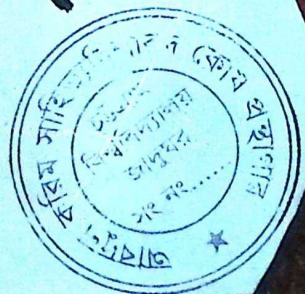


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TIME

УЕНДАЗ



Sheik Mujibur Rahman

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Man of the Year

Sir / I commend you for naming Richard Milhous Nixon as Man of the Year [Jan. 3]. At the time of his inauguration, he was faced with troubles at home and many more abroad. Yet he has taken his stand and made for himself a well-deserved place in history. This country isn't perfect and neither is Mr. Nixon, but his undying concern and his faithful help have led me to believe that someone finally turned on the lights. Things do look brighter. This man has filled American minds with hope, replacing the despair that lived there for so long.

GLENDIA M. GOODRICH
Washington, D.C.

Sir / Crime is up. The economy's down. The war goes on. Hordes of unemployed walk the street. White and black are farther apart than ever. Our elderly find it impossible to exist. Yet TIME picks Nixon as Man of the Year.

NAT H. TOLEN
Stamford, Conn.

Sir / By picking Richard Nixon, you have once again voted for planned mediocrity in Government office and many things contemptible in American life.

MICHAEL G. BALLINGER
New York City

Sir / The year must be 1984. Otherwise, I know that such a perceptive and objective magazine as yours would not have named Richard Nixon its Man of the Year.

(MRS.) ISABEL J. FORD
Jefferson, Mass.

Sir / Mr. Nixon made news in the past year, but the country at large hardly profited by his endeavors. A President who views world politics as if it were a football game has no comprehension of world affairs and little regard for the wishes of his people. Unfortunately, that is the basis of the Nixon presidency.

DAN SCHLOSSBERG
Passaic, N.J.

Heroic Helpfulness

Sir / Your article "The New American Samaritans" [Dec. 27] helped to redeem the sadly faded images of "charity" and "doing good" from their demise at the hands of cynics, ego-trippers and radicals of both right and left.

Pondering your nine vignettes of heroic helpfulness may not lead your readers to imitation, but it may help sensitize them to see such courage and compassion all around them.

L. ALEXANDER HARPER
Director for Domestic Affairs
Council for Christian Social Action
United Church of Christ
New York City

Sir / Hurray and hallelujah for the do-gooders. That name still makes people sound like goody-goodies, but you have proved there's no sissiness about the guts that these people have and the good work that they do.

ANNE PARKER
Arlington, Va.

Sir / I was interested but not surprised at the complaints of Do-Gooder Frank Ferree's neighbors about his house. If

his neighbors had his spirit of brotherhood, they would take brush and hammer in hand and help him put his "damned eyesore" in order.

MARY ANN CONNERY
Coon Rapids, Minn.

Sir / Your title "The Do-Gooders" was a flippant smirk at those people with a true compassion for and a ready willingness to help those in need. There are still a few true Samaritans left in this troubled world.

MRS. PHILIP L. SPENCER
Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir / Thank you for including the Perpetual Mission and Mother Waddles in your story, but I feel it is necessary to point out that Integrated Medical Services (not McKesson & Robbins) of Detroit has totally funded the clinic to date and will continue to fund it.

Although we have eight volunteer doctors, we will also have two full-time doctors and a full-time paramedical staff, furnished and paid for by Integrated Medical Services.

CHARLESZETTA WADDLES
Mother Waddles Perpetual Mission
Detroit

According to the Prophets

Sir / Gee, fellas, it's real nice of you to give us back the right to our Jewish city of Jerusalem [Dec. 27]! We're glad you're big enough to swallow your doubts and to tell the world you think Jews are fit to govern a city that's had a Jewish majority for the last 100 years.

We're trying, we really are, to act with the decency, humanity, compassion and mercy that our prophets taught us in Jerusalem 2,500 years ago. Thanks for advising the Israelis to take especially good care of the Arabs; it never hurts anyone to hear a good sermon a few thousand times. But we do wish the world would stop yammering about Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is the center of Judaism, and if Christianity and Islam also chose it as a holy place, it was because of what the Jewish people did there 2,000 and more years ago.

(MRS.) EDITH SAMUEL
New York City

Sir / The unanswered question still remains: Does a Russian of Jewish faith have more right to live in Jerusalem than a Palestinian whose ancestors have lived in the Holy City for generations, but whose home or lands have now been expropriated by the Israeli government?

The crux of the problem still remains: the Palestinians, their identity a flame without a candle, a people without a country to call their own.

MAY MANSOOR
Houston

The Feather Pillow

Sir / If Ralph J. Bunche was "a man without color" [Dec. 20], the U.N. during 1971 was also colorless. But whereas Bunche's impartiality was laudable, the U.N.'s transparency was lamentable.

The U.N. has always been like a feather pillow. It simply takes on the shape of anyone who sits on it. While the superpowers caper and struggle for

possession of the pillow, men like Bunche are the stuffing inside it.

It is a terrible irony that the U.N. year for the promotion of racial harmony should be marked by the death of one of its greatest exponents, a man who did so much yet deserved to achieve more.

WARREN L.W. SHARROCK
Wellington, N.Z.

Irreconcilable Confusion

Sir / The article "Who Has the Good News Straight?", about the accuracy and order of the Gospels [Dec. 27], was unnecessary. That a solution to the synoptic problem might be of interest is obvious, but to wonder as to its possible effect on Christian faith reveals an irreconcilable confusion between the "good news" and the *Six O'Clock News*.

JOHN J. RAGER
Ottawa, Ont.

Sir / What on earth does the place given to the Nativity have to do with determining the accuracy of a Gospel? Why should the Nativity be described more than once? After all, Christians celebrate Christ's birth only once a year, but they celebrate his death and resurrection every time they re-enact the Last Supper.

GEORGE JOSEPH
Greencastle, Ind.

Sir / Re "Who Has the Good News Straight?": God used four faithful men to write independent accounts. Each writer tells his own story using his own theme, objective, personality, and keeping in mind those to whom he is writing.

Matthew wrote his book primarily for his own people, the Jews, and quoted many times from the Hebrew Scriptures to serve his purpose. Since he had been a tax collector, it was natural that he would be explicit in his mention of money, figures and values. He alone emphasizes that mercy is required in addition to sacrifice.

Mark wrote mostly for the Romans, which required him to make many explanatory comments on Jewish customs and teachings with which non-Jews would be unfamiliar. Mark's writing is so vivid that his account must have been obtained from an eyewitness, probably Peter. He portrays Jesus as the miracle-working Son of God, the conquering Saviour. He puts considerable stress on the activities of Christ rather than on his sermons and teachings.

Luke wrote for "men of good will" of all nations. To achieve universal appeal, he traces Jesus' genealogy back to "Adam, the Son of God," and not just to Abraham. Being a doctor, he employs more than 300 medical terms or words. Keeping his audience in mind he also made it a point to tie in events with secular history.

John wrote primarily a supplementary work, in both what it says and fails to say. The more we search these writings, the more we appreciate that each has its distinctive features, and that the four inspired Gospels are independent, complementary and harmonious accounts of the life of Jesus Christ.

DAVID M. MILLS
Stone Ridge, N.Y.

Sacred Bulls

Sir / I disagree with your speculations about the Amazon women's practice of kidnapping males for sexual rites [Dec.



27]. It is equally probable that these women maintained males to preside as titular priests of fertility and sacrifice. The benefit in maintaining these sacred and sacrificial "bulls," while excluding males from any other social activities, was the formation of a nonaggressive female cult dedicated to motherhood and survival. It would seem disadvantageous for the Amazons to kidnap male "enemies," yet it would be an advantage to control their own men, and to cultivate peaceful coexistence.

SHERRY FUZEY
Alameda, Calif.

Sir / It is interesting to note that the legendary Amazons went much further than the bra-burning liberationists of today. These hunters amputated the right breast so it would not interfere with their bow and arrow ability during their battles.

MARK YARWOOD JOHNSON
Washington, D.C.

Home for the Instruments

Sir / I was very gratified to read TIME's report on the long-awaited new musical-instruments galleries at the Metropolitan Museum [Dec. 27].

However, I would like to draw attention to the fact that Mrs. André Mertens made possible the installation of the instruments, which have "moldered in storage for more than half a century," as a memorial to her late husband, André Mertens, the distinguished impresario and concert manager. The galleries have been named the André Mertens Galleries.

THOMAS HOVING
Director
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York City

Witless Days

Sir / The pun-filled Letter from the Publisher [Dec. 20] was a sheer delight. How many times have we lamented that wit is currently out of style, and that this humorless generation doesn't know what it is missing? Thank you for the nostalgia.

VIRGINIA THOMASON
Sarasota, Fla.

Sir / One need not be an especially shark reader to catch the porpoise of the Letter from the Publisher. Let me seas this opportunity to nettle you and perchance put an end to this.

You've got a lot of gill to keep carp-ing on those same old puns! It really disturbs me and fillets my sole with roe. O to be hard of herring!

I don't mean to be so crabby, but, my cod, let's fin-ish the topic for once and for all. I've haddock!

MARY NED NYBERG
Framingham, Mass.

Magazine for People

Sir / How can Editor Gloria Steinem call her publication *Ms.* a "non-sexist 'how-to' magazine for the liberated female human being" [Dec. 20]? It is a contradiction in terms. I will subscribe to the first non-sexist magazine for "people."

MALCOLM JAMES
Wellington, N.Z.

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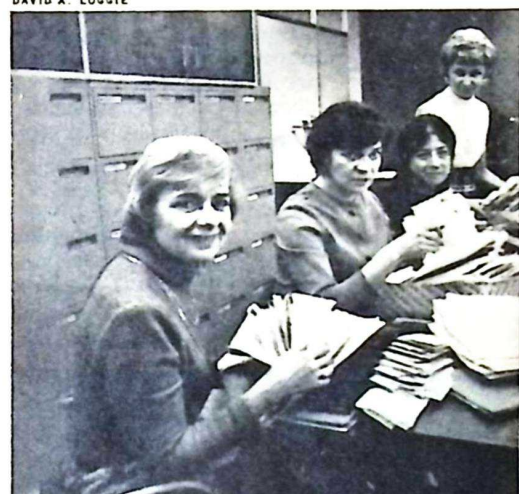
A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

EDWARD EVERETT, the versatile statesman-educator-clergyman, once said that he was "compelled to regard the post office, next to Christianity, as the right arm of modern civilization" because the mails circulate "the moral sentiments, the intelligence, the affections of so many millions." The Rev. Mr. Everett was guilty of 19th century hyperbole, but he did have a point. Each week we get 1,000 or so letters filled with the moral sentiments, intelligence, affections (and the opposite) of our readers.

Letters Chief Maria Luisa Cisneros and her staff of ten read the entire stack and circulate a weekly digest that keeps the editors up-to-date on reader reaction. She has observed two trends in recent years: TIME's audience has become increasingly concerned with serious issues in the news, and the letters are generally more thoughtful and balanced than in the past. In 1971, the biggest magnet for mail was the trial and conviction of William Calley; the Pentagon papers case and the "Jesus Revolution" cover story ranked second and third. Many readers took a stand on the Calley

DAVID A. LOGGIE



CHASE, STORFER, KOURI & CISNEROS

to write than those who

Others' letters can be printed, Nancy Chase culls the mail pile. But all correspondence make a rough division by subject, specializes in national affluence and environment.

Others want to get facts rather than information on all 47 Charlie Chan movies.

Others are eager to let us know when they think that they have detected an error. Often they are right, but occasionally the "corrections" themselves need further checking. When the origin of the Pop art smile button was at issue, 40 readers claimed credit—individually.

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The Cover: Portrait in opaque watercolor by Harvey Simpson.

BANGLADESH/COVER STORY

Mujib's Road from Prison to Power

TO some Western observers, the scene stirred thoughts of Pontius Pilate deciding the fates of Jesus and Barabbas. "Do you want Mujib freed?" cried Pakistan President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, at a rally of more than 100,000 supporters in Karachi. The crowd roared its assent, as audiences often do when subjected to Bhutto's powerful oratory. Bowing his head, the President answered: "You have relieved me of a great burden."

Thus last week Bhutto publicly announced what he had previously told TIME Correspondent Dan Coggin: his decision to release his celebrated prisoner, Sheikh Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, the undisputed political leader of what was once East Pakistan, and President of what is now the independent country of Bangladesh.

Five days later, after two meetings with Mujib, Bhutto lived up to his

promise. He drove to Islamabad Airport to see Mujib off for London—aboard a chartered Pakistani jetliner. To maintain the utmost secrecy, the flight left at 3 a.m. The secret departure was not announced to newsmen in Pakistan until ten hours later, just before the arrival of the Shah of Iran at the same airport for a six-hour visit with Bhutto. By that time Mujib had reached London—tired but seemingly in good health. "As you can see, I am very much alive and well," said Mujib, jauntily puffing on a briar pipe. "At this stage I only want to be seen and not heard."

A few hours later, however, after talking by telephone with India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi in New Delhi and with the acting President of Bangladesh, Syed Nazrul Islam, in Dacca, Mujib held a press conference in the ballroom of Claridge's Hotel. While scores of jubilant East Bengalis gathered outside the hotel, Mujib called for world recognition of Bangladesh, which he described as "an unchallengeable reality," and asked that it be admitted to the United Nations.

Clearly seething with rage, Mujib described his life "in a condemned cell in a desert area in the scorching heat," for nine months without news of his family or the outside world. He was ready to be executed, he said. "And a man who is ready to die, nobody can kill." He knew of the war, he said, because "army planes were moving, and there was the blackout." Only after his first meeting with Bhutto did he know that Bangladesh had formed its own government. Of the Pakistani army's slaughter of East Bengalis, Mujib declared: "If Hitler could

have been alive today, he would be ashamed."

Mujib spoke well of Bhutto, however, but emphasized that he had made no promise that Bangladesh and Pakistan would maintain a link that Bhutto to anxiously wants to have. "I told him I could only answer that after I returned to my people," said the sheik. Why had he flown to London instead of to Dacca or some closer neutral point? "Don't you know I was a prisoner?" Mujib snapped. "It was the Pakistan government's will, not mine." Mujib's stay in London lasted only 24 hours. On Sunday he flew off in an R.A.F. jet to New Delhi and then to a triumphal welcome in Dacca.

Little Choice. Although Mujib's flight to London rather than to Dacca was something of a surprise, his release from house arrest was not. In truth, Bhutto had little choice but to set him free. A Mujib imprisoned, Bhutto evidently decided, was of no real benefit to Pakistan; a Mujib dead and martyred would only have deepened the East Bengalis' hatred of their former countrymen. But a Mujib allowed to return to his rejoicing people might perhaps be used to coax Bangladesh into forming some sort of loose association with Pakistan.

In the light of Mujib's angry words about Pakistan at the London press conference, Bhutto's dream of reconciliation with Bangladesh appeared unreal. Yet some form of association may not be entirely beyond hope of achievement. For the time being, Bangladesh will be dependent upon India for financial, military and other aid. Bhutto may well have been reasoning that sooner or later the Bangladesh leaders will tire of the presence of In-

Sheik Mujibur Rahman in London



Bengali woman celebrating news of Mujib's release





MUJIB'S WIFE WITH SON RUSSELL

This time, 21 guns of joy.

Indian troops and civil servants, and the willing to consider a new relation with their humbled Moslem brothers. Bangladesh, moreover, may find it profitable and even necessary to re-establish some of the old trade ties with Pakistan. As Bhutto put it: "The existing realities do not constitute the permanent realities."

Stupendous Homecoming. One existing reality that Bhutto could hardly ignore was Bangladesh's euphoric sense of well-being after independence. When the news reached Bangladesh that Mujib had been freed, Dacca began preparing a stupendous homecoming for its national hero. All week long the capital had been electric with expectation. In the wake of the first reports that his arrival was imminent, Bengalis poured into the streets of Dacca, shouting, dancing, singing, firing rifles into the air and roaring the now-familiar cry of liberation "*Joi Bangla*." Many of the rejoicing citizens made a pilgrimage to the small bungalow where Mujib's wife and children had been held captive by the Pakistani army. The Begum had spent the day fasting. "When I heard the gunfire in March it was to kill the people of Bangladesh," she tearfully told the well-wishers. "Now it is to demonstrate their joy."

The people of Bangladesh will need all the joy that they can muster in the next few months. The world's newest nation is also one of its poorest. In the aftermath of the Pakistani army's rampage last March, a special team of inspectors from the World Bank observed that some cities looked "like the morning after a nuclear attack." Since then, the destruction has only been magnified. An estimated 66,000,000 homes have been destroyed, and nearly 1,400,000 farm families have been left without tools or

Great Man or Rabble-Rouser?

THE history of the Indian sub-continent for the past half-century has been dominated by leaders who were as controversial as they were charismatic: Mahatma Gandhi, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, Jawaharlal Nehru. Another name now seems likely to join that list: Sheikh Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, the President of Bangladesh. To his critics, Mujib is a vituperative, untrustworthy rabble-rouser. To most of the people of his new nation, he is a patriot-hero whose imprisonment by West Pakistan has only enhanced his appeal. "He was a great man before," says one Bangladesh official, "but those bastards have made him even greater."

Even his detractors concede that Mujib has the personal qualifications to become an extremely effective popular leader. He is gregarious, highly emotional and remarkably attuned to the needs and moods of his supporters. He has an uncanny ability to remember names and faces. Mujib is also a spellbinding orator with a simplistic message and a pungent, fervent style.

It is not yet clear whether Mujib is more profound than his stirring rhetoric. His political success so far is due largely to his ability to marshal public opinion in East Bengal by blaming all of its troubles on its former rulers in West Pakistan. He has a tendency to make extravagant promises, and to oversimplify complex economic and agricultural problems. "My brothers," he once told a gathering of East Pakistani jute farmers, "do you know that the streets of Karachi are paved with gold, and that it is done with your money earned from exporting jute?"

Mujib's supporters insist that he has shown a capacity for growth. He was born 51 years ago, one of six children of a middle-class family that lived on a farm in Tongipara, a village about 60 miles southwest of Dacca. At ten, Mujib displayed the first signs of a social conscience by distributing rice from the family supplies to tenant farmers who helped work the property. "They were hungry, and we have all these things," the boy explained to his irate father, an official of the local district court.

As a youth, Mujib developed a strong antipathy to British rule. While a seventh-grader, he was jailed for six days for agitating in favor of India's independence. A long bout with beriberi left his eyes weakened, and Mujib belatedly finished high school when he was 22.

After earning a B.A. in history and political science at Calcutta's Islamia College—where he developed a taste for the writings of Bernard Shaw and Indian Poet Rabindranath Tagore—Mujib enrolled as a law student at Dacca University. He supported a strike by the university's menial workers, and quickly found himself in jail once again. He indignantly rejected an offer to be set free on bail. "I did not come to the university to bow my head to injustice," he said grandly. When he got out of jail, Mujib discovered that he had been expelled from the university. He promptly set out on a turbulent political career and spent 10½ of the next 23 years behind bars. "Prison is my other home," he once shrugged.

Between jail terms, Mujib helped found the progressive Awami (People's) League of East Pakistan, and in 1954 briefly served as the provincial minister in charge of industry and fighting corruption. Mujib had long been disillusioned by the exploitation of poorer East Pakistan by the more dominant western half of the divided nation. He was further disenchanted by the 1965 war with India. Like many other Bengalis, he was appalled to discover that the West Pakistanis had left the country's eastern sector virtually undefended. The next year, Mujib propounded his now famous six points, which demanded domestic autonomy for East Pakistan within a confederation with the West. Field Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan rejected the demands as a secessionist conspiracy, and had Mujib and other Awami League officials arrested and taken to West Pakistan. When Mujib was released for lack of evidence in 1969, more than 1,000,000 people turned out to greet him at a homecoming rally at Dacca's Race Course. By then East and West Pakistan already were drifting toward the course that led to Mujib's imprisonment in West Pakistan—and to last month's war.

As was customary in East Bengali villages, Mujib was pledged to his wife in an arranged marriage when she was three and he 14. They have five children ranging from a 6-year-old son to a 25-year-old married daughter, who recently gave birth to a boy. Soon after his return to Bangladesh, Mujib will get his first look at the new grandchild, whose name, *Joi*, was taken from the new country's wartime rallying cry, *Joi Bangla!*—Victory to Bengal!

animals to work their lands. Transportation and communications systems are totally disrupted. Roads are damaged, bridges out and inland waterways blocked.

The rape of the country continued right up until the Pakistani army surrendered a month ago. In the last days of the war, West Pakistani-owned businesses—which included nearly every commercial enterprise in the country—remitted virtually all their funds to the West. Pakistan International Airlines left exactly 117 rupees (\$16) in its account at the port city of Chittagong. The army also destroyed bank notes and coins, so that many areas now suffer from a severe shortage of ready cash. Private cars were picked up off the streets or confiscated from auto dealers and shipped to the West before the ports were closed.

Ruined Gardens. The principal source of foreign exchange in Bangladesh—\$207 million in 1969-70—is jute; it cannot be moved from mills to markets until inland transportation is restored. Repairing vital industrial machinery smashed by the Pakistanis will not take nearly as long as making Bangladesh's ruined tea gardens productive again. Beyond that, the growers, whose poor-quality, lowland tea was sold almost exclusively to West Pakistan, must find alternative markets for their product. Bangladesh must also print its own currency and, more important, find gold reserves to back it up. "We need foreign exchange, that is, hard currency," says one Dacca banker. "That means moving the jute that is already at the mills. It means selling for cash, not in exchange for Indian rupees

or East European machinery. It means getting foreign aid, food relief, and fixing the transportation system, all at the same time. It also means chopping imports."

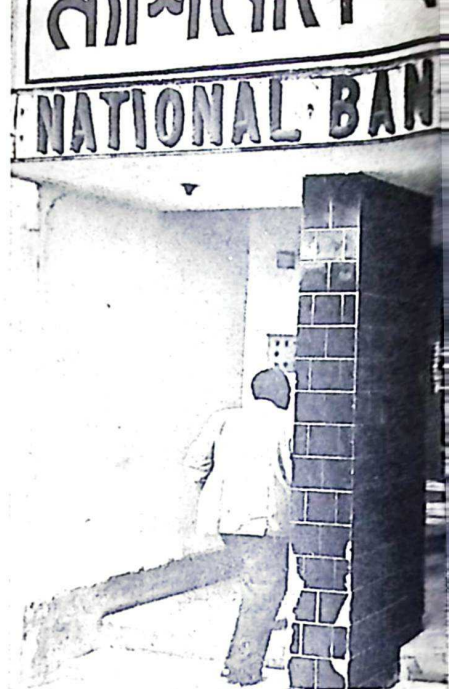
The Bangladesh Planning Commission is more precise: it will take \$3 billion just to get the country back to its 1969-70 economic level (when the per capita annual income was still an abysmally inadequate \$30). In the wake of independence, the government of Bangladesh, headed by Acting President Syed Nazrul Islam and Prime Minister Tajuddin Ahmed, has instituted stringent measures to control inflation, including a devaluation of the rupee in terms of the pound sterling (from 15 to 18), imposing a ceiling of \$140 a month on all salaries and limiting the amount of money that Bengalis can draw from banks. Such measures hit hardest at the urban, middle-class base of the dominant Awami League, but there has been little opposition, largely because most Bengalis seem to approve of the moderately socialist course laid out by the government. Last week Nazrul Islam announced that the government will soon nationalize the banking, insurance, foreign trade and basic industries as a step toward creating an "exploitation-free economy."

Not the least of the new nation's problems is the repatriation of the 10 million refugees who fled to India. As of last week, Indian officials said that more than 1,000,000 had already returned, most of them from the states of West Bengal and Tripura. To encourage the refugees, camp officials gave each returning family a small gift consisting of a new

set of aluminum kitchen utensils, some oil, charcoal, a piece of chocolate, two weeks' rations of rice and grain and the equivalent of 50¢ in cash.

Within Bangladesh, transit camps have been set up to provide overnight sleeping facilities. The government acknowledges that it will need foreign aid and United Nations assistance. Some U.N. supplies are already stockpiled in the ports, awaiting restoration of distribution facilities.

The political future of Bangladesh is equally uncertain. For the moment, there is all but universal devotion to the words and wisdom of Mujib, but whether he can institute reforms quickly enough to maintain his total hold on his countrymen is another question. Many of the more radical young guerrillas who fought with the Mukti Bahini (liberation forces) may not be content



GUARD STANDING OUTSIDE RENAMED FOR
When peace came, only 117 rupees w

with the moderate course charted by the middle-aged politicians of the Awami League. Moreover, the present Dacca government is a very remote power in country villages where the local cadres of the Mukti Bahini are highly visible.

Already the guerrillas have split into factions, according to India's Sunanda Datta-Ray in the *Statesman*. The elite Mujib Bahini, named after the sheik, has now begun to call itself the "Mission," and one of its commanders, Ali Ashraf Chowdurdy, 22, told Datta-Ray: "We will never lay down our arms until our social ideals have been realized." Another guerrilla put the matter more bluntly: "For us the revolution is not over. It has only begun." So far the Mujib Bahini has done a commendable job of protecting the Biharis, the non-Bengali Moslems who earned Bengali wrath by siding with the Pakistani army. But the government is anxious to disarm the Mujib Bahini, and has plans to organize it into a constabulary that would carry out both police and militia duties.

Front Windshields. Despite its ravaged past and troubled future, Bangladesh is still a lovely land to behold, according to TIME's William Stewart. "There is little direct evidence of the fighting along the main highway from Calcutta to Dacca," he cabled from Dacca last week, "although in some areas there are artillery-shell craters and the blackened skeletons of houses. Local markets do a brisk business in fruit and staple goods, but by Bengali standards many of the villages are all but deserted."

"Dacca has all the friendliness of a provincial town, its streets filled with hundreds of bicycle-driven rickshas, each one painted with flowers and proudly flying the new flag of Ban-





NATIONAL BANK OF PAKISTAN IN CHITTAGONG in the airline account.

gladesh. In fact every single car in Dacca flies the national flag, and many have Mujib's photo on the front windshield. The city is dotted with half-completed construction projects, including the new capital buildings designed by U.S. Architect Louis Kahn. Some day, when and if they are completed, Dacca will find itself with a collection of public buildings that might well be the envy of many a richer and more established capital.

"But whether you arrive at Dacca's war-damaged airport or travel the tree-lined main road from Calcutta, it is the relaxed, peaceful atmosphere that is most noticeable. Even as travel to Bangladesh becomes more difficult, customs and immigration officials are genuinely friendly and polite, smiling broadly, cheerily altering your entry forms so that you conform with the latest regulations. There is no antagonism to individual Americans. Once it is known that you are an American, however, the inevitable question is: How could the Nixon Administration have behaved the way that it did? There is in fact an almost universal belief that the American people are with them.

"That sentiment was echoed by Tajuddin Ahmed, who told me in an interview: 'The Nixon Administration has inflicted a great wound. Time heals wounds, of course, but there will be a scar. We are grateful to the American press, intellectual leaders and all those who raised their voices against injustice. Pakistan turned this country into a hell. We are very sorry that some administrations of friendly countries were giving support to killers of the Bengali nation. For the people of Bangladesh, any aid from Nixon would be disliked. It would be difficult, but we do not bear any lasting enmity.'"

PAKISTAN

Toward a Revolution

On the same day that he released Sheikh Mujibur Rahman and saw him off to London, Pakistan President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto—in a supreme irony—ordered the house arrest of his predecessor, Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, the man who imprisoned Mujib in the first place.

Both actions produced headlines round the world. But in Pakistan they were almost overshadowed by what Bhutto grandly called "the first steps toward an economic and social revolution." These first steps were large ones. After seizing the passports of members of the country's wealthy ruling "22 families"—who, by prewar estimate, controlled more than two-thirds of Pakistan's industrial assets—Bhutto ordered them to repatriate the \$220 million that, he said, they had stashed away abroad. Bhutto also threatened a crackdown on Pakistan's oligarchy by ordering the house arrest of two of his country's richest men. "Pakistan is one of the poorest countries in the world," Bhutto has said, "and yet some of our capitalists are among the world's richest men."

No Competition. In addition, Bhutto nationalized ten of his country's basic industries, including iron and steel, heavy engineering, automobile assembling, chemicals, cement and public utilities. "There was no competition in these industries," he declared. "They were fed on licenses. Favorites of the government and those who were privileged—these were the ones who got licenses." He insisted, however, that the government would not take over foreign investments, nor seize other industries, provided they were guiltless of financial irregularities.

To heighten the contrast between himself and his sluggish, dissolute predecessor, Bhutto kept to an exhausting 18-hour-a-day schedule. The whirlwind of activity was designed not only to solidify his one-man rule over Pakistan, but also to restore the shattered confidence of his countrymen. He has purged the bureaucracy as well as the armed forces, firing, among others, the attorney general, the chief of intelligence and the governor of the state bank. He has outlined plans for land reform, free primary education and an improved public health program.

Bhutto has lectured the long-captive Pakistani press against blaming the country's problems on other nations. Hosting a buffet luncheon for foreign correspondents on the lawn of his family home at Larkana, where he had gone to celebrate his 44th birthday, Bhutto promised to make an announcement soon about "the first phase of our movement toward democracy," adding: "Believe me, I mean it. If I am pulling a fast one, you'll soon realize that."

Meanwhile, though, Pakistan remained under martial law.

Bhutto also announced last week that he would visit China, Pakistan's principal ally in Asia, at the end of the month. In earlier years, particularly from 1963 to 1966 when he was Pakistan's Foreign Minister, Bhutto was noted for his pro-Chinese and anti-American views. Since he became President last month, however, he has gone to some pains to emphasize that he wants to have friendly relations with the U.S.—in recognition, no doubt, of Washington's support of Pakistan during the war.

In New Delhi, anger over the Nixon Administration's open support of Pakistan's cause still runs very deep. Last week, in reaction to U.S. policy and the cancellation of most U.S. economic aid (which amounted to \$159 million last year), the Indian government announced that it was granting



BHUTTO ADDRESSING RALLY IN KARACHI Working to restore confidence.

full diplomatic recognition to North Viet Nam—while retaining only consular-level relations with Saigon. Until now, New Delhi had maintained a formal neutrality on the Viet Nam issue because it was chairman of the International Control Commission, which was charged with supervising a ceasefire in Viet Nam under the Geneva accord of 1954. India pointedly refrained from advising Washington of its decision in advance. The U.S., in turn, protested to India that its action could jeopardize its chairmanship of the commission. For the moment, both governments were clearly too angry to be interested in repairing the breach.

DIPLOMACY

The Kissinger Tilt

KISSINGER: *The President is blaming me, but you fellows are in the clear.*
SISCO: *That's ideal.*

That fleeting moment of levity during the secret deliberations of the elite Washington Special Action Group enlivened the classified documents released last week by Columnist Jack Anderson (see THE PRESS). While providing a rare, fascinating glimpse of uncertainty and candor among the President's top advisers as India waged its swift war to dismember Pakistan, the papers revealed nothing new of substance and fell far short of proving the columnist's assertion that the Administration had grossly deceived the public about its pro-Pakistani stance. They did discredit Henry Kissinger's claim during the action that the U.S. was not "anti-Indian," but the Administration's lack of neutrality had been evident all along.

While not comparable in scope or substance to the Pentagon papers, the Anderson revelations similarly constitute more an embarrassment to Government than a threat to national security. They include the minutes of three meetings of the Special Action Group, a unit of the National Security Council, which were attended by up to 19 representatives of such agencies as the CIA, AID, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the State and Defense departments. The dialogue at the meetings turned out to be coolly colloquial. Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson referred to the emerging nation of Bangladesh as "an international basket case," while Henry Kissinger argued that at least it need not be "our basket case." Pakistanis were always called "Paks," and the two sections of that nation were the East and West "wings." An impending U.S. decision became "the next state of play." There was discussion of whether India intended to "extinguish" West Pakistan and whether the U.S. would be asked to "bail out Bangladesh."

Twelve Days. More substantially, even on the second day of fighting the highest experts seemed to know little more about the action than they could have read in their newspapers. The minutes note that CIA Director Richard Helms "indicated that we do not know who started the current action." Kissinger asked the CIA to prepare a report on "who did what to whom and when." The military representatives stuck their necks out when asked how long it would take the Indian army to force a Pakistani surrender in the East. Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, Chief of Naval Operations, estimated one or two weeks; Army Chief of Staff William Westmoreland said as many as three. It took twelve days.

As reported widely last month, President Nixon was furious at Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi be-

cause during her visit to Washington in November, she gave no indication that India intended to go to war with Pakistan. The Anderson papers illustrate the intensity of Nixon's anger at New Delhi: "I am getting hell every half-hour from the President that we are not being tough enough on India," Kissinger told the meeting on Dec. 3. "He has just called me again. He does not believe we are carrying out his wishes. He wants to tilt in favor of Pakistan. He feels everything we do comes out otherwise."

This apparently indicated that Nixon was being frustrated by lower officials at the State and Defense departments who wanted a more even-handed approach. At a later meeting



"Somebody around here has been putting out accurate information."

Nixon was still unhappy with the bureaucratic resistance. The secret minutes later reported: "Dr. Kissinger said that whoever is putting out background information is provoking presidential wrath. The President is under the illusion that he is giving instructions, not that he is merely being kept apprised of affairs."

Among those who opposed the Nixon-Kissinger policy was the U.S. ambassador in New Delhi, Kenneth Keating. In a secret cable, he complained that Washington's policy did not fit the facts and injured American credibility in the world. The White House was also unmoved by concern in some Pentagon quarters that the Administration's policy was giving the Soviet Union new military advantages in South Asia.

What motivated Nixon to reject such arguments? The Administration claims—and the documents confirm this—that a major concern was to discourage and prevent India from trying to knock over all of West Pakistan as well as the East "wing." Nixon and Kissinger evidently believed that if India were encouraged by a more

or less friendly U.S. attitude, New Delhi would strike at West Pakistan (although there is no real evidence to support this); hence they reasoned that the U.S. had to cool the Indians by adopting a pro-Pakistan "tilt." Referring to the West, Kissinger told the group that "it is quite obvious that the President is not inclined to let the Paks be defeated." Kissinger even inquired whether the U.S. could secretly supply arms to West Pakistan through a third party, such as Jordan or Saudi Arabia—an action that would have totally deceived the U.S. public—but he desisted when advised by a State Department official that this would violate longstanding U.S. policy.

Nixon and Kissinger obviously also believed that the Soviet Union, which signed a friendship treaty with India last August, was well entrenched in New Delhi; an evenhanded policy not tilted toward Pakistan would not have changed the basic fact of Soviet arms aid to India. But a pro-Indian policy would have antagonized Pakistan and its mentor Peking. Thus, apparently afraid that the President's Peking mission might be jeopardized, the Administration favored Pakistan over India. The Moscow summit was in hazard as well, since the big powers might have come to a direct confrontation over the war.

Cardinal Rule. This rationale makes a certain amount of sense, but is also open to serious criticism. The most emotional but least pertinent argument is that Pakistan was a corrupt military dictatorship while India is "the world's largest democracy." The U.S. has sided, and will have to side again, with all kinds of unpleasant regimes, including Communist ones. The more serious case against the Administration's actions is that 1) the pro-Pakistan policy may actually have encouraged the war; for instance, the Indians were infuriated that the U.S. failed to protest vigorously the imprisonment of Bengali Leader Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, and that it never spoke out forcefully against Pakistan's brutal repression in its eastern province; 2) a more careful, neutral stance rather than publicly branding India the aggressor need not have jeopardized the President's China initiative and could have reduced Soviet influence in India at least marginally.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the whole unhappy episode was the surprising extent to which the President seemed to be acting out of anger at what he considered India's duplicity and its threat to his grand design in foreign policy. He apparently had ignored his own cardinal rule of presidential decision making, stated only last month to TIME White House Correspondent Jerrold Schecter: "Great decisions, if they are to be good decisions, must be made coolly; and if you respond in hot blood, you cannot make good decisions."

Talking Tough in Paris

Until recently, the only place that rivaled Saigon as a U.S. diplomatic hardship post was Paris—if one happened to be assigned to the Viet Nam peace talks. Inside or out of the velvet-curtained ballroom in the former Hotel Majestic, where the sessions are held, American negotiators have had little to do over the past three years beyond eating canapés and trying to keep their tempers while their Communist counterparts gleefully played to the grandstands. "For the first time anyone could remember," says one U.S. delegate, "Foreign Service types in Paris were requesting reassignment to places like Ouagadougou, where at least there was something happening."

But now the talks are coming alive for the first time since last spring, when David K.E. Bruce, then U.S. chief negotiator, upbraided the Communists for insulting Richard Nixon. Since his takeover of the U.S. negotiations four months ago, Ambassador William J. Porter has totally changed the once patient and restrained U.S. style in Paris—not by negotiating, but simply by talking tough. The result has been a verbal offensive that has startled the Communists. It is unlikely that this will bring about any progress, but it has changed the atmosphere and cheered the 19-member U.S. delegation, for whatever that is worth.

139th Session. Last month, Porter shocked the North Vietnamese by announcing a boycott of the negotiations—a ploy that had always been their specialty. When he returned to the Majestic last week, Porter jostled with the Communists for four straight hours. He warned them against trying

any "military adventures" in Indochina, adding that the result could only be "the loss of many more lives." The Communist delegates accused him of not "responding positively" to their proposals, but Porter rasped back that Communists made a practice of turning "proposals into ultimatums, and you are in no position to issue ultimatums." At the end of the session, the 139th since the talks began, Porter snapped that "your failure to negotiate here is an established fact."

When the North Vietnamese clammed up over a question in the past, U.S. negotiators usually let the point pass. Porter likes to glare across the green baize table top and say: "Maybe you didn't hear me." He is particularly irked by the manners of one Communist delegate, who ostentatiously leafs through *TIME* and other U.S. publications as well as the Dow Jones stock averages during some sessions—especially when the news has been bad. Porter plans to make the Communists more responsive by trying to open the talks to the press.

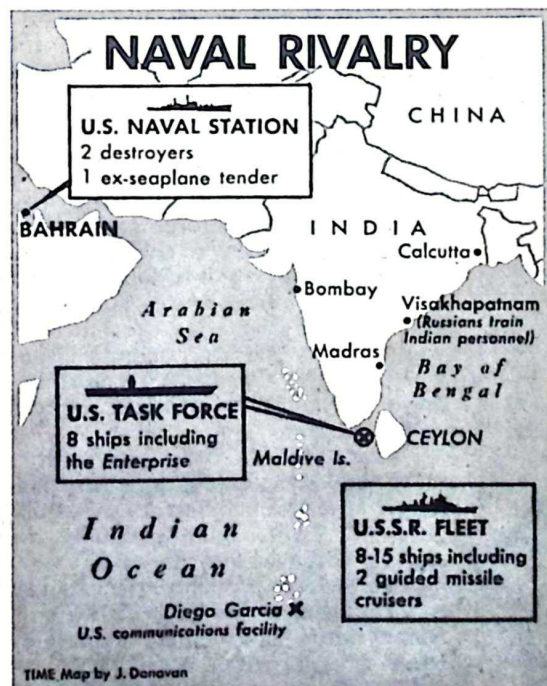
Born in Britain, the deceptively mild-looking Porter has a well-deserved reputation as an earthy and adroit negotiator. But he also went to Paris with a special franchise. His predecessors—Averell Harriman, Henry Cabot Lodge, Bruce—all treated the talks seriously, partly because U.S. domestic politics demanded it, and partly because there was still hope that the Communists would negotiate. Porter's quite different mandate is to stop the talks from being used as a Viet Cong soapbox—even if it means being beastly to the Communists.

There is no expectation in Washington, however, that merely being beastly to the Communists will help bring about serious talks. The U.S. has switched to a more aggressive



U.S. AMBASSADOR PORTER IN PARIS
A lefthanded compliment.

stance mainly because Richard Nixon reckons, at least to his own satisfaction, that Vietnamization is working, and therefore the American bargaining position has strengthened substantially in recent months. Even so, there is almost no confidence within the Administration that a negotiated Viet Nam settlement is possible—in Paris or anywhere else. In fact, the main question that the U.S. hopes to resolve at the talks is the fate of the American prisoners of war. In his CBS television interview last week, Nixon announced that a "residual force" of some 30,000 troops would stay on indefinitely in South Viet Nam after the regular withdrawal program has



AT the height of the India-Pakistan war, Naval Task Force 74 of the U.S. Seventh Fleet, led by the attack carrier *Enterprise*, sailed into the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal. The purpose of the mission was to evacuate Americans from East Bengal if necessary, but another reason was to impress the Indians and to counter any Soviet ships that might appear in the region. Last week, even as the ships began returning to their normal area of operations, the Pentagon announced that henceforth the U.S. Navy will be seen more often, and in greater strength, in the Indian Ocean.

The reason is that the Soviet navy has asserted its sway over the ocean almost by default. The British fleet, which once ruled the waves east of Suez, began to withdraw its forces in 1966. The Russians, meanwhile, have gradually created a squadron of ten or more ships on regular patrol, occasionally including nuclear submarines. During the recent war, there were 15 ships in the Soviet flotilla, including two guided missile cruisers.

Washington worries that an overwhelming Soviet presence in the Indian Ocean might raise an implicit threat to the Strait of Malacca, through which Japan gets its oil from the Middle East, as well as to Indonesia and even Australia. The U.S. until now has had only a brace of destroyers and the *Valcour*, an ex-seaplane tender stationed at the former British base in Bahrain. From now on, though, task forces from the Seventh Fleet will be periodically patrolling the strategic sea lanes and showing neutral nations something other than the Russian flag.

been completed around midsummer. The U.S. aims to use the residual force in future bargaining for the return of the P.O.W.s, even if, as now seems almost certain, a negotiated settlement of the war is not in the cards.

The Communists seem to be in no mood to talk about anything. Last week Hanoi reiterated that the U.S. must not only pull out of Viet Nam but also end all support to the Saigon regime before the P.O.W.s are freed. As for Porter, he has got nothing from the Communists so far but a lefthanded compliment. After last week's session, Viet Cong Spokesman Ly Van Sau told TIME Correspondent Charles Eisendrath: "The Nixon Administration should be well pleased by a man who so admirably carries out its obstructionist policies."

MIDDLE EAST

Phantoms and Bargains

One English word that both Arabs and Israelis instantly recognize is "Phantom." Meaning not ghost or specter, but the U.S.-built F-4 fighter-bomber, which has been the backbone of Israel's clearly superior air force since 1969. Considering the importance of the planes, Israelis should have been happier—and Arabs more furious—than they were after it was announced at year's end that the U.S. was prepared to resume shipment of F-4s to Israel.

During her visit to the White House last month, Israeli Premier Golda Meir bluntly asked President Nixon to sell her the 50 Phantoms that Israel had been requesting for 15 months. Until Mrs. Meir's visit, the U.S. response had been that Middle East military forces were in balance—which really meant undiminished Israeli superiority—and that Israel had no need for more than the 76 Phantoms it now owns. After the White House talks, President Nixon reversed that stand. The U.S. will provide Is-

rael with Phantoms as well as slower but versatile A-4 Skyhawk fighter-bombers. No official totals have been mentioned, but knowledgeable estimates put the figure at 40 Phantoms and 80 Skyhawks. Both sides insist that Israel had given nothing in exchange, which seemed hard to believe. "Official denials do not have a very convincing ring," said the Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz*.

Actually, Israel appeared to have given up one thing: obstinacy over talks with Egypt toward a reopening of the Suez Canal. The U.S. last year attempted to arbitrate such a discussion, but it was suspended after Israel objected to a U.N. speech by Secretary of State William Rogers. Rogers proposed that the Israelis withdraw some troops from the Bar-Lev Line, that a U.N. peace-keeping force be stationed in the Sinai, and that Egyptian "police" be allowed to cross the canal to the Israeli-occupied east bank.

Soon the talks may resume under new arrangements that both sides seem to favor. Arab states refuse to deal directly with Israel, but Egypt is amenable to "proximity discussions," in which representatives of the two nations would closet themselves in separate hotel suites while U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco shuttles between them. U.N. Mediator Gunnar Jarring, acting under a U.N. resolution that calls on Israel to withdraw from occupied territories in return for secure and agreed borders, is also trying to resume his own negotiations. They have been stalled for months because of Israeli intransigence, and he will almost certainly fail.

The reason Israel might well be less adamant in the hotel talks—and the reason Arab capitals reacted to the Phantom announcement with what Washington considers relative restraint—is the procedure for Phantom deliveries.

Although 40 planes over a year's time was mentioned as a schedule, the actual negotiations for delivery will not take place until Israeli Am-

bassador Yitzhak Rabin returns to Washington this week. Obvious but unmentioned is the U.S. intention to tie the flow of shipments to Israeli cooperation at the negotiating table. If Israel becomes recalcitrant again, the Phantoms may suddenly stop coming.

MALTA

Gaddafi to the Rescue

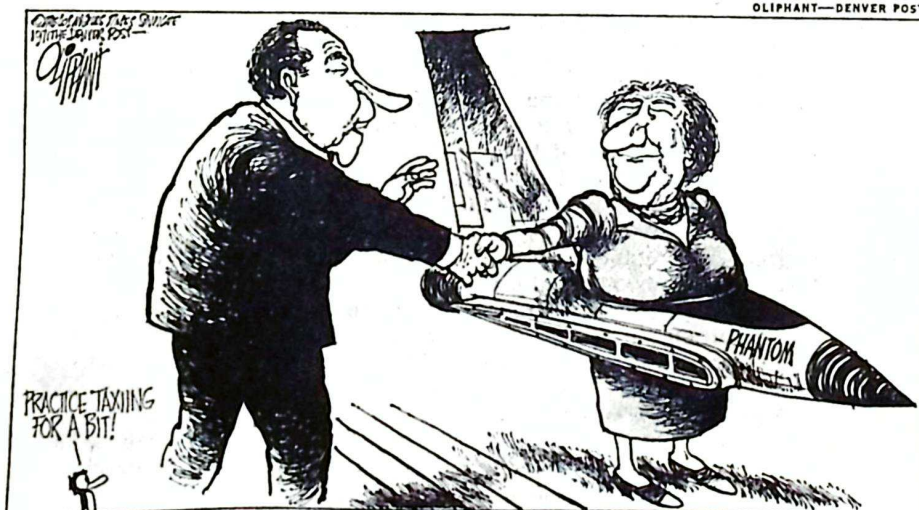
When one love-smitten member of Malta's 55-man Parliament neglected legislative duties last week for marriage and a brief honeymoon, Prime Minister Dom Mintoff promptly told the entire house to take a five-day recess. There was nothing festive about the holiday. Maltese opinion is sharply split over Mintoff's order that British troops either pay higher rents or quit the island (TIME, Jan. 10). With tensions rising as his Jan. 15 deadline approached and with only a one-vote parliamentary advantage, Mintoff was afraid to risk a vote of confidence while the groom—one of his own Labor Party supporters—dallied elsewhere.

Evacuation. The legislative holiday was one in a series of bizarre events on the tiny Mediterranean island brought on by "Deadline Dom" and his decree. He wants a \$33.8 million hike over the present rentals of \$13 million a year that the British pay for their bases. Since Malta is no longer strategically vital, London is willing to pay an additional \$11.7 million and no more. To underscore British determination, Whitehall last week flew in a party of expert "dismantlers" to knock down its facilities. Evacuation began of 4,994 British dependents aboard R.A.F. VC-10s at Luqa Airport.

There were some signs that Britain may not want to pass the point of no return. In London, Defense Minister Lord Carrington canceled a Far East tour in order "to supervise the withdrawal of British forces"—or to be available if negotiations were resumed. But unless they are, the last troops could be out by March 31.

As the British departure began, there was a mysterious arrival. At Luqa, a Libyan air force cargo plane discharged 44 men in civilian clothes who were lugging 4-ft.-long wooden crates. Government spokesmen insisted that the Libyans were "technicians" who had come to operate Luqa when British air-traffic controllers leave; their crates merely contained technical gear.

Most Maltese considered that a most unlikely story; Libya is so inexperienced at air-traffic control that its airports at Tripoli and Benghazi are run by French and Egyptian technicians. More probably the arrivals were policemen and their crates contained arms. They had apparently come in case riots break out over the British evacuation and Maltese po-



Cartoonist's view of F-4 deal: "We'll send you the wings later!"



LIBYA'S COLONEL MUAMMAR GADDAFI
Gifts from a growing hoard.

Libya are unable—or unwilling—to cope. Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi appears willing to support Mintoff financially. Gaddafi has already loaned Malta about \$3,000,000 to replenish the government's diminishing social security fund. Now he seems ready to do more. The end of 170 years of British use of the island would mean eliminating 22,000 full- or part-time jobs and losing a \$54 million annual contribution to the economy. Gaddafi recently dispatched a plane to Malta to fly Mintoff to Tripoli. The upshot of their discussions was believed to be an agreement that Libya will cover such losses.

Uncertain Return. Gaddafi is more than able to do so. His oil industry, the Middle East's richest, provides annual revenues of \$2.4 billion; these will undoubtedly increase as a result of his sudden nationalization of British Petroleum's Libyan wells last month. From this hoard Gaddafi doles out about \$125 million a year to Egypt, some of which compensates for lost Suez Canal tolls, \$40 million to Syria and \$10 million to the Sudan. He is reportedly ready to advance Mintoff \$140 million over a three-year period, just what the Prime Minister is demanding from the British.

What Gaddafi wants in return is not clear. Libya hardly needs Malta's bases. The most plausible explanation is that the youthful Gaddafi—at 31, a xenophobic nationalist and Moslem fundamentalist who detests Communism as much as colonialism—is seizing an opportunity to neutralize Malta. His money is payable only after the British leave and on condition that the Russian Mediterranean fleet is also barred. He particularly wants to get rid of British planes, which, he insists,

have been overflying Egypt from Malta to spy for Israel. If their reconnaissance flights are ended, he recently told startled Maltese visitors, the Arab nations should be able to defeat Israel within three years.

FINLAND

Ice-Bucket Tempest

Finland has long winters (the ice sometimes lasts until May), long one-word palindromes (up to 15 letters) and long political arguments (it took four months to form a government after the 1970 election). By contrast, Finnish Cabinets themselves are exceedingly short-lived: the 55th in 54 years of independence was dissolved last October by President Urho Kekkonen, who himself has remained in power since 1956. Kekkonen acted primarily because the center-left coalition incumbents could not solve a row over lagging farm incomes.

As politicians campaigned through the wintry countryside preparing for last week's parliamentary elections, farmers gave one candidate the cold shoulder by drowning out his voice beneath the roar of their tractor engines. With 75% of the country's three million voters going to the polls, the election proved to be a tempest in an ice bucket. Almost nothing changed, and no single party dominated, leaving Kekkonen with the task of forming yet another coalition Cabinet.

In Finland, Cabinet-making is almost a folk art, primarily because there are too many parties. Eight major political groups ranging from Communists to Conservatives are further split by a host of quarreling factions. One Helsinki newspaper utilized a computer, which figured out that because of the splintered groups there were 123 possible combinations. It is virtually certain that the new Cabinet will include the Communists, who have 36 of the 200 parliamentary seats, and exclude the Conservatives (34 seats) because the Soviets are openly hostile to them. What other factions will join the Cabinet is still anyone's guess.

Despite the frequent Cabinet changes, Finland has a remarkable record of political stability. Almost all the parties and their disparate factions agree on the basic issues: absolute neutrality between East and West and trade with the Common Market. Rather like Greta Garbo, Finland wants to be left alone, but it cannot afford to be. Sharing 788 miles of its 1,583-mile frontier with the Soviet Union, with whom it fought brutal losing wars in 1939-43, Finland is secure only while remaining neutral.

While it must give guarded political glances to the East, economically Finland looks to the West. The country has a forest-based economy that

suffered a letdown after the boom of 1968-70 and is now faced with inflation, rising unemployment, a drop in G.N.P. growth from 8% to 1% in 1971, and a trade gap that last year topped \$250 million. The country is counting heavily on the favorable outcome of free-trade agreements now being hammered out with the Common Market—particularly important when Britain, Finland's most important trading partner, joins the EEC.

Because of Finland's economic problems, President Kekkonen wanted the parliamentary elections—which were originally scheduled for 1974—out of the way, especially since there will also be a presidential election that year. At 71, Kekkonen, who is well thought of by the Soviets, is a symbol of shrewdness and stability in the muddle of Finnish politics. A member of the middle-of-the-road Center Party, Kekkonen has managed to weld the leftists and moderates into a viable majority and is therefore the most likely candidate to succeed himself. In Helsinki they joke: "We've had 600 years of the Swedes, 100 years of the Russians and 15 years of Kekkonen." But there is no one else of his stature in sight, and his successful brand of neutrality enables Finns to live next door to Communists while governing themselves as democrats and acting like capitalists.

PHOTOREPORTERS



PRESIDENT KEKKONEN AFTER SAUNA
Stability in the muddle.

Hoffman's Decade of Aid

The United Nations was a major casualty of last month's Indo-Pakistani war, and not because of its already diminished prestige as an international peace keeper. Halted by the war were a U.N. emergency relief program and a host of development projects in East Pakistan, including a water-resources survey, management training, a fisheries program and the work of an agricultural-training center. No one can guess when they will be resumed in the new nation of Bangladesh. The U.N. Development Program has 86 such little-publicized projects under way round the world, which are often overshadowed by the windy debates of the Security Council. Yet they collectively represent the kind of practical success that the U.N. has seldom achieved in its larger diplomatic dealings.

This week the man who launched the development program and guided it for the past 13 years will retire. At the age of 80, Paul Gray Hoffman still radiates the optimism of the '50s, when many Americans believed that all it took to make a better world was a little more generosity. "All you have to do is focus on improving people's personal incomes," he says, "and you can't go wrong."

Two Rules. From the beginning, Hoffman ran the program by two hard and realistic rules. He demanded that recipient countries share in the cost and insisted that U.N. aid, instead of supplying factories and dams, be used as "seed money" to teach skills and pinpoint resources for others to develop. The Development Program and its predecessor, the U.N. Special Fund, have spent \$3.4 billion on 1,430 projects; the program now channels 20% of all technical assistance going to developing nations. The results, though, have fallen short of Hoffman's goal of raising the per capita gross national product of developing countries by 5% per year over the decade (the actual increase has been around 2.5%), partly because population has more than kept pace with progress.

Another reason is that donor countries, asked to provide \$300 million a year, have given only \$240 million to the U.N. program. (The U.S. contribution of \$86 million annually is the largest in total, but only 27th among the nations in relation to G.N.P.)

"It is all unfinished business," says Hoffman. "We have only made a feeble start." Actually, the U.N.D.P. has

made a significant contribution to the quality of life in many countries. One of its first achievements was to rid North Africa and Asia of their historic plagues of locusts by means of cross-border aerial patrols and insecticide raids. Since 1966 the program's various studies—such as surveys that pinpoint copper lodes in Argentina, Panama and Turkey, iron ore in Chile and Gabon, and uranium in Somalia—have helped stimulate \$5 billion in follow-up private investment. More than a third of all aid has gone to Africa and more than a quarter to Asia for assistance in such basic needs as agriculture, industry and public utilities.

The program's success owes much to Hoffman, who has been described as the kind of man from whom any-



PAUL HOFFMAN SHORTLY BEFORE RETIREMENT FROM THE U.N.
Little-publicized projects brought practical success.

one would buy a used car. A college dropout at 18, he began selling Studebakers in Los Angeles in 1911, acquired a dealership after World War I, and by 1925 had made his first million dollars. He became Studebaker's vice president for sales, and in 1935 was made president of the then-bankrupt company to bring it out of receivership. In 1942, he launched the Committee for Economic Development to prepare for postwar reconstruction; nine years later he became the first president of the Ford Foundation.

Drafted by Harry Truman in 1948 to head the Marshall Plan (Hoffman did not want the job, but Truman announced his appointment anyway), he set about his task with the precept that "only Europeans can save Europe"; the result has been called the world's only wholly successful foreign aid program. Hoffman came under

fire during the 1950s for advocating so-called "foreign give-aways" and for heading up the Ford Foundation's civil-libertarian offspring, the Fund for the Republic. Even so, he could usually bring Congress round to voting the aid funds he requested. As Columnist Walter Lippmann once wrote, "Men found the worst they could do was disagree with him. He was patently not angry and not frightened, not envious and not scheming, not playing a game and not hiding his meaning. The air was fresh and clean, as if the windows had been opened."

One Illusion. Today Hoffman still conveys the same impression of freshness, along with a calm manner and a persuasively quiet voice. He is the sort of person who would rather eat a cheeseburger in the cafeteria than patronize executive dining rooms. After the death of his first wife—who bore him five sons and a daughter—Hoffman married Anna Rosenberg, a wartime Deputy Secretary of Defense; she now owns a Madison Avenue public relations and management consulting firm.

What has Hoffman learned about foreign aid after 13 years on the job that he has called "my real education"? A brief sampler of his insights:

► "One illusion is that you can industrialize a country by building factories. You don't. You industrialize it by building markets."

► "Our whole thinking has always been clouded and obscured by the term foreign aid as such. If you try deliberately to use aid to win friends and influence people, you won't win any friends and you won't influence any people. On the contrary, you will make bad friends."

► "All countries tend to make better use of their physical resources than of their human resources. It is hard to conceive of a nation neglecting its diamond mines or overlooking its petroleum deposits. Yet human potentials of an immeasurably greater worth are wasted and frequently for the most unreasonable of reasons."

This week Hoffman will hand over his desk to another U.S. businessman, Rudolph Peterson, 67, former chairman of the Bank of America. Characteristically, Hoffman planned to depart without ceremony, though even the Soviets, who contribute less than India to the program, offered him a farewell dinner. Winding up "the most fascinating 13 years of my career," Hoffman last week saw at least one boon in retirement: "Now I will be able to stop dealing with the urgent and start thinking about the important."

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AMERICAN NOTES

Equal Time

The first time the idea of counter-commercials was tried on television, groups like the American Cancer Society sponsored warnings in answer to cigarette advertisements. That, ruled the Federal Communications Commission, was the spirit of the fairness doctrine, which requires broadcasters presenting one side of an issue of public importance to provide opportunity for the presentation of opposing views. Now the Federal Trade Commission would like to enlarge the practice. Last week it urged the FCC to order "counter-advertising" in a wider area.

The idea is an inviting one. Environmentalists would surely want to reply to detergent manufacturers, oil companies and carmakers. Women's liberation—or for that matter, the most unliberated drudge in Schenectady, N.Y.—would certainly want to protest the TV-commercial image of American women as a sorority of dirt-crazed psychotics sniffing one another's laundry and kitchens ("Housitosis!") and holystoning the linoleum like Lady Macbeth. The Women's Christian Temperance Union might have some words about beer and wine ads. Eventually,

CUNNINGHAM COLLECTION



1899 SETTLER GUARDING CLAIM
Anti-agribusiness.

perhaps, horse lovers might demand time to talk about dog foods. It is tempting to think that before long the great debate of commercials would expand to fill more and more air time, encroaching until regular programming is pre-empted entirely. It might even be more entertaining.

Closing "Q"

San Quentin belongs in American folklore as the kind of place where George Raft and a thousand other cons would pound their tin cups to scare the screws, a Cagneyesque sort of stir with even a certain nostalgic romance about it. Its reality, of course, has always been bleaker. Before Warden Clinton Duffy took over in 1940 and turned "Q" for a time into a model for penal reform, the vast sand-colored fortress on San Francisco Bay offered sadistic guards, shaved heads, the airless "hole" for solitary, dinner out of buckets and a gallows painted baby blue. But then, San Quentin compensated for its miseries by being fairly easy to escape from. Sometimes 60 or 70 prisoners at a time would go over the wall.

Q has been more famous in recent years as the place where Caryl Chessman was executed in 1960. Last fall Black Radical George Jackson died there, along with three guards and two other inmates, in what prison officials called an escape attempt. Now, with growing racial tensions, overcrowding and simple deterioration—the prison was built in 1852—California has decided to close it down. New homes must now be found for the 2,214 inmates in Q, including Sirhan Sirhan, Charles Manson and 97 others now living on death row.

New Homestead

It was homesteading that first opened the American West, but for decades the nation's small farmers have been slowly abandoning the land for the cities. Now, in an experiment, the Office of Economic Opportunity in Oklahoma has begun a homesteading program that will initially settle 300 families, many of them urban welfare clients, on wooded ten-acre farms near Stringtown. This month



PRESIDENT NIXON WELCOMES JAPAN'S PREMIER

the first families will begin moving in. Each will receive a chain saw with which to clear the land, then will sell the timber in order to begin paying for the land at \$80 an acre. Within three or four years, the homesteaders should be harvesting regular fruit crops and earning some \$7,000 a year per family.

The OEO has received thousands of applications, many from out of state, including a number from Oklahomans who fled to California during the Dust Bowl days of the '30s. Many Viet Nam veterans applied, along with at least one out-of-work aerospace engineer. Despite the trend toward agribusiness, there is a widespread nostalgia for the land. Another applicant is a \$190-a-week television film editor who lives in a suburb of Boston. "It's a chance for me to work at something that would be my very own," he wrote. "I'm sick of pollution, demonstrations and riots. I want to get away."

White Slavery

Exactly 109 years after Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, the Justice Department announced last week that two black men are under federal indictment in South Carolina on charges of holding at least nine white migrant farm workers in peonage and involuntary servitude. The two blacks, both from Florida, are accused of holding the workers confined against their will last summer during peach picking around Spartanburg, S.C. They allegedly charged the whites exorbitant amounts for such things as wine, soap, razor blades and cigarettes, and forcibly prevented them from leaving until their debts were paid. According to the indictment, the blacks, with perhaps a backward bow to Simon Legree, beat one white migrant who tried to leave the camp.



EHKU SATO TO THE CASA PACIFICA IN SAN CLEMENTE

DIPLOMACY

'Trying to Make Up with Japan

WHEN the Japanese pay somebody a visit, they often take a gift. If the person happens to be wealthier, they expect to return home with a nicer gift than the one they brought. That is more or less what happened last week when Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato met with President Nixon in San Clemente—the last in a series of presidential conferences with heads of state before Nixon goes to the bigger summits in Peking and Moscow. After two days of talks, Sato could go home with the satisfaction of seeming to have got a little more than he gave.

If so, it was only deserved. Of all the nations in the world, Japan, a faithful U.S. ally, was hardest hit by the dramatic American policy reversals regarding China and international finance. Relations between the U.S. and Japan had deteriorated to such an extent that the State Department made frantic preparations for the meeting. Up to the last minute, experts were scrutinizing embassy reports from Tokyo, preparing papers and debating issues. Telephone lines between Washington and San Clemente hummed constantly.

No More Shocks. When the two-day round of talks ended, U.S.-Japanese relations had recovered at least some of their old cordiality. Standing with Sato under a towering pine in the garden of Casa Pacifica, the President said that they had just finished the "most comprehensive discussion which has ever taken place between the Prime Minister of Japan and the President of the U.S." Sato concurred. The talks, he declared, "contributed to strengthening the unshakable relationship of mutual trust and inter-

dependence between the people of the U.S. and Japan." Less enthusiastic, a Sato subordinate remarked: "I guess we will never be completely satisfied."

The main topics of conversation were China and Taiwan. Completely surprised by the President's about-face on Peking, Sato wanted to make sure that he was not caught off guard again. Nixon assured him that no more *shokkus* would be coming. When he goes to Peking, he will make no agreement that affects Japan. He did not reveal details of his agenda, but he told Sato that he expects to make only modest progress in China: some steps to expand trade, tourism and diplomatic contacts. Sato was especially fretful about Taiwan. Japan had been pressured by the U.S. into signing a peace treaty with Chiang Kai-shek in 1952, and it has complicated relations with the mainland. If the U.S. made a deal with China at the expense of Taiwan, Japan would be the largest nation retaining strong ties to Chiang. The U.S. position is that ultimate disposition of the island should be directly negotiated by China and Taiwan. Sato was still uneasy and hinted that Japan might have to take a more independent approach toward Taiwan.

Better communications between the U.S. and Japan were discussed by Secretary of State William Rogers and Japanese Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda, who is considered the leading candidate to succeed Sato. Rogers rather lamely explained that the U.S. did not forewarn Japan of the presidential visit to Peking because it was afraid there would be a leak that would jeopardize the trip. When Rogers finally did call Sato to inform him, 20 min-

utes were lost in a search for a translator. To make certain of quick contact from now on, the U.S. agreed to install a hot line between Washington and Tokyo.

Sato won another concession that should help him at home. The U.S. had wanted to return Okinawa no sooner than July 1. Under Japanese pressure, Nixon agreed to move up the date to May 15. Sato badly needs some accomplishment to let him end his career in honor. Nixon also made explicit an earlier U.S. guarantee to remove all U.S. nuclear weapons from Okinawa. He would not agree to reduce the 88 U.S. military facilities on Okinawa allowed under the treaty, but he promised to review their status periodically.

The two heads of state wanted to keep the talks on a general political level and not give the appearance of doing too much haggling over details. Still, there was little question that the U.S. expected something in return for its concessions on Okinawa. When asked if political issues would be linked with trade matters, Secretary of the Treasury John Connally replied: "Well, if I were President of the U.S. or Premier of Japan, they would sure be linked." Faced with close to a \$3 billion-a-year trade imbalance with Japan, the U.S. is anxious to sell the Japanese some products that are now kept out by quotas—feeder cattle and oranges, for example. But the Japanese contend that they have already done the U.S. a favor by putting a voluntary limit on textile exports to America. No firm commitments were made during the meetings between Connally and the Japanese negotiators; trade talks will resume later this month.

Ambiguous Stance. One basic problem remains: Japan's place in the world. While advancing economically at a stunning rate, Japan has shied away from assuming increased military responsibility. Though not wanting Japan to become a nuclear power, the U.S. would like it to spend much more on conventional armaments and exert more political influence in Asia. But Sato and Fukuda emphasized that they prefer to stay comfortably under the U.S. security umbrella for the time being.

It is an ambiguous stance. As much as the Japanese need the U.S., they resent their dependence. At a final press conference, Sato was asked if he would invite Nixon to visit Japan. Out of the question, said the Premier. He recalled that when his brother, former Premier Nobusuke Kishi, asked President Eisenhower to come to Japan, such a storm of protest broke out that the visit had to be canceled. "This incident is stuck in my memory," said Sato. Today the same anti-American elements could still cause trouble, "and that would be a case where two brothers would be committing the same sort of error."

African Queen for a Week

DURING World War II, Eleanor Roosevelt logged thousands of miles visiting American troops overseas and meeting with exiled leaders in London. Mrs. John Kennedy lent her special brand of jet-set elegance to her husband's presidency by making unofficial trips to India and Pakistan. Lady Bird Johnson, who generally confined her traveling to the continental U.S., journeyed to Greece for the funeral of King Paul. But no First Lady in history has quite matched the Pat Nixon traveling road show, which last week wound up a resoundingly successful eight-day, 10,000-mile, jet-propelled good-will tour of the West African nations of Liberia, Ghana and the Ivory Coast. Mrs. Nixon so endeared herself to Africans that she won the ultimate tribal accolade of the Ghanaian chieftains, who told her she had cemented a friendship that "not even a lion could destroy."

No lion would dare take on the First Lady's imposing retinue of 40, which included Evangelist Billy Graham, Mrs. John H. Johnson, wife of the publisher of *Ebony* and *Jet*, and Bernard Lasker, former chairman of the New York Stock Exchange board of governors.

The official purpose of the trip was to have Mrs. Nixon represent the President at the inauguration of William R. Tolbert Jr., a longtime friend of both the Nixons and Graham, as President of the Republic of Liberia.*

* The Nixons met the Tolberts in 1957 on a visit to celebrate the independence of neighboring Ghana. Both Nixon and Tolbert were then No. 2. Graham and Tolbert are fellow Baptist ministers.

Ghana and the Ivory Coast were added, Mrs. Nixon candidly admitted, "because I only had time for two others, and they asked me first."

After a sleepless nine-hour flight to Liberia, followed by a frenetic twelve-hour day of state activities, she told a news conference: "Being First Lady is the hardest unpaid job in the world." The eager, enthusiastic Liberians helped prove her point. She was greeted by Tolbert in a red-carpet ceremony complete with the ruffles and flourishes and 19-gun salute usually reserved for a head of government. Dressed in red, white and blue, she kept solemn step with the military tattoo as she reviewed the Liberian honor guard. Following the ceremony, she rode at Tolbert's side in an open-car motorcade along the 40-mile highway to Monrovia, the capital. Beneath the welcome banners that punctuated the arch of entwined banana trees, villagers abandoned their huts to greet her with cheers and, of course, miniature American flags. Liberians have a historical tie to the U.S.: their country was settled by freed American slaves in 1822.

Grand Cordon. At the inaugural ceremony, held in blistering 100° heat, President Tolbert praised Mrs. Nixon as a "testimony of the strength, solidarity and permanence of this special relationship between our countries." Afterward she conferred privately with Tolbert for half an hour; among other things, they discussed President Nixon's forthcoming China trip. The fun began the following day, when brightly clad tribal dancers performed for

her on the rooftop terrace of the eight-story presidential mansion. To Mrs. Nixon, the dance was extraordinary, the pulsing beat of drums and hollow logs, the rhythmic clacking of anklets, the sinuous writhing of bare-breasted women within inches of her chair. She enjoyed herself thoroughly and at the end of the dance, gracefully stood as two women wrapped her in a brilliant blue lappa suit and a towering head tie.

The Liberian visit was crowned by the inaugural ball, where Mrs. Nixon was given the nation's highest decoration, the Grand Cordon in the Venerable Order of the Knighthood of the Pioneers of African Redemption.

Points of Pride. In Ghana, the First Lady renewed another friendship—with ancient Chief Nana Osae Djan II. At his tribal home in Aburi, she sat next to the blind old chief while a glittering ribbon of royal ladies brought her a garland of kente cloth and baskets of fruit. Mrs. Nixon, who rarely dances at her White House parties, joined the ladies in a tribal dance. Later she met with President Edward Akufo-Addo at his sumptuous hilltop palace in Accra, where she was greeted by seven heralds sounding throaty blasts on their elephant-tusk horns. She quickly changed into an absinthegreen dress and was escorted to luncheon in a reception salon between the asphalt tennis courts and the Olympic-sized covered swimming pool.

Mrs. Nixon and her entourage took off for the Ivory Coast capital of Abidjan for more of the delightful and exhausting same: a quarter of a million people spilling into the streets, a lavish banquet in President Félix Houphouët-Boigny's palace, and a visit to a school for modern homemaking. Throughout the trip, with laudable subtlety, she avoided all American aid projects, concentrating instead on local points of pride. Finally, depleted but happy, the Pat Nixon troupe flew back to Washington.

The trip brought to 74 the number of foreign nations the peripatetic Pat Nixon has visited. It also satisfied her husband's unabashed penchant for firsts. Never before had an American First Lady visited Africa, acted as the nation's official representative at an event of state, or conferred with heads of state on behalf of her husband.

More important, Mrs. Nixon won thousands of new friends and once again proved that, taken from beneath the penumbra of the White House, she is an engaging, effervescent personality in her own right. "I wanted to show that we are good neighbors, good friends," she said of her trip. At a press conference in Accra, she also announced that her husband would run for re-election, and pronounced his chances "very good." Asked if she would politic for the President, Mrs. Nixon got understandable laughter with the reply: "I thought that's what I've been doing."

LIBERIAN WOMEN SWATHE MRS. NIXON IN THE NATIONAL COSTUME.



No. 1 and No. 2 for the Democrats

LOOKING as craggy as the coast of Maine, Edmund Sixtus Muskie last week spent eight minutes and \$35,000 on national television to confirm what everyone already knew—that he was a candidate for his party's nomination for the presidency. A few days later Richard Nixon quietly followed suit. This week Hubert Humphrey was all set to end the non-suspense over his intentions with a speech in Philadelphia, thus formalizing the contest between the two 1968 Democratic running mates. In themselves, the declarations will have small effect on the relative positions of the candidates of either party; the President has a firm grip on the G.O.P., while Muskie remains the Democrats' No. 1 in the running with Humphrey a close No. 2. But the occasion offered a contrast in the styles and substance of the two leading Democrats.

No Smile. Muskie's talk was taped in the family's yellow-shingled house on Kennebunk Beach, and broadcast the following day on CBS during the final ten minutes of a shortened *Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour*. His performance was solid but unspectacular, faintly eloquent and unemotional; not once did he smile. If elected he promised "a new beginning," a phrase provided by his chief speechwriter, Robert Shrum, a former Lindsay aide. In inflection, tone, even phraseology, he evoked the refrain of John Kennedy's 1960 standard campaign speech: "We are going to have to do much better." Nine times Muskie started sentences with the words, "It is not good enough," as he recited a litany of national needs and failures. "We were promised an end to war," he said. "We were given a continuing war—with more American deaths, more American prisoners taken, and a resumption of massive bombing."

He charged that the Administration had broken promises to achieve price stability, prosperity and domestic peace. Although much of the criticism was aimed at the President, Muskie was curiously nonpartisan. He never mentioned the Democratic Party, and correctly, if somewhat naively, conceded that "it would be foolish to blame all the nation's ills on the present Administration," a statement that rubbed many Democrats the wrong way.

"The speech worried me," Muskie said afterward. He had reason to worry. With less than 24 hours remaining before the scheduled taping, Muskie was still without a final version, having considered and rejected four separate drafts from his speechwriters. That night he slept little; his wife Jane later told a staff aide that "Ed got up every ten minutes." The next day brought several more revisions, and not until 10 p.m., some five hours late, did the taping

begin. The TV crew, hired by Muskie's TV consultant, Robert Squier, was the same that had filmed his successful 1970 election-eve speech.

Humphrey, in an unusually brief address (for him), was ready to invoke a legion of founding fathers to usher in his campaign in "this city of William Penn, who spoke of peace and brotherhood; and Thomas Jefferson, who gave us the great documents of our democracy." Such worthies, his text suggested, would take a dim view of the Nixon Administration were they present today; the G.O.P. has failed to attack every conceivable urban, rural, social, economic and ecological problem besetting the country. Specifically, "our urgent immediate need is to end the war—and to do it now." The deficiency, in Humphrey's assessment, is not one of resource—"A nation that developed a Marshall Plan to rebuild Europe can develop another to rebuild our cities"—but of will. As he sees it, "America is not sick. What we lack is leadership and vision. 'Without vision,' said Isaiah, 'the people perish.'"

In contrast to Muskie's New England reserve, Humphrey is bounding after the nomination with all the enthusiasm of a wallaby on a pogo stick. Where Muskie is somewhat ill at ease in crowds, Humphrey plunges right into what reporters call "armpit politics." He thrives on old-style tubthumping political affairs. Muskie abhors them; he does not respond to the hoopla. Humphrey does. In Shreveport, La., last week, he burst into the lobby of his hotel, called out merrily:

"Well, how's everybody this morning?" Then he headed directly for the desk clerks and began shaking hands. Next it was the bellhops' turn, and then two startled customers in the hotel barbershop. He never says who he is, but thus far he has not had to. Says Humphrey: "There are no real differences between Ed Muskie and me on the issues. The only differences are in our personalities and our styles."

At this point Humphrey stands as the only serious alternative to Muskie for the nomination. In his own poll taken in Florida, Humphrey leads Muskie, although both narrowly trail George Wallace (see following story). While Muskie has more independent and G.O.P. support nationwide, both Gallup and Harris polls report that, with Ted Kennedy out of the race, Humphrey is the first choice of Democrats. On the other hand, many party leaders feel that Humphrey is too familiar a face, too shackled with a loser's image, to defeat Nixon in November. Muskie obviously shares this view (see box opposite page).

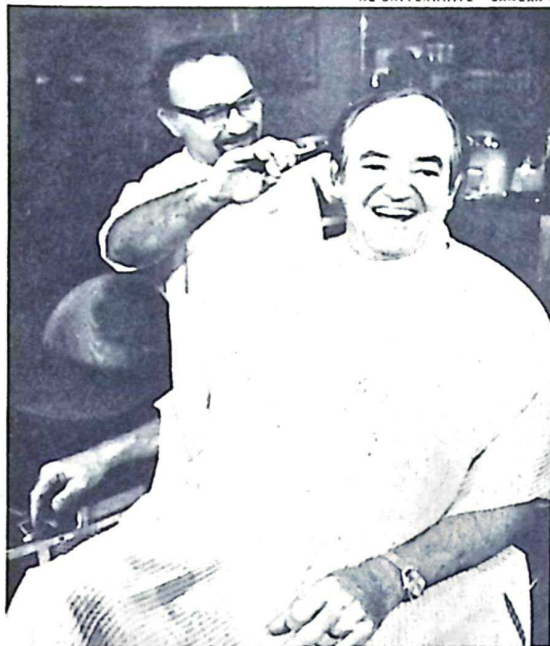
All of that helps to account for Humphrey's refusal to risk a party brawl by attacking Muskie. Nonetheless, intimates say, Humphrey is obviously disturbed by Muskie, not simply because of conflicting ambitions, but because he feels that Muskie on occasion has become needlessly testy toward him—and has dared to suggest that H.H.H. was responsible for the defeat of the 1968 ticket.

Fourth Party. The declarations of Gene McCarthy and Shirley Chisholm lengthened the list of Democratic candidates to ten. Chisholm made her announcement in Florida and will enter the state's March 14th primary. With no organization and little money to create one, she must rely on her novelty and intensity to attract support. McCarthy, who languidly announced in New York that he would field a slate in the June 20th primary there, could be a very serious threat to the other Democrats. He is as cynically caustic as ever. Chiding Muskie for his relatively late opposition to the war, he said: "If he'd been Paul Revere he would have arrived in Lexington two days late and said, 'The British are here.' " More important, he is well financed and retains much of his 1968 support among the party's left. Should the party not nominate someone to his liking, he has threatened to mount a fourth-party effort. That could well divide the Democrats and throw the election to Nixon.

The President, of course, would like nothing better. From San Clemente, he



ED MUSKIE IN KENNEBUNKPORT
A litany of needs.



HUBERT HUMPHREY IN MIAMI
Ending non-suspense.

made a low-key announcement of his candidacy: he simply wrote to New Hampshire Secretary of State Robert L. Stark that he would allow his name to remain on the ballot for the March 7th primary. He also wrote his approval to former New Hampshire Governor Lane Dwinell, who had collected the necessary signatures to enter the President in the primary. Continuing to take an above-the-battle stance (TIME, Jan. 3), Nixon emphasized that he would "refrain from public partisan activities," at least until the convention, "in order to conduct the business of government with the minimum intrusion of purely political activity." In the past, that posture has proved to be excellent politics.* Nixon can count on opposition in both the New Hampshire and Florida primaries. Ohio Representative John Ashbrook, a conservative, has said he will enter both contests; California's McCloskey has been campaigning in New Hampshire on an antiwar platform for the last six months. Neither man is likely to intrude much on the President's political future.

The Wallace Factor

In the years since his 1968 presidential campaign, George C. Wallace has taken on a comely new wife, an old job as Governor of Alabama, and a mod wardrobe to complement both. But on one point he has remained constant. The man who once stood in the schoolhouse door to prevent integration now wants to stand at the gate of the White House to prevent either

* Both the Democratic National Committee and Representative Paul McCloskey felt Nixon's recent interview on CBS television was sufficiently political to request equal time.

Muskie: Maintaining Momentum

En route from New Hampshire to Florida, Senator Edmund Muskie relaxed, lighted up one of the three cigars that he permits himself a day, and discussed his views on the upcoming presidential campaign with TIME Correspondent Dean Fischer:

How do you feel about the announcement of your candidacy?

I think it was a little stiff and stern; yet it is difficult to work in a change of pace in an eight-minute speech. You can't very well start with jokes and in eight minutes get into a serious subject. But with respect to the basic question of what an announcement speech of this kind should be, the announcement was what I wanted it to be. I felt it should be a clear signal of where my priorities lie, where my commitment is, and of my determination to pursue it. In this sense, I wanted it to be a tough speech, since this would be for some time to come the only national audience I would have.

How important to your candidacy are the first eight primaries?

I don't think I need to get eight successive victories. That's almost an impossible requirement to meet. In New Hampshire, it's clear that I have to win. Wisconsin is a very important test, as it's always been, and since George McGovern ties his prospects pretty heavily to the results there, and since Hubert Humphrey can't avoid having his prospects pretty heavily tied to the results there, Wisconsin can be a very important primary—in many ways the most significant primary up to that point in the sense that it's likely to be more crucial for more of the major candidates than some of the other primaries.

Is Humphrey your chief competition for the nomination?

That's hard to say. Obviously he has great strength, and the polls show that, Ted Kennedy aside, he is standing higher than anyone else. Of course, Hubert has a great many friends across the country built up over a quarter-century of national activity, especially in labor unions and the black community. I regard him as a friend, and I've been committed to him in the past. But I don't know how he will stand up in the polls and in the face of this persistent feeling that his time is past.

What role will independents play in this year's presidential election?

I suppose I've been particularly sensitive to the independent vote because in order to build a constituency in Maine I had to turn very heavily to them. As long as 17 years ago, as many as 25% of the votes were cast by independents in Maine. I don't know that there will be any great jump in the magnitude of independent voters. I don't know if it's possible to measure any great jump in the proportion of people who focus primarily on the issues. Whether or not they'll become a majority—well, I doubt very much if we've reached that point in 1972. But I do think they're likely to be the balance of power in this election.

Will Viet Nam be a major issue?

I don't know that people want to hear it discussed at great length so much, but they want to know where a candidate stands and how he disagrees with our present policy. But it's in the background of their feelings about this Administration, about our country and its values. It's an issue involving public attitudes and will be until we're out of it.

How does it feel to be rated the underdog in a race with Richard Nixon?

I think that's to be expected. After all, the President has taken all those initiatives. But his own standing in the polls is below 50%. At a time when my visibility was low, when I had no chance to take similar spectacular initiatives, when I was carefully building an organization, traveling around the country preparing—with all that, and with sharp contrast in exposure besides—he's still only four points ahead of me in one poll [the Harris survey, with George Wallace as a third candidate]. One thing I've learned this past year is that you don't want to tie yourself to the polls so closely that you feel you have to be on top every day. You just can't. The important thing is to maintain your own timing, pace and momentum. You just can't do it on a day-to-day basis. If you try to create an impression of frenetic activity, shrillness, reaching and grabbing for headlines because that's the only way you can get them, that's just contrary to the image the public is looking for.

major-party candidate from gaining entry except on Wallace's own terms. The only question that remains is not whether he will run, but which party will be hurt more by his presence in the campaign. In the early going at least, it will be the Democrats who suffer; Wallace is set to announce this week that he will run in Democratic primaries in Florida and Pennsylvania. The first blood will be drawn in the Florida contest.

Like the crowd of Democratic contenders out to upset Front Runner Edmund Muskie, Wallace has had his eye on the Florida sunshine since the state legislature voted last year to authorize a presidential primary. The Florida contest, on March 14, follows the opener in New Hampshire by just one week. With Maine's Muskie considered unbeatable in neighboring New Hampshire, the remaining Democrats have focused on Florida as the first opportunity to strike at his support: every major Democratic candidate will have a spot on the Florida ballot.

Wallace's prospects are brightened by the historical schizophrenia of Florida politics. The southern portion of the state, dominated by urban centers like Miami, has favored liberal candidates, while the less populous northern half has long been a stronghold of conservatism. During the 1968 presidential campaign, Wallace carried the three northernmost congressional districts in the state; overall, he ran barely 50,000 votes behind Hubert Humphrey. Notes Senator Scoop Jackson: "Northern Florida is Southern and southern Florida is Northern."

Wallace's candidacy is particularly damaging to Jackson's presidential hopes. Jackson has pinned much on a good showing in Florida, and must carry the northern districts to prove the appeal of his conservative campaign. Jackson and Wallace will fight it out in the north, while liberals Muskie, Humphrey, McGovern, Lindsay and Chisholm concentrate on the southern vote.

The probable result: a Wallace plurality. A poll taken last fall by the Florida Democratic Party showed Wallace carrying 24% of the vote, compared with Muskie's 20% and Jackson's 6%. Muskie advisers concede Wallace's strength and, as a result, may not make an all-out effort in Florida, preferring to spend money and workers in more favorable political climates.

Smoother Image. For now, Wallace is content with his prospects in Florida. But he is considering entering primaries in Maryland, Wisconsin and Indiana to nibble away blue-collar support from Democratic contenders while pitching a national campaign based on law-and-order, busing and the economic plight of the little man. The same appeal—part populism, part demagoguery—won him 13.5% of the votes cast in 1968.

At the outset, Wallace is in a much

better position to play the spoiler for both parties than he was four years ago. The arduous task of petitioning for inclusion on the ballot is largely behind him. A full-time campaign staff of 30—augmented by hundreds of volunteers—is already at work cranking out newsletters and magazines, planning fund-raising dinners and plotting strategy. Wallace will concentrate on regional television broadcasts instead of the helter-skelter personal campaigning of '68. To smooth his image, he has sought and received advice on television technique from Evangelist Billy Graham.

Still, the 1972 campaign should ultimately be more difficult for Wallace than '68. Republican strategists believe that President Nixon's stand against busing and his appointments to the Supreme Court will deny Wallace his two most emotional talking points.

On the Democratic side, economic unrest has replaced fear of crime as the major issue among blue-collar voters; many of those who voted for Wallace before should return to the Democratic fold. He has also lost support from the Democratic machines of the South. Lester Maddox and John Bell Williams have been replaced by more moderate leaders anxious to break the region out of its isolation (TIME, May 31). Yet the drawbacks neither dampen Wallace's enthusiasm for another campaign nor undermine his basic goal. He does not really expect to become President—just to keep forcing Southern strategies on anyone who wants to occupy the White House.



WALLACES ON BEACH IN PUERTO RICO
Spoiler for both parties.

RADICALS

Bombing the Banks

Busy on a story, Tim Findley did not check his mailbox at the San Francisco *Chronicle* until 3:30 in the afternoon. Even then, he did not bother to open a letter addressed to him from Chicago until 5. Printed neatly by hand, it warned that bombs had been planted in safe-deposit boxes in nine banks in New York, Chicago and San Francisco by a radical political group calling itself "Movement in Amerika." The letter went on to list the names of the banks as well as the numbers of the boxes; enclosed was a key to one of the boxes.

Findley took the letter and the key to the police, but it was too late in the day to do anything. The bank vaults were closed by time locks for the night. Meanwhile, other newsmen had taken identical letters to the police, who waited impatiently through the night for the vaults to reopen. Next morning bomb squads in all three cities moved into the bank vaults to locate and deactivate the devices.

During July 1971 nine unusual prototype bombs were planted in different banks across the country. These bombs were placed in safety deposit boxes in the vaults of the banks listed below. Enclosed is one key to one of these boxes.



BOMBERS' LETTER & KEY

Apparently placed in the boxes last July, the bombs were all equipped with a seven-month fuse—a device sophisticated enough to persuade the police that some radicals have upgraded their skills; they suspect that the bombs were the work of the Weatherman.

The boxes had all been rented by a person or persons using the name of Christopher Charles Mohr. Unfortunately, Mohr may strike again. The radicals' letter declared that the bomb scare was only a warmup. Movement in Amerika is considering kidnapping property—a luxury hotel, a corporate office building, a superhighway—in exchange for the release of "political prisoners." The letter concluded: "Who will want to vacation in that hotel, meet in that board room or drive on that superhighway for the next few months?" The radicals also warned that a seven-month time bomb with a more powerful explosive might be placed in the FBI building that is being constructed in Washington.

The nation is not likely to be brought to a standstill by such tactics. The manager of one of the banks where a bomb had been placed said he had much more trouble when an irate customer put a dead fish in a safe-deposit box; the vault stank for weeks.

* The Germanic spelling is used contemptuously to indicate that the U.S. is run by "fascists."

CONTROLS

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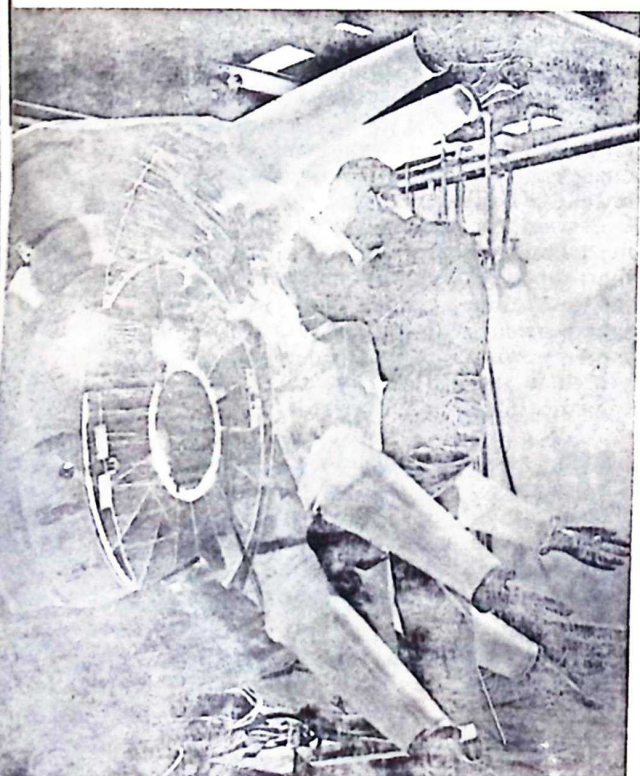
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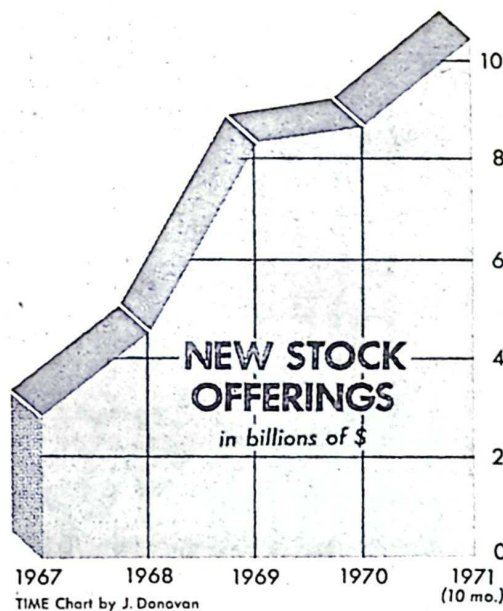
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Wall Street experts are particularly keen on cyclical stocks like autos, steel,

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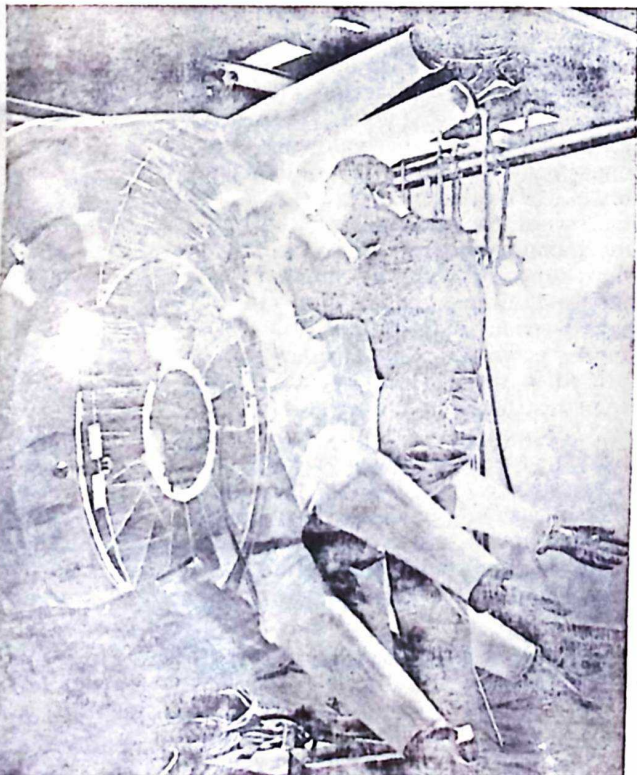
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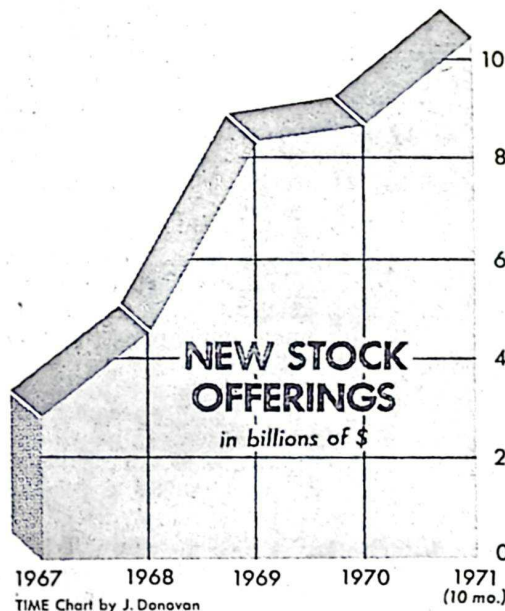
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A 1952 Italian law stipulates that the widow of a Prime Minister gets a 50% higher pension than the widow of an ordinary Minister. So one 81-year-old woman is suing the government for a raise in her pension from \$258.40 to \$387.60 a month. After all, Husband **Benito Mussolini** was Italy's Fascist Prime Minister from 1922 to 1943 (he was eventually shot by anti-Fascist partisans and then hung by his heels alongside his mistress). When Italian newspapers questioned whether the dictator's widow really deserved more money—plus the return of three Mussolini farms that the government had confiscated—Donna Rachele retorted: "*Non facciamo ridere i polli*" (literally, "Let's not make the chickens laugh"—meaning "Don't be silly").

In a delightfully improbable piece of casting, **Raquel Welch** is going to play that blank-eyed, block-bodied



RAQUEL AS ANNIE



moppet of the comic strips, Little Orphan Annie, in a CBS-TV special called *Funny Papers*. Annie's super-rich, superreactionary guardian, Daddy Warbucks, will be portrayed by **Carroll O'Connor**, the Archie Bunker of *All in the Family*. "We got into a little discussion about just how sexy Daddy Warbucks was," said Raquel. "We wondered how close he should get to Little Orphan Annie, and whether we should indicate that there might have been a little something going on between them. It turned out that Daddy Warbucks is straight city, but Carroll O'Connor is pretty sexy. We compromised and played it halfway close."

Lucky Matthias! Papa **Willy Brandt**, Chancellor of West Germany, was finally finished with those earnest confabulations with President Nixon and had taken him to the brand-new Disney World at Orlando, Fla., where Mickey Mouse himself turned out to show him around. Forty-four-year-old Mickey (enacted by a Disney employee) and ten-year-old Matthias, in a T shirt decorated with a big, stars-and-stripes "USA," walked around hand in hand, moving diplomacy into a new dimension.

If the scales of justice weigh heavily on a Chief Justice of the United States, so sometimes a Chief Justice weighs heavily on the scales. Especially if he is retired, like **Earl Warren**, 80, who has checked into Southern California's posh fat farm, La Costa, to slough off 15 lbs. in two weeks of diet and exercise. And who should



OLIVIA & EARL AT WORK

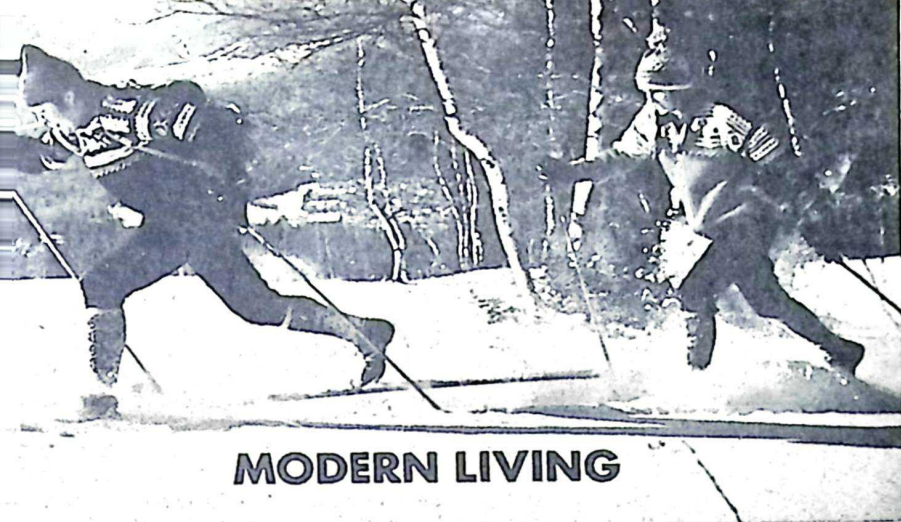
be outside the doctor's office on the first day but his old friend Actress **Olivia de Havilland**, 56. "I was so moved to meet him again after all this time," gushed Olivia, also in for two weeks and 15 lbs. "He's the most darling man—I've had a crush on him for 35 years."

Latest additions to the annual January infestation of lists include the traditional couturier-cum-socialite choice of Best-Dressed Women (No. 1: the **Begum Aga Khan**, No. 2: **Mrs. Ronald Reagan**); Fashion Designer Mr. Blackwell's Worst-Dressed women (No. 1: Actress **Ali MacGraw**, No. 2: **Jacqueline Onassis**); the *Motion Picture Herald's* poll for 1971 Box Office Star (No. 1: **John Wayne**, No. 2: **Clint Eastwood**); **Dr. Joyce Brothers'** radio poll for Most Sex-Appealing Men (No. 1: Vice President **Spiro T. Agnew**, No. 2: Actor **Paul Newman**); and the Fashion Foundation of America's categorized roster of Best-Dressed Men, which inexplicably contains such rumpled misfits as **Aristotle Onassis** for "international society" and **Walter Cronkite** for "communications." Said Newscaster Cronkite: "This distinction was earned entirely by straightening my tie and putting on my jacket just before the TV camera turns on."

Strolling disconsolately along London's Bond Street, Author **Anthony Burgess** was accosted by a friend who wanted to know why all the gloom. He was on his way, said Burgess, to dine with Producer-Director **Stanley Kubrick** and to see *A Clockwork Orange*. But why the long face, asked his friend, since the film—made from Burgess's 1962 novel of the same name—is the hit of the year? "Precisely," said Burgess. "I sold the screen rights long ago for a few hundred dollars."

To dramatize an Administration plan to purchase 565,000 acres of Florida's Big Cypress Swamp for a federal water reserve, Interior Secretary **Rogers Morton** and Presidential Daughter **Julie Eisenhower** went swamp walking—right up to the edge of an alligator hole. No alligators. So Julie slogged around happily in her borrowed hip boots. "The water felt good," she chortled. "My feet were hot."

Millionaire **Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney**, 72, called a press conference to tell the world that even though he had not been asked to fill the vacant post of U.S. Ambassador to Spain, he was not going to take the job because the ten-month period remaining until the presidential election was too short "to enable me to accomplish anything enduring." After November, though, if anybody cares, "I speak tourist Spanish with a Mexican accent, but I'm taking lessons."



MODERN LIVING

SKI TOURERS SKIMMING THROUGH POWDER SNOW ON VERMONT HILLSIDE



BEGINNER SNOWPLOWING AT STOWE

Skiing—the Easy Way

It is a brilliantly blue, bitterly cold winter afternoon, and Joe Downhill is 73rd in line for the chair lift. He shuffles his \$200 fiber glass skis and \$90 foam-injected Rieker boots, pokes forward a few inches with his \$35 aluminum poles, and shivers in his \$95 quilted parka, while his \$10 all-day lift ticket flutters in the chill breeze and his stomach rumbles from that rotten \$2.50 lunchtime ratburger.

If he glances toward some nearby slope, the suffering Mr. Downhill may observe a strange-looking character in knickers and a light sweater striding cheerfully across the snow on a pair of flimsy-looking skis clamped to his feet with a scrap of aluminum or something. His boots look like G.I. brogans, and he seems to be having a great time. The knickered apparition

is indulging in the fastest-growing winter sport in the world. It is variously called cross-country skiing (the competitive version) or ski touring (the recreational type), and this season is the biggest the sport has ever known. "In downhill skiing," says Airlines Pilot Dick Gronning of Minneapolis, "you're tied to a lift line. Here you just hike out into the farm lands, and you feel a real independence. It's really gorgeous."

Family Sport. Ski tourers come in all sizes, sexes and ages. Steve Rieschl, who teaches skiing at Vail, says: "They're the same people who canoe, sail, backpack and camp. It's really a self-propelled sport." A novice tourer at Vail over Christmas was Wellington Koo, 84, formerly China's ambassador to the U.S. (1915-20 and 1946-56), who grew so enthusiastic over his first lesson that he summoned seven members of his family to join him on the slopes the next day. At Snowmass (Aspen), West Los Angeles Housewife Helen Mandel—so unathletic that she doesn't even use her family's swimming pool—took her first touring lesson over the holidays, and now glows: "What freedom! It's as easy as walking. It makes me feel I can go almost anywhere." Her downhill family is thinking of converting too. Says her daughter: "If you stop on the slopes, 50,000 people run into you and another 50,000 yell at you."

Ski touring represents a return to the way people skied before skiing got fancy. Scandinavians have been wild about cross-country for centuries, and even in such strongholds of downhill skiing as Switzerland and Italy, the sport has caught on remarkably in the past few years. Enthusiasts break their own trails through any convenient field or forest, skirting icy ponds, clambering over fences. Even for novices, a ten-mile trek is routine. Ski touring is much easier to learn than the alpine version: a beginner can pick up all he needs to know in a day or so, while downhill skill comes only after two or three weeks of intensive coaching, if then.

Cross-countrymen avoid plunging down the steep, icy slopes beloved by downhillers; their narrow skis do not provide as much control as alpine models. Milder inclines are no problem, however, and climbing is easier because of special waxes.

Touring also is considerably less expensive: ski stores in the Minneapolis area, for example, offer cross-country packages (skis, bindings, boots and bamboo poles) for \$50 to \$100, while a similar downhill package would run from \$250 to \$600. Lift tickets cost from \$8 to \$10 a day, while tourers ski over hill and dale for nothing. Alpine skiers, particularly at fiercely chic slopes like Vail or Sugarbush, often find themselves involved in clothing competitions (the latest: quilted bell-bottom ski pants in burgundy nylon for \$65), while tourers stick to inexpensive knickers, battered denims and old sweaters.

Few Fractures. Safety is a no less important factor: cross-country skiers use soft, low-cut boots and bindings that do not lock the entire foot to the ski. So a spill that is serious enough to fracture a downhiller's leg usually causes a tourer nothing worse than a sprained ankle and a bruise or two. Beth Johnson, a housewife from Newkirk, Okla., quit alpine skiing after a crash that left her leg held together with three pins and a flock of staples, but now she is hooked on touring: "There are no schussboomers hitting you broadside—just a different world, with the quietness and stillness. It's great."

The sport's growing popularity has boosted sales of touring equipment. During the 1967-69 period, reports the Vermont-based Ski Touring Council, 50,000 pairs of cross-country skis were imported, mostly from Norway. The estimate for 1971 is 100,000. Mitch Field, manager of Berkeley's North Face Sports Shop, has dropped alpine equipment and now offers only cross-country gear, with sales doubling every year. New York's Paragon Sporting Goods also reports touring gear selling at nearly twice the rate of a year ago. Traditional ski resorts like Stowe's Trapp Family Lodge and Colorado's Scandinavian Lodge (in Steamboat Springs) are now offering regular instruction in cross-country technique, and both boast professionally laid-out touring trails for neophytes.

To the dedicated alpinist, cross-country skiing is an amateurish parody of the real art. "My kick is speed," says Jean Chrétien, Canada's Minister of Indian Affairs. "I like to go as fast as I can from the top to the bottom and hope to be alive when I reach it. I am a skier, not a cross-country skier." But the only worry among cross-country buffs is that the rest of the world will take over their cherished sport. "Please don't tell anyone else about it" is the usual line. "We want to keep it to ourselves."

JOHN ZIMMERMAN—LIFE

Anderson's Brass Ring

Columnist Jack Anderson, Washington's most persistent sensationalist, thrives on contention. His column, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, gives his audience frequent scoops, but many of his fellow newsmen regard as frivolous his uneven mixture of muckraking and kiss-and-tell gossip. Last week, however, Anderson was basking in more serious attention, after his *Merry-Go-Round* grabbed off something of a brass ring. In four columns, he disclosed private policy discussions of the Washington Security Action Group, composed of experts from the National Security Council, State Department and Pentagon, concerning Administration action in the India-Pakistan war (see THE U.S.). Both the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* asked Anderson's permission to print in full some of the documents on which the columns were based. He delightedly complied.

The affair raised three basic questions: 1) What did the papers prove about U.S. policy? 2) What did they prove about the Administration's information practices? 3) How did Anderson get them?

Overstatement. In fact, the papers did not add much to what was already known about President Nixon's and Henry Kissinger's strong pro-Pakistan, anti-Indian attitude. Anderson's charges notwithstanding, he did not catch the Administration in a gross deception. The Pentagon papers, dealing with more distant but more momentous events, showed the Government in a far more questionable light. But Anderson did provide fascinating detail about the Administration's decision-making processes as well as the tone and turn of its thinking.

As to information policy, Anderson exaggerated his accomplishment by trying to make it seem a victory of the free press over official censorship. Said he: "It is a secret now if a third-rate bureaucrat blows his nose. The security stamp is being used as promiscuously as a stapling machine." True enough, in general. But the Government obviously has a right to try to keep its consultations private.* The press, on the other hand, also has a right—and a responsibility—to print whatever inside information it can get, provided it does not violate military secrets or damage the national security. As to how Anderson got the goods, he suggests that he simply did a lot of hard digging to pry the documents out of a reluctant security establishment. Just how reluctant is far from clear.

Anderson will not, of course, iden-

tify his suppliers. "These are the same sources who have been giving me access to classified material for some time," he says. "The difference is that until now they have been very wary of letting me quote directly. But they became gravely concerned about what seemed to them a colossal moral blunder in the India-Pakistan situation." There is suspicion that the leak happened in the Defense Department. Anderson says that his sources at first would tell him only the general content of the documents, then consented to let him quote from them. When he insisted, "I must document this; you have to go all the way," they turned over copies of "dozens" of papers.

Legman. The columnist's desire for hard proof to support his articles is understandable, particularly because some of his previous revelations had been questioned or generally ignored. While he was still the legman and collaborator of the late Drew Pearson in 1964, Anderson cast doubt on the Johnson Administration's official version of the Tonkin Gulf incident. If he had been able to quote verbatim from Government papers, he says now, that story would have received the attention it deserved. Last year, nine months before the U.S. conducted its recent heavy "protective reaction" raids against North Viet Nam, Anderson revealed plans for just such air strikes, to last from three to ten days.

Not all of his exclusives hit important nails so squarely. It is impossible to come up with seven exposés a week, and occasionally he takes cheap shots, like his recent opus about

a minor official who may have taken his secretary on a business trip for unofficial reasons. The Anderson reconstruction of the Chappaquiddick incident, accusing Edward Kennedy of asking a cousin to take the blame, is regarded as largely fictional. But sometimes Anderson columns draw blanket denials and then turn out to be true. It was Anderson who in 1966 exposed the misuse of campaign funds by the late Senator Thomas Dodd.

Since inheriting the column from Pearson in 1969, Anderson has added about 75 new clients, raising his syndication outlets to more than 700. Anderson employs two legmen of his own now, along with three secretaries, but still does plenty of personal spadework. He is rarely seen at press conferences or open events. Rather, he cultivates sources that other newsmen ignore and each week receives tips by the hundreds from bureaucrats and ordinary citizens who think that they have discovered wrongs that need exposure. He does not hesitate to deal in purloined papers; in the Dodd case, the Senator's aides filched office records. Anderson has even had J. Edgar Hoover's garbage cans ransacked, establishing for the record that Hoover serves Chivas Regal Scotch and takes pills to relieve stomach gas. His motive, he says, was to parody an FBI investigative technique.

He can be both puckish and staid. Last year, to illustrate an article about him in *Washingtonian*, he happily posed with a live snake slithering from under a rock—supposedly a symbol of his detection of evil. In his personal life, he is anything but flamboyant. A onetime Mormon missionary who attends church regularly, Anderson, 49, avoids Washington night life the way he avoids alcohol and tobacco. The father of nine, Anderson does much of his writing at home in Bethesda, Md., so that he can spend more time with his family.

Anderson may now be taken a little more seriously in Washington. His industriousness and courage have never been questioned, and the latest series of columns prove that his information pipelines indeed run deep. "Jack's right there on the cutting edge," says *Washington Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee, who runs the column on the comics page. Several years ago the *Post* moved the *Merry-Go-Round* to a more prestigious place in the paper, but a wave of reader protest forced it back among the funnies.

Short Takes

► A year ago, when he was promoted from Washington bureau chief to become the youngest managing editor in the *Chicago Tribune's* 125-year history, Russell Freeburg, then 47, seemed the certain heir to Editor Clayton Kirkpatrick, 57. His mission was to help brighten up the staid *Trib* and check

ANDERSON POSING WITH "EVIL"



* The documents were classified secret-sensitive, a designation that falls between the official designations of secret and top secret.

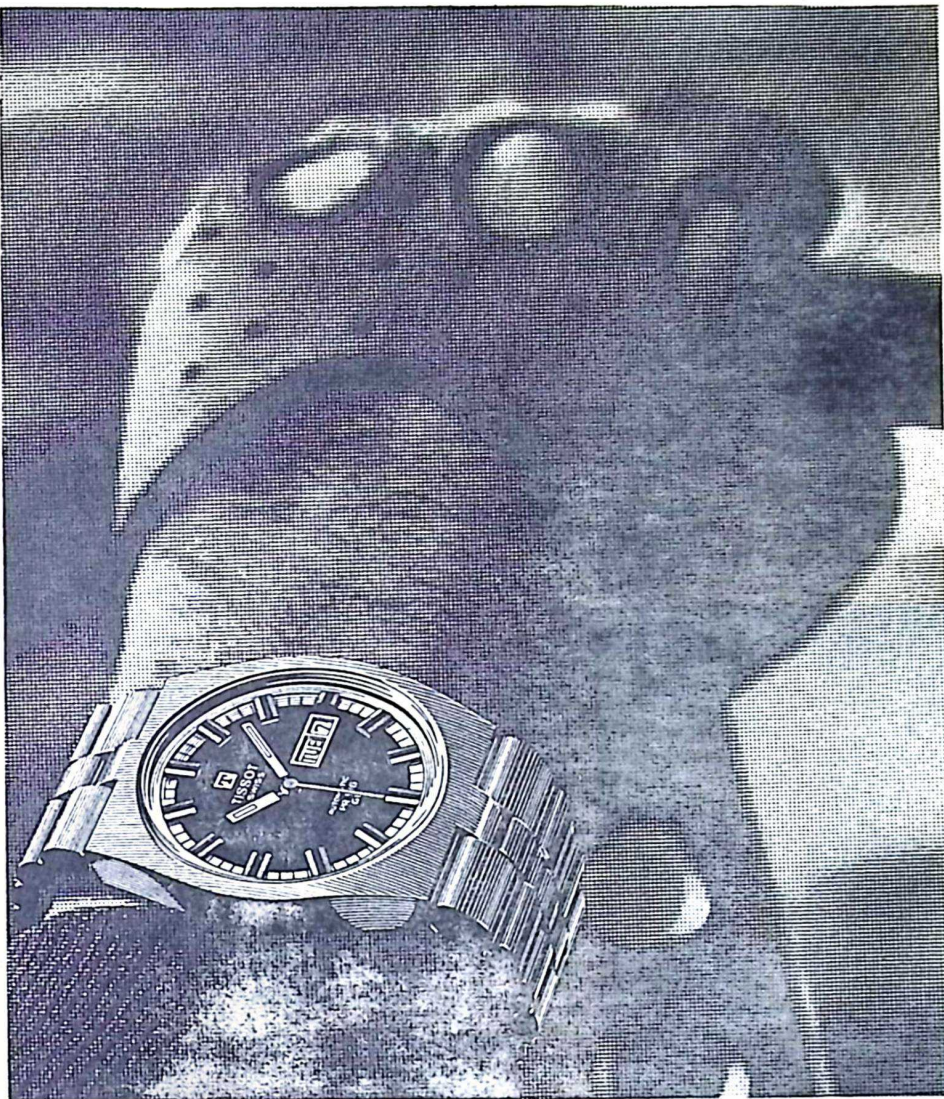


CHICAGO "TRIBUNE'S" McCROHON
Flair from a sister.

its long circulation slide, from 868,000 to 745,000 in the past decade. Last week Freeburg resigned abruptly from one of the top jobs in journalism, explaining that he wanted "to do things faster than the corporate management wanted to move." His successor is Maxwell McCrohon, 43, an amiable Australian who first came to the U.S. in 1952 as a correspondent for a Sydney paper. He settled in Chicago nine years later and has brought plenty of flair to the *Trib's* afternoon sister, *Chicago Today*, as its managing editor for the past two years.

► Media General, Inc., the Richmond-based communications conglomerate, has been forced to cut back its *Media General Financial Daily* to a weekly schedule. The chart-filled 72-page paper was begun last summer with a promise to report in detail on the performances and prospects of 3,250 separate stocks (*TIME*, Sept. 13). Targeted for a circulation of 10,000, it was selling only 2,500, mostly to stock market professionals. "We weren't getting any growth," laments Media General President Alan Donnahoe. "It was too much of an encyclopedia to digest every day." In hopes of better times, however, Donnahoe will keep the word "daily" in his weekly's title.

► In his swearing-in speech last week, Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo called for "an old-fashioned quest for jobs." His Honor has already delivered on that promise as far as the local press is concerned. Rizzo has signed up seven journalists for important city posts, including those of deputy municipal managing director and commerce director. The salaries range from \$19,000 to \$34,000—far more than they were making as newsmen. Rizzo, a tough-talking former police commissioner, has always shown a knack for cultivating local reporters. He has generally received a favorable press in Philadelphia, except from some editorial writers. The mayor sees nothing unusual in his recruitment policy: "Newsmen are perceptive and analytical. I never met one who wasn't sharp."



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The Need for New Myths

The latest incarnation of Oedipus, the continued romance of Beauty and the Beast, stands this afternoon on the corner of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, waiting for the traffic light to change.

—Joseph Campbell

THAT statement, fanciful as it sounds, is simply a shorthand way of saying that everyone is a creature of myth, that the ancient legends and tales of the race are still the master keys to the human psyche. The science-minded Victorians who sneered at myths as superstitious twaddle were guilty of a kind of scientific superstition themselves: the belief that reason could explain all human motives. Aided by psychoanalysis, anthropology and three-quarters of a century of archaeological discovery, modern



BILL PIERCE

CAMPBELL WITH IMAGE OF BODHI-DHARMA

scholarship has replaced the Victorians' sneers with respect and even awe. Mythology, its partisans are now claiming, tells as much about humanity—its deepest fears, sorrows, joys and hopes—as dreams tell about an individual. "Myths are public dreams," says Joseph Campbell, who is probably the world's leading expert on mythology. "Dreams are private myths. Myths are vehicles of communication between the conscious and the unconscious, just as dreams are."

The trouble is, Campbell asserts, that this communication has broken down in the modern Western world. The old myths are no longer operative, and effective new myths have not arisen to replace them. As a result, he maintains, the West is going through an agony of reorientation matched only by a period during the 4th millennium B.C., when the Sumerians first conceived the concept of a mathematically ordered cosmos and thus changed utterly man's concept of the universe around him.

Campbell's words carry extraordinary weight, not only among scholars but among a wide range of other people who find his search down mythological pathways relevant to their lives today. A professor of literature at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, N.Y., Campbell has written and edited some 20-odd books on mythology. They include a massive four-volume work entitled *The Masks of God*; *The Flight of the Wild Gander* and the book for which he is most famous, *Hero With a Thousand Faces*, a brilliant examination, through ancient hero myths, of man's eternal struggle for identity. *Hero*, which has had sales of more than 110,000 copies, an impressive figure for a scholarly book, has become a bestseller on campus. After 37 years of teaching in relative obscurity, Campbell, at 67, has now become a well-known and respected figure in academe.

What is a myth? In Campbell's academic jargon, it is a dreamlike "symbol that evokes and directs psychological energy." A vivid story or legend, it is but one part of a larger fabric of myths that, taken together, form a mythology

that expresses a culture's attitude toward life, death and the universe around it. The Greek myth of Prometheus, the Titan who stole fire from Olympus and gave it to man, thus symbolizes the race's aspirations, even when they conflict with the powers of nature. The almost contemporary Hebrew myth of the trials of Job, on the other hand, symbolizes man's submission to a power above nature, even when that power seems cruel and unjust. The two myths are, in effect, picture stories that tell the philosophies of two totally divergent cultures. The Greek stresses man's heroic striving for human values and civilization; the Hebrew emphasizes, rather, man's humble spiritual surrender to God's will. Abraham's willingness to sacrifice Isaac is the supreme symbol of this attitude.

Though not true in a literal sense, a myth is not what it is considered to be in everyday speech—a fantasy or a misstatement. It is rather a veiled explanation of the truth. The transformation from fact to myth is endlessly fascinating. The battle of Achilles and Hector, for example, is symbolic, but there was a Trojan War in which great heroes fought. The psychological duel between Faust and the Devil is a philosophical and psychological metaphor, but Georg Faust, a German magician who was born about 1480, did live and did make claims to superhuman power, including the ability to restore the lost works of Plato and Aristotle and to repeat the miracles of Christ. Yet it was not until poets like Christopher Marlowe and Goethe took up the legend that Faust became famous—and mythic. The Faust story appealed to Marlowe and to Goethe because the times in which they lived, eras in which faith and reason were in basic conflict, called for such a symbolic struggle.

What should a mythology do? In Campbell's view, a "properly operating" mythology has four important functions:

► To begin with, through its rites and imagery it awakens and maintains in the individual a sense of awe, gratitude and even rapture, rather than fear, in relation to the mystery both of the universe and of man's own existence within it.

► Secondly, a mythology offers man a comprehensive, understandable image of the world around him, roughly in accord with the best scientific knowledge of the time. In symbolic form, it tells him what his universe looks like and where he belongs in it.

► The third function of a living mythology is to support the social order through rites and rituals that will impress and mold the young. In India, for example, the basic myth is that of an impersonal power, Brahma, that embodies the universe. The laws of caste are regarded as inherent features of this universe and are accepted and obeyed from childhood. Cruel as this may seem to Westerners, the myth of caste does give Indian society a stability it might otherwise lack and does make life bearable to the impoverished low castes.

► The fourth and, in Campbell's view, the most important function of mythology, is to guide the individual, stage by stage, through the inevitable psychological crises of a useful life: from the childhood condition of dependency through the traumas of adolescence and the trials of adulthood to, finally, the deathbed.

The churches and synagogues still provide mythological guidance for many, Campbell argues; for many others, however, this guidance fails. The result is that, where once religion served, many have turned to psychoanalysis or encounter groups. "All ages before ours believed in gods in some form or other," wrote Carl Jung, whose the-

ories of the collective unconscious have most profoundly influenced Campbell's thinking. "Heaven has become empty space to us, a fair memory of things that once were. But our heart glows, and secret unrest gnaws at the roots of our being." In search of something that they can hold on to, many people in the West, particularly the young, are either returning to Christian fundamentalism through the Jesus Revolution (TIME, June 21) or turning to the religions of the East, chiefly Buddhism and Hinduism. "The swamis are coming from India, and they're taking away the flock," says Campbell. "They're speaking of religion as dealing with the interior life and not about dogmatic formulae and ritual requirements."

For the vast majority, Campbell believes, the West's general lack of spiritual authority has been a disaster. Forty years in the study of eternal symbols have made Campbell a conservative of a rather dark hue. Though he is optimistic about the long range, he finds the present bleak indeed. "We have seen what has happened to primitive communities unsettled by the white man's civilization," he observes. "With their old taboos discredited, they immediately go to pieces, disintegrate, and become resorts of vice and disease. Today the same thing is happening to us."

Many Oriental and primitive societies even today have working mythologies, and Communist countries have at least the basis of a mythology in Marxism. The Marxist dream of the withering away of the state, after which each man will give according to his abilities and receive according to his needs, echoes numerous religious beliefs of a paradise on earth or a Second Coming. The Chinese Communists have, in addition, the myth of the "Long March" in the '30s and the subsequent sanctuary of Mao Tse-tung and his followers in the caves of Yen-an. The events were real enough, but for this generation of Chinese, and probably for generations to come, they will have much the same deep mythological significance that the Trojan War had for the Greeks.

In the West there have been desperate attempts to provide at least fragments of a modern mythology. Churchill brilliantly re-created the myth of St. George and the dragon during World War II: the picture of little Britain, a citadel of justice, besieged by the evil Nazi hordes. The situation, of course, was much as he painted it—Britain was besieged and Hitler was evil—but a Neville Chamberlain would not have been able, as Churchill was, to light up his people with the basic themes of their culture. Charles de Gaulle, both as wartime leader and President of the Fifth Republic, quite consciously resurrected the ghost of Joan of Arc. "To my mind," he wrote, "France cannot be France without greatness." The founders of Israel similarly evoked, and still evoke, mythic images of the Bible's chosen people to enable Israelis to survive in their hostile environment.

Often, such attempts add up merely to rhetoric or incantation. John Kennedy sought to revive the American myth that the U.S. was a country with a messianic mission. "Now the trumpet summons us again," he said in his Inaugural Address, "to a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself." A post-Viet Nam U.S. can no longer quite believe in such an American mission. And Martin Luther King Jr. worked

to provide the nation's blacks with a myth of their own. "I've been to the mountaintop and I've looked over, and I've seen the promised land," King said the night before he was killed, echoing the Bible's story of Moses on Mount Sinai.

For centuries Americans were emboldened by the myth of the endless frontier, the notion that a new life could always be started out West, whether the West was Ohio or California. That version outlasted the frontier itself, but no one believes in it today. Campbell hopes that the landings on the moon will reinvigorate that mythic tradition. Only a handful of people can go to the moon, and no one would want to stake out his 160 acres there, but the excitement of the journey itself is infectious, a re-enactment on the TV screen of Prometheus' stealing fire from the gods. Beyond that, Campbell believes, there is an even more durable myth: the "American Dream." That is the idea, grounded in fact, that a man is judged on his own ability rather than on his family or his place in society. "This pessimistic optimist thinks that that myth still works," he says. "The fact that Nixon was a poor boy and was yet elected President is a good example."

In the final analysis, however, it is wrong in Campbell's view to ask for one grand mythology that will guide people today. Instead there must be many different mythologies for many different kinds of people. "There is no general mythology today," Campbell says, "nor can there ever be again. Our lives are too greatly various in their backgrounds, aims and possibilities for any single order of symbols to work effectively on us all." The new myths must be internalized and individual, and each man must find them for himself. Some, in fact, are following mythological paths today, unconsciously and without design. The hippie who leaves society and goes off to a commune, for example, is being guided by a mythological map of withdrawal and adventure laid down by Christ in the desert, the Buddha at Bodhi-Gaya, and Mohammed in his cave of meditation at Mount Hira.

The man in search of an ideal could at least begin, Campbell thinks, by searching through the myths of antiquity, religion and modern literature. For the elite who can read and understand them, T.S. Eliot, James Joyce, Thomas Mann, among modern writers and poets, and Pablo Picasso and Paul Klee, among modern artists, have updated the ancient mythological motifs. Campbell and the other mythologists are, in a sense, providing the workbooks for the poets—the modern Daedaluses in turtlenecks. "It doesn't matter to me whether my guiding angel is for a time named Vishnu, Shiva, Jesus, or the Buddha," Campbell says. "If you're not distracted by names or the color of hair, the same message is there, variously turned. In the multitude of myths and legends that have been preserved to us—both in our own Western arts and literatures, synagogues and churches, and in the rites and teachings of those Oriental and primitive heritages now becoming known to us—we may still find guidance."

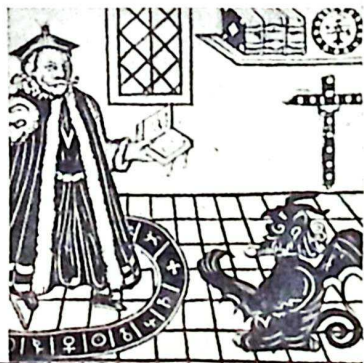
The mythologists are not providing myths, but they are indicating that something is missing without them. They are telling modern man that he has not outgrown mythology and will never outgrow it so long as he has hopes and fears beyond the other animals.

■ Gerald Clarke

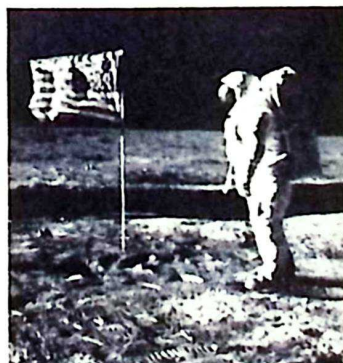
PROMETHEUS AT WORK



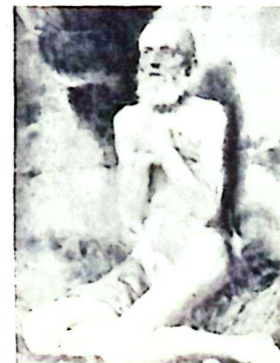
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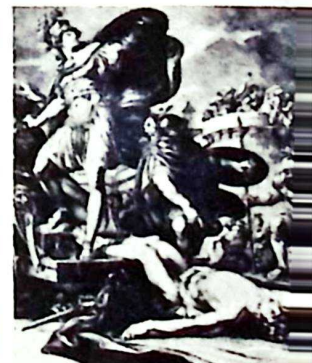
APOLLO 11 MOON LANDING



JOB SUFFERING



ACHILLES & HECTOR



Inciting to Violence

The uproar started just a year ago. Once again, the U.S. seemed to be escalating the war in Viet Nam—this time with an armored foray into Laos—and once again U.S. university campuses were up in arms. Stanford saw a fire-bombing and many smashed windows. Radical students decided to protest further by seizing the university's \$5 million Computation Center. Angry students mobilized in White Plaza and found the center's doors all locked.

While the students milled about, a professor named H. Bruce Franklin harangued them on their duties: "So now

by a circuitous route. Son of a small stockbroker in New York, he was the first member of his family to go to college (Amherst), and there was no radicalism then. In the late '50s he even served as an intelligence officer for the Strategic Air Command. It was only in 1965, when he was already well established in Stanford's English department, that he began to turn into a "revolutionary," which he defined as "someone who believes that the rich people who run the country ought to be overthrown and that the poor and working people ought to run the country. Simple, isn't it?"

Franklin, claiming his rights of free

STUART ACKERMAN



FRANKLIN DENOUNCING MOVE TO DISMISS HIM

A pattern of conduct constituting a challenge to the institution.



WIFE JANE WITH CARBINE

what we're asking is for people to make that tiny little gesture to . . . shut down the most obvious machinery of war, such as that Computation Center."

Shortly thereafter, the crowd broke into the building, took control and cut off the power to the computers. Officials countered by summoning the police. It was not an epic battle, but it was enough to convince Stanford President Richard Lyman that he had to deal with the question of H. Bruce Franklin, associate professor of English, recognized expert on Melville, and self-proclaimed Maoist. Only a month earlier, Franklin had joined a band of students in heckling Henry Cabot Lodge, former U.S. ambassador to Saigon, with cries of "oink-oink." When Lyman complained that Franklin's behavior was inappropriate, Franklin agreed, adding: "The appropriate response to war criminals is [that] they should be locked up or executed." Lyman now proposed that Franklin be fired on four charges of disrupting the university by incitements to violence.

Franklin, 37, a short, wiry figure who likes to appear in battered khaki Army shirts, had come to this crisis

speech, demanded a full hearing on his case. As a tenured professor (on the Stanford faculty since 1961), he had the support of many teachers who disagreed with both his views and his vehemence. To academics, tenure after several years of service is almost sacred; it represents job security, the freedom to speak and write without fear of reprisal.

Lyman arranged for a quasi-judicial hearing, probably the most elaborate ever held for a controversial teacher. A seven-member faculty board worked full time for six weeks, listening to more than 100 witnesses, as well as tapes of Franklin's various speeches. Last week it delivered its verdict. It dismissed the Lodge episode, but it decided unanimously that "Professor Franklin did intentionally incite and urge persons at the White Plaza rally to occupy the Computation Center illegally." More generally, the board said: "Professor Franklin engages in a pattern of conduct that constitutes a continual challenge to the institution." By a 5-to-2 majority, the board declared that Franklin should be dismissed forthwith, just as President Lyman had pro-

posed. The minority filed a dissenting opinion that Franklin should remain as "a part of what this university or any university is meant to be."

Franklin's reaction was melodramatic. He called a press conference and brought along his blonde wife Jane, who carried an unloaded carbine to demonstrate that "that's where political power comes from" (a variation on one of Chairman Mao's favorite sayings). Franklin declared that the hearing had been "a roaring success" because it had "brought this fascism out from under the rocks." Would there be violence on the campus? "I hope so," said Franklin.

By week's end, Franklin's hope had not been realized. But a group of 75 professors expressed "outrage," and Nobel-prizewinning Chemist Linus Pauling denounced "a great blow to freedom of speech." Daniel Ellsberg of "Pentagon Papers" fame drew a crowd of 2,000 to Stanford's Memorial Church, where he defended Franklin's politics and admitted his own "bafflement" at the problem of ending the Viet Nam War. Later, some 200 students marched to President Lyman's office and nailed an ultimatum to his door: "Rehire Bruce by Tuesday noon." With Defense Department recruiters scheduled to visit Palo Alto before the ultimatum runs out, Franklin still had reason to hold to his hopes.

Others Under Fire

Among faculty members engaged in battle with their universities:

THE AGNOSTIC—Augustine Caffrey, 48, former Jesuit priest. Fairfield University President William McInnes declared that a professor at the Catholic institution could not teach theology while questioning the faith. Fairfield's board of trustees rebuffed McInnes and supported Caffrey, who is currently teaching Problems of Atheism.

THE DEMONSTRATOR—Political Scientist Michael Parenti, 36. The trustees of the University of Vermont canceled his contract "to protect the image of the university." Their main criticism: Parenti's conviction in Illinois, where he previously taught, for fighting with a policeman during riots after the Kent State killings. Despite strong support from students and faculty, Parenti will leave after this school year.

THE HUMORIST—Sociologist Lee Weiner, 32, member of the Chicago Seven. Weiner's appointment to the Rutgers faculty was controversial from the start, but his real trouble apparently came from a birthday party for Black Panther Leader Bobby Seale. A New York Times reporter asked Weiner what he was doing nowadays, and he jokingly answered, "I'm trying to organize a new kind of Communist Party in New Jersey." New Jersey legislators protested to Governor William Cahill. Weiner, anxious not to jeopardize his academic future, agreed to leave.

New Man Out

Young and energetic, John Hightower came down on the Museum of Modern Art like a wolf on the fold—only to find that the fold was full of veteran wolves. He told the trustees to their faces: "I am not interested in the museum as an elegant warehouse for gems, but in its value as an educational force. I'm interested in changing the direction of the museum."

At 36, Hightower came to the Modern's directorship from a successful

FRANK MARESCA



MODERN'S EX-DIRECTOR HIGHTOWER
Zealous but frustrated.

tenure as executive director of the New York State Council on the Arts, where he had made a reputation as an able administrator. But, as he readily admits, he had no art training.

In his new job, he confronted a bundle of trouble. Though attendance was steadily rising, so was the deficit, and endowment income was falling with the stock market. During his tenure, he pared services, cut the staff from 536 to some 420, managed to reduce last year's anticipated \$1.8 million deficit to about \$800,000. Hightower survived a strike by museum employees with honor, ultimately signing a contract that left both sides content.

Last week, Chairman of the Board David Rockefeller and William Paley, the museum president, fired him; some trustees were not even consulted.

Why? Perhaps because the museum has fixed in its memory the image of the late René d'Harnoncourt, who was director from 1949 to 1968. An amiable giant of a man, he had impeccable scholarship, gentle charm, and

the kind of offhand authority that makes administration easy and donors eager. His successor, Bates Lowry, proved to be a disastrous administrator and lasted only ten months. Hightower remained 20. His failure has something to do with that palpable thing called presence. He looked even more boyish than his years. Often compelled by his job as director to address fundraising dinners or opening-show gatherings, he faced one of the world's most knowledgeable audiences with the admission that "I do not pretend to know much about art history."

This grated on the senior staff. There was a difference of purpose. He wanted to "put the museum into the streets." The trustees wanted the museum to remain "reflective and interpretive," in Hightower's phrase. And he had learned about trustees. "I had the responsibility all right," he said. "The problem was to get the authority." A good man in the wrong job.

As acting director, the trustees named Richard Oldenburg, 38, brother of Sculptor Claes Oldenburg and the museum's director of publications since 1969. The search for a new d'Harnoncourt continues.

Quirky Angler

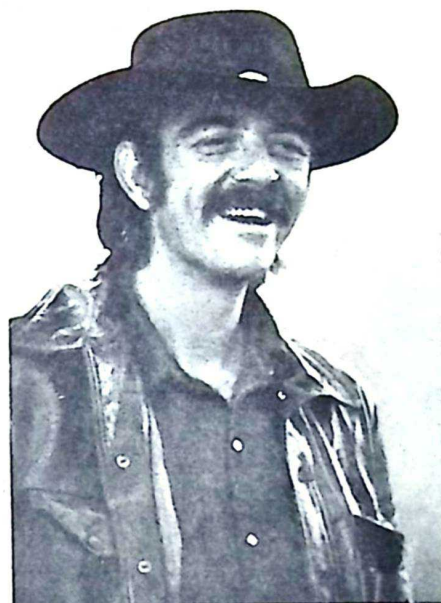
California these days harbors a whole generation of stoned, amiable ironists, who work at an angle to the High Seriousness of New York. They needle their audience with the suggestion that art, like experience, is inconsistent stuff, vulnerable and quirky, full of tackiness and paradox. Best known among them is a lanky, mercurial artist named William T. Wiley, 34, who lives and works outside San Francisco in a frame house with (shades of Brautigan!) a trout stream flowing beside it. His traveling show, organized by the University Art Museum in Berkeley, opens this week at the Art Institute of Chicago.

Wiley's paintings, watercolors and constructions have a cobbled-together air; negligence becomes a creative principle, and the joke is always on culture. Of a period spent in New York, he remarks: "I saw a lot of important work being done and thought, 'That's good; I don't have to do important things. It's like all that has been taken care of.'"

The notion that you are what you eat becomes expanded, in Wiley's work, to the idea that you are what you happen to have around, and Wiley has produced a whole iconography from the litter in his backyard. *Thank You Hide*, 1970, is a fair example of Wiley's *bricolage*, with its rusty pickax snagged, like an unwanted anchor, on a knotted line from an improvised fishing pole, its ragged sheet of ox hide, its con-

fusingly labeled ("Fresh Bait," "Nietzsche") objects perched on a raw wood shelf. They can only be decoded in terms of Wiley's own convoluted memories, but their point has more to do with a remark of Marcel Duchamp, whom Wiley vastly admires: "There is no solution because there is no problem." This openness and tolerance toward objects and meanings is the essential subject of Wiley's work. It is all about not being hassled.

But attitudes are one thing, results another. Generally, the constructions are the flimsiest area of Wiley's art. His watercolors and oils are a different matter. *The White Rhino Injured*, 1966, is a marvel of surrealist compression: the unfortunate pachy-



CALIFORNIA'S WILLIAM WILEY
Funky but haunting.

derm's skin is reduced to several turns of gray, wrinkled hosepipe surrounding a block of white meat from which pink blood flows; it is a funky but hauntingly succinct image of vulnerability. "I'm a maze of information about reflections mirrored in opposites," begins the caption to his punningly titled *Wizdumb Bridge*, 1969, and the declaration fits the imagery, which manages to be both specific and curiously vague. The cracked concrete is Wiley's studio floor, the tipped-over paint tin that spreads its river beneath the "bridge" is an everyday accident. But the sum effect is a crazy quilt of potentially familiar objects, a mosaic of recollection that is suggested but eludes the viewer. In this way, Wiley manages to endow something as banal as a wooden stump with a tantalizing load of implied memory. The strategy is as old as surrealism. So are the verbal games, with their free association and childish puns. But in Wiley's hands it all acquires a special density.

■ Robert Hughes

Bullet Bob v. Roger the Dodger

If you look at successful Aquarians, you will note that theirs is a new, unique, or progressive approach to whatever they are doing. They are blessed with a great fixity of purpose in completing what they started.

—Astrologist Carroll Righter

It was perhaps inevitable in the Age of Aquarius that two young men born in the first week of February would ultimately battle for the same prize. But when Quarterbacks Roger Staubach of the Dallas Cowboys and Bob Griese of the Miami Dolphins meet in the Super Bowl for the National Football League

championship this week, they will have more in common than their Aquarian fixity of purpose.

Staubach was raised in the Midwest. So was Griese. Staubach was a class president and star baseball, basketball and football player in high school. So was Griese. Staubach was turned down by Notre Dame, the college he passionately wanted to attend. So was Griese. Staubach was named a college all-America in his junior year. So was Griese. Staubach is a Roman Catholic, is married to a former nurse, sells real estate, has blue eyes, short-trimmed hair and is modest and reserved. Ditto for Griese on all counts. Staubach is the leading passer in the National Football Conference. Griese is the leading passer in the American Football Conference. Now, on the eve of the sixth annual Super Bowl, the two best young quarterbacks in professional football are preparing to establish a crucial difference in their parallel careers: the difference between winner and loser.

The match-up of the Aquarians and their teams—little old Miami (the Cinderella team) and big bad Dallas (the fiercest force in the West)—has stirred more than the usual frenzy among the nation's pro-football freaks. In Miami, where attendance at home games averaged a meager 34,687 just two seasons ago, more than 78,000 screaming, hanky-waving "Dol-fans" jammed the Orange Bowl last week to watch their beloved Dolphins score a stunning

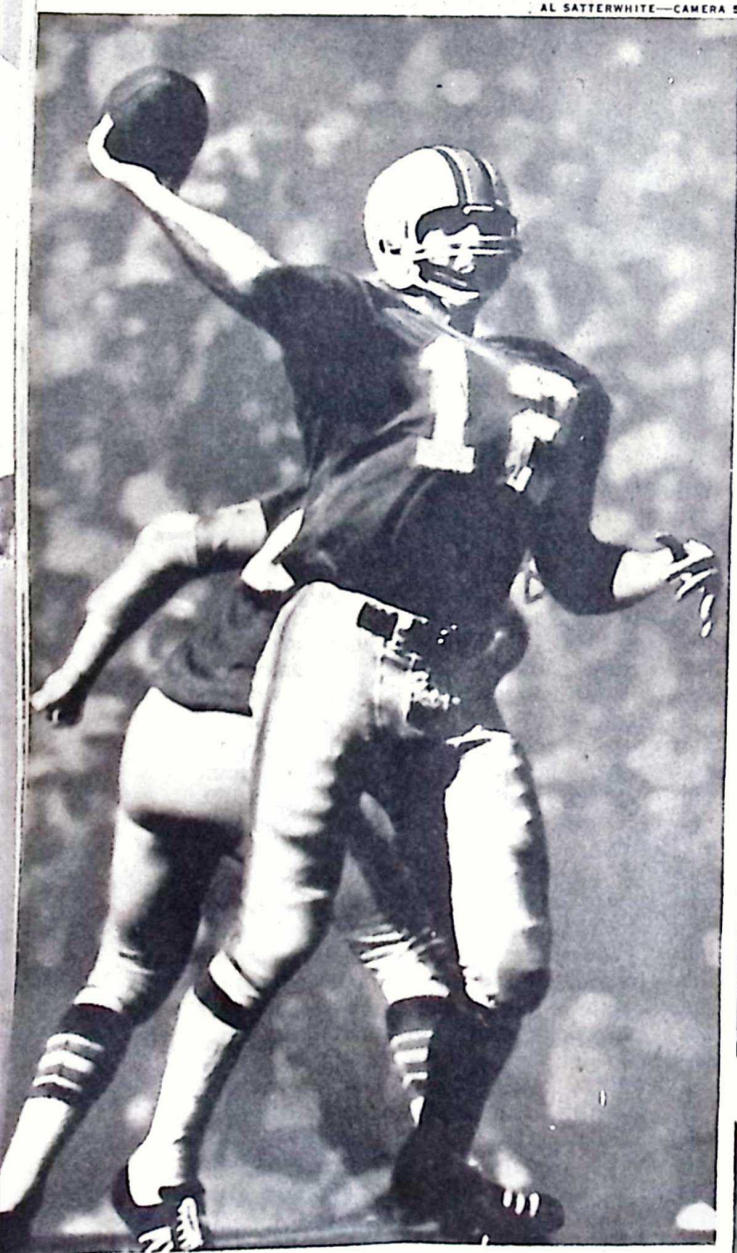
A.F.C. play-off victory over the World Champion Baltimore Colts. In Dallas, no less a booster than Lyndon Baines Johnson moseyed into town, cheered the Cowboys' N.F.C. play-off win over the San Francisco 49ers, roamed the locker room shaking hands, and drawled: "They wouldn't let us back on the range if you didn't win."

The nation's No. 1 football fan was not idle either. From the White House, Richard Nixon put through a call to the home of Miami Coach Don Shula at 1:30 a.m. Says Shula: "He told me, 'Now you understand that I'm a Washington Redskin fan, but I'm a part-time resident of Miami and I've been following the Dolphins very closely.'" During their ten-minute chat, says Shula, the President "talked real technical football. He told me that Dallas was a pretty tough club but that he thought we could hit Warfield on a down-and-in pattern." Washington Redskin fans, among others, have reason to be skeptical about the presidential strategy. Shortly before the Redskins' 24-20 loss to the 49ers two weeks ago, Nixon called Redskin Coach George Allen to suggest an end-around reverse by Flanker Roy Jefferson. Allen tried it, and Jefferson was nailed for a 13-yd. loss.

Old Campaigners. Once, it was assumed that a young quarterback had to spend several years warming the bench before he could even begin to master the complexities of the pro game. No more. Staubach and Griese, leading the top teams in each league into the biggest game of the year, symbolize a changing of the guard—the triumph of youthful field generals over veteran campaigners.

Familiar names are still around, but the best of the still-active quarterbacks who reigned over pro football for the past decade are getting long in the tooth. John Unitas, still wearing the old high-top-style cleats that he sported when he broke in with the Baltimore Colts 16 seasons ago, is 38. John Brodie, a survivor of 15 colorful campaigns with the 49ers, is 36. Bart Starr of the Green Bay Packers is 38 and considering retiring. Sonny Jurgensen of the Washington Redskins is 37 and ailing. Griese, on the other hand, is only 26, and has already logged five seasons as a starter. Staubach is 29 and "in the best physical condition of my life."

With the ranks of the oldtim-



DOLPHIN QUARTERBACK GRIESE & COACH SHULA



rs dwindling, the search for more Griese and Staubach has intensified. What the pros are looking for in their "dream quarterback" is aptly described by Minnesota Viking General Manager Jim Finks: "The future star quarterback will have the qualities of a single-wing tailback. He will have the size to see over and around big onrushing linemen, good strength to absorb the punishment, and speed to run past the defensive linemen and linebackers."

From All Sides. Some teams have already realized that dream. Indeed, there are four other young quarterbacks whose exploits come close to matching those of Griese and Staubach: the New England Patriots' Jim Plunkett, 24, 6 ft. 3 in., 210 lbs., has more than lived up to his Heisman Trophy notices, passing the Pats to upset victories over the Colts and Miami this fall; New Orleans Saints' Archie Manning, 22, 6 ft. 3 in., 212 lbs., the sensational roll-out passer and scrambler from Ole Miss, was so spectacular as a rookie that he had defenses gunning for him all season long; Pittsburgh Steelers' Terry Bradshaw, 23, 6 ft. 3 in., 214 lbs., finding his groove in his sophomore season, sparked the Steelers to their best winning season in five years; Buffalo Bills' Dennis Shaw, 24, 6 ft. 3 in., 205 lbs., the A.F.C. Rookie of the Year in 1970, fired eleven touchdown passes this season.

To be sure, Plunkett, Manning, Bradshaw and Shaw caught it from all sides as they learned their trade during on-the-field training. Or, in some instances, flat-on-the-field training. Bradshaw, for example, suffered the humiliation of being tackled for a safety in each of the first three games he started; it took him two more games before he threw his first touchdown pass. "The plain truth is," he says, "I didn't know how to attack a defense, how to set one thing up by using another."

Bob Griese knows, and his knowledge borders on the mystical. Take the blitz. "It's funny," he says. "Sometimes you can look into their eyes and you can tell they're blitzing." Buffalo Safety Pete Richardson is bugged by the Griese gaze: "He always seems to know which way I'm going. It's like he's looking into my head."

An extremely methodical man who approaches the game with the air of a Ph.D. candidate, Griese likes to equate football with chess: "In a game I think of myself as looking down on a situation from above, like a chess player. I can see moves coming and I'm ready to make them. When you're a rookie you feel just like another one of the pieces. You can't see everybody because you're down among them. But when you have total grasp and knowledge of what's going on, then you feel you can effectively maneuver people around, manipulate your offense

to take advantage of what the defense is showing."

Blond, tan, dimpled and movie-star handsome, Griese, going to work in one of his Sears, Roebuck suits (he does promotion for the company), looks like a beachboy turned junior executive. For him, in fact, preparing for a game is "like a businessman going to a meeting. I have a 9-to-5 job like everyone else," he says. Not quite. When he goes home at night, he often lugs along reels of game film and then spends long hours in his den taking notes by the flickering light. His diligence has paid off in a kind of built-in instant-replay system. On the field, he says, "every time a defensive formation moves it reminds me of something I've seen on one of the films the week before."

To his teammates, Griese is a respected if somewhat distant leader. No rah-rah man, his most insistent utterance in the huddle is "Let's get going." Says Griese: "I don't say anything. I just call the plays and make them work." And work and work. Though he is a good swivel-hipped scrambler and has one of the quickest releases in the league, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 lb. Griese is running and passing less and enjoying it more. Once he threw as many as 35 passes a game; against Baltimore last week he threw only eight times. The fact that two of his tosses led to touchdowns supports his theory that nothing sets up a pass as neatly as a well-mixed running attack.

In the play-off battle with the Colts, Griese was expected to trade largely on the running attack of his battering backs, Larry Csonka and Jim Kiick. It would be futile, so the smart money figured, to pass against a zone defense that was reputedly an impenetrable wall. Although Griese used his aerial attack with restraint, the bombs that he threw picked the zone apart in short order.

Miami defensemen got in

a few decisive licks of their own. In addition to manhandling Colt Quarterback Unitas, they combined for one of the most exquisitely executed maneuvers this side of the Bolshoi Ballet. It came in the third quarter after Miami Safety Dick Anderson picked off a tipped Unitas pass. Rallying around him in a kind of free-form flying wedge, Dolphin blockers cut down six Colt tacklers in sudden, shattering succession, as Anderson raced on unmolested for the score. Says Shula, still lost in the wonder of it all: "It was one of the great plays of all time, a classic." The 21-0 Miami victory marked the first time in 97 games that the Colts had been shut out.

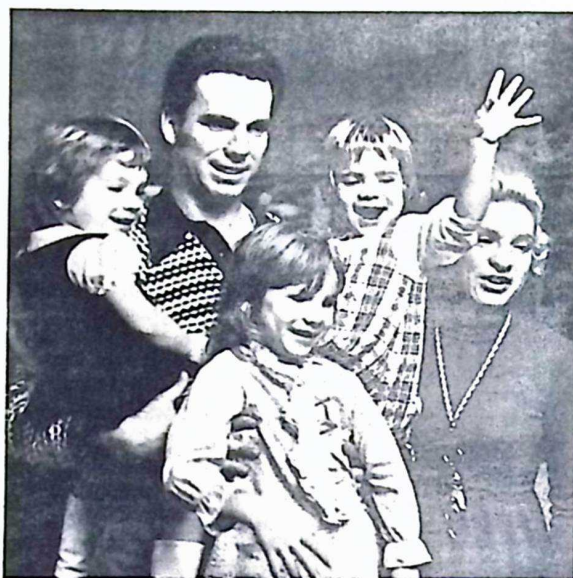
Freely and Feebly. The other play-off clash, between the hard-nosed defenses of Dallas and San Francisco, was, as 49er Defensive Tackle Earl Edwards had predicted, "an alley fight." Another 49er, noting Staubach's penchant for running with the ball when his receivers are covered, warned that



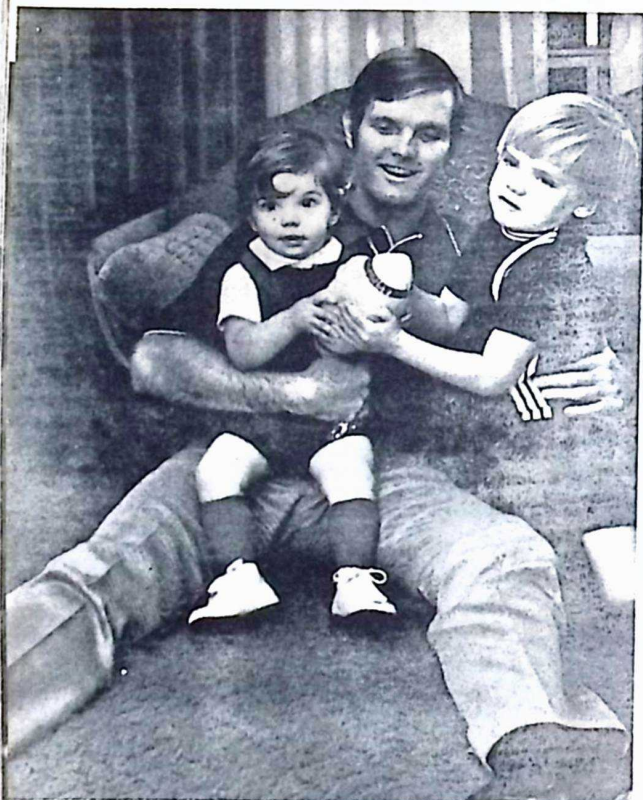
COWBOY COACH LANDRY & QUARTERBACK STAUBACH



RUSS RUSSELL



STAUBACH & FAMILY



GRIESE & CHILDREN
Match-up of Aquarians.

"a quarterback who plays that way can get his neck broken." As it happened, nothing was broken except the 49ers' spirit. Staubach romped freely while veteran San Francisco Quarterback John Brodie passed feebly. Brodie had three passes intercepted, Staubach none; he was the Cowboys' leading ground gainer to boot.

Indeed, he befuddled the 49ers all afternoon with what might be called the Staubach Shuffle. In a third-and-seven situation on the Dallas 23, Staubach faded, found his receivers covered, circled as far back as the 3-yd. line, zigged away from one tackler, zagged around another, started upfield,

reversed his course, angled for the sidelines, doubled back and then, while running full tilt, flipped a 17-yd. jump pass to Running Back Dan Reeves for a first down. Shuffling this way and throwing that, Roger the Dodger led the Cowboys to a 14-3 victory.

The unusual thing about Staubach is that he calls almost no plays at all. That chore is handled by Dallas Coach Tom Landry, who shuttles in his calls from the sidelines via "messenger ends." Landry uses the messenger technique, he says, "to take the pressure off the quarterback." (Others say it is because only he and God fully understand the complex Landry multifor-

mations.) Not all of the Cowboys are happy with the messenger service. Says one player: "The coach has become so conservative—playing mostly ball control—that some guys on the offense feel throttled back. Hell, we have the most explosive offense in the league, if Coach Landry would only loosen his short leash on us."

That does not seem likely, at least not right away. "We have 14 multiple offensive formations to cope with," says Landry. "It takes a while to learn how to run it smoothly and effectively." Perfectionist Landry even goes so far as to say that Staubach is still three years away from becoming a complete professional quarterback. "It will take him that long to learn to read defenses clearly," Staubach disagrees. He argues that "I cannot be a complete quarterback until I can call the plays," and wants to take over the team on his own next season. "I won't worry," he says, "until I see Landry working out in the off-season, like throwing a ball through a rubber tire in the backyard."

Scrambler. Actually, Staubach still has a very special hold on the team. Every time he fades back to pass and decides to run, for example, he is running the play his way. "Coach doesn't like my scrambling very much," he admits, "mainly because he's afraid of injuries." Staubach, who at 6 ft. 3 in. and 195 lbs. is no muscular giant by pro standards, seems to be afraid of nothing. Says New York Jets Line Coach Buddy Ryan: "The others lay down on you before you can hit them. This Staubach guy thinks he's a running back. He's still trying to win the Heisman Trophy in the pros."

Very often, the threat of a Staubach run is as damaging to defenses as the run itself. When he scrambles into his broken figure-eight patterns, swooping toward the line of scrimmage and then veering back again, defenses are gripped by a will-he-or-won't-he

perplexity. Says Jet Cornerback Earl Thomas: "In the time he's running around, your man can run two or three pass patterns, and if he runs two or three, he might beat you or one." After seeing him chased for many a zigzagging yard last week, 49er Assistant Coach Paul Wiggin marvels at Staubach's ability to stay on his feet: "That guy's got an inner gyroscope or something." Says 49er Coach Dick Nolan: "Staubach beats us. His scrambling was the difference."

Stunning Upset. More than one coach has voiced a similar lament when going against the likes of Roger Thomas Staubach and Robert Allen Griese. Everything about the two sons of Aquarius has remained remarkably similar, all the way to the Super Bowl. Both were outstanding high school athletes, Staubach in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Griese in Evansville, Ind. Spurned by Notre Dame, Staubach went to the U.S. Naval Academy, Griese to Purdue. In 1962, in his first game against Army, Sophomore Staubach passed and ran circles around the heavily favored cadets to lead Navy to a stunning upset. The next year he became the fourth college player in history to win the Heisman Trophy in his junior year. A year and a half later he was commissioned an ensign and later was sent to Danang, South Viet Nam, as a supply officer.

In 1965 Griese all but singlehandedly upset No. 1-ranked Notre Dame by completing an incredible 19 of 22 passes. Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian calls it "the greatest single performance I have ever witnessed." Then in 1967 Griese led Purdue to a 14-13 victory over Southern Cal in the Rose Bowl. That same year Griese was the No. 1 draft choice of the Dolphins.

In the opening game of the season, Quarterback John Stofa broke his leg, and Griese was sent in. Despite an injured shoulder, he helped Miami win three of its last five games while throwing 122 consecutive passes without an interception. Meshing well with meticulous Don Shula, who became the Dolphins' head coach last season, Griese led the Dolphins to the A.F.C. play-offs last year and into the Super Bowl this year.

In 1969 Staubach took off his Navy uniform and joined the Dallas Cowboys to serve on their taxi squad behind Quarterbacks Craig Morton and Don Meredith. Then, in quick succession, Don Meredith announced his surprise retirement and Craig Morton was injured—leaving Staubach to start the opening game of the season against the St. Louis Cardinals. In the first quarter Staubach fired a 75-yd. touchdown pass, and the Cowboys were never headed as they won 24-3. Off and on over the next two seasons, Coach Landry, a Methodist minister known to his players as the "Rev. T.L.," alternated Staubach and Morton as the starting quarterbacks. After the

Cowboys lost three of their first seven games this season, Landry announced that for "the sake of continuity" he would use only one quarterback: Staubach. Roger led the Cowboys to nine consecutive victories and straight into the Super Bowl.

Now the Super Bowl is all that remains of the season. Dallas has made the divisional play-offs four years running but has never won the big game. Miami is the youngest (organized in 1966) team ever to make the Super

Bowl. Dallas has the "Doomsday Defense," big, tenacious, experienced. Miami has the "No Name Defense," young, quick, aggressive. Dallas has Wide Receiver Bob Hayes, the fastest man in the N.F.C. Miami has Paul Warfield, the most elusive. Dallas has Running Backs Duane Thomas and Calvin Hill, the best one-two punch in the N.F.C. Miami has Backs Larry Csonka and Jim Kiick, the best in the A.F.C. Dallas has Ron Widby, one of the top punters in the N.F.C.

Miami has Place Kicker Garo Yepremian, the highest scorer in the N.F.L. Dallas has Tom Landry, aloof, cerebral, technical. Miami has Don Shula, driving, hard-nosed, elemental.

Finally, Dallas has Roger the Dodger: "Every time I step on the field, I believe my team is going to walk off the winner, somehow, some way." And Miami has Bullet Bob: "We will win." Who is right? In the age of the Aquarians the answer lies in the confrontation of the two stars.

The Time of the Television Football Freak

WHEN football first appeared on the home screen, TV coverage involved little more than a camera somewhere high above the 50-yd. line and a commentator who simply repeated the picture in words. Today the commentators are usually articulate experts, and batteries of cameras peer at the players everywhere but in the shower rooms. Hoisted on cranes, mounted on helicopters and shuttled along the sidelines, they can in effect keep the viewer everywhere at once. Using zoom lenses to peek into the huddle, or directional microphones to pick up the violent crunch of behemoth meeting behemoth, modern TV crews make the action so real that bulldozing backs sometimes seem to plunge over the goal line onto the living-room rug.

Such shots require a precise and intimate knowledge of the game, and no one is more aware of what is called for than CBS Director Tony Verna, the man who will choreograph the coverage of this week's Super Bowl. An 18-year veteran of TV sports coverage, he has been drilling his squad of 100 technicians and production people with the single-minded drive of an electronic Vince Lombardi. He is studying game films and continually revising his play book, a 36-page treatment of the deployment and minute-by-minute moves of men and equipment. In the TV equivalent of a football tactic known as "flooding the secondary," he will scatter 15 cameras, 40 microphones and 84 TV monitors around the stadium—the most equipment ever amassed for a football game. In the CBS control room, Verna will continually monitor shots taken by each of his cameramen. All through the game he will have to make snap decisions about which view he wants on the air. The job, says Verna, will be like "playing blindfold chess. I've already played the Super Bowl game in my head five or six times." In each make-believe version, CBS wins.

During a game, every time the quarterback calls signals, the TV cameramen have to second-guess him. Lest they be faked out, they learn like any linebacker that when the offensive linemen charge, it is usually a run; when they pull back, it is a pass. Verna's goal is to place the viewer on the 50-yd. line and then, through the cameras, let his eyes roam as they might if he were actually in the stadium. When a field-goal attempt is imminent, for example, the scene cuts to the kicker warming up on the sidelines. When there is a break in the action, one camera or another takes a lingering look at the inevitable pretty blonde cheerleader.

With all that, many viewers find that seeing the game on TV is not as good as being there—it's better. True, if they jump to their feet in time, fans who go to the stadium can often witness a startling play in its entirety. But if they are TV-trained, more often than not they feel lost without an instant replay. More than any other innovation, it is the ability to take a second look at what has just happened that has kept the armchair fan riveted to his TV set.* Not only can he second-guess a referee's call, but he can count on savoring thrill-

ing moments in slow motion and from different perspectives.

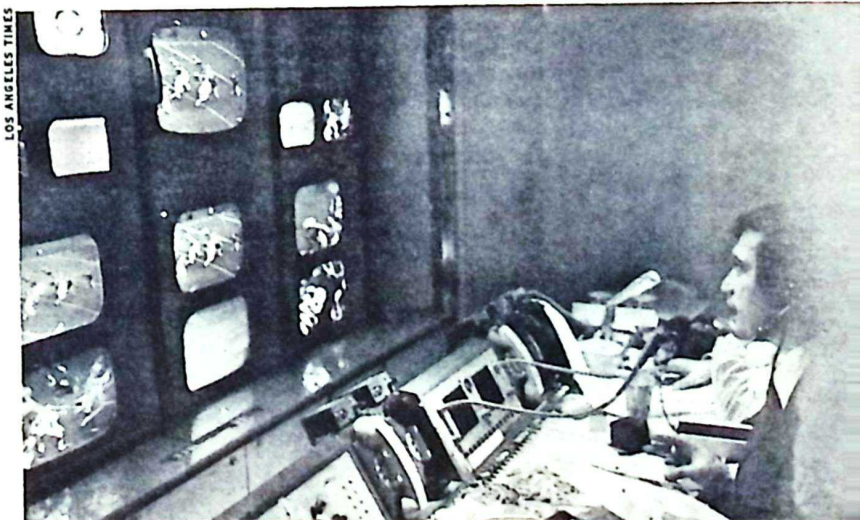
Verna is only too well aware that despite the sophisticated electronic devices, TV is not infallible. In a game between the Washington Redskins and the San Francisco 49ers, Quarterback John Brodie fouled things up by faking out the defense—and the CBS cameraman—to hit Wide Receiver Gene Washington with a 78-yd. scoring bomb. All that appeared on home screens was a shot of Washington loping into the end zone. Like Lombardi, though, Verna wins more than he loses. In a similar situation in another 49ers game, Verna was so confident that Brodie would throw to Washington that he sent one of his portable "mini" cameras 50 yds. downfield from the line of scrimmage. Sure enough, Washington caught a Brodie pass only a few feet from the sideline camera and raced into the end zone for a touchdown; Verna's viewers saw it all in a stunning instant-replay closeup. It is in such moments that TV football freaks are born.

In recent years, that birth rate has been phenomenally high. In ever-increasing numbers, football fans lose themselves for hours every weekend in trancelike wonder before their home sets. The true TV football freak will watch anything that wears a helmet and moves—and he has ample opportunity.

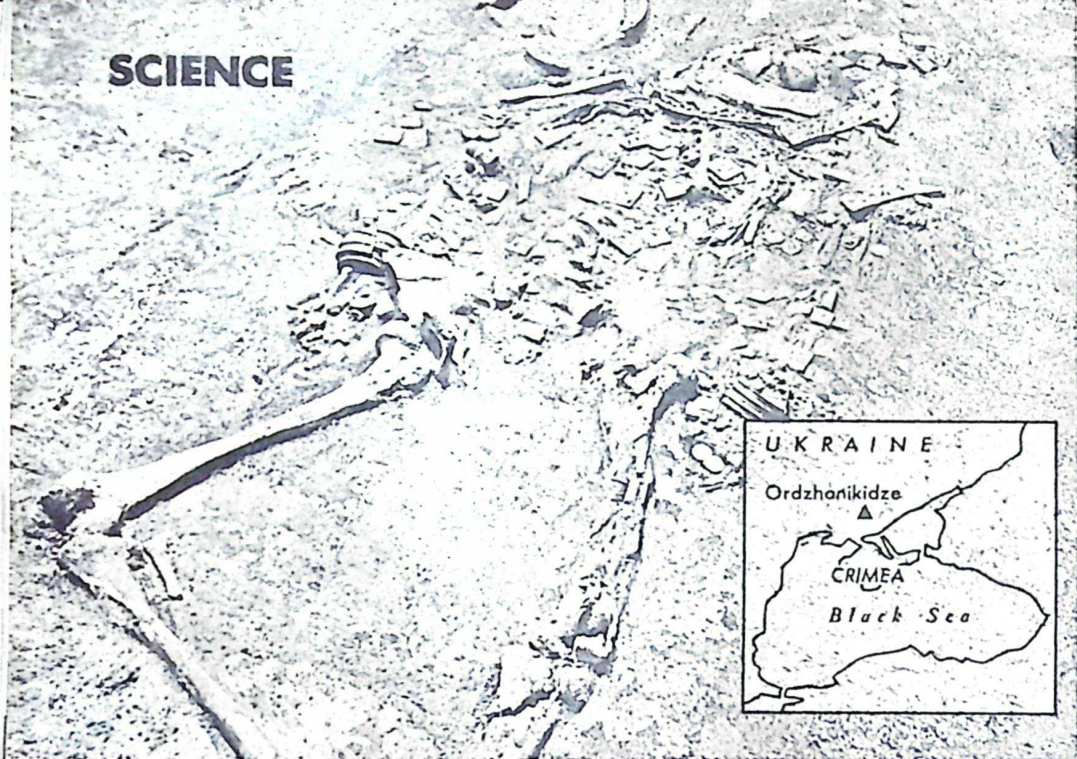
For many, the season kicks off inordinately early—in the heat of July when the top team in the National Football League plays the College All-Stars. After that, for the next six months, the pros play 78 exhibition games followed by 182 regular-season games, followed by six playoff games, followed by the game: the Super Bowl.

This Sunday, reaching from Manhattan penthouses to Mississippi farms, from rec rooms and rectories to the White House and Whitey's Bar and Grill, Super Bowl VI will draw an estimated 62 million U.S. viewers. In addition, it will be aired live in Canada, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Panama, Korea, the Philippines and West Germany, and replayed by videotape in England, thus bringing closer the day when the football freak will be a worldwide phenomenon.

DIRECTOR VERNA IN CONTROL ROOM



* Recognizing the appeal of instant replay, the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum is currently erecting a 20-ft. by 48-ft. screen at one end of the stadium so that fans—and possibly the referees—can enjoy a second look at important plays.



SKELETAL REMAINS OF PRINCESS COVERED WITH GOLD PLAQUES & OTHER ORNAMENTS

Tracking the Scythians

Soviet archaeologists have long been tantalized by the huge mounds of earth outside the town of Ordzhonikidze in the southern Ukraine. But it was only when Soviet planners also began eying the region for its manganese deposits that the archaeologists acted to satisfy their curiosity about one particular site standing in the possible path of the bulldozers. What the archaeologists found there exceeded their most extravagant expectations. For the first time in more than half a century, diggers uncovered an unlooted royal tomb of the fabled Scythian tribesmen who roamed and ruled great areas of the Russian heartland more than 2,000 years ago.

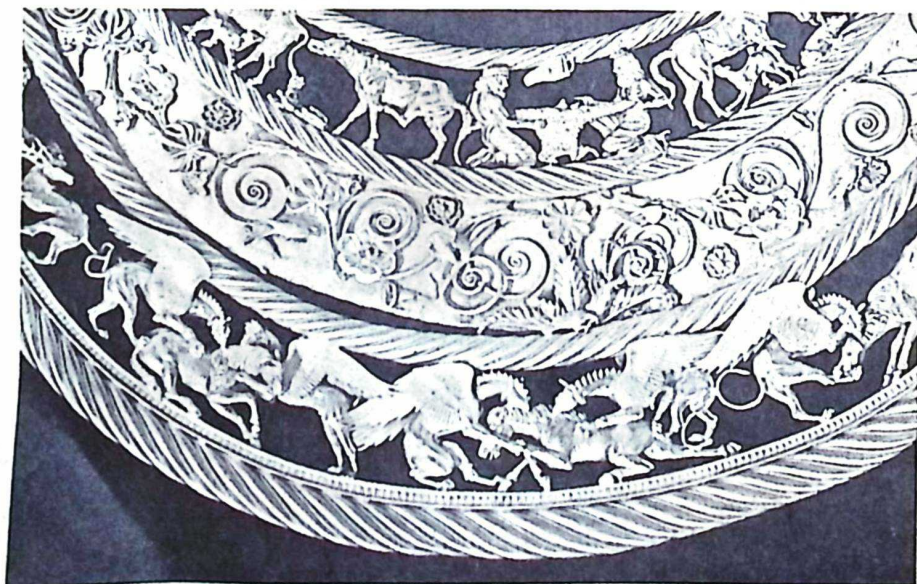
The Scythians left behind no written record when they finally vanished from the steppes in the 2nd century B.C., victims of intermarriage and conquest. But there was no end of legends about their ferocity in battle and their great troves of gold. The Greek historian Herodotus devoted more than half a volume to them. Still, it was not until the 19th century, when archaeologists began serious studies of the puzzling remains found scattered from the borders of China to the banks of the Dniester, that scholars would admit there might be more than a shard of truth to the old Scythian tales.

Now, the discovery of the royal tomb, which contains the skeletons of a prince, a princess and an infant—as

well as other recent digs in the U.S.S.R.—gives the old stories the ring of historical fact. Herodotus tells, for instance, how the Scythians beheaded their fallen enemies and brought the skulls back to camp to use as wine goblets. Archaeologist Renate Rolle, a young West German woman and the first Western scientist allowed to participate in a Soviet dig since 1920, reports that there is new evidence of Scythian ferociousness. Lances and bows and arrows found in graves along with female skeletons and ornaments suggest that the Scythian women fought beside their men. Thus Herodotus may well have been correct when he said that bloodthirsty Scythian Amazons had to kill a man in battle before they were allowed to marry.

Stitch Job. The Scythians were not always preoccupied with war. Besides tripping, they apparently liked tripping. Ancient bronze vessels found in Scythian graves in the Altai mountains, near China and Mongolia, still contain remnants of the nomads' favorite hemp seeds. They were also highly successful herdsmen and farmers who traded their grain to indulge their taste for expensive jewelry, such as a magnificent gold pectoral ornament recovered from the new-found grave in the Ukraine. Crafted by Greek goldsmiths, who probably lived among the Scythians along the Black Sea, the chestpiece contains no fewer than 44 exquisitely carved animals. Among them: such fantasy creatures as the griffin, which has the head, wings and forelegs of an eagle and the body of a lion.

Like the Egyptian pharaohs, Scythian rulers believed in taking their worldly goods with them. Their graves contain not only necklaces, rings and the small golden plaques that they fastened onto their garments, but also household implements, horses and even the remains of faithful servants. In one case, the fingers of a less richly adorned skeleton actually seemed to be clawing the ground. The telltale fingers lend credence to Herodotus' statement that servants were strangled in the grave, thus giving them the honor of serving their masters in the next world. Archaeologists also found scalped remains of Scythian enemies in frigid Altai graves, but those trophies were apparently not buried in any vengeful spirit. To spare their victims the indignity of a scalpless afterlife, the Scythians had painstakingly stitched hair back on.



PART OF GOLDEN PECTORAL WORN BY SCYTHIAN PRINCE

A Boost for NASA

For NASA and the aerospace industry, the announcement packed all the wallop of a Saturn booster at lift-off. After much backstage deliberation, President Nixon last week ordered the space agency to proceed with its long-planned space shuttle. To be built at a cost of at least \$5.5 billion over the

MILESTONES

Divorced. Jim Brown, 35, who followed a brilliant football career with the Cleveland Browns by tackling movie acting in such rousers as *The Dirty Dozen* and *100 Rifles*; by Sue Brown, 35; after twelve years of marriage, three children; in Cleveland.

Died. John Berryman, 57, poet; by leaping from a bridge near the University of Minnesota's Minneapolis campus, where he taught. Berryman was a consummate verbal technician who had a deep love affair with the blowziest aspects of 20th century popular culture. Robert Lowell said that Berryman's "universe is more tearful and funny than we can easily bear." To help himself bear temptation, Berryman became a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. His 77 *Dream Songs* won the 1965 Pulitzer Prize and four years later the National Book Award went to *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest*:

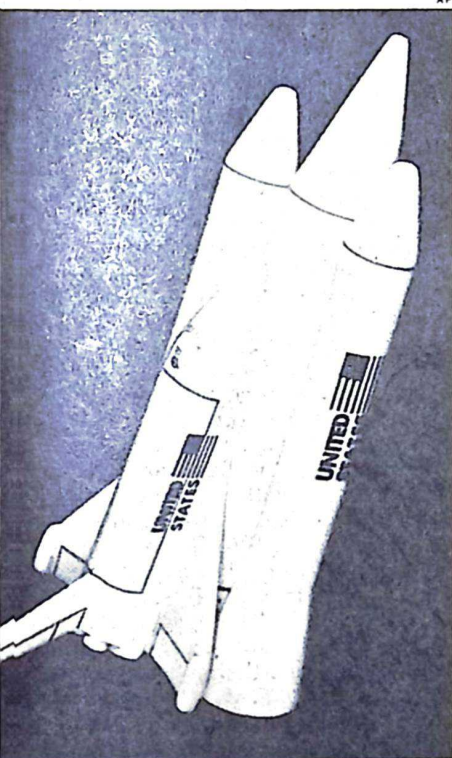
These songs are not meant to be understood, you understand. They are only meant to terrify and comfort.

Died. Charles E. ("Electric Charlie") Wilson, 85, former president of the General Electric Co. and high-voltage mobilizer of U.S. industry during World War II and the Korean War; in Bronxville, N.Y. A product of Manhattan's seething Hell's Kitchen, Charlie Wilson earned \$3 a week as an office boy at the Sprague Electric Co. in 1898, then rose steadily through the corporate ranks after Sprague was absorbed by G.E. In 1939 he took over as president, but three years later joined the War Production Board. Wilson returned to G.E. in 1944, where, aiming at the postwar market for toasters and refrigerators, he boosted production by 385%. He later served as Harry Truman's director of the Office of Defense Mobilization.

Died. Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, 93, pioneer efficiency expert and mother of the family described in *Cheaper by the Dozen*; in Phoenix, Ariz. Lillian Moller was working on the third of her 17 master's degrees and doctorates when she married Frank Gilbreth in 1904. The couple soon collaborated on several books (now considered efficiency primers), not to mention six sons and six daughters. Two of the children, Frank Jr. and Ernestine, wrote *Dozen* in 1949, describing the management techniques used in the Gilbreth household: a daily assembly call, a weekly family budget session, and a division of labor scheme whereby chores were assigned to the lowest bidder. During a lecture three years ago, Dr. Gilbreth pooh-poohed the burden of old age: "It's really a matter of marshaling your resources, using time sensibly."

next six years, the system will be designed to transport at least a dozen passengers and cargo between orbiting space stations and the earth. The vehicle is to be a hybrid that looks something like a jet fighter, takes off like a rocket and lands like an ordinary plane.

Coming only months before the penultimate Apollo shot,* Nixon's decision sets up an important new technological goal for NASA and the depressed aerospace industry. NASA Administrator James Fletcher estimates that work on the shuttle will restore about one-fourth of the 200,000 space-related jobs that have disappeared in the past five years. There will also be a resurgence of activity at Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center and the Marshall Space Flight Center in Al-



MODEL OF SHUTTLE & BOOSTER
Rocketing up, flying down.

abama, which will share responsibility for the program.

It will not be easy for NASA and its major contractors to meet the tentative target date (1978) for the first flight. There is considerable opposition in Congress to expensive new space ventures, and there are also formidable engineering problems. Initially, NASA hoped to build a piggyback shuttle system in which both the passenger vehicle and launching rocket could be piloted back to earth (TIME, June 22, 1970). But combining the characteristics of a rocket ship and a jet plane in both craft would be extremely costly. Now NASA will probably settle for a less sophisticated design.

* NASA last week ordered a month's delay, until April 16, in the St. Patrick's Day launch of Apollo 16, citing problems with the astronauts' suits, the emergency jettison system and a battery in the lunar lander.



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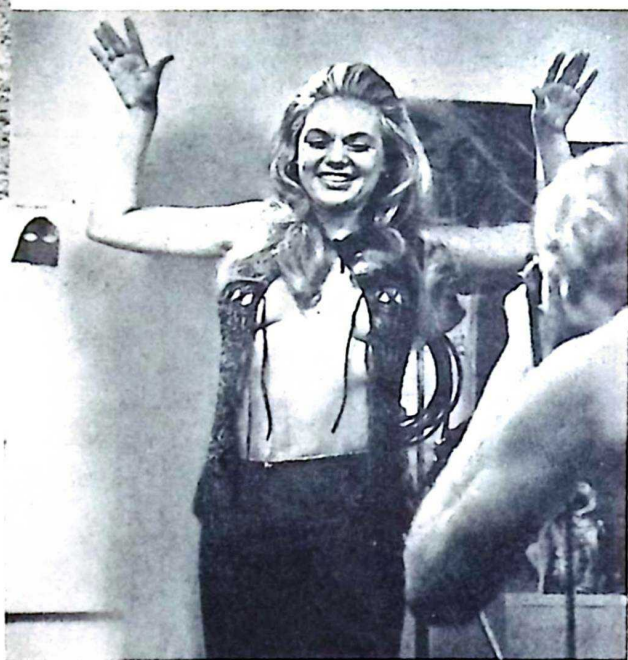
Country _____

AD 3898 (K) (B)

The Skin Touch

At first glance, nearly everything seems wrong. The lips are too thick and the nose is too flat, a porcine little button. For a woman who stands only 5 ft. 5 in., the bust is perhaps too heroic, while the stomach is—well—flabby. Yet somehow all the defective parts work together to make Dyan Cannon Hollywood's newest sex star. "She has the skin touch," explains Producer Mike Frankovich. "It's a vibrant sex that goes over so strongly it sets off most men."

Accessibility is the essence of her



CANNON IN "SUCH GOOD FRIENDS"

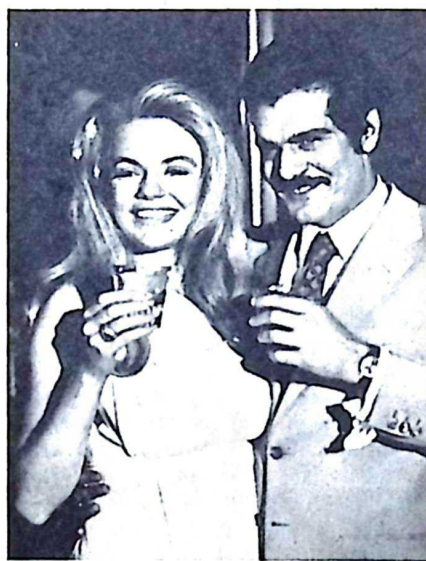
appeal. The usual Dyan Cannon role is that of the good-hearted slattern, the readily available Miss—or Mrs.—next door. In *Doctors' Wives*, she was a bored spouse on the prowl for fresh medical talent; in *The Love Machine*, the nympho consort of the head of a giant TV network; in *The Anderson Tapes*, a high-class prostitute. Now Otto Preminger's *Such Good Friends* (TIME, Jan. 10) has her bedding down with her dying husband's best friends—how else is a girl going to cope with the discovery of her mate's past infidelities?

Until recently, Dyan's best-known part was that of Cary Grant's fourth ex-wife and the mother of his only child, five-year-old Jennifer. Born in the mid-'30s—she refuses to give her exact age—Samille Diane Friesen grew up in Seattle, the daughter of a Baptist father and a Jewish mother. After 18 months of drama courses at the University of Washington, she left for Hollywood. Eventually she tested for Producer Jerry Wald who gave her her stage name.

"I see something explosive," said Wald. "Terrific! Bang! Cannon!"

At this point in her career, Dyan went into TV soap operas, which, she says, "taught me how to relax in front of a camera and how to work fast. I acted everything from committing murder to selling Girl Scout cookies, and I even had to read speeches while sets fell on me." Her performance in a TV film entitled—what else?—*The Diane Adventure* caught Grant's eye and prompted him to audition her for one of his movies. She lost the part (the picture was never produced), but gained a husband—eventually. She and Grant lived together for about four years before her "uptight" feelings about not being married led to a wedding, over his reservations, in 1965.

Less than three years later they split up in one of Hollywood's messier divorces, with Dyan charging that Grant was a weekly LSD tripper who beat her in front of the servants and tried to "re-make" her. "He changed the way I wore my hair, my makeup, my speech



WITH OMAR SHARIF IN "THE BURGLARS" *Tiffs, tantrums and 58 retakes.*

and my clothes," she says. "If I hadn't divorced him, I'd be dead by now."

Eventually she landed the part that finally made her a movie star—Alice in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. With stardom, there quickly came a reputation for star temperament and all the late arrivals, weeping fits and temper tantrums that go with it. "Like any strong woman," shrugs Producer Frankovich, "she's got fangs." The director who seems to have felt them most keenly is Preminger, himself no Teddy bear. On the set of *Such Good Friends*, they clashed over her lateness, his penchant for exacting retakes (58 on one scene), and her refusal to pose completely in the nude. Bare breasts were as far as she

would go, a problem that Preminger eventually solved by superimposing her head on another actress's body. At one point she stamped off the set, leaving Preminger, who tends to forget names under stress, chasing after her calling "Come back, Miss . . . Miss . . ."

Live-Sex Show. Dyan says today: "I would never make another film rather than work with Preminger again. I don't think he could direct his little nephew to the bathroom." To which Preminger replies with a ferocious gleam: "Imagine how good her performance will be in her next film if her performance in this one was so brilliant with a bad director." He adds: "I didn't hire her to praise me; I hired her to give a good performance. And she did." Her next film, to be released in the U.S. in February: *The Burglars*, in which, to top her list of easy-women roles, she plays a performer in a live-sex show. The picture, which has already done well in Europe, was shot on location in Greece, amid cake-throwing cast celebrations and plate-smashing parties in tavernas. Says she of fellow Performer Omar Sharif: "What a man! He's my ideal of a real movie star. He does the whole bit—horses, cars, girls."

Meanwhile she lives in her new house in Malibu with her daughter, a young driver-helper, a maid, a fox terrier, a large mongrel and a deaf cat. She eats health foods ("Our whole society is built around the dining table," she complains over alfalfa sprouts and carrot juice) and spends a lot of time watching the tide—and her psyche. Starting with her breakthrough in *B. & C. & T. & A.*, she recalls, "people kept saying, 'Wow! You're a star. You must really be happy,' and I kept asking myself, 'If it's so great, why doesn't it feel any better?'" She sought the answer at Esalen, the California group-therapy center shown in *B. & C. & T. & A.*, where, after some hesitation, she joined a nude session in a tub. After that she tried primal therapy, a far-out treatment that induces the patient to reenact his infancy, including kicking and screaming. She still attends weekly group-therapy sessions.

As her attitudes on nudity show, Dyan retains a sense of the Puritan ethic. In these days of four-letter words, for example, her efforts to avoid using foul language seem almost self-conscious. She rarely talks about sex, and when she does, she shoots a wicked glance, as if to say, "There, I've said it," like a Girl Scout who has strayed from the campfire.

Still, she does think about sex and blames "too much education" as the malaise behind "so many frigid women in America." That does not seem to be her problem. Like the on-screen Dyan, her main worry is men: "All I need is a guy. I've never had a relationship with a man I could be completely at ease with. But I still believe in the grand passion."



O'CONNOR & REINER ON "FAMILY" ALBUM
A litany of bigoted Bunkerisms.

Scorn Along with Archie

People seemed to be content
Fifty dollars paid the rent
Freaks were in a circus tent
Those were the days.

The lyrics are flat, the accompaniment tinny and the voices dreadful. But the theme song of TV's No. 1 family, the Bunkers, has been released both as a single record and as part of an LP, and it seems to be scoring with the same mass audience that watches *All in the Family* each week (an estimated 50 million). The album, a sort of sing-along, scorn-along with Archie, has risen into the top ten of the record charts in only eight weeks, and has racked up an impressive total of more than \$1,000,000 in sales.

Besides the song, the album (Atlantic Records) contains excerpts from a dozen shows, a litany of the Bunkerisms that have won *All in the Family* the respect of rednecks and the laughter of liberals. To Archie (Carroll O'Connor), the proudly bigoted head of the Bunker household, England is a "fag country," his wife Edith a "dingbat," the Renaissance master Michelangelo "that Dago artist," and Women's Lib a "dreaded disease." As for the theory of evolution, Archie tells his son-in-law Mike (Rob Reiner): "We didn't crawl out from under no rocks; we didn't have no tails, we didn't come from monkeys, you atheistic, pinko meathead."

All in the Family is not only one of the most successful of the recordings that have been translated from TV series, such as *Sesame Street* and *Flip Wilson*. It also seems to signal a return to the popularity of comedy albums such as those that flourished in the early '60s. Another fast-selling LP is David Frye's *Richard Nixon Superstar*. Even Vaughan Meader, the man who started the trend in 1962 with *The First Family*, is back with a satirical vision of Jesus' return to earth titled *The Second Coming*.

Cuckolds in Cuckoo Land

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY MARRIAGE
by GEORGES FEYDEAU

In the classic bedroom farces of Georges Feydeau, sex is not in the mind, the heart or the groin; it is in the feet. His bourgeois lechers stalk women in the streets, jog from bedroom to bedroom, jump into the wrong beds, kick open the wrong doors, and are finally caught flat-footed in the tangled web of their own deceit. The goal of a Feydeau play is ostensibly the bed, but is actually bedlam.

Feydeau's beds and bedlam are most happily with us again in the 1896 work *Le Dindon* (The Turkey), here entitled *There's One in Every Marriage*. Following a Feydeau plot is like trying to trail a snake through a bayou. It exists by twists and turns, sudden panics and slithery asides.

In this play, the philandering Pontagnac (Peter Donat) has tracked Lucienne (Roberta Maxwell) to her home. She is shocked by his overt proposition, and he is chagrined to encounter her husband Vatel (Richard Curnock), who happens to be an old friend. Shock and chagrin are three-quarters of the emotions in a Feydeau farce. Lucienne soon meets Mme. Pontagnac (Tudi Wiggins), and the two make a compact that if either woman is betrayed by her husband, she will make him a cuckold in revenge.

A stock Feydeau device is a shady hotel where the liaisons are to be consummated in a room simultaneously booked to two or three couples. There is inevitably a physical defect that Fey-

deau manages to make howlingly funny rather than mockingly cruel. This time there is a stone-deaf lady (Helen Burns), who is being taken to *Carmen* for a treat, after which her medical-officer husband (Tony Van Bridge) intends to mix her a sleeping potion to celebrate the couple's 25th wedding anniversary. There is always a foreign couple (Swedish, in this case) who come in for some sexual kidding, because Feydeau could not hope to get a laugh from a French audience by casting any aspersions on Gallic sexual prowess.

These repetitions breed affectionate hilarity if you are a Feydeau addict. The present cast is stylish and exemplary, and Jean Gascon's direction wisely makes speed triumph over sanity. *There's One in Every Marriage* is a theatrical bonbon, and it is *très bon*. ■ T.E. Kalem

Howitzers and Hymns

NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH
by EDWARD BOND

Know thyself, said the ancients; man cannot know himself, say the moderns. He is the enigma of enigmas, a caveman turned philosopher, an innocent ensnared in sensuality, a master builder of civilizations who wrecks them like a frustrated child.

Attuned to this theme, Bond's play is vaguely set in Japan in what might be the mid-19th century. The central figure is the great Japanese poet, Basho (Robert Symonds). He is on a quest for some radiant shaft of wisdom. Instead he encounters a power-mad dictator, Shogo (Cleavon Little), who establishes a great city, but it is overthrown by invading colonialists garbed in the Union Jack and blasting away with howitzers and Christian hymns. Edward Bond, a 36-year-old Londoner, took exactly 2½ days to write the play and uses four words to explain it: "Society makes men animals."

When *Narrow Road* had its U.S. premiere in Boston more than two years ago, it was tonic and haunting. In the current Lincoln Center Repertory production, it is as flat as warm beer. Not that the directing and acting are bad. The Vivian Beaumont Theater itself may be partially responsible for some of Lincoln Center's fiascos. The arena stage leaks away dramatic intensity. Open space proves to be the actor's enemy in this building, leaving him ungrounded, unfocused and lacking gravity. Watching a play in the vast vertical reaches of the Vivian Beaumont is like seeing a child's lost balloon float upward and upward until it becomes a speck against the sky. ■ T.E.K.



BEDROOM ROMP IN "MARRIAGE"
Slithery asides.

Pacifist Portfolios?

Liberal Protestants have been hurting for a strong issue to involve their flocks. Opposition to the Viet Nam War is now commonplace, the civil rights crusade has cooled and church mergers are bogging down. So—what better cause than to turn inward and take a long look at church money and where it goes? Already, the churches have mobilized their dollars against bank involvements in South Africa, copper mining in Puerto Rico and discriminatory racial hiring policies in the U.S. (TIME, Feb. 15).

Last week a research unit of the National Council of Churches opened up a subject that is still related to the Viet Nam War but is broader in its implications: investments in the U.S. military-industrial complex. The N.C.C.'s ten-month-old Corporate Information Center, which has been analyzing an estimated \$22 billion in religious-investment wealth, reported that ten Protestant denominations* have a total of more than \$200 million invested in 29 companies with defense contracts. On those investments, the denominations earned \$6,200,000 in 1970.

Several of the ten churches are on record against the Viet Nam War, others have engaged in active opposition to it, and one—the Church of the Brethren—is avowedly pacifist. Without accusing them of hypocrisy, the report chides church investors for failing to consider the moral implications of military-industrial investments, and for inadvertently enjoying

* Roman Catholic investments, which are mostly made by dioceses, are not covered in the report. Few bishops have released full information about them, and none have so far shown interest in the N.C.C. project.

the fruits of "war profiteering." The report objects less to the dollar total of church support to such industries (tiny in relation to the companies' \$10 billion military sales) than to the "moral aura of legitimacy" that it provides.

Pointed Fanfare. Does the C.I.C. want the denominations to strip themselves immediately of all such investments? No, says Director Frank White, a United Church of Christ layman and former oil and car dealer. The center hopes that the churches will examine their investments closely, influence companies where they can and get rid of their stock only as a last resort—and then with pointed fanfare.

Such advice would have been more firmly grounded if the report had named the agencies within churches that handle the portfolios, rather than merely the denominations involved. Investments are often made by lay money-men through such boards as church pension funds, which are independent of church programmers.

The report also fails to make moral distinctions between investments in firms heavily committed to defense and those only slightly involved. Examples: The United Church of Christ, the United Presbyterian Church and especially the United Methodist Church are stockholders in Honeywell, with nearly 21% of sales to the military, including antipersonnel weapons like cluster bombs. On the other hand eight churches cited hold stock in Texaco, with a mere 1.3% of its sales to the military. In implying that all military production is immoral—a highly dubious assumption—the report totally ignores the view of those Christians, undoubtedly a majority, who believe that defense still remains a

necessity in an all too imperfect world.

At the pacifist Church of the Brethren, where obvious military investments have always been avoided, Treasurer Robert Greiner questioned the report's blackballing of standard blue chips like A.T. & T. (5.5% military sales, principally the Safeguard ballistic missile system and Nike Hercules missile). "You can't get out of everything," Greiner said. "To be a pacifist, you could hardly stay in the U.S." Even worse conflicts will probably be raised when the Corporate Information Center starts evaluating industries for their overall "purity," considering such factors as their consumer policies, minority-hiring practices and polluting of the environment. What if a major corporation turns out to have military sales but hires hundreds of blacks and gives the customer a good buy? The possible permutations boggle the mind.

In the end, the only solution left under C.I.C. standards may be literally to heed the words of that radical young Jewish rabbi in 1st century Judea: "Go, sell everything you have, give to the poor and come, follow me."

Tidings

► The devaluation of the dollar is going to hurt many U.S. churches in their overseas missionary efforts. Budget squeezes in the past several years have already forced some trimming of missions, and the number of missionaries has dipped slightly, to about 40,000. Further cutbacks probably lie ahead. Mission boards are facing an average reduction of at least 5% in their overseas purchasing power. In Japan, which ranks second only to Brazil in U.S. mission activity, the drop could run as much as 17%. A spokesman for the biggest U.S. mission board, the Southern Baptists, called devaluation the "worst dollar pinch since the Depression" and estimated an immediate loss in Southern Baptist spending power of \$1.5 million.

► What kind of potential priest reads *Playboy*? The Order of the Most Holy Trinity, a 770-year-old Roman Catholic order of priests and brothers who work in prisons and among migrant workers and the retarded, is finding out. Vocations Director Father Joseph F. Lupo placed a \$10,000, full-page recruiting ad in the January issue of *Playboy*. Jowl-by-cheek, as it were, with a gallery of Playmates of the year, the ad pictures two earnest young men and says: "You who have love to give and the courage to offer it, come work with your brothers." So far, says Lupo, a "gratifying number" of responses has poured into the Trinitarians' U.S. headquarters in Pikesville, Md., more than for any ad the order has ever run in more conventional outlets. The tactic has drawn some grumbles from within the order, but Father Lupo says: "I wanted to reach college guys

ANTIWAR PICKETERS PROTESTING HONEYWELL MILITARY CONTRACTS (1970)



You are already a TRINITARIAN

You who have love to give and the courage to offer it, you are already a Trinitarian. Come work with your brothers. Come home.

There are only two ways to become a Trinitarian. The first is to be born one. The second is to be baptized. The third is to be adopted. The fourth is to be converted. The fifth is to be reborn. The sixth is to be resurrected. The seventh is to be glorified. The eighth is to be glorified. The ninth is to be glorified. The tenth is to be glorified.

Father Joseph (St. John) Trinitarian, March 20, 1972.
Dear Father Joseph, I would like more information about the Trinitarian order.

Name _____
Address _____

AD FOR PRIESTS IN "PLAYBOY" A gallery of Playmates.

and to get the most mileage for my advertising dollar." It remains to be seen whether the *Playboy* recruits—if they persist in their interest—will gladly embrace one of the most austere of priestly disciplines: celibacy.

► For observant Jews, the term *kosher* applies not only to what foods may be eaten and when, but to the methods used in the preparation of food and the slaughter of animals. *Kashrut* (dietary law) dictates that an acceptable animal, such as a cow or lamb, must be conscious and must be quickly slashed across the throat by a sharp instrument held in the steady hand of a specially trained, God-fearing person (often a rabbi) who takes the animal's life only with compassion and reluctance. Because this ritual is deemed humane by the Government, kosher slaughtering is exempted from a provision of the Humane Slaughter Act of 1958 that requires the animal to be stunned before being killed. It is not, however, exempted from a federal requirement that the animal, for sanitary reasons, be shackled and hoisted off the ground before the death stroke. Thus under kosher procedure the conscious animal may have a few moments of pain and terror before the slaughter. Last week Manhattan Lawyer Henry Mark Holzer, a born Jew who describes himself as an atheist, filed a federal suit charging that the exemption for kosher slaughter is not only inhumane but unconstitutional, on the grounds that it violates the principle of separation of church and state. Jews doubt that Holzer's suit will succeed. Meantime, a new slaughtering pen, patented earlier by the A.S.P.C.A. and approved by rabbis, may resolve the nonconstitutional issues. Using a sort of total harness, it lifts the animal slightly without causing it pain.

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DUNCAN & VICTIM IN "GIRL"

The Dumb Way

STAR SPANGLED GIRL

Directed by JERRY PARIS

Screenplay by ARNOLD MARGOLIN and JIM PARKER

This is an adaptation of one Neil Simon play that the author might like to forget. The heroine, an aspiring Olympic swimmer, is a jabbering pixy whose notion of Americanism Dr. Carl McIntire might find a tad overzealous. The premise—a little flimsy even for a half-hour episode on a TV sitcom—is that this young lady drives two underground California journalists into transports of romantic ecstasy.

Star Spangled Girl declares itself fervently in favor of mindlessness in all forms. Despite herself, the girl falls for one of the journalists. She boards a Greyhound for her home in Cypress Gardens, Fla., presumably in order to recover from her passion. The lovesick radical pursues her on his motorcycle and woos her off the bus by vowing to take her home and make her a sex object, an appeal that for some unexplained reason enchants her.

The movie marks the debut of that unrelentingly cute television personality, Sandy Duncan. She manages such soliloquies as "I may believe in a lot of dead things like patriotism and the Constitution, and I like apple pie, because that's the dumb way I was brought up and that's the dumb way I feel" with appalling conviction. ■ Jay Cocks

Requiem

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS

Directed by VITTORIO DE SICA

Screenplay by UGO PIRRO and VITTORIO BONICELLI

When neorealism was gospel, Vittorio De Sica was one of the evangelical influences in world cinema. Times changed, tastes changed, and De Sica tried to adapt himself to the commercial film. The results were at best fluff (*Marriage—Italian Style*), more frequently flubs (*Woman Times Seven*, *The Condemned of Altona*). Now, after more than a decade of indifferent and impersonal work, De Sica has returned to form. If *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* does not fully rival *The Bicycle Thief* and *Umberto D.*, it is good enough to stand comparison with them.

Garden is a quietly touching, achingly human requiem for the passing of a social order—one of those rare films that can make effective personal drama out of political chaos. Expertly adapted from Giorgio Bassani's autobiographical novel, the story deals with two Jewish families in Ferrara in the late 1930s, when Fascism was cresting all over Italy. The Finzi-Continis are patricians who live in a spacious estate behind high walls, heedless and ever so slightly disdainful of the tide outside that will inexorably engulf them. The other family, never named, is aware of the political upheaval all about them. But they try only to accommodate their comfortable middle-class life to it, not escape it.



SANDA IN "GARDEN"

Subtle Moments. What binds the second family to the Finzi-Continis, besides Jewishness and passivity, is their son Giorgio's infatuation with young Micol Finzi-Contini. He longs for her as a Fitzgerald hero might long for some always unattainable girl. Micol, who studies Emily Dickinson ("an old maid like me"), keeps Giorgio at a delicate distance, tantalizing him, finally turning him into a voyeur.

The film opens in the dappled light and lingering summer afternoons of their unresolved courtship, and ends in a wartime winter several years later, inside a barren schoolroom crowded with Jews awaiting confinement. In between, De Sica observes the gathering momentum of catastrophe in small, subtle moments: anonymous phone calls during a Passover celebration, a tiny Nazi flag in a newsboy's bike basket.

With a mastery reminiscent of Orson Welles' *The Magnificent Ambersons*, De Sica presents the Finzi-Continis in every dimension. Enamored of their elegance, he is also obviously moved by the poignancy of their decline. But he suggests, again like Welles, that they are victims of personal as well as historical corruption. An incestuous relationship between Micol and her brother Alberto is hinted at.

De Sica and Cinematographer Ennio Guarnieri indulge themselves a little in their constant use of hazy color. It gives the film a patina of sentimentality that is at odds with its controlled drama. De Sica also never makes fully clear what bearing the Giorgio-Micol love story has on the film's central historical tragedy.

But there is no fault to find with his work with actors. Performances like Lino Capolicchio's as Giorgio and Helmut Berger's as Micol's sickly brother give the film remarkable resonance. As Micol's grandmother, a nonprofessional named Inna Alexeieva turns in a superbly moving portrait of old age. As Micol, Dominique Sanda is simply stunning. Seen last year in Bertolucci's splendid *The Conformist*, she is both an actress of great talent and a woman of nearly impossible beauty. ■ J.C.

Highland Fling

KIDNAPPED

Directed by DELBERT MANN

Screenplay by JACK PULMAN

The lad is kidnapped, shipwrecked and left to fend for himself out in the Scottish highlands with only his new-found friend, bonnie Alan Breck (Michael Caine) to defend him. David Balfour (Lawrence Douglas) has, in short, the kind of adventures that turn boys into men and classic books into movies. Any further resemblance to Robert Louis Stevenson's novel,



CAINE IN "KIDNAPPED"
Dark days for Scotland.

however, is practically coincidental, and indeed nearly slanderous.

Unfortunately, the characters in the movie spend a dispiriting amount of time hanging around castles, gobbling porridge and mumbling about Culloden and dark days for Scotland. Even the action sequences generate little more excitement than a Frisbee tournament. When he doesn't know what else to do—which seems to be most of the time—Director Mann throws in a lingering shot of the distant lochs or the heather on the hill.

The only good news is Michael Caine, who is fast, wry and totally engaging as the rebel Breck. Despite a tendency to get a little out of breath in the strenuous scenes, Caine might even make a worthy successor to Errol Flynn. ■ J.C.

Psychology of Slaughter

LE BOUCHER
Directed by CLAUDE CHABROL
Screenplay by CLAUDE CHABROL

In this trim, beautifully managed psychological thriller, a series of bizarre murders takes place. The mystery is not whodunit, but why; for Director Claude Chabrol (*This Man Must Die*) is fascinated by motivation, not detection. "I am not interested in solving puzzles," he has explained. "I am interested in studying the behavior of people involved in murder."

The murderer is a butcher (Jean Yanne) recently returned to his home town of Tremolat in the province of Périgord after more than a decade in the army. He begins a casual flirtation with a schoolmistress (Stephane Audran), a woman of distinctly cosmopolitan charms who invites his friendship but spurns his affection. An unhappy love affair has left scars, and she is unwilling to risk another commitment.

The butcher apparently accepts

with equanimity the delicate emotional balance imposed by his new friend. But then the murders begin. The victims, always women, are found stabbed to death in the surrounding countryside. The schoolmistress herself discovers one of the bodies on an outing with her class. Lying against a nearby stone is a cigarette lighter like the one which she had given the butcher. She slips it into her pocket. Later a police inspector tells her that the woman had been killed only moments before the teacher found the body. Clearly the butcher meant the woman's death as a signal, and the teacher accepts it as such. But instead of fright, she feels a strange excitement that makes her lead the killer on.

Le Boucher is rich in its details of village life, a deceptively benign milieu for such a sinister film. It begins with a magnificent scene of a wedding, where the butcher and the teacher meet. It is the bride at this wedding who will become one of his victims. In Chabrol's hands, such pat plotting seems part of a fateful, remorseless order.

Nor does Chabrol fall victim to melodrama in his direction. He gets impact from understatement and from two superb, low-key performances by Yanne and Audran (who is Mrs. Chabrol in private life). In Chabrol's treatment, the schoolmistress not only triggers the killer's dormant psychopathy but becomes a partner in his crime. Perversely, as he becomes more dangerous, she is all the more drawn to him. Finally, knife in hand, the crazed killer confronts her late at night in her apartment. It is only then, in a violent, weird, but somehow touching denouement, that the two finally embrace. ■ J.C.



AUDRAN & YANNE IN "LE BOUCHER"
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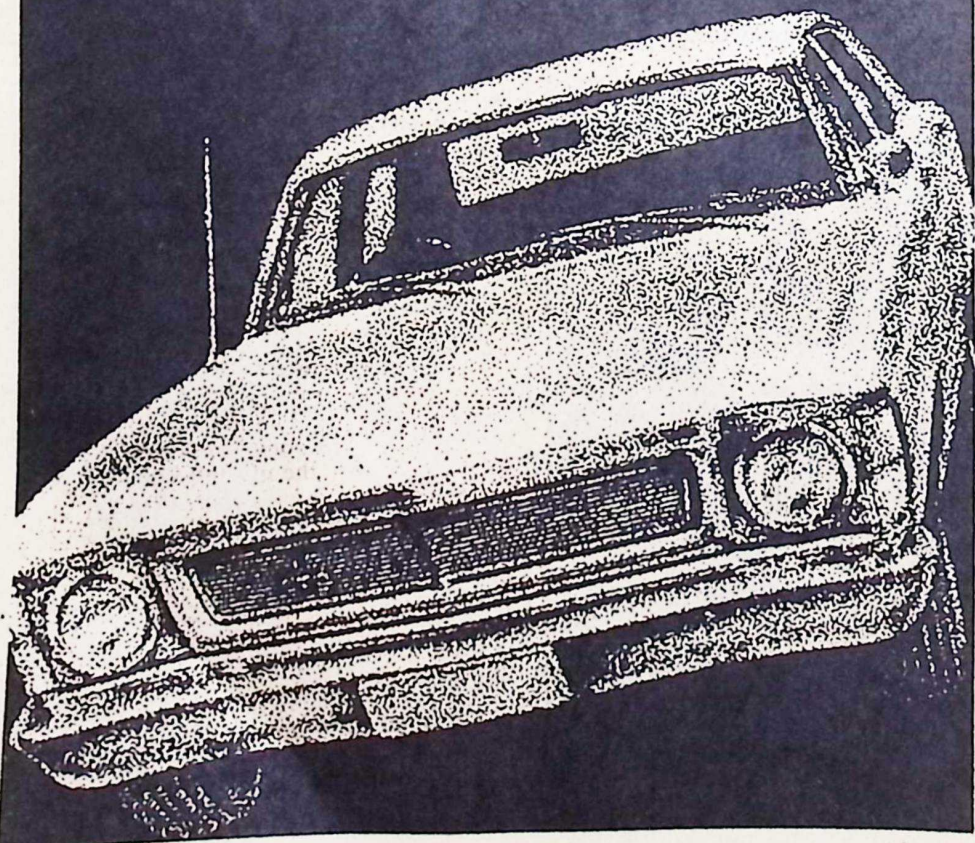
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In Australia, "trying harder" includes an advertising campaign in TIME.

Avis is determined to rent more cars to more Australians. And logic suggests that the best car rental prospects are businessmen who have to travel and families that like to. For reaching both groups Avis has discovered there's no more efficient vehicle than its local advertising edition of TIME. Because he's peripatetic through business necessity and travel-prone for pleasure, the TIME reader is worth talking to anyplace in the world. For that reason, companies with global interests address the entire TIME audience—24 million strong—while others concentrate on Australia, Southeast Asia, New York City or any one of 100+ TIME editions. When it comes to creating advertising editions to fit individual marketing needs, TIME tries harder, too.



MARKET WEEK

On a volume of 87,373,320 shares, the New York Stock Exchange Composite closed at 57.20, up .77 for the week ending Jan. 7. The Dow Jones 30 stock industrial average was 910.37, up 20.17; Standard & Poor's 500 stock index was 103.47, up 1.38. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Change	Net
Allied Chem...	30 3/4	29 1/2	29 3/4	+ 1/2	
Alum Co Am...	46 3/4	43 1/4	45 1/4	+1 1/8	
Am Brands...	44 3/4	41 7/8	44 3/4	+2 3/4	
Am Can...	36 3/4	33 3/4	36 1/2	+3 1/4	
Am Motors...	8 1/8	6 7/8	8	+1	
AT&T...	47 1/4	44 3/8	46 3/4	+2	
Anac Cop...	17 1/4	15 3/8	17 1/4	+1 3/4	
Avon Prod...	102 1/8	99 1/8	99 3/4	- 3/4	
Beth Steel...	30 3/4	28 1/4	29	None	
Boeing...	22 3/8	19	21 3/8	+2 3/4	
Burling Ind...	36 1/4	33 3/4	35 3/4	+1 3/4	
Cater Trac...	48 1/8	47 1/4	47 1/8	+ 3/4	
Chrysler...	30 1/2	28	30 3/8	+1 3/4	
Coca Cola...	121 3/4	115 3/8	116	-6	
Common Ed...	40 1/8	38 1/4	38 3/4	-1	
Control Data...	47 3/4	43 3/4	46 1/4	+1 1/4	
Corn Gl Wks...	192 3/4	183	192 3/8	+7 3/4	
Dow Chem...	82 1/4	78 3/8	81 1/4	+2 3/4	
DuPont...	147 1/4	144 1/4	147 1/4	+2 1/4	
East Kodak...	97 3/8	96 1/8	97 1/8	- 1/4	
El Paso N G...	17 3/8	17 1/8	17 1/4	- 1/4	
Fed Dpt Strs...	52 3/8	50 3/8	52 3/8	+1	
Ford Motor...	74	69 3/8	73 3/4	+3 1/2	
Gen Dynam...	27 3/8	22 3/8	27	+5 1/4	
Gen Elec...	64 3/4	62 1/2	64 3/8	+1 3/4	
Gen Foods...	36 1/4	34 3/4	35 1/8	- 3/4	
Gen Motors...	82 3/4	79	82 3/8	+1 1/4	
Gen Tel & El...	32 3/8	31 3/8	31 7/8	+ 1/2	
Georgia Pac...	46 3/4	43 3/4	45 1/4	None	
Goodyear...	32 3/8	31 1/8	32 1/8	+ 1/4	
Grace Co...	30 3/8	28 1/2	30 3/8	+1 1/4	
Great A & P...	22	18 3/8	18 3/4	-2 3/4	
Greyhound...	21 1/4	20	20 3/8	- 3/4	
Gulf Oil...	29	28 3/8	28 1/2	- 3/4	
IBM...	343 1/2	331 3/4	338 3/4	+2 1/4	
Int Harvester...	30	29 1/4	29 3/8	- 1/2	
Int Nickel...	33 3/8	31 3/8	33 3/8	+1 1/2	
Int Paper...	35 3/8	34 1/2	34 7/8	- 1/4	
Int Tel & Tel...	58 3/8	56 3/8	58 1/4	- 1/4	
Johns Manv...	41 3/8	38 3/4	39 1/8	-1 1/4	
Kraftco...	47	45	45 1/4	-1 1/2	
Kresge SS...	100	94 3/4	96 7/8	-3 1/4	
Kroger Stores...	33 3/4	32 1/4	33 1/4	+ 3/4	
LTV...	12 3/8	10 3/8	11 3/8	+ 3/4	
Litton Ind...	24 1/4	21 1/8	24	+2 1/4	
Lockheed...	11 3/8	10	11	+1 1/4	
McDon Doug...	38 1/2	34 1/4	36 3/4	+2	
Merck Co...	131	123 3/4	129 1/4	+5 1/4	
3M...	135 1/2	132 3/4	133 1/2	-1 1/2	
Mobil Oil...	56	53 3/4	55 3/8	+1 1/4	
Occid Pet...	13 3/8	12	13 1/2	+1 1/4	
Owens Ill...	47 7/8	44 1/2	44 3/4	-1 3/4	
Pac Gas & El...	33	32 1/4	32 3/8	+ 1/2	
Pan Am...	15 3/4	14 3/4	15 3/8	+ 1/4	
Penn Cen...	5 1/4	4 3/4	4 3/4	None	
Penney...	74 1/4	69 3/4	73 1/2	+ 1/4	
Polaroid...	95 3/4	86 1/8	94 3/4	+5 3/4	
Proc Gam...	79 1/4	76 1/4	76 3/4	-2 1/4	
Ralston Pur...	35 3/8	34	34	-1 3/4	
RCA...	39 1/4	36 3/4	38 1/4	+1 1/4	
Reynolds Ind...	64 1/4	58 1/4	63 3/8	+5 3/8	
Safeway Strs...	36 1/2	35 3/8	36 1/8	+ 1/4	
Sears Roe...	104	101	103 3/8	+1 1/4	
Shell Oil...	48 1/8	47	48	+ 3/4	
Sou Cal Ed...	31	29 1/4	31	+1 1/2	
Std Oil Cal...	60	57 1/8	60	+2 3/8	
Std Oil N J...	76 3/8	73	76 1/4	+2 1/2	
Swift Co...	38 1/2	35 3/4	37 1/2	+1 1/2	
Tenneco...	26 3/4	25 1/4	26 1/2	+1	
Texaco Inc...	36	34 1/4	35 3/8	+1 1/2	
Textron...	31 3/8	30 1/4	31 3/4	+1 1/4	
Time Inc...	58 1/4	56	56 3/4	-1 1/4	
TWA...	43 3/8	39 3/8	42 1/4	+1 1/4	
UAL Inc...	43	40 1/2	42 3/8	+1 1/4	
Union Carb...	43 3/8	41 3/8	43 3/8	+1 1/4	
Utd Aircraft...	34 1/4	28 3/8	34	+4 3/8	
US Ply Cham...	30 1/2	29 1/4	30	- 3/4	
US Steel...	32 3/8	30 3/8	31 1/4	+1	
Westinghouse...	48 1/4	45 3/8	48	+2 1/4	
Woolworth...	46 3/4	44 1/2	46 3/8	+1 1/4	
Xerox...	126	121	124 1/2	- 3/4	

JOB MARKET

A Tough Year to Launch a Career

HUNTING season opens on U.S. campuses this month as thousands of corporate recruiters begin their annual quest to sign up the best managerial and technical talent from the graduating class. At some schools, according to college placement officers, recruiting should rise slightly from 1971's recession-pinched level. But graduates will still find this a difficult year in which to launch a career.

Of 185 major corporations surveyed by Northwestern University, more than half said that they intend

also in abundance; their unemployment rate is 8.2%, as opposed to 6.1% for the work force as a whole (up slightly from November). Employees who might have changed jobs in better times are hanging on to them now, creating fewer openings for new graduates. Litton Industries, for example, has cut its intake of graduates to half of 1968's level. "Getting the best people is easier for us now," says Bob Gray, director of corporate industrial relations. "Any time we want to crank up a project, we can do it with

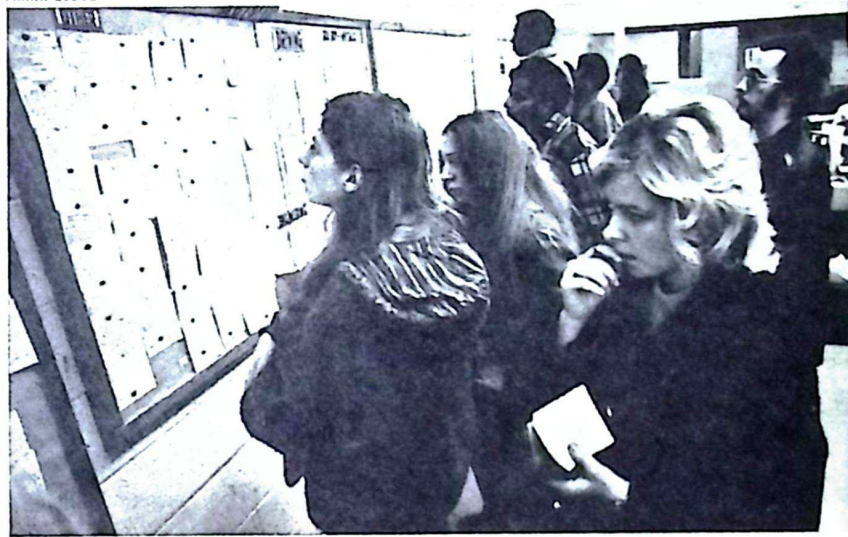
a projected 8,000 new teaching positions will be created in the nation's schools. Balancing that, newly minted accountants remain in high demand, followed closely by students who will receive master's degrees in business administration. Prospects are brightest of all for female graduates who plan to sign on with large corporations. Endicott figures that Women's Lib-conscious companies will be hiring 15% more Ms.'s this year.

Students are responding to the harsh new world of job scarcity in



YOUTHS APPLYING FOR EMPLOYMENT IN MANHATTAN

For all but accountants, M.B.A.'s and Ms.'s, it promises to be a long, hard winter of hustling.



WORRIED STUDENTS CHECKING POSTED OPENINGS IN DETROIT

to offer jobs to more bachelor's degree holders than they did last year. On that basis, Northwestern's Frank S. Endicott, who has reported on corporate recruiting plans since 1945, predicts an 11% increase in the number of graduates to be hired. But 44% of the companies polled plan to take fewer advanced-degree recipients, and overall hiring will reach only about 60% of the recruiting levels of 1968 and 1969.

Easier Pickings. At many colleges, the picture is even bleaker. Michigan State University, which has as many as 2,300 recruiters swarming through the campus in a good year, has seen only 1,600 in 1971-72. At Dartmouth, only 54 companies have signed up for visits, down from 91 last year. Placement officers at U.C.L.A. report a 20% drop in recruiting from 1971.

Corporations are under less pressure to comb campuses this year. Thousands of unemployed, older college-trained workers are still in the job market. Viet Nam era veterans are

experienced people readily available."

Some executives are worried that the present sluggishness in campus hiring may mean trouble for their companies in the future. "We will find out ten years from now that there is no one to fill the managerial ranks," predicts Monroe Sadler, Du Pont's development chief. Dennis Ryan, placement director of Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, adds: "The recruitment people know that this will create an air bubble in the pipeline five or ten years from now. But the personnel manager cannot get that message upstairs."

As might be expected, hiring plans vary widely for different types of students. The job market is especially bad for engineering graduates, particularly those with degrees in aerospace or electronics. Fledgling teachers face an even longer search for jobs. According to the National Education Association, more than 312,000 students are expected to finish teacher-preparation courses this semester, but only

several ways. Most placement officers predict that a larger proportion of bachelor's degree recipients this June will elect to go on to graduate school. The recruiting drought has also produced a new institution in post-graduation planning: the breather year, during which graduates take an extended break before finding a job or continuing their education. Some temporary dropouts travel abroad, others take undemanding jobs as cab drivers, ski patrollers or bartenders to help unwind from the pressures of college life. At Dartmouth, 18% of graduating seniors say that they will take a pause of at least a year before resuming their careers.

For the graduates who do plan to seek employment, it could be a long hard winter of hustling. There are some signs that students are beginning to acknowledge that difficulty. Two weeks before a General Electric recruiter was scheduled to visit Purdue University, students began lining up at 5:30 a.m. to register for interviews.

INVESTMENT

The Thundering Herd

To its competitors in the brokerage business, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith must often seem as overwhelming as the herd of stampeding bulls in its now famous television commercial. It dominates the securities field with its widespread distribution system, geared to serve the needs of small investors. It has moved so vigorously into Government-bond trading, commodities, real estate, mutual funds and even economic consulting that such 'non-stock-market ventures account for more than half of its revenues. Now Merrill Lynch has thundered into the lead on the financial world's most exclusive turf: investment banking.

During 1971, Merrill Lynch man-

its underwriting division with bright young men, most of whom had proved themselves in other departments. Regional underwriting offices were established outside Manhattan in Atlanta and San Francisco. They enabled the firm to hustle for new prospects while the old-line houses, in the main, waited for clients to come to them.

In addition, Merrill Lynch could offer a stock-marketing network unmatched by anybody in the business: 5,500 registered representatives (securities salesmen) in 199 domestic and 56 foreign branch offices. "We began to show the value of distribution," says Chairman Donald T. Regan, 53, an ex-Marine who prizes tradition only when it works.

The firm's big chance to crack investment banking's inner circle came during the tight money period that began in mid-1969. As stocks tumbled,

Merrill Lynch's new prominence in investment banking lends substantial clout to a firm that already had resources far beyond those of its closest competitors, Bache & Co. and Du Pont, Glore Forgan & Co. In 1970, for example, when many brokerage houses were barely treading water, Merrill Lynch posted earnings of \$40.7 million; what it lost on its sluggish stock business it more than made up in other operations like the trading of commodities and Government bonds. When the final figures are in, its performance for last year will be even more spectacular. In the first nine months, its earnings climbed to about \$50 million on revenues of \$511 million.

Regan is now looking for new worlds to conquer. Says he: "We are studying ways that Merrill Lynch might employ life insurance. And obviously estate planning is another possibility. Then there is real estate development." Whatever new directions the company may take, it is now clear that Merrill Lynch, long regarded as the super-market of the investment business, is close to becoming Wall Street's first one-stop shopping center.



MERRILL LYNCH BOND TRADERS

A triumph of service over fraternalism, hustle over the old school tie.

aged or co-managed the marketing of \$9.9 billion worth of new stocks and bonds, nosing out by \$400 million U.S. investment banking's longtime leader and old-school-tie symbol, First Boston Corp. Investment bankers, who for a fat fee buy new securities from corporations and market them to the public, are noted for operating on the basis of close personal relationships; without the right connections, a newcomer found it all but impossible to squeeze in. But the old ways on Wall Street are changing. Nothing better exemplifies the shift than the way Merrill Lynch, an upstart in investment banking despite its power in the retail brokerage field, gained hegemony in the rich, clubby preserve presided over by such pukka establishments as Lehman Brothers; Morgan Stanley; Kuhn, Loeb; and Goldman, Sachs.

When Merrill Lynch decided to go into investment banking in earnest about four years ago, it moved with the management skill that has long characterized its operations. It enlarged

interest rates on bonds climbed as high as 9%, attracting the attention of small investors. At the same time, institutions such as mutual funds and pension funds, traditional customers of the old-line houses, were strapped for cash. Merrill Lynch, with its vast retail network, moved in a big way to handle the domestic bond offerings of U.S. corporations in desperate need of money. "Our salesmen couldn't talk stocks in 1970, so they talked bonds," says Regan.

Added Clout. Almost all of Merrill Lynch's investment banking business comes from new, medium-sized companies, which prefer service to fraternalism. Indeed, in its sales pitch, the firm emphasizes that under its management, new issues will be distributed to tens of thousands of investors; old-line houses tend to sell new securities in large blocks to a limited number of institutions. Thus these large investors could gain a dominant interest in smaller firms, a situation many corporate managers want to avoid.



DONALD T. REGAN

ALFRED EISENSTADT

FACTORIES

Disassembling the Line

No problem in industrial psychology has received more attention in both scholarly studies and barroom bull sessions, yet prompted less action, than the monotonous life of the assembly-line worker. Nowhere is the trouble greater than in auto plants, where repetitious, single-task jobs so bore workers that United Auto Workers Vice President Douglas Fraser often tells members that they have "half the day licked" once they have managed to get to the plant. Sweden's two biggest automakers are testing ways to make the job a bit more interesting by, in effect, disassembling portions of their lines.

In some areas Volvo and Saab-Scania are using a team-production method, in which auto and truck components are assembled by semi-autonomous groups of four to seven workers each. At times they can decide in what order to tackle their tasks and even who their foreman will be. In another method, the men move along the line with the cars performing each successive assembly operation. The automakers are also rotating some assembly-line workers to different jobs. An employee may attach seat headrests one day, bore holes in the seat framework the next, connect back supports and lift seat cushions onto conveyor belts on subsequent days. At Volvo, some female assembly workers even spend one day every two weeks doing office jobs.

The Swedish automakers are pleased with the first results of their experiments. They report improved production quality and lower absenteeism. The workers no longer suffer from the muscular aches that came from performing the same operation at the same speed day after day, and executives have been encouraged enough to plan larger-scale tests. Saab this month opened in Södertälje an engine plant that contains only a short conventional assembly line; most of the assembly work will be completed by seven teams. Volvo officials are studying alternatives to the present assembly line in an auto plant scheduled to open in Kalmar in 1974.

The executives' main goal is to lure more young Swedes into the country's chronically insufficient pool of blue-collar laborers. At present, "the kids want to go to the university or into civil service, not industry," complains Volvo's Chairman Gunnar Engellau. Already, more than one-third of Volvo's and Saab's blue-collar jobs are filled by Finns, Danes, Norwegians, Yugoslavs, Italians and other foreigners.

Warning by Film. The need to make assembly jobs more interesting to better-educated blue-collar workers is not peculiar to the Swedish auto industry. Roughly 40% of the hourly paid workers in U.S. auto plants are under 35, and virtually all of them have completed at least twelve years of school, compared with ten years on the average for those 45 to 64. Industrial psychologists are sure that it is these young workers who have caused the U.S. auto industry's absenteeism rate to climb. At Ford, the rate rose from 2.8% in 1960 to 51.3% in 1970. And it is largely absenteeism that has put a lid on Detroit's ability to build cars faster. Productivity per man-hour in the U.S. auto industry increased an average of only 3.6% annually from 1957 to 1970.

Executives of General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and American Motors all insist, however, that team assembly would not work in U.S. plants. The method, they say, simply is not fast enough to produce the 10,471,800 cars and trucks that the four automakers turned out last year. (Volvo and Saab together assembled only an estimated 316,500 vehicles in 1971.) The American automakers have not been exactly prolific with ideas of what to try instead. One GM plant in California experimented briefly with rewarding regular attendance by passing out initialed drinking glasses. Ford's approach is to show each new assembly worker a film illustrating the tough and monotonous nature of the line. Apparently the company figures that the worker may be less discontented if he is at least forewarned about what he is in for.

ENTREPRENEURS

Penury Without Tears

In theory, Oilman John McCandish King should be a pauper. He has lost his \$170,000-a-year job as chairman of King Resources, a mineral exploration firm. That company has been forced into bankruptcy, and creditors are seeking to have Colorado Corp., a holding company that is 90% owned by King, declared bankrupt also. The Internal Revenue Service has slapped liens on his property for \$5,300,000 in back taxes. Creditors, former investors, and tax authorities are suing him in at least six states to collect what is left of his personal fortune, which was once estimated to be \$480 million but by King's account has shrunk to \$42 million. The keystone of that fortune, King Resources stock, has dropped from \$34 a share to less than \$1 in two years. The onetime financial whiz of the wildcat oil drillers has asked the courts to protect him from his creditors while he tries to work out a plan to repay them.

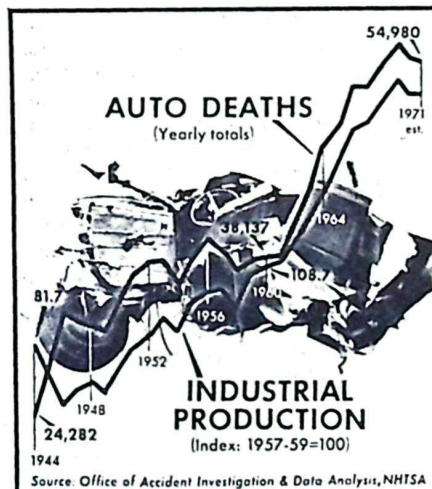
Yet King continues to live like an emperor. He maintains a sumptuous suite of offices on the top floor of Denver's tallest building. He and his family live in the wealthy Denver suburb of Cherry Hills Village on a baronial walled estate complete with guest wing, offices, swimming pool and a live-in servant. For recreation, the Kings maintain a mountain retreat in Vail, Colo., a home in Palm Springs, Calif., and an island estate on Maui, Hawaii. He drives a radio-equipped Cadillac, maintains an extensive collection of antique guns, wears monogrammed shirts and cowboy boots, and boasts several

hundred pairs of cuff links, many of them solid gold. "My life-style has not changed in ten years," King has been heard to claim.

How has King been able to retain the trappings of success while facing the fact of failure? As courts and tax investigators across the country unravel the intricacies of King's finances, the story behind his comfortable penury is beginning to emerge. King's decline began in mid-1970 with the much-publicized collapse of Bernard Cornfeld's Investors Overseas Services; in 1969 I.O.S. had provided King Resources with 35% of its revenues by buying oil-exploration and drilling services. As Cornfeld's empire foundered, worried creditors began pressing King Resources and Colorado Corp. for repayment of loans, and King was besieged by his personal creditors. When he filed to reorganize under federal bankruptcy laws last June, his 218-page petition listed 451 creditors ranging from the IRS to a Granby, Colo., drugstore (\$1,000 for beer and penny candy).

Wife's Jewelry. King was well prepared. In mid-1968 he formed the first in a series of trusts for his four children, ages six to 14, with Mercantile Bank & Trust Co. in the Bahamas as trustee. He transferred a major chunk of his Colorado Corp. stock to the trusts, along with his four homes, some real estate on the island of Bali, his gun collection and his wife's jewelry. Investigators have been unable to determine the actual size of the trusts. Creditors are looking for ways to tap them, but the trusts may be untouchable because they are in the children's names.

King even exudes confidence about



dips in production coinciding with dips in the rate of auto deaths." Thus, in the recession year of 1970, auto deaths dropped to 4.9 per 100 million miles traveled, from 5.3 in boom-end 1969. The death rate dropped a bit further last year, to an estimated 4.7, despite the economy's creeping recovery. But the fatality curve, behaving like a lagging indicator, has turned up again in the past five months as the recovery gathered momentum.

The link between prosperity and highway mortality has been known to experts for decades, but nobody has yet figured out the cause. Economic decline, for example, does not bring a drop in the number of miles driven. A reasonable explanation might be that recessions breed a general mood of caution that is reflected in driving habits, while upturns induce expansive feelings that may tempt some drivers to recklessness. But that is only speculation, and has not been substantiated by any studies.

ONE grisly economic indicator that appears on no official charts is again rising: car-accident deaths. Says Don Mela, the U.S. Department of Transportation's chief mathematical analyst: "If you make a graph plotting auto-accident deaths against the index of industrial production, you will find



JOHN KING RELAXING IN HIS OFFICE SUITE ATOP DENVER'S TALLEST BUILDING
Also, a baronial walled estate and cuff links of solid gold.

his chances of making a business comeback. His companies were in serious financial trouble in 1958 and again in 1963, but both times he managed to borrow enough money to save them. This time he is counting on some big oil and gas ventures in the Canadian Arctic and the Sinai Desert to come through for him.

Even King, however, admits that these projects will not pay off for years. Until then, the key to his potential financial resurrection is credit, and the Denver business community feels that King is nearing the end of even his resources for obtaining it. The institutional lenders who bailed him out twice before are probably too concerned now about collecting the \$22 million he already owes them to give any thought to lending him more. King has already hit his trusts for nearly \$5,000,000 in loans in an attempt to keep his companies afloat; it is possible that the trusts may not have much more to lend.

Even if King really is finished as a business power, though, he has indicated to associates that the trusts retain enough assets to support his lavish life-style indefinitely. Meanwhile, King manages to sound as if he were actually enjoying bankruptcy; he notes to friends that he has put on weight recently. "In life," he tells visitors who question the pleasure of fighting 451 creditors, "everything happens for the best if you look for it. Right now, I am having more fun than I have had in a long time."

INSURANCE

Karl the Magic Man

When U.S. builders set a new record last year by starting 2.1 million homes, no one was happier than Max H. Karl, a neat, bespectacled Milwaukee lawyer. With the upsurge in housing providing the push, Karl's MGIC Investment Corp. put a huge dent in what was once the sole domain of the Federal Government: home loan in-

surance. Today MGIC (pronounced magic) has \$6.5 billion worth of insurance in force, compared with \$12 billion insured by the Federal Housing Administration.

That is an especially impressive record considering that Karl, now 61, started only 14 years ago, with \$250,000 borrowed from friends, to compete against the Federal Government in a field in which private enterprise had failed dramatically. What MGIC does essentially is guarantee that it will pay any losses a mortgage lender may suffer if the homeowner cannot meet his monthly payments and the house must be foreclosed. After the Depression wiped out poorly financed private insurers, Government agencies, principally the FHA, were the only source of mortgage guaranty insurance, which most bankers and other lenders require on all mortgages carrying less than a 20% down payment.

Cutting Red Tape. The FHA helped spur the first surge of suburb building in the early postwar years. But in the 1950s, savings and loan associations, the chief source of housing credit, began to shun FHA-insured loans because the agency had a rigid ceiling—5% when MGIC started—on the interest that lenders could charge to home buyers. By offering private insurance, Karl enabled S and Ls to obtain higher interest rates on secure loans and still cut the down payment below 20%. Moreover, Karl successfully slashed through the FHA's red tape. MGIC guarantees to approve or

reject a home loan insurance application within 24 hours; the FHA takes a minimum of a month because it conducts its own investigation of the home buyer's credit and makes its own appraisal of the value of the house. MGIC investigates not the home buyer but the lender; if Karl is convinced that an S and L's loan procedures are sound, his company only spot checks its appraisal and credit reports.

Stock Surge. That formula has worked so well that since 1966, MGIC's profit after tax has quadrupled, to \$16 million, and given the company's stock a rather magical record on Wall Street. Taking into account several stock splits, a MGIC share that sold for 32¢ in 1956 closed 1971 at \$89.25 on the New York Stock Exchange; \$43.50 of the rise came last year alone. But building that kind of success was no easy task.

Karl, whose lawyer-like voice cadences belie the missionary spirit of his words, had to spend years evangelizing in order to sell his idea to state legislatures, many of which had passed laws forbidding the private insuring of mortgage loans, and to S and Ls. He proved so persuasive that New York is now the only state that does not license private mortgage insurers like MGIC. Moreover, MGIC has inspired seven other companies to begin selling the same kind of insurance in recent years. In all, the eight companies carry about as much insurance as the FHA. That fact leads Karl to remark: "By 1980, we hope, the FHA will be restricted to insuring housing for the poor."

MGIC's own potential growth hardly seems restricted. Last October the Government lowered the down-payment requirement on mortgage loans insured by private companies from 10% to 5%. That move, Karl thinks, will open a vast new market for MGIC in insuring loans to young home buyers. By now, too, Karl has expanded far beyond his original business; in the past five years he has started subsidiaries that insure commercial leases for small businessmen and municipal bonds issued by small communities. Now Karl is even building an entire community in Florida. Naturally, he hopes that the mortgage loans on most of the town houses will be insured by MGIC.

MGIC'S KARL WITH NEW HOMES UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN FLORIDA



Ignorance About Health

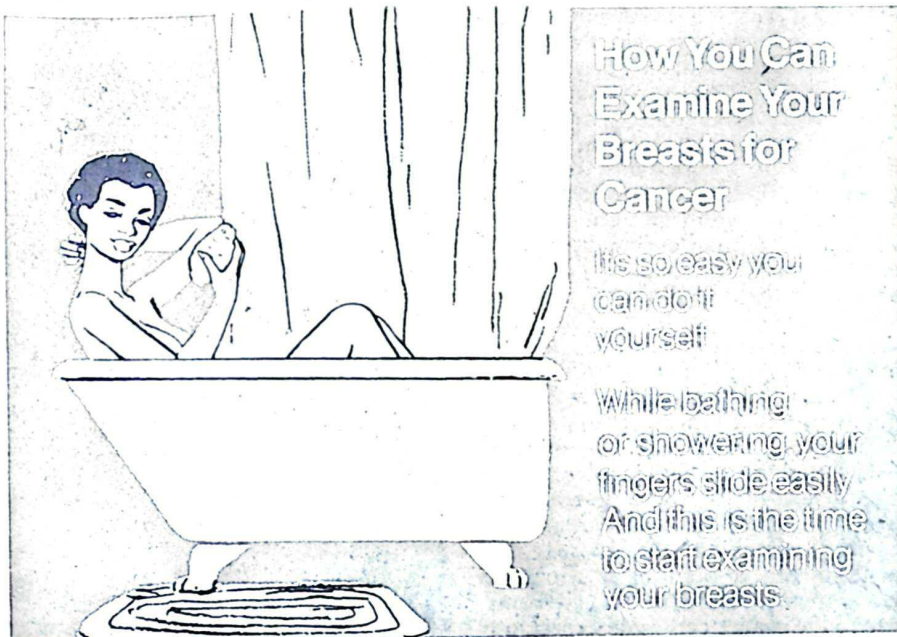
Americans know much less about their own health than they think they do. They ought to have a reasonable layman's knowledge about what symptoms may mean, but ignorance in this area is discouraging, according to a Louis Harris poll commissioned by the Blue Cross Association. People think that they know as much as necessary, the survey of 1,609 showed, but many of them cannot answer specific questions.

The most striking example of overconfidence concerned cancer. Sixty-

thus displayed a classic Freudian resistance; only 18% of the blacks shared that negative attitude.

Having information and acting on it, of course, can be two different things. The survey showed that 81% of those interviewed knew all about the benefits of regular exercise, but only 37% were personally doing anything about it. The Blue Cross sponsors of the study concluded sadly that knowledge in this case "is not very persuasive."

Harris also explored people's sources of medical information. Only a narrow majority (51%) mentioned phy-



AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY BOOKLET WARNING ON BREAST CANCER
People don't know as much as they think they do.

five percent thought that they could recognize the signs; the American Cancer Society, after all, has papered the nation with car cards, posters, leaflets and advertisements listing the "seven warning signals." Yet 30% could not name a single one of the seven, 17% could identify only one, 40% knew two or three signs, and only 13% could cite four or more. Concerning heart disease, 27% could not name a single obvious symptom like shortness of breath or chest pain.

Harris broke down his interview subjects by age, sex, race and educational background. Blacks, the elderly and people with limited schooling did worse than the rest of those questioned. On the cancer signs, 60% of the blacks could not name one, compared with 26% of the whites. Responding to the general questions, however, blacks seemed far better aware than whites of their need to know more. When asked about mental illness, 44% of the whites said they did not want to know more about it, and

sicians. Surprisingly, 52% cited TV, newspaper or magazine advertising as being among their sources. News stories in one medium or another were named by 79%. With a flourish of holier-than-thou rhetoric, the Blue Cross Association concluded: "It is really disgraceful that the American public must obtain a large part of its health knowledge from advertising and by ferreting out medical news from newspapers, magazines and television (much of which news has been so popularized and butchered as to be useless)."

Though health information sometimes is presented badly and tends to err on the side of overoptimism, no useful purpose is served by the Blue Cross scatter-gun blast. The fact is that the quality of health information provided by the lay media has improved over a quarter-century at least as much as health care has. At any rate, whether health information is accepted or retained depends less on the source than on whether the audience is motivated to be receptive.

The FDA as Activist

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration, recently accused by consumer groups of being too permissive toward the industries it is supposed to police, was the activist last week in a variety of fields. Items:

► Americans buy 40 million pairs of prescription eyeglasses a year and an uncounted number of ordinary sunglasses. Now, anyone purchasing a new pair is likely to find that the price has suddenly gone up by \$3 to \$5. This is no evasion of Phase II, but the result of an FDA order that makes it illegal in all 50 states to sell eyeglass lenses that are not "impact resistant." The stronger, safer glass costs more.

The FDA, which set the new requirement to reduce eye injuries, was precise in its standards. The lenses will not be unbreakable or shatterproof, but they must be sufficiently tempered to withstand a specific shock—a steel ball weighing .56 oz. dropped from a height of 50 in. The optician is supposed to make the drop test, aiming at the center of the lens, before releasing the glasses.

► The FDA also announced that it is undertaking a herculean task: the screening for effectiveness of all over-the-counter (nonprescription or "proprietary") drugs marketed in the U.S. No one knows how many there are, though estimates go as high as 500,000, counting competing brands and combinations of the same basic chemicals. The FDA has had authority since 1938 over the safety of drugs, but not until 1962 did Congress give it the power to require proof of their promised performance. The studies now beginning, scheduled to take three years, will be made by panels of non-Government experts. First to be examined will be the antacids, followed by cold preparations, pain killers and mood drugs.

► In a surprisingly stern action, the FDA prepared to pull the plug on virtually all products containing hexachlorophene (HCP). It had already issued a warning (TIME, Dec. 20) against bathing babies with pHisoHex, which contains 3% HCP. The substance penetrates the skin and mucous membranes and has been linked to brain damage in animals—though not, as yet, in man. Touted as a killer of germs and body odors, HCP has been used in many cosmetics, shampoos, soaps and almost all deodorants, notably the "feminine hygiene" variety. Now the FDA has served notice that within 60 days it will ban all further manufacture of cosmetics with even minute amounts of HCP as an active ingredient and will limit the use of skin cleansers containing more than .75% HCP (meaning, principally, pHisoHex and hyperHaze) to hospital and prescription use. Medicated soaps like Dial will be reviewed by one of the panels screening over-the-counter drugs.

Daily Sanity

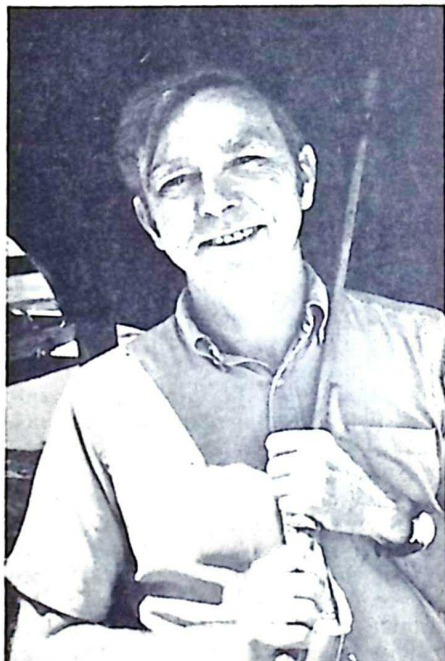
POOR RUSSELL'S ALMANAC

by RUSSELL BAKER

212 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

In the old fairy tale, the grumpy king runs a contest to find a jester who can make him laugh. Unsuccessful contestants go to the block. The winner gets a new suit of motley and the next-to-impossible job of making the king laugh again. In journalism, the dyspeptic despot is usually played by an editor who starts off saying something like "This page is too damn dull. It needs some humor." Serious words are then circulated among the

TOM CONGDON



COLUMNIST RUSSELL BAKER
Misery insists on company.

clever headline writers and droll city-room pinocchio players that there is an opening for a funny columnist.

If the editors and readers are lucky, they may get a durable broad-ax wit like Art Buchwald. If they are very lucky, they find someone like Russell Baker, writer of the New York Times's "Observer" column. At his best, Baker fills his allotted space opposite the editorial page with bizarre, often bleak fantasies about human foolishness. At his second best, he holds a funhouse mirror up to the nature of the consumer state. Baker's "growing family," for example, does not increase numerically but expands through overweight and the excess tonnage of possessions.

Poor Russell's Almanac, Baker's fifth collection of columns and comment, is composed largely of such ticklish visions. The more painful versions often have to do with a variety of mid-

dle-aged, middle-management saps who have congealed in mid-marriage and mid-mortgage. "Misery no longer loves company," says Baker. "Nowadays it insists upon it."

Given his schedule and deadline pressure, Baker does a remarkable job freshening overworked subjects. On the myth of progress, for example, he observed that the Wright brothers' first flight went 120 ft., "which is the length of the line you wait in today to get your baggage." History proves a perishable item when a father, failing to convince his son of the patriotic emotion released by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, concedes that it was a day that "really hasn't survived in infamy as well as we thought it would."

Baker can be bitter: "The sinister nature of the American soil is apparent in places like Gettysburg. Fertilize it with the blood of heroes and it brings forth a frozen-custard stand." Baker can be elegiac, as when he raises the tragic ghost of Abe Lincoln, who says, "A man eventually likes to see the record on himself completed and know that everything is fixed and that his life is in order. I groan every time an archivist discovers another hitherto lost Brady portrait of me."

To use the kind of phrases he lampoons in a piece on reviewers' jargon, Baker is a man of range, sensitive intellect and fertile imagination. He is also a fine stylist whose columns frequently unfurl to defend the language against corruption. But to read 212 pages of him at a sitting is a mistake. He is most effective in his newspaper, where the reader can wade expectantly toward him through bloated accounts of disaster, inhumanity, avarice and hypocrisy. Russell Baker can then best be appreciated doing what a good humorist has always done: writing to preserve his sanity for at least one more day. ■ R.Z. Sheppard

Hustler and Fabulist

GEMINI

by NIKKI GIOVANNI

149 pages. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.95.

*I really hope no white person
ever has cause
to write about me
because they never understand
Black love is Black wealth
and they'll
probably talk about my hard
childhood
and never understand that
all the while I was quite happy.*

These proud words come from Nikki Giovanni's best-known poem, *Nikki-Rosa*. At 28, she is one of the most talented and promising black poets. She is also one of the most visible,

not only because she is beautiful but because she is a shrewd and energetic propagandist. In this interim autobiography, both poet and propagandist underscore that point about black love and happiness. Part memoir and part manifesto, it is a plain-spoken, lively, provocative, confusing book.

The memoir part deals with growing up in a tightly knit, loyal family of social workers in Cincinnati and Knoxville. As a child she had two idols, her glamorous older sister Gary and her grandmother Louvenia. Nikki did all Gary's fighting for her for the excellent reason that Gary was a musician who argued that if her hands were "maimed," the families of her music teachers might starve. Protecting Louvenia was a harder assignment. Nikki's childhood ended the day she realized that her grandmother was dying.

CHESTER HIGGINS, JR. — RAPHO GUILLUMETTE

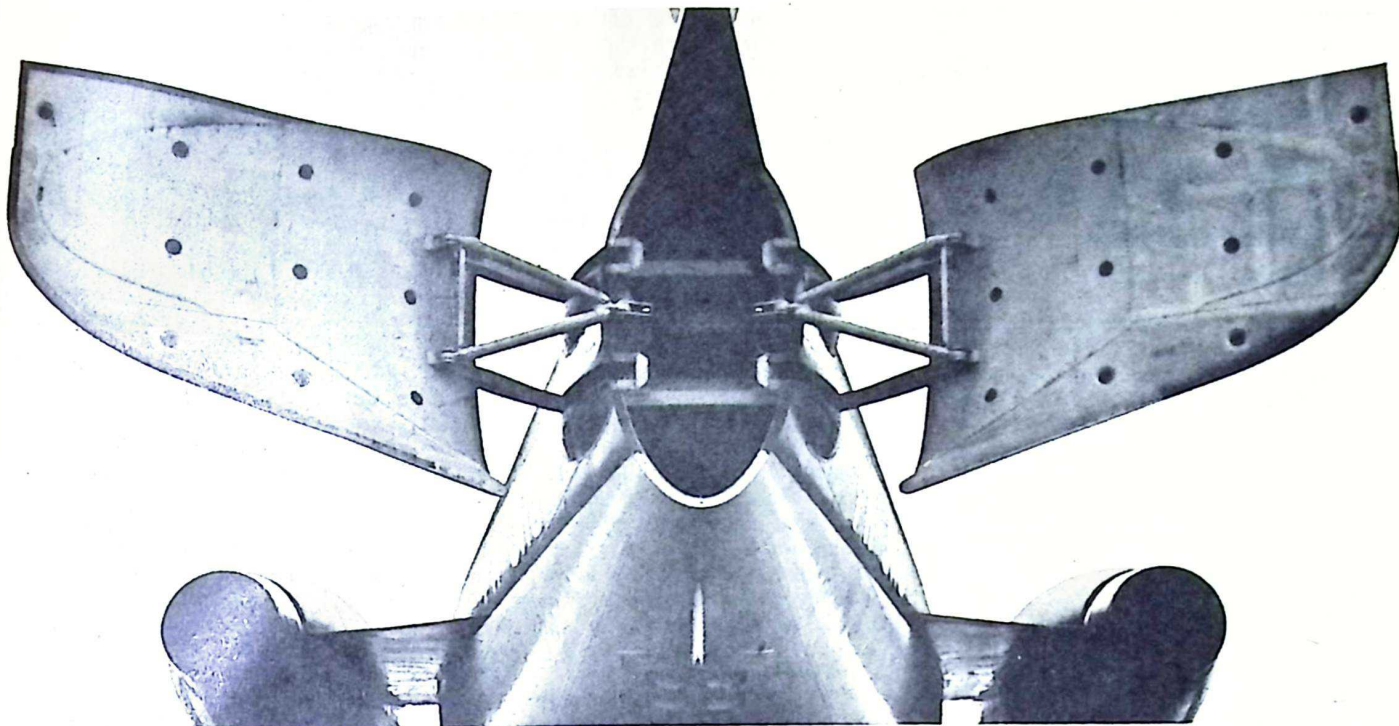


POET NIKKI GIOVANNI
Bulletins of a life.

Uprooted from her old house by a spurious urban-renewal scheme in Knoxville, Louvenia had lost the will to live. She was "gone, not even to a cutoff of a cutoff."

On the subject of her childhood, Miss Giovanni is magical. She meanders along with every appearance of artlessness, but one might as well say that Mark Twain wrote shaggy-dog stories. The little figure in the center—"big, brown eyes, three pigtails and high-top shoes"—is a classic American child, pelting rocks at her enemies from the roof, lining up for all-day movies, eating her liverwurst on raisin bread with mayonnaise.

The later chapters are less autobiography than polemic. The tone swings wildly from bitterness to defiance, from humor to cant, from wisdom to frenzy. The gentlest statement about whites is that "all white people need to be taken out of power, but



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brothers and John Lindsay.

If Nikki Giovanni has ever suffered personally from the color of her skin, she does not admit it. An honor graduate of Fisk (in history) who nearly went into social work too, she has instead taught creative writing at Rutgers and become a major figure in the black oral poetry movement. Hers is a committed social rage. She is capable of scalding rhetoric, but the artist in her keeps interrupting. For one thing, she is a natural fabulist. A tirade on colonialism turns into a series of irresistible parables about the wise and natural black man faced with the petty, scheming honky. Also, she cares too much about language not to kid her own fire breathing, at least occasionally: "I'm essentially a hustler because I'm essentially Black American and that carries essentially a hustling mentality (if you can essentially follow that)."

One feels that *Gemini* will not be her last autobiography. For one thing, she is determined to keep publishing. One of her few deep criticisms of a black is directed at Novelist Ralph Ellison, because he has published no novel since *The Invisible Man* in 1952. "He can put us down and say we are not writers, who are persistently exposing our insides and trying to create a reality."

That is Nikki Giovanni's approach. She keeps sending out bulletins—in poetry, prose, children's books—whether they are neat or messy, rash or reasoned. But one senses a dynamic intelligence behind the shrillest page of *Gemini*. It is a report about a life in progress that demands to be seen. ■ Martha Duffy

Minding the Light

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

by JAN DE HARTOG

677 pages. Atheneum. \$10.

Like lovers, the one thing religious minorities have in common is the conviction that they are unique. Like lovers, they are of course right. But the passion for God, like other passions, obeys certain plot patterns—all subject to certain beginnings, middles and ends. The kindling, the cooling and the rekindling of the Quakers is the present theme of Dutch Novelist-Playwright Jan de Hartog. In this first of two novels in progress, he takes the history of the Religious Society of Friends from Cromwell's England, 1652, to Pennsylvania, 1755, and the brink of the French-Indian war. *The Peaceable Kingdom* is clumsily written. Nevertheless De Hartog, a Friend himself, has managed to indicate the range of religious experience, from hot ecstasy to prim rule of procedure—and sometimes back again. De Hartog's four

George Fox galloping into Lancashire to spread the inner light, rather like a spiritual pyromaniac. Fox received the standard bloody treatment of prophets, and a bit more, at the hands of mobs and at the hands of the Establishment, too. Religious ecstasy, De Hartog makes clear, is the ultimate revolution, to which society reacts with equal and opposite frenzy.

After the seers and prophets, so De Hartog's plot ordains, come the coders and the organizers. In Lancashire, Fox converted Margaret Fell; indeed, he was later to marry her. But in a curious sense she converted Fox, or at least his message, to what suited her: a religion of "service rather than salvation," as De Hartog puts it. He retells how this judge's wife organized the Quakers in prison, sending them letters and survival kits consisting of socks, mufflers, weevil-proof biscuits, a jar of prunes for the bowels' sake, and of course a Bible. In the most affecting chapters of the novel, De Hartog dramatizes Margaret's voluntary descent into the dungeons of Lancashire Castle, where she lived with imprisoned children, including an eleven-year-old boy condemned to be hanged for murder.

The Old Fire. The second- and third-generation inheritors of a faith tend to reduce a passion into a habit. Short on spirit, long on technicality, they are the lettermen. Abruptly jumping 100 years, switching the scene to Pennsylvania, and abandoning historical characters, De Hartog introduces as his letterman a New World Quaker businessman named Isaac Woodhouse. This Early American success figure may have been sober, industrious and honest even with Indians. But, in De Hartog's words, he also showed a positive "genius for compromise." Quaker slaveowners, for instance, intimidated slaves by showing whips without ever actually using them—a fine distinction suggesting that a proudly "peculiar" people had become sadly less peculiar.

After the lettermen come the revivalists. Boniface Baker, the easygoing grandson of a Fox convert and one of De Hartog's compromisers, suddenly catches the old fire again. In his mid-50s, Baker frees his slaves, parcels his indigo plantation among them, and takes off for the frontier. One solid measure of the book is that it makes this radical gesture oddly plausible.

As a religious novelist, Jan de Hartog has serious limitations. He stammers about the inner light, in the words of one character, "like a bout of drunkenness, that's what it was." He is far less comfortable describing Quaker quietism than hanging, lynching and rape. Dubiously, he maintains that all saints have a sense of humor, for his final examples offering a row-

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0207

TIME

**VIETNIK
ADMAN**

dy trapper named Buffalo McHair and a salty Quaker frontierswoman doctor named Guilelma Woodhouse, whose like has not been seen since Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main.

For all his awkwardness and superficiality, De Hartog makes the point that, like a divine infection, hope of human betterment got into the blood of a people and stayed. De Hartog may not be up to the poetry of religious experience. But he does rough justice to the prose—to the Quaker witness expressed in prison reform, compassion for the insane, and final opposition to slavery. These were all ways in which a passion to be perfect transformed itself into a simple, immensely difficult resolution to be good. ■ Melvin Maddocks

History of a Disease

LET HISTORY JUDGE

by ROY A. MEDVEDEV

translated by COLLEEN TAYLOR

566 pages. Knopf. \$12.50.

Not quite 20 years after Stalin's death, a Soviet scholar has produced the most comprehensive and revealing investigation of Stalinism ever to appear anywhere. Roy Medvedev, 46, is a schoolteacher turned historian. Like his twin brother, the prominent geneticist Zhores, he is a dedicated Communist and patriot, who believes in Marxism-Leninism and its vision of the future.* When he set about writing *Let History Judge*, Medvedev was motivated neither by disillusionment with the Bolshevik experiment nor by a desire to discredit the present regime. What he wanted, instead, was to enlighten fellow Soviet Communists about 50 years of their own history and thereby keep the study of "that prolonged disease known as 'the cult of personality'" from being monopolized by bourgeois historians and anti-Communist propagandists. "It is Communists," he writes, "who should be the strictest judges of their own history." He began his work in the thaw that followed Stalin's death. When he was finished twelve years later, the authorities had once again grown defensive. It was only after the Soviet Party Central Committee refused to permit its publication in the U.S.S.R. that Medvedev allowed his manuscript to reach an American publisher.

Besides being the first sustained attempt by a Soviet scholar to deal more or less evenhandedly with the

* The two brothers are prolific writers as well. This is the fourth of their books to reach the West. Zhores' first book, *The Rise and Fall of T.D. Lysenko* (1969), criticized Communist exploitation of questionable genetic theories. Thereafter Zhores turned out *The Medvedev Papers* (TIME, Sept. 27), a survey of censorship and intellectual restrictions in the U.S.S.R. These criticisms led directly to *A Question of Madness* (TIME, Dec. 13), an account by Roy of how party authorities tried to have his brother declared insane.



LENIN & STALIN IN GORKI (1922)

Caught in a paradox.

whole Stalin period, *Let History Judge* surpasses existing literature, Soviet and Western alike, in its panoramic treatment of Stalinism's impact upon individual lives. It singles out the fate of some 600 functionaries and victims of the purges, using intimate details from unpublished memoirs and monographs, deathbed testimonies and confessions, official reports unavailable in the West, and private correspondence, including previously unpublished letters from Lenin and Stalin.

Medvedev quotes from a private family archive an eyewitness account of how Stalin personally led the interrogation and humiliation of his purged Ukrainian party chief, Stanislav Kosior. There is also an authoritative description of the death of Stalin's prewar Aviation Minister, Mikhail Kaganovich, a Jew whom Stalin accused of collaborating with the Nazis. The man was summoned to the office of Anastas Mikoyan, one of Stalin's most durable aides and later Foreign Minister and President of the U.S.S.R., now retired and writing his memoirs. When Kaganovich was confronted with the false evidence against him, he asked permission to use Mikoyan's toilet, where he put a bullet through his head. The source of this story, as retold in *Let History Judge*, is Mikoyan himself.

Nikita Khrushchev's 1956 secret speech to the 20th Soviet Party Congress opened a debate among Marxists over how faithful Communists were to live with the truth that an estimated 20 million murders had been committed in their name by the Stalinist bureaucracy between 1934 and 1953. Khrushchev denounced Stalin as an evil genius who was able to seize control of the party by some terrible historical accident. Medvedev's view is less simplistic. He argues that in every social upheaval there is a fanatical fringe whose idealistic elements can easily be infiltrated by opportunists and criminals. Stalin, according to Medvedev, was both—a man typical

of the "unstable and dishonorable people who join a revolutionary movement and later degenerate into tyrants."

Khrushchev took the line that Stalin's perversion of the Soviet system started with the purges of the '30s. Medvedev is probably the first and certainly the most distinguished Soviet historian to agree with Western critics that Stalin had already begun to corrupt the party during Lenin's lifetime. In one of his few but significant criticisms of the U.S.S.R.'s founding father, Medvedev suggests that Lenin's "natural enthusiasm for people" kept him from recognizing Stalin's villainous character until it was too late.

Medvedev's book (whose title would be more literally translated as "Toward the Court of History") implies that Medvedev sees himself as a prosecutor. His work, however, is remarkably free from both the hostility that often mars Western studies of Russian politics and the dogmatism that distorts Soviet scholarship. For example, Medvedev proves a hard-digging detective, while at the same time a fair judge of evidence, in his handling of the persistent story that Stalin worked as a double agent for the Czarist secret police before the revolution. Much as Medvedev detests the dictator and therefore may have wanted to believe this rumor himself, he reviews the case in nine tightly argued pages, finds it inconclusive and acquits Stalin of the charge.

Let History Judge represents a subtle and sophisticated endeavor by a man of exceptional intellect and high principles to tell the whole truth about a Communist disaster without throwing into doubt the Communist program and philosophy. He fails on the second count. Those chapters that reconstruct what happened under Stalin seem measured and secure as a historical record. But in the more theoretical sections, where he attempts to explain how a Communist revolution could give way to wholesale slaughter of a citizenry by its government, Medvedev is in difficulty. While asserting that Stalin's rise to power was not inevitable and that Stalinism was a "disease," he also knows that the disease raged for more than a quarter of a century and that Soviet society is still not healthy. That Stalin could divert the inevitable progress of history for so long and so catastrophically does not fit easily into even Medvedev's very refined Marxist framework.

Medvedev is convinced—and tries to convince his readers—that Marxism-Leninism, once it recovers from the tragic aberration of Stalinism, is still the best hope for Russia and for all mankind. His reiteration of faith in Lenin pales, however, next to his far more powerful and persuasive indictment of the man whom Lenin himself tolerated and whom a whole generation of loyal Leninists continued to serve.

■ Strobe Talbott

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