tress America-ism, or Know-Nothingism. What I mean is that sense of country, that understanding that what happens in America itself really counts, that vigilance lest we be lured by advertising sloganeering or the career imperatives of politicians and military men into putting Afghanistan ahead of Allegheny and Moscow before Milwaukee. This grassroots Americanism is deeply bred into the character of Kennan, and perhaps this is why his thinking has been so often misunderstood—most notably, of course, in the Containment Doctrine, as he eloquently made clear in his first volume of *Memoirs*. He had always envisaged containment as an essentially diplomatic process, a skillful utilization of American military power at critical pressure points in order to set in motion forces that would enable us to resolve diplomatically the great issues that divided the Soviet Union and ourselves. He never intended what Truman, Acheson, Eisenhower, and Dulles made of it—ideological propaganda for the establishment of a worldwide *Pax Americana*.

What Volume II of George Kennan's *Memoirs* tells us is something we already knew but did not know in such precise, horrible, and fascinating detail—what a shambles American policy and American diplomacy became from the dying days of the Truman administration, bloodied and hypnotized by McCarthyism, down more or less to the present time.

Kennan performs many useful services, not the least of which is to identify John Foster Dulles as the main villain of the witch hunt in the State Department, rather than McCarthy, who merely picked up a stick that had already been tarred by others. And Kennan does not fail to note the responsibility of Truman and Acheson, who woefully failed to protect honest men and women whose only fault was that they had dedicated their lives to a career in public service and had had the misfortune to join the State Department. He reveals yet one more tawdry detail of Dulles's bland hypocrisy: After swiftly greasing the skids to remove Kennan from the State Department, Dulles invited him to drop in from time to time to give him the benefit of his thoughts and, incredibly, within a few weeks had quietly recalled Kennan to take a leading role in a highly secret government project called the Solarium Exercise, which was designed to hammer out a new American policy *vis à vis* the Soviet Union. In this role Kennan presently found himself at a White House podium, solemnly lecturing Mr. Dulles and other high officials of the administration.

Many readers will, perhaps, be most moved by Kennan's account of his brief ambassadorship in Moscow, which came to a sudden and tragic end when he was declared *persona non grata* by the Soviet government, in September 1952, for speaking some ill-advised but truthful words about life in Moscow. Kennan puts this curious episode into a personal and more understandable context than ever before but concludes, as I think the reader must, that he was deeply (if understandably) at fault in committing a gross breach of the very diplomatic etiquette he so highly cherished. The most deplorable fact, however, of his ambassadorship in Moscow is the now-for-the-first-time-revealed fact that he went there with no instructions whatever from Truman or Acheson. To send the nation's greatest specialist in Soviet affairs as Ambassador to Moscow and to tell him, in effect, "just keep the chair warm" reveals the depths to which U.S. policy had sunk in the last year of Truman's administration.

Nonetheless, Kennan being Kennan, he did what he could. He does not tell the whole story of his thinking during those few months in Moscow. He does not tell, for example, of his firm conviction that, one way or another, Soviet policy was about to change, that the chance for negotiation (as he had predicted in the "X" article) was near at hand, that the Russians were too realistic to proceed much further with a policy that was leading them to the point of no return. The change, when it came, would come swiftly, perhaps overnight, and with no warning. He very much wanted to be there to take advantage of it for the United States. He was not sure that others would be so swift to perceive it as he would himself. It was a remarkable and penetrating foresight of what did, in fact, happen only a few months later when, within a few days of Stalin's death on March 5, 1953, the Russians changed policy and spent years—literally years—trying to get the message through to men in Washington who would not listen and men who would not believe even when they did listen. By this time, of course, Kennan was out of Moscow and on his way out of the government.

One more thing remains to be said about this remarkably perceptive and deeply revealing work. Perhaps Kennan was a romantic in thinking that deft policy would bring Moscow to the negotiating table. Perhaps he was a romantic in supposing that at the time of the Reith lectures anyone (East or West) really wanted to reunite Germany. Perhaps he was a romantic to think at the time of his ambassadorship to Belgrade that the United States should pursue a friendly, reasonable policy toward that maverick Communist nation, which had dared so much in defying Stalin. All of these judgments of Kennan's went contrary to those of the men who made American policy, whether they were Republicans or Democrats. Perhaps Dulles was right and Kennan wrong. But I do not think that history will vote with Dulles. I think history will acclaim Kennan's romanticism as the true pragmatism of his day, one of the few witnesses to common sense and decency in a time when honky-tonk became king in Washington. □

A Plague on Our House

BY EDWARD HYMOFF

THE POLITICS OF HEROIN IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. By Alfred McCoy with Cathleen B. Read and Leonard P. Adams II. 464 pages. Harper & Row. $10.95.

This is the book that the CIA tried to suppress before its publication, Alfred W. McCoy the author they are attempting to discredit. And once again the CIA has lost a gambit: The agency's director and the faceless men who manage "The Company" should have hired McCoy and his two associates, Cathleen B. Read and Leonard P. Adams II, to research and write this hard-hitting exposé. By doing so, they could have classified it SECRET, and the author and his collaborators would then have run the risk of prosecution for divulging classified material. For despite some flaws, the research that went into this book is far superior to the periodic reports that the CIA is itself presently producing about narcotics trafficking.

Specifically, McCoy accuses the CIA of directly trafficking in narcotics. Nor is this all:

American diplomats and secret agents have been involved in the narcotics traffic at three levels: (1) coincidental complicity by allying with groups actively engaged in the drug traffic; (2) abetting the traffic by covering up for known heroin traffickers and condoning their involvement; (3) and active engagement in the transport of opium and heroin. It is ironic, to say the least, that America's heroin plague is of its own making.

He claims that U.S. foreign policy in Southeast Asia is the root cause of

Edward Hymoff has been a regular reporter on narcotics since 1952, with special interest in Asia.

tance Roszak has put between himself and the ordinary, everyday, housekeeping facts of life. One thinks of Congress repealing the Eighteenth Amendment. But Roszak is talking about dismantling our entire material civilization, with its immense cities and its intricate, complex technology. This is an astonishing proposal, but his own analysis makes it all the more astonishing. After all, he has traced the single vision, upon which this entire structure is based, back to our pre-Christian origins. By now, surely, this mode of perception permeates all of our institutions, our behavior, our collective character. Nevertheless, if we are to believe Roszak, we could get rid of the whole culture overnight. All that we need to do is puncture a few of the illusions upon which it rests:

We must remember, when we talk politics in the technocratic society, how important the fine art of psychic pressure and leverage has become. Our economy today is wholly dependent upon inventing what the hucksters cutely refer to as "needs people never knew they had." Our political life is similarly dependent on a subtly engineered conviction that all human aspirations can be gratified within a perfected urban-industrialism—and only there. Unless people remain obsessed with acquisitiveness, fixated on their selfish material needs, convinced of their own absolute incompetence and equally convinced of the technocracy's omnipotence, the artificial environment will begin to dissolve like a house of sugar candy in hot water. The visionary commonwealth is in fact and by example exactly such a solvent of the social order.

Perhaps it is. I doubt it myself, but I also know that it would be a mistake to dismiss *Where the Wasteland Ends* on the ground that Roszak's political remedy is silly or unworkable. For one thing, it isn't really political. This is a desperate way out for those who have given up, or who never had, a politics. For another, the value of the book lies elsewhere, in the force, clarity, and plausibility that it imparts to a viewpoint held by many intelligent students and other young people these days. However much we may deplore the fact, hostility to the secular intellect and a yearning for mystical transcendence now are powerful tendencies in America. The best thing to be said for *Where the Wasteland Ends* is that it helps to explain why this is happening. It shows what damage an intellectual class can inflict on the life of the mind when it forfeits the respect of the young. □

The Decent Diplomat

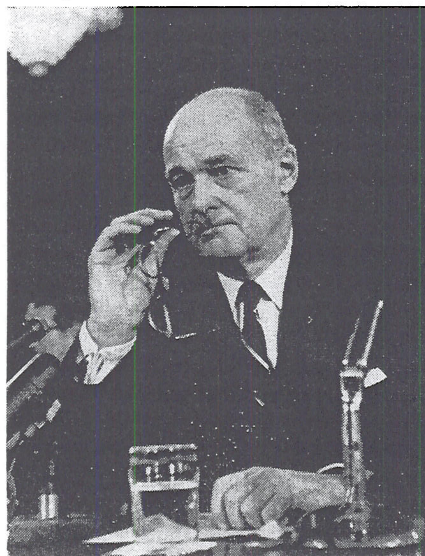
BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

MEMOIRS 1950–1963: Volume II. By George F. Kennan. 368 pages. Atlantic–Little, Brown. $12.50.

We live in an age of anachronism, a time when the homely War Department of Abraham Lincoln has become the Defense Department of Johnson and Nixon, when an air force, which has dropped more bombs than any other in the world, proclaims "Peace Is Our Profession" as its motto, and when two Presidents, successively, have been elected on a pledge to give the country peace and offered, instead, nothing but war. So perhaps it should come as no surprise to discover that George F. Kennan, that well-known pragmatist of the Cold War, the man whose famous "X" article in *Foreign Policy* became the script for the Containment Policy, now reveals himself to be at heart a romantic, one of the great idealist-visionaries of his age. It is the kind of anomaly that George Orwell would have savored.

So topsy-turvy is the world in which we live, so accustomed have we become to calling black white and white black that, reading the second (but, one hopes, not final) volume of Kennan's *Memoirs*, one begins to wonder where, in fact, reality does lie. For here is the account of those years in which the most skillful diplomatist whom America has produced seemingly failed at every assignment he was given. He was railroaded out of the State Department by John Foster Dulles because that Presbyterian dialectician felt the architect of containment was "soft" on Communism. Kennan then brought down the hounds of heaven (or at least of Establishmentarianism) upon his head for his famous Reith lectures over the BBC, which proposed a neutralized and unified Germany. He had to refuse an appeal from his Pennsylvania farm neighbors to run for Congress because no one was willing to finance the campaign. He was expelled from one Communist country (the Soviet Union), to which he had been named Ambassador by President Truman, and quietly resigned in frustration from his ambassadorship to another (Yugoslavia), to which he had been named by President Kennedy. He finally gave up active diplomacy in 1963, dismally convinced that his career had been just one long series of disasters.

George F. Kennan



But history is certain to take a longer look at this idiosyncratic, moody, sometimes impulsive, deeply intelligent, intuitive, stubbornly truthful, fiercely ethical man from Wisconsin who has devoted all of his adult life to the service of his country, in diplomacy and out of it.

The stuff of George Kennan's life would make a drama. He was born and brought up in Wisconsin not many miles from the birthplace of that other Wisconsinian whose claw marks are to be found all over the years with which Kennan's *Memoirs* deals, Sen. Joseph McCarthy. Two more dissimilar men would have been hard to find—Kennan, the subtle, classically trained diplomatist who for twenty-five years applied a sensitive eye and keen mind to mastering the intricacies of the Communist world, and McCarthy, the blousy politician who stumbled almost by chance into the weird world of anti-Communism in the 1940s.

Yet, underlying their two characters—Kennan's deeply moral, almost Puritanist code of ethics and McCarthy's political cynicism—there were more points of similarity than either of them would have cared to admit. Both saw Communism as evil. Kennan understood *why* it was evil; McCarthy accepted its evil as grist for his demagogic mills. Both had, I think, a genuine and patriotic love for their country, the kind which eastern sophisticates sometimes find mawkish, but instantly recognizable as deep in the blood of the man from Middle America. Both were, in a sense, isolationists, although Kennan would have resented this label while McCarthy would have gloried in it.

I had better explain what I mean by Kennan's "isolationism." I do not, of course, mean America First-ism, or For-

Harrison E. Salisbury is associate editor of the New York Times. *A book about his trip to China will be published in February.*

Harvesting opium in Phou Wei Village, northeastern Laos

America's heroin plague, and he states:

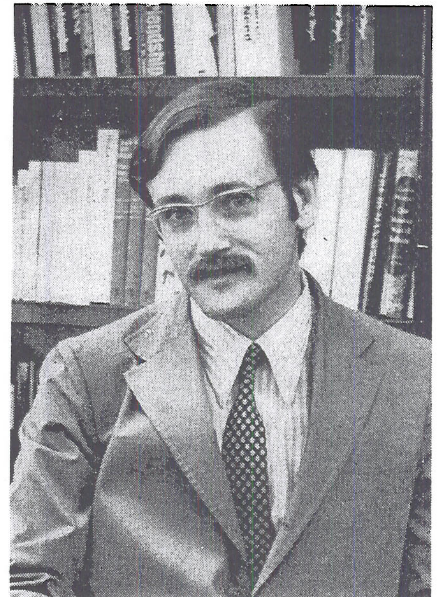
After a decade of American military intervention Southeast Asia has become the source of 70 per cent of the world's illicit opium and the major supplier of raw materials for America's booming heroin market.

In a project underwritten partly by the Fund for Investigative Journalism and partly by whatever advance he obtained from his publisher, McCoy toured the areas in Southeast Asia that he writes about, and his footnotes are as interesting as some of the facts underscored in the front of the book. He uses them to cite dates and places of visits to his sources, including William Young, a retired CIA agent, retired Maj. Gen. Edward G. Lansdale and his fellow agent in retirement, Lt. Col. Lucien Conein. The latter two officers were cited in *The Pentagon Papers* as having engaged in espionage huggermugger in both Vietnams beginning in 1954. (McCoy's intensive research errs here, for Conein was in Indochina as early as 1945, working for the OSS and, later, the CIA, before he joined Lansdale to coordinate espionage and sabotage in Hanoi in 1955.) William Young, probably in his late thirties when he "retired" from "The Company," is the grandson and son of American Baptist missionaries who brought Christianity to the Shan tribes of northeastern Burma. Raised in that part of the world, Young knew the tribesmen intimately and spoke a number of dialects—which fact made him the ideal candidate to participate in CIA operations in the Shan tribal lands that abut China's Yunnan Province.

Now obviously at odds with the CIA, Young freely discussed the agency's clandestine operations in that part of the world and detailed the political role that opium played in obtaining the services and allegiance of the Shan tribesmen. They were used to run missions into Yunnan Province and to spy on Chinese Communist military movements, tapping telephone lines and monitoring conversations. Running these missions into China from Burma was an awful waste and showed a tremendous lack of judgment on the part of the CIA officials who directed Special Operations Division. Moreover, the intelligence obtained was extremely low-level and, from a management point of view, of no real value in matters of high national policy.

But the willingness of General Lansdale and Colonel Conein to meet with McCoy and discuss their role in Southeast Asia and the role of opium in regional politics raises an important question: Why did they meet with McCoy? In Vietnam these two men maintained so low a profile that at least 90 per cent of the correspondents had never heard of Conein and only about 2 per cent had actually met him. They are not the type of men to speak freely, especially to a relative stranger bent on exposing the agency in which they had spent most of their adult careers and from which they had retired honorably, perhaps with the National Security Medal (whose accompanying citations are often SECRET and read aloud only during the presentation but never given to the award's recipient).

Was the CIA looking for a "good press" in 1971? Early last year President Nixon directly ordered Richard Helms, CIA director, to use the full resources of his organization to seek out the narcotics traffickers and put a halt to their operations. The narcotics problem then, as now, was of such severity that the President said in the summer of 1971 it approached "the dimensions of a national emergency." The CIA, which by law is not a law-enforcement agency, was at first reluctant to undertake the presidential directive. Still, their methods were nothing if not typical. One plan—to invade by heliborne and parachutist CIA agents (civilians and U.S. Army Green Berets in mufti under contract to the CIA) the Burma area of the Golden Triangle, where Burma, Thailand, and Laos meet—was quickly scratched by the State Department and other National Security advisers before Nixon's mainland China visit. Another plan—to assassinate known traffickers, including many of the



Alfred McCoy

names disclosed by McCoy—was also scrapped. In the meantime the narcotics traffickers themselves, brilliant men with a knack for besting the CIA, developed an even tighter security blanket over their own global operations. The CIA and the many agencies of the U.S. government engaged in tracking down the narcotics traffickers finally admitted that they were stymied. Two days before McCoy's book was officially published the federal government issued a 111-page *World Opium Survey 1972* and candidly admitted that, despite the increase in enforcement efforts to halt heroin and other narcotics trafficking, the United States and other countries were able to seize only "a small fraction" of the total illegal flow of heroin.

In the face of these claims, however, McCoy makes a good case against the CIA and the State Department. He documents—from U.S. government and Interpol reports, interviews with Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs officials and agents in the field, and even drug traffickers themselves—the role of the U.S. government in the heroin contagion that struck at GIs in Vietnam and Americans at home. In an effort to shore up the governments of Southeast Asia against the inroads made by China and the military pressures brought by North Vietnam against Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand, the United States sided with those generals who just happened to be deeply involved in buying opium from tribesmen and selling it to the Corsican Mafia and Chinese syndicates. He accuses the CIA of complicity, of permitting its private airline, Air America, to openly fly opium from the high country of Vientiane and Saigon and Bangkok, whence it was smuggled to

Hong Kong and Marseilles and even to the United States as refined heroin. He has named a handful of CIA agents and many Lao, South Vietnamese, and Thai officials as kingpins in the opium trade. He has named tribal leaders and rebels and some of the Corsican Mafia and, of course, concentrated on South Vietnamese generals and politicians.

During the past twenty years only eleven books of any consequence have been written about the international trafficking in narcotics, and McCoy's book is by far the best. Its flaws are minor ones. Because its format is that of a dissertation, it is somewhat redundant and belabors several points by repeating incidents and facts brought out earlier. It is copiously footnoted, sometimes sentence by sentence, and much of this might have been incorporated into the text. Moreover, although he has touched just about every name of consequence in Burma, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam, he has left out the names of Saigon pharmaceutical importer La Thanh Nghe, the late Lt. Gen. Do Cao Tri, Maj. Gen. Nguyen Huu Co (in exile in Hong Kong), former military Region I commander Lt. Gen. Hoang Xuan Lam, and the inspector general Ngo Xuan Tich. Then, of course, there are Madame Cao Van Vien, wife of the chairman of South Vietnam's Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the wives of other general officers. They are the Vietnamese who really tend to business in this matriarchal society. Finally, although McCoy refers continually to Chinese "syndicates," he fails to look into the very mysterious rice syndicate that is the financial power base of the overseas Chinese in South-east Asia. Not even the CIA has been able to crack this secretive group, which controls the price of rice in most of non-Communist Asia and operates an efficient communications network that can set the daily price of rice in virtually any city in that part of the world. When this syndicate is interfaced with the narcotics trafficking organizations, the result is an almost overwhelming power structure.

McCoy's history of opium trafficking and his collaborator Leonard B. Adams's appendix, "China: The Historical Setting," are both excellent treatments. Clearly, McCoy has no love for the CIA, and he has beaten "The Company" at its own game by researching every bit of evidence of the agency's involvement. It is regrettable that his publisher bowed to CIA pressure and turned over the page reports to the agency before the book went to press. But Xerox copies of McCoy's manuscript were circulating in Washington among those agencies charged with drug-abuse law enforcement since last March. Thus the CIA had many months to prepare its rebuttal, which—in eleven pages—finally came to naught.

It would be a mistake to assume this kind of involvement is new or limited to the CIA. During World War II the OSS bought opium crops in India to give to the Kachin tribesmen who were fighting a guerrilla war against the Japanese in Burma. And many opium traffickers in the Nationalist government of Chiang Kai-shek were closely associated with the OSS. But this hardly makes the story at hand any less grim. McCoy has documented for us, in greater detail than ever before, what has become a national scandal, and he has documented it alarmingly well. □

Stories of a Visionary

BY WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

MARRIAGES AND INFIDELITIES. By Joyce Carol Oates. 497 pages. The Vanguard Press. $7.95

There are writers who become famous for a single book, very often their first. Thereafter, their reputations are immense, surviving years of no writing at all, or the admittedly minor later productions that are meant to appease us while we wait for the much-talked-of, legendary, never-appearing great-work-in-progress. Eventually, of course, it turns out that the career was that one celebrated book.

Not so with Joyce Carol Oates. She has now arrived at a time when she is one of the most famous of living American writers, but her reputation can't be pin-pointed to a single decisive work. The phenomenon of her astonishing career, which has come into being without the support of any sort of mafia, tends in its rapidly enlarging entirety to overshadow the individual books that comprise it.

At thirty-four, she is already the author of five novels, four collections of short stories, a collection of literary essays, two volumes of poetry, and two plays (not yet published in book form, but both produced Off-Broadway). Even in the least of these there is a prodigality of talent that places her among the most remarkable writers of her generation, and, at their best, they reach a level of achievement that sets her impressively apart. *Marriages and Infidelities,* the newest seasonal addition to the canon, confirms what has already been evident for some years: In the landscape of the contemporary American short story Miss Oates stands out as a master, occupying a preeminent category of her own.

William Abrahams is editor of Prize Stories: The O. Henry Awards *and coauthor with Peter Stanksy of* The Unknown Orwell, *to be published in October.*

It was as a writer of stories that she began her career in the early 1960s, and she has continued to write stories ever since, not as a diversion or spin-off from the writing of novels, but as a central concern in her work—a fortunate recognition that the shorter form is peculiarly suited to her. There is a sense of tension, of nerves stretched to the breaking point, of "the pitch that is close to madness" in much of what she writes. Sustained too long, it would lose its emotional effectiveness and intellectual credibility. As it is, a story such as "The Dead," which tells with the utmost conviction of a young woman writer going gradually to pieces, is not only harrowing to read but unfaltering in its control, written as close to the edge as possible without crossing over it.

Joyce Carol Oates

Marriages and Infidelities is her fourth collection, twenty-four stories, drawn mainly from work of the past two years. The book runs to just under 500 pages; even so, some excellent stories of hers from this period still have been left uncollected—deferred, one assumes, for a later volume. The chosen stories, though differing widely in style and form—and there are some notable experiments in technique here, wholly new ways of telling a story—conform in most cases to the themes suggested in the title of the volume. They are stories of marriage and infidelity, set in the dispiriting American present, querulous, passionate, violent,