So often misunderstood—most notably, grassroots Americanism is deeply bred not sloganeering or the career imperatives of politicians and military men into as he eloquently made clear in his first volume of *Memoirs*. He had always envisaged containment as an essentially diplomatic process, a skilful 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 issue that divided the Soviet Union and ourselves. He never intended what Truman, Acheson, Eisenhower, and Dulles made of it—the 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 hypostylized 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 wearily 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 tavern 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 of détente in 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.

To be fair, 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 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.

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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 astounding 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 built, back to our technocracy 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 illusory 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 response today is wholly dependent upon increasing what the hackers catty 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 incited, back to our technocracy 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 illusory 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 response today is wholly dependent upon increasing what the hackers catty 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 incited, back to our technocracy 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 illusory upon which it rests:

Perhaps it is. I doubt it myself, but I also know that it would be a mistake to dismiss Roszak's political analysis as 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 are powerful tendencies in America. The best thing to be said for the Wasteland Ends on the ground that Roszak's political analysis 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

We live in an age of anachronism, a time when the fabled 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 protagonist 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, 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 dialecticist who stumbled almost by chance into the weird world of anti-Communism in the 1940s. Yet, underlying their two characters—Kennen's deeply moral, almost Puritan-ist 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 intellectuals 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 gloated in it. I had better explain what I mean by Kennan's "isolationism." I do not, of course, mean America First, or for Harry 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 new materials for America's booming heroin market.

In a project undertaken 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 hugging Burma. Raised in that part of the world, Young knew the tribesmen intimately and spoke a number of dialects to the Shan tribes of northeastern Burma, Thailand, and Laos meet—was quickly scratched by the State Department and other National Security officials before Nixon's mainland China visit. Another plan—to assassinate known traffickers, including many of the CIA, is 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 before Nixon's mainland China visit makes 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 from China into 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.

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 President Nixon 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 parachute CIA agents (civilians and U.S. Army Green Berets in multi- national command) the Golden Triangle, where Burma, Thailand, and Laos meet—was quickly shredded by the State Department and other National Security officials before Nixon's mainland China visit. Another plan—to assassinate known traffickers, including many of the 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 international 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 corruption that struck at GI's 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 Coriscan 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...
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 lighting a guerrilla war against the Japanese. 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 it alarmingly well. □

Stories of a Visionary

BY WILLIAM ABRAHAMS
MARRIAGES AND INFIDELITIES.
By Joyce Carol Oates. 417 pages. The Vanguard Press. $7.95

There are writers who become famous for a single book, very often their first. Thereafter, their reputations are immeasurable, 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 maia, seems 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 them 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.

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 only 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 unutterable in its control, written as close to the edge as possible without crossing over.

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,