media pundits and congressional critics who had been predicting disaster dropped the cancellation line and began to concentrate on allegations that our bombers were hitting civilian targets.

Early Monday morning, May 15, I was back at my desk ready for a heavy day of meetings and appointments. I was talking with Don Kendall late in the afternoon when Bob Haldeman came in and asked if he could see me for a moment in the private office. When the door was closed behind us, he said, "We just got word over the Secret Service wire that George Wallace was shot at a rally in Maryland."

I asked if he was alive. Haldeman said he was. He said that the gunman was white, but we didn't know anything more about him yet.

The shock of the Wallace shooting forced memories back to the horror of the assassinations of John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy. However terrible and stunning this new blow, I was determined not to let the country be talked into a climate of fear.

An editorial in the New York Times the next morning suggested that because of the mood of violence in the country, candidates should stay away from outdoor rallies and campaign only on television or in closed halls where security could be assured. I told Haldeman that under no circumstances would I let my Secret Service detail be increased.

Around noon John Connally came to my office after having announced his resignation and George Shultz's nomination as Secretary of Treasury. I told him and others in the room I was going for a walk. "When?" Ron Ziegler asked. "Right now," I said. "Come on."

I decided to walk with Connally back to the Treasury Building. When we emerged from the East Wing just across the street from the Treasury Building a small crowd gathered, and I stopped to talk with some young people with cameras and several foreign visitors. A rather distinguished-looking man said that he was a lawyer who had gone to the University of Virginia Law School. As I started to cross the street, he said, "Thank you for coming out today."

At the end of the week I went to see Wallace at the hospital.

Diary
I stopped in to see Wallace on my way to Washington Friday morning. I was again impressed about the attractiveness of Mrs. Wallace. She has great verve, and I can see must be an enormous asset to him in his campaigning.

He seemed very up for the meeting although I sensed that he did not hear or understand too well at times. He was very proud of the showing he had made in the primaries. I told him that I would send somebody out to brief him after the Russian trip, which pleased him. He said that he would like to consider going to Walter Reed at another time, and I told him it would be available at any time when he was in the Washington area—that it provided perfect security and was a particularly nice room.

He is, though a demagogue, somewhat sentimental in terms of his strong patriotism, like most Southerners, and it came through loud and clear in the meeting. He pointed out that he had taken on both Humphrey and Muskie on the ground that they had voted for all the actions that got the United States into the war in Southeast Asia and now were criticizing what I was doing to get us out. There was a floral flag by his bed, and as I left I told him to keep the flag flying high. He saluted and said, "I certainly will to my Commander in Chief. I saluted back and left the room.

SUMMIT I
On Saturday, May 20, Air Force One left Washington for Salzburg, Austria, en route to Moscow. After we were airborne, Kissinger came into my cabin and exuberantly said, "This has to be one of the great diplomatic coups of all times! Three weeks ago everyone predicted it would be called off, and today we're on our way."

At 4 p.m. on Monday, May 22, after staying overnight in Salzburg, we landed at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport.

A light rain had begun to fall just before we arrived. President Nikolai Podgorny officially greeted me; Kosygin and Gromyko were also there. Aside from a small crowd standing behind the fence and waving little paper flags, it was a very cool reception. As our motorcade raced along the broad and completely empty streets toward the Kremlin, I noticed that fairly sizable crowds were being kept behind police barriers a block away down the side streets.

Pat and I had been given an entire floor of rooms in one of the large wings of the Grand Palace inside the Kremlin. As we were looking around our ornately opulent quarters, Kissinger arrived with the news that Brezhnev was waiting to welcome me in his office.

Brezhnev's office was the same room in which I had first met Khrushchev, thirteen years before. Like Khrushchev, Brezhnev looked exactly like his photographs: the bushy eyebrows dominated his face, and his mouth was set in a fixed, rather wary smile. I was sure that neither of us, standing shoulder to shoulder in the kitchen at the American Exhibition thirteen years before, had imagined that we would one day be meeting at the summit as the leaders of our countries.
We shook hands and stood talking while tea was brought in for us. He gestured to a long table at one side of the room, and he and I sat down on opposite sides of it with the Soviet translator Viktor Sukhodrev at the end. There had been concern expressed that I should have a State Department translator present also. But I knew that Sukhodrev was a superb linguist who spoke English as well as he did Russian, and I felt that Brezhnev would speak more freely if only one other person was present.

Brezhnev's tone was cordial, but his words were blunt. He said that at the outset he had to tell me that it had not been easy for him to carry off this summit after our recent actions in Vietnam. Only the overriding importance of improving Soviet-American relations and reaching agreements on some of the serious issues between us had made it possible.

After he had made this almost obligatory statement, he warmed perceptibly as he began to talk about the necessity and advantages of developing a personal relationship between us. He said that the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt was warmly cherished in the memory of the Soviet people, who remembered him as the first President to extend diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Union in 1934 and as the leader of the alliance against Hitler during World War II.

I said that I had studied the history of the relationships between Stalin and Roosevelt and between Stalin and Churchill. I had found that during the war differences between subordinates were usually overcome by agreement at the top level. "That is the kind of relationship that I should like to establish with the General Secretary," I said.

"I would be only too happy, and I am perfectly ready on my side," he replied expansively.

"If we leave all the decisions to the bureaucrats, we will never achieve any progress," I said.

"They would simply bury us in paper!" He laughed heartily and slapped his palm on the table. It seemed to be a good beginning.

About a half hour later we met again for the state dinner in the beautiful fifteenth-century Granovit Hall in the heart of the oldest part of the Kremlin. The parquet floor had been polished to a high gloss, and the vaulted walls were covered with huge icon-like paintings in rich gold and brown tones. Sitting next to each other at the head table, Brezhnev and I looked directly across the room at a several-times life-size mural of Christ and the Apostles at the Last Supper. Brezhnev said, "That was the Politburo of those days." I responded, "That must mean that the General Secretary and the Pope have much in common." Brezhnev laughed and reached over and shook my hand.

As usual, the time change made it impossible for me to fall asleep that first night. I finally got up around 4:30 and pulled on slacks and a jacket and decided to go out for a walk around the Kremlin grounds. In Moscow's northern latitude it was already almost clear daylight. I could hear the boats on the river and the sounds of truck traffic from the streets outside the red brick walls. I paused for a minute to look up at the American flag flying atop our residence amidst the gold onion-top domes and red stars of the Kremlin churches and towers.

In the first plenary session at 11 A.M. with Brezhnev, Kosygin, Podgorny, Gromyko, and Dobrynin, I decided to establish the straightforward tone I planned to adopt during the entire summit.

"I would like to say something that my Soviet friends may be too polite to say," I began. "I know that my reputation is one of being a very hard-line, cold-war-oriented, anticommunist."

Kosygin said dryly, "I had heard this sometime back."

"It is true that I have a strong belief in our system," I continued, "but at the same time I respect those who believe just as strongly in their own systems. There must be room in this world for two great nations with different systems to live together and work together. We cannot do this, however, by mushy sentimentality or by glossing over differences which exist."

All the heads nodded on the other side of the table, but I guessed that in fact they would have much preferred a continuation of the mushy sentimentality that had characterized so much of our approach to the Soviets in the past.

That afternoon Kissinger and I had a two-hour meeting on SALT with Brezhnev and Andrei Aleksandrov, his adviser on U.S.-Soviet affairs. Despite the impatience he affected with the details and numbers, Brezhnev was obviously very well briefed on the subject. He used a red pencil to sketch missiles on the notepad in front of him as we discussed the timing and techniques of control and limitation.

When I said we felt that specific provisions for verifying that each side was fulfilling its obligations would give necessary reassurance to both sides, he turned to me and in an injured tone of voice said, "If we are trying to trick one another, why do we need a piece of paper? We are playing clean on our side. The approach of 'catching each other out' is quite inadmissible."

We held another long meeting that evening to discuss the important and controversial question of how far the new Soviet ABM systems would be situated from Moscow. When we began our discussion, Brezhnev casually cut three hundred kilometers from the figure that had been agreed upon just a few hours earlier. "Regarding the ABM question," he said, "this now appears to be cleared up. Twelve hundred kilometers is OK with us."
“Fifteen hundred,” I said.
“You mean we should put it in China?” he said with mock exasperation.
“Well, as the General Secretary will find out, I never nit-pick,” I replied.
“Fifteen hundred kilometers is all right,” he said without missing a beat. “You wanted us to move eastward and so now we agree. It would be easier for us to accept twelve hundred, but fifteen hundred is all right, too, and we won’t speak of it anymore.”

It is a technique of Communist negotiators to introduce some ideal but impractical change in an area where the details have already been agreed upon. When we were wrangling over specific provisions of the SALT proposal, which both sides had agreed would last for five years, Brezhnev suddenly asked, “Why not make it for ten years? Why only five?” Kissinger calmly pointed out that the Soviets themselves had originally wanted the agreement to last for only eighteen months.

“I would consider this interim agreement a great achievement for us and all the world,” I said. “I want to reach a permanent agreement, but my time is limited—less than five years. After then, I am out—swimming in the Pacific. Maybe even before.”

“Don’t go out before that, Mr. President,” Brezhnev said.

Surprise is another favorite technique of Communist negotiators. After the ceremony on Wednesday afternoon when we signed an agreement on cooperation in space exploration, Brezhnev and I walked out of the room together. He began talking about the dinner planned for us at one of the government dachas outside Moscow that evening. As we neared the end of the corridor, he took my arm and said, “Why don’t we go to the country right now so you can see it in the daylight?” He propelled me into an elevator that took us down to the ground floor where one of his limousines was parked.

We climbed into the limousine and were on our way while the Secret Service and the others rushed around trying to find cars and drivers to follow us. The middle lane of all the main streets in Moscow is reserved solely for party officials, and we drove along at a very fast clip.

As soon as we arrived at the dacha, Brezhnev suggested that we go for a boat ride on the Moskva River. This was exactly what Khrushchev had done thirteen years before. But times had changed: he led us not to a motorboat but to a small hydrofoil bobbing gently in the water. The pilot was skilled, and we had a smooth ride. Brezhnev kept pointing to the speedometer, which showed us traveling at ninety kilometers an hour.

We discussed work habits, and he told me he did not use a Dictaphone. I recalled that Churchill had told me that he much preferred to dictate to a pretty young woman. Brezhnev and the others agreed, and

Brezhnev jokingly added, “Besides, a secretary is particularly useful when you wake up at night and want to write down a note.” They all laughed uproariously.

Everyone was in a good humor when we got back to the dacha, and Brezhnev suggested that we have a meeting before the dinner, which was scheduled for eight o’clock.

Kissinger and I sat with Winston Lord and John Negroponte of the NSC on one side of the table, facing Brezhnev, Kosygin, Podgorny, and Sukhodrev on the other side. For the next three hours the Soviet leaders pounded me bitterly and emotionally about Vietnam.

I momentarily thought of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde when Brezhnev, who had just been laughing and slapping me on the back, started shouting angrily that instead of honestly working to end the war, I was trying to use the Chinese as a means of bringing pressure on the Soviets to intervene with the North Vietnamese. He said that they wondered whether on May 8 I had acted out of thoughtless irritation, because they had no doubt that if I really wanted peace I could get a settlement without any outside assistance. “It’s surely doubtful that all of the American people are unanimously supporting the war in Vietnam,” he continued. “Certainly I doubt that families of those who were killed or maimed or who remain crippled support the war.”

When Brezhnev finally seemed to run out of steam, Kosygin took up the cudgel. He said, “Mr. President, I believe you overestimate the possibility in the present circumstances of resolving problems in Vietnam from a position of strength. There may come a critical moment for the North Vietnamese when they will not refuse to let in forces of other countries to act on their side.”

This was going too far. For the first time I spoke. “That threat doesn’t frighten us a bit,” I said, “but go ahead and make it.”

“Don’t think you are right in thinking what we say is a threat and what you say is not a threat,” Kosygin replied coldly. He said, “This is an analysis of what may happen, and that is much more serious than a threat.”

Kosygin seemed to gather force as he concentrated his scorn on President Thieu, to whom he referred as “a mercenary President so-called.” When I continued to show no reaction to this tirade Kosygin’s composition began to break. “You still need to retain the so-called President in South Vietnam, someone you call the President, who had not been chosen by anyone?” he asked.

“Who chose the President of North Vietnam?” I asked him.
“The entire people,” he replied.
“Go ahead,” I said.

When Kosygin concluded, Podgorny came to bat. His tone was more
cordial, but his words were just as tough. While Podgorny and Kosygin were taking their turns at trying to hammer me down, Brezhnev got up and paced the floor.

After about twenty minutes, Podgorny suddenly stopped and Brezhnev said a few more words. Then there was silence in the room. By this time it was almost eleven o’clock. I felt that before I could let this conversation end, I had to let them know exactly where I stood.

I pointed out that I had withdrawn over 500,000 men from Vietnam. I had shown the greatest restraint when the North Vietnamese began their massive buildup in March, because I did not want anything to affect the summit. But when the North Vietnamese actually invaded South Vietnam, I had no choice but to react strongly.

“The General Secretary remarked earlier that some people may have wondered whether the action I took last month was because of irritation,” I said. “If that were the case, I would be a very dangerous man in the position I am in. But that is not the case. On the contrary, my decision was taken in cold objectivity. That is the way I always act, having in mind the consequences and the risks.

“Our people want peace. I want it too. But I want the Soviet leaders to know how seriously I view this threat of new North Vietnamese escalation. One of our great Civil War generals, General Sherman, said, ‘War is hell.’ No people knows this better than the Soviet people. And since this new offensive began, 30,000 South Vietnamese civilians, men, women, and children, have been killed by the North Vietnamese using Soviet equipment.

“I would not for one moment suggest that the leaders of the Soviet Union wanted that to happen. What I am simply suggesting is that our goal is the same as yours. We are not trying to impose a settlement or a government on anybody.”

They listened intently to what I said, but none of them made an attempt to respond.

With that we went upstairs, where a lavish dinner was waiting for us. I made my usual joke about not giving Kissinger too many drinks because he had to go back and negotiate with Gromyko. They seemed vastly amused by this and they proceeded in a comic charade to pretend to ply him with vodka and Cognac. There was much laughing and joking and storytelling—as if the acrimonious session downstairs had never happened.

While we were eating, Kosygin remarked that it was a good omen for our future relations that after three hours of the kind of hard-hitting discussions we had just completed, we could still have a relaxed and personally friendly conversation over dinner. I responded that we must recognize our differences and discuss them honestly. He nodded his head vigorously and raised his glass in another toast.

It was after midnight by the time we got back to the Kremlin. Kissinger and Gromyko immediately began a meeting on the critical questions still standing in the way of a SALT agreement.

I was in my room getting a back treatment from Dr. Riland around 1:00 A.M. when Kissinger came in with the news that the Soviets were continuing to hold out for their position, which was unacceptable to us. It was possible that they were hoping that the domestic pressures on me to return home with a SALT agreement would force me to settle for their terms. I had anticipated this possibility before we left Washington, and I was ready to call their bluff.

Kissinger had further news, however, for which I was not prepared. He reported that the Pentagon was in almost open rebellion and the Joint Chiefs were backing away from the SALT position to which they had previously agreed. Kissinger did not have to remind me—although he did so in the most urgent terms—that if word of this split reached the press, or if the Pentagon refused to support a SALT agreement I brought back from the summit, the domestic political consequences would be devastating.

“The hell with the political consequences,” I said. “We are going to make an agreement on our terms regardless of the political consequences if the Pentagon won’t go along.” I determined not to allow either the Pentagon on the right or the Soviets on the left to drive me away from the position I believed was in the best interests of the country.

“Just do the best you can,” I said, “and remember that as far as I’m concerned, we don’t have to settle this week.”

Kissinger spent several more hours that night trying to hammer out an acceptable agreement. The meeting finally broke up in the early morning with the issue still deadlock.
Kissinger resumed his meetings with Gromyko after the ballet. The next morning he reported that they had gone as far as they could with the actual negotiations. Their meeting had broken up without any agreement having been reached.

Later, Kissinger and I were meeting in my apartment when Dobrynin arrived with the news that the Politburo had held a special session and agreed to accept our final position.

Everyone's spirits were high at the dinner we gave at Spaso House, the ambassador's residence, that night. Brezhnev was at his most expansive. The pièce de résistance of the meal was a flaming Baked Alaska. When it was brought in, Brezhnev said, "Look! The Americans really are miracle workers! They have found a way to set ice cream on fire!"

Just after eleven that night in the Kremlin, Brezhnev and I signed the ABM treaty and the Interim Offensive Agreement, thereby establishing a temporary freeze on the numbers of ICBMs and submarine-launched missiles that each side could possess until a permanent agreement was negotiated. Pat had asked me if she could attend the historic ceremony. Since none of the other wives would be there, I suggested that she wait until the official party had entered and then slip in and stand behind one of the large columns. She did, and watched the signing.

The next day we flew to Leningrad. We visited the Piskaryev Cemetery, where many of the hundreds of thousands who died during the Nazi siege of the city are buried. We were running late, so the advance man recommended that I cut the scheduled stop at the small museum there. The young girl who was acting as our guide was obviously upset when she heard that I might not complete the itinerary. I said that of course I would visit the museum. I was deeply moved when she showed me the diary of Tanya, a twelve-year-old girl buried in the cemetery. She translated from the entries describing how one after another the members of Tanya's family died; the final sad entry read: "All are dead. Only Tanya is left." The girl's voice choked with emotion as she read these words. "Tanya died too," she said as she brushed tears from her eyes.

I was asked to sign the visitor's book before we left. I wrote: "To Tanya and all the heroes of Leningrad." As I walked away, I said, "I hope it will never be repeated in all the world."

We flew back to Moscow, and on the next day, Sunday, we went to services at Moscow's only Baptist church, the All-Union Council of Evangelical Christian Baptists. The unaffected singing of the congregation made me think of the early Christians. I was surprised to see such a large number of young people in the congregation. I was told later that many of the older men and women had either been frightened away or displaced by KGB agents.

I spent the rest of the day preparing my television broadcast to the people of the Soviet Union. As in 1959, I felt that this would be a very important opportunity for me to present the American viewpoint on international issues to the Russian people without any editing or control by the Soviet government.

In the speech I discussed the dangers of an unchecked arms race, and I underlined America's sincere desire for peace. At the end I described my experience the day before at the cemetery in Leningrad and said:

As we work toward a more peaceful world, let us think of Tanya and of the other Tanyas and their brothers and sisters everywhere. Let us do all that we can to ensure that no other children will have to endure what Tanya did and that your children and ours, all the children of the world, can live their full lives together in friendship and in peace.

Brezhnev told me after the broadcast that my conclusion had brought tears to his eyes.

The greatest surprise of the summit came during my next to last meeting with Brezhnev. I went to his office for what was supposed to be a half-hour courtesy call, and we ended up spending two hours talking about Vietnam. Unlike at our meeting at the dacha, however, he was calm and serious.

After some initial skirmishing, he said, "Would you like to have one of our highest Soviet officials go to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in the interest of peace?"

I replied that such a visit might make a major contribution to ending the war, and I said that I would suspend bombing during the period the Soviet official was in Hanoi.

As I was leaving, we paused by the door, and I said, "You have my commitment that privately or publicly I will take no steps directed against the interests of the Soviet Union. But you should rely on what I say in the private channel, not on what anyone else tells you. There are not only certain forces in the world, but also representatives of the press, who are not interested in better relations between us."

The major achievement of Summit I was the agreement covering the limitation of strategic arms. The ABM treaty stopped what inevitably would have become a defensive arms race, with untold billions of dollars being spent on each side for more and more ABM coverage. The other major effect of the ABM treaty was to make permanent the concept of deterrence through "mutual terror": by giving up missile defenses, each
side was leaving its population and territory hostage to a strategic missile attack. Each side therefore had an ultimate interest in preventing a war that could only be mutually destructive.

Together with the ABM treaty, the Interim Agreement on strategic missiles marked the first step toward arms control in the thermonuclear age. The Interim Agreement froze the levels of strategic missiles to those then actually existing or under construction. Under this agreement, the United States gave up nothing, because we had no programs that were affected by the freeze. The Soviets, however, had a substantial missile deployment program under way. It is not possible to state how extensive that deployment might have been in the absence of the agreement. But had it continued, it would have put us increasingly at a disadvantage in numbers of missiles and would almost certainly have forced us into a costly building program just to maintain the then-current ratios. By maintaining those ratios the agreement would allow the two sides to begin negotiations for a permanent agreement on offensive weapons free from the pressures of an arms race.

In addition to these major achievements in the area of arms control, there were a number of other agreements signed at Summit I, including the establishment of a joint commercial commission to encourage more trade, and agreements on pollution control and on medicine and public health, especially research on cancer and heart disease. In addition to the establishment of a joint commission to expand cooperation in several areas of science and technology, there was an agreement on a joint orbital mission in space, which came to fruition in 1975 with the Apollo-Soyuz space docking.

Finally, we signed a document containing twelve “basic principles of mutual relations between the United States and the U.S.S.R.,” which set forth a code of behavior both sides agreed to follow. This code dealt not only with bilateral relations and measures to reduce the risk of nuclear war but also with the reduction of tension and conflict, especially the kind that could involve the major powers, in their relations with other areas of the world.

These summit agreements began the establishment of a pattern of interrelationships and cooperation in a number of different areas. This was the first stage of détente: to involve Soviet interests in ways that would increase their stake in international stability and the status quo. There was no thought that such commercial, technical, and scientific relationships could by themselves prevent confrontations or wars, but at least they would have to be counted in a balance sheet of gains and losses whenever the Soviets were tempted to indulge in international adventurism.

Because of the pervasive bugging I did not dictate any diary entries while we were in the Soviet Union. The Soviets were curiously unsubtle in this regard. A member of my staff reported having casually told his secretary that he would like an apple, and ten minutes later a maid came in and put a bowl of apples on the table.

I did, however, keep extensive notes during the trip, and I made several long dictations from them the weekend after we returned.

Diary

I emphasized to Henry my evaluation of the Soviet leaders in which I said that Robert Conquest’s comment to the effect that they were intellectually third-rate was simply off the mark. I said that we constantly misjudge the Russians because we judge them by their manners, etc., and we do not look beyond to see what kind of character and strength they really have.

Anybody who gets to the top in the Communist hierarchy and stays at the top has to have a great deal of political ability and a great deal of toughness. All three of the Soviet leaders have this in spades, and Brezhnev in particular. His Russian may not be as elegant, and his manners not as fine, as that of some of his sophisticated European and Asian colleagues, but like an American labor leader, he has what it takes, and we can make no greater mistake than to rate him either as a fool or simply an unintelligent brute. Chou En-lai had the combination of elegance and toughness, a very unusual one in the world today.

There is no question that the Russian leaders do not have as much of an inferiority complex as was the case in Khrushchev’s period. They do not have to brag about everything in Russia being better than anything anywhere else in the world. But they still crave to be respected as equals, and on this point I think we made a good impression.

It was interesting to note that all the Soviet leaders like good clothes. Brezhnev was even somewhat of a fashion plate in his own way. He had an obviously very expensive gold cigarette holder and lighter.

I noted that all three of the Soviet leaders wore cuff links. I recalled how subtle the change had been from the days of Khrushchev, when he insisted on dressing more plainly than the rest of us.

Kosyglin is really all business, a very cool customer with very little outward warmth. He is by Communist terms an aristocrat; while Podgorny is more like a Midwestern senator; and Brezhnev like a big Irish labor boss, or perhaps an analogy to Mayor Daley would be more in order with no affront intended to either.
They seemed to get along well and to have a good personal relationship with each other. I pointed out to Kissinger in a note when Kosygin, Brezhnev, and Podgorny were having one of their colloquies, that it sounded like the scrambler we had in our room which we turned on whenever we wanted to knock out the listening device.

Brezhnev was very warm and friendly. As we were riding in the car out to the dacha, he put his hand on my knee and said he hoped we had developed a good personal relationship.

[Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky had] analyzed Brezhnev as being a "bear-hug" type of man who was likely to have physical contact with whoever came to see him. I couldn't help thinking that Brezhnev and Johnson would have been quite a pair if they had met at Glassboro, instead of Kosygin.

At one point, he said to me, "God be with you." At another point he referred to me as "the present President and the future President."

He told me how an older party man, when he had just begun party work, emphasized the importance of personal relationships in politics and government and party work. I rather wondered who it might have been because this sounded somewhat like Stalin.

There is no question about Brezhnev's overall strength. First, he is five years younger than the other two. Second, he has a strong, deep voice—a great deal of animal magnetism and drive which comes through whenever you meet him. Third, while he sometimes talks too much and is not too precise, he always comes through forcefully, and he has a very great shrewdness. He also has the ability to move off of a point in the event that he is not winning it.

His gestures were extremely expressive. He stands up and walks around, a device he often used during the course of our meetings. Henry recalled one instance in which Brezhnev said, 'Every time I stand up I make another concession.' He must, of course, have been affected by the fact that my own conduct was, by comparison, totally controlled. Some would say this was a mistake but, on the other hand, I am inclined to think it may have impressed him more than if I had been more outwardly emotional in responding to his various charges.

Brezhnev at one point said to me, "I am an emotional man, particularly about death in war." I told him that while my reputation was for being unemotional, I was just as emotional as he was about this issue.

He asked about Mao. I responded that despite poor health, he was sharp from an intellectual standpoint. Brezhnev responded that Mao is a philosopher, not practical, a God-like figure. He said the Chinese were terribly difficult to understand, and then went on to say, "We Europeans are totally different from them."

He said it was really shocking that in the Cultural Revolution they cut off people's heads in the public square. Of course, it's only been twenty years or so since the Communist leaders liquidated their opponents rather than letting them become non-persons, as had been the case with Khrushchev.

He made a great point of the fact that "some people" do not want this meeting to succeed—obviously referring to the Chinese.

An interesting sidelight: unlike the Chinese, who were totally obsessed with the smaller countries of Africa, Asia, and Latin America, the Soviet leaders hardly talked at all about any of the smaller countries except for North Vietnam and a brief mention of North Korea. It was also interesting to note that the Soviet leaders did not raise the subject of Cuba at all, and they were very mild on North Korea.

I noted the great changes since 1959. There were far more cars in the streets, and the people were better dressed.

In a totalitarian state they have to put on a fetish of having some contact with people, but they really don't do much better than the Chinese in setting these things up in a way that appears to be spontaneous. I am constantly amazed by the total gulf that exists between the Communist ruling classes and the people. I always spoke to the waiters or nodded to them as we left the various dinners, but the Communist leaders acted as if they were non-persons. They treated them as a totally different class.

I pointed out on one of the occasions that our meeting was not a fortuitous affair. The situation in the world required that the meeting be held. The world expected much from the meeting, and we justified the world's hopes. The meeting was well prepared, and now we must go forward to do away with the hotbeds of war that exist in the world. What we must not do is to repeat history. Yalta led to an improvement of relations, but then to a sharp deterioration thereafter. Reading about Yalta gives one great pause because it was not what was agreed to at Yalta, but the failure of the Soviets to keep the agreement, which led to all the troubles after that time.

We are now faced with the major task of giving implementation to the documents we have signed.
JUNE 1972

The morning after our return from the Soviet Summit, I had a heavy schedule of meetings and a congressional briefing on the SALT treaty in an effort to line up support behind it. That afternoon I went with my family to Florida. I carried with me a briefcase full of the domestic reports and decision memoranda that had piled up while we were away.

John Connally came down on Monday. He was leaving the administration and was preparing for his return to Texas.

"Well, I saw Tommy Corcoran a couple of days ago," he said as he settled into a chair in my study, "and he told me Teddy Kennedy now says he wants the nomination. But I think it's too late. McGovern and his people have the bit in their mouths, and they're running with it."

I said that we should not underestimate Kennedy's residual appeal. Even McGovern's supporters, no matter how emotionally committed to their man, would rally around Kennedy. "I understand Hubert isn't going to make it," I said, and Connally nodded.

"Whatever you do," Connally said, "keep the door open for Democrats and independents. If McGovern is nominated, you will see an unprecedented defection."

"Don't worry," I said. "I learned something in 1960. The door will not only be open—I've been weaving a welcome mat."

On June 6 George McGovern won the California primary. The early polls had projected a 20-point landslide, but Hubert Humphrey narrowed the difference to only 5.4 percent; with one more week of campaigning, Humphrey might have won. But California settled it: McGovern would win the nomination.

The Democrats were about to nominate a man who had called for immediate unilateral withdrawal from South Vietnam without any assurances concerning the return of our POWs; who favored unconditional amnesty for draft dodgers; who proposed a reduction in the defense budget that would cut the Air Force in half, reduce the number of Navy warships, and slash the personnel assigned to NATO posts without requiring any reciprocal reductions from the Soviets; and who pledged to cut off aid to our NATO ally Greece while increasing overall foreign aid totals by some 400 percent, with most of the money earmarked for African countries.

McGovern's approach to welfare was for the federal government to give $1,000 to every man, woman, and child in America, funded largely by the tax-strapped middle-income group. HEW calculated that this program alone would cost some $50 billion a year.

His tax reform proposals, ostensibly aimed at closing loopholes and redistributing the tax burden more fairly, were too much even for the New York Times, which described them as "drastic" with "often woolly estimates of potential gains and losses." Hubert Humphrey, during the California primary, had called them "confiscatory," and "a lot of bunk." By the end of the campaign, we estimated the domestic proposals put forth by McGovern would add $126 billion to the federal deficit.

McGovern told the Washington Post that busing was "essential" for integration. He called J. Edgar Hoover "a menace to justice." He said that when he was elected President, the demonstrators who had threatened chaos and spat obscenities at the police would be "having dinner at the White House."

All these extreme stands and statements were on the record, but as late as July only one panelist in ten on a Time magazine citizens' panel considered George McGovern a radical, while the rest were divided over whether he was really a liberal or a moderate conservative! This confusion existed largely because early in the campaign the media had played down the radical or inconsistent elements of McGovern's programs. Many reporters sympathized with McGovern's positions; many just liked his enthusiastic and engaging collection of amateur staff members and volunteer workers.

Fortunately, not all reporters abdicated their critical faculties or their obligation to be objective. "Reader beware," wrote Godfrey Sperling, columnist for the Christian Science Monitor, on June 8. "A love affair between a number of newsmen and George McGovern is bursting into full bloom and even though we are talking—by and large—about tough-minded, professional observers, this congenial relationship is bound to affect their copy." He continued:

"In fact, in this reporter's judgment, it already has. For months now Senator McGovern has been talking about a program that would pretty much revolutionize our society ... Yet, at least until the last week or so Senator McGovern has pretty much been given a "free ride" from the press.... As of now, I would say that many of those newsmen who accompany McGovern along the campaign trail have already let their bias show through—not so much by what they have written about McGovern but by what they have not written about him and his programs. Their omissions tell a great deal.

The biggest political danger McGovern could pose, as I saw it, would be if he decided to change his positions in order to pick up the support of moderate Democrats. I noted in a memo to Mitchell dictated on June 6, the day of the California primary:

The McGovern strategy is becoming very clear now that he believes that he has the nomination wrapped up. His going to the Governors Conference...