinker. He was well connected and a highly respected corporation lawyer. His uncle had been Secretary of State - Lansing, not Machiavelli.

Dulles was the first man in our history to run the State Department by remote control. It was not his belief that things should work their way up to

him in an orderly, logical way. The staffs of our Embassies abroad didn't have to
 dispatch
 report the factual raw material that the various offices and agencies of the State
 Department refined into useably knowledge. Dulles could never have run the State
 Department that way- he wasn't at his desk long enough for the traditional methods
 to work. He simply declared fact, and with a little assistance from Senator McCarthy
 and his friends, the entire machinery was effeciently and skilfully reworked so
 that all the raw material coming into Foggy Bottom automatically refined itself
 into just exactly that knowledge Dulles had decreed.

The major flaw of such a Rube Goldberg machine is that it just
 doesn't accomplish anything enduring or worthwhile. And it takes an awful lot of
 money and people to make it seem to work.

Dulles worked very hard at his machine. It may even be said he gave his
 life to it. Certainly his death was lingering and painful. If, in the light of his
 industry and dedication in his late years, when he could have lived well and
 comfortably without work, these words seem harsh and unfair, let your mind go back to
 1939. Austria was no more. There was no Czechoslovakia. The Rhineland was remilitarized.
 The Poles thought they were about to be attacked, and Great Britain agreed with them.
 Their mechanized, rebuilt German Army was a well-publicized fact of international

life. In Germany Jews were being slaughtered by the thousands, and Catholics and Protestants and political dissidents in smaller quantities. John Foster Dulles, ~~whom~~ whose law firm represented top German industrial and financial interests, came back from a trip to that country. With the world in fear and turmoil, on the brink that he was later to make into a phrase, what message did this great thinker, this diplomat, have for the American people and the anxious world.

"Hitler is a man of peace."

These are the famous words at dockside in New York of John Foster Dulles, the man who was later to deliberately take the world to the very edge of the point of no return.

The world just didn't understand Hitler, he let us know. Inferentially, if we misunderstood him, was it not the fault perhaps of Jews, or at least Communists.

Of such deep understanding and penetrating analysis did he fashion the reputation that eventually made him Secretary of State.

The world no longer resembles that of 1939 or even of the 1950s. Panzers, Stukas, and even the V-1s and V-2 are but toothpicks compared to the arsenals of today. If war has indeed become unthinkable and the battle has become ^{struggle} one for the minds of men, how immeasurably more important has it now become that

our top officials really know what is going on in the world and what other people really think. Can we any longer afford to believe that we can create fact by fiat in Washington?

In the mid-1960s we live in a world that has reversed the famous maxim of von Clausewitz: War can no longer be regarded as an extension of politics. And politics and diplomacy must have as their end ~~of~~ the prevention of war.

Our politics and diplomacy can no longer be built on the sands of falsity. They must have as their foundation solid fact and the earned respect, trust and yes, love, of the rest of the world. These are the weapons of success. Military armaments are the weapons of failure.

Fact, trust, respect, and love. Can we have them with Aesop in the State Department?