

August 2, 1971

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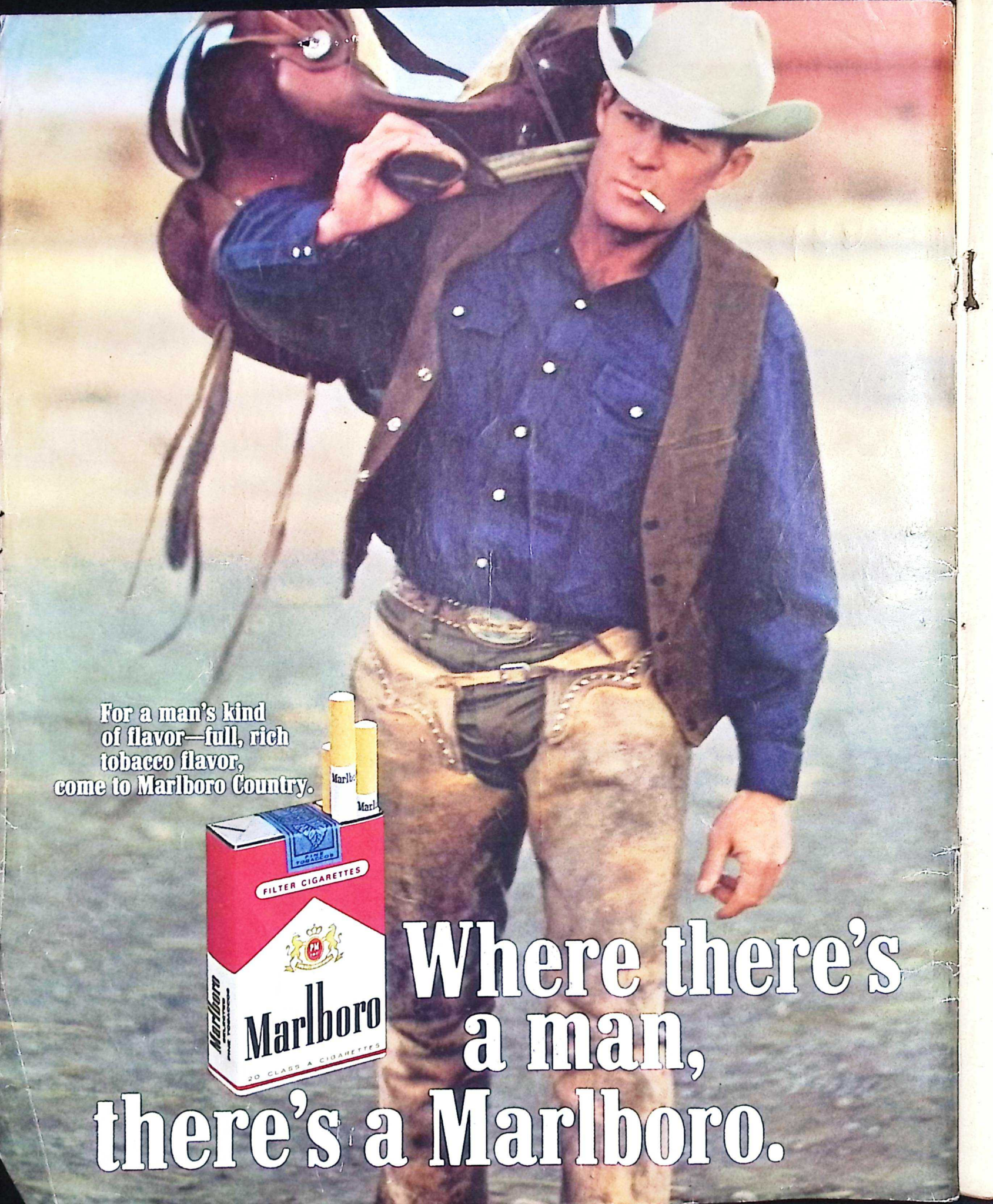
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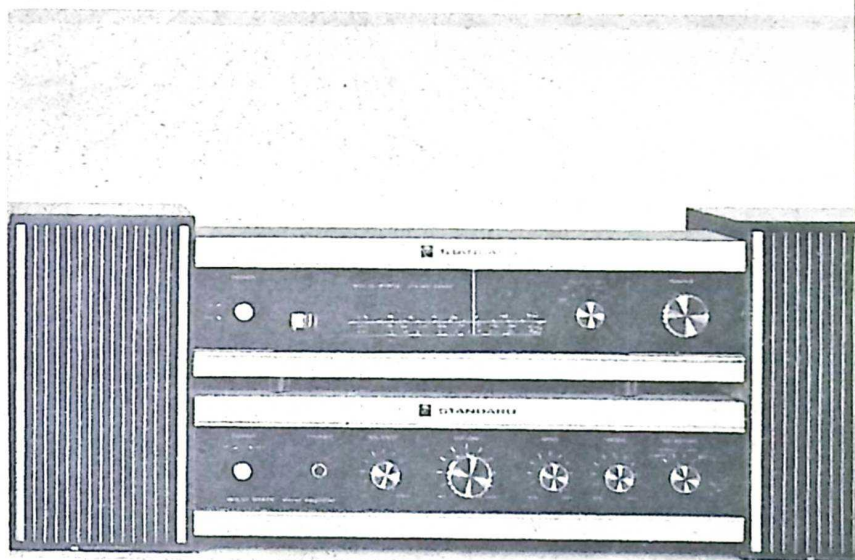
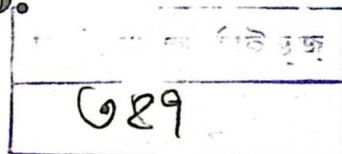
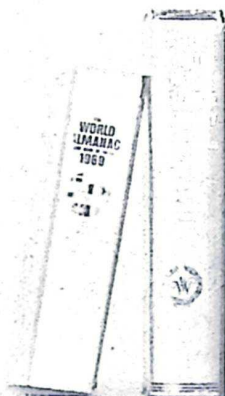


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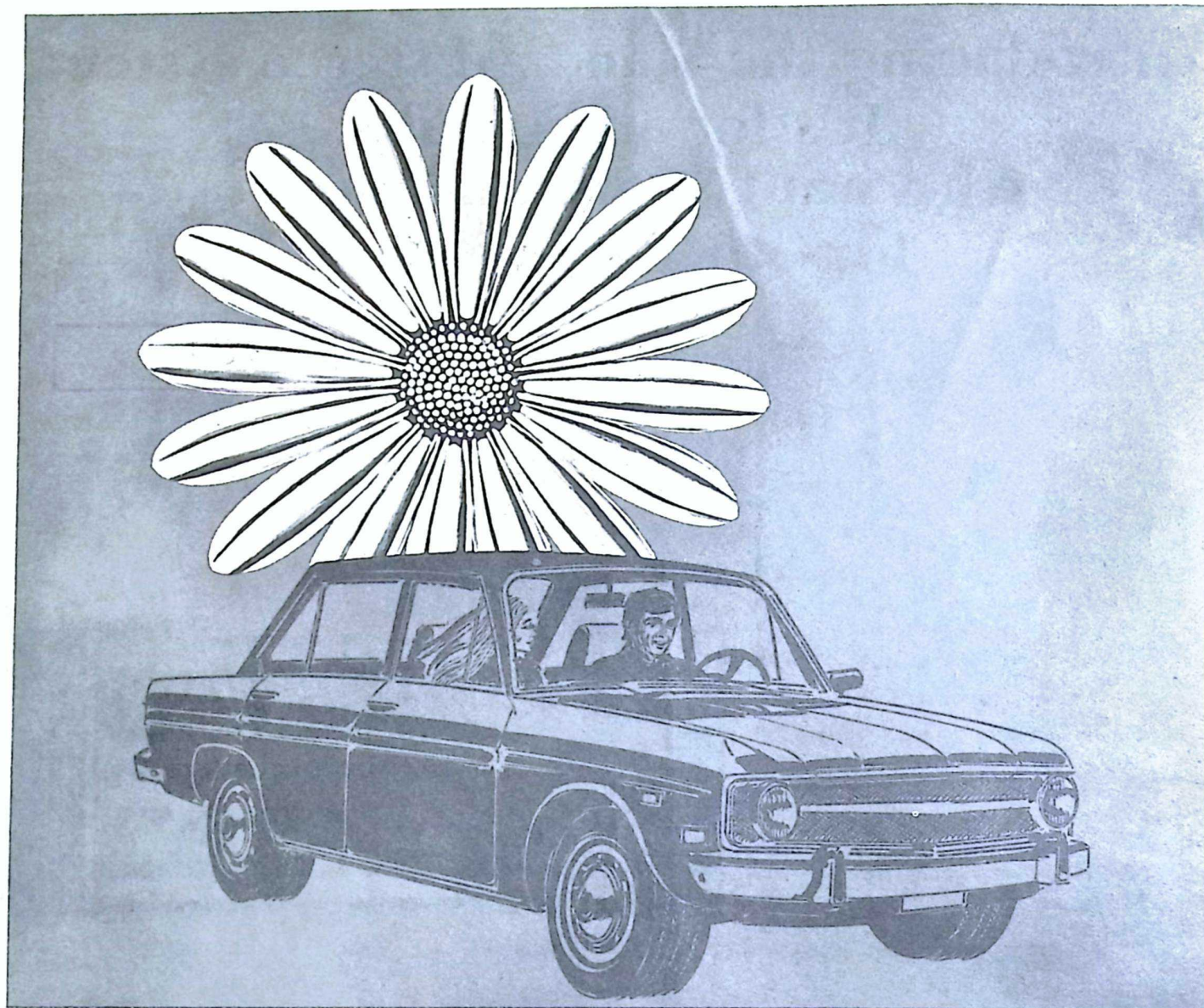
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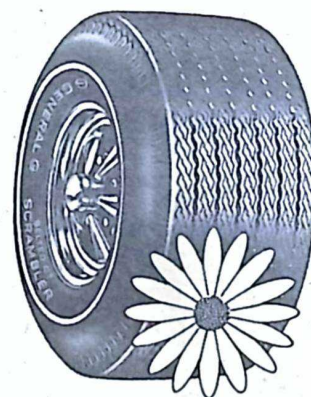
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Bengal: The Murder of a People PAGE 10

Less than two years ago the conscience of the world was stirred by the spectacle of mass starvation in Biafra. Today, with Biafra half forgotten, a new international horror is unfolding. In East Bengal, the Pakistani Army is waging a campaign of bloody extermination that could engulf the major powers in a war nobody wants. From on-scene files by Newsweek's Beirut bureau chief Loren Jenkins and correspondent Tony Clifton, Associate Editor Richard Steele wrote the cover story. In a companion piece, Associate Editor Daniel Chu assesses the politics of U.S. aid to Pakistan. (Cover photo by Peter Carmichael—Transworld Features.)

The Price of Vietnamization PAGE 18

With the pullout of U.S. forces from Indochina proceeding apace, the South Vietnamese Army will soon be facing its most crucial test of the war. And already American officials have begun to talk uneasily about the threat of serious military "slippage" in Vietnam. On the strength of a countrywide survey of South Vietnam by the Saigon bureau and files from Pentagon correspondent Lloyd Norman, Associate Editor Richard M. Smith analyzes the deteriorating military scene in South Vietnam.

QUIZ

What college requires no high-school diploma, never flunks anyone and has a legal staff to keep its students out of jail? (Page 38)

Where was peanut butter banned as an aphrodisiac? (Page 17)

What planet has now emerged as a star? (Page 48)

Why is Mississippi's top black politician supporting a white segregationist in the Democratic primary for governor? (Page 24)

The latest Indian guru to tour the U.S. is (1) 80 years old, (2) 21, (3) 13. (Page 36)

Why won't the small investor buy? (Page 42)

How is Los Angeles Airport trying to solve its noise problem without lowering the noise? (Page 54)

Can a rat be milked by machine? (Page 38)

What U.S. agency got a renewal of its appropriation—without any duties to perform? (Page 21)

A Fresh Look at Florence PAGE 46

In modern eyes, the Florence of the fifteenth century—the Age of the Medici—has always seemed the cradle of a quite literal renaissance, a rebirth of art and learning. But major new museum shows in New York and Cleveland—reviewed by Art editor Douglas Davis and illustrated in a two-page color portfolio—reveal the city from another perspective. The Florentines, writes Davis, "were 500 years closer to the otherworldly ideals of the Middle Ages than we, and their art... shows it."



A Florentine lady

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LETTERS

Southwest Africa

I wish to congratulate you on your courageous and honest report "Holding on Tight" (INTERNATIONAL, July 5). It differs from the usual popular recital of hearsay denouncement of all things South African, particularly insofar as your reporter recorded his factual, firsthand observations. You mentioned some of those things that are anathema to the critics of South Africa: such as how the 1962 U.N. fact-finding mission was subjected to extreme obloquy for daring to report, as did your reporter, that there was no indication of genocide, a threat to world peace, injustice to non-whites, etc. Other persons who have similarly failed to conform to the popular vitriolic hatred of South Africa have been similarly castigated by the world's jingoes. NEWSWEEK's report makes it clear that the refusal of the World Court and of the United Nations to accede to a fact-finding visit or a plebiscite demonstrates that the jingoes apprehend further justification of the policies of South Africa.

BRIAN McLOUGHLIN

Vereeniging, South Africa

■ The white government of South Africa will never be deterred by any ruling against it. And as long as it is supported by the U.S. and British governments, South Africa will never desist from applying apartheid.

The report filed by Peter Younghusband may be true, but it would be naïve to believe that the Pretoria government would invite members of the international press to show the oppressive nature of apartheid. You say that South Africa's blacks are relatively well off, which I do not believe, but even so, the malady in South Africa is not one of economics, but of racism.

ANTONIO RESTUCCIA

Asmara, Ethiopia

■ To be sure, the U.N. Security Council has the power to order the seizure of the mandate territory. But such action would only be legal if it were undertaken to deal with a threat to or breach of the peace, or an act of aggression—and then only for the purpose of maintaining or restoring international peace and security. South Africa does not pose a threat to anybody. The threat is directed against South Africa.

DANIEL JOHN SOBIESKI

Chicago, Ill.

■ So, Peter Younghusband during his tour of Southwest Africa "saw no evidence of the genocide or concentration camps alleged by some critics of the Pretoria government." How could he when he and others "largely followed" the route the government had planned for them.

AGHO' SOKUNBI

Lagos

'Continuing Atrocity'

Thank you for the forthright, graphic report from Tony Clifton on why 6 million persons have fled in terror from their

homes in East Pakistan (INTERNATIONAL, June 28). NEWSWEEK magazine should run another story probing the colossal indifference of the citizens of the United States to this continuing atrocity—which by the time famine has taken its toll may easily surpass the genocide perpetrated by the Nazis.

Why is there no outcry when the State Department meekly permits two shiploads of arms to leave for Karachi despite the announced ban on military aid to Pakistan? The excuse that the shipments were arranged before the ban is too transparent to fool a child!

It is truly a measure of the corruption and distortion of our values that the U.S. public becomes incensed when one of "our boys" is convicted of wanton killings of civilians in Vietnam and then in turn scarcely reacts at all when the U.S. Government helps to supply and finance the worst slaughter of an unarmed populace in decades.

SCOTT C. MOHR

Newton Highlands, Mass.

Foo Foo

In the article "In the Fattening House" (LIFE AND LEISURE, July 5), NEWSWEEK defines foo foo as "pounded yams." But to say it is just that would lose its very essence. Foo foo can be made from a variety of things—green plantain, cassava and cocoyam—to name but a few. Nor is foo foo just pounded. The making of foo foo requires not only the right *kind* of yam or plantain, but skill on the part of both the pounder and the turner in order to achieve the correct starchy state. Otherwise, everything is spoiled. Foo foo may be fattening, but it's delicious!

ABENA OTENG

Cape Coast, Ghana

The Presidential Nomination

An item in THE PERISCOPE (July 12) suggests that I would favor Sen. Hubert Humphrey should my bid for the Presidential nomination fail. I must confess I find that surprising because who gets my support is not a topic of thought or conversation in this office. We expect to win the nomination and have not given the slightest consideration to what we might do if the nomination goes to some other person.

As I have said repeatedly, anyone other than myself who gets the nomination will have to do it by beating me. Although it is far too early to discuss my support for that person should he appear, I will say, at this juncture, that my support for the nominee will be determined totally by the positions he has taken on all major issues up to that point. In short, there is no truth in the item.

Sen. GEORGE McGOVERN

Washington, D.C.

✓NEWSWEEK is happy to print Sen. McGovern's letter but stands by its story.

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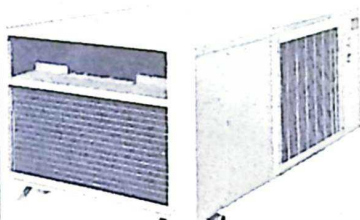
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Digging for lignite with kilowatts?

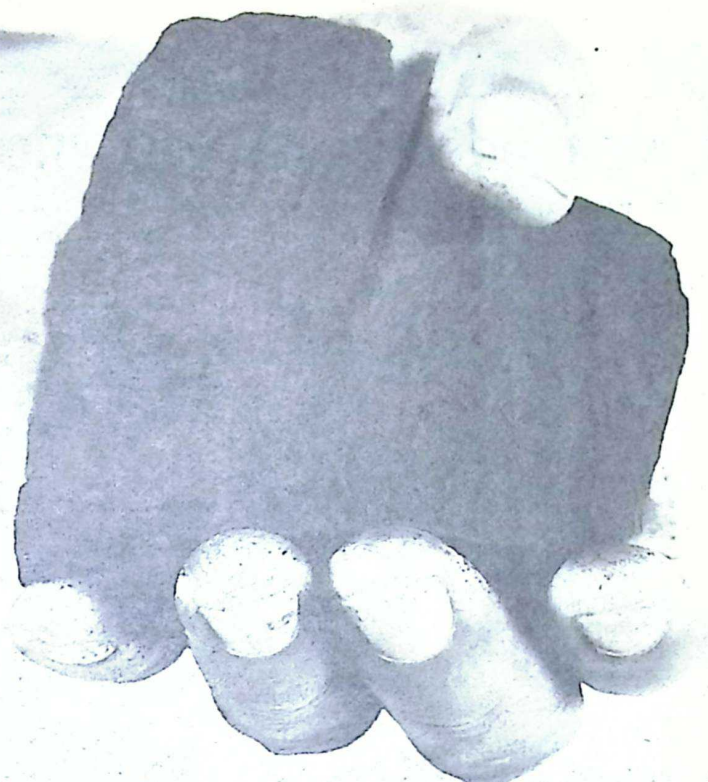


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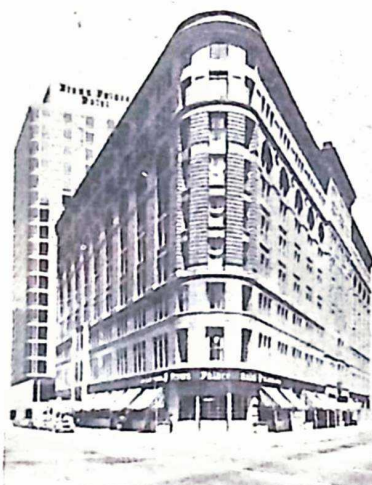
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NEW PRODUCTS AND PROCESSES

Paper Cocoon: Disposable paper sleeping bags that will protect campers from cold and rain for as long as two weeks have been introduced by Reed Medway Sacks, Ltd., of Maidstone, England (photo). The sleeping bags, called Sleep Dri, are made of three plies of tough, wet-strength kraft paper. The outer layer is formed of a plastic membrane sandwiched between two layers of the paper to provide a showerproof barrier. The second ply is of plain kraft and the third, forming the lining, is of a soft creped paper. A layer of expanded polystyrene interleaved between the plies and beneath the sleeper's body retains body warmth and protects against cold from the ground, while the fi-

Laboratories says an error rate of less than one incorrect "bit" in a billion can be achieved.

Hot Shot: A source of instant hot water for campers and sportsmen has been introduced by Sizzler Sales, Inc., of Salt Lake City, Utah. The new water heater, called Little Sizzler, weighs less than 10 pounds, operates on a standard 14-ounce propane cartridge and keeps the hot water flowing without bulky storage tanks. A plastic hose draws water from any available lake or stream and a hand-operated pump on the top of the unit feeds the water through the heating element. Hot water issues from a spigot on the side of the Little Sizzler, its tem-



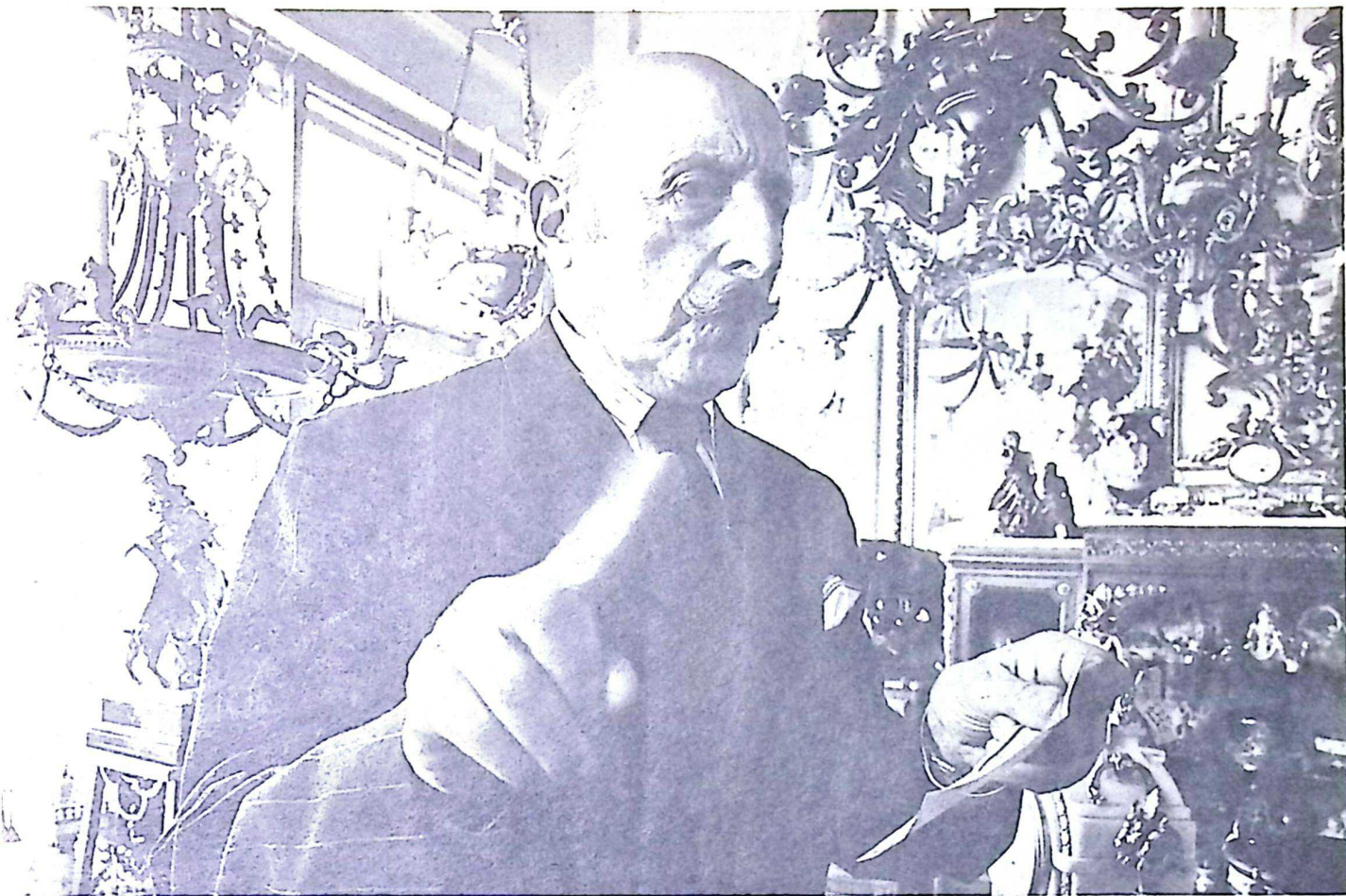
bers of all three plies of paper are resin-treated to make them moisture resistant. The Sleep Dri weighs only 24 ounces, and at the end of a camping trip, can be used as a litter bag. Price: \$1.08.

Sorting Out the Babble: A new digital communications system will be able to carry more than 4,400 simultaneous telephone conversations over two 50-pair cables—quadruple the number now possible. The system, called T2, is currently undergoing field tests at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Murray Hill, N.J. In addition to voice telephone traffic, the T2 system will transmit data, facsimile and, when commercially available, Picturephone service. The high capacity of the system is achieved by transmitting the information in the form of electrical pulses. Separate communications are broken into groups of pulses which are "interleaved" into a single stream for high-speed transmission at a rate of 6.3 million bits per second. Bell

perature determined by the rate of flow—the slower one pumps the higher the temperature of the water. Price: \$43.95.

Seams Easy: Torn garments can now be mended without thread or needle through the use of StarDust Powder, a chemical product developed by the Naval Jelly Co. of Kansas City, Kans. To mend a rip, the torn edges of the fabric are drawn together, sprinkled with StarDust Powder and ironed. The chemical, a complex protein, welds the torn edges together so firmly, says the manufacturer, that they will withstand complete dry cleaning or repeated washings in hot water. The mend will retain the stretch characteristics of the surrounding fabric and the material will not stiffen or discolor. In addition to its use in mending, StarDust Powder can be used to form hems, to weld zippers in place, or to attach emblems, letters and decorations to garments made of any material. Price: \$5.95.

For further information, write NEWSWEEK New Products Dept., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



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Everyone moved out before it moved in.



Cyclones hit suddenly and, sometimes, without warning. But now, people frequently can be forewarned, often in time to move out before the cyclone moves in.

In the South Pacific, for example, Australian weathermen using computers can predict more accurately when a cyclone will strike. Or give speedy information on the location of jet streams to pilots in flight.

Because computers can handle more sophisticated data more quickly than by hand,

these meteorologists feed information from other national and regional stations, some as far away as South Africa and South America, into the machine several times a day. It makes and checks thousands of calculations, compares them to many years of weather history and makes possible more dependable forecasting for the area.

The Australian forecasts are relayed from Melbourne to the two other world weather centres in Washington and Moscow. These three centres work together, exchanging meteorological data and preparing global weather maps.

Whether it's keeping ahead of disastrous weather in Australia, infectious disease in Italy or food crop failure in India, men around the world are looking for better ways to do things with computers to help them.

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THE PERISCOPE

MOSCOW AND MR. NIXON'S TRAVELS

The Kremlin's top man, Communist Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, has summoned his opposite numbers in East Europe to a private meeting at his Black Sea summer home to discuss Mr. Nixon's Peking visit. The Russians, incidentally, say they got word of Henry Kissinger's hush-hush trip while he was still in China, and Washington observers think it came from Rumania's President Nicolae Ceausescu, who helped arrange the meeting with Chou En-lai.

A BLACKOUT FOR CHRISTMAS?

Lengthening odds on a coal strike in October have sparked worries about serious power blackouts this winter. By October, power plants, which get 55% of their energy from coal, will have a 75-day supply on hand—enough to last until just before Christmas. The strike outlook is darkening because Mine Workers boss Tony Boyle, in trouble with his members, needs a big settlement, one putting wages up to \$50 a day (vs. the present \$37), plus bigger pensions. Coal operators say they can't meet such demands.

DANIEL ELLSBERG'S VIETNAM BOOKS

Daniel Ellsberg, the man with the Pentagon papers, is writing a 10,000-word introduction for a Dell paperback of his own writings on Vietnam. The book will include his Senate testimony on the war. Ellsberg will give his five-figure advance and all royalties to the American Friends Service Committee for their work with war-wounded Indochinese children. MIT has extended his contract to complete "The Decision-Making Process in the Vietnam War," which it hired him to write last year.

PLOY IN PANAMA

Panama's strongman, Gen. Omar Torrijos, is hinting broadly that he has an ace to play in dicker-ing with Washington over the Panama Canal Zone. If he doesn't get full control of the 10-mile-wide zone, Torrijos says, he will recognize the Castro government. He apparently thinks the thought of Castro representatives in so sensitive an area will prompt the U.S. to give Torrijos a deal that will make him a national hero.

THE CHINESE TRIP'S BACKLASH

Republican Party fund raisers find it hard to join the cheers for President Nixon's plans for China. The reason is that some of their biggest contribu-

tors have told Senate and House GOP campaign managers they are closing their checkbooks over "the sellout of Chiang Kai-shek."

BUSINESS VS. THE BIRDS

Conservationists are moving to counter what they see as a fatal threat to the rare giant California condor, now down to a total of 40 to 60 birds. U.S. Gypsum wants a Federal OK for open-pit phosphate mining in the Los Padres National Forest outside Los Angeles. The 1892 mining laws would permit this, but the pro-condor forces, noting that the mine would be only a mile and a half from the condor sanctuary, say it means the end of another rare species.

THE HIGH PRICE OF PURITY

The White House is about to get the first official estimate on the cost of cleaning up the environment. The figure, worked up by the President's Council on Environmental Quality, is a staggering \$100 billion over the next five years.

A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN

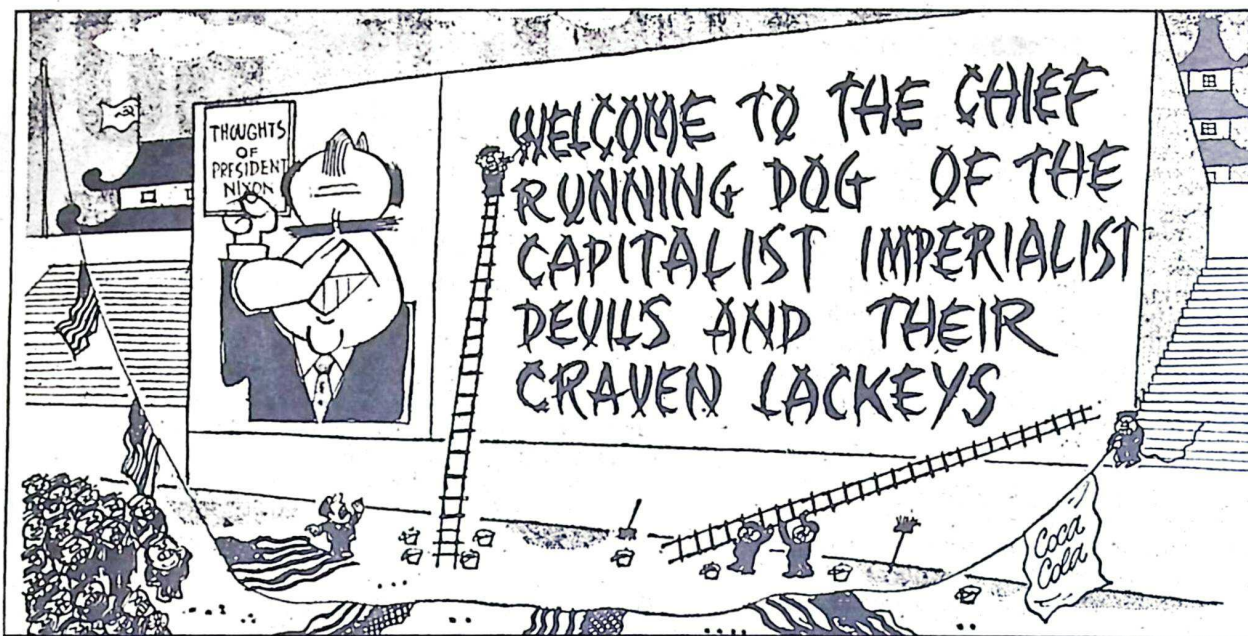
Chile may have a Marxist government, but its air force is willing to ignore the party line for a bargain. Russia offered to sell Chile SU-7 jet fighter-bombers and MIG-21 fighters. The Chileans liked the bombers but rejected the MIG's, preferring cheaper, U.S.-made Northrop F-5s.

A DECISION BY MAYOR LINDSAY?

New York's GOP Sen. Jacob Javits, a man with close ties to New York City's Republican Mayor John Lindsay, has stopped throwing cold water on predictions that His Honor will switch parties. Javits is unhappy about it but is now certain the mayor has decided to go for the Democratic Presidential nomination in next year's primaries.

NEW BOOST FOR ATOMIC POWER

Private atomic-energy users may soon get a big boost from Congress. Present law limits the value of free material the Federal government can give a private company to \$20 million. (The dollar value is computed by the Atomic Energy Commission.) The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy wants to change that and let the government's contribution run up to half the cost of a plant. Thus, companies bidding for the \$500 million fast-breeder power plant proposed by President Nixon for 1980 could get up to \$250 million in free data, material and hardware.



"Chairman Mao says, 'Please have another go' "

Sunday Mirror, London

The Long, Bumpy Road to Peking

The news from China had come like a whiff of incense, sending much of the nation on an Oriental high. And then, as was inevitable, the euphoria began to evaporate, and suddenly it was time for some sober second thoughts about Richard Nixon's forthcoming meeting with Chou En-lai. Clearly, a generation of visceral hatred and fear could not be swept aside even by a Presidential mission half way around the globe. And even while holding to the hope that Mr. Nixon's trip to Peking might herald a new era of peace in Asia, thoughtful Americans last week were giving consideration to the pitfalls into which Mr. Nixon might conceivably stumble.

After the dramatic return from his secret rendezvous with Chou two weeks ago, Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger carefully cautioned that the road to the summit was strewn with obstacles. And last week the nature of some of those obstacles emerged more clearly. In a conversation with a group of visiting American scholars, Chou En-lai indicated that China, rather than being in a mood for compromise, still insisted on a U.S. withdrawal from all of Indochina as a precondition for peace. From the Soviet Union came evidence of concern and displeasure at Washington's overtures to Peking. And it became painfully apparent that by gambling on the possibility of a détente with China, the U.S. was also gambling with the loyalty of two previously reliable allies—Nationalist China and, more important, Japan.

Though none of this was unforeseen,

it was still sobering. And no one was more keenly aware of the risks besetting the new China policy than Richard Nixon himself. Because of the timing of his trip—possibly just as next spring's Presidential primaries are getting into high gear—Mr. Nixon had invested immense political capital in achieving something of substance in Peking. If the trip should fall through or, worse yet, the President should return from China with empty hands, his chances of re-election would surely be damaged. And there was little doubt that his countrymen would judge the President's performance by their own high expectations. Just how high those expectations were was made plain last week by Senate Republican leader Hugh Scott. "I would think," said Scott, "that the fixing of May 1972 as the latest date when the President would visit mainland China would indicate that by that time we would probably have no combat troops in Southeast Asia."

Restraint: That was the kind of talk that gave the White House cold chills. To discourage such speculation, the Administration clamped a tight lid on information concerning the President's trip. And during a briefing for Congressional leaders last week, Mr. Nixon declared: "I would appreciate it very much if you would all be good enough to exercise restraint and hold down the speculation . . . It might disturb an ongoing process." Emerging from that session, Hugh Scott dutifully declared: "I think it essential that members of Congress not engage in too much speculation."

But inevitably, some details of the "ongoing process" did leak out. One was that secret negotiations to prepare for Mr. Nixon's trip were already under way, probably in Paris—and soon, no doubt, would be transferred to Ottawa where Chinese Ambassador Huang Hua took up residence last week (following story). Another was that to avoid a repetition of the abortive 1960 summit conference between President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev the U.S. has suspended all spy-plane flights over China. More beguiling than these tidbits were indications that no hope is actually held for the "tender shoot" of U.S.-China relations to blossom into a full-fledged Indochina peace. Rather, the best hope for peace is still seen to lie in the Paris talks where, for reasons that they refused to explain, officials predicted a breakthrough in the coming months.

The North Vietnamese will, of course, have something to say about that. And judging by their reaction to the Sino-American rapprochement, they hardly seemed in the mood for sweet reasonableness. In an editorial published by the official Hanoi daily Nhan Dan, the North Vietnamese warned that they would reject "any compromise between the big powers in an attempt to make smaller countries bow to their arrangements." Significantly, within hours after that editorial was broadcast by Hanoi, both Peking and Moscow weighed in with statements supporting the latest Viet Cong peace plan—a plan that has been virtually rejected by the U.S.

All this might reflect no more than preliminary—and hence negotiable—bargaining positions. But in a more immediate matter, the question of Chinese representation in the U.N., Washington also found itself stymied. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had so far refused to answer a personal letter from Mr. Nixon in which the President restated the U.S. guarantee of Taiwan's security—and asked the Nationalists how they would respond if Peking were admitted to the U.N. Chiang's silence forced Washington to postpone its planned announcement of a new American position on China and the U.N. But the broad outlines of that position were already clear: almost certainly, the U.S. was ready to drop its 21-year-old battle to deny Peking a seat on the Security Council and in the General Assembly. At the same time, the U.S. hoped to keep Taiwan in the U.N. by balking any move to expel the Nationalists from the General Assembly. In all this, there was one hitch: it was highly doubtful whether Taiwan would stay in the U.N. on such terms—and, if it did, whether Peking would accept this two-Chinas solution.

Outcry: In the end, Washington could live with Taiwan's hostility. More serious was the damage Mr. Nixon's initiative threatened to do to U.S. relations with Japan. Outraged by the Administration's failure to inform him in advance of the sudden shift in U.S. China policy, Japan's Premier Eisaku Sato declared that he too was ready to travel to Peking. That, however, did not muffle the growing outcry in Japan against the U.S. turnabout on China—a switch in international affairs that some Japanese journalists compared to the Hitler-Stalin pact. Fully half of the members of the lower house of the Japanese Parliament came out last week in favor of establishing relations with Peking. And all but one of the Japanese shipping companies involved in the lucrative Taiwan trade canceled their regular schedules.

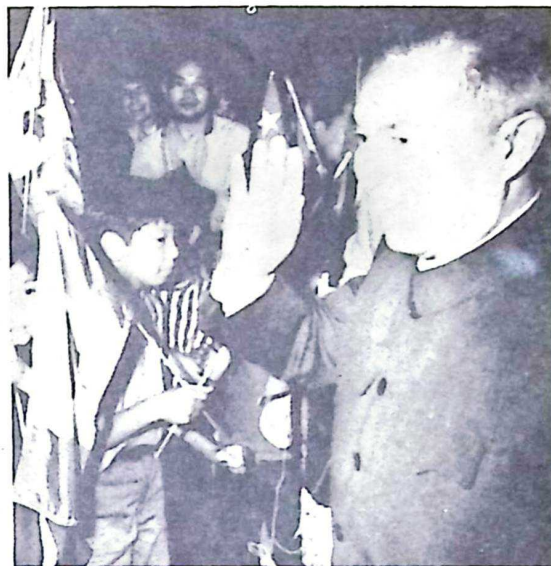
Almost surely, the Administration had underestimated the seismic impact that news of the President's trip would have in Japan. And that, in turn, led some people to wonder just how carefully Mr. Nixon and Dr. Kissinger had thought through their China scenario. No doubt, one of the Administration's major hopes is that the Sino-American breakthrough will put the Kremlin on the spot—and that, from now on, the Soviet Union will be even more forthcoming on such issues as strategic arms limitation talks and the status of Berlin. That, however, could prove to be wishful thinking—as could so many of the hopes held out for Mr. Nixon's dramatic new venture. Indeed, the week's events illuminated so clearly the potential pitfalls on the road to Peking that some analysts began to think that Mr. Nixon would not have launched so great a gamble unless U.S.-Chinese talks had already taken certain hopeful turns that are yet to be divulged.

The Chinese Ambassador

"Oh no! Here comes Huang Hua wearing his 'God of War' mask." Among American delegates attending the Korean Armistice talks at Panmunjom back in 1953, that was a regular complaint whenever the chief Chinese representative strode grimly toward the negotiating table clearly prepared for an anti-American tirade. Once, in a moment of special vitriol, Huang looked directly at his U.S. opposite, Arthur H. Dean, and told him: "When you eat mutton, you stink all over." (To which Dean replied: "Your mention of lamb chops reminds me it's way past lunchtime, so I move that we all adjourn.") But on another occasion, as the U.S. delegation was about to storm out and scuttle the talks, Huang pleaded in English: "Come back, come back!"

In coming months, U.S. diplomats will undoubtedly get new opportunities to probe the many masks of Huang Hua. For last week, Huang arrived in Ottawa to take up his post as Communist China's first ambassador in North America. (He will live in the rambling former residence of the capital's Anglican archbishop.) That, of course, puts him within easy travel distance of Washington. Indeed, as Peking's foremost "Americanologist," Huang has already played a key role in the new dialogue between Washington and Peking. He was, among other things, entrusted with the assignment of preparing the secret talks between Chou En-lai and Henry Kissinger.

Tough: Under these changed circumstances, Huang Hua (a nom de guerre meaning "Yellow Blossom") is expected to put on a happy face. And the switch should cause him no great strain. A sparkling conversationalist in both Chinese and English, Huang mixes easily with Americans whenever he chooses to do so. Yet, when the situation demands, he can transform himself into a tough negotiator. "He was a good example of the best Chinese bargainer—ingenious, resourceful,



Huang arrives in Canada

always well-briefed . . . a forceful advocate utterly dedicated to the Chinese position," recalls former U.S. Ambassador Kenneth Young, who watched Huang in action in Panmunjom.

Born about 58 years ago (precise data on his early life is notably scant in the West), Huang first made his mark as a student leader in what was then the American-supported Yenching University in Peking. There, his role in organizing student protests against Japanese encroachment into Chinese territories twice landed him in jail. In 1936, he accompanied American journalist Edgar Snow into the Chinese Communist stronghold at Yen-an, where he came to the attention of Mao & Co. Over the years, as Chou En-lai's protégé, Huang rose to prominence in tandem with his mentor. As Chou's trusted aide, Huang was dispatched to such diplomatically sensitive posts as Nkrumah's Ghana and Nasser's Egypt during the 1960s. When Peking's ambassadors were called home in droves during the cultural revolution, Huang was the only major Chinese diplomat to remain at his post abroad—a sign of Peking's confidence in his ability and loyalty.

Huang's current assignment further reinforces his reputation as a rising star in Peking. In Ottawa he will be operating the nearest thing to a Chinese Communist mission to the U.S. His new embassy, which temporarily occupies a top-floor suite in an Ottawa apartment building, is already deluged with visa applications from Americans hoping to travel to mainland China. And Huang is expected to work closely with U.S. ambassador to Canada Adolph Schmidt in negotiating detailed arrangements for President Nixon's visit to Peking. Ottawa, in short, will serve as the chief diplomatic conduit between the U.S. and China pending the establishment of direct relations. When—and if—that finally occurs, it seems all but certain that Huang Hua will take up residence in Washington.



The ambassador's Ottawa residence



Photoreporters

Bengali victims in East Pakistan: 'Civilized men cannot describe the horror that has been done'



Bengal: The Murder of a People

It seemed a routine enough request. Assembling the young men of the village of Haluaghat in East Pakistan, a Pakistani Army major informed them that his wounded soldiers urgently needed blood. Would they be donors? The young men lay down on makeshift cots, needles were inserted in their veins—and then slowly the blood was drained from their bodies until they died.

Govinda Chandramandl forgets who told him first, but when he heard that an amnesty had been pledged to all refugees, he immediately set off on the long walk home. With his two teen-age daughters by his side, Chandramandl trudged through monsoon-drenched swamplands and past burned-out villages. When he neared his scrap of land, soldiers stopped him. As he watched in helpless anguish, his daughters were raped—again and again and again.

He was about 3 years old, and his mother was still in her teens. They sat on ground made muddy by the steady drizzle of the summer rains. The baby's stomach was grotesquely distended, his feet swollen, his arm no thicker than a man's finger. His mother tried to coax him to eat some rice and dried fish. Finally, the baby munched the food feebly, wheezed—and died.

Few people seem more alien to Westerners than the Pakistanis. When thousands of them perish in various natural disasters that regularly plague their country, the newspaper accounts of their suffering have a curious unreality. And yet today, no one can escape the nightmare vision of Pakistan's civil war: a quarter of a million Bengalis dead, an-

other 6 million or more driven into desperate exile as the result of a deliberate effort to terrorize an entire people. It is as if a city the size of Bonn, Germany had been obliterated and the population of London made suddenly homeless. Even in a world jaded by war and atrocity, suffering on that scale still comes as a sickening shock.

And there is more to it than that. Far more horrifying than the prospect that Pakistan may destroy itself are the signs that its brutal civil war could spark yet another, wider conflict between Moslem Pakistan and its archenemy, Hindu India. Last week, Pakistan's President Mohammed Yahya Khan angrily declared that if India expands its surreptitious support of Bangla Desh, as the secessionist Bengal nation is known, "I shall declare a general war—and let the world take note." The world would have to. For should that happen, Pakistan's ally, China, and India's ally, Russia, would be hard-pressed to avoid involvement. And the United States could be faced with the dangerous necessity to choose sides.

Already, the realities of geopolitics have confronted the U.S. with the thankless task of choosing between strategic and humanitarian considerations. Straining to preserve its influence with Yahya's government, yet anxious to help the suffering Bengalis, America has succeeded only in embroiling itself in a bitter controversy (box, page 12). Last week that controversy was intensified when Sen. Edward Kennedy disclosed the contents of confidential messages from U.S. diplomats in Pakistan. "SPECTER OF FAMINE HANGS OVER EAST PAKISTAN," read one cable. "PROSPECTS FOR AVERTING WIDESPREAD HUNGER, SUFFERING AND PERHAPS STARVATION NOT RE-

PEAT NOT GOOD." Kennedy's clear implication was that the Nixon Administration was seeking to cover up the magnitude of the Bengali tragedy. And, not content with that, he went on to intimate that the U.S. had plans to send police teams to East Pakistan to help Yahya's Punjabi soldiers suppress Bengali resistance.

Two Divergent Cultures

Such a cold-blooded move, should it ever come to pass, would ensnarl the U.S. in one of the most intractable racial and cultural conflicts of modern times. Physically and politically, Pakistan is unique among the world's nations; between its rugged, relatively empty western region and its desperately overpopulated eastern region lie 1,000 miles of Indian territory. And more than space divides the two parts of Pakistan. It is a nation of two radically divergent cultures, of two totally different peoples who have despised each other through history. The lighter-skinned, aggressive Punjabis of West Pakistan scorn the Bengalis of the east as spiritless peasants or tricky tradesmen. And the Bengalis, whose rich rice land and lucrative jute crops have paid Pakistan's bills ever since the founding of the country in 1947, regard the Punjabis as barbarians—and, to make matters worse, oppressive barbarians who have monopolized Pakistan's government and army. Snapped one Bengali leader: "We have never

Fleeing the threat of violent death in their homeland, thousands of Bengali refugees in India have met a slower death in exile. The woman at right died from cholera on the way to the hospital.

Keytone Press Agency Ltd.

Newsweek, August 2, 1971



কলিম সাহিত্যবিশারদ কেন্দ্র
চট্টগ্রাম
বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়
জাদুঘর
সং নং.....
১৯৮৮/৮৮



Bruno Barbey—Magnum

Donald McCullin—The Sunday Times



been anything but a colony of the west."

Chafing after decades of subjugation, the Bengalis responded with frenzied enthusiasm when their fiery, leonine hero, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, led them to the polls last December in Pakistan's first free elections after twelve years of military rule. Spurred on by the flamboyant oratory of Mujib (as his worshipful followers call him), the Bengalis voted in such numbers that Mujib and his Awami League won an absolute majority of seats in the country's new National Assembly. Suddenly it seemed that Bengal's time had come. But as it turned out, Mujib's platform of economic and diplomatic autonomy for the east was too great a threat to be endured by Punjabi leaders. Unwilling to play second fiddle to Mujib, West Pakistan's most popular politician, the left-leaning Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, refused to participate in the new Parliament. And in the end President Yahya abruptly postponed the opening of the assembly indefinitely.

Plans for Slaughter

Within hours of Yahya's decree, Mujib proclaimed a general strike in East Pakistan. To this day, Pakistani officials maintain that Yahya personally appealed to Mujib for a compromise that would heal the nation's wounds. But most observers believe that Yahya had other plans all the while. Weeks before the Yahya-Mujib meeting actually took place, the President and his right-hand man, Lt. Gen. Tikka Khan, were already mapping out plans for Mujib's arrest, the dissolution of the Awami League and the slaughter of Bengali nationalists.

Known as "the bomber of Baluchistan" for his indiscriminate use of air and artillery strikes in crushing a local tribal revolt in 1965, Tikka Khan apparently persuaded Yahya to buy time for the army to build up its strength in Bengal. Accordingly, Yahya made his bid for discussions with Mujib. And while the two leaders talked—and Bengalis as well as the world at large looked for a compromise that might save Pakistan—the army pulled off a logistics coup. Flying the long over-water route around southern India (map, page 13) with Boeing 707s commandeered from Pakistan International Airways, the army doubled its troop strength in Bengal to 60,000 men. When Tikka gave the word that all was ready, Yahya flew out of Dacca. And that very night, the bomber of Baluchistan unleashed his troops.

Under instructions to strike brutally on the theory that a savage surprise attack would snuff out resistance quickly, the army obeyed its orders with a venge-

ance. Tanks crashed through the streets of East Pakistani's capital of Dacca, blasting indiscriminately at men and buildings. With cold ferocity, Punjabi soldiers machine-gunned clusters of citizens, while others set fire to slum hutsches throughout the city. Soon, the city was littered with bodies, and the campus of Dacca University—a hotbed of secessionism—was a bloody shambles.

Throughout that blood-drenched night and in the days and weeks that followed, the carnage continued. And the massacres were not limited to Dacca but were carried on throughout the countryside as well. After a desperate visit to his native village on the Indian border, a sobbing Bengali journalist told how the land had been devastated: "I passed



Loren Jenkins—Newsweek

Mujib: From hero to martyr

through a dozen villages which had been burned and deserted, with bodies everywhere being eaten by crows. The smell! The horror! I kept praying it would not be like that at my village. But it was. The village was just a mass of charred rubble and corpses. My wife and child were missing. There was just one old lady alive and she could no longer talk. She just sat on the ground, shaking and moaning."

With the passing of time, the magnitude of the slaughter has diminished, but there has been no lessening in the brutality of the Pakistani Army. Last week, NEWSWEEK's Loren Jenkins, who was in Dacca the night that Gen. Tikka Khan's troops launched their campaign of murder, cabled the following report on conditions in East Pakistan now:

Four months after the first flush of bloodletting, East Pakistan still lives in fear. But instead of being the cowering,

groveling fear that the army sought to instill, it is a sullen fear tinged with quiet defiance and hate. It is a fear based on the appreciation of a very harsh reality, not a fear that marks people of broken spirit. Walking along a Dacca street recently, I met a journalist I had known before. Our eyes met and he nodded, but he appeared embarrassed. Glancing nervously all around, he muttered, "My God, my God. Civilized man cannot describe the horror that has been done." An hour later another friend explained: "We have been ordered not to talk to foreign journalists. We are scared. We live in terror of the midnight knock on the door. So many people have been killed. So many more have disappeared. And more vanish every night."

One who vanished in the night was Mujib, who is now reportedly held in prison in the western garrison town of Mianwali. A hero before, Mujib has now become a martyr. For all his conspicuous faults, he has become the symbol of Bengali patriotism. Yet Yahya, almost boastfully, told a recent visitor, "My generals are pushing for a military trial for Mujib and for his execution. I have agreed and the trial will be held soon." No policy could be more short-sighted or more likely to harden Bengali resistance. As one Western diplomat told me, "Yahya is simply out of his mind. He still doesn't even understand what the army has done. He thinks they can kill off a couple of hundred thousand people, try Mujib for treason, force a return to order and all will be forgotten. This is utter nonsense. These people will not forget."

Guerrilla Resistance

Indeed, the minds of Bengalis are emblazoned with the memories of these months of terror. Despite the terror, signs of resistance to the army creep up everywhere. In Dacca, street urchins hawking the local papers slip mimeographed communiqués from the government-in-exile into the newspapers. On ferry boats in the countryside, where all passengers are under the watchful eyes of the army, strangers sidle up and whisper of massacres or point out areas in the dense Madhupur jungle where the "Mukti Bahini," or Liberation Army, is hiding. All over the country, the resistance is rapidly taking on the earmarks of a classic guerrilla war. And East Pakistan is ideal guerrilla terrain reminiscent of South Vietnam's Mekong Delta—a labyrinth of sunken paddies, jute fields and banana groves.

That the Mukti Bahini are capitalizing on their few assets is brought home daily. They have cut the key railroad to Dacca from the port of Chittagong and have also severed the parallel road. More than 60 per cent of the interior's food supplies moves over those routes and there is virtually no prospect of restoring them until peace is also restored. The rebels' recent coup in blowing up three power stations in Dacca has underscored the point that no city or village is

THE VICTIMS: In the past three months, some 6 million Bengali refugees have swarmed into neighboring India seeking makeshift shelter, even in sewer pipes, and waiting for hours for their meager food rations.

Newsweek, August 2, 1971

THE POLITICS OF RELIEF

If some Americans are still only vaguely aware of the plight of the Bengali refugees, Beatles George Harrison and Ringo Starr intend to pound the message home this week. In their first public appearance together since the famous rock group split up, George and Ringo plan a benefit performance at New York's Madison Square Garden, with all proceeds to go to homeless Bengali children. And theirs is only one of many efforts—by the International Rescue Committee, Catholic Relief Services, UNICEF and Americans for Children's Relief among others—designed to stir the U.S. conscience over the genocidal civil war in Pakistan.

Many private citizens now involved in Bengali relief are veterans of similar operations during the Biafran tragedy two years ago. And most are dismayed that, unlike the rescue of Biafran children, which aroused such widespread sympathy, world reaction to the Bengali refugee emergency seems almost apathetic by comparison. Ironically, the sheer magnitude of the suffering in East Pakistan may, in itself, be partly to blame. "Bengali refugees must now form the largest group of displaced persons in the world," said Dr. Daniel L. Weiner, who recently returned from a fact-finding tour for the IRC. "It is a problem that has to be dealt with on an international scale; no private effort can possibly handle this load. Private agencies can only alleviate some aspects of the mess. But the very size of the problem seems to paralyze people—it's not so much a lack of interest as a feeling of helplessness."

Busy: To the extent that any organized international effort has been mounted to alleviate Bengal's misery, the U.S. Government can take credit. Washington has committed \$70.5 million to the aid of East Pakistani refugees in India (as compared with \$11 million from the Soviet Union). More than 360,000 tons of U.S. food grains are in the transport pipeline to East Pakistan. For the present, according to U.S. specialists, the threat of mass starvation in the region is not due to any lack of supplies but to poor distribution. Though the U.S. has given Pakistan \$2 million to charter relief ships, the Pakistani Army has used most of them so far to transport troops and ammunition. "They are so damned busy trying to re-establish their control over East Pakistan," snapped a State Department aide, "that they haven't looked beyond their own noses."



Airlift: Bengalis board Soviet plane for flight to refugee camp

Such complaints suggest that Washington has had little success in influencing President Mohammed Yahya Khan to moderate his policies. Yet the Nixon Administration has justified its aid to the Yahya regime mainly on the ground that such support will give Washington leverage over Islamabad. In the face of mounting domestic criticism of that policy, however, the U.S. has recently begun to waffle. In requesting a total of \$131.5 million in aid to Pakistan next year, the State Department recently promised Congress that the money would be held back until Pakistan begins to minister to its homeless millions. But skeptical observers recalled that the U.S. slapped a similar ban on military aid to Pakistan last April—only to have it emerge later on that Pakistani freighters were still hauling U.S.-supplied ammunition and spare parts, ordered before the ban took effect, back to Karachi. And last week, Sen. Stuart Symington charged that the ban was still full of holes. The Administration, said Symington, was guilty of "semantics, ambiguous statements on the public records without clarification and no effort to present the actual facts until pressed to do so."

Strategic: Privately, U.S. diplomats concede that, above all else, Washington is trying to maintain good relations with Pakistan out of strategic considerations. One U.S. diplomat warned against the end of an American role on the subcontinent. "If India and Pakistan bleed each other into impotence, and our influence has vanished," he argued, "the area could become a playground for the Soviet Union and China." Added a colleague with startling bluntness: "We are more interested in stability than morality at the moment... Right now

the chance for stability, slim as it is, seems to lie with Yahya."

Yet, the price of a cold geopolitical approach to the problem may itself prove to be unacceptable in the end. For one thing, Washington's calculated reluctance to bring added pressures on Islamabad by openly cutting off aid put it at odds with the World Bank and the other members of an eleven-nation consortium, all of whom have deferred development programs in Pakistan until the government in Islamabad works out a "political accommodation" with the eastern region. (Even the World Bank, however, has not been able to escape the controversy swirling around Pakistan. After World Bank president Robert McNamara tried to suppress a critical report drafted by a team of investigators who recently visited Pakistan, The New York Times got hold of the document and splashed it on its front page.) Subsequently, McNamara sent a letter to the Pakistani Government apologizing for the news leak.

Moreover, Washington's equivocation has already enraged India, where most officials are convinced that Yahya could not continue his policy of repression without outside help. "Supply of arms to Pakistan by any country in the present context amounts to condoning genocide in Bangla Desh," charges India's Foreign Minister Swaran Singh. "It could have an impact on Indo-U.S. bilateral relations as well." Thus, rightly or wrongly, the Administration's pragmatic stance on the Pakistani question has promoted an impression of official U.S. indifference to the human agony of a strife-torn land—an impression that is at odds with the traditional image of a concerned and compassionate America.

safe from their campaign to bring the economy to a halt. Most important, however, is the fact that the rebels now seem to be winning what every guerrilla needs—the support of the populace. Two months ago, villagers in Noakhali province pleaded with the Mukti Bahini not to blow up a bridge because it would bring army retaliation. Last week, those same villagers sought out the guerrillas and asked them to destroy the bridge.

To be sure, the guerrillas are no match for the federal army. While they have rallied some 20,000 Bengali fighters to their cause (and expect another 10,000 recruits to join them next month after clandestine training in India), the inadequately armed rebels still face 60,000 well-equipped, professional soldiers. And despite its covert aid, India has cautiously hesitated to recognize the Bangla Desh government-in-exile. One reason for this restraint is the genuine and costly problem the New Delhi government faces in caring for the 6 million Bengali refugees now in India. NEWSWEEK's Tony Clifton, who has reported the anguish of the refugees since the beginning of Pakistan's civil war, filed this report last week from Calcutta:

The strain on India has become almost unbearable. The refugees are still swarming across the border in hordes ranging as high as 40,000 a day, and as P.N. Luthra, the former Indian Army officer in charge of the refugee program, told me, "I'm now responsible for the care of a small country." It is costing India \$3 million a day to feed, clothe, house and provide vital medicine for the

Bengalis, a financial drain that is crippling to the already marginal Indian economy. Worse yet, lack of available funds has meant a shortage of virtually everything in the refugee camps—and the inevitable result has been suffering, disease and death. To Luthra, the only conceivable resolution of the tragedy is for the world to put the utmost pressure on Pakistan to stop the carnage so the Bengalis will feel safe in going home.

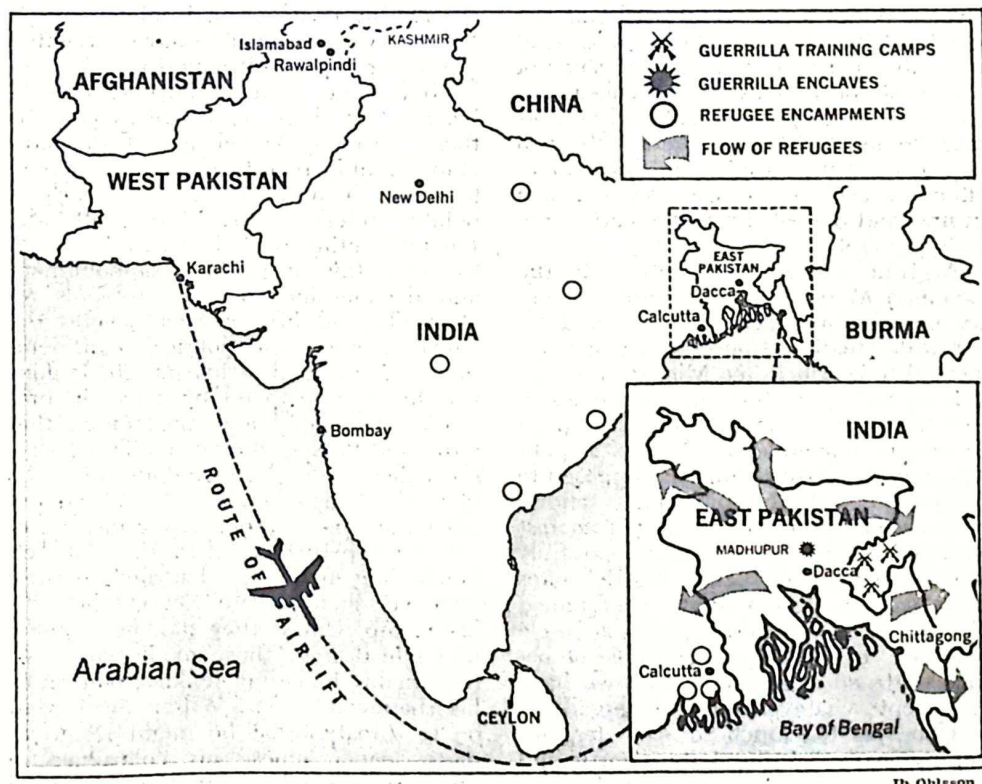
Yet for all their suffering, the Bengalis themselves maintain their stoicism. It is the monsoon season in India, but the monsoon here is not like the great monsoons of Hollywood. Instead of roaring and thundering, the rain falls softly and steadily, dribbling through the canvas tents to soak the refugees, turn earth floors to mud and flood inadequate drains. But the refugees stand patiently, calf deep in stagnant water, eager to tell me their stories so I can tell others. I collect a notebook of horror—rape and murder and kidnapping. They tell me how they saw their children stabbed, their husbands or brothers executed, their wives collapse with fatigue or sickness. The stories are all new, and all the same. And I remember Luthra's plaintive question, "How can we think the human race is evolving to a higher level when it lets this go on?"

As the military repression and the guerrilla sabotage goes on, it poses an ever-increasing threat to the future of Pakistan itself. Already, experts say, the country's economy is a shambles. Since the fighting began, exports have plummeted, the vital jute crops that are Pakistan's biggest foreign exchange earn-

er rot unharvested, and the vast consumer market of the eastern region on which West Pakistan's factories lived has vanished along with the refugees and rebels. "In short, Yahya's government faces the genuine danger of bankruptcy," warns a Western economist in Dacca. Equally genuine is the danger of mass starvation. "Unless something is done soon," the same economist adds, "there is going to be a famine here that will make all the prior suffering look like nothing." But in the end, the greatest threat to Pakistan is the flaring hatreds that Yahya's army has spawned. "Pakistan died in March," says a Karachi editor. "The only way this land can be held together is by the bayonet and the torch. But that is not unity, that is slavery. There can never be one nation in the future, only two enemies."

Threat of War

The area already has enemies enough. In recent weeks, Islamabad and New Delhi have traded insults and accusations at a dizzying rate and there is a real possibility that angry words may escalate into war. Indeed, some Indians even claim to see an economic motive for going to war; according to the Institute for Strategic Studies in New Delhi, it would be cheaper for India to fight Pakistan than to continue to care for millions of Bengali refugees. "It hasn't come to that yet," sighed one U.S. official last week. "But India has considered a military thrust, apparently very seriously." And Pakistan too has weighed the use of force against its neighbor in retaliation for India's support of the Mukti Bahini. The gravest danger from any such



Pakistan at war with itself: Separated by more than space

Newsweek, August 2, 1971



Yahya Khan: Secret orders



Tikka Khan: Surprise attack

hostilities is the possibility that Communist China and Russia would become involved. Chinese Premier Chou En-lai has denounced "Indian expansionists" and has promised Yahya that Peking would support the Pakistanis "in their just struggle to safeguard their state sovereignty." And Chou could handily translate his pledge into action—by ordering Chinese troops stationed along the Indian border to provoke skirmishes, or by infiltrating "advisers" to reinforce the Pakistani Army. "Pakistan has some promises from Peking to take military action of its own should war begin," warns a U.S. diplomat, "and India is trying to extract some counterbalancing promise of military aid from Russia. That could lead to catastrophe."

An Agonizing Choice

Any such involvement by the two Communist superpowers would confront the United States with a cruel dilemma. Pakistan, despite the undeniable brutality of its policy toward the Bengalis, is a long-standing American ally and a country that the U.S. is desperately trying to keep out of Peking's sphere of influence. At the same time, India is Asia's biggest nation with a democratic tradition dating back to Gandhi and Nehru and, as such, occupies a special position in the U.S. portfolio of friendly nations. To choose between the two would be agonizing. One U.S. analyst of foreign affairs, drafting a scenario for U.S. actions should a subcontinent war break out, remarked: "Our first move obviously would be to try to play the peacemaker, much as Russia did at Tashkent in 1966 during the last Indo-Pakistani war. If that failed, the U.S. might be able to sit it out, so long as Russia and China were involved only as suppliers of the two combatants. But if they got directly engaged, it would then be almost impossible for Washington to remain aloof. We would have to gamble on one side or the other, give them at least the logistical aid they needed and hope we had chosen the winner."

Rhetoric and contingency plans aside, none of the world's three great powers wants to embroil itself militarily in the Indian subcontinent. But that does not rule out the possibility that they could become involved against their will. In the meantime, the future of Pakistan and, possibly, the lives of millions of other Asians, depend on Yahya Khan. And at the moment the Pakistani President remains determined not to relent—ignoring the fact that he may be creating out of nationalist guerrillas the core of a potential Communist insurgency. "The tragedy of Pakistan really is that Yahya is oblivious to what he is doing, oblivious to the cost of his actions," a diplomat in Islamabad remarked somberly last week. "There is only one man alive who could save Pakistan now, and that is Mujib. Yahya vows that Mujib must die. But the day he hangs by the neck, Pakistan will hang with him."



Wilson and Jenkins: Is loyalty selling out on command?

Britain: Labor's Dark Hour

The Labor Party in this country and the Democrats in America have a lot in common. Every once in a while they both succumb to a compulsion to shake themselves to pieces.

—A British politician

Labor was at it again last week. In a ferocious verbal duel that recalled Harold Wilson's epic 1960 battle against Hugh Gaitskell over who should lead the Labor Party, Wilson took on some of his most prestigious party colleagues. And this time, the normally adroit former Prime Minister attacked with such savagery that, despite a last-minute effort to cool it, he cast his personal future—and that of the Labor Party—into serious doubt.

At issue was Britain's entry into the Common Market—and the terms for entry into Europe recently negotiated by Edward Heath's Conservative government. While still Prime Minister himself, Wilson had been an enthusiastic advocate of Britain's joining the European Economic Community. But with polls showing that most Britons are opposed to entry—and with the big unions and a majority of Labor M.P.'s ranged against it—Wilson weaseled out. As he carefully phrased it to more than 1,000 delegates at a one-day Labor Party conference: "Never have we said, nor is a single word we, or I, have said, capable of being construed as meaning, that we have to accept whatever terms emerged."

That was too much for Roy Jenkins, deputy leader of the Labor Party and the most influential member of the pro-Market minority within the party. In a

biting speech before a meeting of Labor members of the Commons, Jenkins pointedly recalled that the Labor government headed by Harold Wilson had determinedly sought membership in the Common Market. Said Jenkins: "We did not say we would go in on any terms. But these aren't any terms. I would have been glad to support them. I must also express my own personal opinion that a Labor Cabinet would have accepted these terms by a wide majority."

"But I go a little beyond that. I believe that these terms are as good as those with any knowledge of the situation could realistically have hoped to get." Then, in what was clearly a pointed reference to Wilson's attitude, Jenkins continued, "I beg this party not to follow this recipe for disappointment and decline—and to face problems realistically and lift its eyes beyond the narrow, short-term political considerations." At the end of his speech, Jenkins was lustily applauded by some 50 pro-Market Laborites, a demonstration that infuriated Wilson. But even Wilson's closest colleagues were astounded by the violence of his reaction. At a subsequent party meeting, Wilson, with a mixture of rage and petulance, read the riot act, demanding in essence that all Laborites, whatever their private views, follow his leadership. Unless they did, he implied, he might dismiss "those good colleagues," presumably including Jenkins, who sit in his shadow Cabinet. Wilson even went on to threaten that he might resign as party leader unless his colleagues in the party ceased to question his stand on the Common Market. "The argu-

ment must stop tomorrow," he snapped.

The next day in Parliament, Wilson and Jenkins kept up appearances, sitting side by side on the green Labor front benches, feet nonchalantly up on the dispatch box. "They chatted with such ostentatious amiability," noted the pro-Conservative *Daily Telegraph*, "that even a total stranger would have known them for sworn enemies." Indeed, there was little chance that the breach between the two men could be repaired. Jenkins, long regarded as a "fanatic on Europe," is unlikely to change his position. And next October, although it may well cost him his job as Labor's deputy leader, Jenkins is expected to join some 30 other Labor M.P.'s—and an overwhelming majority of the Conservatives—in voting approval of the terms for entry into the Market.

The Tories, of course, were thoroughly delighted by the disarray in Labor's camp. And their sense of satisfaction was enhanced by signs that Ted Heath's current \$1.5 million publicity campaign to win skeptical Britons over to his pro-Market position has begun to achieve results. Just three weeks ago, polls showed that a solid majority of Britons were opposed to entry. But since then Heath and other Cabinet members have been moving virtually non-stop from TV studios to public meetings, news conferences and banquets making pro-Common Market speeches. And by last week the polls had dramatically changed to 42 per cent in favor, 43 against and 15 "don't know."

Spurs: Hoping to win even more converts, the Conservative government applied fresh medicine to the country's laggard economy last week. It announced a "reflationary" budget that slashed taxes, made it easier to buy on installment and provided spurs for new investment. In the view of most experts, the economy should begin perking up just in time for next fall's crucial Market vote. "We are not fools," said one Cabinet minister. "The Common Market vote is going to be heavily influenced by the climate of opinion at the time. And we are going to make sure it will be good."

For Wilson, passage of the measure would be a major defeat. Though his supporters argued that the former Prime Minister had abandoned his pro-Market principles to prevent the largely anti-Market Labor Party from falling into disarray, his strategy actually has had the opposite effect. And Wilson's treatment of Jenkins was so abrasive that he helped create a ground swell of public admiration for his deputy leader, who was now viewed as a man of towering principles. As *The Times of London* remarked: "Mr. Wilson has changed his position from against entry to for entry and back again to opposing entry in a period of less than a decade. He can ask our understanding of the pressures that have led him to do so but he cannot fairly make it a test of loyalty to the Labor Party that others should turn their coats whenever he turns his."

LIBERIA:

The Passing of Uncle Shad

Among the leaders of contemporary Africa, William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman, President of the West African republic of Liberia, was a bizarre anachronism. A bespectacled, cocoa-colored man, Tubman often appeared in the blazing sun of his capital of Monrovia turned out in a gleaming top hat and cutaway. With a glass of Scotch in one hand and a big Havana cigar in the other, he ran Liberia for 27 years as if the country were his private plantation. And when he died last week in a London hospital after surgery for a prostate gland ailment, his passing left a vacuum that would not be easy to fill. Said one Liberian sadly: "We've never known any other President than 'Uncle Shad.' He took care of us."

That kind of talk, reminiscent of the



Carol Goldstein—Keystone

Tubman: Man of the people

Scarlett O'Hara days of the American South, came naturally in Tubman's Liberia. The country was founded in 1822 by freed American slaves on land purchased by the white-organized American Colonialization Society from local African chiefs. In 1847 it became an independent republic with a constitution patterned after that of the U.S. Unsullied by European colonialism, Liberia emerged as a distorted mirror-image of the U.S., complete with pidgin English, greenback dollars, and cops with hip-swinging revolvers and New York City-style police uniforms. Ruling this roost were the Americo-Liberians, descendants of the few thousand original black colonizers, who remained aloof from the 2 million natives inhabiting the surrounding hinterland.

Into these movie-set surroundings, Tubman fitted with perfection. A descendant of blacks who left Georgia in

1834, he survived a scandal involving a slavery racket to become President in 1944. After that, it was impossible to dislodge Tubman from the \$12 million Presidential Palace. Like the leaders of most of Liberia's aristocratic families, ranging from Ambassador Charles T.O. King in Paris to onetime Army Chief of Staff, Maj. Gen. George T. Washington, Tubman amassed a large personal fortune. But while the President and the rest of the black Yankee upper crust lived in style, the huge majority of Liberian people—despite Tubman's development programs—subsisted in squalor.

Father: For all the opulence of its stately mansions, moreover, Tubman's Monrovia remained a ramshackle city where cabdrivers pointed out to visitors the numerous sons and daughters of their virile President. When Kingsley Martin, the British socialist, once jokingly described Tubman as more deserving of the title of "father of his people" than any other President he knew, a local Monrovia newspaper proudly quoted the remark under the headline: "Father of his People."

Despite his free-wheeling style, however, Tubman was in many ways more enlightened than most of his fellow African leaders. By throwing open Liberia to foreign investment, he helped give the country one of the fastest growth rates in the underdeveloped world and an annual per capita income of \$220—double the average for the continent. He introduced schools into the bush and above all sought to reduce class differences between the Americo-Liberians and the indigenous people. Over-all, Tubman ran a stable government and indulged in much less brutality than some of his left-wing African critics.

In the atmosphere of present-day Black Africa, however, more and more young, educated Liberians came to resent Tubman's one-man rule. They were infuriated by Liberia's elections, in which Tubman regularly won more than 99 per cent of the vote. Bitterly, too, they charged that one of the most corrupt figures in a government rife with corruption was President Tubman himself.

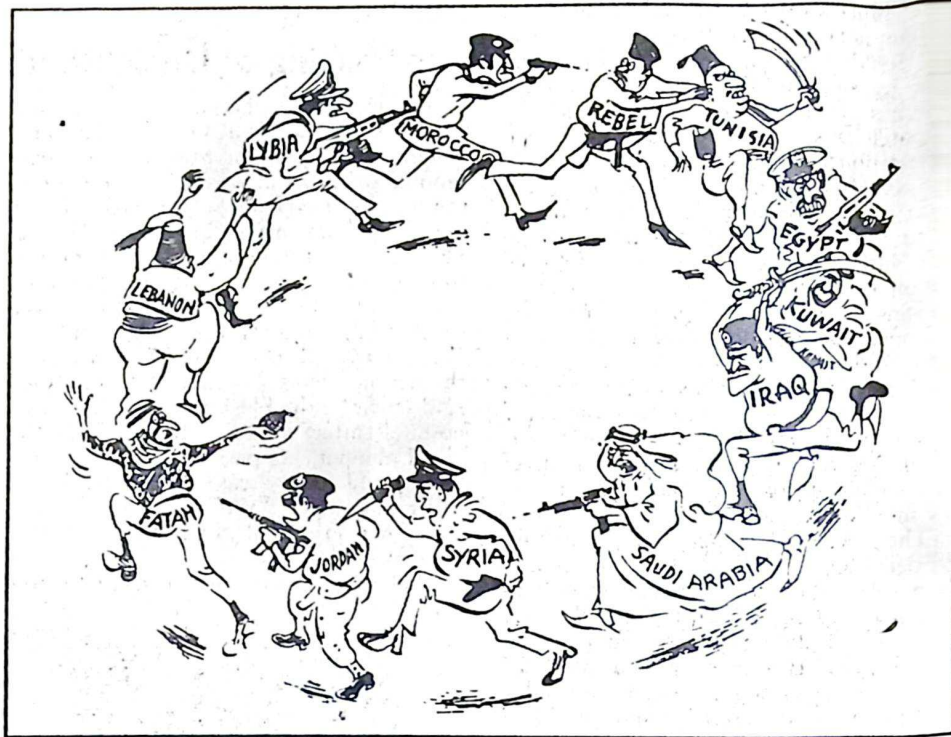
Suicide: Shrewdly, Tubman foresaw all this when, a few years ago, he dispatched a group of students to the U.S. for university training. "I'm committing political suicide," he observed thoughtfully. "These boys will come back experts, and I know nothing but the Bible."

And, for all his shortcomings, Tubman was a beguiling man who was genuinely liked by most of his people. Courteous and open, he had the reputation of being available to the humblest of his countrymen. And when it came right down to it, Liberians also liked the show he put on—his party-giving, his drum-playing, the quadrilles he sometimes danced with his daughter Coocoo. "In a sense, he was legitimately a man of the people," said a Western diplomat last week. "The trouble was that President Tubman, like Liberia, was so touchingly out of date."



Keystone

Nimeiry: Back in the saddle



Behrendt—Het Parool, Amsterdam

'Forward Against Israel'

Showdown Season in the Middle East

As he prepared to fly to Israel this week, Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco must have wondered whether this trip was really necessary. For never before had Israel's Arab antagonists seemed in more convulsive internal disarray. In the past few weeks, the Arab world has suffered coups and countercoups, threats of armed intervention by one state against another, a hijacking and a bloody denouement in the three-year-old feud between Jordan's King Hussein and the Palestinian guerrillas. "If we do not gather ourselves together," declared Egypt's President Anwar Sadat last week, "we shall never be able to face the ferocious drive of the Zionists."

For the Israelis, the events of recent weeks have

only served to underscore their conviction that any Middle East accord must be based on defensible geographic boundaries and not on promises. Thus, during Sisco's mission to Jerusalem, he will no doubt be confronted with the Israeli argument that no reliable peace agreement can possibly be worked out with the unstable Arab regimes. On closer inspection, however, the recent upheavals did seem to offer some hope for the future. For both in the Sudan, where Gen. Jaafar Nimeiry frustrated a Communist-inspired plot, and in Jordan, where King Hussein dealt the guerrillas a devastating setback, relatively moderate Arab leaders foiled extremists. Below, the stories of these surprising victories:

SUDAN

Legend has it that when Maj. Gen. Jaafar Nimeiry seized power in the Sudan two years ago, his tank units moved at such a leisurely pace that on the way to the Presidential Palace they stopped at every traffic light. And that is typical enough of the usual pace of life in the parched Saharan nation. But for a while last week, the pace of things in the Sudan quickened considerably. When a group of disgruntled army officers decided the time had come to oust Nimeiry, they moved swiftly and efficiently to capture key bridges in the capital of Khartoum and to arrest the President and his top aides. "Everything was over in 45 minutes," proudly proclaimed rebel leader Maj. Hashim Al Atta in the hours immediately following the coup.

That, however, proved an overstate-

ment. Within 48 hours, the carefully laid plans of the left-wing plotters had gone completely awry. And after a series of rebel blunders—and a stunning intervention by neighboring Libya—Nimeiry found himself back in the palace and in apparent control of his country.

The conspirators' troubles were mostly of their own making; in the course of the coup and countercoup, they violated nearly all of the rules in the revolutionary handbook. Their leaders—pro-Communist officers who were purged by Nimeiry last November—did not enjoy any widespread support in the army. Indeed, their only secure power base was among the left-leaning trade-union movement. But instead of using the captured Omdurman radio station to flaunt their triumph and whip up mass support, the rebels chose to fill the airwaves with martial music. And in an even more serious misjudgment, they let Nimeiry and other government leaders live, thus pro-

viding a rallying point for Sudanese anti-Communists. As one British observer laconically noted: "Damned clumsy, the whole thing."

For all their ineptitude, the leftists might actually have pulled off their coup had it not been for Libya's enigmatic Prime Minister Muammar Kaddafi. "The coup upset him very, very deeply," said one Western diplomat. "He saw Communism encroaching in the Sudan and he didn't like it one bit." Accordingly, Kaddafi ordered Libyan planes to intercept a BOAC airliner that was carrying Lt. Col. Babiker Al Nur, chairman of the rebels' Revolutionary Command Council, from London to Khartoum. Ordering the British jet to land in Bengasi, the Libyans then threatened to blow up the plane with its 109 passengers unless Al Nur and an aide gave themselves up. With the announcement of Al Nur's seizure, pro-Nimeiry forces in Khartoum opened fire on rebel outposts. And just

hours later, Nimeiry himself took to the airwaves to announce flatly: "I am in complete control."

Yet while Nimeiry was seemingly back in the saddle, the reins of power were no longer totally in his grasp. For one thing, he was beholden to the Libyans for their decisive action on his behalf. To repay that debt and to win additional security at home, Nimeiry might now have to take Sudan into the recently conceived Arab Federation, which, if it ever becomes reality, will link Libya, Egypt and Syria. (Hitherto, Nimeiry had held off from joining the federation because he feared a backlash from the non-Arabs who make up 61 per cent of the Sudanese population.) Ironically, the short-lived leftist coup could also force Nimeiry to become more dependent on the Soviet Union. For now that opposition to him has surfaced in such violent fashion, he may feel obliged to seek new Soviet economic, military and technical assistance to alleviate the more glaring domestic problems of his woefully backward nation.

A more immediate problem, however, is the Sudanese Communist Party. Long the largest Communist Party (7,500 members) in Africa, it is certain to make life hard for Nimeiry, who may well try to remove it from the Sudanese political scene. Given the party's considerable support among ordinary citizens, that may be difficult. But Nimeiry appeared more than willing to try. Immediately after the counter coup, he ordered several of the conspirators, including Al Atta, to be executed by firing squad in Khartoum. And more executions were sure to follow. "I hope everyone," declared Nimeiry in an address to the nation last week, "will stand alongside us—and against every renegade belonging to the Communist Party and arrest him or report him to the nearest police station."

JORDAN

King Hussein could scarcely contain his joy. His tough desert army had just trounced the Palestinian guerrillas in a major military showdown, and now the King was visiting the once-inaccessible commando lair in the wooded Ajlun Hills. There he found a charming tourist chalet that had been turned into a military headquarters by Yasir Arafat, the leader of Al Fatah. And in a nearby bungalow decorated with portraits of Ho Chi Minh and Mao Tse-tung, he was led into the private office of terrorist leader George Habbash. Obviously pleased, Hussein remarked: "The situation in Jordan is now normal and quiet."

For once, Hussein's boast that he had dealt the commandos a decisive blow could be accepted at face value. In less than a week of fighting, the Jordanian Army had destroyed the guerrillas' strongholds, cut their supply routes and finally brought them to heel. When

the shooting was over, more than 1,000 commandos lay dead, 2,300 were in army hands and a few hundred had straggled over the borders into Syria and Iraq. "Some commando leader had the foolish notion," sniffed Wasfi Tal, Jordan's pugnacious, 51-year-old Prime Minister, "that they would pull off a Dienbienphu against our forces."

Atrocities: Hussein's victory elicited fiery denunciations from the revolutionary regimes in Syria, Iraq and Libya. And commando spokesmen charged that the Jordanian Army had been guilty of unspeakable atrocities. In fact, there was some evidence that Hussein's Bedouin troops had not treated the Palestinians with excessive tenderness. In some cases, Palestinian prisoners were shot on the spot. Others were tied to the rear fend-



Captured fedayeen in Israel

ers of army vehicles and dragged for miles. Some fleeing commandos, faced with the prospect of falling into the hands of the army, chose to cross the Jordan River and give themselves up to the Israelis. "I ran away," explained one guerrilla to his Israeli interrogator, "because I will be safer in Israel than surrendering to the Bedouin." Added another Palestinian: "Our leaders sent us out to die while they had a good time in Damascus."

Embarrassed by the fact that some Palestinians had chosen to surrender to Jews rather than to their fellow Arabs, Jordanian spokesmen charged that those who crossed the Jordan River were actually Israeli spies. That produced smiles from the Israelis. "It's ridiculous," said one official in Jerusalem. "We may have spies inside the commando group. But if we do, they would have headed for Syria to keep us in touch with what is going on there." Still, there was no hiding Israel's delight at Hussein's victory over the once-vaunted commando

movement. "We kept saying that the moment the Arab governments found the fedayeen sufficiently inconvenient they would crush them," said one Israeli. "Well, Hussein has proved this."

Whether Hussein had actually succeeded in totally crushing the commandos, however, was open to question. "They allege that we are finished but they're mistaken," Arafat insisted last week from Lebanon. And it seemed likely that he and other commando leaders would try to maintain at least an underground movement in Jordan. What's more, the commandos were already laying plans to stage raids against Israel from Lebanon, where they have some 3,000 commando troops, and from Syria, where they have a similar number. Neither country, however, would welcome that prospect. For as the regime in Damascus is keenly aware, the Israelis would jump at any excuse to deal Syria a sharp retaliatory blow.

As for Jordan itself, Prime Minister Wasfi Tal declared last week that he might permit some 500 or so "good" commandos to operate against Israel from Jordanian soil. But that threat was not taken very seriously in Israel. On the contrary, Hussein's victory over the commandos revived hope in Israel that he at least may now be in a position to negotiate a serious settlement. "With the elimination of the commando bases, and with it the removal of the commando states within a state," commented one Israeli, "the King has finally recovered his throne. Now, let's see if he is strong enough to make a settlement with us."

SOUTH AFRICA:

Miss Waterfield Regrets . . .

In mankind's long and tireless search for aphrodisiacs, eager investigators have tried everything from ginseng root to powdered rhinoceros horn. But no one ever thought of peanut-butter sandwiches. Or at least no one did until last week when it emerged that Miss Ruth G. Waterfield, the headmistress of Parktown Girls' High School in Johannesburg had banned peanut-butter sandwiches from lunchpacks on the ground that they were apt to arouse the animal appetites of the young ladies under her charge.

In the ensuing nationwide debate, some black South Africans professed to be unsurprised by Miss Waterfield's edict. "It's true peanuts make you sexy," said Mrs. Sarah Matshela with a confidence born of many years experience as a witch doctor. "Peanuts are good for married people, but if you are not married and you eat a lot of peanuts, you will become very naughty." Most white South Africans, by contrast, seemed to be persuaded that there was no scientific basis for regarding the peanut as provocative. Still, hope—and prudence—spring eternal, and South African peanut-butter manufacturers were happily anticipating a boom in sales.

The Mudslingers

After so many years of dependence on the U.S., it was inevitable that South Vietnam would be racked by withdrawal pains. Already, the transfer of combat responsibility to the South Vietnamese has produced serious "slippage" in the military situation (box). And now the fear of an uncertain future is transforming the country's heated Presidential election campaign into a vicious, mudslinging contest. With so much at stake—the next President will presumably preside over the transition to peace—the politicians have opened a closet of political skeletons and have even dared to resurrect the once-taboo question: who killed former President Ngo Dinh Diem? Ironically, the subject was first raised



Thieu and Ky: A vicious campaign

by Gen. Duong Van (Big) Minh, the very man who led the coup that toppled Diem and resulted in his death. As a Buddhist, Minh has never been forgiven by the country's powerful Roman Catholic minority for his role in the murder of Diem, a revered Catholic leader. But as Minh (who is expected to declare his candidacy this week) recounted the 1963 coup in an interview, Diem's fate had depended upon the prompt capture of the Presidential Palace and the seizure of the Chief of State. This mission, said Minh, had been entrusted to none other than South Vietnam's current President, Nguyen Van Thieu, who was a young colonel at the time. And it was Thieu's failure to carry out his task that permitted Diem's escape and, eventually, his assassination.

In attempting to discredit Thieu, Minh was obviously trying to woo away Catholic votes from the Catholic President. That Thieu saw this tactic as a threat became clear when the President—who last

week declared his candidacy for reelection—called a press conference and sought to rebut his rival's charges. At first, Thieu displayed his characteristic reserve, but as he explained his version of the coup, he flushed and his voice grew shrill. There had been no possibility, he said, of contact between Diem and himself, since he had never been assigned to seize the palace in the first place. "It's absurd and slanderous to accuse me of being the cause of Diem's escape," the President fumed. Then he added: "Only a coward would blame his subordinate for something for which he alone should assume responsibility."

Coup: Despite the fierceness of Thieu's attack, Minh refused to back down. "True," he admitted, "since I am the one who initiated the coup, I am ultimately responsible for all of its events." But Minh stuck to his story and then went on to charge Thieu with trying to rig the election. "If Thieu wins a rigged election," Minh warned ominously, "there will be a coup."

This time, however, Thieu did not respond. For while Minh was the President's chief rival, Thieu already had his hands full with another opponent, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky. With his Catholic backing threatened, Thieu is more dependent than ever on the support of the South Vietnamese military establishment, which some observers refer to as "the biggest political party" in the country. But it is precisely from the military that former Air Vice Marshal Ky derives his strongest support. In fact, a recent secret poll commissioned by Thieu showed that while he could count on the votes of only 25 per cent of the military, 60 per cent favored Ky. Small wonder, then, that Thieu has rammed a tough election law through the legislature, making it possible that the Vice President will not even be able to run.

Ideal: Whether he officially enters the race, Ky's popularity is disquieting. For it is based upon his criticism of U.S. policy in Vietnam. Indeed, blasting Uncle Sam has become an ever-more popular election tactic. Big Minh climbed on the bandwagon last week by accusing U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker of trying to fix next fall's vote in favor of Thieu. And echoes of that charge were heard in Washington, where two former U.S. AID employees told a Congressional subcommittee that U.S. officials in Saigon were out to ensure a Thieu victory in October. Such accusations may be unavoidable, since U.S. support to the Saigon regime inevitably benefits Thieu. But to keep criticism at a minimum the U.S. Embassy in Saigon has ordered its staff to steer clear of any electoral involvement. "From our point of view," said one U.S. official, "it would be ideal to have a U.S.-style contest, with a hard-fought campaign and a narrow margin of victory—for Thieu."

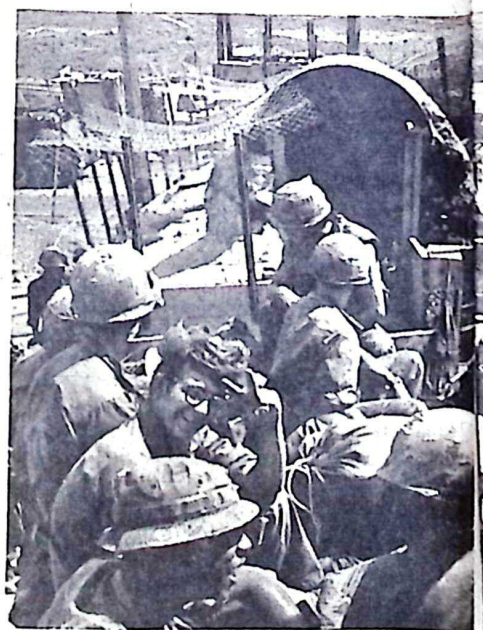
VIETNAMIZATION

The consequences for South Vietnam of a precipitous U.S. withdrawal would be catastrophic. That's why we're leaving this place gradually.

—A U.S. general in Saigon

Despite such assurances, the U.S. is getting out of South Vietnam the same way it got in—without excessive thought for the consequences. But by now, with the Vietnamization program more than two years old, the consequences are becoming visible. Out in the boon docks, the few remaining U.S. combat units huddle in the security of their outposts, only occasionally staging cautious "search and evade" forays into the jungle. And in Saigon, the U.S. command proudly reports ever lower American casualties. (Last week, eleven GI's died in combat, the lowest weekly toll in nearly six years.) But of all the symptoms stemming from the U.S. pullout, none is more telling than the new mood that now pervades the U.S. mission in Saigon. Suddenly, even the most convinced optimists are talking about the threat of serious military "slippage."

And with good reason. As the U.S. has cut its troop level by more than half (down to about 230,000 soldiers), the enemy has increased his by a third. As a result, at least eight of South Vietnam's 44 provinces reportedly face an immediate threat of heavy Communist attack. And many nagging doubts still remain as to the quality of ARVN leadership. "As usual, we've been guilty of self-delusion," said one U.S. Embassy official in Saigon. "Vietnamization was the theme upon which we were going to slide out of this mess. And nobody wants to recognize the fact that Vietnamization does



U.S. troops leave Quang Tri:

THE REALITY AND THE MYTH

not reflect the reality on the ground."

That reality is not very encouraging. With some exceptions, there has been a gradual deterioration of security throughout South Vietnam's four military regions. In MR-I, which comprises the country's five northernmost provinces, some 55,000 North Vietnamese regulars and Viet Cong guerrillas now prowl almost at will. Recently, Communist troops have been constructing at least one new supply road deep into Quang Tri Province along the Demilitarized Zone. And as the Communists have stepped up their activity, U.S. withdrawals have proceeded apace. Just last week, the last U.S. combat unit was pulled out of Quang Tri. To fill the gap, the ARVN command was forced to rush in 30,000 reinforcements. "Whatever it takes to secure that area," said one U.S. official, "the ARVN will have to provide it themselves. It's a straight shot from there to Hue or Da Nang. If the ARVN can't hold the North Vietnamese off, then we're going to have a brand-new DMZ."

Friendly: The situation is not much better in the central highlands of MR-II. There, the U.S. 173rd Airborne Brigade is on its way out, as is a Korean division that has guarded the approach to the coastal plain. Left behind, however, are several North Vietnamese divisions and a population remarkably friendly to the Communists. In Binh Dinh Province alone, estimates put Viet Cong sympathizers at more than 300,000—nearly one-third its population. And throughout the region, Communist cadres have made it increasingly difficult for Saigon to recruit village and hamlet officials.

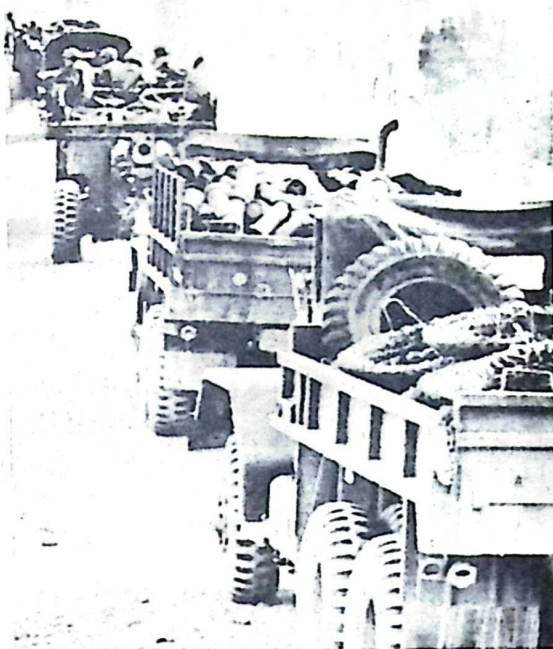
In an effort to stem this tide, Washington recently dispatched John Paul Vann,

a former Army colonel who is credited with "saving" the Mekong Delta from Communist domination, to head the pacification program in MR-II. Yet even Vann admits: "Here, we don't have pacification. We have military occupation of the countryside."

Link: In fact, it is only in the Mekong Delta and in areas near Saigon that U.S. officials find cause for optimism. But even in those relatively pacified regions, isolated Communist strongholds remain—a fact that could spell trouble in the future. It is no secret that the U.S.-sponsored Phoenix Program (which is aimed at uprooting the Viet Cong underground and which has recently come under fire in Congress for practicing selective political assassination) has been less than a success. And some experts believe that if the guerrilla bands currently holed up in the delta's U Minh Forest ever manage to link up with local Communist sympathizers, the security picture there could suddenly get drastically worse.

That still seems a distant possibility—but a possibility nonetheless. At present, what worries military planners more than almost anything else is the fact that, even when the ARVN has superiority on the ground, it still waits for American air cover before it attacks. That cautious approach has worked up to now, but as U.S. helicopters and fighter-bombers are withdrawn along with American ground troops, the South Vietnamese will have to fight by a brand-new set of rules. And in the view of many observers, the ARVN—which was trained as a conventional, U.S.-style army—may not be able to make the change at this late stage of the war. Even Gen. Creighton Abrams has appeared to join the ranks of the skeptics. Two months ago, after the South Vietnamese only narrowly managed to avert disaster by retreating, under heavy U.S. air cover, from the Cambodian town of Snoul, Abrams snapped: "Dammit, they've got to learn they can't do it all with air. They've got to do it on the ground with infantry. If they don't, it's all been in vain."

Desertions: Compounding Saigon's problem is the fact that the U.S. pullout has set in motion other painful changes in tactics. To fill the vacuum left by U.S. ground units, the South Vietnamese have had to shuttle troops from pacified areas to trouble spots. And that has not proved easy. Remarkable one observer: "Consider the problems involved in moving the ARVN Ninth Division from the delta to the DMZ. First, the very idea of serving in such a dangerous area is not going to appeal to the troops. There should be a few desertions because of that. Besides, most Ninth Division soldiers were recruited from the delta. They have farms and families there and want to continue to work their crops. A



DMZ pullout: 'Self-delusion'?

few more desertions. On top of that, many officers are going to have to give up lucrative—and often shady—local businesses they've worked hard to build. More desertions. It will be a wonder if enough troops ever get to the north to actually fight the enemy."

Both South Vietnamese and American military men are aware of all these problems, and many of them still persist in the belief that the ARVN will be able to go it alone. In addition, some take comfort in the thought that, at least until the 1972 election is imminent, the U.S. will leave in Vietnam enough of a residual force—perhaps as many as 70,000 men—so that it will be able to help the ARVN out if it gets in deep trouble. But even if so large a U.S. force does remain, its potential usefulness is debatable. "We're not doing anything worthwhile with the troops we have here now," scoffed one U.S. officer: "How in hell can we help with a much smaller force?"

Many experienced military men, in fact, believe that the U.S. residual force may only aggravate Saigon's security problems. Says John Paul Vann: "When a major U.S. unit gets out of an area, there is a greatly reduced level of activity by both friendly and enemy units." And former Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway pointed out in the current issue of the quarterly *Foreign Affairs*: "So long as we retain a residual force [in South Vietnam] ... our men will be mortared, shelled or otherwise attacked. And so long as they are attacked they will counterattack with fire and movement—and the war will drag on, not end."



Can the ARVN fill the vacuum?

staffers. They are an unlikely mix of old pros, young pros and total neophytes whose previous allegiances range from Barry Goldwater to Charles Percy to Robert Kennedy. The diversity is apparently productive; more than \$100,000 in campaign contributions already has been collected, including \$30,000 from California industrialist Norton Simon. And Simon also has pledged to make good any campaign debts incurred through the end of the year.

McCloskey's soft-edged style remains his prime asset. His strapping good looks (6 feet, 180 pounds), obvious sincerity and unpretentious style come as quite a surprise to rock-ribbed Republicans expecting to meet a raving left-wing maniac. "People have this vision of a bug-eyed extremist," laughs one staffer. "It shocks the hell out of them to find out he's a very rational and likable guy."

THE COMMUTER'S CONVENTION SITE

San Diego is a seaport of natural splendor and preternatural serenity about itself—a civic contentment so deep-grained that even getting the city to bid for the 1972 Republican National Convention became a Presidential command performance. In the first place, tourists normally book the city's hotels to 110 per cent of capacity in August—so who needed the business? In the second, the 1968 conventions had brought bad scenes and bad publicity to Chicago and Miami—and who needed the trouble? In the third, national exposure would probably attract hordes of new residents to San Diego's sunny shores—and who needed more crowded beaches?

But suddenly this summer, the city fathers changed their minds, mustered a \$1.5 million bid, scratched up 12,500 hotel-motel room commitments and organized a twelve-man team of civic boosters to plead the city's case before the GOP site-selection committee. Last week, they won—the GOP confirmed the open secret that San Diego would be the place—and though many townsfolk were less than elated about the news, the city's civic elite were busy counting their blessings. "San Diego has had a lot of difficulty identifying itself as a convention city," summed up Martin Blatt, president-elect of the local hotel-motel association. "So we feel that by having the biggest of all conventions, we'd be identifying ourselves as the place to come."

The reason for the change of heart was simple: Richard M. Nixon, the part-time First Citizen of San Clemente, situated 46 miles north as the helicopter flies, wanted it that way. "When he said he didn't want to travel too far," surmised one local businessman, "I guess that settled it." Travel considerations

it is just about the least surprising question that George McGovern has to cope with these days, and when it was raised once again at a recent meeting with labor leaders in Omaha, Neb., the amiable South Dakotan had to smile. "Senator," said big Jim West of the Communications Workers of America, "they say of you, 'He's a nice man; we like what he says,' but they also say, 'He's a man who can't win.' What do you think about that?" McGovern fielded the question with well-practiced ease: "If there are enough people who say 'I'm for him, but he can't win,' then I'll win."

More than six months after he announced his candidacy, thereby becoming the first official contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination, George McGovern still finds himself forced to persuade even those who admire him that his crusade, while admit-

tedly a long shot, is not a wild goose chase. The polls don't help: McGovern's standing among Democrats in various soundings remains almost minuscule—typically 3 to 5 per cent. Yet his never-say-die campaigning has at least got his name better known; the fraction of George Gallup's America that has heard of the senator went up from 42 per cent in January to 68 per cent by July. He has, moreover, done a surprisingly effective job at organizing his campaign—surprising, at least, to some of the opposition. A Gallup survey of Democratic county chairmen ranked Edmund Muskie as their favorite but rated McGovern's grass-roots organization the best in the field. "I'll do better in the primaries," he says, "than I do with Dr. Gallup."

For all that, McGovern still has not been able to breach what he and his top aides define as a "media barrier" of the



The sports arena: But most of the naked go-go girls are gone-gone

aside, the choice was a gesture to California and its 45 electoral votes. Moreover, San Diego is Nixon country—a community whose two daily newspapers are solidly conservative, whose city administration has been traditionally controlled by a strong business-oriented establishment and whose chief employer is still the United States Navy.

Tijuana: In addition, San Diego offers a host of congenial attractions to the delegates. For housing, they will have a large and far-flung choice of clean, modern hotel and motel rooms, most of them recently built (except for the ultra-swank, 90-year-old Hotel del Coronado), many of them done up in Polynesian décor, and few more than a half-hour by freeway from the gray, fortress-like International Sports Arena where the main business of the occasion will take place. To be sure, the city offers nothing like the swinging night life of a San Francisco or New York (its peak five nude go-go clubs have with-

ered away to one). But many exotic pleasures are still available across the border in Tijuana, just 30 freeway minutes away. And for tamer pursuits, there are 66 golf courses, one of the world's best zoos, numerous Spanish missions, horse racing at Del Mar racetrack and some 70 miles of sandy white beaches. Even the ghettos and barrios are subdued, if not contented; San Diego, as city public-relations director Michael J. Styles noted last week, "has been a very, very cool town through the years."

San Diego is, in a word, a Republican dream: placid, prosperous, conservative and altogether quite the place for a re-coronation. Plans are already afoot to stage the winning nominee's acceptance speech not in the sports arena but in the handsome, new 50,000-seat San Diego Stadium. A Hollywood producer has already been put to work on this extravaganza; the details are all very hush-hush, except for the setting—and the identity of the star.

sort that plagued Eugene McCarthy in the months before his unexpectedly strong New Hampshire showing in 1968. Says campaign director Gary Hart, 33, who worked for Robert Kennedy in '68, "George McGovern won't be considered a viable candidate by the media until after a victory." Meantime, McGovern is concentrating on a wearying personal campaign that has already taken him to 21 states—some of them several times.

A willingness to work hard, of course, is not the only element of success in politics—nor, often, the most important one. McGovern has real difficulties in generating the kind of drive and dynamism normally associated with a winning Presidential campaign—difficulties that are not the creation of a skeptical press. Even his testimonials are something less than turned-on. "He's not very charismatic, but I like what he says," shrugged one young man who heard the soft-spoken ex-history professor in Omaha a fortnight ago. "He's been saying the same things so long that he must believe what he's saying." A former follower of Iowa Sen. Harold Hughes, recently dropped out of the White House race, put it less positively. "McGovern is the only weapon we've got left," he said. "I only wish he gave off more sparks."

Fed Up: But McGovern, like Muskie (and McCarthy three years ago), sees his low-key approach as an asset in politics today. "I think the American people may be getting a little fed up with what's called charisma and image making and all the posturing that some of you writers and television people think is all-important in politics," he told an interviewer recently. Instead, McGovern likes to stress his characteristic outspokenness (versus Muskie's caution) and an array of proposals designed to show that he is not simply a one-issue, antiwar candidate. Stressing the need to reorder domestic priorities once the U.S. is out of Vietnam, McGovern proposes a \$31 billion program for housing, urban and rural development, health, education and mass transit and a policy of "reverse discrimination" to end racial inequities.

Current plans call for putting McGovern's appeal to the test in at least a dozen Democratic primaries. Staffers hope he can do decently enough in the early races to remain a contender in Wisconsin, Nebraska and Oregon, the three states where his forces are probably best organized—and where solid victories, or very near misses, are essential. He is also paying close attention to non-primary states now that their selection of delegates to the national convention has been significantly democratized by the party reform commission headed by McGovern himself. There will be a special campaign during October to get youths to register, and McGovern groups are already gearing up on 450 college campuses.

To pay for all this, McGovern has collected \$500,000 with a sophisticated fund-raising apparatus and computerized direct mailing. A hard core of 3,000

steadies also have tithed \$10 a month each to the campaign for the duration. The senator's money men hope eventually to build a list of 60,000 faithful who would be good for an extra \$10 each on demand in a pinch.

Should he fail to get the nomination for himself, McGovern is pledged to fight against any candidate he considers too hawkish—"and that might mean a third or fourth party." But this is hardly the time to elaborate on such matters. "I think things are going better than expected at this stage," he told *NEWSWEEK*'s Richard Stout, and an aide agrees: "Sure it's a long shot. But it looks like a worthwhile long shot."

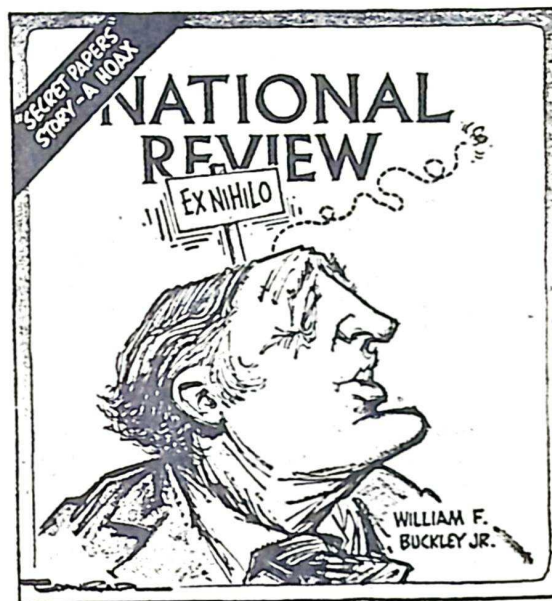
HOAXES:

The Buckley Papers

They read like a conservative's answer to the Pentagon papers—fourteen pages of top-secret government documents urging, among other propositions, a bellicose "sharp knock" strategy for winning the Vietnam war fast and an exemplary nuclear drop off Haiphong Harbor. Enticingly labeled "The Secret Papers They Didn't Publish," this latest glimpse into the Washington policymaking process was served up last week in William F. Buckley Jr.'s *National Review*, accepted as fact—at least briefly—at the highest levels of government and republished by newspapers and wire services all across the U.S. The only trouble was it wasn't so. The day after the papers appeared, Buckley himself proclaimed the whole thing an elaborate hoax that he and his jolly staffers had fashioned "*ex nihilo*"—out of absolutely nothing.

The nuclear proposal was the biggest bang in the Buckley papers, but not the only one. The "documents," variously attributed to the Central Intelligence Agency, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, former Secretary of State Dean Rusk and retired Adm. Arthur Radford, among others, also proposed closing Haiphong and Sihanoukville harbors, destroying North Vietnam's dikes, thermal power plants and rail links to China and "neutralizing" China's Hainan Island. All of which, Buckley insisted, was kidding on the square—a hoax designed to show "that the Pentagon and the CIA are not composed of incompetents . . . [and] that forged documents would be widely accepted as genuine provided their content was inherently plausible." Blandly Buckley added: "We admit that we proceeded in something of an ethical vacuum."

Denial: What not even Buckley reckoned on was the credulity of his audience—including principal characters in his "papers." Of the authors named in the series, only Daniel J. Boorstin, now director of Washington's National Museum of History and Technology, flatly denied he had authored the paper attributed to him. "I can't verify that I wrote



Conrad © 1971. Los Angeles Times

'We admit that we proceeded in something of an ethical vacuum'

any such memorandum," Rusk told newsmen. "It's entirely possible that I did." Fumbled former U.S. Ambassador to Vietnam Elbridge Durbrow: "All I can say is that the memo expresses my views. I don't know for sure if and when I wrote it."

The authenticity of the papers was hardly questioned—by the government or the press. Forewarned by Boorstin's denial, *The New York Times* ran a cautiously worded report on page 4. But several newspapers front-paged the story, the TV networks played it straight, the Voice of America broadcast it overseas and both United Press International and Associated Press moved it nationwide—with AP later finding itself forced to break in on its own straight-faced follow-up story on the papers to move a bulletin on Buckley's confession. The Justice Department, battle-weary after its vain attempt to suppress the first batches of Pentagon papers, said it would investigate this set, too. But at least one high-ranking Pentagon official declared the documents authentic ("There must be some counter-leakers"), another conscientiously wrote the comment "Good!" beside the nuclear "drop" proposal. The gist of Buckley's "secret" even reached all the way to the President, as part of his daily White House news digest.

Gag: The mileage was considerable for a gag hatched only two weeks before, at a *Review* dinner at Buckley's elegant New York apartment. According to his sister Priscilla, *National Review*'s managing editor, Buckley broke into a discussion of the Pentagon papers with a puckish, "Hey, gang, what if . . ." Within 24 hours the project was under way. Five staffers, including Buckley, did the writing. A decoy cover went to press; the real cover, bannerizing the papers,

was substituted only at the last moment. Buckley himself did the final pencil editing, and, after letters of warning had been sent out to 6,000 friends of the magazine, flew off to California to wait for the fun to begin. He chanced to be on the telephone to his office when The New York Times's managing editor, A.M. Rosenthal, called him to ask about the National Review pseudo-secrets. "Tell Mr. Rosenthal that I'm hiding with Daniel Ellsberg," Buckley instructed his secretary gleefully. "I'm sure he knows where to find me."

To be sure, not everyone was laughing. A number of critics sharply questioned the propriety of telling the world that the U.S. had contemplated the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam—or, for that matter, of joking about nuclear weapons at all. But Buckley, as usual, had a ready answer. "Any intelligent person who reads this," he told NEWSWEEK's Tom Mathews, "is going to say to himself, 'If Dean Rusk didn't disavow these papers, if Admiral Radford didn't, and if the Defense Department didn't, there must be something in them that's serious'."

MISSISSIPPI:

'You Gotta Love Me'

From some of the sights and sounds, it might be the brutal, exhilarating Freedom Summer of 1964 all over again. In scores of Mississippi hamlets from the cotton-rich delta on up into the pinched red-clay hills, hundreds of college kids—most of them, still, Northern whites—are plodding through the tar-paper shacks of blacktown, urging the Negroes to register to vote. From the back waters came tales of petty harassments and jailhouse beatings and voter registrars who shut up shop when they see black people coming. And in a ramshackle building in Madison County, John Lewis, a heroic symbol to the movement since he was bloodied on the first Freedom Ride ten years ago, stood up recently and spoke Martin Luther King's old gospel of love: "We must seek political power that will build and not destroy . . . power that will end division and bring about reconciliation."

The difference between then and now, however, is in many ways the difference between an implausible dream and an attainable reality. There were 23,000 registered black voters in Mississippi when John Lewis rode in on his integrated bus; there are 307,000 now—68 per cent of the eligible black population—and young recruiters often discover that the Negroes whom they are urging pollward have in fact been voting for years. With the black voters have come the black candidates: two months before deadline, some 150 black office seekers have filed for this fall's statewide and local elections. At the top of the list, jabbing and poking and jiggling the apparatus of big-time politics as if it were a pin-ball machine, stands the first black



Evers: 'Nothing to lose'

candidate ever to run for governor of Mississippi, 49-year-old Mayor Charles Evers of Fayette.

Evers's chances of winning the governorship are minuscule. White folks still control the state's legislative and legal machinery, and they enjoy a better than two-to-one margin in voter registration as well. But even this edge is not large enough to permit the luxury of old-fashioned racism. Only two of the field of six white candidates for the Democratic nomination are hollering nigger; all the rest claim to be servants of all the people, and front runner Charles Sullivan has taken the radical step of admitting (albeit only on educational TV) that in a stand-off between Richard Nixon and George Wallace, he would support Richard Nixon.

This new moderation is running so deep that Evers regards it as his main threat.

In a bold move that has horrified most of the leaders of the integrated Loyalist Democratic Party, Evers has urged all blacks to vote in the regular Democratic primary for segregationist Jimmy Swan, who reminds whites that "we must not let our children be sacrificed on the filthy atheistic altar of integration." Evers figures that his only chance is to put Swan over in the Democratic primary (which Evers has not entered), then count on nascent moderate disgust to carry Election Day proper for Evers in November. "Black folks have been gambling all our lives, and voting for Jimmy Swan is just another gamble," says Evers. "We got nothing to lose."

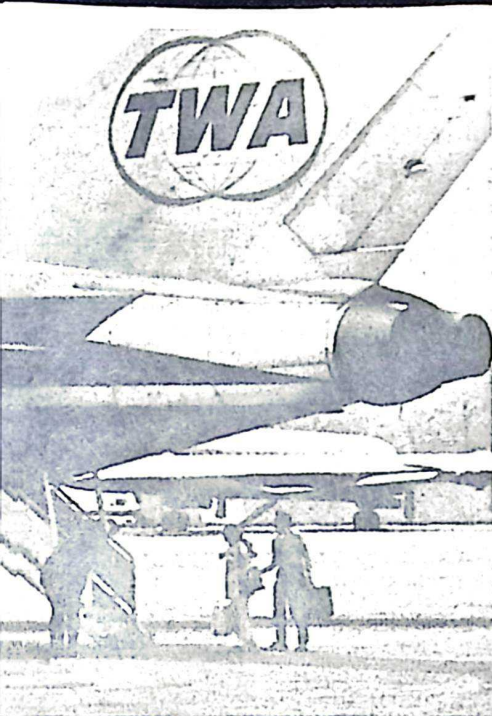
Scramble: If Evers's campaign is more a consciousness-raising exercise than anything else, the local races are wide open—especially in those twelve counties where blacks are a majority of the voting population. The scramble for the vote has rung changes that no amount of legislation or prayer could ever have accomplished. Down in Amite County, a white sheriff running for re-election not only attended services at the all-black Jerusalem Chapel but accepted the minister's challenge to come forward and say a few words on his own behalf. What the sheriff said was, "If you see fit to vote for me August 3rd, I'd appreciate it very much."

The new Negro muscle and dignity in Mississippi is a result partly of voter registration, partly of the vigorous growth of the Loyalist Democratic Party, an integrated, formal, reasonably well-financed political machine that popped up as a challenge to the regular state party at the Democratic National Convention of 1964, won a few local elections in the late '60s and now seems about to become a major force. The main propulsive energy has been Evers. A magical fund raiser with pipelines into the old Kennedy liberal wing, Charles Evers has spent half his time outside the state,



\$843,000 STRIP TEASE

It looked like trash and hefted like trash, so the janitor sent the carton the way of all trash at the First Security Bank of Idaho in Boise—into the wastepaper shredder. What the shredder shredded, as it developed, was \$843,000 worth of checks, which came out confettied into ten lengthwise strips each and hopelessly jumbled together. Or almost hopelessly. Horrified bank officials, a fortnight ago, installed a task force in a stiflingly hot loft (a breeze under the circumstances could be a catastrophe) and started them on one of history's highest-stakes jigsaw puzzles: reassembling all 78,000 shredded checks. It was tedious work, rather like reclaiming fettucine. But the bank task force reclaimed \$300,000 worth by last week, and one supervisor beamed: "They're really on to it now."



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AP



UPI

Sky pirate: Obergfell took his hostage from one jet at La Guardia (left) to another at Kennedy where the FBI set a death trap, freeing Miss Concepcion

vigorously raising money for his party and his programs.

His tour has included scores of college speaking engagements in which he told of his party's plans and urged students to return to the state to help out. This summer they have come back in greater numbers than in any year since 1964, cooler and a bit less woolly but no less bedeviling to the powers that be. Twenty-nine black-studies students went down from Seton Hall College in New Jersey, and a flock of nuns showed up from Wisconsin; there are even several Southerners in the pack.

Lusts: The white Establishment's response to the new black presence has been more flexible than anyone would have predicted seven years ago, but the legal weasel is still the state animal and violence an occasional sport. Thirty-three counties wiped the voter ledgers clean and made everyone re-register (hoping thereby to lose a few inattentive blacks). A few individual counties, banking on the diffidence of John Mitchell's Justice Department in civil-rights matters, have taken to locking the books against black registrants and outside investigators. Far more ominously, three Negroes were capriciously murdered in May in what seemed to be a Klannish warning that the old blood lusts are not quite dead.

Still, that seems less representative of contemporary Mississippi than the sight of John Lewis and Georgia legislator Julian Bond being given a police escort from the Greenville airport into town or the white mayor of Belzoni greeting the two of them at a mass meeting at the Negro church. Three weeks ago Evers spoke in a jammed auditorium of 2,000 whites in Pascagoula, preaching at them in King's old language of racial cooperation and love. One woman up front began to mutter, "I can't love you, I can't love you." Evers leaned over and, not begging but announcing, told her: "You gotta love me."

Newsweek, August 2, 1971

SKYJACKING:

'A Calculated Risk'

Stewardess Idie Maria Concepcion was suspicious from the moment she first spotted the thin young man in an aisle seat of her New York-to-Chicago TWA jetliner. He was obviously nervous, sweating profusely and half hiding something under a tattered white rag. "Everything they had told us in training about the description of a hijacker—what they told us to report to the cockpit—fitted to a T," she thought. But before Miss Concepcion could pass the alarm, the man threw his arm around her neck, jammed a gun in her back and demanded to be flown to Italy. It was a classic case of midair piracy. But this time the all-too-familiar script came to a deadly surprise ending back on the ground when an FBI sharpshooter killed the gunman with two chancy but well-placed rifle shots—the first fatal shooting of a skyjacker in U.S. aviation history.

The two-and-a-half-hour drama began at New York's La Guardia Airport when the gunman—a cashiered airline mechanic identified later as Richard A. Obergfell, 26—walked toward the 727 jet through a corridor specially wired to detect potential hijackers. A small blue light flashed on a metal-sensing device and TWA security officers moved in to search him. He opened his coat and unzipped his carry-on bag. But officials found only innocuous metal objects that, they decided, must have tripped the alarm, so they passed Obergfell aboard.

The flight was twenty minutes out of New York when Obergfell pulled out his pistol—a stolen Luger-style P-38—and grabbed Miss Concepcion, just two months out of stewardess school at 21. "I'm not going to hurt you if you do what I say," he rasped. She led him up to the cockpit and pilot Albert R. Hawes told

the 55 passengers, "We're going back to La Guardia. We've got a gentleman who wants to go other places."

Where Obergfell wanted to go was Milan—possibly, one acquaintance guessed later, to marry a girl he had corresponded with but never met. But Captain Hawes told him the 727 was not equipped for the flight, so the skyjacker agreed to go back to New York to change planes. Once on the ground, he permitted the passengers and crew to leave—except Miss Concepcion. With his gun still in her back, Obergfell forced his hostage into a waiting panel truck and ordered the driver—a TWA maintenance foreman—to speed them 9 miles to John F. Kennedy International Airport over some of the area's most heavily traveled arteries.

FBI: Police tailed the truck in unmarked cars and a helicopter. Authorities at Kennedy stationed FBI agents with rifles and bulletproof vests behind a metal "blast fence" near a 707 normally used for transatlantic flights. There they crouched while Obergfell and his hostage pulled up alongside the runway in the panel truck. Other agents approached and tried to coax the gunman into surrendering but only irritated him.

Finally, the pair emerged and began backing toward the big jet. Miss Concepcion accidentally stepped once, then again, on Obergfell's feet. He backed away. At that instant, FBI marksman Kenneth Lovin—75 yards away—drew a bead through his telescopic sight and fired twice. One high-powered round caught Obergfell in the shoulder, the other in the abdomen. He fell dying.

It was, an FBI spokesman admitted later, "a calculated risk, but we felt it had to be taken." Miss Concepcion remembered thinking for a split second that it was she who had been shot. That was the only lapse in her calm. "I'm still not afraid," she told reporters. "But I really don't know why."



Lucy, Philip, Lucie and Desi: Applause and tears at the wedding

Once upon a time, the wedding might have been part of an "I Love Lucy" script, including the business of **Lucille Ball's** Beverly Hills neighbors turning on lawn sprinklers to keep their grass from being trampled by the mob of fans who gathered outside the comedienne's home. In the garden, with Lucy and ex-husband **Desi Arnaz** walking separately down the grass aisle to bursts of applause, their daughter **Lucie Désirée Arnaz** was married on her 20th birthday to a 26-year-old documentary film producer named **Philip Vandervort**. "I swore I wasn't going to cry," said Lucy afterward, "but I couldn't help myself." Desi confessed that he "couldn't stop crying."

In a switch from giving the needle to his own government, New York Times columnist **James (Scotty) Reston** got it from the Communists—but with the best of intentions. Arriving in Peking with a coveted press visa, Reston had time to file only two stories before being laid low by pains and fever. He was rushed to Anti-Imperialist Hospital, where doctors diagnosed acute appendicitis and prepared to operate. After an interpreter had explained the situation to Reston and his wife in impeccable, Oxford-accented English, the 61-year-old journalist underwent surgery that took 75 minutes. The needling came afterward as the much-heralded Chinese acupuncture technique was used to combat postoperative pain—with no particular success in Reston's case. In general, however, all was going well. "I can't say enough good things about the nurses and doctors," said Mrs. Reston. "They have been superb."

Down below, the cars were crawling around Los Angeles in the morning rush hour. Up above, a flying traffic report-

er came on the air with his summary: "KGIL Skywatch reporting a truck overturned with oranges spilled all over the San Diego Freeway in Van Nuys, a stalled car on the Golden State Freeway at the Glendale Boulevard off ramp... KGIL Skywatch, Francis Powers, out." Former U-2 pilot **Francis Gary Powers**, 41, laid off by Lockheed more than a year ago, has a temporary job spotting bottlenecks from a Cessna for a radio station in the San Fernando Valley. He seems to be enjoying it, even though 125 mph and 1,500 feet amount to something of a comedown for a man who was barreling along at 400 mph, 12 miles above the earth, when the Russians shot him out of their sky in 1960. "A rocket brought him down then," recalled The Los Angeles Times. "This time it could be smog."

He was delivering his maiden speech in England's House of Lords, and Lord Olivier—better known as actor **Laurence Olivier**—pleaded tongue-in-cheek for a receptive audience: "I must beg to suggest to your lordships that it would be most contrary to the chivalry for which your lordships' House is famous to withhold your gallantry and refuse to indulge a maiden of 64." After speaking eloquently in support of a closed-shop amendment to an industrial-relations bill, Lord Larry sat down to ringing cries of "Hear, hear!" He got excellent press notices, too. The amendment? It lost, 102 votes to 86.

On **Ernest Hemingway's** birthday five years ago, when a memorial was being dedicated to him in Sun Valley, Idaho, his widow impulsively changed her mind about having just a few friends join her afterward. Instead, **Mary Hemingway**

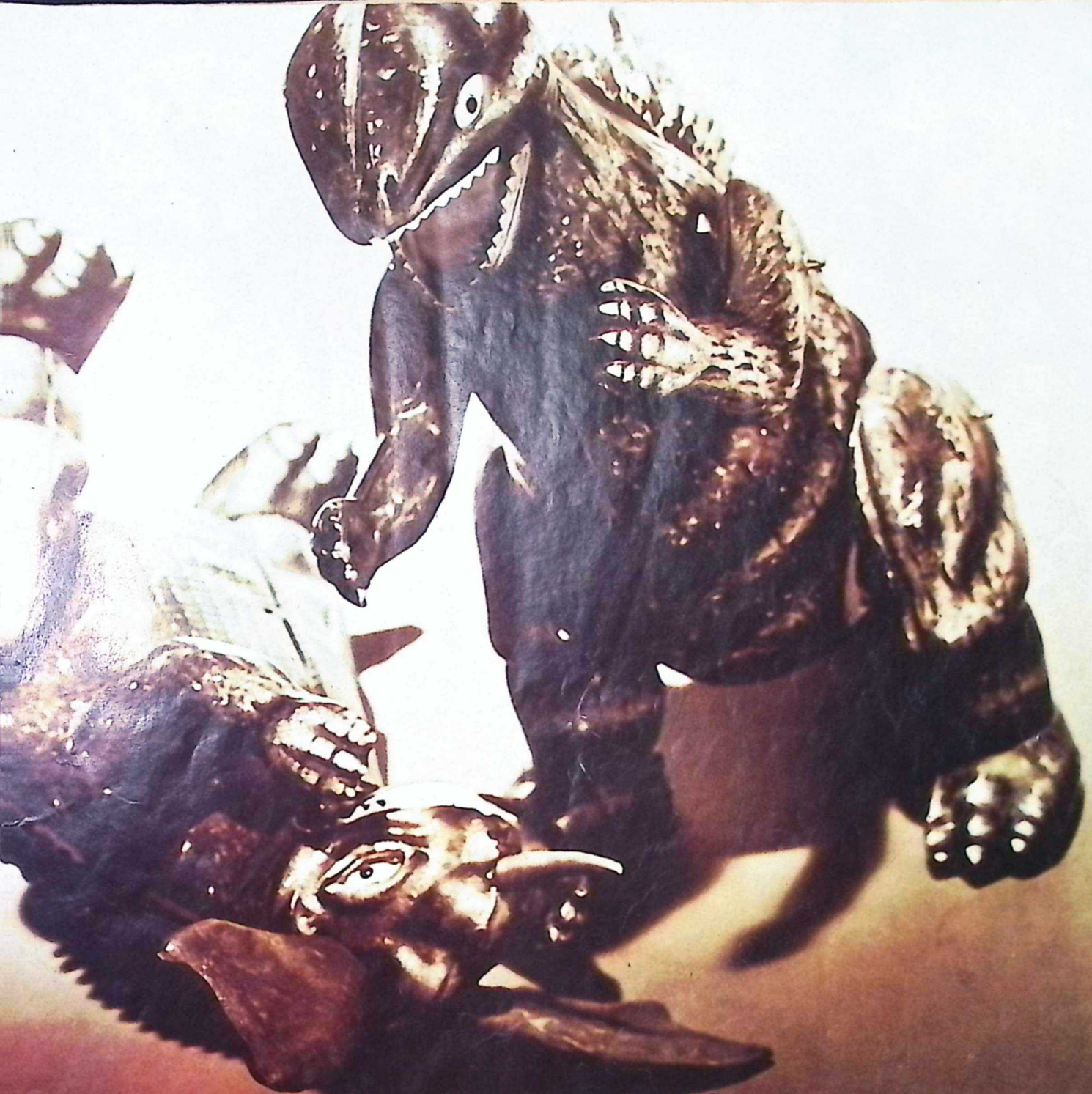
turned to the crowd at the ceremony and said: "Come on." Everybody followed her to a restaurant—and so began an annual custom. Summering as usual at her place in Ketchum—a mile from Sun Valley—Miss Mary observed Papa's 72nd birthday last week by inviting 130 of his local friends to eat, drink and be merry. "I think he would have liked us to have an evening of gaiety on him," explained the author's widow. "After all, his money paid for it." This year's affair was the first to be held in the Hemingway home—the same house where Papa shot himself in 1961. He is buried nearby in the Ketchum cemetery.

*Great Satchmo was in a sweat.
Niagara spurted from his forehead.*

That was the start of a tribute to the late **Louis Armstrong** in Komsomolskaya Pravda, the newspaper of Russia's Communist Youth League. The author was poet **Yevgeny Yevtushenko**, 38, who met the jazz immortal a couple of times—most recently at a Mexico City nightclub in 1968. "That night he played 'Mack the Knife' twice at the request of the Soviet soccer team," Yevtushenko told a reporter. "And then he introduced me from the stage and played a medley of Russian folk songs—in the inimitable Louis Armstrong style." Which was like this, in the inimitable Yevtushenko style:

*Tapping out notes with his heel
And wiping the rainstorm from
his face,
He tossed handkerchief after handkerchief
Into the open maw of the piano.*

"He was a most attractive person. He had real charm." However, continued ex-Secretary of State **Dean Acheson** about **John F. Kennedy**: "He did not seem to me to be in any sense a great man. I did not think he knew a great deal about any of the matters which it's desirable that a Chief of State or a President of the United States should know about. He was not decisive." Having served as an adviser to JFK during the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, Acheson concluded from this and other experiences that "he did not have incisiveness and he was really out of his depth where he was. I hate to say this because I know it's going to be misunderstood, but his reputation is greater because of the tragedy of his death than it would have been if he had lived out two terms." After Acheson's quotes to the BBC reached print, a New York Times reporter thumbed through the Kennedy archives and printed a letter from Acheson to the President right after the Cuba crisis: "May I congratulate you on your leadership, firmness and judgment over the past touchy week. We have not had these qualities at the helm in this country at all times. It is good to have them again." Could Acheson explain the quote gap? He declined.



Survival of the fittest

Companies survive or go under according to their ability to change with the times. To evolve new products to meet new needs.

And needs are getting newer all the time. Take batteries. Not long ago, all you needed them for was torches.

Today, they're in all manner of new products. Tiny tape recorders. TV sets. Sophisticated electro-mechanical toys.

As one of the world's biggest battery

makers, we realized these new products need new, stronger-for-longer batteries.

A new kind of crystal-type manganese dioxide eventually provided the answer. We'd need the rest of this magazine to explain why, but a Hi-Top battery with these incredible crystals is twice as powerful as our ordinary battery. No wonder the dinosaur, with our battery behind him, was able to

clobber the poor old brontosaurus. Which was relying on somebody else's poor, old battery.

There are more goodies where the Hi-Top came from—the most advanced research laboratories in the electronics business.

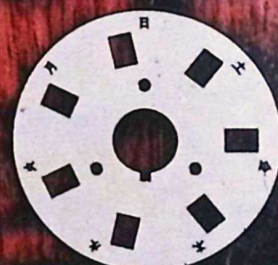
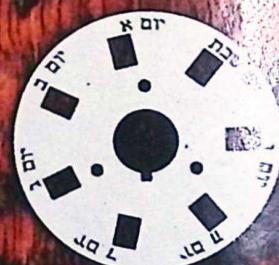
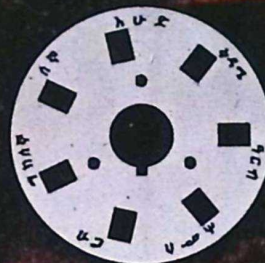
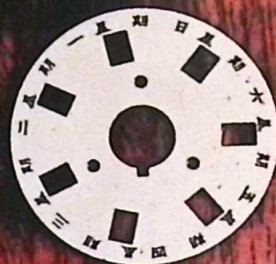
So next time you want a new battery, remember what befell the brontosaurus. We do.



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Just slightly ahead of our time

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The Rolex Day-Date. Available in foreign language editions.

One of these little discs is fitted inside the Rolex Day-Date to let you know what day of the week it is.

Which disc we fit depends on the language you speak.

As long as it's either English, or Arabic, or Catalan, or Chinese, or Danish, or Dutch, or Ethiopian, or Finnish, or French, or German, or Greek, or Hebrew, or Indonesian, or Iranian, or Italian, or Japanese, or Latin, or Moroccan, or Norwegian, or Portuguese, or Russian, or Spanish, or Swedish, we make a Day-Date which speaks your language.

The international success of the Rolex Day-Date has been rather pleasing for our craftsmen.

Because when they invented it, the Day-Date was the first watch in the world to show the date, and the day of the week spelt out in full.

Since then, of course, lots of people have copied it.

Just like they've copied several other Rolex inventions.

But we don't worry too much about that. After all, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

And you can't, as they say, fake the real thing.

The real thing—a genuine Rolex—takes over a year to make.

It takes this long because it's made by craftsmen. And craftsmen are perfectionists.

Take, for example, the winder.

Now you wouldn't think a little thing like the winder was very important, would you?

But it is. It's the weakest point on ordinary watches—a kind of Achilles' heel—which could let in either dust, or dirt, or water.

So you won't find a winder on a Rolex Oyster; you'll find a Rolex Twinlock Winding Crown. This patented invention screws onto the case, to form a solid impenetrable plug.

It takes 38 separate operations to make the Twinlock work. To an outsider, this must seem an awful lot of trouble to take just for a winder.

But that's nothing: it takes 162 separate operations to complete the watch case.

This is because a Rolex Oyster case has to be carved out of just one solid block of metal (either 18ct. gold or surgical stainless steel) so that it won't have any seams in it. Under pressure, a seam would allow water to seep in. And that's the last thing one of our watchmakers would want: it could ruin the Perpetual movement inside.

The Perpetual is a rotor self-winding movement which is so accurate that, after passing rigorous tests which last for over two weeks, one of the Official Swiss Institutes for Chronometer Tests allows us to call each movement a "chronometer" movement. The Rolex red seal, attached to all our chronometers, is your proof of this fact.

So if you thought chronometers were found only on ships, think again.

Mind you, our chronometers do go to sea, as this letter from a British transatlantic sailor testifies:

"We all wore Rolex's when we

established a new record for the first double crossing of the Atlantic in a small boat under power. We relied entirely on the watches, not only for the time, but also for navigation. The watches were subjected to the inevitable hard knocks and rough treatment, to say nothing of frequent immersion in salt water and damp. The ability of the watches to keep accurate time so we could navigate successfully under the most trying conditions was fully proved."

Letters like this (and we have hundreds of them in Geneva) make all the time and trouble we take seem worthwhile.

In fact, we keep a scrapbook of newspaper cuttings showing famous people like racing driver Jackie Stewart, sailor Sir Francis Chichester, and a thousand-and-one other sportsmen, politicians and entertainers, all of whom can clearly be seen to be wearing one of our watches.

Each one of our craftsmen knows that the watch in any of the pictures could be a watch he built himself.

They say that they find this very satisfying.

If you own a Rolex, you'll know the feeling.

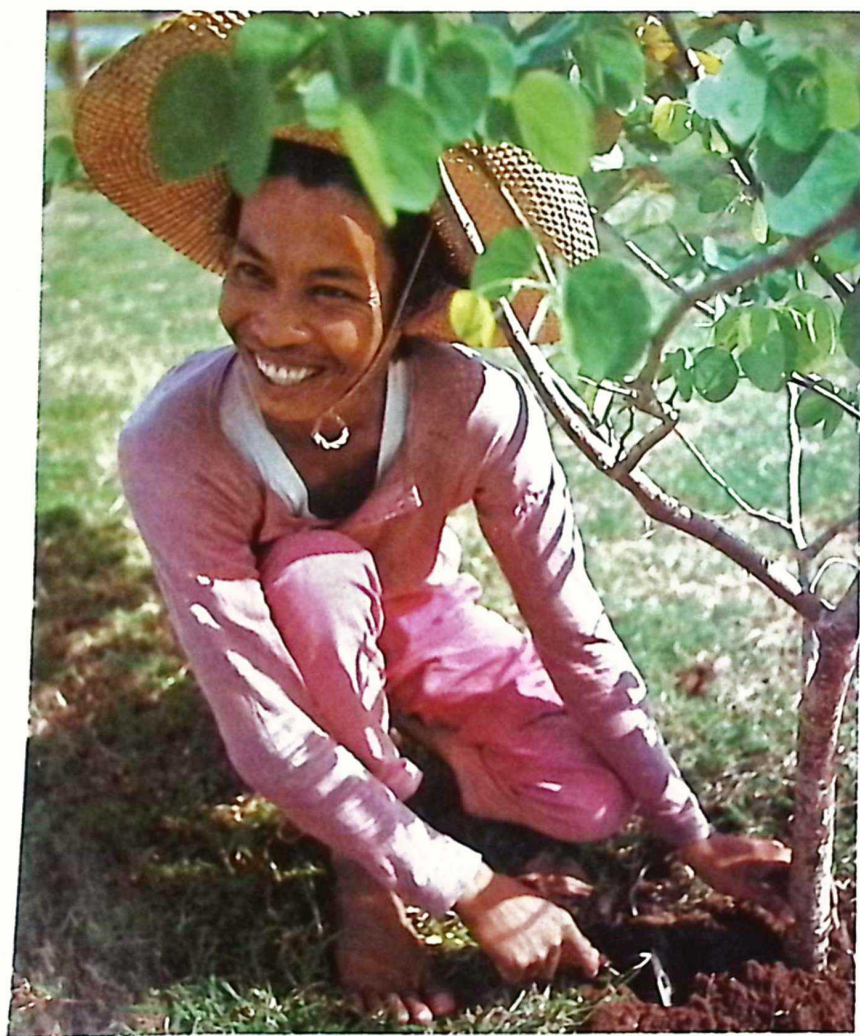
Owning one is almost as satisfying as making one.


ROLEX
of Geneva



Pictured: The Rolex Day-Date. Available only in 18ct. gold or platinum, with matching bracelet.

**Green fingers Jose
planted 2,001 leafy
shade trees
right next door
to the airport...
just to keep you cool
as a cucumber.**



They're all in Nayong Pilipino, our fabulous transit park right next door to the airport. We're very proud of it and we think you'll like it too. What is the Nayong Pilipino? It means "little town of the Filipinos". You see, in case your stay with us is too short to visit the many regions among our 7,107 tropic islands — we've brought them all to you. Towns, people, festivals, folklore, cottage industries, crops, trees, flowers, landscapes, even lakes and mountains. And a traditional Filipino restaurant where you can try our native dishes (served with an equally traditional Filipino smile). Immigration, customs and quarantine formalities have been cut to the bone, airport lockers for hand baggage, and charming Filipinas to meet and assist you. That's the way we feel about visitors to this country of ours and we try to show it from the moment you step aboard a PAL jet whether it's to fly home with us or around the Far East, to Australia, Europe or the U.S. We can take you there and give the bonus of the Philippines on every trip.

FLY WITH US-TO WHERE WE LIVE

 **Philippine Airlines**

Dancing the Memories

A fanfare of anticipation preceded the appearance last week of Dame Margot Fonteyn with the Stuttgart Ballet. She came to the Met in New York to dance in the American premiere of "Poème de l'Extase," which John Cranko had choreographed especially for her. Cranko made no secret that what he intended had less to do with the Fonteyn of "Swan Lake" or "Giselle," roles which have made her the world's prima ballerina for 30 years, than with the beautiful 52-year-old woman who has aged so gracefully in body and matured so ripely in spirit. "If she were an actress," says Cranko, "at her age she'd be playing Phaedra or Lady Macbeth."

"Poème de l'Extase," set to Scriabin's music, is derived from a short story by Colette. Among the guests at a party given by a great diva is a young man who falls wildly in love with her. Struck by his passion, she conjures up vivid memories of lovers long departed. For a while she relives the old fevers, but in the end, refusing to cheapen her memories, she spurns her young suitor.

The work is highly theatrical, relying as much on atmosphere as it does on dance to make its effect. Jürgen Rose's costumes and sets are inspired by the early Austrian expressionist, Gustav Klimt. Colors and shapes clash, form clever perspectives and clash again. The music suits the décor—nerve-tingling, sultry, perverse in its alternating currents of tonality and dissonance.

Exultantly: Into this hothouse enters the rarest flower, Fonteyn as the diva, limp-wristed, all in white, moving from one highly stylized pose to another like stills from a turn-of-the-century camera. In a dream she sheds her long dress and, in bursts of energy and suppleness, dances exultantly with a succession of yesterday lovers, their pas de deux accompanied by an importunate obligato performed by her young suitor, Egon Madsen.

The chief trouble with the ballet is the four lovers. They are too much alike, their relationship to the diva undifferentiated, their movements uninventive as they dash about the stage, clad in flowing silk robes like an ad for Scalomandré.

Fonteyn is wonderful. In that frenetic atmosphere, she stands out as the one distinct figure, delicate but strong, nobly resigned to age. "What I like about the ballet," she says, "is that it's all one piece—the décor, the music, the choreography. It all goes together in a special period style and requires its own posing and line and fresh possibilities for arabesques. It's remarkable the number of different things you can do with arabesques. I suppose it's really the most important movement in ballet."

She firmly resists any invitation to criticize the new ballet. "Few ballerinas are



Fonteyn and lovers in 'Poème': Nerve-tingling, sultry, perverse

lucky enough to get a new ballet, much less a role tailor-made for my personality. I can act my age. It's about someone looking back on her memories rather than forward to them. It's something I can put myself into easily, like a nice coat."

There is something pleasantly old-fashioned about vehicles for stars, Fonteyn thinks. "I think it's nice to show off dancers. I think the public likes it. I know that when I was young Frederick Ashton did ballets on me and it helped develop me as an artist in spite of my limitations." What limitations? "Oh," she says merrily, "I was never a great technical virtuoso, you know."

For Fonteyn, in twelve seasons of dancing in New York, this was the first season she had appeared with a company other than the Royal Ballet. There are no sinister implications. The subject of her retirement, what she calls "my phasing out," inevitably arises—"If it's happening," she says, "it's taking a great deal of performances: I'm dancing more than usual. Everyone's always asking me. I keep trying to find different answers—or different ways of putting the same answer. The truth is, I don't know. I'm truly astounded that I haven't stopped long ago and I'll just go on and see what happens."

—HUBERT SAAL

Songs of Non-Liberation

Now that such male country-and-Western singers as Johnny Cash, Glen Campbell and Merle Haggard are firmly fixed in the constellation of pop stardom, the ladies who sing C&W are making their own climb to the top. Tammy Wynette, Loretta Lynn, Dottie West, Lynn Anderson, Connie Smith, Wanda Jackson, Dolly Parton, Jeannie C. Riley and Skeeter Davis are all vying with traditional pop vocalists and rock singers on the charts, indeed often outselling them as the C&W lyric and lore reach deeper into the youth market.

About the most remarkable success among the C&W ladies is Tammy Wy-

nette, whose aching lyrics have lifted her out of the pack. The score of the movie "Five Easy Pieces" featured her hits "Stand By Your Man" and a catch-voiced number called "D-I-V-O-R-C-E," about a couple on the verge of splitting up who spell out the word so their kid won't catch on.

Determined: A platinum-haired divorcee born 29 years ago in a tiny Mississippi cotton town, Tammy visited Nashville in 1967 with a batch of songs she had written with a disk jockey. One, "You Can Steal Me," was picked up and recorded by Bonnie Guitar, but Tammy, who is proficient on piano, guitar and accordion, wanted to wangle her own recording contract. Five labels had turned her down when she knocked on Billy Sherrill's door at Epic Records.

"I stood there with wet hands trying to play the guitar while Billy was leaning back with his feet crossed on the desk," she told NEWSWEEK's Eleanor Clift last week. "He had no expression, no reaction." But Sherrill, who now writes or co-writes most of Tammy's hits, was not unmoved. He told Tammy to come back when she had more new material. "I was so determined I moved to Nashville and got a one-room efficiency—with my three babies," she recalls. Three months later, her first hit single was released—a sad, smoky midnight lament called "Apartment #9," which sounds suspiciously like a lonely divorcee's one-room-efficiency blues.

Since then, working in an almost Pygmalion-like relationship with Sherrill, Tammy has sold some 9 million records for a gross of \$30 million. She has strung together fourteen No. 1 country singles in a row and is the first C&W lady to sell 1 million copies of an LP ("Tammy's Greatest Hits").

What has happened to her along the way sums up many of the changes wrought in country music since the recording-industry heavies moved into the market. Sequined cowboy shirts are being replaced by Dior originals; twangy

bluegrass banjo licks are giving way to a strings-and-brass background of supper-club silkiness.

But however sophisticated the new "country-politan" sound, the best C&W still has that narrative hands-in-the-dirt realism, that recognition of life's hard knocks that moves its fans to nod knowingly when Tammy sings numbers such as "I Don't Wanna Play House" or "I Wound Easy (But I Heal Fast)." The way she sings, almost manfully, about how tough it is to be a woman, accounts for her edge over her rivals. "Country music tells a story from beginning to end," she notes, and that narrative quality can be surprisingly subtle, as in "Your Good Girl's Gonna Go Bad," a hit song Sherrill co-wrote for Tammy in which the wife of a man addicted to fast women and bars describes how she is going to style herself after the painted ladies her husband keeps chasing.

Secure: With no small assist from Sherrill, Tammy's music faithfully follows the notion that country music is poor folk's psychiatry, an adjunct to the Bible, a salve for the beleaguered housewife who grits her teeth as destiny dumps its slops on her head. It takes up where the Baptist preacher leaves off in tunes like "Don't Come Home A Drinkin' (With Lovin' on Your Mind)," "Have a Little Faith" and "The Joy of Being a Woman."

Tammy is remarried now, to C&W singer George (Possum) Jones, and even in the midst of her success she has no yearnings for liberation from beleaguered housewifery. "Basically, country people don't think about protesting," she says. "They accept a hard way of life. I have no desire whatsoever to be freer than I am. That's the country in me. I'm old-fashioned. I like to feel secure." Then she smiles nervously, every Wichita line-man's dream, and confides, "George'll be here any minute gripin' about where's his supper. He left me orders to get some steaks and he'll grill them out back."



Al Clayton

Wynette: It's tough to be a woman

Shuffle Off in Buffalo

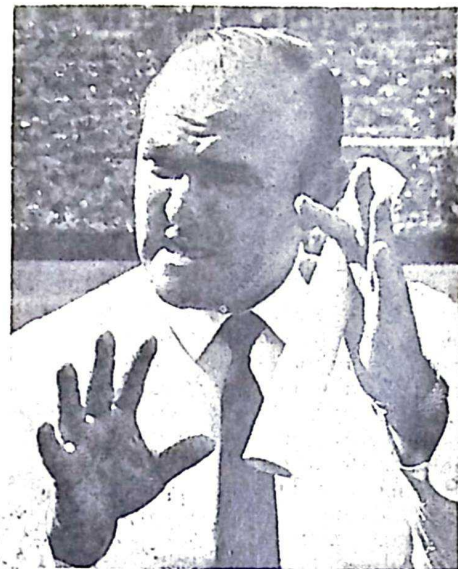
He had a keen football mind and a set of complicated playbooks worthy of any would-be coaching genius, but from the moment he arrived in the Buffalo Bills' camp in 1969, coach John Rauch also had a problem. After three years as the highly successful but figurehead coach of the Oakland Raiders (brilliant front-office man Al Davis actually ran the show), Rauch was determined to assert complete authority over the Bills. He never quite succeeded, and last week his efforts to put down all rivals to his leadership brought his Buffalo career to an abrupt and rather bizarre end.

The end came after a gratuitously hostile TV attack by Rauch on two departed veterans, Ron McDole and Paul Maguire, who happened to be among the most popular players in the eleven-year history of the Buffalo franchise. McDole, a hard-working 280-pound defensive end, and Maguire, a constantly joking punter whom many players called the best morale builder on the club, were Buffalo fixtures off the field as well as on. The beer-drinking, intensely loyal fans who always fill Buffalo's crumbling old stadium—and often down their post-game drinks at Maguire's own tavern—were undoubtedly disappointed when Rauch traded McDole and let Paul Maguire retire. But their mood turned to outrage when the coach appeared on television and accused McDole of playing less than "winning football" and Maguire of being merely a "clown."

Bluff: Club owner Ralph Wilson was quick to sense the heat such remarks would kindle. He called Rauch and told him he would issue a defense of the two players. Rauch said that if Wilson made such a statement, he would have to find a new coach. Wilson called the bluff, Rauch resigned and Wilson moved Harvey Johnson, director of player personnel, up to head coach.

Rauch's departure was greeted with cheers in many quarters. His humorless and highly technical approach to the game never caught on in Buffalo, where the Bills had won championships in the mid-1960s by playing like exuberant street brawlers. An early glimpse of the Rauch style came in 1969 when he ordered McDole, who also owns a construction company, to stop taking phone calls in the clubhouse. "The request was reasonable enough," said one observer. "But John could have offered to have a secretary keep messages for McDole. Instead, he looked at one of this town's heroes and snapped, 'If you can't be treated like everyone else, we can get along without you.'"

By last season, Rauch had almost everyone grumbling. Veterans resented his tendency to get rid of older men as soon as possible. Front-office personnel simmered at his ill-disguised efforts to



Robert L. Smith—Buffalo Evening News

Rauch: Who's the clown?

take over as general manager as well as coach. And the young stars around whom he hoped to build a winner were angriest of all. Running back O.J. Simpson, league-leading receiver Marlin Briscoe and star rookie pass rusher Al Cowlings, among others, grew increasingly hostile as the season dragged on—until Cowlings finally hit Rauch in the back of the head with a snowball at one angry practice. Thus, as Johnson took over late last week with his low-key approach, some fans were persuaded that the change just might turn the troubled, also-ran Bills into long-shot contenders in the American Conference's Eastern Division.

Who Flunked?

Few athletes anticipated a brighter future than James Edward McAlister. At 19, he was already a world-class long jumper with Olympic hopes; as a freshman football star at UCLA, he carried the ball with enough speed and power to earn recognition as "the cross-town O.J. Simpson." Ever since McAlister began breaking records in two sports at Pasadena's Blair High School, in fact, college recruiters and coaches have been predicting spectacular feats for him. The chorus of praise reached its height when UCLA track coach Jim Bush said, "James could be the first man to win both an Olympic gold medal and the Heisman Trophy."

Then, a few weeks ago, such heady prospects went glimmering. As McAlister was about to board the track-team bus for the National Collegiate Athletic Association championships, Bush stopped him sadly and led him to athletic director J.D. Morgan's office. Morgan handed him a letter from the NCAA. As the disbelieving youth read it, all the blazing headlines were suddenly obscured by

the fine print in the NCAA rules. On what Morgan described as a technicality, McAlister had been ruled ineligible for all collegiate competition. His crime: taking, and passing, a required college-entrance test—but on the wrong date.

McAlister burst out of Morgan's office in tears, kicked open a door and smashed his fist against a wall. Then he drove aimlessly around Los Angeles for two and a half hours, trying to comprehend what was happening to him. "I was filled with evil thoughts," he says now. "I didn't know what was behind all this, and I wanted to know who was responsible."

Error: The blame for the weird turn of events had to be shared by all parties. Certainly, the NCAA's Draconian verdict gave the case an almost Kafka-esque quality: unless he wins his appeal this month, McAlister will pay for his error in timing with permanent banishment from all campus sports. The real tragedy of the case, however, extends beyond the specific actions of those involved. As a sensational but naïve young athlete, McAlister was thrust into the vortex of the high-powered, frantically competitive world of college recruiting and competition. Like many other young athletes, he trusted the representatives of that world; they seem to have failed him miserably. In addition, although the guilt seems to lie with a number of people—and with the system itself—only McAlister is being forced to pay with his career.

An NCAA by-law, passed in January 1970 and drastically stiffened this spring, requires all athletes seeking financial aid to take either the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) or the American College Testing exam (ACT) on "national testing dates." Before any student can receive athletic aid, he must score well enough to enable the technicians to predict that he will be able to achieve a 1.6 grade average (C-minus work). His recruiters

asked McAlister to take an SAT test; he did and flunked it. Later the boy took another SAT test and missed the 1.6 mark again. Then UCLA athletic officials decided to have him seek eligibility by taking the ACT, which was acceptable to the NCAA but not to the UCLA admissions board. To bypass normal UCLA admissions standards, they then included McAlister in the Educational Opportunity Program, which is supposedly a means of giving admission and aid to scholastically unqualified but academically oriented minority students.

McAlister's enrollment under the EOP program satisfied the school's requirements, but left those of the NCAA still to be surmounted. To meet these, McAlister arrived at Santa Monica City College on April 25, 1970, to take his ACT test, but he had forgotten some required forms and was told he would have to wait until the next testing date, July 18.

Then, three days later, an aide to athletic director Morgan called ACT headquarters and persuaded officials there to arrange a special test for McAlister. The test was held on June 2, with an ACT supervisor on hand. McAlister passed the 1.6 level and assumed that his eligibility problems at last were over. But they were not. The UCLA newspaper, the *Daily Bruin*, attacked the admission of McAlister and thirteen other athletes under the EOP program, and campus radicals and the school's admissions department took up the cry.

Timing: For its part, the NCAA has been indignant at the fact that many school athletic officials seem to be ignoring the national test dates on which the SAT or ACT tests are supposed to be taken. In the end, it was on the technicality of the timing of his ACT test that McAlister was declared ineligible, but the NCAA still wasn't through; it went on to declare that McAlister had compound-

ed his offense by competing in freshman track and football while ineligible, and that he therefore is now permanently ineligible for participation in any intercollegiate sports.

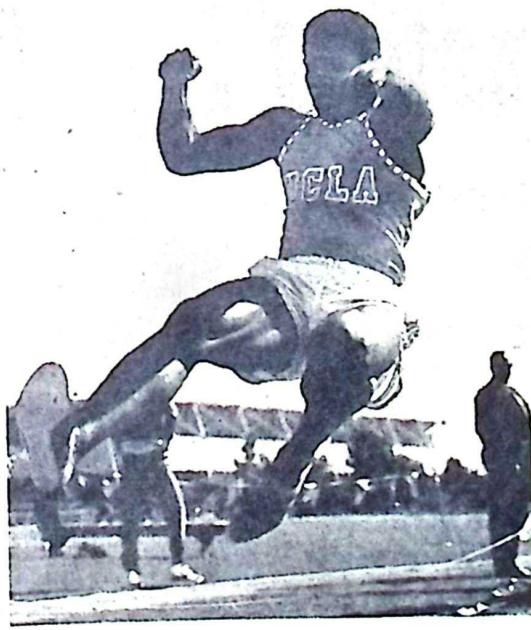
If the NCAA's angry position may seem justified, the target of its wrath is less easily understood. Perhaps UCLA didn't behave any differently than a hundred other schools might have with a blue-chip prospect like McAlister within reach. But the fact remained that it was the university that made the promises, arranged the admissions and EOP programs and set up the make-up test; it was the university that would have reaped the profits as McAlister's extraordinary running feats filled its stadium. Yet it is James McAlister, admittedly "just hanging" until his appeal gives him one more chance to save his college career, who is paying the full price—and in the process becoming a painful example of the exploitation of athletes by the American college system.

Brundage Backs Down

For almost a year, crusty Avery Brundage adamantly stood his ground, apparently willing to sacrifice just about anything—even the prestige of the Winter Olympics—to uphold his own rigid definition of amateurism. Last autumn the 83-year-old president of the International Olympic Committee suspended ten world-class skiers from six nations because they had worked during the summer as paid coaches at a California ski camp. When the Fédération Internationale de Ski, skiing's governing body, threatened a boycott of the 1972 Winter Games if the ban was not lifted, Avery responded with a characteristic display of stubbornness (*NEWSWEEK*, Jan. 11). And until last week it appeared that the raging feud might rob the games at Sapporo, Japan, of their most glamorous event, Alpine skiing.

Then, in the kind of gesture rare in his long career, Brundage backed down. After a midweek IOC meeting in Moscow, he rescinded the ban on the ten skiers—and thus assured the presence of a full card of Alpine events at Sapporo. Since the three IOC vice presidents under Brundage had long urged a more moderate stand, there was unconcealed joy on the committee. As one adviser put it mildly, "Avery was well-advised."

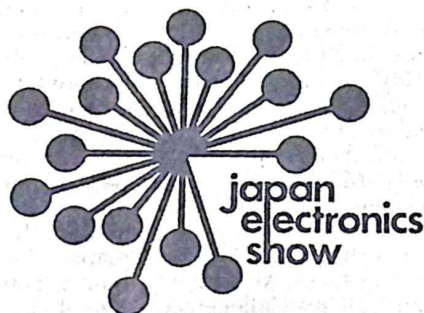
But others noted that Brundage's capitulation came only after the FIS had stiffened some of its own ultra-lenient rules on professionalism—a notable concession on the part of the ski world. "Avery is wily," said an IOC member. "By going to an extreme in his stand, he hopes that he'll get a compromise that's closer to the position he wants." The warring groups remain far apart on many issues, but last week's compromise allowed the Sapporo promoters to breathe much more easily. "Of all the officials in Moscow," summed up one observer, "nobody left happier than the Japanese."



McAlister in action: Does the punishment really fit the crime?

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Invitation to application for 1971 Japan Electronics Show (JES) has been closed. This year, latest electronics products and components will be displayed by approximately 300 domestic makers and more than 100 participants from overseas including France, Germany, United Kingdom, Austria, Switzerland, U.S.A. and Korea. In 1972, JES will hold the exhibition late in September in Tokyo. Participation in this JES all-round electronics show by manufacturers in all countries of the world is invited.

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THE MEDIA

End of a Dream

Ever since he could remember, Nicholas Stroh had yearned to roam Africa and tell the continent's story to the rest of the world. And so nine months ago, when the 33-year-old journalist quit his job on The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin after five years of reporting the poverty beat, he knew there was only one place for him to go. "This will make or break me," he told a friend as he set out to cover Africa at last. "But it is a lifetime dream."

If he was a dreamer in one sense, however, Stroh was eminently practical in others. For years he had been preparing himself to write with an expert's knowledge of African life. He had studied African affairs at three American universities—Michigan, Wayne State and Columbia—and had put in a year in Liberia with the Peace Corps as well. He refused to be deterred by the fact that, even with these excellent qualifications, he still could not persuade a newspaper to give him a full-time job in Africa. As the son of a wealthy Detroit brewery family, Stroh was able to pay his own way—and to him the investment seemed worthwhile.

Accompanied by his German-born wife, Gerda, and their two small children, Stroh arrived in Africa late last year armed with cable cards from The Washington Star, The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin and ABC, plus promises that if he produced good stories they would be run on a piece-rate basis. "It wasn't enough even to pay expenses," Mrs. Stroh recalls. "But Nick felt we could hold out for a year or two." For his home base, Stroh chose the Ugandan capital of Kampala, where he rented a small house and set about in his outgoing, Midwestern way to unearth the news. But what he really needed was a big story that would catch the eyes of the editors back home.

It did not take him long to find one.



Stroh: A job too well done

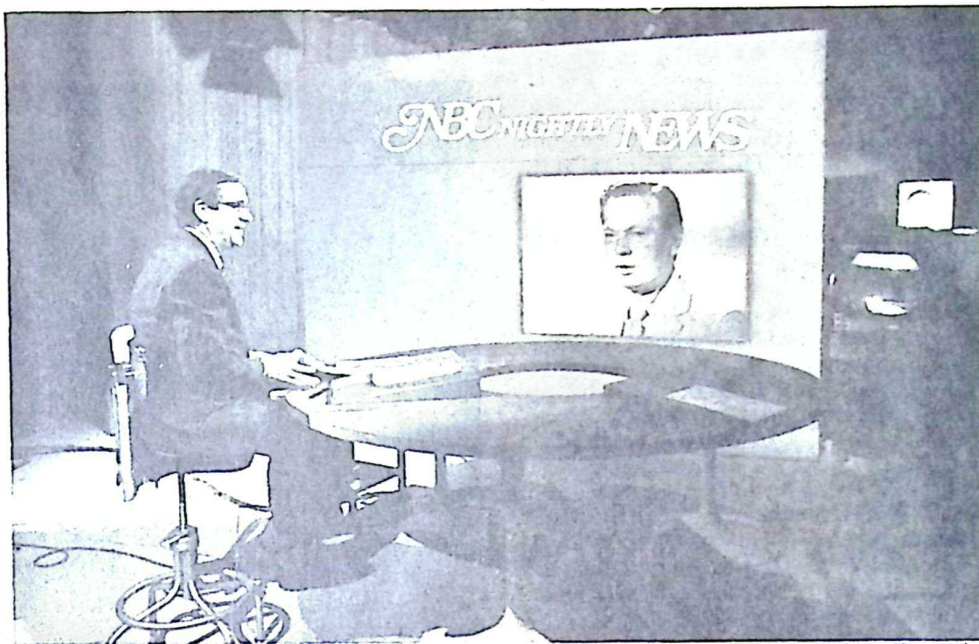
Last January, Gen. Idi Amin Dada, the chief of the Ugandan armed forces, suddenly ousted socialist President Milton Obote and took over the Ugandan Government. Stroh had been a friend of the pro-Western Amin even before the coup and quickly got on good terms with the other key figures in the new government. That made him the only U.S. correspondent with an insider's access to a breaking story of considerable international interest. To his delight, he was soon engaged as a contributor by seven more newspapers, including The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, The Newark News and The Detroit News.

Claim: For all his friendship with Amin, however, Stroh remained a probing reporter. When Amin tried to conceal bloody disaffection within the Ugandan Army by blaming all the trouble on guerrillas allegedly based in neighboring countries, Stroh was skeptical. And when Amin outdid himself with a charge that Uganda had been invaded by Tanzanian troops led by Chinese advisers, it was just too good a story for Nick Stroh to pass up.

Together with an American sociologist, Robert L. Siedle, who had been lecturing at Kampala's Makerere University, Stroh set out on July 7 to discover for himself what was really happening in the Ugandan Army camps. Hearing reports of a massacre there of 140 officers and men, Stroh headed for the Mbarara barracks, three hours' drive from the capital. By nightfall, he had managed to meet secretly with soldiers who told him they had seen bodies carted away by trucks following a mass execution. Stroh now had another big story. But this time he had done his job too well and learned too much. He and Siedle told friends that they would return to Kampala on July 9. In fact, they disappeared that morning and have not been heard from since.

Rumor: Last week, as U.S. Embassy officials in Kampala vainly sought to discover what had befallen Stroh and Siedle, NEWSWEEK's Andrew Jaffe traveled to Mbarara and succeeded in tracing their movements. Jaffe, the first foreign journalist to enter the area since the two men disappeared, was told that they had been arrested by a Lieutenant Colonel Ali, a distant relative of Amin's with a hair-trigger temper and a reputation for brutality. Barracks rumor, Jaffe's informants added, had it that Stroh and Siedle had been killed within a few days after their arrest.

At the end of the week, after a meeting with U.S. Ambassador Clyde Ferguson, General Amin agreed to fly to Mbarara with a U.S. consular officer for an on-scene investigation of Stroh's disappearance. Sadly, however, the odds seem great that Amin's intervention had come too late and that Nicholas Stroh, with his abiding love of Africa, had become the first Western journalist to be killed there since the bloody days of the Congolese civil wars.



Robert R. McElroy—Newsweek

Chancellor with Brinkley: The old magic was simply not there

Chancellor On His Own

When Chet Huntley bade his last good night to David Brinkley a year ago, the formula that for fourteen years had kept their NBC program pre-eminent among network news shows instantly dissolved. At first, in an attempt to reconstitute its ingredients, NBC put together a troika—Brinkley plus correspondents John Chancellor and Frank McGee—and shuttled them between New York and Washington in a complex and awkward cycle. But while the multi-newscaster system occasionally glistened like the golden days, the old magic simply was not there, and within a matter of months the network knew it had a problem on its hands. Last week, NBC News president Reuven Frank finally took steps to rectify that problem. Beginning Aug. 16, he announced, Chancellor would become solo anchorman for the "NBC Nightly News" and Brinkley would lift anchor and roam the country at will, filing editorials and feature spots five nights (Tuesday through Saturday) each week. (McGee, it had been disclosed earlier, will take over NBC's "Today" show from the retiring Hugh Downs in October.)

"After Chet left, we tried to make the change look minimal and slide into the same format, but it was a dumb decision," Frank candidly admits. "We were trapped by the patterns of the past."

The trap turned out to be painful for NBC in the all-important network struggle for Nielsen ratings. Since Huntley's departure, NBC's share of the evening news audience has dropped from 30 to 27 per cent, while third-place ABC has jumped from 15 to 19 per cent (CBS still leads with 29 per cent). Frank is convinced that the 44-year-old Chancellor, whose straightforward manner is often touched with a dry professorial wit, will be just the right counterpoint to

CBS's avuncular Walter Cronkite and ABC's chatty duo of Howard K. Smith and Harry Reasoner. "John has been in the news business half his life," Frank points out. "He's developed as a commentator to the point where, whatever he says, you're sure he *knows* what he's talking about. Besides, the news programs already have their grandfather image, and we don't want to be second best to anybody."

Skills: Chancellor himself faces his new challenge with confidence. In the year that he has been co-anchorman, he has displayed increasing showmanship and spontaneity. Now NBC has given him complete license to write, coordinate and set the tone for the program. "I look forward to being a shaper," says Chancellor, "but I recognize that it's going to take some time to make friends with the audience and get them to trust me." He also recognizes that part of the process will be de-emphasizing the skills he brought to a high art in his 21 years as a reporter and adjusting to the different requirements of newscasting. "Writing as a correspondent is a tightly disciplined craft," Chancellor notes. "A newscaster is far less formal—but informality still doesn't mean you can phony things up."

Like many another broadcaster, Chancellor is keenly aware that Spiro Agnew is not alone in his distrust of TV news coverage. "I think we're going to be in for a rough couple of years—from Democrats as well as Republicans," he predicts. "The government's attack on the press is far from over, and people in the media are worried about their credibility." But he is determined not to bow to ignorant or unwarranted criticism. All he is aiming for, says Chancellor, is to make people "feel easy in my company and believe what I say. My job is not to curry favor, not to be loved, but to tell the truth."

Boy Guru

All brothers of love come to welcome Guru Maharaj Ji. He is coming in the clouds with great power and glory and his silver steed will drift down at 4 p.m. at Los Angeles International Airport, TWA Flight 761.

It was a modest enough announcement for a guru who claims 3 million followers throughout the world. But then Balyogeshwar Sri Sant Ji Maharaj, who appeared as promised last week at Hollywood's Divine Light Mission to begin a three-month tour of North America, is not the usual bearded wise man from India. In fact, at the age of 13, Guru Maharaj Ji has no beard at all.

The son of an Indian holy man who died in 1966, the Maharaj began meditating with his father at the age of 2. At 6, he startled crowds with hours-long discourses in English on the nature of truth, and at St. Joseph's Academy back home in Dehra Dun, India, he is perhaps the only ninth-grader with a bodyguard, an appointments secretary and 2,000 mahatmas who call him master. As he sat amid papers marked "Top Sacred" at the crowded Divine Light Mission house last week, some of the faithful who came daily to sit at his feet sought to define his relation with God. "You give your devotion to God through me," the Maharaj explained. "I multiply it many times and then send it to Him." Did that mean, asked one disciple, that they should call him God? "I am human—hands, bones, lungs," the boy responded. "But guru is greater than God because if you go to guru, guru will show you God."

Ireland's Changing Church

The Republic of Ireland has long been the favorite retreat of Irish-American priests who, like combat soldiers, feel a periodic need for rest and rehabilitation in a battle-free zone. Nowhere in the world are Roman Catholics more docile toward their bishops than in Ireland, and nowhere is a priest more powerful than in an Irish pulpit. But clerical visitors to Ireland this summer are discovering that they really can't go "home" again—at least not without confronting on Irish soil the same troublesome questions of sexual freedom, priestly dissent and social unrest that currently plague the U.S. Catholic Church.

Just last month, the Irish Senate considered a bill that would have lifted the republic's ban on the import and sale of contraceptives. The bill was finally defeated, but only after considerable pressure from the pulpit to avert what Dublin's doggedly conservative Archbishop John C. McQuaid called "a curse upon our country." In fact, while Dublin has long been regarded as "the Pope's most loyal diocese," McQuaid's metropolitan



Maharaj Ji: 'I am human'

flock is far from unanimous in opposing birth control. The overwhelmingly Catholic student body at Dublin's University College, for example, has publicized its approval of contraception and, in an unusual public protest for Irish priests, sixteen clerics this year signed a letter to Dublin newspapers expressing qualified approval of contraception.

Indeed, the real significance of Ireland's birth-control debate lies in the evidence it offers of the laity's increasing resistance to official church policy. By all conventional standards, the influence of the Irish church is enormous: 95 per cent of the people are Catholic, and polls show that 96 per cent of them attend church regularly on Sundays. And Ireland's tall, impressive primate, William Cardinal Conway, need not even lobby with legislators to make the hierarchy's wishes felt. "The real church influence is inside the heart and mind of every Catholic lawmaker," says one Dublin journalist—and all but a handful of Irish legislators are Catholic. Equally important is the influence of the parish clergy, as Ireland's fledgling women's liberation movement is now finding out.

Rock: "We can agitate for weeks to neighborhood women," complains Mary Kenny, a movement leader, "but one sermon from the local priest can undermine it all." Even so, Ireland's liberationists claim 800 women members, and their organization clearly aims to wrestle with the church at the grass-roots level. "Our potential recruits," says Miss Kenny, "are the mothers who are the foundation rock of the sacrosanct Catholic family and thus of the church itself."

No reform movement within the church, however, could be effective without the platform provided by the independent Irish press. It was the full

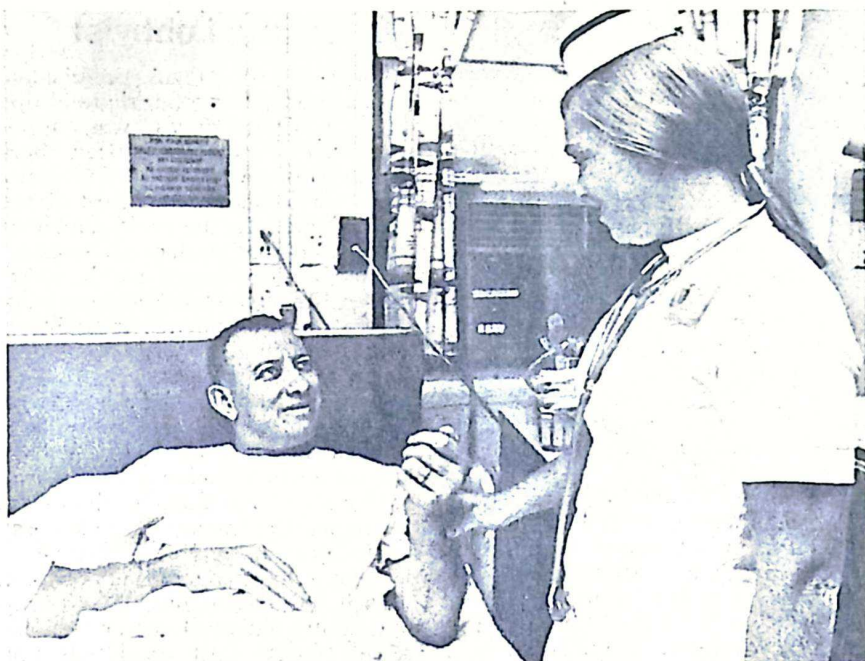
and fair coverage of Vatican Council II by Dublin journalists that awoke Irish families to the possibility of church reform. "For the first time, the people did not have to take the bishops' word for everything," says Louis McRedmond, a former Vatican correspondent and editor of the *Irish Independent*. "If a bishop says something now, it is taken only as a starting point for discussion."

What Ireland's 29 bishops say and do varies, of course, from diocese to diocese. Dublin's autocratic Archbishop McQuaid, 76, still has his priests saying the Mass with their backs to the people, and has announced that in Dublin, at least, contraception is a sin. In Kerry, however, Bishop Eamonn Casey, 44, refers to himself as "managing director" of a diocese with 140 clerical "executives" who often meet in "board meetings" to determine pastoral policies.

Profile: With priests and sisters running most of the nation's schools, the bishops have plenty of administrative decisions to make. And on touchy questions of doctrine or clerical discipline, the hierarchy as a whole has retained its traditionally conservative profile. "Some churches in other parts of the world are going far too fast today," says Cardinal Conway, "but I'd call the course for the Irish church just about right."

Still, there are numerous signs that the church is not moving fast enough to suit many younger priests and nuns. Priestly vocations have dropped 25 per cent over the past few years, and today's seminarians, says theologian Enda McDonagh, "are a lot more casual about becoming priests. They are willing to 'give it a try' in the same way they would give engineering or law a try." Similarly, many Irish nuns are dropping their demure, self-effacing manner. "When I entered the novitiate ten years ago, we had weeks of discussion on poverty and obedience," complains one 30-year-old sister. "Nobody told me that when I was 28 or so I might suddenly have terrible temptations and think I wanted a man."

Divorce: Thus far, however, there have been few cases of Irish priests or nuns marrying, and little public debate on clerical celibacy. The primary goals of the recently formed Irish Priests' Association are more democratic structures in the church and greater freedom for priests who want to speak out on issues such as contraception, missionary support of social revolution and, particularly, divorce—which will probably emerge as the next major domestic problem to confront the Irish church. "They couldn't permit divorce here," observes an Irish journalist. "It would jam the courts for five years at least." Predictably, Cardinal Conway disagrees with the implication that many of his flock would welcome legal divorce. "The people do not want such changes," he says. For the moment, he is probably right. But only for the moment. For the winds that have buffeted Catholicism elsewhere are at last reaching Irish shores.



Joe Petrella—New York Daily News

Good match: Salamensky in the hospital for his kidney transplant

A Kidney in Time

For seven years, Carl Salamensky suffered excruciating pain from an incurable kidney disease; he stayed alive during the past 24 months only with the aid of an artificial kidney machine (NEWSWEEK, July 26). Unlike many patients on dialysis, the 37-year-old New Jersey college administrator experienced virtually all the unpleasant side effects of the treatment—uncontrollable twitching of his limbs, constant pain in his legs from inflamed nerves, fatigue, insomnia, severe depression and unbearable itching of his skin. Finally, driven to desperation by his condition, Salamensky announced last month in a television interview that if a kidney transplant donor could not be found for him within a year, he would end the suffering by taking his own life.

Several cadaver kidneys were offered as a result of Salamensky's appeal, but tissue typing showed them to be unacceptable matches for a transplant. Then last week, help came unexpectedly after the sudden death of a brain hemorrhage of 10-year-old Robert Silpe, the son of one of Salamensky's associates at William Paterson College. Young Silpe's father, knowing of Salamensky's plight, requested that Robert's kidneys be donated for a transplant if the tissues were found acceptable. The size of the organ would be no obstacle, since the adult body requires only about a quarter of its normal kidney action; in fact, kidneys from children have often been transplanted into adults with good results.

Quickly, the child's kidneys were flown by helicopter from Morristown Memorial Hospital in New Jersey, where he died, to St. Luke's Hospital in New

York. After conducting the complex seven-hour tissue-typing procedure, doctors there notified Newark's Beth Israel Medical Center that the match was good, and the kidneys were flown back to New Jersey. On Wednesday Salamensky was admitted to Beth Israel, and by 2:30 p.m. physicians had performed the transplant he so long had hoped for.

The next 30 days are critical in determining whether Salamensky's body will accept or reject his new organ (if it is rejected, he can go back on dialysis and be re-transplanted at a later date). But at the weekend, the kidney was functioning well, and Salamensky's family and physicians were hoping for the best.

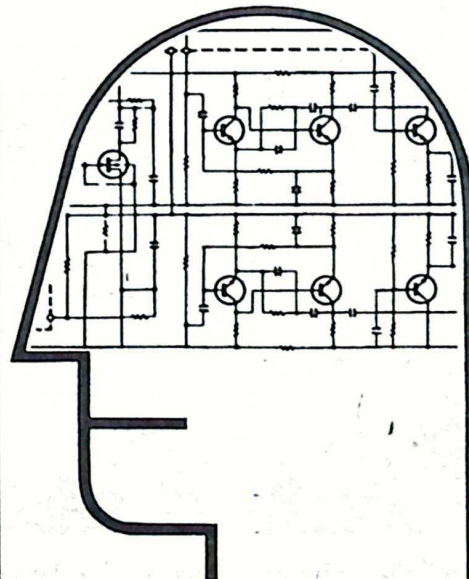
Tainted Products (Cont.)

Nobody knows precisely how many deaths or illnesses occur in the U.S. each year as a result of faulty or careless procedures in the preparation of food and drugs, but last week Federal and municipal health officials provided some sobering new evidence of the hazards ordinary citizens may encounter in their hospitals and supermarkets.

The first case involved a recall ordered last March by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration of 6 million intravenous-feeding (IV) bottles produced by Abbott Laboratories (NEWSWEEK, March 29). Several months of sleuthing by the U.S. Public Health Service and three individual hospitals had pinpointed the screw-type caps on Abbott's IV bottles as the source of bacterial contamination that had caused more than 300 cases of severe blood poisoning (septicemia) in hospital patients across the country. Because the patients exposed to the tainted

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IV fluids were already weakened by illness and therefore especially susceptible to secondary infection, it was not surprising that a certain number of them succumbed to the blood poisoning and died. But now the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control has announced that the extent of the IV-borne epidemic may be much larger than anyone previously suspected: CDC currently estimates that as many as 5,000 patients may have developed septicemia from the contaminated Abbott fluid, and that 500 of these may have died.

Evidence: For its part, Abbott is skeptical about the CDC estimates. "There appears to be no supportive evidence for their conclusion of widespread septicemia caused by Abbott IV solutions," says the Chicago company's executive vice president Dr. Charles S. Brown. "Their figures are based upon projections which haven't been substantiated by subsequent reports."

But in the second case there was no such lack of supportive evidence. On June 30, Samuel Cochran Jr. of Bedford, N.Y., died and his wife became paralyzed after eating some canned vichyssoise manufactured by Bon Vivant Soups, Inc., of Newark, N.J. The soup, it turned out, had contained the deadly toxin that causes botulism poisoning, and the tragedy produced another national recall: all Bon Vivant products, including those sold under 22 other labels, were immediately withdrawn from the market.

Later, botulin bacteria were discovered in four more cans of vichyssoise from the same lot as the one that killed Samuel Cochran; and nearly 3 per cent of the canned goods inspected at the Newark plant showed suspicious bulges or other deformities. The reason for these defects appeared to be the company's failure to

meet an FDA requirement that the cans be heated at 240 degrees for at least 30 minutes after sealing. That raised the next question: how has this state of affairs gone undetected by health officials?

The disturbing answer came last week when New Jersey and U.S. health authorities acknowledged that the Bon Vivant plant had not been inspected by the FDA in four years, nor by the state health department in five years. Neither state nor Federal law specifies how often food-plant inspections must be made, and a severe shortage of manpower on both government levels results in infrequent checks for producers with the kind of excellent safety records Bon Vivant had in the past. Thus, after Bon Vivant's last inspection by the New Jersey health department, the plant was reported to be "operating in good sanitary condition"—but that was in 1966.

Concern: Health officials themselves agreed that their departments badly need building up but profess themselves powerless without more staff. "As things stand now, it's a matter of repair rather than prevention," notes the FDA's Weems L. Clevenger. "Unfortunately," he adds, "it takes somebody getting killed to get the public concerned enough to seek changes in the system."

Later in the week another case of tainted food came to light. The U.S. Department of Agriculture reported nine cases of staphylococcus poisoning (mostly in the Midwest and Far West) among persons who had eaten Genoa-style salami produced by Armour & Co. An investigation is under way to determine how the salami became contaminated, and Armour is cooperating in a nationwide recall of the meat, which it termed "a specialty item, representing a small fraction of total sausage production."

Diplomatic Lobbyist

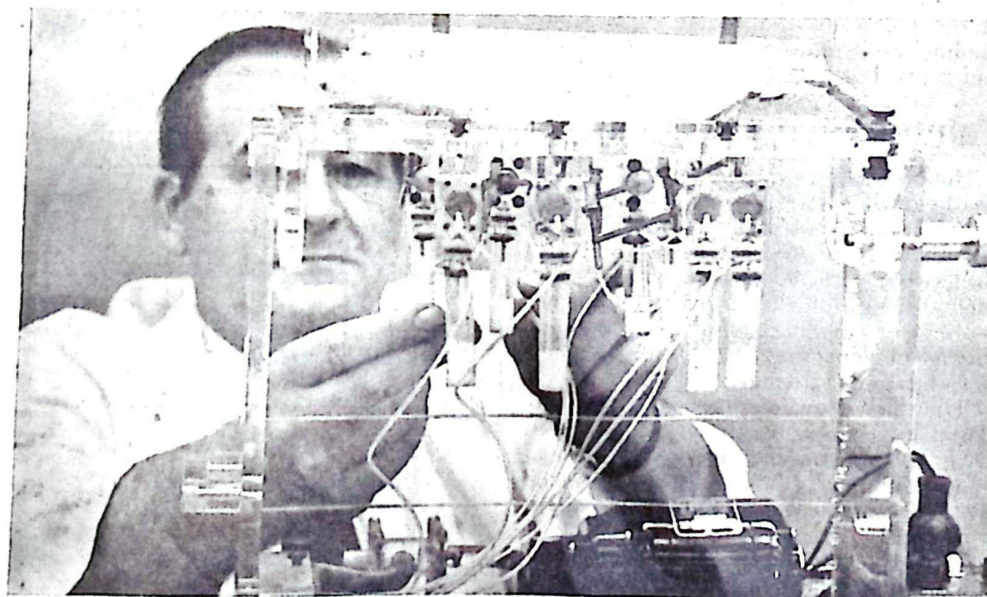
For Roger W. Heyns, professional life has had more than a fair share of ups and downs. When Heyns was appointed chancellor of the embattled Berkeley campus of the University of California in 1965, California's state board of regents clearly hoped that he could somehow find a way to defuse student radicalism. And at first, the low-keyed psychologist and former University of Michigan administrator seemed on his way to fulfilling that hope. Eventually, however, Heyns's good-natured diplomacy in dealing with student demands brought him into conflict with the regents and with Gov. Ronald Reagan. And last fall, after Reagan and the regents embarked on a budget-cutting campaign that, in Heyns's view, threatened the quality of Berkeley's academic programs, Heyns wearily quit Berkeley to resume teaching at Michigan.

As it has turned out, Heyns's second tour at his old alma mater will be extremely brief. Last week, the prestigious American Council of Education disclosed that he would become its next president in January upon the retirement of Logan Wilson from the \$50,000-a-year post. Since the ACE functions primarily as a lobbying agency in Washington for 1,500-odd colleges, universities and educational associations, Heyns's formidable skills as a diplomat will once again be put to the test—this time in the quickening campaign for increased Federal aid to the nation's financially beleaguered campuses. But after the rigors of confrontation politics in California, the prospect of operating in Washington is one that Heyns clearly relishes. "It's a far cry from Berkeley," he says without a trace of nostalgia.

Monument to Blackness

In full view of thousands of commuters who daily navigate the busy Eisenhower Expressway, an enormous rectangle of steel and glass towers incongruously over the dilapidated buildings of Chicago's teeming West Side ghetto. Sprawled massively across three full city blocks, the gleaming edifice looks for all the world like the misplaced headquarters of a booming insurance company. But from high atop a flagpole defiantly flutters the red, black and green pennant of the black liberation movement. And before the building's main entrance, an indestructible concrete-and-steel sign boldly serves notice that this ultra-modernistic monument to blackness is the home of Malcolm X Community College, probably the most innovative educational institution for Negroes in the U.S. today.

Every corner, cranny and corridor of Malcolm X bespeaks the school's emphasis on black awareness and pride. Within one glass-walled hallway rests the shiny black Oldsmobile that once be-



MILKING THE RAT: In the past, collecting rodents' milk for medical research on disease transmission has required killing either the nursing mother or her offspring. Now, the invention of a new milking machine by Smith Kline and French Laboratories of Philadelphia allows the animals to survive for further observation. SKF's Kalman T. Szabo, who helped develop the machine, adjusts a milk-collection vessel.

longed to Malcolm himself, and student portraits of the murdered black leader hang throughout the airy halls and plushly decorated offices. Indeed, the entire four-story building is a vast repository of black art, and many of its Afro-haired inhabitants regularly sport colorful dashikis and resplendent African robes.

Externals to the contrary, however, Malcolm X is considerably more than just another fashionably "relevant" two-year public college for inner-city blacks. Behind its preoccupation with the cosmetics of cultural identity smolders a passionate commitment to forging nothing less than a new and wholly self-reliant order for Chicago's black community. In pursuit of that controversial goal, Malcolm X has assiduously avoided the example of other black colleges and universities, which traditionally have patterned themselves after white institutions. Instead, it has evolved an educational life-style distinctively its own. "There's no way that a Howard University can become a great Harvard," snaps the college's fiery president, Dr. Charles G. Hurst. "But Malcolm X is already a great Malcolm X because it reflects the real needs and resourcefulness of black people. To survive, our community must have builders who can make self-determination a reality."

Tutors: To that end, Malcolm X's pragmatic curriculum enables its 4,100 full- and part-time students to enroll either in strictly academic programs preparing them for four-year colleges or in career-oriented subjects that range from plant engineering and civil technology to urban studies, nursing and journalism. Individualized remedial instruction in reading and composition is provided for more than 2,000 students in a "learning skills center" staffed by thirteen English teachers and 30 tutors. And although there is a separate black-studies program, one staff member pointedly notes that "in a way, the whole college is a black-studies department."

Significantly, no one is barred from Malcolm X for lack of a high-school diploma (president Hurst himself does not have one). And, once admitted, no student is forced to leave because of failing work; the lowest grade given at Malcolm X is an incomplete. Moreover, to keep trouble-prone students in school, the 43-year-old Hurst employs two teachers who are attorneys and a staff of legal assistants. "We've got students bouncing in and out of jail like Ping Pong balls," he said last week. "But I've yet to see a single charge stand up against them."

Hurst's fierce devotion to his urban constituency is even more evident in Malcolm X's battery of community services. Catering to some 1,200 students each semester, these programs include conventional high-school equivalency courses for adults, a "street academy" for young high-school dropouts and "survival education" for both prisoners and parolees. Local recreation programs operate out of the college's modern physi-



Photos by Jeff Lowenthal



Hurst and Malcolm X students: Self-reliance

cal education facilities and, on Saturdays and Sundays, a "weekend college" provides dozens of classes for hundreds of students who work during the week. "The college is the community," emphasizes Thomasina Holmes, its girlish-looking director of adult education.

The ambitious scope of Malcolm X's activities is all the more remarkable for the fact that less than three years ago the institution—then known as Crane Community College—was, in Hurst's words, "an educational cesspool." By far the most decrepit of Chicago's seven community colleges, its patchwork curriculum was as discouraging to students as its decaying building. A good number of its predominantly white faculty functioned in semiretirement, Hurst says, and only 35 of its 1,200 students qualified for a two-year associate of arts degree in 1969. This ratio has now begun to grow.

Degrees: But 1969 was also the year that Hurst was named president by Chicago's city college board—a move that seemed particularly fitting to many blacks, since both the college and Hurst himself were so typical of much of the Negro experience in the U.S. After dropping out of school in Springfield, Mass., Hurst drifted through a variety of laborer jobs, spent four months in a North Carolina jail and fathered five children by the time he was 22. Then, however, he managed to enter Detroit's Wayne State University (initially, on probation) and, in less than six years, confounded his professors by earning his bachelor's and master's degrees and a Ph.D. in hearing therapy. Following a similarly spectacular rise on the faculty of Howard University, Hurst arrived in Chicago and proceeded to set the city on its ear.

With dashiki flying and a carved black fist perpetually dangling around his neck, Hurst launched an indefatigable search for additional funds. Despite his Black Panther acquaintances, militant speeches and heretical educational innovations, he quickly demonstrated an ability to work

with Chicago's politically conservative Establishment. Since his arrival, for example, the formula for drawing up city college budgets has been revised—providing Malcolm X with a fiscal windfall—and new private donations and Federal grants have helped boost the number of Hurst's students receiving financial aid by more than 10 per cent. Recently, when Hurst became the first community college president ever to go directly to the state legislature for additional funds, he astonished fellow educators by obtaining \$2.4 million to help equip his new \$26 million building.

Magnet: Together with Hurst's evangelism, the sudden infusion of money has transformed Malcolm X into an institution with magnetic appeal for ghetto youth. By this fall, enrollment will have increased more than fivefold, and Hurst expects to reach the new building's 10,000-student capacity sometime in 1972. But inevitably, some serious problems remain at Malcolm X. For one thing, the school is still badly in need of equipment and materials. For another, many students are so obsessed with black identity and revolution that some staff members fear chaos lurks just an incident away. Should it ever break out, the college's largely governmental sources of funds could dry up in an instant. And possibly the most persistent problem of all is the hostile attitude of some students and staff members toward the school's remaining white teachers, who constitute a third of the faculty.

Yet, for all their differences among themselves, the students and faculty of Malcolm X share a devotion to the college that ought to help sustain it through any storms that lie ahead. "I believe we're more representative of the American dream than any other college in the U.S.," asserts Harvey Badesch, the white dean of the school's community-services program. To which Hurst adds resolutely: "Now that we've started building a black institution, nothing's going to get in our way."

INTERNATIONAL MARKETPLACE

Foreign Exchange

Country \$1.00 is Worth* Official Rate

Australia	0.90	0.89 dollar
Brunei	3.06	3.06 dollar
Burma	14.50	4.76 kyat
Cambodia	225.00	55.00 riels
Canada	1.01	— dollar
Ceylon	13.50	9.20 rupees
Fiji	0.94	0.87 dollars
France	5.45	5.50 francs
Germany (West)	3.44	— marks
Hong Kong	6.00	6.06 dollars
India	12.00	7.50 rupees
Indonesia	375.00	378.00 rupiah
Israel	3.55	3.50 shekel
Japan	363.00	360.00 yen
Kenya	9.00	7.14 shilling
Korea (South)	425.00	370.00 won
Laos	525.00	500 kip
Lebanon	3.18	3.15 pound
Macau	6.04	6.06 patacas
Malaysia	3.06	3.06 dollars
Nepal	16.00	10.10 rupees
Netherlands	3.52	— guilders
New Caledonia	101.00	101.00 francs
New Zealand	0.98	0.89 dollars
Pakistan	12.00	4.76 rupees
Philippines	6.85	— pesos
Singapore	3.06	3.06 dollars
South Africa	0.74	0.71 rand
Switzerland	4.06	4.08 francs
Tahiti	101.00	101.00 francs
Taiwan	40.80	40.00 NTS
Tanzania	12.00	7.14 shilling
Thailand	20.60	20.80 baht
Uganda	10.00	7.14 shilling
Vietnam (South)	395.00	275.00 piastres

Pound is Worth* Official Rate

Egypt (U.A.R.)	1.30	2.30
Great Britain	2.42	2.40
Ireland	2.42	2.40

*Based on July 23, 1971. Foreign Bank-note Selling Rates of DEAK & CO., (Far East) LTD., 406 Shell House, Hong Kong.



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■ **REFINED:** Japan's Ishikawajima Harima Heavy Industries Co. will build a huge petroleum-processing complex in Singapore for Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, expanding the present Esso refinery at Singapore from its existing capacity of 81,000 barrels a day to 230,000 barrels. The Japanese contractors will also build a new plant, based on technology developed by Esso Research and Engineering Co., to produce 4,000 barrels of lubricating oil a day. Crude oil for the Singapore complex will come from Indonesian and Persian Gulf sources. Ishikawajima Harima has promised completion of the project by mid-1973, at a cost in excess of \$200 million.

■ **GREENER PASTURES:** Japan's Toyota Motor Co., which now supplies components for cars assembled in South Korea by Shinjin Motor Co., will phase out its Korean operations in the hope of gaining access to the larger markets of mainland China. (Peking refuses to deal with Japanese firms with commitments in South Korea, Taiwan or South Vietnam.) But when Toyota goes, General Motors is expected to pick up the pieces. GM is negotiating with Shinjin for a 50-50 joint venture that would make the U.S. motor giant the second American car maker in South Korea. Ford already supplies partly assembled cars from its British plant to South Korea's Hyundai Motors, and plans to build an engine plant in cooperation with its Korean partner.

■ **FORETASTE?** For the first time in ten years, a Chinese freighter is loading aluminum ingot at a Canadian port this week for delivery to Shanghai. Officials of Alcan Aluminium, Ltd., who negotiated the deal, declined to discuss payment terms, and neither the quantity (5,500 tons) nor its value (about \$3 million) are impressive. Nonetheless, the transaction marks Alcan's return to what company executives describe as "a developing and important market."

■ **PLANTERS' PUNCH:** The Indian Farmers Fertilizer Cooperative, Ltd., with 20 million members in ten Indian states, has contracted with the M.W. Kellogg Co. of Houston, Texas, for the construction of a huge ammonia fertilizer plant at Kalol in Gujarat State. Components will be fabricated in Houston and set up at Kalol with the assistance of Indian subcontractors, beginning in September 1972. On completion, the \$17 million facility will turn out 1,000 tons of fertilizer daily.

■ **WHITE ELEPHANTS WANTED:** The U.S.S.R., whose grandiose development plans for Indonesia collapsed after the country's abortive Communist coup of 1965, has been invited by the Suharto government to see if two massive Russian aid projects can be revived. A team of 24 Soviet technicians will soon arrive in Indonesia to inspect what remains of an uncompleted steel complex at Tjilegon in western Java and what was to have been a huge phosphate plant on the Indian Ocean coast at Tjilatjap. Russia had poured \$36 million into the open-hearth furnaces, rolling and drawing mills at Tjilegon, and another \$9 million into the phosphate plant, before the coup. Since neither plant has access to essential raw materials, industry experts say they will turn out the world's most expensive steel and fertilizer if the Russians can be persuaded to resurrect the development projects.

■ **AUF WIEDERSEHEN:** Hapag-Lloyd AG., the West German shipping line, will discontinue its North Atlantic passenger service at the end of this year. Its two big passenger liners will thereafter be used only on cruise routes with the Bremen sailing the Caribbean out of New York and the Europa sailing European waters in summer and the Caribbean and South Atlantic in winter. According to Hapag-Lloyd executives, declining passenger revenue and the competition of low-cost air travel prompted the decision.

■ **NEW PLUMAGE:** Avions Marcel Dassault, France's biggest manufacturer of military aircraft, has merged with Breguet-Aviation, the country's second-largest private airplane builder. The combined company will operate thirteen factories and employ some 15,000 workers. To be known as Avions Marcel Dassault-Breguet Aviation, the firm expects 1971 sales of more than \$300 million and a gross of \$500 million a year by 1973.

■ **DUTCH TREAT:** The Dutch Newsletter, issued by the Dutch Dairy Bureau, is turning up in Britain for the first time in three years, featuring such lines as "Feed 'em Edam" and "Give 'em Gouda, and your tills will ring louder." It's part of the Netherlands' campaign to replace New Zealand as Britain's principal source of butter and cheese once Britain joins the Common Market.

■ **BIG HAUL:** The Algerian Government has contracted to buy from Chrysler Corp. 525 Dodge trucks, plus trailers and special equipment, for use in Algeria's expanding oil industry. The Export-Import Bank will participate in credit arrangements for the \$10.4 million purchase.

A Wave of Labor Unrest

Like a malignant new crop ripening in the summer sun, picket signs bloomed across the U.S. last week as a wave of labor unrest threatened to undermine the economic recovery and touch off a new and explosive round of inflation. Even as some disputes were settled, new ones threatened to erupt into strikes—and the settlements themselves raised fresh problems for the Nixon Administration's beleaguered economic tacticians.

As expected, the nationwide strike by nearly 400,000 Communications Workers of America against the Bell telephone system ended quickly, with agreement on a wage and fringe-benefit package totaling 33.5 per cent over three years. Postal workers also came to terms with the newly independent U.S. Postal Service, and there was a significant break in the nation's three-week-old copper strike as Anaconda Co. tentatively agreed to a new contract. Yet peace came at a high price, and sometimes proved illusory. Some Bell workers continued to strike, balking at the contract their leaders had agreed to accept, and the \$1 billion postal settlement that Postmaster Winton Blount had signed raised the prospect of still another postal-rate increase for magazines and newspapers.

Still worse, there was no sign of settlement in the three-week-old West Coast dock strike, even though Commerce Secretary Maurice H. Stans warned that the tie-up was beginning to hurt "critically important" exports. On the contrary, the longshoremen's tough-talking president, Harry Bridges, was predicting that the strike would last two or three months more—and by then, longshoremen on the East and Gulf coasts may also be on strike. By then, too, there could well be strikes in the soft-coal mines and the basic steel industry.

Pinching: But the week's gloomiest news came on the railroads, where what had looked like just another in a series of short-term crises threatened to drag into a long-run battle. The strike was confined initially to the Southern and Union Pacific railroads, but it was already pinching the nation in spots. Nearly 30 coal mines were shut down, and some 50 companies, including U.S. Gypsum, St. Regis Paper, Kellogg Co. and General Motors, were forced to close plants and lay off workers. Across the southeastern states served by the Southern, the country's biggest poultry feeders said they were running out of grain and might have to rush undersized birds to market by truck. In Kansas and Nebraska, 400 railroad cars stood idle waiting for their cargo of winter wheat; in Colorado, grain elevators bulged with 140,000 bushels of wheat waiting to be shipped.

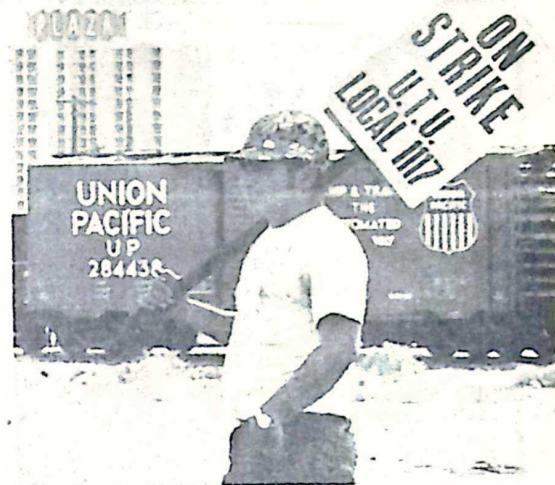
And worse seemed sure to follow. At Newsweek, August 2, 1971

the weekend, the United Transportation Union struck two more railroads, the Southern Pacific and the Norfolk & Western. With that, more mines would be forced to shut down, and California truck farmers would be unable to move their goods to market. What's more, UTU president Charles Luna announced that he would expand his selective strikes in another week to include the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and five smaller lines.

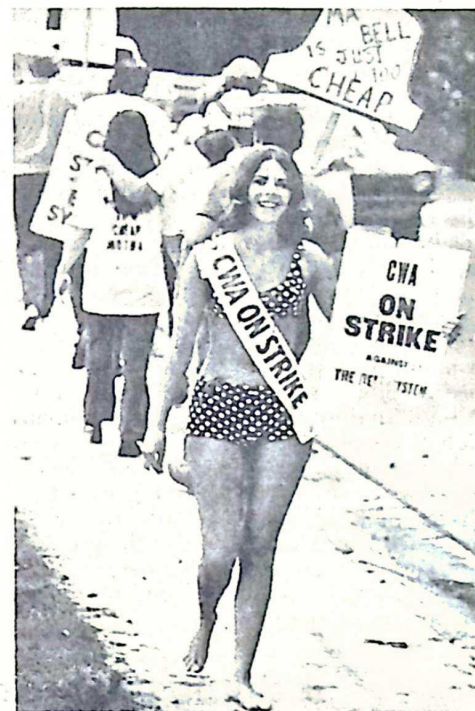
Originally, the UTU's selective-strike technique had seemed sure to trigger Congressional action to bar a nationwide railroad tie-up. And although the railroads denied it, this appeared to be what they were playing for, since Congress could probably be counted on to back the railroads on the main issue of the dispute: the archaic work rules that have for years imposed costly and inefficient handicaps on railroad management. But as last week's maneuvering unfolded, there were signs that Luna was developing a refinement of his basic strategy: he meant to order his members back to work on some previously struck railroads as others began new strikes. Barring a national lockout by the railroads, this tactic would avoid an emergency big enough to call for Congressional action, but could keep the railroads under pressure almost indefinitely.

Provocation: The main hazard to Luna's strategy would be a revolt by his own members. In retaliation for the selective strikes, railroads that weren't struck were imposing new work rules, causing widespread layoffs and pay cuts. Luna has urged his men to stay on the job, but how long he could hold them under such provocation was highly uncertain. Already, some railroads that were still operating were reporting slowdowns in retaliation for the work-rule changes, and there were a few reports of sabotage—including the cutting of air hoses and fires on railroad property.

Meanwhile, there was one breakthrough in the rail contract talks. The UTU reached a separate agreement with the Chicago & North Western Railway, giving in on some old work rules—the union agreed to let crewmen use radios, for example—and compromising on the controversial dictum requiring freight crew changes every 100 miles. Negotiators for both the union and the railroads in Washington tried to play down this settlement as a possible pace-setter for a national contract; as UTU vice president Q.C. Gabriel, who conducted the Chicago talks, warned, "When it comes to writing work rules, we're going to work with the individual companies. We don't want some committee in Washington writing rules for every railroad." Nonetheless, optimists saw the



Epidemic: With rails in turmoil...



... Bell workers spurn a bargain and Blount signs a costly contract





WALL STREET

HOW ODD OF THE PUBLIC

BY CLEM MORGELLO

In all the years that anyone can remember, the individual investor has never behaved as he is behaving now. The bull market is more than a year old, and prices as measured by the Dow Jones industrial average are up 41 per cent from their lows. Yet the public is staying resolutely out of the market.

The phenomenon shows clearly in odd-lot figures, which are a pretty accurate guide to the behavior of the public in general. Odd-lotter started to buy more stock than they sold as the market was in the process of bottoming out in May 1970, and they remained buyers for three months (chart). This is typical behavior, for odd-lotter are inveterate bargain hunters.

As prices continued to rise, the odd-lotter turned into a seller—and that is also the normal pattern. What isn't normal is for him to stay out so long in the face of persistently rising prices. Some brokers have the feeling that the period of heaviest public selling may be past, but there is no real evidence that the public is about to step up its buying. In fact, in his weekly surveys of public attitudes, Albert Sindlinger finds that the proportion of people who plan to buy stock was substantially unchanged from seven months ago until recently—11 per cent in the middle of July vs. 10.1 per cent in December. Then last week the proportion suddenly dropped to 8.3 per cent.

Why has the public stayed out of the market for so long?

There is a series of reasons. The public took a beating during the 1969-70 bear market. As a result, says Duane Billmeyer Jr. of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, "a lot of individuals now believe they're losers for openers because they're small . . . They feel they're not smart enough to play the game. They took a beating and quit."

INFLATION BLUES

The unspectacular nature of the economic recovery also contributes to investor restraint, with continued inflation and high unemployment a particularly large concern. "There's a general feeling of insecurity and fear," comments Garfield Drew, the odd-lot expert. Inflation isn't just an abstraction to the investor. "He's hard-pressed to meet bills and can't afford to speculate in the market," says Drew. Another odd-lot expert, Sander Landfield of Carlisle DeCoppet, agrees that inflation is a major problem, and he also suspects that the \$15 commission surcharge is one more reason why the individual has decided to remain on the sidelines.

The heavy impact that the recent recession had on jobs among professionals and middle-management executives is another factor, says one broker, because these groups constitute an important part of the investing public. And a technically oriented broker adds that the very nature of the rally early this year militated against more public activity. It

THE WEEK'S ACTION—JULY 19-23

	Close	Point Change
Dow Jones Industrials	887.78	-.73
NYSE Composite	54.82	-.15
Amex	25.44	-.17
	Volume	
NYSE 60,845,070	Amex 14,147,900	

was the steepest stock-market rise in the postwar period, and "it gave sellers opportunities, but not buyers," he says. Without periods of consolidation and correction, there are no bargains, he explains, "and the nature of the odd-lotter is to try to buy a bargain."

All of this helps explain why investors didn't respond enthusiastically to the spectacular breakthrough in U.S.-China relations. The investors' problems are real and immediate. Any benefits from improved relations with China are uncertain and well into the future.

Of course, "out of the market" is a relative term, for many individuals are still active. It's really a matter of degree. Is there any pattern of buying among those who are active?

No, says Garfield Drew. "It's a very mixed bag. How else do you explain the fact that odd-lotter are buying American Brands [formerly known as American Tobacco Co.] and selling R.J. Reynolds Industries [formerly Reynolds Tobacco]?" Landfield of Carlisle DeCoppet agrees, but adds that over a period of years there has developed "an over-all disenchantment with some of the basic and cyclical companies . . . that used to be the nucleus of the odd-lot business."

SOLID STOCKS BOUGHT

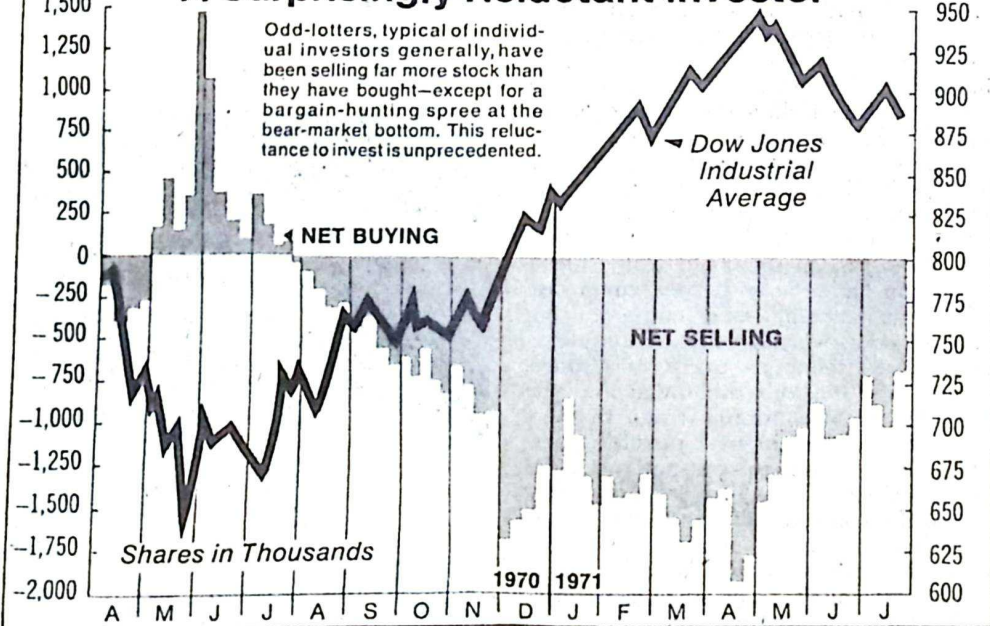
Paine, Webber's Billmeyer also notes a difference in the general approach of the investor who is still in the market. "There are not as many hot-stock buyers," he says. "Most are buying good stocks, well founded in research." He adds that instead of chasing after whatever stock is hot at the moment, more investors show interest in building a balanced portfolio.

What would it take to bring more people back into the market?

Paradoxically, either of two opposing market developments could do it. If, stimulated by existing demand, prices resume their vigorous climb, it could start the public bandwagon rolling, particularly if the Dow finally breaks through the magic and elusive 1,000 level. On the other hand, a sharp break of, say, 150 points or so could also turn out hordes of bargain hunters.

And on the economic front, more positive progress could create an atmosphere more conducive to investing. But the evidence remains contradictory. Last week, for example, the government reported that inflation was accelerating and New York's First National City Bank reported that profits were accelerating. It was the kind of thing that keeps putting a damper on investor enthusiasm.

A Surprisingly Reluctant Investor



Mixed Bag

Watchers of the U.S.'s languorous economic recovery had little to crow about last week. The Federal Reserve Board was continuing its new squeeze on the money supply, and new orders for durable goods, a reliable leading indicator, fell in June for the third decline in four months. Worst of all, the consumer price index spurred by six-tenths of a point, to 121.5 per cent of the 1967 average. It was the biggest increase in fifteen months, and Fed chairman Arthur Burns said he saw no sign of an end to the wage-price spiral. For businessmen, however, there was more than a crumb of comfort: according to the First National City Bank survey, corporate profits in the second quarter topped the 1970 pace by 10 per cent—twice as big a gain as in the first quarter. Among the winners, with earnings in millions and percentage gains from the 1970 pace:

General Electric	\$112.2	14.2%
Mobil Oil	124.7	13.7
RCA	19.5	63.9
Chrysler	31.4	210.9
B.F. Goodrich	10.5	306.8
U.S. Plywood-		
Champion Papers	12.7	15.2
PPG Industries	17.5	80.7
Atchison, Topeka &		
Santa Fe Railway	14	33.8
Northwest Industries	13.7	28.6
General Telephone &		
Electronics	64.8	25.7

The Gold Bug

Ever since the Gold Reserve Act was passed in 1934, it has been illegal for Americans to trade speculatively in gold. Last week, however, the innovative West Coast Commodity Exchange spotted what it believed was a loophole in the law and began trading in gold futures. The result: what amounted to a new California gold rush.

The exchange limited trading to British gold sovereigns minted before 1934, which it argued were not proscribed by the '34 act. When the Treasury Department showed signs of disagreeing, the exchange asked a Federal court in Los Angeles to block the Treasury from interfering with its operations. And even though Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs Paul A. Volcker warned that "we don't intend to permit this kind of activity to continue," trading began with a

Newsweek, August 2, 1971



Photos by Lester Sloan—Newsweek

All that glitters: Trading on the floor of the West Coast exchange

roar last Tuesday. In the first day, described by an exchange spokesman as "great, fantastic," 271 contracts for coins to be delivered in 1972 changed hands for more than \$3 million. Prices ranged from a low of \$58 an ounce to as much as \$71, as against the official price of \$35 and bullion prices of about \$41 an ounce in London.

With such riches to be had, the gold bug showed signs of biting elsewhere. The New York Mercantile Exchange said it had been ready to start trading last spring in placer gold (dust and nuggets), but had been warned off by the Treasury. Now, said chairman Llewellyn Watts Jr., "We stand ready to announce an opening date if the Pacific Coast exchange isn't stopped in its venture with English gold coins."

and with that, the Treasury announced a flat ban on the speculative coin trading—permitting collectors to continue buying and selling limited lots, but prohibiting any futures contracts. The exchange vowed a court battle on the issue, but halted trading in the coin contracts—and for the moment, at least, the great gold rush was over.

Slow Boat to China

In the wake of President Nixon's announcement that he would travel to Communist China, it was inevitable that—for a price—American travel agencies would offer the same sort of jaunt to ordinary citizens. Last week, at least three West Coast operators were busy trying to set up just such tours, hopefully departing for the Orient sometime next year.

Farthest along on the project is Michael Seligman of North Hollywood, Calif., a travel agent who specializes in highly individualized tours. He once handled a visit by European winemakers to California, and this summer will convey a group of psychotherapists to Tahiti "to

find out why they aren't needed there." He has been dickering with Luxingshe—the Chinese Government travel agency—and Chinese Government officials for some six years. Recently, he said, the Chinese have sounded so encouraging that he has scheduled a sixteen-day tour, departing next May 2, with the main stops at Peking, Shanghai, Hangchow and Canton, for \$1,400. So far, he's booked 95 customers with deposits of \$100 each.

Also in the act are the Gelston Judan travel agency, of San Francisco, and Stewart De Fabry, president of Sanmar Tours of San Marino, Calif. The Gelston Judan agency has no firm schedule set, but it does have twenty visa applications from potential customers on file at the Chinese consulate in Ottawa, Canada. De Fabry claims that "hundreds" of potential tourists have made \$50 deposits on the ten-day, \$1,225 tour he plans. No departure date has been set.

So far, however, the Chinese authorities have yet to issue their first tourist visa to an American citizen. In plain fact, China does not seem particularly interested in opening its doors too widely. "They don't want a flood of outsiders," Seligman says, "because they are not yet equipped to handle a mass of people. And more important than that, the Chinese are very worried about corruption. They don't want thousands of people telling them that the most important thing in life is to get a wider-screen color television set."

Farewell to Dinah

Ever since the depression of the 1930s, when black women from Harlem traveled daily to the New York "slave market" to be examined like cattle by middle-class housewives seeking servants for a day, household workers have suffered rock-bottom wages and personal indignities in



Wally McNamee—Newsweek

Organizing the domestics: Pay, protection and professionalism

what was largely stoic silence. But last week, in the improbable setting of the Marriott Motor Hotel in Washington, that long passivity ended in a roar.

"The garbage men have been upgraded to sanitationmen, with all the benefits," cried a firebrand organizer from Youngstown, Ohio, "and that's just what we have to do. We're women, and we've got big mouths. But you ain't afraid of your big man—now are you gonna be afraid of Miss Jane?"

The 600 delegates to the first national conference of the National Committee on Household Employment clearly had no shortage of courage or lip, but they will need all they've got to tackle the job they face. America's 1.7 million household workers, two-thirds of them black and 98 per cent of them women, have a median income of only about \$1,800 a year—fully \$600 less than President Nixon's proposed minimum income for the unemployed. They have no job security, paid holidays or days off for sickness, no workmen's compensation or unemployment benefits, and no pensions, since most are not covered by social security.

Dropouts: Small wonder, then, that their numbers are declining. "Nearly 1 million household workers left the occupation over the last ten years," Mrs. Edith B. Sloan, the executive director of the committee, told her audience last weekend.

As outlined at the conference, the needs of the household worker can be summed up as the Three P's: pay, protection and professionalism. In many states in the South, where 54 per cent of household workers are located, prevailing wages are as low as 50 cents an hour. A bill has been introduced in the Senate to include household workers under the Federal minimum wage, but it is still far from passage. And even more important to many domestic workers is the desire to be treated with respect. "The next time somebody calls you Sally or John," Mrs. Sloan told the crowd, "say your name is Miss Sally or Mr. John. And if someone calls you Auntie, ask them, 'Which one of my sister's children are you?'"

For all such conviction, only rudimen-

tary beginnings have been made in the crucial field of organizing for better pay and status. A fledgling union in New York City helped lobby for the minimum-wage legislation recently enacted there, and an organization of houseworkers in Massachusetts played a vital part in a successful campaign for inclusion in most of that state's labor laws. The conference leaders hoped to help launch similar pressure groups around the U.S.

These organizations could also evolve into independent agencies or cooperatives to train workers and place them with individual employers. One such organization in Alexandria, Va., sends out trained teams to clients who are willing to pay more than the prevailing wage rates, mainly because the work is reliable and efficient, and because the group will handle many tasks, such as floor scrubbing, that many domestics refuse to do.

And if the image of Hazel and Dinah is to fade away, such an approach seems imperative. "If you interpose an agency, you can do away with the personal stuff and base the whole occupation on skill and ability," says Mrs. Sloan. "But conditions won't change as long as the service is master-servant, one to one."

SECURITIES:

The Custodians

In the abstract, the issue is a pleasantly complicated legal puzzle: does the holder of a contract to manage a mutual fund have the right to sell out at a profit? For years, Wall Street nabobs have confidently assumed that the answer would be yes. But last week the abstract puzzle became a concrete challenge in the name of fiduciary responsibility—and suddenly millions of dollars were at stake, with the mutual-fund industry in an uproar and some of its most respected figures accused of reaping illegal profits.

The shock came when ten of the original shareholders of Dreyfus Corp., including retired chairman Jack J. Dreyfus Jr. and Secretary of State William P. Rogers, reluctantly agreed to settle a

BUSINESS AND FINANCE

suit charging that they had illegally profited from the firm's public offering of its stock in October 1965. Originally, the group had organized the Dreyfus Fund and retained the contract to manage its funds. But after the management company's sale of \$41.8 million in its own stock, attorney Abraham L. Pomerantz, representing shareholders of the fund, filed suit arguing that the proceeds of the sale should have gone to the fund, since the managers should not profit from their fiduciary relationship. Last week, the selling stockholders agreed—at least to the extent of repaying the fund \$5 million of their gains.

Liability: Significantly, the Dreyfus settlement followed another Pomerantz victory by a month. On June 22, the U.S. Court of Appeals in New York reversed a lower court decision and held Lazard Freres & Co., a leading investment banker, "absolutely liable" to the Lazard Fund for any profit it garnered from the \$2.8 million sale of the fund's management contract to Moody's Investors Service, Inc., four years ago. The Dreyfus and Lazard cases differ, of course, but the issue central to both is ominously clear to mutual-fund men. As the appellate court viewed it, the transfer of a fiduciary trust cannot be perceived in traditional profit-motive terms, no matter how ethical the seller, how competent the buyer or how willing the fund's shareholders. The result, says Howard S. Klotz, vice president and general counsel of Arthur Lipper Corp., a brokerage firm that keeps close tabs on the fund industry, will be "no future sales of stock in investment advisories, since those people who own controlling stock will not be permitted to sell at a profit."

If that's true and the Lazard decision stands, Pomerantz and his counterparts will be busy in the next few months, for such transfers of mutual-fund management contracts have become almost routine. In the past six years, 29 sales have been negotiated, and the funds involved included some of the biggest names in the business, such as Waddell & Reed, Putnam, Anchor, and Channing. If each deal were to be pursued in court, the selling managers might have to cough up nearly \$750 million, according to one estimate.

But before any more money changes hands, the issue probably will find its way to the Supreme Court; Lazard Freres' attorney, former Federal Judge Simon Rifkind, is currently preparing an appeal. One possible argument: the fund business is so closely regulated that the court had no right to act in the first place. Meanwhile, fund managers reacted to the bad tidings in predictable fashion. "I have respect for the court's decision," said Charles F. Eaton Jr., the dour president of Boston-based Eaton & Howard funds, "but I personally believe that if you create value, the value is a salable asset. As a matter of principle, you ought to have the right to sell what you create."



PAUL A. SAMUELSON

ON

NIXON ECONOMICS

It is now official. What private economists of both political parties have been telling President Nixon since the beginning of the year—that there is no reasoned likelihood of a \$1,065 billion GNP for 1971 and a 4½ per cent unemployment level by the middle of next year—has been conceded by the government.

The weakness of the GNP expansion in the second quarter surprised even the pessimists. Despite the stockpiling against a possible steel strike, real output grew at only a 3½ per cent annual rate.

What's the matter with that? Positive growth is better than the negative growth of last year, isn't it?

As the President's advisers know, with our population and productivity growing, it takes more than a 4 per cent rate of real growth just to hold unemployment constant at a high level. In order to get it down to even Secretary Connally's notion of the full-employment level, we need real growth rates of 5 and 6 per cent from now to November 1972.

No one can reasonably expect this third quarter of the year to be remotely that strong. A long steel strike would take its toll of income and jobs. If there should be no strike, or only a short one, working down the accumulated stockpiles of steel will depress production.

That puts it up to the last quarter of the year. Unless by that time we begin to see increases in GNP that come up to \$25 billion per quarter, the President will go into the 1972 election campaign with unemployment above the 5 per cent level.

RATIONALIZATIONS

As they say in freshman philosophy courses, you can't make omelets without breaking eggshells. Isn't all this the cost that we must pay in order to end inflation? When Candidate Nixon tours Ohio and California for votes in 1972, can't he claim that he has stamped out the inflation bequeathed to him by the previous Democratic Administrations?

No economists have very good regression equations to estimate the future behavior of prices. For one cannot rule out a little good news on the inflation front sometime within the next fifteen months.

But the odds are that, by the next election, over-all and consumer prices will still be rising at the rate of almost

4 per cent per annum. To be sure, economic historians will judge this to be a significant improvement over the 6 per cent rates touched when the Vietnam-induced inflation was at its worst. Still, can you win many votes in a close election with such cold-comfort arguments?

Nothing that I have written is a secret, or even very confidential. It is exactly what Paul McCracken of the CEA must have been telling the President at that fateful weekend meeting in Camp David. It is what I hear from officials of four out of five of the largest banks, Republicans to a man.

How can we account for the President's decision, enunciated through his new spokesman, Secretary Connally, that there is to be no change in the game plan? One can only speculate. Here are my thoughts.

WISHFUL THINKING

1. There are monetarists advising the President who genuinely believe that the rapid growth in the money supply so far in 1971 is bound to lead to rapid rates of money and real growth, far beyond what the bulk of the forecasters expect. All the President needs is patience.

This raises the question as to why the President has confidence in such advisers. It is no secret that the forecasting ability of monetarism is selling at a huge discount on the markets of informed opinion.

2. An alternative hypothesis is that the President has become despondent over the compatibility of U.S. high employment and stable prices. Faced with the choice of having to pay in later inflation for any engineered increase in present-day employment, Richard Nixon is taking the patriotic but politically unpopular choice of tolerating stagnation.

3. Finally, there is the hope that so long as business is improving smartly in 1972, and even if unemployment is worse than what used to be called full employment, voters will be feeling so much better than they are now that they will vote the Republicans back in office.

This is a gamble that might work. But how sad that the nation must suffer from unemployment unduly prolonged. And what a pity that the government should be adding fuel to the economy next year, when we will be nearer to full employment, rather than now with slack at its worst.

Worldwide Stocks

Most Active Issues Traded July 19-23

1971 High Low Close July 16 July 23

HONG KONG					
250	159	HK & Shghai. Bk.	H\$ 246	242	
34.25	18.6	HK Land	H\$ 32.5	31.75	
52	31.5	Jardine Matheson	H\$ 48.5	45.75	
57	34.25	China Light	H\$ 53	52	
16.2	10	HK Dock	H\$ 15.4	15	
57	29.75	HK & Klw. Wharf	H\$ 55	54	
39.75	24.8	HK Telephone	H\$ 37.5	37	
27.2	20.3	Hutchison	H\$ 25.8	25.2	

TOKYO					
208	66	Daikyo Oil	Yen 171	208	
170	99	Nippon Oil	Yen 161	168	
349	97	Showa Oil	Yen 292	349	
332	147	Tobishima Const.	Yen 320	332	
385	190	Sato Kogyo	Yen 385	391	
141	68	Mitsubishi Oil	Yen 127	141	
131	65	Maruzen Oil	Yen 110	131	
355	165	Atsugi Nylon	Yen 287	321	

SYDNEY					
4.55	3.33	Bougainville	A\$ 3.3	3.1	
5.3	3.75	Western Mining	A\$ 3.85	3.84	
.15	.04	Mineral Invest.	A\$.15	.13	
.27	.05½	Glomex Min.	A\$.25	.17	
4.5	3.25	MIM Holdings	A\$ 3.45	3.4	
.07	.01½	Nicon Opt.	A\$.07	.02	
1.5	.78	Selcast	A\$ 1.4	1.55	
1.95	.29	Woodside Oil	A\$ 1.3	1.05	

SINGAPORE*					
2.85	.59½	Haw Par Bros. Int.	S\$ 2.59	2.48	
2.04	1.01	Un. Motor Works	S\$ 1.8	2.02	
1.03	.61	Power & Telecom.	S\$.92	.9	
2.96	1.24	FE Livingston	S\$ 2.63	2.31	
.56	.28	City Devpt.	S\$.52½	.54½	
1.52	.72	Gmn. SEA Bhd.	S\$ 1.28	1.29	
.89	.51	Singapore Tract.	S\$.7½	.68	
1.48	.74	Public Bank	S\$ 1.33	1.33	

NEW YORK					
46½	33	Int. Nickel	\$ 33½	33½	
62½	54½	Gen. Elec.	\$ 56½	55½	
28½	21½	Southern Co.	\$ 24½	22½	
19½	13½	Allis Chalm.	\$ 14½	13½	
2½	2½	Plessey Ltd.	\$ 2½	2½	
53½	44	Am. Tel. Tel.	\$ 45½	44½	
13½	7½	Webb Del. E.	\$ 9½	8½	
27½	9½	Ling Tem. V.	\$ 15	15½	

ZURICH					
2930	2300	Ciba-Geigy Port.	Fr 2560	2640	
1600	1190	Brown, Boveri 'A'	Fr 1290	1245	
286	218	Italo-Suisse	Fr 268	277	
770	585	Swissair Port.	Fr 608	615	
57.5	47	Brown, Boveri Rts.	Fr —	52½	
2740	2030	Ciba-Geigy Bon.	Fr 2265	2340	
3600	2955	Ste. Bque. Suisse	Fr 3570	3580	
4200	3740	Un. Bques. Suisses	Fr 3960	3960	

FRANKFURT					
359	282	Deutsche Bank	DM 314.3	318.5	
276.3	216	Dresdner Bank	DM 268½	276	
103	84	Gelsenberg	DM 98.8	98.5	
269	206	Commerzbank	DM 243.5	248.3	
241	200	Horten	DM 241	234	
232	183	Siemens	DM 215	213.3	
324½	266	Hamborner Berg.	DM 303	307	
477	383	Schering	DM 463.5	460	

LONDON					
602	327½	Barclays Bank	p 550	591	
273	87	Cast	p 258½	234½	
315	230	Imp. Chem. Inds.	p 314	313	
550	287½	Midland Bank	p 508	517	
450	304	Tube Invest.	p 418	426	
189	126	EMI	p 168	135	
477	297½	Burmah Oil	p 471½	456½	
593	323½	Nat. Westminster	p 528	593	

PARIS					
174.9	162.6	Rente 3½% 52-58	Fr 171.4	174.3	
247	152	Fr. Petroles	Fr 236	244.1	
1410	1263	Michelin 'B'	Fr 1347	1350	
654	457	Aquitaine	Fr 634	654	
279.5	234.8	Peugeot	Fr 279.5	278.5	
184	160	Pechiney	Fr 163.3	165.2	
1998	1592	l'Oreal	Fr 1940	1625	
243	178.6	Lo Nickel	Fr 179.9	179.1	

BRUSSELS					
4425	2907	Petrofina	Fr 4190	4160	
2070	1540	Gevaert	Fr 2005	2070	
1730	544	Cometra	Fr 1725	1670	
1955	1745	Un. Miniere	Fr 1900	1935	
2030	1815	Intercom	Fr 1980	1990	
1890	1640	Lambert l'Ind.	Fr 1845	1890	
1705	1328	Cockerill-Ougree	Fr 1422	1426	
2745	2485	EBES	Fr 2695	2695	

*High and low prices for Singapore are for 1970-71.

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Getting It Together

Long dismembered, the Bury St. Edmunds Cross, one of the finest products of medieval art, is finally coming together. In a step probably without precedent, New York's Metropolitan Museum and Norway's Oslo Museum of Applied Art agreed last week to join the two basic components of the cross in New York in a "provisional exchange" that seemed likely to last a long while. The Met owns the ivory cross itself; the Oslo museum has the lovely figure of Christ, also ivory, that once hung on the face of the work. Joined—after years of mysterious separation—they turn a notable work of art into a major one. Thomas Hoving, director of the Metropolitan, could scarcely conceal his delight as he examined the pieces last week. "Slowly the parts of the story are coming into place," he said. "There is more ahead."

Hoving himself did the crucial scholarship on the cross when he was an assistant curator at the Cloisters, where the Met holds the core of its medieval collection. In 1959, he examined it in the Swiss bank vault of a Yugoslavian collector (whose account of where he obtained it will be revealed only after his death). After painstaking research, bolstered by ultraviolet-light probes, Hoving and the museum decided that it was authentic and purchased it. Hoving traced the cross's source to an English monastery in the town of Bury St. Edmunds, where, in the second half of the twelfth century, the piece had been made for the head abbot. The cross is in excellent condition; there are more than 100 delicate and sharply incised figures carved into it, most of them Biblical in origin. But, as Hoving and other scholars recognized, it lacked its central figure, the body of Christ.

Where was the figure? In 1969, Flor-



Before and after: The Met's cross (left) reunited with Oslo's Christ

ens Deuchler, now chairman of the Cloisters, discovered it in Oslo. It had been willed to the museum there in 1931 by a Copenhagen collector who, as a student, had picked it up in a flea market and carried it with him as a talisman during his lifetime. The Oslo museum curators identified it as Scandinavian in origin—largely on the basis of its material, walrus tusk—but intensive scholarly investigation during the temporary reunification of the two pieces in last year's Metropolitan exhibition "The Year 1200" altered that judgment. Seven and a half inches tall, the Christ fits perfectly into the five holes drilled for it on the cross; moreover, its style is identical with those of the smaller figures on the cross.

The work is still shrouded in mystery. The provenance of both cross and Christ is murky. There are some scholars who assign it elsewhere in England or Europe, not to Bury St. Edmunds. And there is a lower piece—a plaque depicting the Harrowing of Hell—yet to be found somewhere. "It will probably turn up within the next few years," says Hoving, still excited by the scholarly chase. What really counts, however, is the exceptional quality of the united work—and the spectacular deal that has been closed to preserve it. The Metropolitan has deposited an undisclosed but "significant" sum with the Oslo museum. Oslo will get the interest from this money for the next two years and then take over the full amount if both museums agree to make the transaction permanent. Needless to say, Hoving hopes that they will.

Between Two Worlds

The men of fifteenth-century Florence thought quite as highly of themselves as we think of them, and for many of the same reasons. From our perspective, that lively mercantile city was the center of the Italian Renaissance, of a rebirth in learning and the arts that followed the long medieval slumber; it was the city

ART

where such giants as Leonardo, Donatello and the Medici kindled a new humanism. That's how it all looked to Marsilio Ficino, philosopher to the Medici family; in 1492, he wrote: "This century, like a golden age, has restored to light the liberal arts, which were almost extinct: grammar, poetry, rhetoric, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, the ancient singing of songs to the Orphic lyre, and all this in Florence." Still, we don't see precisely eye to eye with the Florentines. They were 500 years closer to the otherworldly ideals of the Middle Ages than we, and their art—no matter how lusty or erudite—shows it.

This "other" side of the Renaissance—and of its central city—is very much in evidence right now, in two large exhibitions devoted to the Florentine spirit. One, "Florence and the Arts," has just opened at the Cleveland Museum; the other, "Italian Paintings: The Florentine School," an endless panoply of treasures, is a summer-long attraction at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Neither show is burdened with overwhelming masterpieces by the titans of the period: there are no Leonardos, Raphaels or Michelangelos. There are instead dozens of paintings—and a few works of sculpture—by decidedly good artists, one step below their level, and many more by the middle rank. We are closer to the real pulse of the age in these shows, in brief, than we would be in the presence of transcendent genius.

Enthroned: The Cleveland exhibition lavishly mixes paintings with works of decorative art—furniture, in the main—with the object of providing a cross-media "feel" of Florentine culture. This particular effort fails because the paintings outclass everything else, as they should. The city ranked painting, with poetry, above all the other arts. "It justly deserves," says Cennino Cennini's manual for painters, written in the early fifteenth century, "to be enthroned next to theory [philosophy]." Thus the best minds and hands of the time were drawn into the field, apprenticing themselves to art as if it were a noble profession, like the law. The centerpiece in the Cleveland show is a magnificent tondo (or round painting) by Filippino Lippi, gracefully limning the Holy Family in glowing reds and blues. Juxtaposed with it is a series of inlaid walnut panels taken from an unknown Florentine church; next to the Lippi, they seem drab and crude, relics from a lesser era.

There is more to be learned both from the tondo and from Cennini's manual. Compared with a medieval painter like Giotto, Lippi seems to be a new man. The limbs and features of Mary, St. Margaret, and the infants are soft and solid; the face of the aged Joseph is finely done, and nearly individualized; the background stretches back into illusory space. This is not the flat, decorative,



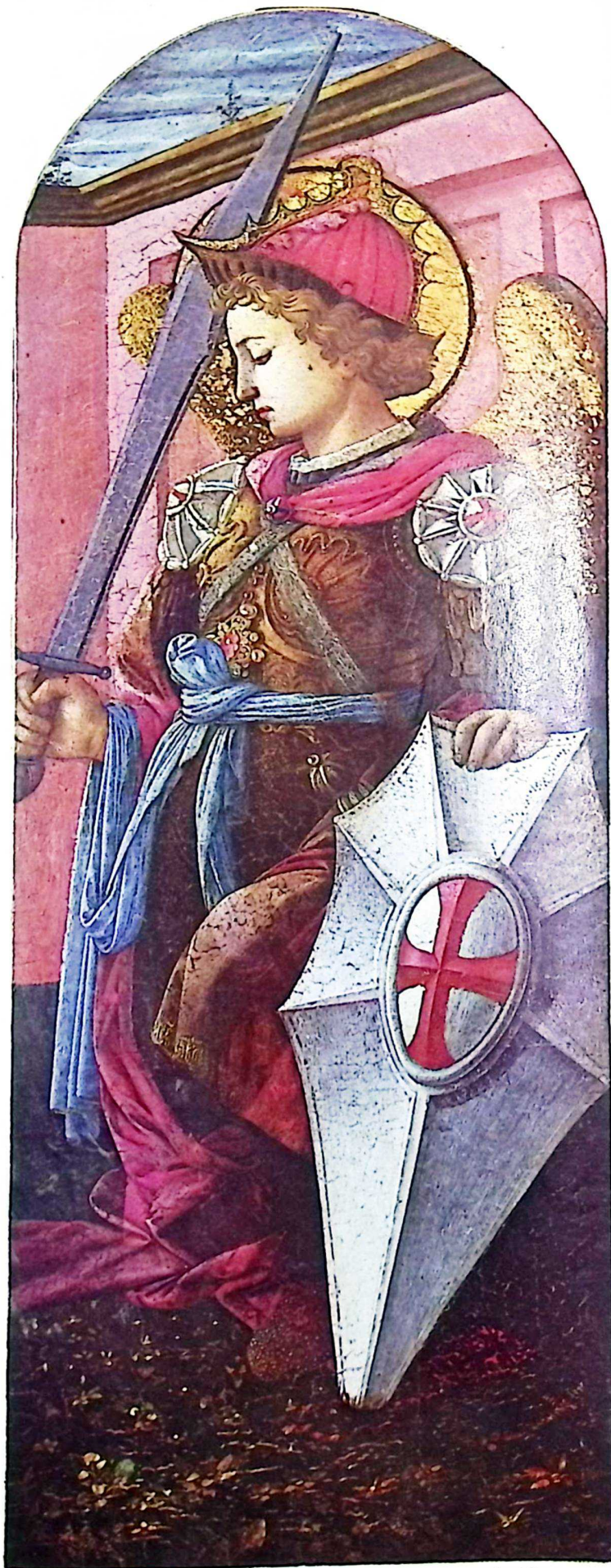


Lorenzo di Credi, Portrait of a Lady, ca. 1500

Domenico Ghirlandaio, Portrait of a Lady, late 1480s



The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Michael Friedsam Collection



Fra Filippo Lippi, St. Michael, 1457-1458

The Cleveland Museum of Art

inreal world of Giotto. Or is it? Look again, from our standpoint, not Giotto's, and the faces lose their naturalism. These are idealized faces, without a spark of mundane life. They resemble nothing so much as the perfect profiles and superior torsos that decorated the frieze of the Parthenon. And Cennini's advice to young painters explains why: "Painting . . . calls for imagination . . . in order to discover things not seen, hiding themselves under the shadow of natural objects, and to fix them with the hand, presenting to plain sight what does not actually exist."

This is very different from the modern idea of realism, which dotes upon unsparing depiction of what exists, and nothing more. Yet Cennini's ideal is scrupulously followed at Cleveland, even when the subject matter is thoroughly secular, as in the 4½-foot panel by Giovanni Toscani, depicting a horse race in the street. Each face, each hand, each horse is formally perfect; these are symbols, not "real" beings. The artist is perfecting nature. So are the hands that carved the original relief of the "Madonna and Child," later reproduced and painted in terra cotta, and the hands that decorated the leaf of a prayer book with the Virgin, an angel, and a border crowded with tiny flowers and animals. The "St. Michael," created as part of a three-panel altarpiece in 1457-58 by Fra Filippo Lippi (Filippino's father), is another Greek god in Christian dress.

Apostles: We have looked upon the Florentines too long with our own eyes. Yes, they invested the old Biblical themes with a new sense of vitality and a new skill; they opened their eyes to fleshly life and worldly knowledge. But they make as much sense seen from the other, the medieval, side as from ours. At the Metropolitan there are three plainly "humanistic" portraits that prove the point conclusively. The first, by Domenico Ghirlandaio, a prolific fifteenth-century craftsman, captures a successful banker, a sure sign of the new age. He wears the visage of an apostle, however, and his seated son adores him as if he were. Ghirlandaio's "Portrait of a Lady," light and crisp, and Lorenzo di Credi's depiction of a widow in black display the same otherworldliness.

The Florentines were not ready to take the world on its own terms. They looked backward as well as forward, back to the ideal beauty that haunted Plato and drove Praxiteles to mold limbs that never existed. In this way, they were able to reconcile their secular impulses with the stern Christian faith that never left them. It must be remembered that Florence's ruling family, the brilliant Medici, were replaced in 1494 by Savonarola, a fundamentalist Dominican monk who wanted to burn every work of art or "vanity" he could find—and did. The art of this city—like its politics—mediates between the ages of reason and of faith.

—DOUGLAS DAVIS

Expecting: MARGARET SINCLAIR TRUDEAU, 22, and PIERRE ELLIOTT TRUDEAU, 51, Prime Minister of Canada; in December. Their marriage in March was a state secret, with Trudeau slipping into his bride's hometown of Vancouver and posing as "Pierre Mercier" until the church ceremony was about to begin. No such lid has been clamped on Margaret's pregnancy, which was announced by her husband's office last week—fueling rumors that an election is in the offing, and that Trudeau figures it can do him no harm to run as a father-to-be.

Died: Lord ASTOR of HEVER, 85, retired publisher of The Times of London; of a pulmonary edema, in Cannes, France, July 19. Born in New York as John Jacob Astor 5th, a great-great-grandson of the fortune-building fur trader, he moved to England with his family as a boy, became an artillery commander in World War I and lost a leg in combat two months before the Armistice. He bought the Times in 1922 and resolved—with notable success—to make it "deserve the confidence of the public." Three years after retiring in 1959, Lord Astor reluctantly moved to the south of France to keep his \$40 million American holdings from being decimated after his death by an 80 per cent British tax; as Astor told his servants before breaking up the household at Hever Castle, he "could not afford to die in this country."

■ VAN HEFLIN, 60, character actor; in Hollywood, July 23, after more than six weeks in a coma from a heart attack that he suffered in the swimming pool of his apartment house. Tabbed by a talent scout as an "attractive homely man," the tall, craggy-faced Oklahoman put it this way: "I wasn't born with a good-enough-looking puss to be the guy who always gets the girl." But getting the parts proved to be no problem once Heflin



Heflin in 'Shane' with de Wilde



Canada's Trudeau with Margaret

made up his mind to become an actor after three youthful years as a merchant seaman. He went to the Yale School of Drama, found work in the movies and on the stage and scored his first hit opposite Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story" on Broadway in 1939. Then he became one of Hollywood's busiest actors, ending up in some 50 pictures. His drunken reporter in "Johnny Eager" earned an Oscar for 1942; he was also cast as Brandon de Wilde's father in "Shane" in 1953, and more recently as the mad bomber in "Airport."

■ HARRY W. MORRISON, 86, co-founder of Morrison-Knudsen, one of the world's biggest construction firms; of a stroke, in Boise, Idaho, July 19. Starting in 1912 with \$600 and a dozen wheelbarrows, he built "M-K" into the colossus that fashioned much of Hoover Dam, plus other projects in every one of the 50 states and 61 foreign countries.

■ CLIFF (Ukulele Ike) EDWARDS, 76, old-time entertainer; of a heart attack, in Hollywood, July 17. He sang and played his uke in vaudeville, introduced "Singin' in the Rain" in a movie musical and provided the squeaky voice of Jiminy Cricket in Disney's "Pinocchio."

■ GERALD P. NYE, 78, former U.S. senator from North Dakota; of complications from arteriosclerosis, in Washington, D.C., July 17. A farm-bloc Republican, he served in the Senate from 1925 to 1945, winning renown for investigating the Teapot Dome oil scandal in the 1920s and exposing profiteering munitions makers ("merchants of death") in the '30s. Nye was also famous for a brand of isolationism that inveighed against shedding "a drop of American blood in Europe's war."

■ TED FIO RITO, 70, popular bandleader of the 1930s; of a heart attack, in Scottsdale, Ariz., July 22. He composed "Charley, My Boy" and other tunes.



Wally McNamee—Newsweek

Schlesinger: Watch the birds

New Man at the AEC

When Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg agreed to a new five-year term as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission just a year ago, he did so reluctantly—and only with the explicit understanding that the Nixon Administration would quickly find a replacement so he could return to his post at the University of California at Berkeley. Last week, the White House announced that it had found the new man. He is Dr. James R. Schlesinger, an economist already laboring in the Administration's ranks.

The past few years have not been easy on Seaborg, 59, a tall and courtly man. The AEC has been the object of sharp attack by environmentalists concerned both about the possible radiation pollution of nuclear power plants and the effects of underground nuclear explosions. And last autumn, Seaborg was pained to learn that his AEC affiliation had touched off a bitter controversy when he was proposed as a candidate for the presidency of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. But for all that, the Nobel chemist was simply anxious to return to the laboratory where he had discovered nine new transuranium elements, including plutonium, between 1940 and 1958.

Proud: Seaborg, who will leave his AEC post this autumn, is justifiably proud of his stewardship. During the past decade, nuclear power plants have become a reality (22 are in operation; 99 are either under construction or on the drawing boards); the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty was signed in 1968; the technology of peaceful uses of nuclear energy has been shared with other nations, and full-scale development of the nuclear breeder-reactor was begun earlier this year.

"The breeder-reactor [so-called because it creates more fissionable fuel than it consumes]," Seaborg said last week, "is a major piece of unfinished business. The President's go-ahead last June was a big step forward. But we haven't yet put together the government-industry-utilities team necessary to do the job."

Assembling such a team is a task that requires all the skills of a tough-minded administrator, and Schlesinger, in the Administration's view, is precisely that sort of man. A New Yorker and a Harvard graduate (1950), the 42-year-old Schlesinger worked for the Rand Corporation and, more recently, has been the assistant director of the Office of Management and Budget.

First impressions of the proposed new AEC chairman may deceive some of his staff. Schlesinger is very much a private man, not given to socializing, a bird watcher with a deep interest in environmental problems. "Jim scowls a lot," says a White House colleague, "but he's not angry; it just means he's thinking. He's always pushing for the right answers." That trait may serve Schlesinger well, for an increasingly skeptical public seems certain to keep pushing the AEC—and its new chairman—for ever more answers about breeder-reactors and all the other uses of nuclear energy.

A Star Is Stillborn

Ever since Galileo first peered through a telescope at it in 1610, the planet Jupiter has fascinated astronomers. It is the colossus of the solar system, second only to the sun in size and mass; and, like the sun, it gives off more energy than it receives. Now, recent observations suggest that Jupiter may be really more of a star than a planet.

The observations were made in mid-May, when Jupiter passed between the earth and the double star, Beta Scorpii, eclipsing the latter. Since the phenomenon could not be seen from the U.S., teams of University of Texas astronomers positioned themselves in South Africa, India and Australia to observe the eclipse with photometers. These light-measuring instruments recorded the decreasing luminosity of Beta Scorpii as the planet moved in front of the star.

Core: Now that the data have been analyzed, the picture of Jupiter that emerges is that of an object with an extremely dense core of liquid hydrogen wrapped in graduated layers of hydrogen, ammonia and perhaps water ice.

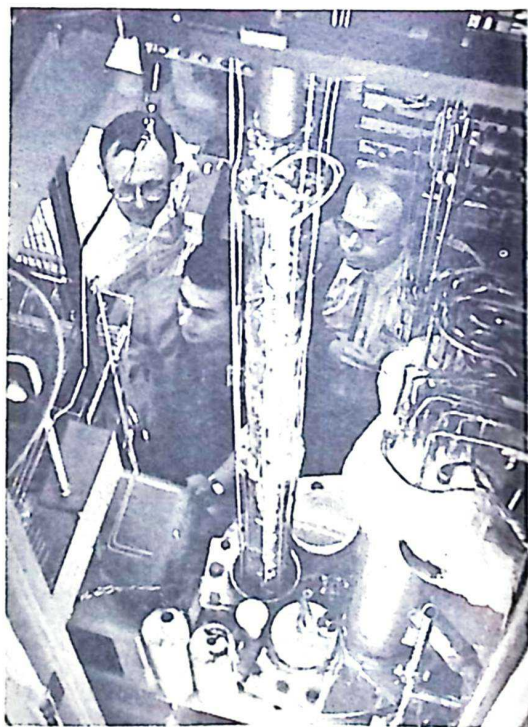
In the past, some astronomers have suggested that Jupiter may be an under-size companion star to the sun, and the University of Texas findings would seem to buttress that theory. "There are a lot of similarities between Jupiter and a class of stars we designate as 'M,'" says Dr. William B. Hubbard, an assistant

professor of astronomy at Texas. "These are very faint, comparatively cool stars that are just barely hot enough to burn hydrogen. Jupiter never got dense enough, nor hot enough, to set off and sustain the nuclear reactions of a star. But it might very well be called a 'still-born star.'"

The Safe Isotopes

Radioisotopes have long been valuable tools in scientific and medical research. They can be used to trace complex chemical reactions, to destroy cancerous cells and even to power some of the scientific instruments left on the moon by Apollo astronauts. But the same radioactive properties that make these variations of iodine, cobalt, argon and carbon so useful in some respects simultaneously limit their application in other fields. Now, however, the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission is beginning to mass-produce four non-radioactive isotopes that have many of the desirable characteristics of the radioisotopes—but not their damaging radiation.

The AEC project has been dubbed "Icons" (for isotopes of carbon, oxygen, nitrogen and sulfur) by Dr. Perry R. Stout, 62, a soils scientist at the University of California and a member of the AEC Advisory Committee for Biology and Medicine. Like many of his colleagues, Stout is enthusiastic about the potential value of the Icons; in his own discipline, for example, he foresees nitrogen-15 being used to "tag" the movement of fertilizers in agriculture or in determining the best rations to be fed milk cows for maximum protein production. "We can't do this with radioisotopes," he says. Dr. Bert Mills Tolbert, a University of Colo-



AEC's isotope distillation tower

rado organic chemist, believes that the current controversy over the detergent NTA (nitrilotriacetic acid) and its effects on rivers and lakes may be resolved by experiments conducted with NTA made with nitrogen-15 instead of standard nitrogen-14.

Other AEC scientists suggest that carbon-13 may be used in diagnostic tests for diabetes. Instead of the cumbersome examination process that suspected diabetics must now undergo, the patient would simply drink a glucose solution in which regular carbon-12 had been supplanted by carbon-13; analysis of the isotopic carbon in the patient's exhaled breath would indicate whether he or she is in fact diabetic.

Extra: Each of the Icons has one more neutron in its nucleus than the number usually found in carbon (twelve), oxygen (sixteen), nitrogen (fourteen) and sulfur (32). The odd neutron gives the isotope a distinct magnetic characteristic of its own. This can be detected by instruments such as a nuclear magnetic resonance spectrometer, and this is how the Icons can be traced in the atmosphere, or in the human blood stream.

"Icons are wonderful tools for molecular biology because they are the basic building blocks of proteins," says Dr. John R. Totter, director of the AEC's Division of Biology and Medicine. "If you're working with DNA, for example, and you want to find the newly synthesized material, all you have to do is introduce carbon-13 into the process. That would make the new strand heavier than the original and it would separate out of solution differently from the original."

Rare: Although scientists have been using small amounts of Icons for some time, the AEC's present program is the first attempt to produce bulk quantities of the isotopes at reasonable prices for researchers everywhere. The elements are rare in nature—of 10,000 atoms of nitrogen, 9,962 typically would be nitrogen-14 and only 38 would be nitrogen-15—and difficult to extract. But the AEC is now making some 15 pounds per year of 90 to 95 per cent pure carbon-13 in 140-foot-tall distillation towers at the agency's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico. More important, the cost of this particular isotope has dropped from an original \$3,000 a gram to \$30 a gram today.

The Icons are being carefully tested on mice by the supercautious AEC for any adverse side effects, though a little more than 2 pounds of carbon-13 (the most developed isotope of the four) was distributed last year to independent researchers. Clearly, the prospects for biological and pharmacological research, for pollution monitoring and for clinical medicine excite the scientists. "These stable isotopes," says Dr. George A. Cowan, a Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory nuclear chemist, "should prove to be every bit as useful in research as the radioisotopes, but without the drawbacks of radioactivity."

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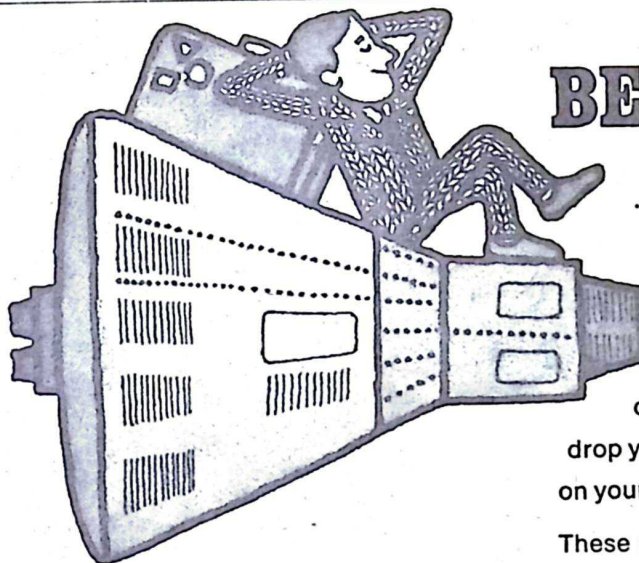
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Americans as Innocents

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF LESLIE FIEDLER. VOL. I: 562 pages. VOL. II: 560 pages. Stein and Day. \$12.50 each.

Is it not odd for a critic as determinedly disreputable as Leslie Fiedler to serve us his "Collected Essays" now? Why should this man, who is alleged to have said that Huck Finn was queer for Nigger Jim, who has been convicted of maintaining a premise congenial to marijuana, put out these matching volumes, decently clad in identical jackets? The occasion lacks a saving irony. It is not on-



Marc DuPlan Lee

Fiedler: Artists should say 'No'

ly respectable, it is positively posthumous—one can almost see the dust rise from the books as they fall from the publisher's carton—and yet this aging *enfant terrible* of American letters is not yet 55.

Fortunately, most of these essays, which were published over the past twenty years, resist attempts at fossilization. The first volume contains the complete texts of Fiedler's two previous collections, "An End to Innocence" and "No! in Thunder." The second contains the uncollected pieces: a section on Jewish writing and themes, another on pop culture, a third on miscellaneous subjects. Together, these essays reveal Fiedler's weaknesses—most particularly his fondness for repetition and his inability to develop a theme—but they also reveal his strengths, and, among contemporary critics, Fiedler's strengths are unique.

Ersatz: He writes with vigor and style. He is arrogant, contemptuous of those who cannot see what he sees, but he has an uncommon wit and a talent both for satire and for pithy axioms. If he does not develop his themes, he develops the position from which they are

observed: "I have been *thrice* born," he says, "first into radical dissent, then into radical disillusion and the fear of innocence, finally into whatever it is that lies beyond both commitment and disaffection." He delights in generalizations, condemning "the fact-snufflers, the truffle-hounds of science" who bring in harvests of data, all of which, he says, are "a democratic substitute for something so aristocratic as ideas, some bureaucratic ersatz for the insight of the individual thinker." Unlike most critics, Fiedler has sunk roots into American popular culture—into films and comic books—although he is often surprised that he likes it and is always more convincing when pop culture is the background, not the subject of his argument.

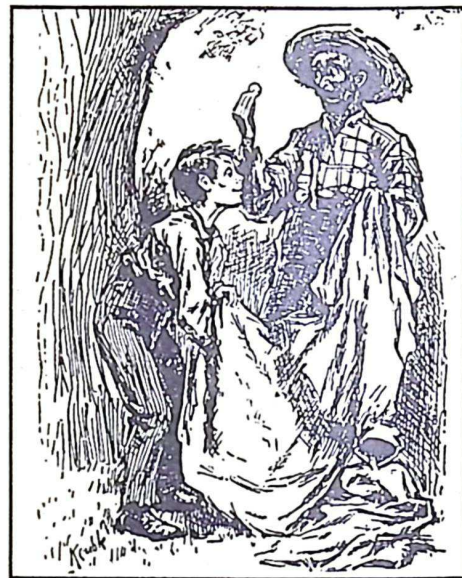
Fiedler is rarely boring. To be dull, a man must be either modest or incompetent, and Fiedler is neither. His writing, he is the first to say, is "the basis for a new understanding of our classic books and of our culture in general." It nearly is. Fiedler irritably disposes of talk of his brilliance, his skills at entertainment and polemics. "My aim," he writes, "is to create not the shallow joy felt in the presence of virtuosity but the difficult pleasure possible only to one recognizing a truth which involves personal humiliation or the surrender of values long held." He tries a few close readings of texts but seems to sense that these are aberrations, gestures toward conformity. Fiedler's true lust (there is no other word for it) is for connections, for the patterns of culture he finds behind the surface forms of art.

Jargon: "Of all the peoples of the world," he writes, "we hunger most deeply for tragedy." Fiedler enjoys reducing art and life to a kind of dramatic nicety. How neat for Fiedler that the unlikable Whittaker Chambers should be the just man and Hiss, the Harvard man, a traitor. Even Chambers's whispered accusations become proof of his virtue, whereas another dramatist (Shakespeare, perhaps) would have made them proof of villainy. Theatrical jargon pops up everywhere: the uproar over Joe McCarthy was no more than "our modern East Lynn, a melodrama" and the Rosenbergs' pleas of innocence a "comedy"—a particularly irritating comedy because the actors never confessed, which would, of course, have made the play come out as it should have. Fiedler, in his first attempts to show America its political innocence, pipes the cold-war tunes; he did not know then how dishonest our own government could be.

Most of Fiedler's major themes touch upon innocence, either in our literature or in our politics, and the tenacity with which we hold to it. We put our best books on the kiddies' shelf in the library, he says, meaning "Huckleberry Finn," "Moby Dick" and "The Last of the Mohicans," whereas—oh, irony!—the secret

message of these books concerns the homoerotic attachment between a white and a black, red or brown man, an "ennobling or redemptive love" to be realized only between males fleeing both women and civilization. There is enough truth in this to make us forgive the exaggeration: the great American novels are, by and large, concerned with a retreat from civilization, or at least from urbanization; and a mature sexual relationship, if there is one in our major fiction, does not jump to mind. Fiedler extends his theme of innocence—I think accurately—to cover a certain ignorance and regressiveness in American culture, an "implacable nostalgia for the infantile, at once wrong-headed and somehow admirable. The mythic America is boyhood."

Fiedler's essays with a narrow focus



Culver Pictures

Huck Finn and Jim: Secret lovers?

are generally acute; his broader essays may be in part mistaken but they are always exciting, prompting the reader (as Hercule Poirot would say) furiously to think. We have less need of critics who are right than we have of critics like Fiedler who set up a perspective that forces us to look again on art, on culture we once thought familiar. Fiedler is part mystic, part romantic, part Hebraic truth teller. He insists that the artist's role is to say a "Hard No": "to fulfill its essential moral obligation, [serious] fiction must be negative." By this he means the artist must show the gap between what man dreams of and is able to accomplish, and in this he is correct.

But Fiedler, in his desperate flight from sentimentality, from the treacherous optimism of commercial fiction, forgets that many of the world's great writers—Chaucer, Congreve, Fielding and Jane Austen among them—have made an honorable accommodation that a critic of Fiedler's romantic and apocalyptic temperament would find it hard to accept. It is difficult to imagine Fiedler talking to Laurence Sterne or to any of



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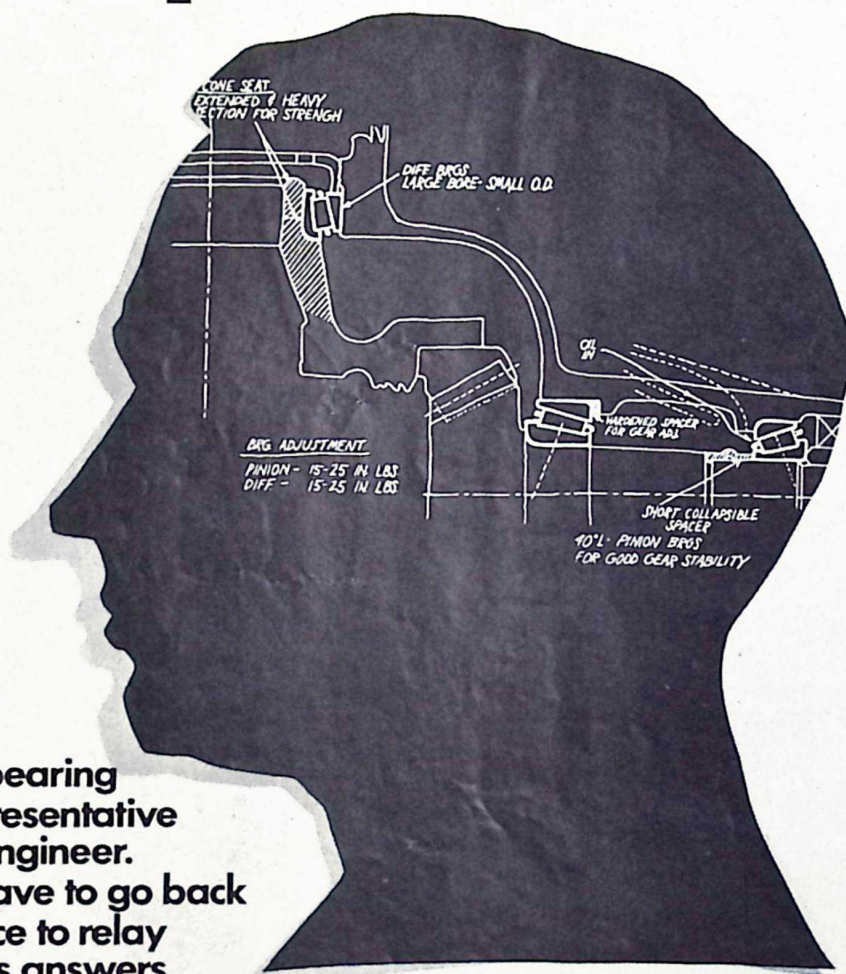
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BOOKS

the writers who admit the absurdity of man's customary performance while insisting still on the joy of the human condition. It is not enough to write truly of the gap between man's dream and his accomplishment—one must come to love frailty as well. It is not by accident that "As You Like It" ends in a dance, or that the "Non Serviam" of Stephen Dedalus is followed by the "Yes" of Molly Bloom.

—PETER S. PRESCOTT

Raising the Dead

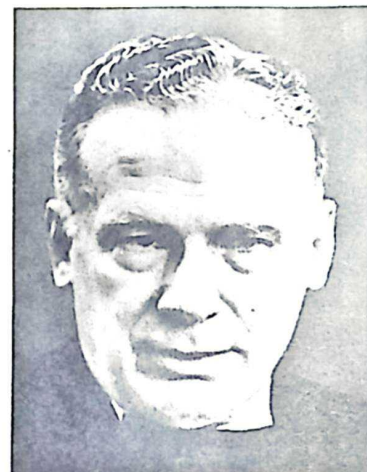
ANCESTORS. By William Maxwell.
311 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

William Maxwell chose to end this extraordinary chronicle of the American experience with his early youth, 50 years ago, when accelerated change in American life had already begun. This is his first nonfiction work. In it, he reconstructs the life and times of two centuries' worth of his ancestors not merely as a loving portrait of a host of pioneers, preachers, uncles and aunts, but as an eloquent comment on how far we have moved away from the outlook of those first American visionaries.

Drawing upon documents, letters, memory and a vivid account of Middle Western revivalism, Maxwell makes America's past come alive. His characters are men awed by God and by the world they discovered as they moved west through Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois in search of a more perfect existence. Many of them are as extinct as the saber-toothed tiger, but much of what they enjoyed appeals to us, even though we cannot reach it. The solitary bee hunter (a trapper out for bigger game but always watchful for the wild honey that frontiersmen used as a sugar substitute), outdoorsmen who could not bear to live near civilization, maverick settlers who thought nothing of packing up one day and leaving for the unknown, deeply religious folk who were unafraid to be heretical and reformist as well—they all speak of a robust, strongly individualistic American past that is too often romanticized or forgotten.

Drama: Maxwell summons us to a gentle nineteenth century in tree-shrouded Lincoln, Ill., a town of 10,000 souls preoccupied with the drama of personal relationships. All the Maxwells could quote the Bible verbatim: "Uppermost in their minds at all times was the intention to achieve the impossible—to bridge the centuries and through the purity and propriety of their religious devotion become not merely like but spiritually indistinguishable from Simon who was called Peter..." Dancing, swearing, drinking and playing cards for money were damned, but life nonetheless had a joyous intimacy; people touched and fathers cried. Obituaries in the town newspaper were rapturously emotional.

Then, suddenly, that life is invaded by the changes with which we are so familiar—the profusion of colleges, a



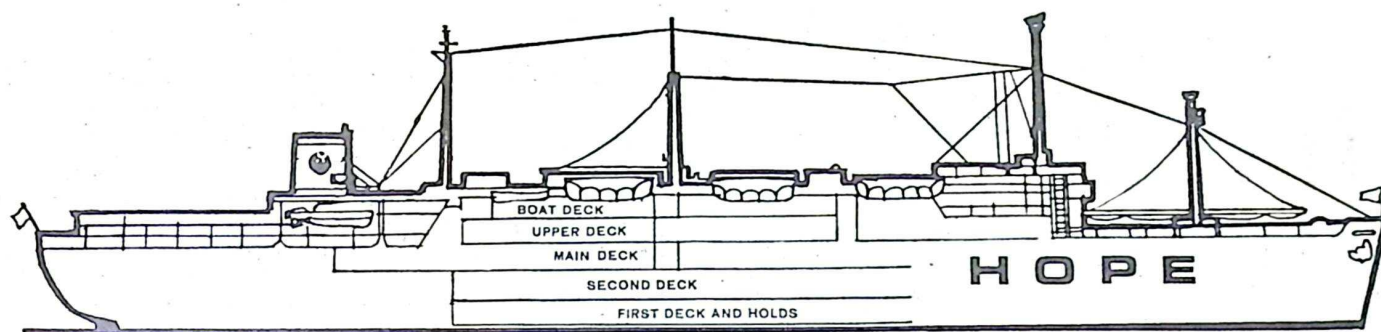
BALL

George W. Ball, now a New York State investment banker, was Under Secretary of State of the United States from 1961 to October 1966 and in 1968 served as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. As one of the principal voices in the formulation of U.S. foreign policy, he won international respect for his incisiveness of mind and his readiness to challenge sacred cows.

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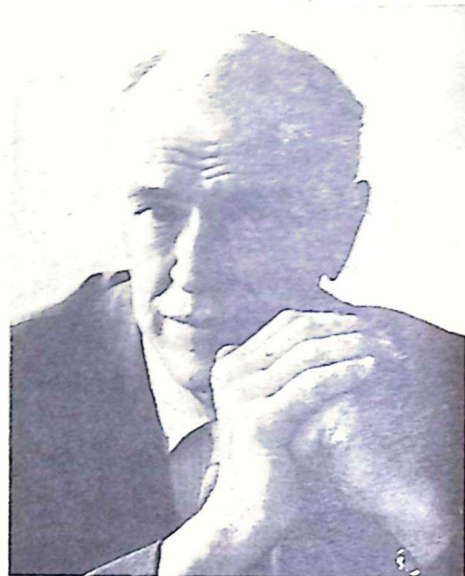
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BOOKS

stray Wright biplane, an early Rambler autocar, a son who smoked and aunts who were divorced. The memories, however fleeting, remain etched in Maxwell's mind. "From observing my own two children and what they do or do not remember, I have come to the conclusion that until the age of 5 the camera shutter remains open, producing a single, long time-exposure. Then, mysteriously, something happens—not to the negative, which is indestructible, but to the print, and all that is left is a few torn-up scraps that might have been found at the bottom of a wastebasket."

Ancestors suffer this fate until someone rescues them. "It is not true that the dead desert the living," Maxwell says. "They go away for a very short time, and then they come back and stay



Pictorial Parade

Maxwell: Telling it like it was

as long as they are needed. But sooner or later a time comes when they are in the way; their presence is, for one reason or another, an embarrassment; there is no place for them in the lives of those they once meant everything to. Then they go away for good."

We still need our ancestors—for the sparer, simpler, often infinitely more sound vision of life they aspired to. Their individuality is our birthright and Maxwell's book delays the day when we will send them away for good.

—PAUL BRINKLEY-ROGERS

Tour of the Asylum

CANCERQUEEN. By Tommaso Landolfi. Translated by Raymond Ro-senthal. 276 pages. Dial. \$7.95.

Tommaso Landolfi is usually tagged as Italy's Kafka, with hints of Borges and a host of Russian authors in his prickly, puzzling stories. His last book was published here eight years ago: "Gogol's Wife and Other Stories," featuring the absurdly hilarious title story about Go-

gol's inflatable rubber "wife," a stunning re-creation of the female form that somehow passes on a social disease to the great Russian author. Using his favored modes of diaries, letters, dialogues and nuttily filigreed narration, Landolfi spins weird, oddly resonant tales that seem to take one on a leisurely walking tour of some high-class insane asylum. The kinky, cultured inmates babble their stories of talking furniture, of spaceships that yawn, sneeze and grumble, of mice that file by in plumed hats, bowing—and one slowly begins to recognize that these convoluted narrations have some terribly subtle, private, fantastic logic.

Landolfi is a master of polished irony, so polished it sometimes glares to the point of blinding a reader to its purpose. Reading Landolfi is like encountering Beckett's despair hidden deep behind a Ronald Firbank facade. In "The Mute," a 50-year-old man forms an obsessive desire for a speechless young girl ("It is through words, the so-called gift of speech that man loses his soul," he tells her), finally lures her to his house and, like some homicidal Humbert Humbert, brutally murders her. As in many of Landolfi's stories, the setting is ambiguous: the reader cannot tell whether the protagonist has been caught and is in prison awaiting execution—or huddles in the mental prison of his own guilt and anguish.

Strip: In "Stefano's Two Sons," a vain man invents an imaginary son for himself, patterned after a renowned ancestor who was brilliant and powerful. While awaiting the birth of his actual son, his concocted offspring turns up in an apparition—and shortly afterward his wife delivers a monstrously deformed creature, as if in horrible retribution for her husband's hubris. In the title story, "Cancerqueen," a "logical madman" takes an equally imbalanced writer on a trip to the moon in his marvelous spaceship. The misanthropic author ends by orbiting endlessly around his suddenly beloved earth, watching the smug grimace that is the continent of Europe roll by. In "Misdeal," perhaps the best tale of the bunch, a young man devoured with the desire to see a bewitching young woman in the nude devises an existential game of strip poker—in which one must either disrobe or commit suicide.

Like the Russian writers he so resembles in his themes, Landolfi is obsessed by metaphysics and the elemental questions of existence and life's meaning. Beneath his smooth urbanity beats the anguish of a man who loves describing those "madmen who are a beacon-light for humanity." As one of his characters remarks, "one might say that the search for the way is indeed my way of being." Landolfi is very difficult, and I think "Gogol's Wife" was a better book, but he is worth the effort if only because he takes one by stunningly oblique paths into surprising realms and forbidden kingdoms.

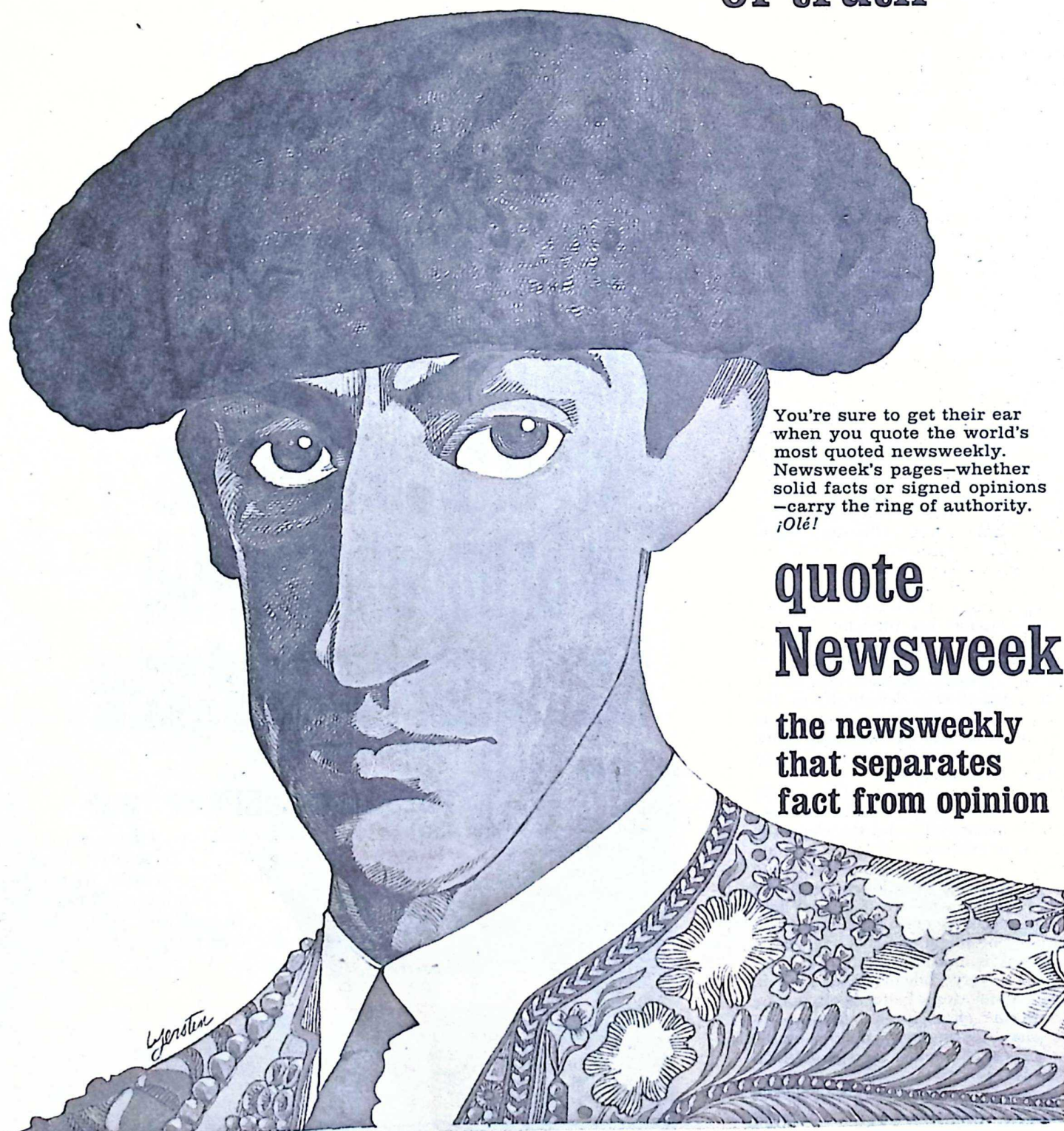
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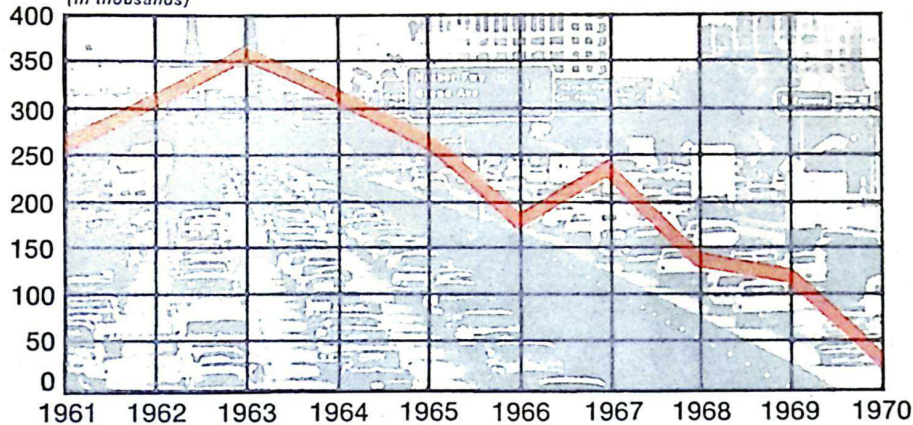
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THE GOLDEN STATE LOSES ITS GLOW

The clearest indication of the decline in California's population growth is provided by "net migration," the difference between the number of people moving into the state and those moving out. The figures below chart the fall in the net influx into California over the past decade.

(In thousands)



Feng & Berkovitz

Paradise Lost?

For more than a century, California has been America's promised land, luring an endless stream of immigrants from other parts of the U.S. But now the Golden State seems to be losing some of its glow. According to the latest findings of the respected California Poll, an increasing number of Californians are growing disenchanted with their state and nearly a third of them would leave it if they could.

The chief cause for the widespread disenchantment among Californians is the state's choking smog and air pollution; 37 per cent of those polled cited this as the reason why, in their view, California has become an average-to-poor place to live. Other reasons for dissatisfaction were overpopulation (27 per cent), high taxes (12 per cent) and the recent decline in job opportunities (7 per cent). Not surprisingly, such densely populated and extremely polluted areas as Los Angeles and San Diego have lost more of their appeal during the past few years than the San Francisco and Central Valley regions.

Confirming the findings of the California Poll, official statistics indicate that fewer and fewer outsiders are attracted to the state. Net migration figures (chart) show that in 1963, 356,000 more people moved into California than moved out. Last year, however, that figure had fallen to only 27,000. And the California Poll itself reveals that disillusionment runs higher among recent immigrants than old-timers. Close to half of those who have lived in California for less than eight years say they would like to move elsewhere, while only a quarter of the state's longtime residents want to leave.

The decline in migration and creeping discontent among the natives have forced

even the usually ebullient Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce to admit that the state has problems. Noting that "the image our city presents to the outsider in terms of air pollution, congestion and other environmental problems" is less than totally appealing, the chamber's journal recently acknowledged that "southern California seems to have lost some of its glamour." But Mervin D. Field, the man who runs the California Poll, still feels that the state rates fairly high on any list of desirable home-lands. "What we're reporting is that the bloom is off the rose," he says. "Comparatively, California is still a good place to live; it's just that it's harder and harder to get ecstatic about it."

Hitting the Bottle

Filtering Los Angeles water robs it of its many nourishing ingredients, not the least of which is chow mein.

—S.J. Perelman

It wasn't quite that bad in the elegant Washington suburb of Chevy Chase, Md., one morning last spring when the residents of the pillared Georgian and Dutch colonial mansions turned on their faucets for a drink. But the fluid that dribbled out did contain an unfortunate anti-bacterial compound of ammonia and chlorine that made it smell bad and taste worse. "The water," deadpanned a local sanitation official, "is perfectly safe. It's just not palatable." Which is roughly like saying that the operation was a success but the patient died. And in a distressingly large number of cities across the U.S. the story seems to be the same. According to the Environmental Protection Agency, nearly half of U.S. municipal water doesn't meet Federal health standards. But where officialdom has so far failed to do

anything significant about the problem, the redoubtable American consumer has moved purposefully toward a solution of his own. By the hundreds of thousands, Americans are now purchasing bottled mineral water, thereby converting a well-established but previously modest business into something approaching a \$150 million-a-year industry.

Scotch: "Naturally the ecology issue has increased everyone's awareness," notes Robert S. Suttle, vice president of Los Angeles's Arrowhead Puritas Waters, a subsidiary of Coca-Cola and one of the U.S.'s two largest distributors of bottled water. "But that was just one more reason to buy bottled water. Better taste has always been the first reason." And there may be a third reason—more sociological than biological. "It's status," says Suttle confidently. "Bottled water is the least expensive status you can buy. It starts out at \$1.75 for five gallons. If you want status in Scotch, you pay \$9 for a bottle of Chivas Regal, but water is the great inexpensive status symbol."

Whatever the reasons, the public appetite for bottled water has now reached flood tide. Nowhere is this phenomenon more evident than in southern California, which has been a kind of wellspring of the bottled-water movement, as it has been for so many other American manias. Today, more than 2.5 million southern Californians have forsaken the water tap for the water cooler, and the bottled product is a staple in one out of every six homes.

If other sections of the nation cannot yet match California's conversion rate, the bottled-water business is nevertheless booming elsewhere as well. "Our sales are up 34 per cent over last year," says Larry McNally, who heads the Chicago distributorship for Mountain Valley, a natural, untreated spring water that flows out across the nation from Hot Springs, Ark. "Every time somebody writes another article about pollution," McNally exults, "our phones start ringing." With commendable candor, McNally admits that most tap water is technically pure and has a low bacteria count. "But so many chemicals are added to purify it," he adds, "that it just doesn't taste right any more."

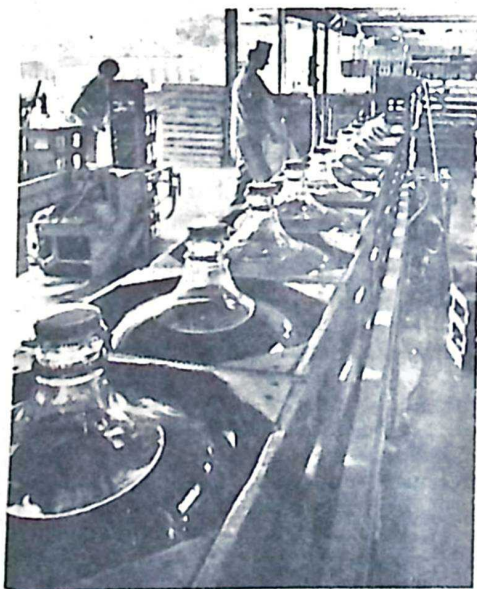
Bacteria: Taste being most consumers' primary concern, some Washington officials now fear that unscrupulous profiteers will move into the market. "Why is it," asked a Federal official last week, "that people think if water looks good, tastes good, smells good and comes in a bottle, it's better than tap water? That's not the whole story. You can't see such things as bacteria, viruses or trace metals." Indeed, a Georgetown University microbiologist, engaged by The Washington Evening Star, has just completed tests of water sold in the Washington area; she found that some bottled water contained more bacteria than municipal water—so many more that it should be boiled before being given to infants.

The Georgetown samples showed that

three major producers—Deer Park, Poland Water and Great Bear—were selling water that contained more than 100,000 bacteria per liter, which is the outer limit set by the American Bottled Water Association. In Los Angeles, stunned officials of the ABWA, which embraces about half of the U.S.'s estimated 400 bottlers, reacted by renewing pressure for Federal controls. Contending that more than 90 per cent of the association's member companies already abide by self-imposed standards, ABWA executive director Fred Jones nonetheless added: "We'd prefer to have the government come up with rules that everyone would have to comply with." And it appears that Jones may soon get his wish. Fourteen congressmen, angered at the failure of the Food and Drug Administration to regulate the industry, are now backing a bill aimed at establishing strong, specific Federal standards for bottled water.

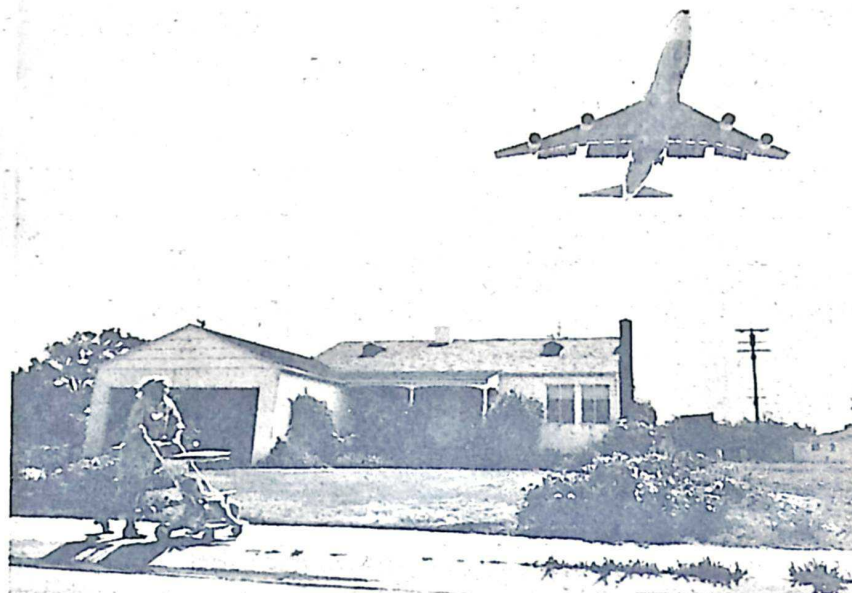
Although industry officials play down the extent of fraud, there have been at least two spectacular cases within the past year. In Sacramento, the Sierra Spring Water Co. was fined \$10,000 last October for advertising as "spring water" a fluid that had in reality come from the Sacramento city water system. And in Baltimore, one company was revealed to be peddling tap water in bottles bearing a Rocky Mountain label. When state officials protested, the company changed its label to one bearing a picture of Niagara Falls.

Despite such lapses, however, the continually deteriorating quality of city water, coupled with growing ecological awareness, seems to augur well for the future of the bottled-water industry. Besides, as the PR men love to point out, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and sixteen winners of the Kentucky Derby all quenched their thirst with bottled water—which is a claim no municipal reservoir can match.



Lester Sloan—Newsweek

Bottling water: Taste plus status



D. Gorton—New York Times

Take-off in L.A.: A bulldozer does the job in twenty minutes

The High Cost of Noise

Four years ago, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Bringard bought a tiny, rundown house on a half-acre of land in the Playa del Rey section of Los Angeles with an eye-goggling view of the Pacific Ocean. The couple immediately started to remodel their domicile, adding six bedrooms, three baths, a hand-finished wood exterior and a two-car garage. Then last spring, a bare two hours after Dr. Bringard had pounded in the final nail, a stranger arrived at the front door. He identified himself as an appraiser from the Los Angeles Department of Airports and said that either the family would have to sell out or their house would be condemned.

To the Bringards and to thousands of their neighbors, the stranger at the door represented the latest technique invoked by Los Angeles International Airport authorities to dispose of the ever-worsening controversy over the ear-splitting noise created by low-flying jet aircraft. The airport's technique is simplicity itself: instead of trying to remove the noise from the people, airport officials are removing the people from the noise.

Desert: In 1967 an airport commission began sending out appraisers to dicker for 2,373 houses in three surrounding communities. Prices may seem generous—ranging from \$28,000 to \$115,000—but dislocation problems for the 6,000 affected residents are severe, and the \$300 million the project stands to cost the airport is truly staggering. While a few of the houses are being resold and moved to different sites, most are being turned over to bulldozers that can dispatch an average frame structure in about twenty minutes. Then, by late in

1972, the airport will have created a barren desert so its planes can operate in peace. "Sometimes I go home sick," admitted Jack E. Long, an airport official involved in the acquisition. "It's such a waste. If this were my sole job at the airport I couldn't stomach it."

As most see it, the problem arose in the first place from monstrously bad planning—or perhaps, more accurately, from no planning at all. As early as 1942, it was known the airport might eventually grow to its present size. But apparently no one bothered to tell the home buyers who were being hustled into the surrounding area by real-estate developers. Finally, when the last runway was opened in 1968, the city planning commission got around to drawing up a master plan for the area—and by then, of course, it was too late.

The final blow may be yet to fall. Sometime during the next few months, the Federal Aeronautics Administration seems likely to promulgate national noise standards for airports. This could force the L.A. airport to try to push people still farther from its runways. One tentative estimate already in hand calls for demolishing 65,000 more homes, at a cost of \$1.6 billion.

Dispirited '76

Few urban debates waxed quite so hot for quite so long as that over which U.S. city should play host to Expo '76, the extravagant festival planned to mark the nation's 200th birthday five years hence. To begin with, there was a great deal of lively lobbying and bickering among various proposed host cities themselves. Philadelphia, for instance, began lobbying for Expo more than ten years

ago. Then Boston, Washington and even Miami entered the lists.

Finally last summer, the Presidential commission charged with making the decision picked Philadelphia, and just about everyone concerned thought that was that. But then came some second thoughts, and by last week it was apparent to all that any agreement on just how to mark the national bicentennial was going to cause almost as much trouble as General George Washington had in winning the Republic's independence in the first place.

Flop: First came the dawn of realization at Philadelphia's Chamber of Commerce and Union League Club, among other places, that most recent international expositions have been resounding economic flops. The New York World's Fair in 1964, for instance, was not only an esthetic disaster but also wound up losing some \$21 million. Montreal's Expo 67 may have been a better world's fair, as such things go, but it finally concluded its affairs \$273.6 million in the red. As for Philadelphia itself, there was still the memory, however dim, of the nation's sesquicentennial celebration in 1926, which closed its gates almost half a century ago showing losses of \$5 million and necessitating a special bond assessment the citizenry has not easily forgotten.

But at the outset, the Expo '76 boosters argued that anticipated revenues from the Expo tourist trade (estimated at upwards of \$1 billion) would outweigh the ultimate cost to the taxpayers, and accordingly the Philadelphia 1976 Bicentennial Corp. was formed and instructed to press on with plans.

This the corporation did. One early plan, for instance, called for the inclusion of a number of urban-renewal projects plus the construction of an Expo center atop the Penn Central Railroad's 30th Street Station. This was rejected outright by the U.S. Department of Com-

merce for, as one local planner put it, representing "too much social reform and not enough Expo." Then, after a great deal more talk and very little action, the corporation in desperation appointed an eight-man steering committee headed by a Philadelphia lawyer and Chamber of Commerce president named John P. Bracken to decide what to do next. This committee then came up with a plausible site for the pavilions—1,000 acres of land in the Byberry section of the city 20 miles from downtown—but promptly proceeded to find so many obstacles to development that it recommended last May that the city abandon Expo altogether.

For one thing, there was the distinct prospect that all the new construction would end up only exacerbating the already raw relations between blacks and the building-trade unions. Rather than hiring more blacks to meet the temporary building boom, the unions have hinted that white labor might have to be imported—a move that is sure to enrage the city's blacks. What's more, the proposed Byberry site would require freeway and subway extensions to handle Expo's daily quarter of a million visitors. Finally, there was the inevitable problem of money. The original price tag of \$555 million will likely top \$1 billion when inflation and transportation costs are factored in, and the financially beleaguered city and state governments cannot be counted on to make up the overrun.

'Fat Cats': By this time, the Bicentennial Corp. was so shocked at the possibility of losing the hoped-for bonanza that it rejected the Bracken committee's report and forthwith redoubled its efforts to get the fair built on time. "A lot of fat cats," says one fair proponent, "suddenly decided that Philadelphia would look positively sick to throw away such a golden opportunity."

Now, three months later, most of

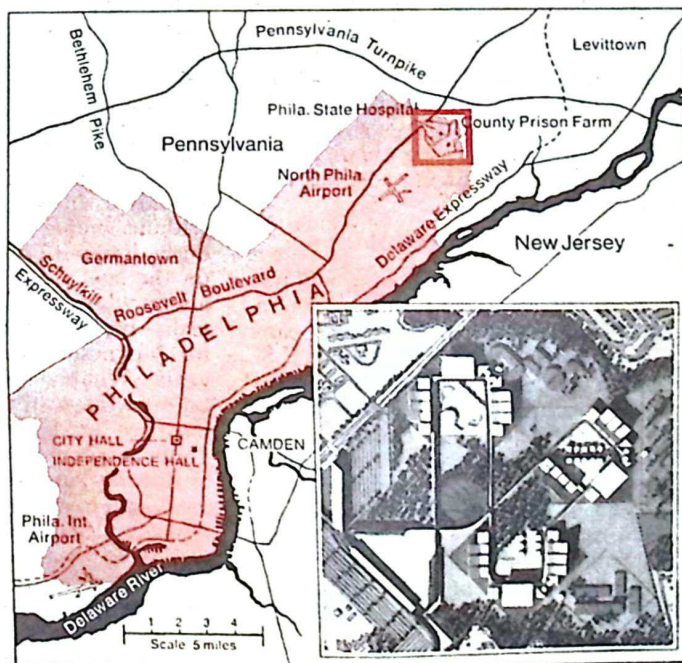
Bracken's caveats have yet to be resolved. The labor situation remains unsettled, the governor has not authorized the funds for the freeway and subway projects, and Expo's master plan still awaits final approval from the Federal government, which will initially be asked to put up \$95 million plus \$50 million in loan guarantees. And even the most ardent boosters concede that unless the pieces begin falling into place in the next few weeks, Expo cannot possibly open its gates on time without a Herculean—and prohibitively expensive—crash effort.

Ills: But while Expo supporters still think they can overcome their mechanical problems, they face vehement opposition from the area's homeowners who don't want Expo built in their backyards. Mostly white, working-class families, they moved away from the inner city to escape the very urban ills they are convinced Expo will bring to their neighborhoods. They resent the proposed occupation of the last great piece of open land in Philadelphia, which now is taken up by a prison farm and a soon-to-be-abandoned mental hospital. They are even more fearful that once Expo is over, the city will move in and construct low-income housing on the site. They also seem persuaded that they, the taxpayers, will be left holding the bag. "People are just fed up," says Richard Stout, head of one area planning council. "They're tired of having things like Expo rammed down their throats which they don't want and will have to pay for anyway."

Accordingly, with a mayoralty election coming up this fall, the whole question of Expo '76 promises to be a hot political issue. "The more I get into this, the more I think we just can't afford it," says Mrs. Kay Drake, an opposition leader and mother of four. "Why can't we be a little humble for once?"



Bicentennial site: Prison farm, hospital (above) transformed into Expo '76 (insert at right)



Don Mackay



BY WILLIAM P. BUNDY

THE PRESIDENT'S PEKING TRIP

Mr. Nixon's trip to Peking clearly ranks as one of the great potential turning points of twentieth-century history; it marks the dramatic ending of one era and will constitute a major element in the new power situation that East Asia—and the rest of the world—will face in the '70s. For all the pitfalls of summit diplomacy, this may have been the only way to break through the barriers to effective communication between China and the United States. Thus, the basic idea, as well as its execution, deserves fervent applause.

Set against this fundamental point, the implications of the trip so far as specific international problems are concerned may for the moment seem less exciting. Nonetheless, it is obvious that a period of intense and difficult diplomacy lies ahead and that the Administration has an immense job of preparation to do if it is to make the trip worthwhile and at the same time avoid significant damage to important relationships.

My own prognosis is firm on only a few points. For an easy opener, the serious effort to ease U.S.-Chinese relations means that Mr. Agnew will not be on the Republican ticket next year; patently, he has not shared the President's conversion from the views of the '50s. A second point is that Moscow is not all that upset, and thus that there will be little effect on the key matters under discussion between the U.S. and the Soviet Union—SALT, the Middle East and Berlin. I base this prediction on close observation over the past four years of the almost neurotic Soviet obsession with the possibility of a rapprochement between China and the U.S. Now that the visit is in prospect (and much more to come as Moscow probably sees it), the effect may for the moment be almost relaxing—though the long-run implications are, of course, still profound.

PEKING AND HANOI

A third prediction is that Peking will not and cannot affect Hanoi's posture on a Vietnam settlement. To be sure, one cannot imagine the visit taking place with U.S. forces still in combat in Vietnam, but whatever was said during Mr. Kissinger's visit almost certainly related to eventual conditions of peace in Indochina as a whole—and specifically to the neutralization of Laos and Cambodia and the withdrawal of all U.S. military forces and installations from the mainland of Southeast Asia.

Fourth, and more tentatively, I believe formal diplomatic relations between Wash-

ington and Peking are still some way off. When heads of state can visit unrecognized countries, the norms of diplomacy have already been shaken up to the point where further direct avenues of communication should present no serious problems—provided, as one assumes, both parties want them. But the obstacles to formal recognition don't seem likely to be resolved soon. The U.S. can withdraw its forces from Taiwan without strain, and China for its part tacitly refrain from the use of force. But the U.S. treaty commitment to the Republic of China will remain, and with it an acceptance of that government's control of the territories covered by the treaty, i.e., Taiwan and the Pescadores. Then, after the question of representation in the United Nations has been sorted out, probably this fall, Taiwan's status would simmer for some time. So would the issue of formal diplomatic relations between Washington and Peking, though perhaps not so long.

IMPACT ON JAPAN

If these predictions are anywhere near right, the problems associated with these aspects are manageable. What is much less clear, and potentially much more difficult, is the impact of the visit on Northeast Asia, and on Japan in particular.

Although Japanese spokesmen have stressed their sincere basic approval, I am sure the mere arranging of the trip has hit Tokyo very hard indeed. If the Soviets had anticipated and discounted something like this, the Japanese had not, and their government had at most last-minute notification. I do not criticize this in view of the overriding need for secrecy. But, in the only rough parallel one can readily think of, it is as if the United States had acted suddenly to send its President to Germany sometime in the early postwar period without telling France. One result, obviously, is to put Prime Minister Sato mightily on the spot in domestic political terms as a man who simply is not close to the Americans—pretty ironic after all Sato has done for Japanese-American relations over the years. Whatever Mr. Nixon's peeve may be over the textile quarrel with Japan, he must see the danger in this.

But much more is at stake. Japan's sense of historic kinship with China, coupled in many quarters with a sense of guilt over Japanese treatment of China in the '30s and '40s, means that the Japanese itch for closer, and preferably formal, political relations with the mainland to supplement

the trade relations in which they have quite naturally moved well ahead of the rest of the world. Yet Japan is linked to Taiwan just as closely as the U.S. is. Thus, the Japanese are torn—and the adroit Mr. Chou plays on the resulting emotions for all they are worth. Moreover, the Chinese manipulate the Japanese desire for trade by forbidding any China trade to Japanese firms that invest in Taiwan or in South Korea. In short, Chou is trying hard to weaken and divide Japan itself, and to upset Japan's important ties with the rest of Northeast Asia.

SINO-JAPANESE RELATIONS

In this context, the President's trip to Peking may seem to many Japanese not only to be getting ahead of Japan's most cherished desire, but to be at Japan's expense. At a time when Peking is steadily denouncing both Sato and alleged militarism in Japan, the U.S. seems to be giving a special boost to Peking's prestige. Thus, as the Japanese see it, the result is to postpone better Sino-Japanese relations rather than bring them closer.

Obviously, this is not what the President has in mind. In other ways he has recognized that Japan is truly a great power today, far stronger in economic terms and even perhaps more influential in Asia than China is likely to be for years to come. He must surely know that it would be a miserable trade to weaken American ties with Japan in return for what must for the time being be largely a gain in understanding and communications with China.

Indeed, in the four-power game between Russia, China, the U.S. and Japan that now prevails in East Asia, formal relations and eased tensions between China and Japan should be one of the key stabilizing elements. Moreover, China's historic fear of Japan would only be increased if the Japanese should lose confidence in the United States and adopt a more independent posture in Asia.

I do not suggest Mr. Nixon can use his trip to Peking to advance Japan's relations with China. But the very least he must do in handling the trip is to take strong account of its immensely important psychological aspects for Japan. Every aspect of American dealings with Japan now takes on a heightened importance, but none is more vital than extremely close consultation on the substance of the visit and the greatest of care concerning the matters that affect Japan even indirectly.



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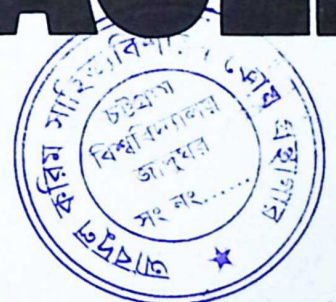
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