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# And What Now About Henry?

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By James Reston

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30 — President Nixon's decision to keep William Rogers as Secretary of State in the second term seems to suggest that Dr. Henry Kissinger will remain in the White House as assistant to the President for national security affairs, but this is not a settled question.

The President has asked him to do so and he has agreed to stay on until the end of the Vietnam negotiations, which could be a life career; but actually he expects a cease-fire within a few weeks at most, and thereafter plans to take a long vacation and decide during that interlude whether to stay or resign.

Most men of power in Washington drive themselves to the point of exhaustion and occasionally vow to go back to the quiet life, but usually the mood passes when they get a little sleep and begin to wonder what the quiet life would be like, assuming there's any such thing these days.

Former Secretary of State John Foster Dulles often talked of going home, but he always managed to persuade himself that the Republic might not survive such a loss. So he stayed on until his health broke, and by the end he didn't know where home was.

Dean Acheson managed to tolerate the law after he left the State Department by ignoring it and writing graceful and witty essays about the more amiable or foolish qualities of great men. After tossing governments, continents and newspaper columnists around for a few years he found it intolerable to waste his time trying to get more money for legal clients who didn't need or deserve it.

Oddly enough, the soldier-statesmen of our time, who are supposed to love

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power more than anybody else, gave it up more gladly than most. General Eisenhower found golf in retirement to be more challenging and perplexing than running the world, which it undoubtedly is; but even though he never learned to putt after over fifty years of unremitting effort, he was

happy at the end. So was General Marshall who had the good judgment never to play golf at all.

Bill Rogers, like his predecessor at State, Dean Rusk, has agreed to stay on in the second term, and one can only hope that he doesn't regret that decision as much as Mr. Rusk did. Still, when a President, and particularly an old friend who doesn't specialize in friendship, asks you to stick around, it is hard to put on your hat and go.

Kissinger has a more awkward problem. The book publishers are after him, and would probably pay him enough cold cash for his memoirs to establish a university of his own, but he doesn't see how he could write about China, Moscow, Vietnam, and all those girls as long as Mr. Nixon is in the White House, and this is probably good judgment, for Mr. Nixon has never liked to be scooped.

Henry's problem is that he peaked too soon—or too late. If he had discovered China in his twenties or in his thirties, the future would have been easier for him; but he will be fifty next May, and at fifty, a man is a little too old to keep on working the 48-hour day and a little too young to trade the White House for the Harvard Yard.

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He has another problem. He has the gift of looking at problems objectively, including the problem of himself and his own role in the Federal establishment. It is a rare gift around here. He has not only defined the foreign policy problems for Presidential decision, but gradually and against his original intention, exercised independent judgment and influence over decisions when he was asked.

Moreover, he has been the principal briefer, negotiator and spokesman in his field. He has covered more ground in the last four seasons than Larry Brown, and traveled the world in airplanes fitted out like the board room of the Chase Manhattan Bank. But he is just scholar enough to keep wondering what kind of government this is that would give a professor like him a job like this.

Especially, since he is not a great believer in personal diplomacy, or centralized policy-making shielded from questioning by executive privilege. Lately, he has been involving the State Department more and more in the Vietnam negotiations and has been rewarded for his pains by being charged with going beyond his brief in the Paris talks and falling into pitfalls from which he had to be rescued by the State Department pros. It's not true, but that's what happens when you begin to get a little democracy into diplomacy.

No doubt Henry will manage to overcome his doubts when he thinks about the alternatives of writing books, teaching Talleyrand to skeptical students, and riding up to New York on the shuttle to attend teas at the Council on Foreign Relations. The facts are fairly plain: from here on out he has nowhere to go but down. He might just leave and he is clearly pondering the question. But as the man said: How do you keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Peking?