

*The Presidential Adviser--I***Kissinger: Refugee to Nixon Aide**

Editor's note: When Richard Nixon arrives in Moscow May 22, the man closest to his side will be Henry A. Kissinger, the President's national security affairs adviser. In the following, first of a four-part series, Kissinger discusses his job.

By GAYLORD SHAW

WASHINGTON (AP)—War's prologue in Nazi Germany forced Henry A. Kissinger across the Atlantic to a new home.

World War II plucked him from a herd of would-be accountants and suggested a career in international politics for President Nixon's assistant for national security affairs.

The world war's continuing epilogue of small wars and threats of a major new one gave direction to that career.

NATIONS at war, or preparing for it, or living in fear of new encounters never have been far from Kissinger's life as refugee, student, soldier, professor, author and presidential adviser.

On this particular day in Washington, there was a new crisis in the war in Vietnam, and Kissinger was in the middle of attempts to resolve it.

On this particular soft spring day, he has been on the run since early morning, bouncing in and out of the President's office, presiding at meetings of crisis committees, conferring with top members of his National Security Council staff, talking with Cabinet officials and Vietnam specialists and continually grabbing the buzzing telephone.

Nixon wanted information on the new North Vietnamese invasion and options on what to do. How, for example, would the invasion affect plans for the presidential trip to Moscow starting May 22?

KISSINGER may have received some clues to Soviet thinking during a four-day, secret trip to Moscow late in April. He met with top Russian officials to discuss important international problems and pave the way for the presidential visit, according to the White House.

The President would make the decisions on the North Vietnamese invasion, but the fodder would come from Henry Albert Kissinger, sometimes described as the world's second most powerful person by virtue of his control of the nation's foreign policy machinery.

Physically, the description seems at odds with the man. Wavy brown hair stops a rather round face and a 5-foot-9, 175 pound frame. Horn-rim glasses almost hide blue-gray eyes. Kissinger looks more the accountant he once wanted to be or the college professor he once was, less the focal point for information and options during another day of crisis in the war.

So in the late afternoon, after the President walked to his White House living quarters with his arm draped over Kissinger's shoulder, he was "Does Henry Kissinger like his job on days of crisis?"

"Days like to day are really not that bad."

HE SPEAKS in a deep voice softened by the accent of the Germany he fled as a teen-ager when Hitler rose to power in the 1930s.

"You are dealing with fundamentals. You are concerned with big issues. People think responsibility is hard to bear. It's not. I think that sometimes it is the absence of responsibility that is harder to bear. You have a great feeling of impotence.

"So days like today are really better than the ones when you spend all of your time dealing with petty bureaucratic problems. Those are the worst days."

As he begins to talk, there is no sign of the considerable Kissinger wit, a wit usually turned inward or focused on his image as a Dr. Strangelove.

IT COULD have been one of those days when Kissinger was edgy and irascible, when he felt burdened with the thought that any misstep, any blunder could wreck months of carefully pursued national policy.

It could have been one of those days when he tells friends he feels like he's been up on a high wire without any safety net.

But a conversation in his office in the northwest corner of the White House gives few clues. What emerges is the orderly way his mind operates. A big problem is divided into smaller ones. A broad question is dissected so that the answers are specific.

Kissinger separates his job into three parts:

"FIRST, I try to place before the President the widest

range of choices for action on foreign policy issues. Second, I see to it that once he has made a decision, it is implemented, and implemented in the spirit the President intended. And third, I act as a sort of adviser when he asks my advice."

The toughest role, perhaps, is acting as the link between the President and the many tentacles of the foreign policy establishment.

"The outside believes a presidential order is consistently followed out. Nonsense. I have to spend considerable time seeing that it is carried out in the spirit the President intended.

"Inevitably, in the nature of bureaucracy, departments become pressure groups for a point of view. If the President decides against them, they are convinced some evil influence worked on the President; if only he knew all the facts, he would have decided their way."

KISSINGER paused to answer the phone, then adds:

"The secret dream of most bureaucrats is to present a paper to the President where he can say only yes or no, which in practice means yes. I gave him a wide range of choices.

"The bureaucrats concentrate on pushing their preferred solutions."

But doesn't Kissinger, as some bureaucrats charge, also push his own preferred solutions?

"Probably yes," he says. But he adds that the structure of the government's foreign policy machinery, a maze of committees, panels and groups, is such that every involved department or agency is represented on every policy panel.

"If I started loading the dice, they would be bound to notice it."

AT National Security Council Meetings, for example, he presents views and recommendations collected from such departments as State and Defense. The secretaries of state and defense are sitting right there, flanking the President. "I've got a tough audience."

"Now, when the President puts his feet up at the end of the day and says 'O.K Henry, you've presented all the options, now what do you think?', of course I tell him what I think.

"But I try not to beat at him with my views. Anyway, he is not a man who encourages being beaten at."

Implicit in their relationship, which goes back barely five years, is Richard Nixon's absolute confidence in Kissinger.

THE President picked Kissinger for the secret trip to Peking last summer to arrange his own China visit; the President had Kissinger at his side in the meeting with Mao Tse-tung; the President sent Kissinger shuttling across the Atlantic for the unsuccessful secret negotiations with the North Vietnamese in Paris.

And the President again will have Kissinger at his side during the upcoming trip to Moscow.

This presidential trust has helped propel Kissinger into a role as administration superstar. It also has plunged State Department morale to its lowest point in years, and has fed reports that William P. Rogers will soon be quitting as secretary of state.

Kissinger says that he and

Rogers are on the best of terms, and dismisses as absurd any contention that he is out to gut the State Department.

He has his own operation to handle, the National Security Council with a staff of about 100. Of the Original Senior team, hardly half the members remain after three years.

SOME quit in exhaustion from the 13-hour days and six and seven-day weeks. Some quit because they didn't like Kissinger.

Those who remain find him an exacting taskmaster who squeezes every ounce of mental effort from his staff. "You do things for Henry you didn't think you were capable of," said one.

"He may know better than the persons themselves what they're capable of."

Kissinger's own pace leaves little time for personal life. His 15-year marriage ended in divorce in 1964 and he now lives alone in an elegant, rented townhouse near the capital's Embassy Row.

Not long ago he sold his white Mercedes — "I never had time to drive it — and now is chauffeured everywhere in a black sedan from the White House motor pool.

HE leaves home before 8 in the morning, sometimes lugging a bundle of dirty shirts for the laundry, and always has breakfast in his office.

Sometimes he eats lunch and dinner there, too, before leaving the office long after dark.

Yet he's found time to build a reputation as the only swinger in an otherwise socially staid administration.

How, he was asked, could he bear the burden of being the sex symbol for an entire administration?

Kissinger smiles. "It's the most pleasant burden I have to contend with."

His dates, which have included actress Jill St. John and Hollywood starlets, report he is a charming companion.

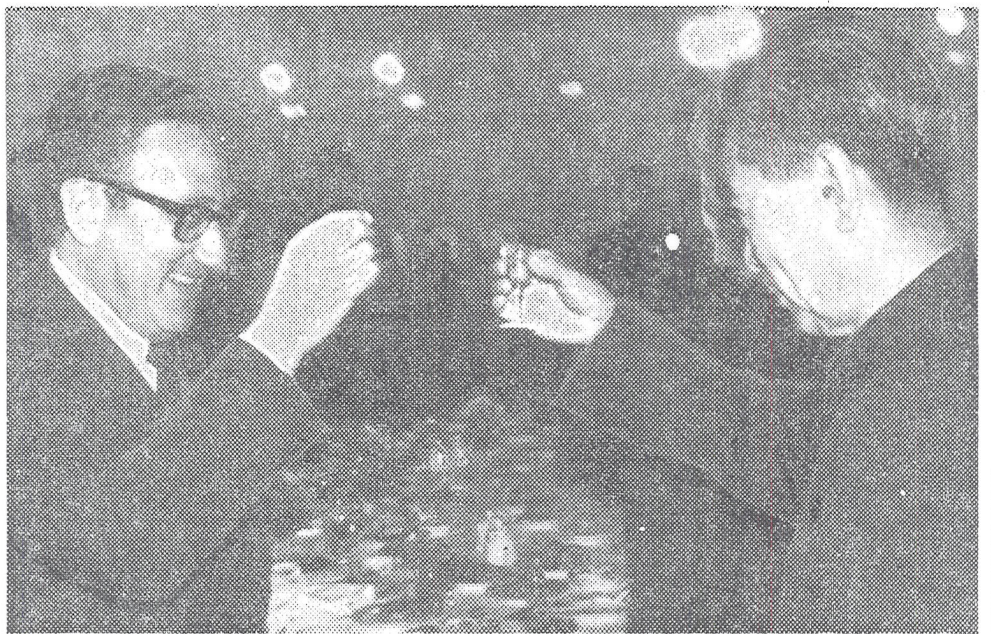
"HE has a great line," said one wide-eyed beauty.

But Kissinger's colleagues view his swinger status as a joke and rib him about it unmercifully. It's understood Nixon does, too, on relaxed occasions.

Kissinger, 48, doesn't like to talk about his private life, other than saying "I find the playboy image very amusing." But friends describe him as an affectionate father to his children, Elizabeth, 12, and David, 10, who spent their vacations with him.

He's had only one vacation himself since leaving Harvard — a recent week in Acapulco's sunshine. And, although he appears physically fit, friends doubt he would remain in his post through a second Nixon term.

They say he is pleased with foreign policy machinery de-



—AP WIREPHOTO.
PLUCKED FROM THE HERD—HENRY KISSINGER, left, President Nixon's national security affairs adviser, is toasted by China's PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI at a state dinner during President Nixon's visit to Peking in February. When the President arrives in Moscow on May 22, the man closest to his side probably again will be Kissinger, the man plucked from a herd of would-be accountants by World War II.

veloped by the President and believes it should survive him after he leaves the White House. For this reason, they say, Kissinger has indicated it might be best "for the system" if there were a transition in his position before Nixon completes any second term.

WHEN asked, though, about his plans for the future, Kissinger responds: "I literally have not given that any thought."

"Besides," he adds, "where

can you go from here?"

Is he sorry he left the campus for the White House pressure cooker?

"No," he replies quickly. Then, after a pause: "No matter how it may end."

(Next: The Roots of Henry Kissinger)

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