HENRY ANATOLE GRUNWALD

DECEMBER 3, 1922 – FEBRUARY 26, 2005
TEMPLE EMANU-EL
NEW YORK CITY
MARCH 1, 2005

DR. DAVID M. POSNER, SENIOR RABBI

ORGANIST
PEDRO D’AQUINO

VOCALISTS
NEW YORK CITY OPERA
CHERYL EVANS
WILLIAM FERGUSON
KYLE PFORTMILLER
JENNIFER RIVERA

THE TEMPLE EMANU-EL CHOIR

PRELUDE

HAYDN, OPUS 20, SUN QUARTETS
MOZART, VOI CHE SAPETE, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO
MASCAGNI, INTERMEZZO, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA
VERDI, ADDIO, DEL PASSATO, LA TRAVIATA
GIORDANO, AMOR TI VIETA, FEDORA
PUCCINI, CHÉ GELIDA MANINA, LA BOHÈME
GOUNOD, AVANT DE QUITTER CES LIEUX, FAUST
PETER A. GRUNWALD

Thank you all for being here, especially on such a snowy day.

For my father, the American Dream was not an abstraction. He arrived in this country with nothing but the power of his mind to drive him, and it took him everywhere he wanted to go.

He had the will and determination of a Greek god, and probably would have loved to have been one. He ruled his children benevolently, occasionally hurling a thunderbolt from Olympus to keep us in line, the way his own father had raised him.

He shaped me as he shaped his cover stories, with much attention to detail and a bravura style that often startled me, and I suspect some of the people who wrote for him.

He was great because he was kind. Yes, he was smart. Charming. Wise. But most of all, he was good. A man whose warmth and love could fill the empty spaces in other lives.

His passions were infectious: his appetite for ideas, words, music, movies, theater, people, and, of course, food.

Ironically, he was a terrible cook. When I was a boy, we began a father-son routine during which we tried to prepare a family meal together every Sunday. My mother put a stop to that and introduced a new routine: taking the family out to dinner every Sunday.

So I learned how to make things he liked on my own, including a tomato sauce he called “brilliant.” It wasn’t, but unlike some of my other accomplishments, it was something he could eat.
To live an exceptional life requires exceptional luck. My father thought his had run out when my mother, whom he adored, died. We became single men together, he in his 50s, me in my 20s, both of us appalled that the rigors of dating were the same, regardless of generation.

But when he met Louise, he knew that his good luck had returned. She was a gift. They built a wonderful new life together and, though she knows how much he loved her, I hope she also knows how grateful I will always be for what she did for him.

Last summer, barely recovered from a cardiac arrest, my father invited my wife and me on a trip to Vienna, where he was born and where he had been the American ambassador. Four of his father’s operettas were being performed around the city, all in the space of a week, and my father was determined to see each one.

He suspected it would be his last trip to the city he loved, but he didn’t brood, even in the capital of brooding. He walked the streets with a vitality that astonished me, ate his favorite foods, and reveled in his father’s legacy. He was just so glad to be alive.

He savored life until the very end with the passion and tenacity that characterized him. As he once wrote of J. D. Salinger, “the gleam in his eye was unmistakable”. My father had that gleam. He was my hero, the only hero I expect to have. I am proud to be his son and to bear his name.
HENRY A. KISSINGER

Henry Grunwald became managing editor of Time at almost the exact moment that I entered government service. We had been shaped by parallel experiences. For the refugees from Nazi tyranny, the 1960s in America were a particularly complicated period. We had experienced what most Americans must learn: how much America meant to the oppressed and the desperate. We therefore felt a special responsibility in encouraging America's possibilities as America tormented itself over its role in the world and its worthiness to fulfill it.

In that firestorm, Henry and I from time to time found ourselves on opposite sides. It did not affect our friendship; in a curious way, it deepened it. This was the time when journalism moved from reporting into investigating, from recording events to insisting on a role in shaping them. Henry presided over that transition at Time with wisdom, restraint, and magnanimity. At a moment when technology was enabling the public to become spectators of contemporary events in real time, he saw his role as disciplining the multiplying flood of information into knowledge, and knowledge into insight. Henry viewed the interaction of government and journalism as a symbiotic effort in which each side, by being true to its best values, served the future of freedom. Because I considered Henry a kind of conscience, his approval—not an everyday occurrence-eased uncertainties, and his differences demanded self-examination.

We remained good friends for all the decades since. Debonair, charming, warm-hearted, Henry was a wonderful conversationalist with a deep sense of history. He was proud of his children, and he adored Louise, who gave new meaning to the final phase of his life. It was fun to go to a Grunwald
dinner party and watch the old master editor at work, drawing out his guests and steering the conversation into the shoals of good-natured controversy. The qualities I most associate with Henry are dignity and wisdom.

We met for the last time two weeks ago at Henry and Louise’s apartment for dinner with our wives. Henry was frail and pensive and yet intellectually as vital as ever. At one point, I said that I admired the serenity with which he had handled his near blindness and that I did not think I could have managed it. “No,” Henry said firmly, “you could have.”

I have reflected since how much Henry’s friendship ennobled those whose lives he touched and how often at crucial moments he sustained the courage to do what was necessary.
MANDY GRUNWALD

A while ago, my father’s doctors tried to explain his medical condition to us in terms we could understand,

“Look,” they said, “his heart is just too big.”

Well, we all knew that, didn’t we?

Daddy’s heart held so many loves.

His love of words...properly edited of course.

His love of ideas...timeless or new, but never trite.

His love of humor...boy, nothing ever made any of us children prouder than getting Daddy to laugh. And if it was a big enough laugh that he had to take his glasses off to wipe his eyes...? That was the best of all.

He loved America...the country that took him in...but he also loved traveling the world...

Other children went to the Grand Canyon...we went to Marrakesh.

He was endlessly interested in new places and new people...even in the last decade when his vision made so much a blur.

He loved music...as children we would sneak peaks of him in his study forcefully conducting Mozart with a pencil.

His tastes were not always classy. He also loved James Bond and the Man From Uncle and P. G. Wodehouse and more recently the Sopranos.
He loved gadgets and gizmos of all kinds. Although he was not exactly a technological wiz.

He loved knowing what was happening. Even when he couldn’t read, he kept up with all kinds of newspapers and magazines and was usually far better informed than the rest of us with decent vision.

The last thing Daddy said to me was the same thing he said in every conversation we ever had...so what’s new in the world?

He certainly loved food...probably pasta and wiener schnitzel most of all. Even at the end, when his diet was restricted, he was strategizing about how to have some caviar with Louise or maybe a little Chinese from Shun Lee with us kids.

There were, of course, many things Daddy did not love...

He was totally uninterested in sports. He couldn’t drive. And he wasn’t always thrilled with my Democratic clients.

He also had a temper that many of you have seen. We think it was at its worst on a picnic in Italy when my brother Peter foolishly dropped a bowl of ratatouille on the ground. Believe me, it was a scarring experience.

Patience came to him only late in life.

Every father’s day at school that I can remember, he couldn’t understand why he had to wait until recess to get a damn cup of coffee.

But Daddy loved far more than he disliked. Above all, he loved his family.
He built a wonderful life and family with my mother, and he built a second extraordinary life with Louise.

I always made Louise wear a seatbelt when she drove Daddy in Southampton or the Vineyard. She always teased me that I only wanted her around to take care of Daddy.

Well, Louise, we love you and we want you always to wear your seatbelt.

Daddy was proud of his children and delighted by his grandchildren.

Despite his European reserve, he was pretty good at letting us all know how he felt.

After he got back from the Vineyard this summer, when he and Louise renewed their vows, Daddy wrote me the following

“Dear Mandy, I am sorry you missed our little ceremony in the Vineyard. As far as I know it is not customary for parents and children to renew their vows, but I hereby do so. Love you very much. Dad.”

Daddy, all of us here today renew our love to you too.
Louise has given me exactly three minutes to talk about Henry and women, and I think I should begin with a true story. When Henry was six or seven years old in Vienna, he fell madly in love with a little girl named Hilde who had golden ringlets. One day they were at a tea party, and he saw Hilde, and her golden ringlets, under the stairs, and swept away by passion, he planted a kiss on her lips and asked if he could walk her home. She told him no, she was walking home with another boy. So Henry slugged her.

This story, which Henry told one night to Diane Sawyer, one of my collaborators today, is the sort of thing that could be used to make a number of points, but the one I would like to make is that in the area of personal growth, Henry was truly unrivaled. He overcame his early tendency toward violence and became one of the greatest, gentlest flirts of our time. Women loved Henry. And Henry listened to them. “Let’s face it,” Barbara Walters wrote me about Henry, “a lot of men are not really interested in listening to women. Henry listened—to his daughters, to Louise, to his many women friends.”

From Joan Didion: “He was a man who really liked women, a rarer quality than we generally pretend.”

“Women loved Henry because Henry loved women,” said Joan Ganz Cooney Peterson. “If you had a mind, he made you think you were his peer, and you weren’t his peer.”

To use one of Louise’s favorite words, Henry was cozy. He was also erudite. He loved gossip. He loved history. He was elegant and courtly, but as Alex Witchel said the other day, sometimes he laughed so hard his hand would hit the
table, as if his hand were laughing too. He made us all feel smarter than we were, and wittier than we were. He had his women friends who were his opera friends and women friends who were his movie friends, and he had women friends who were his friends simply because he was interested in them. Years ago, he took a young Joan Didion to lunch. “He had read a piece of mine,” Joan remembered, “and he said, ‘I suppose you’re writing a novel.’ I allowed that I was. He asked what it was about. I said it was about the adulterous wife of a hop grower in the Sacramento Valley. There was a silence and then he started to laugh. I asked why. ‘That wasn’t what I expected you to say,’ he said. I doubt that we ever agreed on much,” Joan added, “but we could disagree without hurt or animus.”

He was, of course, losing his sight for about two years before most of us knew, and that was another reason we all loved him: he was truly brave and uncomplaining. Not easy to find a Jew who does not complain. Calling his book *Twilight*, a brilliant, heartbreaking title for a brilliant, heartbreaking book, was as close as he ever came to complaint. As Liz Smith wrote, he was “Dapper, divine, darling, durable, delightful, a lover not a fighter.”

He loved Louise and Mandy and Lisa the most, but the rest of us women were not that far behind, and in any case, the final reason we loved Henry so much was that he loved the three of them so much. As Alex Witchel wrote: “I looked at him one night in that room where they serve coffee after dinner. He was getting someone an after dinner drink, and I saw how much he loved his home, and Louise and their friends, and could just feel the moment of pure pleasure he was having.” How lucky we were to have been embraced by his sweet, generous soul.
WALTER ISAACSON

Henry Grunwald had an unusual combination of intellectual rigor and personal grace, a combination that is rare in a human being, and perhaps even rarer among us journalists.

His mark on American journalism, born of this rigor and grace, was likewise a rare one—so rare that it takes a moment to notice it and be surprised by it.

Here is what I think it was: When he took over Time, he transformed the magazine by aiming it upward rather than downward. He made it more intellectual rather than dumbing it down. He saved it by making it smarter, something that doesn’t happen much in the media these days.

The process began when he joined Time as a 22-year-old immigrant copy boy who was polishing his English by watching every movie that played on 42nd Street. He wrote a memo to Harry Luce proposing a new magazine called Ideas. Content Peckham, the marvelously-named boss of Time’s copy clerks, got ahold of it. “Perhaps this guy belongs in the promotion department,” she scribbled on it. “Or maybe on the moon.”

As a copy clerk Henry famously fiddled with the pieces he was delivering, at one point completely rewriting a cover story he didn’t like and then showing it to the original writer, who was not amused. One version has him hovering and commenting as a writer typed out a story until he suddenly saw the words: “Kid, if you don’t cut this out, I’ll break every bone in your body.” As Henry backed out of the office, he muttered: “cliché!”

As managing editor and then editor in chief, Henry displayed
his intellectual rigor, if not always his personal grace, in the notes or memos he sent after reading each story.

For me it began with the very first word I wrote in my first sentence in my first week at Time. I had begun the story, "Prior to his election as President, Jimmy Carter..." The story came back from on high with an indecipherable Henry note across the top. No one in the Nation section could read it. So the head of the copy desk, famed for her ability to read Henry's handwriting, was summoned. As we gathered around, she read the note in its entirety: "Prior," Henry had written, "is a God-awful word."

I have ever since recoiled when seeing the word.

Ray Cave told me, when we talked after hearing the news on Saturday, that he had saved every one of the memos Henry sent while he was managing editor and had recently been leafing through them again in amazement.

Both in person and in the pages he produced each week, Henry displayed a mind that was deeply committed to old values and verities, yet also ever fascinated by new ideas. That made him both one of the most profoundly conservative and one of the most profoundly liberal people I have ever met. This outlook helped him move the magazine away from partisanship toward intellectual honesty.

He realized that in an age of television that was becoming more shallow, the way to revive the magazine was to make it less a rehash of other people's reporting and instead focus on new ideas, original reporting and distinctive writers such as Bob Hughes and Roger Rosenblatt.

From his father, the great Viennese operetta librettist Alfred Grunwald, he learned to appreciate both high and
low culture, and seemed especially to embrace those who, like his father, thrived at the intersection of both: Norman Mailer, Jerzy Koszinski, Marilyn Monroe—in fact half the people here.

Even his worst ideas revealed his noble instincts. There was, for example, a dreadful series we all had to do called American Renewal that was supposed to address every grand national challenge and come up with multi-part proposals for solving them. It was an example of what Strobe Talbott once called Henry’s penchant for solution-mongering. But it revealed in Henry a profound sense of moral mission that was rooted in a knowledge of evil.

In addition to the historic mark he made on journalism, Henry will be remembered for something else: He was one of the great exemplars, along with Henry Kissinger, of the amazing collection of Jewish refugees from fascism who arrived in the 1930s and transformed this nation with their intellect and profound patriotism. When the Nazis swamped Austria in 1938, the Grunwalds escaped to Czechoslovakia, then fled to France. In Biarritz he and his father bought a toy printing press to forge a visa, then he used his budding writing talent to write a petition to get them aboard the last freighter to Morocco. Eventually, they made it to New York harbor on a very hot day, where young Henry was handed his first Coca-Cola. He took a sip. As he later recalled: “I hated it.”

That, too, was emblematic. He loved his adopted country with the passion of a person who did not take its freedoms for granted. He may have loved it too much at times, for he despaired deeply about any of its lapses—its lapses in political will, and even more so its lapses of taste. But he capped his career in that quintessential American way, as the ambassador of the country that adopted him to the
country that he had been forced to flee.

In 1989, I was denied entry into Romania, based on some perceived slight that had long before appeared in Time, and was put on the next plane out, which happened to be to Vienna. Having no hotel, I showed up to be Henry and Louise’s guest at their ambassador’s residence, under the assumption that whatever slight had so enraged the Romanians had probably been caused by one of Henry’s closing-night memos.

My most vivid memory of Henry was of that evening, as he paced around in the living room where Kennedy had first met Khruschev. He was putting on his white tie and tails for the opera while peppered with questions—most of them rhetorical, thank goodness—about the future of communist ideology and the Soviet hold on eastern Europe.

This scene, almost out of an opera bouffe by his father, might have seemed pompous. But Henry, even in white tie, rotund and orotund, always had a twinkle in his eye. It signaled his wry, self-aware wit, a wit that served to puncture any pomposity. Even after his eyes began to go dark on him, they were still able to twinkle at the rest of us. At a time when journalism—and the rest of human endeavor—could use a bit more intellectual rigor and personal grace, and could also benefit from a little more twinkling of the eyes, let us remember the times that we failed to aim upward the way he so memorably did, and let us resolve to honor his legacy by trying, as he would have us do, to aim that way henceforth.
I was going through some of my father’s letters yesterday, and I found this note:

“Lisa: Starting a poem with ‘And’ is an affectation vaguely derived from Eliot. I used to do it too in my brief poetry-writing phase, so I don’t blame you in the least. But it should be avoided. ‘Catch you there’ is vague: Where? The last line, with its double negative, is a little weak.”

I was eleven.

My father was my first, my best, and my most demanding teacher.

As many of you know all too well, he had limited tolerance for incompetence and none at all for indolence.

But like all great teachers, he communicated an absolute certainty—it was actually something more like regal entitlement—that you would rise to his level, catch the reference, remember the quote, know the capital city, make the deadline, get the point.

I think he not only believed that perfection was possible, but that on some level it was immoral not to attempt it.

He taught me about writing. Sitting in the tall-backed chair in his study, whatever pages I’d offered laid out like a meal in front of him, he taught me to hate split infinitives, mixed metaphors, “impact” as a verb, all euphemisms for “died,” and all clichés. I am told that in the margin beside the word “cummerbund” in a Time story, he once scrawled, “Another word, please.”
He taught me about love. Talking on the phone at the end of a particularly painful relationship, I asked him pathetically why the guy didn’t love me, and I can hear him saying, “Darling. Love has nothing to do with worth. Love is an accident.” He himself was lucky enough to have been involved in two very different but equally spectacular such accidents.

He taught me about courage. First his loss of vision and then his illness inevitably reshaped his world. He was tenacious and he was stoic. “One has to push back,” he said, and in the end, after a lifetime of asking the most brilliant, most penetrating, and most insightful questions, he knew exactly what questions not to ask. That may have taken the most courage of all.

By example, he taught me about kindness and courtliness and grace. Birthdays required presents, Valentine’s Days required flowers, and milestones required raised glasses and benedictions. I can’t imagine I will ever hear a better toast than the ones he gave, or see a fedora worn with more style, or a pair of eyes that could twinkle with such kindness and wisdom and mirth. The day before he died, he reached out to kiss my hand and my sister’s. I can’t imagine a more beautiful gesture. You could almost hear the waltz.

Some months ago, I dreamed I was writing my father’s eulogy. Not that surprising, given the state of his health. What was even less surprising is that, in the dream, he was editing it.

That turns out to have been somewhat prophetic, because in fact he left some instructions for today’s gathering. He had them in his computer under the file name “Exit.”
He told us that he wanted a rabbi to officiate, and he listed
the music he wanted, which you’ve just heard, and he
added: “Given my deep gratitude to the U.S. there should
also be an American note; I realize that the “Battle Hymn
of the Republic” may be considered too Christian in a
Jewish framework, but I am confident that in some way
this difficulty will be overcome.” As you’ll see in a
moment, it was.

My father wrote: “I am not particularly looking forward to
this party, and I hope it will prove to be fairly distant.
There is so much I would still like to do and experience.
But I have no complaints. I’ve had a most fortunate life.”

Of course he wasn’t looking forward to this party—and
certainly neither were we—but he would have been
delighted and moved that all of you were here, and on
behalf of my family, I want to thank you for coming.
ORDER OF SERVICE

STRAUSS, WALTZ, DIE FLEDERMAUS

OPENING PRAYERS
DR. DAVID M. POSNER

EULOGIES
PETER A. GRUNWALD
HENRY A. KISSINGER
MANDY GRUNWALD

KALMAN, KOMM ZIGÁNY, GRÄFIN MARIZA
LYRICS BY ALFRED GRÜNwald
WILLIAM FERGUSON, VOCALIST

NORA EPHRON
WALTER ISAACSON
LISA GRUNWALD ADLER

CLOSING PRAYERS

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

HONORARY PALL BEARERS
LINDA FAIRSTEIN
VERNON JORDAN
STEFAN KANFER
FELIX ROHATYN
MIKE WALLACE
BARBARA WALTERS
Remarks at Funeral Service for Henry Grunwald  
March 1, 2005  
Henry A. Kissinger

Henry Grunwald became managing editor of *Time* at almost the exact moment that I entered government service. We had been shaped by parallel experiences. For the refugees from Nazi tyranny, the 1960s in America were a particularly complicated period. We had experienced what most Americans must learn: how much America meant to the oppressed and the desperate. We therefore felt a special responsibility in encouraging America’s possibilities as America tormented itself over its role in the world and its worthiness to fulfill it.

In that firestorm, Henry and I from time to time found ourselves on opposite sides. It did not affect our friendship; in a curious way, it deepened it. This was the time when journalism moved from reporting into investigating, from recording events to insisting on a role in shaping them. Henry presided over that transition at *Time* with wisdom, restraint, and magnanimity. At a moment when technology was enabling the public to become spectators of contemporary events in real time, he saw his role as disciplining the multiplying flood of information into knowledge, and knowledge into insight. Henry viewed the interaction of government and journalism as a symbiotic effort in which each side, by being true to its best values, served the future of freedom. Because I considered Henry a kind of conscience, his approval — not an everyday occurrence — eased uncertainties, and his differences demanded self-examination.

We remained good friends for all the decades since. Debonair, charming, warm-hearted, Henry was a wonderful conversationalist with a deep sense of history. He was proud of his children, and he adored Louise, who gave new meaning to the final phase of his life. It was fun to go to a Grunwald dinner party and watch the old master editor at work, drawing out his guests and steering the conversation into the shoals of good-natured controversy. The qualities I most associate with Henry are dignity and wisdom.
We met for the last time two weeks ago at Henry and Louise’s apartment for dinner with our wives. Henry was frail and pensive and yet intellectually as vital as ever. At one point, I said that I admired the serenity with which he had handled his near blindness and that I did not think I could have managed it. “No,” Henry said firmly, “you could have.”

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deepened it. This was the time when journalism moved from reporting events to investigating, from recording events to demanding a role in shaping them. Henry presided over that transition at *Time* with wisdom, restraint, and magnanimity. At a moment when technology was increasingly transforming the public into spectators in real-time, he understood that his role was not simply to assemble information but to move the multiplying flood of news across the threshold that spells knowledge. Encounters between Henry and his editors were therefore seminars in mutual education. He did not view the interaction of government and journalism as inherently confrontational, but as a parallel effort to enlighten the country. Henry was always respectful but also rigorous in insisting on his standards. The concept of “spinning,” which did not yet exist, would have been defeated by his integrity.
We remained good friends for all the decades since. Debonair, charming, warm-hearted, Henry was a wonderful conversationalist with a deep sense of history. His concern for the future of our country with free people remained a passion. It never diminished. It was fun to go to a Grunwald dinner party and watch the old master editor at work, drawing out his guests and steering the conversation into the shoals of controversy. The words I must associate with Henry are objects permanence.

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I have reflected since how often at critical moments Henry was there to give me—and all of those whose lives he touched—the courage to do what was necessary.

How much Henry’s friendship enabled those lives he touched and needed to continue successfully after often difficult moments where they were maintained to succeed in the work was necessary.
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I always had a special feeling for Henry Grunwald. He became managing editor of *Time* at almost the exact moment that I entered government service. The nature of our two professions caused our lives to intersect. And we had been formed by parallel experiences.

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That always set a special feeling for Henry Lunnwald. He became managing editor of Time.

Of all the events that I witnessed, government
by the nature of modern government
service. One lives more vitally, I think. And me
For she

had been joined by parallel experiences. How had
refugees from Nazi Germany. All rhetoric was a
been subjected after their in exile to Nazi persecution.

For particularly complicated period. We had sufficient
what most
better than any American could afford America, that mean
had meant
to the oppressed and the despised. We therefore felt

anxiety the moment as America organized once its
in the world to fulfill
role and its responsibilities.

In that the friendship Henry and

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and restraint. As a moment in the transformation of the public into a world where we increasingly understand that our experiences are of the world, and not merely an ensemble of sensations. To collect information and to model the multiplying flow of issues across the threshold that spells knowledge. Therefore encounters with Henry and his colleagues were seminars where Henry did not wear the mantle of mentor but as a collaborative effort to understand the country. He was always respected but also rigorous in insisting on his standards.

The concept of spinning was slow and not yet easy. What would have been defeated by his knowledge of integrity. He uplifted. The only thing I asked to use our friendship to affect, mine, social justice. Judgment. Henry had only once done
Unsuccessfully, I had heard that Truman wanted to make President Hoover an honorary officer of the year—a fatal prospect for any advisor. Dashed to private plane for business trip to Arizona—possibly unforeseen request. Henry brought back Hadley's report, if I did not stop calling they would make one role model of the year.

We remained good friends for all the decades since. Deborah, charming, beautiful. Henry was a wonderful conservationist with a wonderful deep sense of history. His concern for the future of our country never diminished. It was fun to be her & Louisa's guest & see the old master's oak at work, learning and his guests discussing the conversation with much talk of philosophy.

We met for the last time two weeks ago at a dinner given one winter in the Greenwald...
apartment. Henry was faint and pensive intellectually, and (I think) possibly on account of his illness. I am not sure that the illness will subside.

I admired how he had managed to wear himself out that I did not think I could have equaled.

"No." "Henry said quietly." You could see

and I have reflected since less often on the critical moment. Henry did not give me what was necessary.
February 27, 2005

Time Magazine Editor Grunwald Dies at 82

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Filed at 12:31 p.m. ET

NEW YORK (AP) -- Henry A. Grunwald, a Time magazine editor who led the publication's shift from conservatism to a more centrist view before becoming a United States ambassador to Vienna, has died. He was 82.

Grunwald died of heart failure Saturday at his Manhattan home, according to his daughter, Mandy.

During his tenure as managing editor at Time, Grunwald began to give writers bylines and introduced new departments including Behavior, Energy, the Sexes, Economy and Dance. He ordered up Time's 1966 cover asking the question "Is God Dead?"

Before being named to the position in 1968, Grunwald had been a writer, senior editor and foreign editor at the magazine. His role in shaping Time was perhaps second only to that of founding editor Henry R. Luce.

He "moved the magazine away from partisanship and strengthened the independence of its voice in national and world affairs," Time editor in chief Norman Pearlstine said in a letter to readers that appears in the issue of the magazine out Monday.

One of the most noted items of Grunwald's tenure was when he personally wrote Time's editorial during the Watergate scandal asking President Richard Nixon to resign.

"The nightmare of uncertainty must be ended," he wrote in a Nov. 12, 1973 editorial. "A fresh start must be made. Some at home and abroad might see in the president's resignation a sign of American weakness and failure. It would be a sign of the very opposite."


After serving 11 years as managing editor, Grunwald served as editor-in-chief of all Time Inc. publications -- including Fortune, Sports Illustrated, People and Money -- until retirement in 1987.

He was appointed U.S. ambassador to Austria, the country of his birth, by President Reagan and served in that post from 1988 to 1990.

Grunwald was born in 1922, and his family fled Nazi-occupied Austria for the United States when he was a teenager. His father was a librettist in Vienna who failed to find a foothold in American show business.
Grunwald himself had early ambitions to be a playwright but got a job as a copy boy at Time while a student at New York University and stayed there for his entire career.


Grunwald was in the process of writing a book on defibrillators -- a project that he began after the technology saved his life last year. Pearlstine said it was in Grunwald's character to treat difficulties "as opportunities."

Pearlstine recounted that last year, after the cardiac episode, Grunwald's daughter Lisa told him he must have survived because he wanted to accomplish something else. No, Grunwald said, he just loved living.

"He did it very well," Pearlstine said. "He left us with warm memories and the challenge of living up to his legacy."

As a young man, Grunwald immersed himself in American culture doing everything from spending his free time watching movies on 42nd Street, to taking a lengthy trip to the Midwest in order to better understand his new country.

In addition to his daughter, Grunwald is survived by his wife, Louise Melhado, a son, a daughter, a stepson and four grandchildren. His first wife, Beverly Suser, died in 1981.