

April 5, 1971

Newsweek

Civil War in Pakistan

আঃ এ. এম. জাকেরিয়া চৌধুরী
ভারুয়া, বাউজান, চট্টোপাধ্যায়

**Sheikh
Mujibur
Rahman**



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Hitachi elevators keep up with high rise buildings

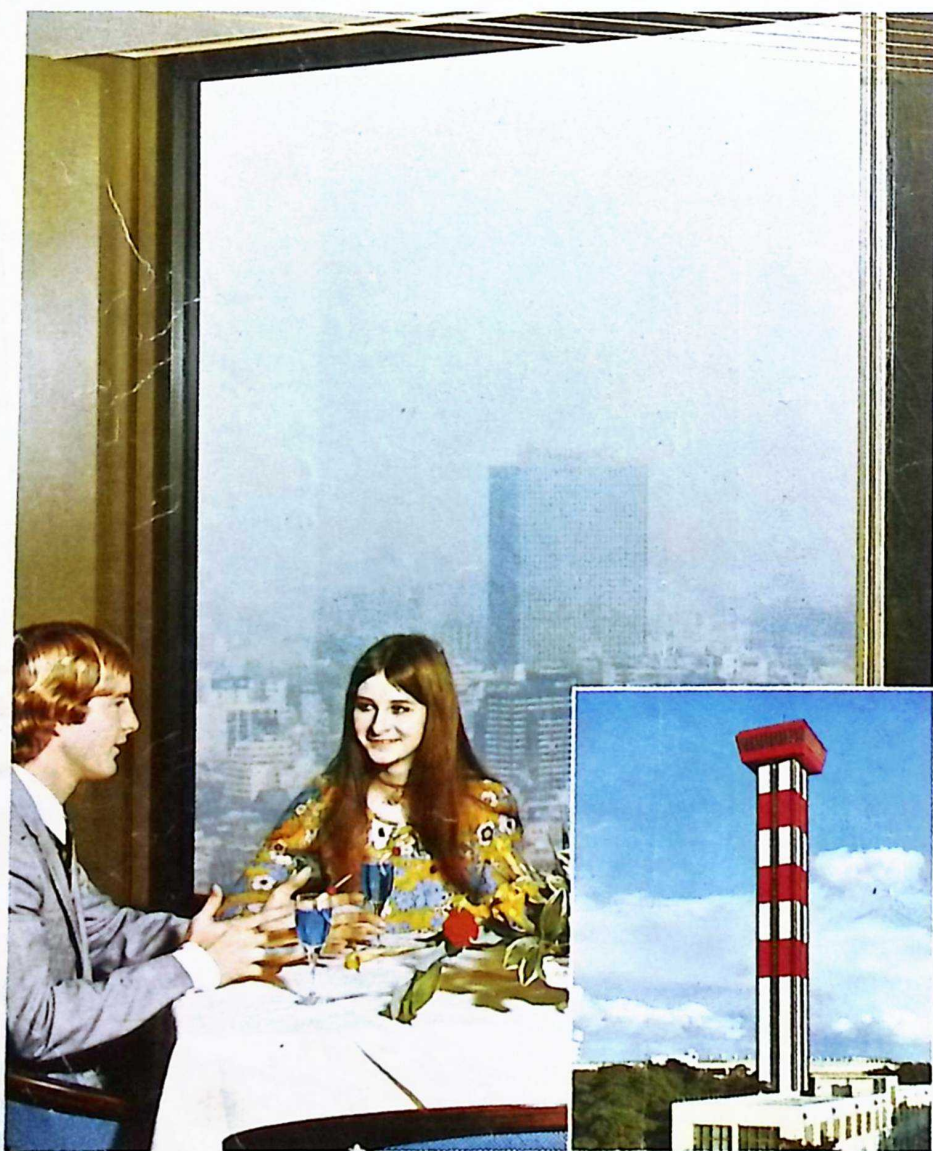
Power Generation & Transmission Equipment

Industrial Machinery

Transportation Equipment

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Electronics & Home Appliances



World's tallest, Hitachi's elevator testing tower—90m. (300 ft.)

Now under construction, Tokyo's tallest hotel, the 47-story Keio Plaza Hotel, will safely and serenely transport its visitors to the 47th floor observation tower via seven Hitachi elevators.

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Safety standards for Hitachi elevators are always assured by pre-testing in the world's tallest testing tower—90m. (300 ft.) high. High safety standards are achieved by Hitachi's constant dedication to the pursuit of scientific research and knowledge in all fields, so that we may contribute to a better life for people everywhere.

Hitachi elevators and escalators, too, are just one section of the vast line-up of Hitachi products where expert research and development has paid off in dependable performance and safe operation.



HITACHI

Men At the Top



Gibson McCabe

Editor-in-Chief **Osborn Elliott** was named president and chief executive officer of Newsweek, Inc., last week. Elliott, 46, who will continue as editor-in-chief, served as editor from 1961 to 1969. In his new role, he succeeds **Gibson McCabe**, president since 1959. McCabe, 60, becomes vice chairman of the board and chairman of the finance committee. And **L.L. Callaway Jr.**, 63, publisher of Newsweek from 1963 to 1969, relinquishes his duties as vice chairman to become a senior adviser to The Washington Post Company, which owns Newsweek. The changes were announced by **Katharine Graham** and **Frederick S. Beebe**, president and chairman, respectively, of The Washington Post Company, as "assuring a continuation of the kind of management that has propelled Newsweek to leadership in the field."



Osborn Elliott

Civil War in Pakistan PAGE 9

With stunning suddenness, the smoldering dispute between East and West Pakistan erupted into civil war. As federal troops poured machine-gun fire into Bengali demonstrators, East Pakistan's Sheikh Mujibur Rahman proclaimed his homeland the People's Republic of Bangla Desh. From reports by **Loren Jenkins**, Associate Editor **Daniel Chu** describes Pakistan's disintegration. In companion articles, General Editor **Raymond Carroll** writes of the Bengali people and General Editor **Rafael Steinberg** profiles the Bengali leader. (Newsweek cover photo by **Loren Jenkins**.)

The Grounding of the SST:

It was part airplane and part symbol—and last week the U.S. Senate voted in effect to ground the supersonic transport. The vote signaled a new will in

Congress to reorder national priorities (page 19), jolted the already shaky aerospace industry (page 40)—and, combined with Laos, made it a bleak week for the President (page 18).

Chicago's Daley: How to Run a City PAGE 30

To legions of liberal Americans and to just about all of the young and the militant, Chicago Mayor **Richard J. Daley** is a symbol of ruthless big-city bossism and oppression. Yet most citizens of Chicago point out that Chicago under Daley is one major U.S. city that actually works. With the mayor up for reelection to an unprecedented fifth four-year term, Newsweek Chicago correspondent **Frank Maier** draws on eight years of covering Illinois politics and his own fresh reporting for an account of Daley and his city. General Editor **Harry Waters** writes the story.

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'THE CITIES ARE FINISHED'

asis of a whole metropolitan area. This makes sense—except to the suburbanites, who consider their taxes exorbitant already, and who therefore bitterly resist incorporation into metropolitan areas. Suburbia, more than ever before, is where the votes are, as the politicians are well aware.

Thus the more politically practical way is for the Federal government to overleap the ring of white suburbs around the central cities and provide the necessary tax money. This is what is now clearly going to be done, in one way or another, whether Richard Nixon or Wilbur Mills finally has his way on the details. Will it work?

SCARED PEOPLE

The best answers seem to be "for a while," and "up to a point." One way or another, the Federal government will no doubt find a way to keep the cities ticking over. But that does not mean that Henry Ford was wrong. The cities may be "finished," not because they've lost their tax base, but simply because they've become unlivable.

Trees and green fields are, as everyone knows, no longer the main reason why those who can afford to do so are leaving the cities. A lot of people are leaving because they're scared. Their fear relates directly to the massive internal migration of poor Negroes from the Southern states to the Northern states.

In this magazine reported recently, a government study showed that urban arrest rates are "ten to eighteen times higher for Negroes than for whites in serious crimes of violence—and up to twenty times higher for black teenagers." This is a subject difficult to write about without sounding like George Orwell. All sociologists agree that the statistics reflect, not inherent criminality, but poverty, discrimination, illiteracy, and now more than ever before, the epidemic of heroin addiction in the big-city arrests.

Sociology does not slow the exodus which gathers speed all the time. The latest Census Bureau report tells the story. In the last decade, Manhattan lost 15 per cent of its white population, Chicago 18 per cent, Detroit 30 per cent, St. Louis 36 per cent, Newark 40 per cent, Washington 40 per cent. The number of whites in the cities has swelled proportionally, and so did the number of blacks in the suburbs. The future is hardly predictable—in another ten

years most of our cities will consist mostly of blacks. Some cities—Newark and Washington are obvious candidates—will be virtually all black, with a tiny middle class, or none at all.

Newark, for example, is already a city without any white middle class, and middle-class Negroes are escaping to the suburbs too. "Wherever the cities are going," says the city's black mayor, Kenneth Gibson, "Newark's going to get there first. We have the worst infant mortality, maternal mortality and crime rate in the country." Who would want to live in Newark if he could help it? Federal money—even a lot of Federal money—may keep Newark ticking over, but it is not going to make Newark a nice place to live.

Richard Scammon, a brilliant statistician and former Census Bureau chief, has a grim vision of the American city of the future. The exodus of business offices and factories will accelerate, he thinks, along with the exodus of middle-class blacks as well as whites. Net population of the cities will continue to fall—Baltimore, for example, may be down from more than 900,000 to half a million by 1980. More and more of the population will be dependent on welfare or other support, so that the time will come when an actual majority of the big-city population will be publicly supported.

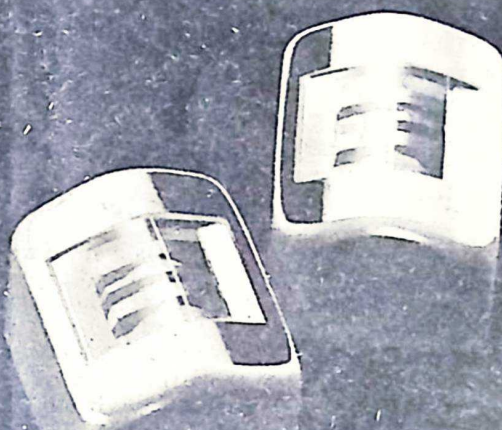
URBAN RESERVATIONS?

The cities, Scammon speculates, could then come increasingly to resemble urban models of the old Indian reservations, kept alive by the state, but ruled by a kind of internal jungle law. The surrounding middle-class suburbs would be heavily guarded (as some are already), the chief function of the guards being to protect the middle-class majority in the suburbs from marauding bands from the cities.

The vision may seem a bit too gloomy. Even so, a lot of people who know what is really happening to the cities suspect that Henry Ford was right. Mayor Moon Landrieu of New Orleans, for example, remarked last week that "the cities are going down the pipe." Cities have gone down the pipe before, after all. Rome in the Middle Ages was a village of 25,000 bedraggled survivors huddled around the Colosseum, and many other once great cities are "one with Nineveh and Tyre." There is no reason to suppose that our cities are immune. In fact, there is plenty of reason to think they are not.

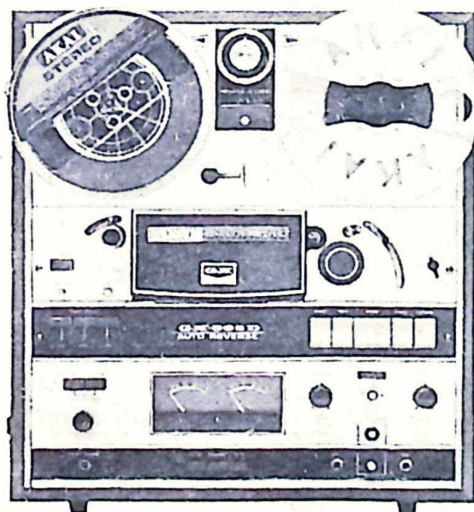
Good news for tape recorder enthusiasts

what Akai's GX^(glass & crystal ferrite)Head means to you



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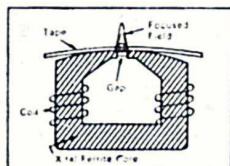
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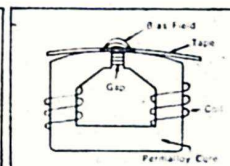
GX-365D ...one of our latest models with GX-Head.

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GX-Head

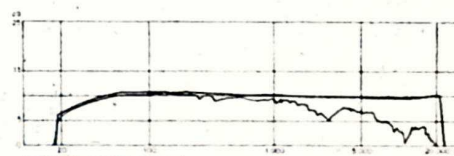


Heads up to present

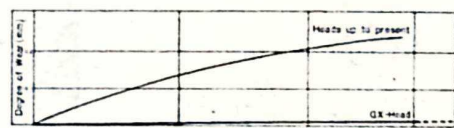
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AKAI's GX-HEAD is the answer to true sound reproduction. Don't settle for anything less.

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BY STEWART ALSOP

'THE CITIES ARE FINISHED'

WASHINGTON—"I can tell you one thing," said Henry Ford the First in the early 1920s. "The cities are finished."

After last week's meeting of the mayors here in Washington, it begins to seem that Henry Ford may have been right. Perhaps our cities really are finished, as places where any sensible person would wish to live, and thus as viable social institutions. Great social institutions do die, after all—the British Empire is dead, for example, and the family farm, the foundation stone of the old American way, is busy dying. To judge from the way the mayors talked, the cities are dying too.

When Henry Ford made his dour prediction, he had in mind his Model T. And he was right—the automobile started the process that may finish the cities. Within the last decade or so, the automobile has had a mighty assist from two new factors—the great northward migration of poor and illiterate blacks, and heroin.

The rot of the cities really started back in the decade when Henry Ford made his prediction. Then a small minority of city dwellers—those rich enough to own a car—discovered that it was pleasanter to live out among the trees and the fields and to drive in to work. Nearby farm villages began to be transformed into bedroom towns—in the close-in suburbs, you can see the big houses of that era still, often transformed into funeral parlors or dreary rooming houses. Thus began, in a very small way, the erosion of the tax base that is causing such anguish to the mayors who gathered in Washington last week.

MORE POOR, FEWER RICH

When the rich move out and the poor stay behind, the tax base is fatally weakened. More and more poor people need more and more welfare or other financial support, and there are fewer and fewer rich people to support these poor people with their tax money. The result is inevitable. All the mayors said about the same thing. Let New York's Mayor John Lindsay speak for them all:

"In New York we have a deficit of \$300 million and face a deficit next year of \$1 billion. Frankly, even with help in Washington, I'm not sure we can pull out of the urban crisis in time."

If money were the only problem, the urban crisis could be solved in one of two ways. One way is to obliterate the increasingly artificial dividing line between suburb and city and tax on the

basis of a whole metropolitan area. This makes sense—except to the suburbanites, who consider their taxes exorbitant already, and who therefore bitterly resist incorporation into metropolitan areas. Suburbia, more than ever before, is where the votes are, as the politicians are well aware.

Thus the more politically practical way is for the Federal government to overleap the ring of white suburbs around the central cities and provide the necessary tax money. This is what is now clearly going to be done, in one way or another, whether Richard Nixon or Wilbur Mills finally has his way on the details. Will it work?

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The best answers seem to be "for a while," and "up to a point." One way or another, the Federal government will no doubt find a way to keep the cities ticking over. But that does not mean that Henry Ford was wrong. The cities may be "finished," not because they've lost their tax base, but simply because they've become unlivable.

Trees and green fields are, as everyone knows, no longer the main reason why those who can afford to do so are leaving the cities. A lot of people are leaving because they're scared. Their fear relates directly to the massive internal migration of poor Negroes from the Southern states to the Northern cities.

As this magazine reported recently, one government study showed that urban arrest rates are "ten to eighteen times higher for Negroes than for whites in serious crimes of violence—and up to twenty times higher for black teenagers." This is a subject difficult to write about without sounding like George Wallace. All sociologists agree that the statistics reflect, not inherent criminality, but poverty, discrimination, illiteracy—and now more than ever before, the epidemic of heroin addiction in the ghettos, which accounts for half or more of the big-city arrests.

But sociology does not slow the exodus, which gathers speed all the time. A recent Census Bureau report tells the fearful tale. In the last decade, Manhattan lost 15 per cent of its white population, Chicago 18 per cent, Detroit almost 30 per cent, St. Louis 31 per cent, Newark 36 per cent, Washington almost 40 per cent. The number of Negroes in the cities swelled proportionately, and so did the number of whites in the suburbs. The future is statistically predictable—in another ten

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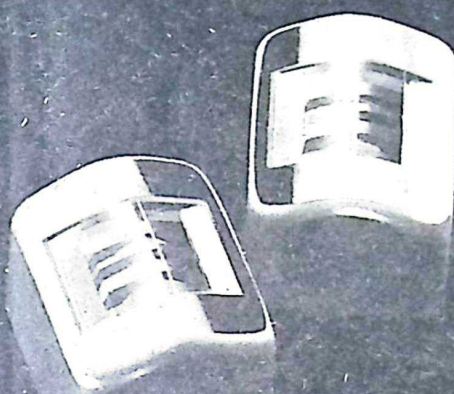
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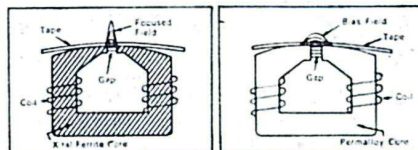
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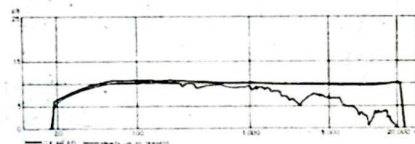


GX-Head Heads up to present

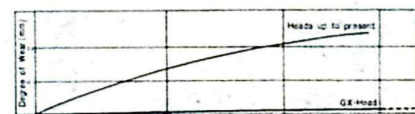
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The Berrigan Brothers

Stewart Alsop's "Madness Past Midnight" (March 15) smacks too much of the irrationality of normally sensible people. Referring to the Berrigan bombing plot, Mr. Alsop is dismayed that the case has been prejudged in favor of their innocence and "this before a shred of evidence, either way, has been examined." As a veteran of "the good fight" against Joe McCarthy, surely Alsop cannot have overlooked the prevailing prejudice of U.S. justice that guilt, not innocence, requires proof? The Berrigans are innocent not simply because they are against the war, but because not a shred of evidence to the contrary has been presented.

KEVIN B. MAXWELL, S.J.
Mchinji, Malawi

■ Stewart Alsop says it is as irrational to pour blood on draft files as it is to kidnap government officials and bomb buildings. Equally irrational the acts may be: equally violent they certainly are not. Supporters of the Berrigans argue that their belief in nonviolence precludes the latter acts but not the former. This is a rational argument, which is based on the supporters' knowledge of the Berrigans' actions and philosophy, and not on an irrational penchant for believing them innocent just "because [they] are against the war." Of course, they may not know the Berrigan brothers well enough, but they are

hardly judging on no grounds at all. The alleged plot is violent; that, not its irrationality, is the issue—unless Mr. Alsop would have us believe that a dedicated pacifist who commits a nonviolent, "irrational" act of protest may go on to violent, "irrational" acts. It is hardly hysterical to believe it more likely that he will not.

DEBORAH A. BREWSTER
Machakos, Kenya

Atoms for India

It was a pleasure that NEWSWEEK has presented India's current politics (INTERNATIONAL, March 1).

May I add that it is not the Jan Sangh Party alone but countless Indians who have been asking for the production of the atomic bomb. The Jan Sangh leader, Atal Behari Vajpayee, has emphasized this point in many public meetings.

SURESH KADAPA
Indian Express Newspapers (Bombay)
Pvt. Ltd.
Bombay

Queen Mary Docked

NEWSWEEK's informative article, "The Albatross Queen" (BUSINESS AND FINANCE, March 15), was a boon to all the many outlanders who never could fathom that enigma named California. Leave it to the "starry-eyed Californians"

to come up with new and glamorous ways to spend the taxpayers' dollars.

ALFREDO RICARDO DE ROSÁRIO
DE COSTA BRAVA

Alicante, Spain

The Choppers

"The Helicopter War" (INTERNATIONAL, March 15) made me sigh. As an ex-Army helicopter gunner and job-trained crew chief in Vietnam, I would certainly love to get my teeth into the action in the skies over Laos. My deepest regret now is that I did not stay in the Army and become a helicopter pilot.

I thank you for your fine article. It makes me wish I were back in Vietnam and at Khe Sanh!

FRANK B. AUSTIN
University, Miss.

■ Without the gunner, crew chiefs and maintenance men, that pilot would not have a chance. Please don't forget us enlisted men that are flying and dying.

Pfc. JAMES E. SANDERS
APO San Francisco

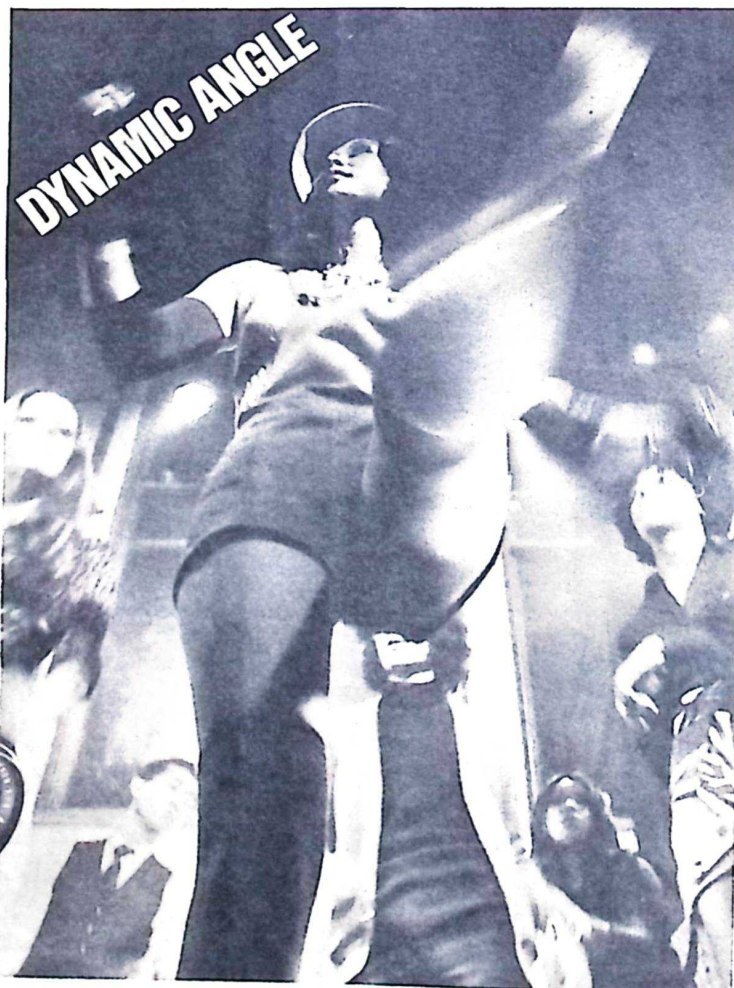
■ As a former crew chief who flew more than 1,300 hours with the First Air Cavalry Division, I read your story "The Helicopter War" with a great deal of interest. My heart goes out to those poor devils flying into Laos. The crime is that Mr. and Mrs. Silent Majority just don't really give a damn. To borrow from the man



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(Larry Burrows) whom you quoted: they "are simply too indifferent."

For one who served there, this may be the most cutting thing of all.

PATRICK WAGEMAN

Houston, Texas

■ Your article accurately describes the character of our pilots and the awesomeness of the firepower at their hands. However, I feel that you have overlooked what is probably their most significant accomplishment. That is the result of their indiscriminate use of this firepower against the Vietnamese civilians. It's the devastating effect which our air power has had on the countryside that has forced the farmers to flee their homes for the safer confines of the shantytowns and refugee camps.

ERIC ANDERSON

Washington, D.C.

■ Let's give credit where credit is due! In Mr. Watson's story on "The Helicopter War" I feel too little mention was made of the fact that were it not for the efforts of enlisted personnel, particularly the crew chiefs, the effectiveness and availability of the choppers would be greatly reduced. Pilots rely on the crew chiefs to insure the flyability and fightability of the aircraft and, therefore, they can be only as efficient with their machines as are the crews who maintain them. Ask almost any pilot where he'd be without his crew chief and he'll more than likely reply "on the ground."

B. A. JACOBS

Bremerton, Wash.

■ Thank God for the helicopter pilots of the U.S. Army. It's nice to know not all Americans have lost the will to win.

J. H. ADAMS

Cape May, N.J.

■ As a Navy helicopter gunship pilot in Vietnam, I found your article factual and relatively objective. But it was lacking in one respect: how the ground troops feel about helos.

The Air Force general and civilian aeronautical engineer who stated: "It cannot survive" and "has very doubtful value" are undoubtedly as parochial about their "thing" as I am. However, I'm sure they have never been pinned down by attacking enemy troops and forced to ask for air strikes within 30 meters of their position. Jets cannot provide such support; helos can.

Comdr. G. M. WEBER U.S.N.
Virginia Beach, Va.

■ As a veteran of the Vietnam helicopter war who served in Quang Tri with the First Marine Air Wing, I can't help but say ... those air medals that were mentioned do not help me sleep at night. The transition from military to civilian life is a very painful one. Those little running dots of women and children keep returning each night and the dreams are in vivid color. The story on helicopters may influence some of our youth to desire to get into that type of adventure; but, in fact, that adventure has been adding up

to hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese civilian casualties, 80 per cent of them as a result of air firepower.

Also, it was not mentioned that the present adventure into Laos was not the first. How about "Dewey Canyon I" in February 1969 when the "Seaworthy Gunbirds From Hell" (Marine Observation Squadron 6) flew cover for the insertion of elements of the Ninth Marine Regiment, Third Marine Division, when they entered Laos? That operation took place ten days after Mr. Nixon took office.

JOSEPH V. BANGERT

Philadelphia, Pa.

Justice in America

Kudos on your justice story (SPECIAL REPORT, March 8). It was absolutely great. Every law enforcement officer should read it. It tells it as it is.

Lt. ALLEN GORE

New York City Police Department
New York City

■ Allow me to compliment you on the publication of this most revealing, accurate and badly needed report. It is truly an outstanding example of reporting, investigation and skillful writing, and I am hopeful that it will have a very real impact on Americans' attitude toward the problem.

WILLIAM R. KLAUS

American Bar Association
Philadelphia, Pa.

■ Congratulations for reporting the problems of the American system of justice as they are—complex—and for suggesting no pat and instant solution.

BELTON P. MOURAS

American Justice Institute
Sacramento, Calif.

■ We need to re-examine our use of time as punishment. Time spent in prison does not seem to deter or reform criminals. You stated that one-fifth to one-third of Illinois's ex-prisoners will be returned to prison within a year! All the time and money spent seems rather futile then. Either our present punishments or our ways of preventing crime are just not adequate or effective.

MARLENE JABLON

Williamsburg, Va.

■ You define crime in the sense of street crime and discuss justice only in relation to street crime.

Would not justice also be served if our legal system aimed a few of its big guns at white-collar crime? Price fixing, tax evasion, swindling and consumer fraud are examples of serious crimes that your report ignored. America overlooks the rich man's crime because it is not as visible as that of the poor man. To be truly just, a legal system must cope with both.

Pfc. GARY MISSEL

241st Military Police Detachment
Denver, Colo.

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Is this any way to run a newsweekly magazine?

All of the "by-lines" above have appeared recently in Newsweek. Some you will recognize as those of our regular columnists. Some belong to editors and correspondents and appeared over pieces expressing highly individual views and opinions that could not have been included in our news columns.

And some, lo and behold, belong to the staffers who review books, movies, plays, music, art and television shows. Newsweek has shed the traditional anonymity of the newsweekly format in our departments devoted to the Arts—since it can hardly have been a secret that literary criticism, for example, is the work of an individual critic and not a product of group journalism.

However, most of the stories

Newsweek publishes continue to be unsigned because they are the result of collaborative effort by reporter, writer and editor. That is their strength. And they continue to be as accurate, complete and unbiased as editorial judgment can make them.

Is separating fact and opinion any way to run a newsweekly? America's top newsmen in other communications media who have overwhelmingly voted Newsweek "the fairest and most responsible" of the newsweekly magazines—and have also helped make it the most quoted—apparently agree that it is.

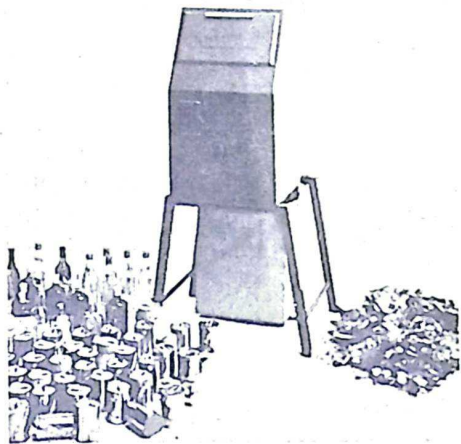
And around the world, more than 2,143,000 news-perceptive, responsible people must certainly feel that Newsweek's approach makes sense. They read us.

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NEW PRODUCTS AND PROCESSES

Quick Crush: A bottle- and can-disposal system designed for use in restaurants, hotels and other commercial establishments is manufactured by Towel King Co., Ltd., of Saltdean, England. The 5-foot-high unit (photo) grinds up metal and glass at the rate of 1,000 pint bottles or 500 1-gallon cans an hour, reducing the containers by 65 to 80 per cent of their original bulk. One-quarter-inch steel plates, rotating at 70 cycles per minute, do the job and a conveyor belt attached to the unit removes the trash from the area. The unit can be fed continuously and is equipped with a safety baffle that closes off the crushing compartment automatically when the hopper is opened. The soundproof device will not function if overloaded. A 1-horsepower, single-phase, 110-volt motor drives the crushing machine. Price: \$660.



For the Library: A new kind of book end that won't tip over or slide away when the book next to it is removed from the shelf is available from Don Owens Designs, Inc., of Downers Grove, Ill. A slab of wood (5½ by 7½ by ¾ inches) with a brushed chrome base, the book end has a 4¼-inch-long slot parallel to its lower edge. Any standard-size shelving fits into this slot as the slab is, in effect, clipped on to the shelf. It can't fall down. Available in walnut, oak or zebrawood, the book ends are \$12.50 a pair.

Non-Skid: After four years of research, Daimler-Benz of Stuttgart has come up with a computerized automobile-braking system that prevents car wheels from locking and skidding when a driver jams on his brakes too suddenly. Four sensors, one on each wheel, are connected to a hydraulic control-valve unit monitored by a small computer. When the brakes are applied, the sensors transmit the speed of wheel deceleration to the computer, which rapidly (in three milliseconds) compares this rate to the maximum allowable deceleration. If the wheel approaches the locking point, the computer orders the control valve to reduce brake-fluid pressure, thus allowing the wheel to accelerate once more. The same process is then repeated in reverse, preventing the wheel from turning too fast. This alternating process* takes place so

quickly as to be all but imperceptible, resulting in a smooth braking action that keeps the wheels gripping the road and decelerating steadily. Since the four sensors are independent, the automatic control is applied to all of the wheels at once or any wheel alone, thus preventing skidding on curves or uneven surfaces. Daimler-Benz developed the Anti-Bloc System with the electronic firm Teldix of Heidelberg, and is now offering the system to other auto manufacturers with the hope that mass production will lower the present unit price of \$420.

On Tape: Sony Corp. has come forth with a new "total" color-TV stereo-cassette system that, says the Tokyo company, will reproduce up to 500 video cassettes simultaneously, economically and "without loss of picture or tone quality." The system, designed to mass produce video cassettes for home and industry, consists of two basic units. The first is a master tape recorder that makes color tapes, with stereo sound, that Sony says compare favorably with tapes turned out by the most sophisticated VTR units. The recorder sells for \$40,000. The second component is the D-100 duplicator that can "print" hundreds of cassettes from a master tape. It contains a specially developed circuit for maintaining picture quality and an automatic checking device to minimize rejects. A D-100 unit with duplicator racks to produce twenty cassettes at a time will sell for \$150,000, and additional racks can be added. The finished cassettes can be played on any color-TV set through the Sony video-cassette player, priced at \$800. Sony estimates that a one-hour color-TV cassette, with stereo sound, will sell for about \$30.

By 1981, a few million people will wish they had invested their money in 1971.

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Fund of Funds Sterling	£ 1.63	\$ 39.2 m
IIT	\$ 7.05	\$361.5 m
Regent Fund	\$ 8.86	\$ 61.9 m
Investors Fonds	\$ 5.27	\$116.4 m
Venture Fund International	\$ 8.39	\$ 82.6 m
Venture Fund Canada	\$ 3.84	\$ 31.5 m

* as of March 19, 1971

**EX-DIVIDEND of natural resources and other assets as of August 7, 1970.

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THE PERISCOPE

WHO GOES, WHO STAYS IN VIETNAM

Who will be left in Vietnam by year's end, when Washington expects to have 150,000 Americans there (vs. the 284,000 scheduled for May 1)? The Pentagon's still-tentative plan calls for leaving a brigade of the 1st Air Cavalry, one or two brigades of the 101st Airborne, the 173rd Airborne, possibly a 5th Mechanized Division brigade, an armored squadron and one or two independent infantry battalions, all pulled back into "enclaves." The rest of the 150,000 will be air, artillery and supply units. The Americal Division will be disbanded and the Marines gone.

MORE PICKETS FOR HOLY LOCH

Both London and Washington are bracing for a possible new wave of ban-the-bomb protests at Holy Loch, Scotland, base for U.S. nuclear subs patrolling the Atlantic. The occasion will be the arrival at the loch of the first subs fitted out with new Poseidon missiles, multiple-warhead weapons that are replacing the original Polaris types.

OLD FACES, NEW RACES

California Democrat Jesse Unruh, badly beaten in last year's governor's race by Ronald Reagan, is shifting his sights. The former speaker of the state assembly has switched his registration from suburban Inglewood to Los Angeles and is seriously thinking of running for mayor there in 1973. The maverick incumbent, Sam Yorty, meanwhile, seems to have his eye on the White House. An avowed hawk, he is blasting the dovish stand of Sen. Edmund Muskie, current front runner for the 1972 Democratic Presidential nomination, and is set to stump the heart of Muskie country, New Hampshire and Maine itself.

THE SAGGING 'SOUTHERN STRATEGY'

President Nixon's "Southern strategy," already shaken by his failure to deliver import quotas on textiles—a major 1968 campaign pledge—will lose more effectiveness with an Agriculture Department ruling reducing 1971 cotton-price-support loans by 2 cents a pound. This could cost cotton farmers in the Deep South (and others in Texas and California) as much as \$250 million this year.

POPE PAUL AND THE REFORMERS

Belgium's Leo Jozef Cardinal Suenens, the Catholic hierarchy's No. 1 crusader for church reform, will probably be passed over by his conservative peers in electing their representative

to next September's Synod of Bishops in Rome. (The most likely choice is Bishop Emile De Smedt.) Because Pope Paul can name extra members to the synod, he will thus face the choice of having one of Europe's leading prelates absent or appointing the man who, among other changes, has suggested that future Popes be elected not by the Rome-based College of Cardinals but by the worldwide Synod of Bishops.

PLOY OF THE WEEK

One of the wildest ploys to date in the Moscow-Peking feud came after the end of the invasion of Laos. Russian diplomats are spreading word that they suspect a deal behind the precipitate withdrawal of the South Vietnamese. Red China, the scenario runs, demanded the withdrawal and in exchange promised not to interfere with U.S. forces leaving South Vietnam.

COAL, KING AND KILLER

The coal industry, the country's most dangerous, is at last getting real heat from Federal safety officials. During the last two months, mine operators have been fined \$1.7 million for more than 13,000 safety violations in 882 mines, and new Interior Secretary Rogers Morton's staff is hacking away at a backlog of 30,000 violations. Coal mining has had more than 80,000 fatalities since 1910 (when record-keeping began), with a death rate per million man-hours at least triple that for all mineral industries.

THE ANTI-NIXON REPUBLICANS

Anti-Nixon politicians in the GOP are sounding out another recruit—Walter Hickel, the former Alaska governor who was fired by the President from his Interior Secretary's post. They are suggesting that he think about getting into the New Hampshire primary next year. So far, Hickel is noncommittal, dividing his time between writing a book and crisscrossing the U.S. on lecture tours.

PRESSURES IN SOUTH AFRICA

Some leading South Africans in touch with the black community are warning of dangerous new pressures there. They fear another Sharpeville Massacre, the 1960 protest-triggered slaughter of blacks by police and armed forces. Evidence of the new stresses: a recent riot in Port Elizabeth when police had to use guns against blacks protesting a bus-fare increase; an upsurge of the "black power" movement in urban ghettos; talk of a boycott of white-owned shops.

Basu Deb
Dhar. Balu.
Howra.
1.5.71.

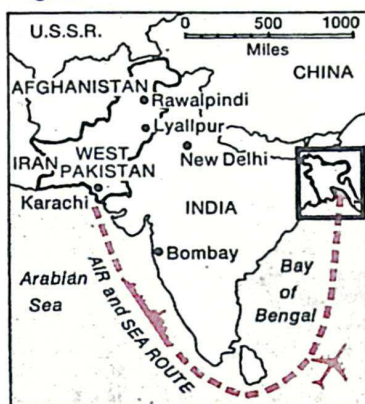


Yahya: New orders

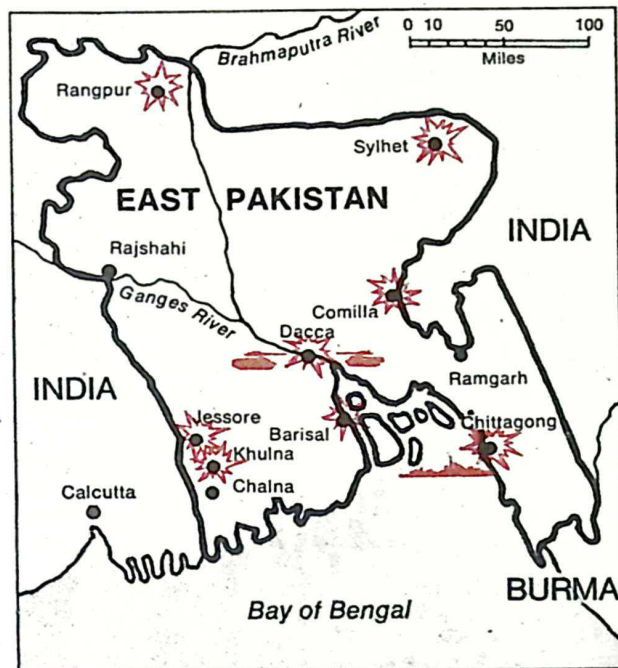


Loren Jenkins—Newsweek

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War: As fighting erupted in East Pakistan, Mujib declared independence



Robert Ritter

CHITTAGONG UNIVERSITY MUSEUM

Pakistan Plunges Into Civil War

The man and his party are enemies of Pakistan. This crime will not go unpunished. We will not allow some power-hungry and unpatriotic people to destroy this country and play with the destiny of 120 million people.

—President Mohammed Yahya Khan

Come out of your houses with whatever weapons you have. Resist the enemy forces at any cost... until the last enemy soldier is vanquished, and save the country from the ruthless dictatorship of West Pakistanis.

—Sheikh Mujibur Rahman

Until the very last moment, it looked as if the two proud men entrusted with Pakistan's destiny might still be able to avert a head-on clash. From the East Pakistani capital of Dacca came optimistic reports that President Mohammed Yahya Khan and Mujib—as the leader of secessionist-minded East Pakistan is known—were about to reach a compromise. But then, with stunning suddenness, the pieces of Pakistan's complicated political puzzle flew apart. In the East Pakistani cities of Rangpur and Chittagong, federal troops poured machine-gun fire into mobs of demonstrating Bengali nationalists. Swiftly, Yahya issued orders to his army to “crush the movement and restore the full authority of the government.” In his turn, Mujib proclaimed East Pakistan the “sovereign, independent People's Republic of *Bangla Desh* [Bengal nation].” And with that, Pakistan was plunged into civil war.

Thus, in the 24th year of Pakistan's existence, the bond that had held the eastern and western sectors of the coun-

try in tenuous union snapped. Because Pakistan's central government immediately imposed strict censorship on communications in and out of East Pakistan, early reports were sketchy. Still, even the fragmentary dispatches from neighboring India provided a dismal picture of bloody fighting that pitted a modern, professional army against rebels who were often armed with little more than passion and pitchforks. Hopelessly outgunned, the East Pakistani guerrillas reportedly suffered thousands of casualties. But although by the end of the week it appeared that the federal army—largely composed of fierce Punjabis—had dealt its Bengali adversary a devastating blow, few people thought that the widely separated wings of Pakistan could ever be effectively reunited again.

What made the Pakistani upheaval so unexpected was that it occurred even as Yahya and Mujib were in the midst of private negotiations. On hearing the reports of “massacres” in Rangpur and Chittagong, an enraged Mujib accused the army of unleashing a reign of terror. Yahya's response was to quit the talks in a huff and leave Dacca unannounced to return to West Pakistan. Back in his home region, the President took to national radio to ban Mujib's Awami League, East Pakistan's dominant political organization. “Sheikh Mujib's action of starting his non-cooperation movement is an act of treason,” the President declared.

Shortly after Yahya left Dacca, the army's tough martial-law administrator, Lt. Gen. Tikka Khan, slapped tight censorship over East Pakistan. All foreign correspondents were restricted to their hotels and then, after federal troops

seized their notes and film, the reporters were expelled from the country. Among the correspondents forced to leave was NEWSWEEK's Loren Jenkins, who filed this report:

From our windows in Dacca's modern Intercontinental Hotel, we watched a jeepful of soldiers roll up to a shopping center and, taking aim with a heavy machine gun, open fire on a crowd. While the firing was still going on, some fifteen young Bengalis appeared in the street about 200 yards away and shouted defiantly at the soldiers. The youths seemed to be empty-handed, but the soldiers turned the machine gun on them anyway. Then, the federal soldiers moved down an adjacent alley leading to the office of a pro-Mujib daily newspaper that had strongly denounced the army. The troops shouted in Urdu—a language which few Bengalis understand—warning anyone inside to surrender or be shot. No one emerged. So they blasted the building and set it afire. And when they emerged, they waved their hands in triumph and shouted “Pakistan Zindabad” (“Long Live Pakistan”).

By late in the week, firing throughout the city was heavy and flashes of 105-mm. howitzers in the night preceded the heavy crump of incoming shells which seemed to be landing on the new campus of Dacca University. I woke up one morning to the sound of six Chinese-made T-54 light tanks clanging down Airport Road. A gray pall of smoke hung low over the muggy sky. Soon new artillery blasts were heard and new fires were seen in the region of Old Dacca, a warren of narrow, open-sewered streets

where most of the capital's population lives in cramped one-room homes.

The West Pakistani troops in Dacca showed all the signs of having the jitters. Many shot off random bursts of automatic weapons fire at the slightest noise. And when some of the reporters in the Intercontinental Hotel ventured outside and asked to tour the city, an army captain stationed in front of the hotel threatened to shoot us. Ordering us back inside, he shouted angrily: "If I can kill my own people, I can kill you."

At the outset of the crackdown, the army ordered striking government workers either to return to work or face military trial, and imposed a 24-hour curfew. Meanwhile, a truckload of soldiers moved through the city, stopping in front of any house flying the new green, red and yellow banner of Bangla Desh. At every such building, the troops ordered the flags pulled down. In the area around our hotel, their first stop was a three-story brick house—where a woman in a sari slowly mounted to the roof and, under the menacing gaze of the soldiers, reluctantly lowered her flag.

With Jenkins and other foreign reporters expelled from East Pakistan, the world was left to the mercy of conflicting radio reports for its information. The official government radio in Karachi announced that the army had arrested Mujib. But a clandestine radio in Dacca,

identifying itself as the Voice of Independent Bangla Desh, proclaimed that Mujib was still safe in his underground headquarters. Under his leadership, said a rebel radio announcer: "The people of Bangla Desh will shed more blood..."

If Pakistan was disintegrating in division and violence, it had, in a sense, only moved full circle in its quarter-century history. For Pakistan emerged as a nation in 1947 out of divisions and strife. Propelled by Mohammed Ali Jinnah's driving vision of a Moslem homeland in South Asia, Pakistan was assembled from the predominantly Moslem areas of British India. But the partitioning of India touched off a six-month blood bath between Hindus and Moslems in which an estimated half million people perished. And it created a Pakistan with two distant wings separated by 1,100 miles of Indian territory.



Philip Boucas Camera Press—Pix
Young Bengalis: A taste for chaos

and recorded history date back at least a thousand years. Boastful of this long literary heritage, intellectual Bengalis wax most eloquent on the subject of Rabin-dranath Tagore, their greatest modern literary figure. In his combination of mysticism and lyricism, Tagore may have been the quintessential Bengali. Poet, novelist and dramatist, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1913.

Talk: If the written language is one of Bengal's glories, the spoken one is one of its burdens. In the cafés of Calcutta and Dacca, Bengalis palaver endlessly, spinning out airy intellectual concepts and political schemes. An Indian joke goes like this: "Every committee must have four members: a Mukherjee, a Bannerjee, a Chatterjee [all Bengali names] and a Singh." Singh is a Sikh name. The Sikhs—unlike the Bengalis—are noted for their action, and the implication is that the lone Sikh is the fellow who will execute the program.

A people who have suffered hundreds

This geographical handicap was serious enough. But to further complicate matters, their shared devotion to Islam is virtually all that the two sectors of Pakistan have in common. West Pakistan is a land of deserts and mountains and a generally arid climate; the far more densely populated eastern wing is a humid land of jungles and alluvial plains. And the differences in racial personality between the Punjabis of West Pakistan and the Bengalis of the east are extreme (box). A proud, martial people, the Punjabis look down upon the Bengalis and over the years have consistently exploited their countrymen in the east.

Clean Sweep: Ironically, President Yahya was the first West Pakistani leader to openly admit that East Pakistan had never received its fair share of political power and economic resources in the Pakistani union. To rectify matters, Yahya provided Pakistan with its first national elections conducted strictly on a one-man, one-vote basis. But the results of last December's voting turned out to be something of a shocker. In the east, Mujib's Awami League all but swept the boards clean. And because the more populous east had a larger allotment of seats in the National Assembly, Mujib's forces came up with a clear parliamentary majority as well.

During the campaign, Mujib proclaimed a six-point program aimed at diminishing the powers of Pakistan's cen-

of invasions and conquests, including that of the British in the eighteenth century, the Bengalis long ago learned to cultivate the arts of accommodation. Unlike the proud Punjabi, his opponent in the current strife, the Bengali knew how to bow and scrape. Dressed in his *dhoti*, spouting flowery language, armed only with an umbrella, the Bengali was regarded by all as a reliable, efficient clerk. Fighting was best left to more martial people.

The other main cliché about the Bengalis portrays them as crafty fellows ready to outsmart you if given half a chance. "Watch it," a merchant might say. "He's a Bengali." The message is that the person in question is not only clever but possibly also capable of a little sharp practice.

And yet, despite their reputation as a guileful, docile people, the Bengalis have more than once demonstrated a dark, explosive side. The most ruthless, dedicated terrorists during the fighting against the British came from Bengal. And since partition, the Bengali regions of both India and Pakistan have been the scene of constant political turmoil and near revolution. "They may seem docile," says one American scholar. "But they are capable of violence when sparked the wrong way." And then, in words that may prove to be all too perceptive, he adds: "There is a side to the Bengali mentality that thrives on chaos."

A PEOPLE APART:

THE COMPLEX BENGALIS

To anyone acquainted with the character of the Bengalis, it seemed almost inevitable that some day they would try to form their own independent nation. Despite their incorporation into India and Pakistan when the British raj left the subcontinent in 1947, some 120 million Bengalis (70 million of whom live in East Pakistan and most of the rest in India's West Bengal) still consider themselves a race apart from—and above—their neighbors. Emotional and talkative, the dark-skinned Bengalis have more in common with each other than with their co-religionists, Hindu or Moslem, or with their compatriots, Indian or Pakistani. Says one Western expert: "They consider themselves to be Bengalis first, Moslems or Hindus second and Pakistanis or Indians a poor third."

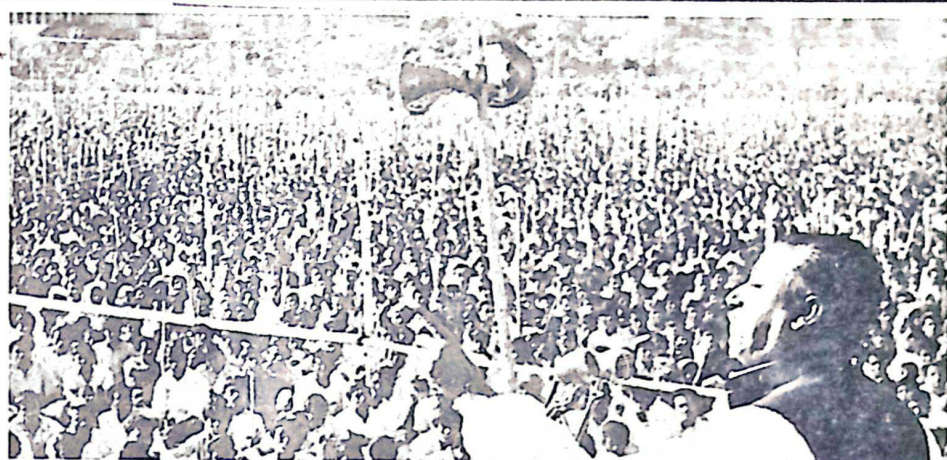
Culturally, ethnically, linguistically and spiritually, the Bengalis are different from their countrymen in Pakistan and India. For one thing, as Bengali scholars will inform all who pause to listen, the name Bengal is derived from the ancient kingdom of Banga, which goes back at least to the third century B.C. One of the oldest literary streams in Asia also flows in Bengal, whose Indo-Aryan language

tral government while granting virtual autonomy to each province. Not surprisingly, it was a plan that the top vote-getting politician in West Pakistan, the mercurial, left-leaning ex-Foreign Minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, found totally unacceptable. When Bhutto's supporters refused to take part in the new National Assembly, Yahya was forced to postpone its opening. This, in turn, prompted Mujib to launch a civil-disobedience campaign which virtually destroyed federal authority in East Pakistan and made him the region's effective ruler. And in the end, that left Yahya no choice but to grant the Bengali demands or to resort to force.

In branding Mujib an outlaw, Yahya slammed shut the door to further negotiations and opted instead for a military solution to his dilemma. But although the federal force in East Pakistan (whose size is variously estimated at anywhere from 20,000 to 70,000 men) was far superior in training and equipment to its enemy, it faced some severe problems. Lacking direct land links between West and East Pakistan, and banned from flying over India, federal army commanders had to move their men the long way around the southern tip of India by way of Ceylon. "For the short term," said a U.S. analyst, "Pakistan's army should be able to tear hell out of the Bengali landscape. But for the long term, they have a terrible logistics problem."

Guerrilla Haven: Against the federal forces, the Bengalis could muster barely 15,000 troops, most of them militiamen armed with obsolete World War II weapons. But while the Bengalis were no match for the federal army in the cities, military observers noted that the surrounding countryside, where 90 per cent of East Pakistan's population lives, is a virtual haven for guerrilla warfare. A maze of sunken rice fields, tea plantations, jute fields and banana groves, it is ideal ambush country reminiscent of South Vietnam's Mekong Delta. As a result, most foreign military analysts believe that prolonged military occupation of the east would put an intolerable strain on the Pakistani Army.

Nonetheless, if Yahya chose to indulge in wholesale slaughter, it was probable that he could stamp out the rebellion in East Pakistan, at least for the time being. And if the reports of Mujib's capture proved true, that would surely be a severe blow to the cause of Bangla Desh. But no matter how harsh the federal crackdown, Bengali resistance—whether in the form of civil disobedience or a Viet Cong-style guerrilla struggle—appeared likely to continue. Yahya, in fact, was seemingly faced with the ugly prospect of being a colonial ruler in his own country. For when the federal Army opened up with tanks and automatic weapons in Dacca last week, it mortally wounded any remaining chance that the two disparate wings of Pakistan could ever live in harmony again.



M. Aqil Khan—Dainik Pakistan

Sheikh Mujibur Rahman and followers: Eloquence in three languages

POET OF POLITICS *mc*

When Sheikh Mujibur Rahman proclaimed the independence of Bangla Desh last week some of his critics declared that he was merely yielding to the pressure of his extremist supporters, seeking to ride the crest of a wave in order to avoid being engulfed by it. But in a sense Mujib's emergence as the embattled leader of a new Bengal "nation" is the logical outcome of a lifetime spent fighting for Bengali nationalism. Although Mujib may be riding the crest of a wave, his presence there is no accident.

Born just 51 years ago to a well-to-do landowner in a village near Dacca, Mujib went through his early schooling without distinguishing himself by intellectual accomplishment. He was outgoing and popular as a boy, fond of talk and people and sports—and by the time he went to Calcutta's Islamia College for a liberal arts degree he had come to the attention of his elders as a Moslem League activist. His mentor then was H.S. Suhrawardy, Prime Minister of Bengal under the British Raj, who later served one year as Prime Minister of Pakistan. Mujib studied law, but unlike Suhrawardy, a moderate, he soon developed a penchant for direct action. In the late '40s both men realized that their native state of Bengal was getting less than its due in the new nation of Pakistan. Suhrawardy in 1949 founded a new party, the Awami League, dedicated to a "united Bengal for the Bengalese." Mujib took to the streets and was twice arrested and jailed for leading illegal strikes and demonstrations.

Out of prison, Mujib became Suhrawardy's right-hand man within the Awami League but then destroyed his leader's efforts to compromise and form a coalition with other parties. Mujib's success enabled the Awami League to form a new East Pakistan provincial government in 1956, and he served in it for seven months as Minister of Commerce and Industry. After Suhrawardy died in 1963, Mujib apparently felt less hampered by the older man's principles of

moderation. He revived the Awami League, pursued his "instinctive" style of politics, and demanded internal self-rule. When Mohammed Ayub Khan had him arrested again in 1966, on charges of plotting to make East Pakistan independent, East Pakistan came close to open rebellion, and the turmoil forced Ayub to release Mujib and resign. Mujib emerged as a hero to his people.

Tall for a Bengali (he stands 5 feet 11 inches), with a shock of graying hair, a bushy mustache and alert black eyes, Mujib can attract a crowd of a million people to his rallies and hold them spellbound with great rolling waves of emotional rhetoric. "Even when you are talking alone with him," says a diplomat, "he talks like he's addressing 60,000 people." Eloquent in Urdu, Bengali and English, three languages of Pakistan, Mujib does not pretend to be an original thinker. He is a poet of politics, not an engineer, but the Bengalis tend to be more artistic than technical, anyhow, and so his style may be just what was needed to unite all the classes and ideologies of the region.

A month ago, at a time when he was still publicly refraining from proclaiming independence, Mujib privately told NEWSWEEK's Loren Jenkins that "there is no hope of salvaging the situation. The country as we know it is finished." But he waited for President Mohammed Yahya Khan to make the break. "We are the majority so we cannot secede. They, the Westerners, are the minority, and it is up to them to secede."

Two weeks later as the crisis deepened, hundreds of Bengalis crowded the yard and hallways of Mujib's home in suburban Dacca, and, puffing on a pipe ("the only foreign thing I use"), he cheerfully spoke to them all. After addressing one enthusiastic gathering Sheikh Mujibur Rahman turned to Western newsmen and said: "I have this sort of thing from 5 a.m. on. Do you think anyone can suppress this spirit with machine guns?" A few days later someone was trying.



Children of Falls Road playing war: Their heroes are the terrorists of the IRA

Ulster: In the Green Hell

In the best of times, Belfast is not a cheerful place. But last week, the bleak and smoke-stained capital of Northern Ireland appeared to be nearing the edge of despair. Stunned by a wave of urban guerrilla warfare that pitted gunmen of the Irish Republican Army against British Tommies, the leaders of the ruling Unionist Party met somberly in the city's parliament building. Their task was to choose a successor to Maj. James Chichester-Clark, who had resigned as Prime Minister a few days earlier after failing to cope with the Catholic terrorists. Under pressure from London to steer a middle course, the Unionists picked a relatively moderate, 50-year-old politician named Brian Faulkner as Northern Ireland's sixth Prime Minister. "Some people think I'm mad to take this job," said Faulkner. And indeed, few people thought that Faulkner could escape the dilemma that had undone his predecessor: demands from hard-line Protestants that the army crack down on the IRA in its Catholic strongholds and the likelihood that such a policy would invite a full-scale Catholic insurrection. Last week, as Protestants and Catholics seemed to edge even closer to civil war, *NEWSWEEK's* Marvin Kupfer visited one of the main IRA bastions in Belfast and filed this report:

At British Army headquarters in the quiet, middle-class Belfast suburb of Lisburn, a silver-haired major points to a huge operations map of the city—the Protestant neighborhoods colored in orange, the Catholic strongholds in green. His finger moves to a green, diamond-shaped area of streets clustered along curving Falls Road. "It's a bloody awful place—it's a wonder how people live in those homes," he says with sympathy. "But it's harbored every kind of IRA man

that ever lived. As far as we are concerned, it's just a green hell."

Green hell, as the British major puts it, is a neighborhood usually called "the Falls," a dreary maze of streets in which parallel rows of two-story houses stretch with unrelieved monotony. In the morning, they are deserted. The only signs of life are mongrel dogs snarling at each other, or the faces of women peering from behind lace curtains. At dusk, the unlit streets come to life. Shabbily dressed children menace each other with sticks or play amidst the hulks of ruined automobiles. Work-worn women try to round up their scattered brood in the lingering, blue-gray haze of coal smoke.

'Bang-bang': Down Balaklava Street, a six-man patrol of British soldiers, some fresh-faced 18-year-olds, moves slowly, cautiously, hugging the walls for safety. (Who can blame them? Six of their comrades have been killed by the terrorists in the past two months.) As the Tommies pass, hard-faced men on street corners turn their backs, women scurry behind closed doors, and children bait them with taunts. "British Army bastards," a 10-year-old boy shouts as he darts around a corner. "Bang-bang," shouts another, simulating a rifle with his hurling stick. The troops ignore them and as they turn the corner into Balkan Street, a white-haired man, his eyes filled with hatred, spits out the feelings of the whole Falls Road neighborhood. "They ought to go back where they come from," he rasps. "They know all they'll get here is shot in the guts."

It is no empty threat. Greeted as saviors when they came to Belfast two years ago, the British have become despised by the Catholics of Ulster—as though they were enemy occupation troops. And in the Falls, they encounter

a bone-deep hatred that forces them to keep patrolling to a minimum. The fact is that the Falls is a "no-go" area for the British Army—a place to patrol infrequently, reluctantly and with the greatest of caution.

The Falls has become to Belfast what the Casbah was to Algiers—a fortress where arms are hidden and homemade nail bombs and Molotov cocktails are fashioned. Traditionally a stronghold of Irish republicanism and a breeding ground for the IRA, the area has now become engulfed in a siege mentality. On Balkan Street, a woman displays a picture of Jesus that was damaged by a British trooper when he pulled up the boards in her house in last summer's arms raids. "It wasn't the boy's fault," she says, "he's only a boy like my own boy, doing what they tell him to. But if he comes back, he'll have to beat me to get into my house."

The weapons hunt last year led to rioting in the streets and cost the lives of five Falls Road men. And with each new Catholic death, the IRA—which has been trying to drive the British out and unite the two parts of divided Ireland for half a century—gathers a growing army of recruits. "Join the IRA" is painted on dozens of walls in the area, and men of the Falls have been joining—either the old left-wing IRA traditionalists or the newer, more violently nationalist "provisionals." And for every IRA man there are hundreds of sympathizers, a situation that presents the British troops with a serious problem. "A terrorist organization can only exist in an area where the people are sympathetic to it," explains an army spokesman. "The IRA is surrounded by people who will not give its members away—in fact by people who will give them active help. We're not just talking about angry, frustrated people rioting any more."

IRA Justice: Almost everyone in the Falls can identify IRA members, but few would risk their lives to volunteer this kind of information to the authorities. So strong is the hold that the IRA leadership clamps over the Falls that it is they, not the Belfast civil authorities, who dispense civil justice—often with brisk efficiency. People found guilty by the IRA of crimes such as robbery, dope pushing or rape have been punished in a variety of ways. The luckiest among them have been tarred and feathered, a practice one leading IRA man told me was a totally justified punishment in some cases. "We've only tarred and feathered those who have committed crimes against their own people," he said. "It's a terrible thing to take from people in your own community—poor working class people who barely have enough for themselves. This is our own area and it is up to us to protect our own."

This stern and zealous attitude, both toward wrongdoers within the Falls and the British troops and Protestants outside, has made the IRA men heroes to the people of the neighborhood. As I

walked down Balkan Street with a provo leader, teen-agers on the sidewalk were open in their admiration of the terrorist. "We're fighting a guerrilla war, and the British Army knows that this is the perfect place for it," he said. "We can't beat the British Army in an all-out fight. We're realistic. But here," he adds, surveying the long streets and the grinning faces of his neighbors, "I can snipe at them and before they know what happened I'd be gone."

Any doubt that the IRA is capable of a full-scale campaign of urban terrorism has vanished, and Brian Faulkner's chances of defusing the Falls and other Catholic bastions seem hopelessly slender. "He's fighting for what he believes, and he says he's doing it for his children," explained one Falls housewife of her IRA husband. And most IRA men in the Falls burst with bitterness when discussing the British troops. "I go to church," one provo told me, "but I have nothing to confess to the priest about what I do. Killing the British is no sin to me. No soldier in the war had to confess for killing a few Germans. The British soldier is my enemy," he continued, "and I couldn't care how many are shot dead. They've never been afraid to shoot my people dead. They've never been afraid to destroy our homes and our community." Then, with a shrug, the provo gestured at the tattered slum streets around us. "It may not be much," he said softly, "but it's all we've got."

ARGENTINA:

Marching Orders

"I have to get back to the barracks. From now on the government's views and statements are the responsibility of the President." When Argentina's powerful army commander in chief, Lt. Gen. Alejandro Lanusse, made that remark nine months ago after throwing one President out of office and replacing him with another, no one really believed him. No one, that is, except Roberto Levingston, an obscure brigadier general whom Lanusse installed as President in the Casa Rosada palace. Though Levingston had been firmly instructed that all major political decisions had to be cleared with the military commanders, he promptly proceeded to act as though he really intended to be President. As the months went by, he fired Cabinet ministers, appointed friends to top jobs, allowed inflation to rage unchecked and last week even went as far as to sack Lanusse himself.

That was the last straw. Within hours, Levingston had received his marching orders, and Lanusse was in the President's chair. And this time, just to make it unmistakably plain who was boss, the burly Lanusse slapped a 46-day ban on the consumption of beef—a major blow to the people of Argentina, who eat an average of 180 pounds of beef apiece each year.

Newsweek, April 5, 1971

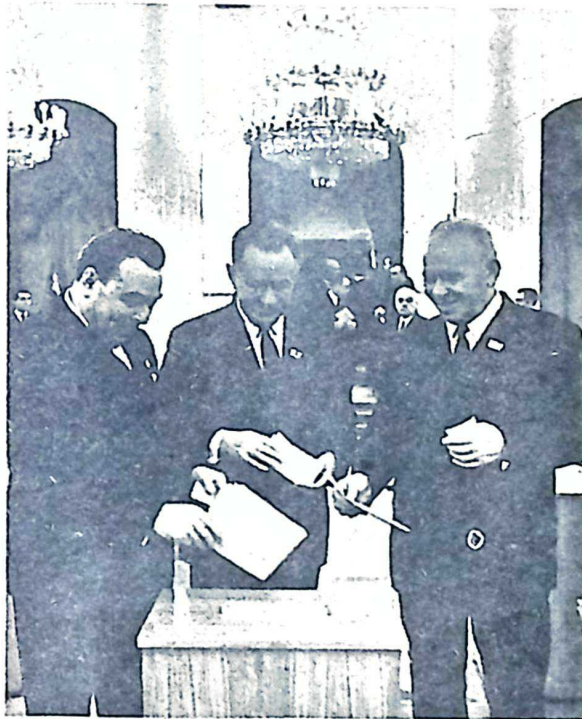
SOVIET UNION:

A Week on the Town

I was overjoyed to have an opportunity to see Moscow and to attend an All-Union Congress. We lived in the House of Soviets at No. 3 Karetny Row. Our quarters were very simple and crowded. We slept on plank beds and were all stacked together like logs. I remember that Postyshev, the secretary of the Kharkov organization, used to sleep with his wife in a row with some of the rest of us. This arrangement made for some jokes at Postyshev's expense, but it was all in good fun. We were young . . .

—From "Khrushchev Remembers"

That was the way Nikita Khrushchev recalled his first visit to Moscow and his first chance to attend a big-time Communist Party shindig—the Fourteenth Soviet Party Congress in 1925. He was 31



Tass—Sovfoto

Growing older: Brezhnev, Kosygin, Podgorny

then, still a neophyte party functionary from the Donbass region of the Ukraine, and he told of how he woke early and skipped breakfast to be sure of arriving at the meetings in time to get a good seat so that he could see Stalin up close. But Nikita Khrushchev's days in the cockpit of Soviet power have passed. As the leading un-person in Russia today, he was, of course, not invited to the 24th Soviet Party Congress opening this week in Moscow.

Night Life: For the 5,000 delegates who were invited—an assemblage of outstanding tractor drivers, steelworkers, housewives, actors, champion milkmaids, office workers and others—the joys of congress-going have improved markedly in 46 years. Gone are the plank beds

at No. 3 Karetny Row (now the site of an amusement park). Instead, delegates are staying at Moscow's plush hotels. And in the week before the conclave opened, the visiting party faithful rubbernecked in the big city, shopped for items that are scarce in places like Kazan and sampled the night life which, regardless of what Western tourists may think of it, beats the night life in Khabarovsk all hollow.

Nor were the delegates expected to exert themselves unduly in their official duties. Their main job will be to fill the red-upholstered seats in the Kremlin's modernistic Palace of Congresses and listen with reasonable attentiveness to the hortatory speeches that will inevitably pour forth from the party leadership. In theory, a party congress wields enormous powers and can exercise vast influence on the course of Soviet affairs. In practice, however, the 24th Congress will almost surely do nothing but affirm decisions and elections already worked out beforehand by Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev and his cohorts in the Politburo. Thus, when the congress winds up next week, the delegates will raise their hands in a show of dutiful unanimity.

Useful: Still, it would be an over-simplification to dismiss party congresses as elaborate charades. They are, among other things, useful devices for disseminating to the faithful—and to the world—the Kremlin's current goals and guidelines. According to the advance billing for this week's session, the business of the 24th Congress will center primarily on the new *pyatiletka* (five-year economic plan) unveiled under Brezhnev's imprimatur two months ago. And what comes out of the economic speeches could provide clues on how the Soviet leadership proposes to cope with the problem of inspiring better production in an economy caught in the rigid grip of central planning.

But most significantly, such gatherings of the Communist clan help to lend an aura of legitimacy to the rule of those men at the highest level of Soviet leadership. The Kremlin's current crop of top figures is growing old together (Brezhnev is 65; Premier Aleksei Kosygin 67; President Nikolai Podgorny 68). Thus, particular attention will be paid to whether Brezhnev announces changes within the ranks of a collective leadership that has opted for continuity and stability. As of last week, most experts doubted that there would be any such dramatic pronouncements. But they also recalled that when Nikita Khrushchev decided to denounce Stalin and, unwittingly, let loose the forces of change in Russia, he chose as his platform the Twentieth Party Congress of 1956.

HOW TO MAKE IT IN EASTERN EUROPE

Traditionally, a Soviet Party Congress is the occasion for public self-congratulation, and when Leonid Brezhnev delivers his address in Moscow this week he will doubtless make the most of the opportunity. But on at least one subject—East Europe—Brezhnev can hardly gloat. In the five years since the last Party Congress, discontent with the quality of life has ended in bloodshed in both Czechoslovakia and Poland, and the nations of East Europe have again become one of the Kremlin's chief foreign-policy concerns. At the root of all the trouble is the realization by East European workers, housewives and young Communist Party members that their hidebound economic system does not work very well and that they are slipping farther and farther behind their neighbors in the West. As a result, millions of East Europeans today are demanding from their leaders a better life.

East Europe's ills are seemingly endless and, by now, the horror stories of shoddy workmanship and shortages of essential goods are familiar to outsiders. What many Westerners are not aware of, however, is the grinding oppressiveness of day-to-day East European life. In Warsaw, the housing shortage has forced some couples to leave their bedroom to the children

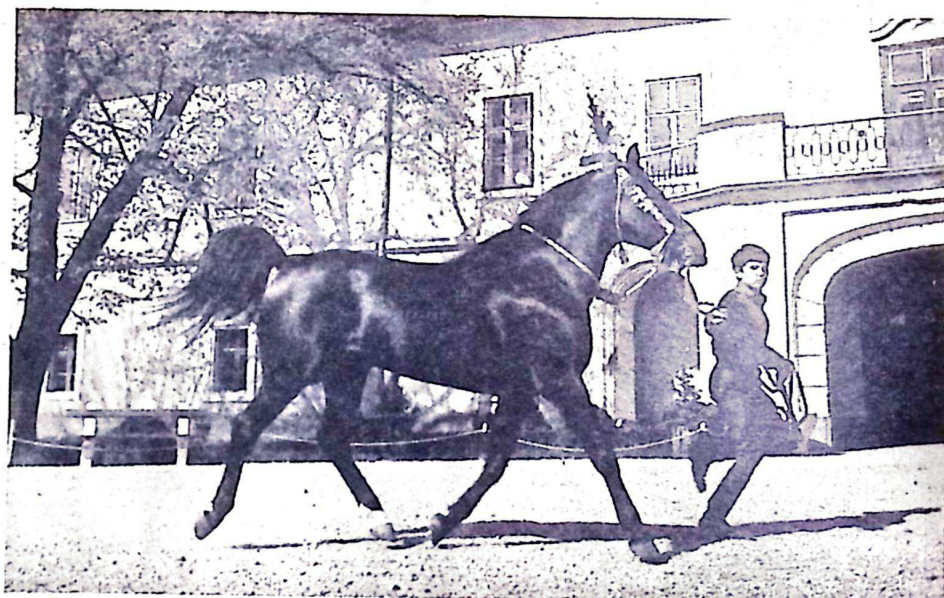
and the grandparents and confine their lovemaking to the kitchen table. In Bucharest, it takes two days to mail an international package. And in factories where workers are keen to earn their bonuses, they often find the production line completely halted by the lack of raw materials—and, in some cases, by the scarcity of tools. As one East German puts it: "I've nothing against building socialism. But do they have to do it all in my lifetime?"

This is not to say that all 120 million people in East Europe are desperately dissatisfied with their lot. Life may be a scramble, but the fruits of success are still within range of many. In Hungary, economic reforms have begun to catch on. By working within the system even in less-experimental Rumania, ambitious managers now have an opportunity to build successful enterprises. And in Yugoslavia, where Communist reform began, a whole new breed of industrial workers has moved in from the farms and settled with obvious relish into decision-making roles in Josip Broz Tito's workers councils. Below, *Newsweek* profiles three East Europeans who, by their own standards, have done very well. Their stories tell much about what it takes to make it in East Europe.

TAKING THE INITIATIVE IN HUNGARY

From a window in his yellow-stucco administration building, Robert Burgert looks out over an idyllic scene: gleaming white farm buildings, rich fields of corn, lush meadows where fine thoroughbred horses romp in the early spring sunshine and a nearby farm museum whose walls are covered with pictures of famous visitors, including Ethiopia's Haile Selassie and Nikita Khrushchev. And on Burgert's desk, a thick sheaf of papers and balance sheets tells the uniformly favorable story of the farm's continuing success in horse breeding and of its mounting profits from poultry, pig and corn operations. Proudly, Burgert—the husky, gray-haired director of Hungary's famed Babolna State Farm—looks up at a visitor and says in a booming voice: "Well, I suppose my aides have already told you how old the farm is and all about its history back in the eighteenth century. Fine, fine, that's all well and good. But, frankly, that was the wrong way to start. You should look at Babolna's future, not at its past."

Robert Burgert got where he is in Hungary because he is the kind of man who never looks back. The son of poor peasants, he earned a graduate degree after World War II and then parlayed his agricultural know-how and administrative skills into several attractive assignments. Eventually, he was rewarded with the director's job at Babolna, a horse-breeding farm near Budapest that was established in 1789 by Emperor Joseph II. But despite Burgert's obvious ambitions and ability, his success as a manager in the Communist system was by no means assured. Indeed, it was only after Hungarian Party Secretary Janos Kadar pushed through a series of far-reaching economic reforms three years



Prize Babolna thoroughbred: Breaking free of bureaucratic restraints

ago that Burgert—and many capable managers like him—was freed of Budapest's bureaucratic stranglehold and could put his talents to work. "By relying on a relatively free market and by encouraging individual initiative," observes one Westerner in Hungary, "Kadar really freed a whole generation of managers to show what they could do."

Quotas: That kind of challenge suited the aggressive Burgert to a T. For under Kadar's New Economic Mechanism, or NEM as it was called, managers were given a freer hand to set the course for their enterprises. Whereas in the past, quotas were established by cloistered central planners in the capital, now firms were encouraged to set their own quotas—and to base them on a realistic assessment of market demand. Equally important, the Kadar regime has permitted local managers like Burgert to decide for themselves how to allocate their re-

sources. "Before the reform," says Burgert, "we got our money from the Ministry of Agriculture. And we got most of our directions from the ministry, too. Now, it's we who support the ministry."

In Burgert's view, the most significant achievement of the reform program has been its success in combatting one of Communism's most notorious problems: low worker productivity. At Babolna, the base salary for an average farmer is 2,200 forints a month (\$73), or about the same as a typical industrial worker. Thanks to Babolna's high productivity and a new system of profit-sharing, however, the farmers actually fare much better than that. With low-interest loans obtained from the enterprise, many have purchased small, neat homes in the Komárom County area surrounding Babolna. What's more, the new spirit of competition has already altered production goals to the degree that Babolna's farmers—and in-

deed nearly all Hungarians—now find food stores, specialty shops and department stores stocked with a wider range of high-quality goods than ever before. "In less than three years," observes one Westerner, "the Hungarian road to socialism is well on its way to becoming the Hungarian road to consumption."

'Adventurism': Hungary's willingness to experiment with economic reform, however, has not been without its risks. For in the eyes of many old party bosses, Kadar's retreat from central control and his newfound concern for the consumer amounted to nothing less than heresy. East Germany's Walter Ulbricht, in particular, has made no secret of his scorn for Hungarian "adventurism." "Compulsory plan directives," the East Germans have sniped, "are the sole acceptable and only workable method of socialist economy." But beyond such rhetorical attacks lies a far greater danger—namely, that the Soviet Union might decide to replay the scenario of Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968 and intervene in order to quash Kadar's reform.

With those harsh lessons of the past still vividly in mind, Kadar & Co. have gone out of their way to avoid antagonizing the Russians. Despite a growing exchange of goods with the West, Hungary continues to maintain a lively trade with the Soviet Union. The party makes all political decisions, and in order to keep up the image of party primacy, successful managers like Burgert (who has risen to a post on the Central Committee) are quickly moved into key party jobs. Political liberalization is strictly limited, and with each new phase of the NEM, Kadar—unlike Czechoslovakia's Alexander Dubcek—has discussed his economic reform plans thoroughly with Moscow.

Despite all this, the fear of Soviet intervention persists in Budapest. But as consumer discontent has bubbled to the surface and economic stagnation has become painfully obvious elsewhere in East Europe, the case for the Hungarian-style reforms has grown measurably stronger. As one Western diplomat explained it: "Today Kadar can go to the Soviets and say: 'You may not like what we're doing, but there is no trouble here.'"

WHEELING AND DEALING IN RUMANIA

For all their cant about centralized state planning, even the harder-line East European regimes occasionally relax the rules a bit for an entrepreneur who is able to compete in tough foreign markets. One such man is Rumania's Josef Steinbach, a rotund, twinkle-eyed business dynamo, who turned a disparate group of garment and knitting factories into Rumania's biggest light-industrial *combinat* and a major foreign-exchange earner. "I'm guided by one word," said Steinbach as he bounced around his Bucharest office during a recent interview

with NEWSWEEK's Bruce van Voorst, "and that's 'profit.' My objective is to make money," he went on excitedly. "Money's the name of the game. In fact," he added, picking up a snifter of cognac, "I don't move this glass from here to there unless I know there's something in it for me."

Obviously, there is something to Steinbach's technique. For each day, the Bucharest Ready-Made and Knitwear Combine, which he heads, turns out some 5,500 men's suits, 30,000 shirts and more than 60,000 pieces of knitted goods. And best of all from the point of view of the Rumanian regime, Steinbach's modern, well-equipped factories produce items that compete well in the West. More than 60 per cent of his goods are exported. And he has even cracked the tough American market, supplying suits, overcoats and pajamas to New York's Alexander's department store, among other outlets. "Our objective is to go on the market and beat the pants off the com-



Steinbach and models: First things first

petition," Steinbach says. "I don't think we're any less capitalistic than you when it comes to a dollar sign."

That kind of talk would hardly seem to sit well with the Rumanian Government. For despite his reputation as something of an independent agent in matters of foreign policy, President Nicolae Ceausescu never strays far from the Soviet norm in domestic policy. As a result, most Rumanian managers find their hands tied by the constraints of the central plan and the whims of the state ministries. In Steinbach's case, however, the regime has clearly chosen to swallow its pride in exchange for the cloak-and-suiters' impressive performance in both production and profits. For although he must follow government wage policies and directives on hiring and firing help, Steinbach is plainly free from most of the typical headaches of socialist managers. "If I want to get something done," he ex-

plains, "I go straight to see the minister. And as for the plan, we write most of it ourselves."

Steinbach receives deferential treatment from the regime in other, subtler ways as well. In an effort to keep up with the market, his combine has produced miniskirts and other luxury items that must make many puritanical Rumanian leaders wince. What's more, Steinbach and his staff live quite comfortably by Rumanian standards. Combine salesmen travel freely throughout the world. Steinbach and his wife, Mali, live in a posh Bucharest villa and travel around the city in a chauffeured Mercedes 200. Even more important, Steinbach has the latitude—and the means—to indulge his boundless innovative spirit. In recent years, he supervised an anthropological study of 150,000 Rumanians to work out proper clothing sizes, and he even came up with a three-dimensional photographic technique to measure body types. At the combine, Steinbach has instituted psychological testing for all his workers and, needless to say, he's busy installing computers to make production more efficient.

Elite: Still, Steinbach's major advantage lies in the fact that he is not subject to day-to-day meddling by party and government officials. In that respect, he is part of a very elite group in East Europe (only Hungarian and Yugoslav factory managers enjoy similar privileges). Near Steinbach's Bucharest headquarters, for example, other factory managers face a far different set of problems. New equipment and raw materials are in short supply. And because of a distorted government labor policy, scores of workers swarm over relatively simple tasks. A German businessman touring one Rumanian plant bluntly told the manager: "You've got 1,000 workers here. Seems to me you could get by with 100." "You're right," came the reply. "But if I

let them go the state must care for them, and anyway I may need them some day." Worse yet, the meticulously detailed rules that govern most Rumanian enterprises seem to encourage inefficiency. As one East European observer put it: "The director may achieve striking economic results but still be punished if he violates the rules."

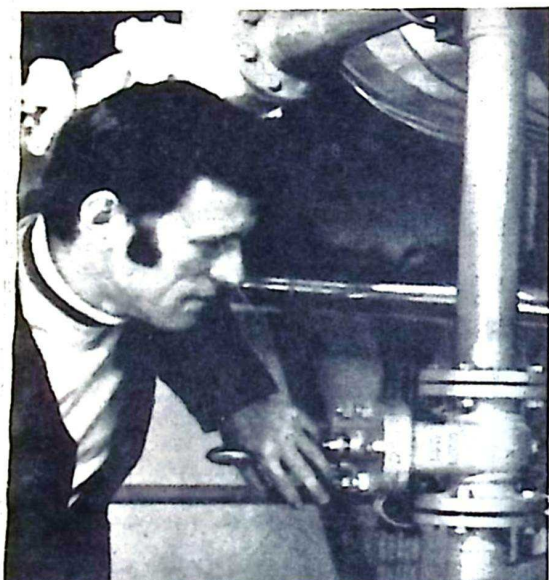
Steinbach, by profitable contrast, is allowed to put first things first.

HELPING TO DECIDE IN YUGOSLAVIA

It was sixteen years ago that Radenko Sainovic's father counseled him to leave their tiny rural town of Gornji Milanovac in southern Serbia and "go to Belgrade and make your way there." That was difficult advice to follow, for

young Radenko had grown close to the land and he dreaded the thought of leaving his parents and nine brothers and sisters behind. But spurred by the vision of a better life in the city, Sainovic eventually set out for the capital. And today, he is a full-fledged member of the new Yugoslav working-class elite. "It's not only me who succeeded," says Sainovic, "others did, too. We have cars now, they serve fine for weekend visits to home villages. And when the peasant youths see us, they want to become workers too."

Sainovic's experience is a typical Yugoslav Horatio Alger story. Unlike Rumania's high-powered Josef Steinbach and Hungary's talented Robert Burgert—both of whom made the most of their somewhat limited opportunities—Sainovic, in effect, had a better life handed to him on a Communist silver platter. Over the last twenty years, his countrymen (many of whom no longer consider



Sainovic: Others succeeded as well

themselves part of East Europe) have seen their lives transformed by nothing less than a fundamental revolution in Marxist doctrine. For Yugoslavia's President Josip Broz Tito has gone far beyond mere tinkering with the economic system through cautious reforms. What Tito has done, in fact, is to take vital decision-making power away from the central bureaucracy and to place it in the hands of the local factory managers—and the workers themselves.

Power: For Sainovic, now a skilled chemical worker at the Grmec plastics factory in Belgrade, life under the workers' council system is clearly more satisfying than it was under the old, highly centralized enterprises. As a council member, he has been involved in charting his firm's wage policies and in planning new investments, amounting to about \$2 million to expand production of a new line of plastics for the construction industry. "We studied the market carefully," Sainovic told *Newsweek's*

Kenneth Huszar, "and all the workers were informed about the investment. We thought it over many times before approving it." Even when snap judgments must be made by the Grmec directors, the council has full powers to review—and reverse—their decisions. "If self-management was originally introduced as a kind of ideological gimmick to let our people think they really run things," said one Serbian economic specialist, "the fact remains today that they really do believe they are the bosses."

For the most part, the self-management system seems to have worked out. Despite dire predictions that the unsophisticated former peasants would squander all their profits on wage increases, most councils have drawn their budgets carefully and with a sharp eye on the future. "You would be surprised at how often the workers forgo big bonuses and plow profits back into the enterprises," said Alexander Lebl, one of Yugoslavia's top economic writers. "That's one of the benefits of the new competitive situation. For workers in one factory know that their competition is reinvesting its profits, so they think of the future, too."

Apartment: The upsurge in productivity flowing from the new reliance on market factors has resulted in a sharp increase in Yugoslav living standards. For Sainovic, his wife, Dobrinka, and his 6-year-old son, Nenad, that has meant the opportunity to own a comfortable, two-room flat in a modern high-rise apartment building on the outskirts of Belgrade. And Sainovic's salary and bonuses permit the family to maintain a modest Fiat automobile and to go out to restaurants several times a month. Typically, however, the Sainovics would like to be able to buy even more. "Walking by the Miss Dior shop," Dobrinka told Huszar, "I saw a lot of nice things we really can't afford. I'd like to buy them though, so I guess I'll have to get a job."

Yet with all the system's remarkable achievements, Yugoslavia is not without its problems. As in the rest of East Europe, housing is in short supply. (For all his present good fortune, Sainovic had to wait a full nine years to get into his new apartment.) And inflation is making serious inroads into some family budgets. Even more important is the loss of many skilled craftsmen, industrial workers and professionals who have been lured abroad by higher wages and better living conditions in the West.

Nonetheless, most Yugoslavs seem genuinely convinced that through the workers' councils they have a real say in things. That conviction, combined with the ever-expanding consumer-goods market, has brought the good life within the grasp of many. And despite the difficulties that remain, a remarkable number of Yugoslav workers never consider taking advantage of their freedom to leave for the bountiful West. As Sainovic put it: "Why should I go? I'm satisfied with the way things are here."

SADAT'S EGYPT: 'A NEW WORLD MAY BE OPEN'

BY MILAN J. KUBIC

Each night at 10, the curtain in Cairo's downtown Miami theater rises on a bleak desert setting. A narrator somberly recites Egypt's age-old history of misery, backwardness and suffering. To the wailing of a chorus, a black-clad woman—the symbol of Mother Egypt—promises that her son, Yassin, will deliver Egypt from its agony. But although Yassin—clearly representing former President Gamal Abdel Nasser—pledges a new life, nothing really changes: government farms fail to produce enough butter, government factories manufacture the wrong clothes and corrupt politicians define socialism as "a new car and a villa—for me." Then Yassin leads Egypt into a disastrous war and is killed. And now Mother Egypt reappears with better advice: "You'll have to wake up and do the job yourselves," she tells the people. The curtain comes down. And the audience leaves in tears.

Though only two months old, the musical, "Yassin, My Son," has already become a symbol of a new mood that has engulfed Egypt. Since President Anwar Sadat succeeded Nasser last September, a tone of spiritual revival and intellectual ferment has to a large degree replaced the paranoia and belligerency that characterized Egypt after the 1967 war with Israel. And the Egyptians—from officials lunching at the exclusive Tahrir Club to workers sipping Turkish coffee at Boulevard Kasr el-Nil's sidewalk cafés—have picked up the new spirit with a fervor. "This ferment is a genuine development and not just a few straws in the wind," remarks one of Cairo's best-informed diplomats. "After eighteen years of Nasser, we are witnessing the onset of the 'greening' of Egypt."

The hallmarks of the new Egypt are a nationalism that has replaced the all-Arabs-are-brothers philosophy of the Nasser era, a sometimes scathing re-evaluation of the recent past and a spirited, public debate over the future. Sadat himself launched the renaissance when, within weeks of moving into the Kubbeh Presidential Palace, he not only freed some 620 political prisoners held since the 1967 war but in many cases restored their confiscated property and allowed them to resume their jobs. Other reforms quickly followed. Sadat cut prices on consumer goods such as sugar and shoes, issued a decree ending the government practice of seizing private property and allowed previously banned foreign publications back on newsstands. "If you speak French or English," notes Mohammed Hakki, foreign editor of the power-

ful daily Al Ahram, "your reading fare no longer depends on the censors."

Thanks to Sadat, Egyptians are now experiencing more freedom of expression than they have known in decades. In this less-inhibited atmosphere, subjects that once were taboo are suddenly being discussed. Mohammed Heikal, editor of Al Ahram, has candidly warned of Israel's formidable defenses and declared that if Egypt tried to cross the Suez Canal, it would "face obstacles such as were never confronted by any other army." Predictably, Egypt's hard-liners quickly denounced Heikal as a "prophet of doom," but other moderates have not been deterred and have been just as outspoken. Says Nasser's son-in-law, Hakim Sadeq: "The Israelis are scientifically far ahead of us and we should realize this . . . Thousands of Israelis speak Arabic, but how many of our students are learning Hebrew?" And Ahmed Baha el-Din, the editor of the respected newspaper Al Mussawar, comments: "Not only do we no longer question the principle of coexistence with Israel but some of our people are even trying to put themselves into Israeli shoes."

The emboldened iconoclasts have even been questioning pan-Arabism, the once-sacrosanct philosophy that held that Egypt was inseparable from its brother Arab states. Now the view that Egyptians are simply Egyptians is heard more and more. "Who said I was an Arab?" snapped Dr. Hussein Fawzi, Egypt's greatest living essayist, on a recent television show. And the highly respected writer, Dr. Luis Awad, told me: "The pan-Arab movement in Egypt only goes back to the 1952 revolution of Nasser. Before that, we looked on the Arab east as a place that brought invaders and trouble to Egypt. The only tie between us and the Arabs is a common language and Islam."

Rumors: This boldness is not restricted to the intellectuals but has begun to infect the man in the street as well. Workers now spend hours in the cafés loudly discussing the Suez front or the latest rumors of power struggles in the government. Their newfound ease shows as they crowd into the popular Salt and Pepper nightclub or bypass the propaganda of yet another Soviet film festival to see the U.S. movie "Tora! Tora! Tora!" And so popular has Sadat himself become that Egyptians now chatter admiringly about the beauty of his half-British wife, Gihan, and pass along the current joke about the President: "He's tall, suave and handsome with a special hobby—extending cease-fires."

Inevitably, Sadat is compared with Nasser—and usually Sadat comes out ahead. "Nasser tried to refocus on Egyptian affairs," says Egyptian diplomat Tahseen Basheer, currently teaching at the University of Cairo. "He was aware that we were fed up with the wordy flotsam of ideologies and he wanted to tackle domestic problems, but he was too much a symbol of the pan-Arab cru-

sade against Israel to make the complete change. Now it's happening," Sadat, say his supporters, is more realistic on foreign affairs and more capable of solving the country's crushing domestic difficulties. He is praised for his calm style ("We no longer tremble when the President's office calls," says one official) and his more sensible and moderate public speeches ("We always sounded like a bully during those long Nasser years," says a journalist).

Whether the Egyptian renaissance will endure, however, is still an unanswered question. The hard-liners and hawks who cling to the dream of swallowing up Israel have not disappeared from Egyptian power circles. And, in fact, last week was a time of saber rattling in Cairo as reports told of new deliveries of Soviet military equipment, guns and missiles. Russian soldiers, who once restricted their public appearances to Sunday outings to the pyramids, now drive into the heart of Cairo and sip beer at the capital's famous watering spot, Groppi's. Even the moderate Heikal, in an Al Ahram editorial urging Egypt to focus on bringing diplomatic pressure to bear on Israel, made a bow to the hawks by slashing at "Israeli expansion and arrogance."

Threat: Undoubtedly, the durability of Egypt's new mood depends on the ability of Cairo and Jerusalem to come to terms. The biggest threat lies in the possibility that a lack of diplomatic progress will convince middle-of-the-road politicians that the hard-liners are right. Already, the National Defense Council, Egypt's top governing body, is split between doves and hawks, with three powerful officials—Interior Minister Sharawi Gomaa, War Minister Lt. Gen. Mohammed Fawzi and Presidential Affairs Minister Sami Sharaf—straddling the fence. "Sadat is definitely first among equals," says one Cairo insider. "But these three control the police and the army, and if they should ever decide that Sadat's flexible policy toward Israel is a disaster, that would be its end."

Still, in their newborn optimism, Cairo's reformers are nourishing the hope that another war can be avoided. And they point to some significant differences between the current evidence of Egyptian militancy and the genuine war fever that preceded the 1967 conflict. Today, Egyptian soldiers at Ismailia, near the Suez Canal, lounge in a mood of relaxation. Sadat's recent series of meetings with frontline officers reportedly stressed that the government felt it had the diplomatic situation in hand. And most important, there has been a total absence of militancy on Cairo Radio, the government's most important propaganda weapon in a country that is 75 per cent illiterate. So hopeful are many Egyptians of being able to turn their attention to the historic problems of their land that Al Mussawar editor Baha el-Din could muse last week: "A whole new world may open to us. If peace really comes, we'll be looking for a new way of life."



Camera Press—Pix

Newspaper reader: More freedom



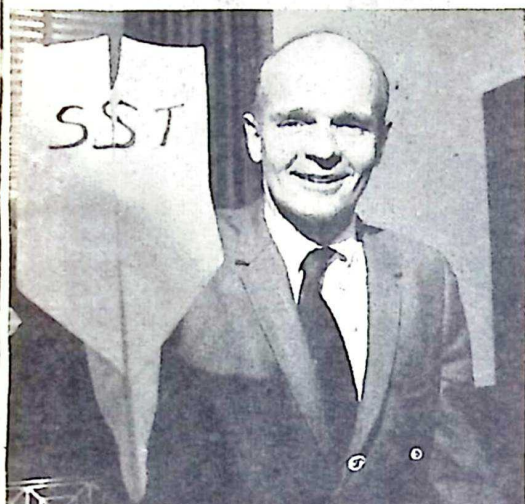
Al Ahram

Sadat and wife: More popular

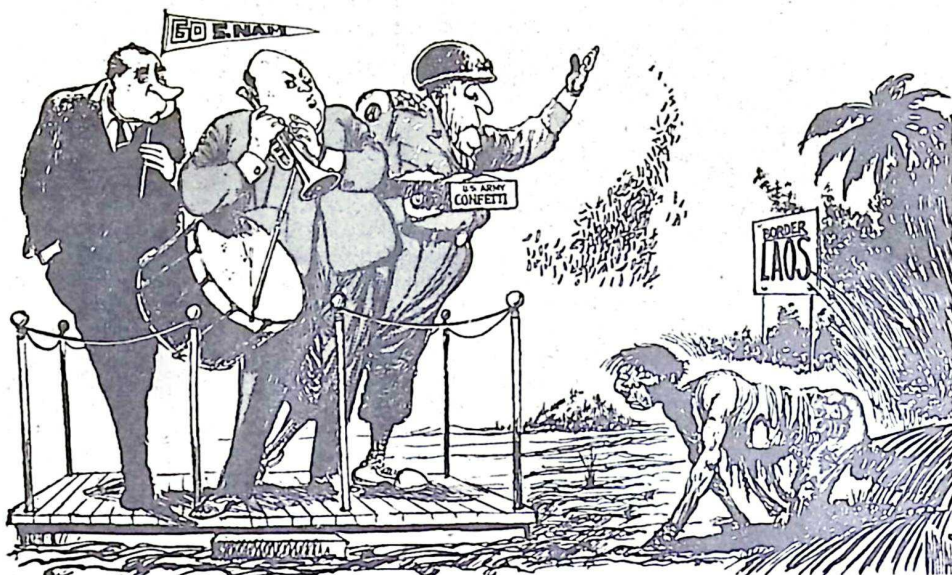


Stuart Heydinger—Camera Press—Pix

Strollers in Cairo: More relaxed



The SST: Proxmire celebrates



Laos: Whatever the merits of the case, the ragged retreat looked bad

A BLEAK WEEK FOR RICHARD NIXON

Every Presidency runs its own fever chart—a jagged line of highs that look unassailable and lows that can seem bottomless while they last. Richard Nixon has lately fallen into a low cycle—perhaps the lowest of his two years in office—and last week events seemed to conspire to draw him lower still. The allied land-and-air thrust into Laos ended a month early in bloody retreat. The Senate shot down the supersonic jet transport. The President's polls were off, his relations with the media inflamed, his drawing power so reduced that Doris Day and "Monday Night at the Movies" both outdrew his latest TV talk show. "In a couple of weeks, the cherry blossoms will be out, and all the gloom and doom in the press will disappear," said one aide hopefully. But the cherry blossoms will be late this year, gloom is in full flower around the Capital—and Mr. Nixon seems as vulnerable as he has ever been.

"I don't feel it is the winter of my discontent," the President told ABC-TV's Howard K. Smith during their hour-long prime-time talk as the week began. "... I have had many winters in the past which perhaps have been more difficult than this one." But not as President. The session with Smith—the fifth full-length interview he has granted the media in over a month—was itself a fresh indication of how anxious the White House is to unstarch his stiff public image and reinvigorate his sagging poll ratings. And the news in the days that followed was almost unremittingly sour:

■ **THE WAR:** The pullback from Laos was not the total rout its critics said it

was; it may even, as Mr. Nixon argued on TV, prove in the long run to have been an entirely "worthwhile" enterprise. But at best it fell far short of the knockout punch American strategists had hoped to deal the Communists' main southward supply lines. And its public imagery was irrevocably set by the grisly films and front-line dispatches of its closing days—the reports of decimated South Vietnamese units falling raggedly back under blistering enemy fire, of panicky ARVN soldiers clinging desperately to the skids of outbound U.S. helicopters, of casualties estimated officially at 25 per cent and unofficially at up to 50.

Whatever the merits of the case, it looked bad—doubly so because the Administration itself underestimated the fury of Hanoi's response to the operation and kept insisting nearly to the end that it was going along famously. Mr. Nixon accordingly was forced into a rather awkward TV defense of the action. "We cannot judge it before it is concluded," he said, "and we cannot judge it even after it is concluded." Its real objectives, he explained, were long-range: to insure the continuing withdrawal of U.S. combat forces and to strengthen Saigon's forces for the day the last Americans go home. He seemed ready to gamble that the effort had, in his words, "made considerable progress" toward those ends; he said he still plans to announce further troop withdrawals in April—which would in effect certify the Laotian venture as a success. But the deferred risks are considerable. Hanoi mended its supply lines quickly, and if Laos was a true show of

Saigon's combat capacities, the operation could come back to haunt Mr. Nixon when it hurts—in 1972.

■ **THE SST:** The Senate, by a surprisingly comfortable 51-to-46 margin, finished what the House had begun the week before—the cutoff of any further government funding for development of a supersonic jetliner. The result, said the President in a carefully measured postmortem, was "both distressing and disappointing," and, from his corner, so it was. Far beyond the particular question of whether an American SST would ever fly, the vote was a symbolic watershed of sorts—an assertion by Congress that there were more urgent matters to spend money on. "It is," said one Johnson-era White House aide, "the first time that the national conscience has said to technology, 'No, there is another consideration that is relevant here—the social priority.'" Mr. Nixon miscalculated the depth of this sentiment—and so not only lost the vote but forfeited the initiative in reordering priorities to the Congress.

He squandered some of his standing on the Hill as well. Mr. Nixon committed his prestige heavily—some said carelessly—to the SST, laying on a high-pressure Administration sales campaign and in the last hours lobbying three anti-SST senators himself to no effect. The vote was a disastrous first test for the conservative ideological majority Mr. Nixon said he won in the Senate in last November's mid-term elections: eight of the twelve new senators—including two Republicans and three Southern Democrats he had been counting on—voted against the



The blacks: Praise for Diggs

SST. And more ominous still was the corrosion of his hold on GOP loyalties generally. The Hill places high store on reputations, and when a President is perceived as vulnerable, the backbenchers begin defecting on the hard issues.

■ **THE MEDIA:** The always uneasy relations between the Administration and the media came to a bitter new pass. Spiro Agnew unleashed himself with a series of attacks on CBS-TV for its documentary, "The Selling of the Pentagon"—and one on *NEWSWEEK* for a March 22 report on his own lowered profile. A phone call from the White House persuaded ABC-TV that its "Dick Cavett Show" had given the anti-SST people too much air time; the network thereupon dropped the opposition leader, Sen. William Proxmire, from a scheduled debate and let the Administration's SST man, William Magruder, go on unopposed two nights before the vote. And the President himself complained to Smith that the press wasn't telling the whole story of Laos—that it was reporting only the least effective battalions of 22 involved. This brought a rare on-the-air rebuttal from NBC-TV's John Chancellor—a sharp shot at the Administration's efforts to restrict coverage of the operation. "Some of the people who have been complaining that the whole story hasn't been told," said Chancellor, "are the people who tried to keep it from being told."

In the midst of his bleak week, the President's most upbeat hours came from the most improbable places of all—at separate meetings with a delegation of 28 big-city mayors and with the thirteen-member House black caucus. Mr. Nixon had met unhappily with similar delegations early in his Administration, and his objective now was plainly fence-mending. The sessions went better than anyone dared hope. The mayors, desperate for cash, were suddenly in harmony with

the President and his general revenue-sharing proposal—and at odds with Democratic Sen. Edmund Muskie, who made a speech opposing it. The President, smiling, handed around gold Presidential-seal cuff links and kidded: "You can all wear them—my name isn't on them." Said New York's Mayor John Lindsay: "We were listened to."

The meeting with the black congressmen had an even more damaging potential: all are Democrats, and Mr. Nixon had kept them waiting fourteen months for an audience (*NEWSWEEK*, March 1). Their chairman, Charles Diggs of Detroit, read a sharply worded preamble suggesting that the Administration was retreating from the national commitment to racial equality; then the caucus outlined 60 action proposals, ranging from creating 1.1 million public-service jobs to getting out of Vietnam this year or next. Mr. Nixon, so he told aides later, was impressed by their homework—"brilliant preparation"—and their straightforward style. "I appreciate the candor with which you expressed yourselves," one of the blacks remembered him saying. "You hit very hard, and you should have." The President said he could move on some proposals and not on others—he was particularly unyielding on Vietnam—and he put his Congressional liaison man, Clark MacGregor, in charge of a five-man staff committee to stay in touch. The blacks went away smiling, too, but next day they warned that Mr. Nixon had until May 17—the anniversary of the 1954 school-desegregation ruling—to begin action or they would take their case to the people.

Perky: Through it all, good moments and bad, Mr. Nixon was said by aides to be serene—even, one insisted, "perky"—about himself and his Presidency. "The mood," a staffer told *NEWSWEEK*'s Henry Hubbard, "is that we're moving. Everybody recognizes that the economy is the name of the game. The President is convinced the war will not be the issue next year and he is in a better position to assess that than anybody. He knows Topic A is the economy, and now he sees progress." Nevertheless, Mr. Nixon was obliged last week to take a half-step in a direction he'd vowed never to tread, preparing the way to apply wage and token price restraints on the construction industry (page 41). The move put a further chill on his flagging courtship of the hard-hat vote.

But the larger task before him was to retrieve his standing in Washington—to undo the gathering impression that he can be beaten. The gossip has already begun that Mr. Nixon will be a one-term President, and the week's events did nothing to quiet it. He found himself, in his TV talk with Smith, having to deny that he is planning on retiring voluntarily—"Anybody who reads my life would perhaps take that kind of story with a grain of salt." His evident confidence may yet prove well-founded. Still, many more weeks like the last could indeed result in his retirement—voluntary or not.

CONGRESS CALLS IT A SONIC BUST

It started with the hush of expectation—and ended only four names into the roll call. Insiders knew as soon as New Mexico's aging Sen. Clinton Anderson cast his "no" that the SST was dead, and with it a whole era of technological nationalism. The Senate, after all the talk about reordering American priorities, finally did something about it last week. Its 51-46 vote against the plane and a similar vote by the House a week before announced that Congress—and the nation—would no longer automatically say yes to every new project wrapped in the flag and the name of progress.

For a plane that never got off the ground, the SST bore an awesome load of symbolic freight. To its boosters, the sleek delta-wing craft represented American technological supremacy; to its opponents it symbolized a kind of final techno-political hubris—a droop-nosed monster that would cater to a jet-set elite, endanger the environment, divert tax money from authentic terrestrial problems. It didn't even matter to the SST's foes that it will cost more in the short run to terminate the project than the \$134 million allocation Mr. Nixon wanted to keep it going. But the \$134 million was only the latest installment in a government commitment that had already reached \$864 million and could ultimately have exceeded \$1.3 billion.

Even the victors had mixed feelings about their triumph. The SST's demise—now all but assured—meant that as many as 13,000 scientists, engineers, technicians and craftsmen would be thrown out of work almost at once. Two industrial giants, the Boeing and the General Electric companies, were the hardest hit, but the reverberations would be felt by smaller and far more vulnerable subcontractors in nearly every state of the union (page 40). And the most prominent casualty of all was Richard Nixon, who kept his job but expended political capital he could hardly afford in a fruitless attempt to make the SST fly.

Psyche: Surprised by the setback suffered by the big plane earlier in the House, the President took a personal role in the final hours before the Senate vote. Typically, he was as concerned for the nation's psyche, as he understood it, as he was for its economic well-being. "I am utterly convinced," he told a meeting of Republican legislative leaders, "that if we do not go ahead with this dramatic breakthrough, this nation will have lost its feel for greatness." Later he asked Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott for a reading on the vote. Scott said that he was at least three shy of a tie that Vice President Spiro Agnew could break by voting for the SST program. That evening, invitations went out to several anti-SST senators thought

susceptible to Presidential persuasion.

It was too late. Vermont's Winston Prouty gently begged off, telling White House liaison aide William Timmons that he was irrevocably committed. Republicans Jack Miller of Iowa and Clifford Hansen of Wyoming and Independent-Democrat Harry Byrd Jr. of Virginia did show up at the White House next day, but all left as opposed to the plane as when they arrived. "Our priorities need to be looked at," Hansen, normally a firm Nixon loyalist, told the President. "On the basis of the mail from my state, I would have to be against it."

Promise: The President generally avoided arm-twisting. He was embarrassed, however, when Maine's ever-independent Republican Sen. Margaret Chase Smith announced shortly before the vote that she had received a note from the President assuring her that prior orders to close the Portsmouth Navy Yard—on the Maine border—would be rescinded. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird had informed her of the decision the day before, but the canny Mrs. Smith asked for a written promise from the President. Receiving it, she promptly released copies to the press—and proceeded to vote against the SST.

The moment of truth came at 4:08 p.m. Even the leading participants were unsure of how the Senate's long roll-call vote would turn out. Agnew, officially presiding over the jam-packed chamber, chewed absent-mindedly on the nail of his right index finger. The suspense ended quickly, however, with Anderson's vote. Mr. Nixon had been counting on him, and Anderson's "no" killed any likelihood of a tie. By the time Mrs. Smith's "no" vote was recorded, the SST's defeat

was a foregone conclusion. On the floor, Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire, for years the leader of the anti-SST forces, broke into a broad grin and happily accepted congratulatory handshakes from fellow opponents and a few gracious supporters of the scuttled jet.

Clearly, the ideological majority proclaimed by President Nixon after the 1970 elections had proved painfully ephemeral. Only four of the twelve freshmen senators voted for the controversial jet and all of them were Republicans: J. Glenn Beall Jr. of Maryland, William Brock of Tennessee, James Buckley of New York and Robert Taft Jr. of Ohio. Two other Republican freshmen, Lowell P. Weicker Jr. of Connecticut and William V. Roth Jr. of Delaware, joined the opposition that also included three new Southern Democrats who the President believed would support the Administration: Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, David H. Gambrell of Georgia and Lawton Chiles of Florida. Bentsen had stuck to his guns despite special pressure from Treasury Secretary John Connally, the Texas Democrat recently added to Mr. Nixon's Cabinet and the man who did most to help Bentsen win his Senate seat last year. Only five former opponents of the SST were persuaded to switch their stand this time: Democrats Stuart Symington of Missouri and Gale McGee of Wyoming, Republicans Marlow Cook of Kentucky, Hiram Fong of Hawaii and Peter Dominick of Colorado.

In terms of Presidential politics, the SST was largely neutralized on the Democratic side of the aisle. The big jet was opposed by all the party's contenders except Washington's Henry Jackson. Even a vacillating Hubert Humphrey finally

reneged on a promise to powerful labor supporters that he would vote for the plane (following story). Only Indiana's Birch Bayh, also relying heavily on labor support, failed to turn up for the crucial vote; he was caught in a blizzard on the way back from a skiing weekend in Vail, Colo. Bayh flew by private jet and had a police escort through Washington but still arrived 25 minutes too late.

Work Force: With Federal funding gone, the SST had little hope for survival on private financing alone, despite a lingering attempt in that direction by a group headed by one of the plane's major subcontractors, the Fairchild Hiller Corp. Instead, the plane's Democratic foes turned their attention, for what it was worth, to the massive army of workers and technicians who had become dependent on the project. Sen. Edmund Muskie introduced legislation designed to use the rejected SST allocation to put SST workers and others into mass-transit and aviation-safety programs. Bayh introduced a resolution urging the government to consider how the SST work force might be employed in other projects. Legislation previously introduced by Sen. Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts is designed to assist and retrain jobless scientists, engineers and technicians along with other professionals. Federal pilot projects along these lines are already under way, mainly on the West Coast.

Many SST supporters, the President foremost among them, were concerned about the loss of the technology incorporated in the plane as well as the plight of the people. Most of the technological advances—from titanium fabrication to sophisticated navigation systems—have been pursued in other military and commercial projects. Still, Mr. Nixon feared that last week's vote "could be taken as a reversal of America's tradition of staying in the vanguard." And, in a telephone message to SST workers in Seattle and Wichita, he promised: "We may have lost this one but we're going to win the next one." Exactly what the President meant was not certain, but it was obvious that the government would no longer be able to push through mammoth research-and-development programs with as much assurance as it had in the past.

DEMOCRATS:

Old Faithful

"He took himself completely out of consideration after the election. He left the big picture behind him, passed up the talk shows, said nothing but nice things about his colleagues. He kept his lines open, but only for communication, only out of an attempt to keep the party together." All of which, naturally, is a neat and familiar summary of Richard Nixon's holding action in the middle 1960s after he had been washed out of big-time politics, supposedly forever, by two crushing election defeats—except

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 24, 1971

Dear Margaret:

I have delayed answering your questions on the future of the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard until the review I requested was completed.

Now, on the basis of that review and the recommendations made to me, I am pleased to inform you that the McNamara order closing the yard in 1974 will be rescinded and the workload established at a level to be determined by the Secretary of Defense.

The Secretary of Defense will be prepared to answer any other questions you may have.

Warmest regards,



The Honorable Margaret Chase Smith
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Untimely message: Despite the good news, Mrs. Smith voted 'no'



HHH on tour: 'The best politics'

the words were spoken just last week by a top-ranking Democratic aide, and the man he referred to wasn't Mr. Nixon at all but Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey.

As recently as a month ago, not even Humphrey's aides would have dared to suggest that the defeated 1968 Democratic Presidential candidate might duplicate Mr. Nixon's second run for the White House, much less Mr. Nixon's success. But Presidential politics is a game of sudden updrafts, and last week Humphrey was riding a strong new group of thermals. In a key Senate vote apparently aimed straight at his future constituency, HHH voted against his old friends in organized labor to cut off funds for the SST. He used his first major speech in the Senate since his return in January to urge an immediate agreement with the U.S.S.R. limiting anti-ballistic missiles, and he announced, in his role as the now dovish chairman of the Democratic Policy Council, that the panel had unanimously demanded that the Congress cut off funds for American military operations in Indochina after Dec. 31 of this year.

Poll: At the end of the week, lest anyone miss the significance of it all, the Gallup poll disclosed that registered Democrats still think of HHH as one of their three favorite politicians. Humphrey trailed Sen. Edmund Muskie, the acknowledged Democratic front runner, by only 39 per cent to 46 per cent in a preferential vote for the Democratic nomination, and when pitted against Sen. Edward Kennedy he ran behind by only 42 per cent to 47 per cent. In another pairing, Kennedy actually led Muskie, 46 per cent to 43 per cent.

The most telling evidence that Humphrey still has his eye on 1972 came in his closely calculated vote against the SST. Humphrey has had a straight-line pro-labor record since he helped found Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor party in 1944. When AFL-CIO president

George Meany, HHH's strongest national political supporter, decided on an all-out fight to save the SST program, Humphrey not only agreed to go along but quietly buttonholed colleagues in the Senate cloakroom to tell them that "I hope you can see your way clear to vote for the SST."

But Humphrey wasn't that clear about his own position. Anti-SST letters poured into the DFL offices in Minneapolis, and the local press took a strong position against the plane. When six out of eight House colleagues from Minnesota voted nay, HHH stood nearly isolated—all the more so since almost every other Democratic Presidential hopeful in the Senate had come out against the SST. Then economist Walter Heller phoned to plead that the project was "economic insanity." Finally a leading DFL official in Minneapolis called and laid it on the line: "Hubert, if you have any ambitions to be President, you better change your position. You can get George Meany back but you can't get the kids." In the most painful moment of his revived career, Humphrey phoned Meany two days before the vote and told him he had to go the other way.

Star: HHH is candid enough about his hopes, his strategy—and his reservations. "The best politics right now for me is no politics in a Presidential sense," he told NEWSWEEK's John Lindsay last week. "I don't have to run around wildly making speeches and seeking identification. A lot of people may not like me but they know who I am. If my star is in the ascendancy, and it looks promising later this year to take a good, hard second look, then I most certainly will."

The new touch of fatalism in HHH's make-up is a perhaps inevitable result of his defeat in 1968—"I carry a little scar tissue," he says—but at 59 he is 8 pounds lighter than in 1968 and just as fast on his feet. Thirty to 40 speaking offers a day pour into his office in Washington, and he picks those that will either net him a fat fee (which he uses to pay his unusually high staff expenses) or will let him get to the audience that his former hawkishness lost him in 1968—the young. One day last week he shot up to New Jersey to talk to nearly 1,000 students at Jersey City State College on racism, the cities, health, education and, above all, the urgent need for withdrawal in Vietnam. The latter position represents a total turnabout for HHH since 1968—a change that "was honest and over a long period of time and not without its uncomfortable moments," he confesses.

With HHH hopefully safe under the antiwar and ecological umbrellas, his strategists are starting to project a gauzy script leading up to the nomination. Its main assumptions are that Kennedy will stay out and that Muskie will fade; this will leave Humphrey alone in the middle of the road, the loyal conciliator and statesman, gently dissolving George McGovern's base support in the Middle

West and Birch Bayh's in the labor unions. "Will labor turn its back on Humphrey?" asked a top AFL-CIO official the day after the painful SST vote. "Decidedly not. We are not a one-issue organization, and Humphrey has been a good friend of labor."

It's all pipe-dream fantasy, of course, with so many turns left before the 1972 convention. The surprise is that Hubert Humphrey has apparently got so much good stuff left in his humidor.

INTERNAL SECURITY:

The Purloined Letters

It was not the FBI's finest hour. Bad enough, the bureau had to confess that 800 to 1,000 documents had been filched with humiliating ease from its own offices in Media, Pa., three weeks ago. Worse still, fourteen of the purloined papers surfaced last week—and offered a narrow but revealing peek at how closely and down to what trivial detail the FBI keeps watch on the black and student left. Various files pictured G-men poking into bank and phone-company records, collecting paper on a Berkeley coed and an Idaho scoutmaster, persuading a Pennsylvania campus switchboard operator to peach on a suspect professor. And one Big Brotherly memo from the bureau's Philadelphia people urged more investigative pressure still on the New Leftists. This, said the missive, "will enhance the paranoia endemic in these circles and . . . get the point across [that] there is an FBI agent behind every mailbox."

Getting that point across was precisely the objective of the group that stole and



© Herblock, in The Washington Post

'And besides, it makes us look like damn fools'

circulated the files—an outfit that signed itself as the Citizens' Commission to Investigate the FBI—and it succeeded in embarrassing the bureau at a time when government surveillance is a matter of increasing public controversy. The "commission" sent its well-culled sampling first to U.S. Sen. George McGovern of South Dakota and black Rep. Parren Mitchell of Baltimore (both of whom turned their copies over to the FBI), then to The Washington Post, The New York Times and The Los Angeles Times, among others. Attorney General John Mitchell asked the papers not to print the material on the ground that it might endanger the bureau's undercover people. They responded by deleting most of the names and places—and publishing all the unliveliest details:

- Campus disorders involving blacks, J. Edgar Hoover himself wrote in a November 1970 directive, are "a definite threat to the nation's stability and security." He ordered "discreet" preliminary inquiries—"carefully conducted to avoid criticism"—into every student group down to the junior-college level "organized to project the demands of black students."

- Several memos logged the casual chatter—and the personal quarrels—of Philadelphia members of the Black Panther Party and the Black Economic Development Conference, which mounted a 1969 campaign to collect "reparations" for blacks from churches and synagogues. "Both sides can play the 'I Spy' game," boasted the BEDC's Muhammad Kenyatta, showing off copies of the FBI's reports on him, his group and his checking account. "... If Hoover is trying to convince us there's an FBI agent in every mailbox, we'll try to convince them there's a spook behind every door."

- The Idaho scout leader was in the files because he wrote to the Soviet Embassy in Washington about taking his Explorer troop camping in Russia, the Berkeley coed apparently because one informant called her an "inveterate Marxist revolutionist." (Another said she was an "average, liberal-minded student," and she ultimately was spared a listing on the FBI's "Security Index.") The campus switchboard operator, according to yet another memo, gave a G-man records of long-distance calls to and from a philosophy professor who, she said, was thought to be radical and whom the FBI suspected of being in touch with two fugitives.

The bureau was stung; the few documents that made the papers, said one Justice Department official, were hand-picked out of 800 or more "to make the FBI look like a political harassment organization." That no doubt was the intent of the Citizens' Commission. But the cache indeed suggested that the FBI is watching not just those groups that menace the Republic but those that merely discomfit it—peacemongers, student radicals, black militants. The Washington Post, which broke the story,

thought it warranted a Congressional investigation of the investigators. "Discussion and controversy respecting governmental policies and programs," said the Post, "are bound to be inhibited if it is known that Big Brother, under disguise, is listening to them and reporting them."

Never Again?

To hard-line conservatives, it stands as a safeguard against subversion by Communist or other enemy agents; to civil libertarians, it is a potential instrument of police-state repression. The controversial law is Title II of the Internal Security Act of 1950 (the so-called McCarran Act), which allows the government to apprehend and detain anyone suspected of committing or conspiring to commit espionage or sabotage during na-



Dennis Brack—Black Star

Rep. Patsy Mink: Pushing repeal

tional emergencies. Enacted by Congress at the dawn of the McCarthy era, the "emergency detention law" caused a small fury during the riot-filled summers of 1967 and 1968, when rumors spread among radicals that the government was contemplating a mass roundup of black militants and antiwar dissidents. The scare proved unfounded, but it helped spark a move in Congress to repeal Title II—a campaign that now appears to have a strong chance of succeeding.

Particularly disturbing to those pushing repeal is the section of Title II that authorizes the government to set up "detention centers" to intern suspected subversives. Their concern is more than hypothetical: in 1952, the government spent \$775,000 to convert six World War II-vintage installations into detention camps. The Justice Department insists that none of the camps has actually been

(Continued on Page 24)

HOW ONE FAMILY STAMPED OUT THE M----

Once upon a time, there was a gang of badmen who robbed and killed and made millions and millions of dollars from lives of crime. They were not the only badmen of their time, not by a long shot, but they were special because they were exclusive. Membership in their gang was, for the most part, restricted to people whose families had come from Italy. And so, when it came time to give them a name (as it almost always does when any group, good or bad, is so successful that it needs to be fitted into headlines), it was not surprising that they were christened in the language of their homeland. Some called them the M---, some the C--- N---.

There were, of course, a great many other Americans of Italian descent who had nothing at all to do with the badmen. Some of them became upset at the constant harping on the nasty deeds of the M--- or C--- N---. They feared it gave all Italian-Americans a bad name. "Italian muscles built this city," as one of them complained in New York last week. "They carried the bricks. They cut the stone for the roof ornaments. Now people say we are just a bunch of gangsters."

Fairy: Last year a real-estate man named Joseph Colombo, 48, who lives in Brooklyn, N.Y., decided to do something about it. He insisted that there was no such thing as the M--- or C--- N---. It was all just a fairy tale, he said, dreamed up by the police and the press to persecute Italian-Americans. If people would just stop using those words, he argued, the problem would go away and everyone would live happily ever after. Luckily, he was blessed with a lot of friends and a knack for organization, so he set about bringing pressure to expunge the words from the language.

He was remarkably successful. He formed an Italian-American Civil Rights League, and its first major rally drew nearly 100,000 demonstrators to New York City's Columbus Circle. Flag-waving pickets staked out FBI headquarters in Manhattan almost nightly. Attorney General John Mitchell capitulated: he ordered the Justice Department and FBI to stop referring to the M--- or C--- N--- and substitute ethnically neutral words such as "organized crime." The governors of New York, Texas, Connecticut, Alaska and South Dakota followed suit.

As if by magic, the IACRL became swollen with money and membership. Frank Sinatra led a cast of big-name entertainers at a Madison Square Garden benefit last November that netted the league close to \$500,000. Plans were laid

to buy 10½ acres in Brooklyn and build an Italian-American hospital, old-age home and narcotics-treatment center. The league sprouted a headquarters on Madison Avenue, a monthly overhead of \$14,000, and, according to its recruiters, some 45,000 members scattered among 33 U.S. chapters.

And recently, IACRL officials announced what seemed like two new coups. Al Ruddy, producer of "The Godfather," a movie adaptation of the hugely popular novel about a M--- family in New York, agreed to delete all references to the M--- or C--- N--- from the script, to introduce into the story "other heavies who won't be Italian," and to donate the proceeds from the premiere to the league's projected hospital center. In return, the league dropped its protests against the movie, which is currently being filmed in New York.

Ridicule: Producers of the TV series "The FBI" have also decided, the league revealed last week, to drop all talk of the M--- and C--- N--- from future shows. In addition, to combat what it considers ridicule of Italian-American stereotypes, IACRL has protested a number of television commercials: the Alka-Seltzer spot showing a man saying "Mamma mia, datsa somma spicy meatball" (which won the best-commercial-of-the-year award last week from the Hollywood Radio and Television Society), a Ragu Spaghetti Sauce ad in which singer Enzo Stuarti says "Datsa nice," a Swift & Co. commercial featuring a heavily accented delicatessen owner and a Cinzano spot starring a comic Italian count.

The league seemed to have come of age as a fairly muscular pressure group, and this called for a celebration. Accordingly, at an ornate Long Island restaurant one evening last week, some 1,450 guests contributed \$125 apiece to honor Joe Colombo. He was handed a solid gold plaque from the IACRL, and extolled for "restoring dignity, pride and recognition to every Italian." Another plaque, this one from a small weekly paper called the Tri-Boro Post, named him "Man of the Year." Colombo, in turn, paid tribute to the league. "It is under God's eyes," he said defiantly, "and those who try to stop it will feel His sting."

Perjury: Colombo had reason to feel beleaguered; on the very next day he was due to go to jail. Three weeks before he had been convicted of perjury for false statements on his application for a real-estate license. As it turned out, Joe stayed free while his lawyer prepared an appeal. But this was not Colombo's, or the league's, only difficulty with the law.

Indeed, some lawmen are unkind enough to suggest that Joe Colombo's tireless efforts to stop people talking about the M--- may have something to do with the fact that he is widely reputed to be a prominent M--- chieftain himself. Federal authorities identify him as head of one of the five mob "families" in New



George Rubel—Newsday



Bernard Gotfryd—Newsweek

Joe Colombo (left) and son Anthony: Father knows best



Targets: Spicy meatballs and picketing the FBI in Manhattan



UPI

York, a charge that he ridicules as part of the government "vendetta" against Italian-Americans. One New York prosecutor maintains that "he is directing criminal loan-sharking operations in New York City and he runs gambling operations in Brooklyn and Nassau County." But nothing has been proven. He is under two indictments at the moment: one charging grand larceny and conspiracy to commit extortion in connection with a \$750,000 diamond theft, the other for alleged income-tax evasion.

The entire IACRL, as a matter of fact, grew out of some Colombo family troubles with the authorities. Son Joseph Colombo Jr. was indicted last year on charges of taking part in a plot to melt down coins for their silver content. (He was acquitted last month when a witness recanted earlier testimony.) "We came together," explains league vice president Anthony Colombo, another son, "as a sort of ad hoc committee of relatives and neighbors to help when Joey was arrested." More recently, the league's officers have fallen into a series of scrapes. Its president, Natale Marcone, was indicted last week for allegedly shoving a policeman who was trying to arrest an IACRL picket at the offices of The Staten Island Advance, a newspaper that has been running a series of articles on reputed M--- leaders who live on the island.

Caesar Vitale, secretary-treasurer, and Joseph DeCicco, organizer, took the Fifth Amendment last week before a grand jury investigating organized crime.

This sort of record has given rise to the suspicion that there may be powerful forces other than God who stand behind the IACRL. Appreciation for Joe Colombo's good works last week was something less than universal. The producers of "The FBI" hotly denied that the league had anything to do with its dropping the words M--- and C--- N---; the decision had been made months earlier, in line with the FBI's own new policy. Gulf & Western Industries, owners of Paramount, swiftly countermanded the plan to donate proceeds from "The Godfather's" premiere to the league. And New York State Sen. John Marchi, himself a prominent Italian-American, shared the belief of many lawmen that there was nothing but mischief in the effort to disguise reality as a fairy tale. "Apparently," he declared in an angry letter to "Godfather" producer Ruddy, "you are a ready market for the league's preposterous theory that we can exorcise devils by reading them out of the English language. Yes, Mr. Ruddy, there just might be a Mafia, and if you have been reached, I have only the feeling that the Italian-Americans as well as the larger community has been had."

(Continued from Page 22)

used for its original purpose. Three of them have been dismantled, but three others—in Avon Park, Fla., Florence, Ariz., and Allenwood, Pa.—are used as conventional state or Federal prison facilities.

The specter of the camps is most unsettling to Japanese-Americans who remember the government's "relocation" of some 112,000 of their people on the West Coast during World War II. Hence it is no surprise that the leaders of the drive against Title II are three Japanese-American members of the Hawaiian Congressional delegation—Sen. Daniel Inouye, Rep. Spark Matsunaga and Rep. Patsy Mink—all of whom have separate repeal bills currently pending. Of their case, Matsunaga says pointedly: "No sabotage or disloyalty was ever shown to have been committed by a Japanese-American, and yet they were uprooted from their homes, herded onto trucks and trains and shipped to the interior because of their race."

Detention Ground: Some supporters of Title II concede that the relocation was deplorable. And to head off repeal, Missouri Congressman Richard Ichord, the chairman of the House Internal Security Committee, has introduced a bill of his own that would retain Title II, but remove some objectionable aspects by broadening the right to counsel and by prohibiting race, color or foreign ancestry as ground for detention.

Ichord's bill has considerable appeal for hard-liners, but at the moment the odds favor the repealers. In December 1969, the Senate unanimously approved a repeal bill submitted by Inouye, and Matsunaga and Mrs. Mink have now managed to enlist broad bipartisan support for the move in the House. Indeed, among their strongest supporters are some hard-liners in the Administration. "The Department of Justice," declared internal security chief Robert C. Mardian, "is unequivocally in favor of repealing Title II."

SAN FRANCISCO:

Alioto's Woes

On his return from the White House conference for mayors last week, San Francisco's Joseph L. Alioto was greeted at the airport by a hastily mustered band of supporters and a long-feared piece of bad news. During the six hours the mayor was airborne, Attorney General John Mitchell had announced his indictment by a Federal grand jury in Seattle, Wash., on nine counts of bribery, conspiracy and mail fraud. "A funny thing happened to me on the way to San Francisco," joked Alioto after being told about the charges. But for all the mayor's cool good humor, the indictment was clearly the harshest blow yet to his once bright political prospects.

Untainted by scandal, Democrat Alioto, 55, would be a shoo-in for another term. He is something of a political phenomenon in San Francisco. The son of a Sicilian immigrant, Alioto made his fortune as an aggressive attorney, building the nation's largest civil antitrust practice. He carried the same drive over into politics. Little known as a candidate when he entered the 1967 mayoral race, he staged a whirlwind, 56-day campaign and became the third Democratic mayor in San Francisco in nearly 60 years. Once in office, he quickly made an impressive record by keeping the black slums quiet and launching a vigorous building program. He also received credit for a drop in the crime rate.

In 1968, he was one of Hubert Humphrey's favorites. The baldish Alioto was chosen to nominate Humphrey at the convention, and there was even talk of a Vice Presidential spot for the mayor. That never happened, but Alioto did set his sights on a 1970 race against Ronald Reagan. Then the publication of two accusations dashed Joe Alioto's hopes. In the fall of 1969, *Look* magazine charged that Alioto was connected with half a dozen West Coast mobsters. And a few

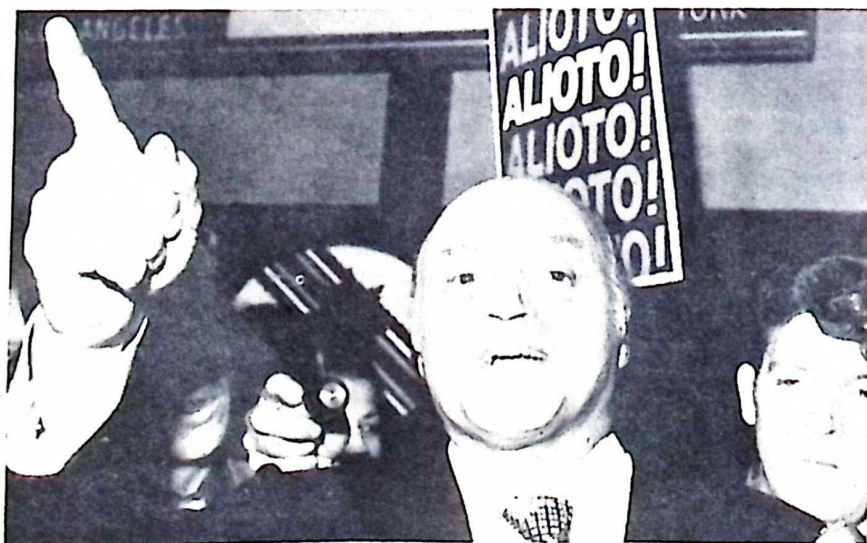
months later, The Seattle Times began carrying stories of a fee-splitting arrangement between Alioto and Washington State officials in connection with a big utilities case.

Alioto denounced the *Look* story, and dropped out of the competition against Reagan in order, he said, to pursue a \$12.5 million libel suit against the magazine. The first trial on the libel charges ended in a hung jury, and a retrial is scheduled to begin in December.

Fixing: The Federal indictments handed up last week are an outgrowth of the newspaper's charges. That dates to 1962 when Alioto, then an antitrust specialist, was retained by the then attorney general of Washington State, John J. O'Connell, to represent fifteen public-utility districts seeking to collect damages from 22 electrical-equipment manufacturers accused of price-fixing. Alioto was to receive 15 per cent of all the money recovered—with a ceiling of \$1 million on his fee. According to the government charges, Alioto secretly agreed to pay back 15 per cent of his fee to O'Connell and to O'Connell's assistant, George K. Faler, both of whom were participating in the case. The thrust of the Federal case is the charge that Alioto and the two state officials secretly agreed to lift the \$1 million ceiling on his fee once the electrical firms began making large settlements so that they could share the added proceeds on a 50-50 basis. In the end, according to the indictment, Alioto received \$2.3 million, of which he turned over about \$800,000 to O'Connell and Faler. A third official, John G. McCutcheon, then district attorney of Pierce County, Wash., was also indicted—for allegedly accepting \$39,000 from O'Connell and Faler after he learned of their arrangement with Alioto.

The mayor has steadfastly denied any wrongdoing in the Seattle case. The fees to O'Connell and Faler, he has maintained, were a perfectly proper payment for services rendered in the complicated case—although it is by no means clear what functions they performed beyond their official duties. Beyond that, Alioto charges that the whole business is politically motivated—a punitive strike by the GOP-run Justice Department against a popular Democratic mayor up for reelection. "It's a 14-karat fake," complained Alioto after his return home last week. "Apparently someone decided they can't win a clean fight in San Francisco, so they'll win a dirty fight in Seattle."

Most of Alioto's business and labor supporters stood solidly behind him, but there was considerable uncertainty about the public's reaction. "It could go either way," said one political strategist. "It could build up a sympathy vote that would make him virtually unbeatable, or it might go so badly that anybody could beat him." There is one hopeful sign for the mayor: no opponent in either party has stepped forward to challenge him—at least not yet.



Alioto: "A funny thing happened to me on the way to San Francisco"

Assessing The Laos Invasion

The only military plan that goes according to schedule is a parade.

—A U.S. general in Saigon

When the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) swaggered into Laos early, in February, there were predictions from the allied camp that decisive days lay ahead. Richard Nixon himself declared that Hanoi's troops would "have to fight here or give up the struggle to conquer South Vietnam," and presumably the President had a firm opinion on what the outcome of such a showdown would be. But the North Vietnamese did make a stand, and although they suffered heavy casualties, they eventually pursued the battered and bedraggled ARVN invaders back across the border. Whatever the South Vietnamese may have achieved during their 45 days in the Laotian cauldron, the manner of their going suggested that Lam Son 719 had been a costly miscalculation.

Clearly, the invasion had ended much earlier—and with less to show for the effort—than allied planners had originally hoped. Poor intelligence information had misled the attackers on the difficulty of the terrain and the extent of the enemy's strength. And the course of battle had demonstrated that the ARVN was still heavily dependent on U.S. air power. At the same time, there were unmistakable signs that the operation had created deep strains between the allied commands. "Vietnamization," a resident of Saigon remarked bitterly last week, "means only that the color of the bodies is now different."

Best Face: Under these circumstances, the Communists were quick to claim an exaggerated triumph. At a banquet in Peking honoring North Vietnamese Communist Party Secretary Le Duan, China's Premier Chou En-lai spoke of "brilliant victories" that had "wiped out [ARVN troops] by whole regiments and brigades." The Nixon Administration, for its part, was trying to put the best possible face on the aborted invasion. In an "interim" assessment delivered during a television interview, the President declared that Lam Son 719 had "assured" the next round of U.S. troop withdrawals from South Vietnam.

Beyond that, there was a case to be made—and the Administration was busily making it—that it was much too early



David Terry

ARVN troops retreat from Laos: An early end to a flawed venture

to pass any final judgment on the Laotian operation. The evidence that was already available, however, suggested that neither side had won a clear-cut victory. For their part, the North Vietnamese had been ravaged by the fighting. The ARVN had choked off for a time a large part of the supplies flowing down the Ho Chi Minh Trail to Cambodia and South Vietnam. They had uncovered some supply caches and had forced the North Vietnamese to use up huge quantities of ammunition and equipment on the battlefield. According to some estimates, the job of replacing these material losses could occupy Hanoi for as long as a year. And North Vietnam's human loss was even stiffer (chart, page 27).

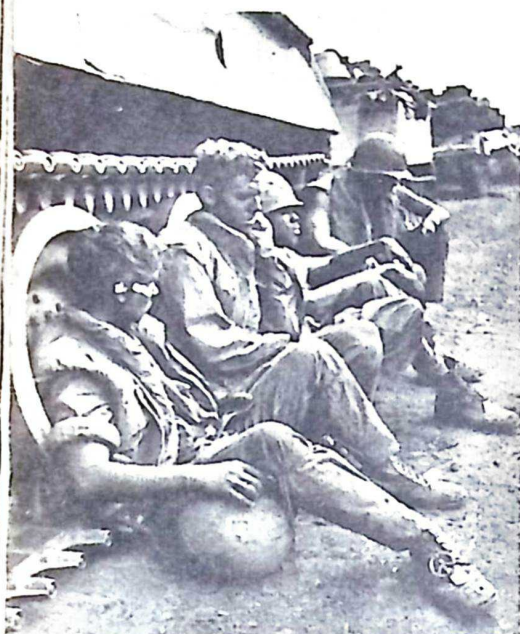
Lost: U.S. and South Vietnamese losses, however, were almost equally painful. Nearly 100 U.S. helicopters were reported lost, and that figure did not include the dozens of choppers that were recovered after crashing. Worse yet, the ARVN listed more than 5,600 of its elite troops as killed, wounded or missing. By itself, this casualty rate of more than 25 per cent was appalling enough, but unofficial estimates in Saigon placed the actual losses still higher—at 40 to 50 per cent of total ARVN strength.

Whatever the number, the ARVN was visibly demoralized by its staggering casualties (page 26), and the South Vietnamese were clearly unable to achieve anything like complete success in Laos. The original plan was never very specific, but in general it called for the ARVN to drive to the crossroads near Tchepone and then turn southeast to mop up the vast supply dumps in the enemy's Base Area 611, eventually re-entering South Vietnam through the A Shau Valley. The expectation in Washington and Saigon was that the ARVN would remain in Laos until the start of the rainy sea-

son, which usually begins in early May. Only two weeks ago, in fact, Secretary of State William Rogers insisted that Lam Son 719 "is going to last until the rainy season starts."

Instead, the North Vietnamese mounted what Defense Secretary Melvin Laird described as a "tremendously vicious and violent" counterattack, and soon the ARVN was rushing pell-mell for home, at least four weeks ahead of schedule. By the end of last week, according to a knowledgeable source in Saigon, all branches of the Ho Chi Minh Trail were back in operation, just as though Lam Son 719 had never taken place. Because of their sudden departure, moreover, the ARVN troops captured fewer enemy supplies than they had hoped for. But even if they had stayed longer, the South Vietnamese haul still might have been disappointing, for the Communists had been warned of the ARVN attack months in advance and had moved many of the supplies out of harm's way.

Tanks: In fact, the intelligence reports furnished to the ARVN turned out to be dangerously inaccurate. For one thing, they understated the difficulty of the terrain; the "ditches" that showed up in aerial photographs of Route 9, the key east-west road, turned out to be 30 feet deep in some cases. The intelligence surveys also contained no hint that the North Vietnamese had dozens of tanks waiting for the ARVN. "If anyone had told me that the enemy could field enough tanks to have a bearing on the battle, I would have laughed at him," confessed one Washington official. Apparently it was also assumed that the enemy was unwilling to risk an all-out battle in Laos, and that, even if the Communists chose to fight, they could not move fast enough. "As it turned out," said a U.S. planner, "the enemy's effi-



David Terry

'Ambush Alley': GI's take a break

ciency—plus his anti-aircraft fire—came close to neutralizing the advantage of American helicopters."

The operation labored under another, more fundamental, handicap: a basic disagreement between the U.S. and South Vietnam over the proper conduct of the invasion. In general, the Americans favored something close to a go-for-broke strategy, and when the going got tough, Gen. Creighton Abrams, the U.S. commander, reportedly urged the ARVN command to send in reinforcements and hang on. The South Vietnamese, however, operate on the assumption that in this war firepower is less important than staying power, and from the beginning they advocated a decidedly less ambitious program of mobile strikes and command raids.

In the end, the basic American plan won out, but many South Vietnamese commanders continued to express grave reservations. When ARVN losses began to mount, South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu decided that his men would merely touch base at Tchepone and then head straight for home. But Thieu's signal was little more than an empty formality, for by then many of his commanders had ordered a retreat on their own. As their disorganized forces stumbled back across the border, the burden of the fighting suddenly descended on the American GI's defending the forward bases in South Vietnam. With the enemy in hot pursuit, fierce skirmishes raged up and down "Ambush Alley," the perilous stretch of road between the border and the big base at Khe Sanh, which—itsself under enemy fire—was in the process of being dismantled.

But despite the courageously defended welcome mat set out by the Americans, many South Vietnamese soldiers and civilians felt bitter toward their

(Continued on Page 27)

SMALL TALK WITH SOME SURVIVORS

The dusty provincial capital of Quang Tri in northernmost South Vietnam was aswarm last week with weary ARVN troops just back from Laos. They wandered aimlessly through the streets, munching dried fruits and candy, telling tales of their scarifying experiences. On hand to listen to them talk was NEWSWEEK correspondent Blake Smith who filed this report:

In one back-street café, three lonely airborne soldiers hunched around a low table, staring at the hot brown drops of coffee that fell from the filters set atop their glasses. At the next table, two pretty Vietnamese girls twirled long spoons in their iced coffee. Finally, one of the paratroopers could resist no longer and turned, his face red with embarrassment, to join the girls. They granted him a three-minute audience and tittered at his stammering small talk. Then they paid their bill and, obviously pleased with their easy conquest, stalked imperiously out of the café.

When the girls had left, I joined the three soldiers. At first, they joked about the Laotian operation, boasting what fun it had been to kill so many North Vietnamese. But soon they confessed that the invasion had not lived up to their expectations. "When we were fighting in Cambodia," said a corporal, "we found large depots full of weapons and rice, but in Laos we found only a few small caches. Our unit captured a North Vietnamese soldier, and he said that they had known about our operation three months ago, and had been digging bunkers and dispersing their supplies to prepare for it." The private who had made the pass at the girls also admitted that the U.S. Air Force had done vastly more of the actual killing than he and his friends had. One afternoon, he recalled, his squad had walked into a quiet clearing, and suddenly they saw hundreds of enemy soldiers lying in the grass. "I thought they were going to raise their rifles and shoot at us," he said, "but then I realized that they were all corpses from a B-52 bomber strike."

Pride: Most of the soldiers I talked to would not concede that they had been routed in Laos; understandably, they preferred to think of themselves as heroes for having fought some of the hottest battles of the war. But their proud talk had a defensive note to it. Riding from Da Nang to Hué in a small bus, I sat next to a 19-year-old private from the ARVN First Division, and soon a woman in the seat ahead of us turned to ask him whether he had fought in Laos. He replied that he had, and that he and his comrades had killed ten North Vietnamese for each casualty of their own. Then I asked him when he had left the battlefield. He told me that he had been

evacuated from Fire Base Lolo a few days before, after temporarily going deaf in one ear and losing sight in one eye. That raised a few eyebrows in the bus, so the young soldier tipped his hat forward over his eyes and made a good show of dropping off to sleep.

In another Quang Tri café, I met a young man who was made of sterner stuff. Lt. Le Huy comes from a prosperous North Vietnamese family now living in Saigon, and he speaks in rapid and haughty English that he learned during a year's training at Fort Knox, Ky. He was reluctant to say so, but less than a third of his squadron's armored vehicles returned safely from Laos. "At Fort Knox, they taught us to keep our tanks at least 100 meters apart, and that we should respond to enemy attacks by maneuvering," he said. "But in Laos, the terrain was rough and the road was narrow. We could not stay more than 30 meters apart, and if the lead tank was hit, the others could not sweep around it. We were stalled and pinned down. Laos is not tank country."

Kissing: When I asked Huy whether he would be willing to return to Laos if his squadron was ordered back in, he muttered something perfunctory about his duty as a soldier. Then he hurriedly excused himself. I asked him where he was heading, and as he sauntered toward the door he explained that he was going to visit his girl friend. Did he intend to tell her about his battles in Laos? "Oh, we will not talk very much," the lieutenant jauntily replied. "Perhaps we will do some kissing." A few minutes later, I turned a corner in the street and spotted Lieutenant Huy standing alone in a candy store, staring absently into space.



UPI

Tired ARVN soldier: Defensive note

ALLIED LOSSES

UNITED STATES

Dead: 102
Wounded: 215
Missing: 53

SOUTH VIETNAM

	Official figure	Unofficial report
Dead:	1,146	3,800
Wounded:	4,236	5,200
Missing:	246	775

HELICOPTERS

Destroyed: 92
Cost about \$30 million
Damages to others about \$10 million

PLANES

Destroyed: 5
Cost about \$8 million

ENEMY LOSSES

TROOPS

Dead: About 13,000
(Saigon government figure)
Captured: About 50
(Saigon government figure)

WEAPONS

Captured or Destroyed:
1,968 crew-served
4,546 individual

VEHICLES

Captured or Destroyed:
100 tanks 291 trucks

SUPPLIES

Captured or Destroyed:
128,000 tons of ammunition
1.3 million drums of gasoline
7,600 yards of pipeline
Food, medicine and clothing

The cost of the Laotian campaign: Painful losses for both sides

(Continued from Page 26)

allies. President Nixon's repeated assertion that the Laotian operation was designed to protect American lives provoked a backlash among the South Vietnamese, many of whom believed that Washington was prepared to fight to the last ARVN soldier.

Reserves: Apart from such fresh signs of anti-Americanism, Thieu had both military and political reasons for wanting out of Laos. The units that carried out the invasion represented virtually all of the ARVN's mobile reserves, and one senior paratroop officer estimated that it would take a year to get them back into fighting trim after their heavy losses in Laos. In the meantime, less than a battalion of regular reserves remained in the Saigon area. "Quite frankly, it scares me," confessed one U.S. official. "I wonder whether the other side realizes just how bare the cupboard is." Moreover, Thieu's principal rival, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, was muttering that "my troops" needed a rest, and in private he flatly pronounced the invasion a mistake.

The Laotian invasion also presented Richard Nixon with some hard political decisions. Whether or not the campaign is ultimately considered a success, the President has little choice but to act as though it were a triumph. Last weekend, Mr. Nixon flew off to his vacation home in San Clemente, Cal., and there he will conduct a thorough review of his Vietnam policy before announcing the next troop cut on April 15. But although the confidential reports from his deputies in Saigon were said to be considerably more pessimistic than the Administration's public assessments, Mr. Nixon was almost certain to announce extensive new withdrawals. In all likelihood, reported NEWSWEEK's Pentagon correspondent Lloyd Norman, the rate of withdrawals will be stepped up from the

present 12,500 men a month to more than 16,000 men. According to current projections, the U.S. force in South Vietnam will be pared to fewer than 40,000 men by next year's Presidential election. Still, the unfavorable aspects of the Laotian operation may yet compel Mr. Nixon to change his tactics somewhat, perhaps by arranging for a larger portion of the residual U.S. force in South Vietnam to consist of air power.

Account: Even faster withdrawals, however, may not be an effective answer to the political implications of Lam Son 719. In the past, the withdrawal program has steadily replenished Mr. Nixon's political credit, even when he invaded Cambodia or resumed sporadic bombing of North Vietnam. But if the Laotian gamble cannot be portrayed convincingly as a success, the President may find his political account overdrawn. "The other operations were tolerable to the American people as long as they worked," said a senior Administration official. "But Laos didn't work, in the sense that events got out of control."

The Administration believes that if the North Vietnamese are unable to stage an offensive next summer, the Laotian invasion will then be counted a success. But in a sense, it seemed irrelevant to speak of delaying the enemy "timetable" for six months or even a year. The Vietnamese Communists have fought for two and a half decades, and they show every sign of fighting for decades more, if need be. So far, there is no evidence that Lam Son 719 has changed that prospect in the slightest. And if by this time next year, it appears that Richard Nixon has committed even as few as 40,000 American troops to an open-ended war, then the President's recent prediction that Indochina would not be a factor in the 1972 election may have a hollow ring indeed.

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NEWSMAKERS

The dark-haired girl first popped into the news in an anonymous photograph, kneeling in horror over the body of Jeffrey Miller after National Guard bullets had cut him down at Kent State last May. She was soon identified as **Mary Ann Vecchio**, a runaway from Florida, only 14 but mature-looking and 6 feet tall. Back she went to a tearful reunion with her family in Opa-Locka, north of Miami, but Mary has had problems ever since. She was swamped with abusive letters, one calling her a "hippie Communist bitch" and another saying: "You dirty tramp. It's too bad it wasn't you that was shot." Parents warned their children to stay away from her. "No matter where Mary went, in a restaurant or anywhere, she was harassed," says her father. "She was told she was not welcome." Finally, after running away again and being picked up in a girl friend's apartment, she has been committed to a juvenile home for six months.

"Sir Larry" is what he prefers to be called. Officially, however, the billing for England's No. 1 actor has escalated over the years from **Laurence Olivier** to Sir Laurence Olivier and now to Lord Olivier. It was in the latter role that the 63-year-old trouper starred in an elegant matinee in real life last week as he became the first actor to take a seat in the House of Lords. Among those on hand to admire the polished performance were quite a few members of His Lordship's family, from his grandchildren to Lady Olivier, otherwise known as actress Joan Plowright, 41. Also present: former wife Jill Esmond, 62.



Olivier: Enter His Lordship

Frank's a giant, a fantastic human. I don't want to sound phony, but I consider it a privilege to live in the same era Frank's in. I do.

—Peter Lawford in 1961.

The era seems to be ending at last. "I wish to announce, effective immediately, my retirement from the entertainment world and public life," wrote **Frank Sinatra** in a letter printed by syndicated columnist Suzy (Aileen Mehle), his favorite reporter and occasional date. He explained that he wants time for "reflection, reading, self-examination and that need which every thinking man has for a fallow period, a long pause in which to seek a better understanding of the vast transforming changes now taking place everywhere in the world." He intends to do some writing and he may even teach—though he didn't say what or where. He offered a reasonably accurate review of his career: "It has been a fruitful, busy, up tight, loose, sometimes boisterous, occasionally sad but always exciting three decades." It could be argued that Frankie decided to quit before he got too far behind. His last two record albums sold only 63,500 copies and 35,000 copies, compared with a previous average of 150,000. His movies aren't packing 'em in, either. But Suzy says he has been planning to retire at 55 for five years. As she phrased it: "He just put his coat over his shoulder, the way he used to do on his television shows, and he's walking away from it all."

For the first time in nearly a century, the District of Columbia has its own representative in Congress. He is the Rev. **Walter E. Fauntroy**, 38, a black Baptist preacher who easily outpolled five other candidates in last week's election to the newly revived office of Congressional delegate. Fauntroy will function as a full-fledged member of the House of Representatives in every respect except one—he will be allowed to vote only in committees, not on the floor of the House. His victory speech reiterated a campaign pledge to help Washington's residents attain their long-sought goal of home rule. "We of the nation's Capital want to have the yoke of colonialism lifted from our shoulders," he said. "We will not be satisfied until we are free to elect others—two representatives and two senators."

As if to prove that his golf is not his only joke, **Spiro Agnew** came on as a stand-up comedian at a \$1,000-a-plate Republican fund-raiser in Washington, with **Richard Nixon** among the listeners. "Mr. President, I'm not worried about that," said Agnew on the possibility of his being scrubbed from next year's ticket. "You owe me something. After all, I recommended Haynsworth, Carswell and Wally Hickel." The Vice President on another subject: "Henry Kissinger's not trying to usurp the powers of Bill Rogers



Ken Regan—Camera 5

Exit Sinatra and an era

or anyone else. He made that perfectly clear in his State of the World address. On the press: "As avid readers of Time, NEWSWEEK, The New York Times and The Washington Post, you must be curious about what's going on in the world." On Republican National Committee chairman **Robert Dole's** sharp tongue: "Who does he think he is? Me?"

"And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country." At some point in his Presidency, **John F. Kennedy** scrawled the famous passage from his Inaugural Address on a sheet of White House stationery and signed it, apparently as a souvenir for a friend. And the friend apparently prizes cash more than sentiment these days, because he consigned the manuscript to New York autograph dealer Charles Hamilton who included it in an auction last week. The winning bidder was Maury A. Bromsen, a Bostonian. He paid \$11,000—\$440 a word, including JFK's signature.

Demure she isn't, but tough-talking Rep. **Bella Abzug**, 50, appears to be sensitive about some things. The freshman Democrat from Manhattan was furious over the roasting she got at New York's Inner Circle dinner, at which political reporters traditionally spoof the people they write about. "Mother Nature gave me a big behind," sang a male newsman who impersonated the ample congresswoman. She supports women's liberation, so he went on: "We'll burn a bra and girdle, but dammit there's one hurdle—when we take them off, we all look like hell." Bella had to be restrained from walking out. "Everybody knows I have a sense of humor, but this wasn't political satire," she commented. "It was grotesque; it lampooned women." Is she getting an apology? "Getting a what?" snorted an Inner Circler. "Are you kidding? It's an honor to be mentioned."

Joyful Classrooms

After his first day at London's New End primary school, the young American boy clearly didn't know what to make of it and, at dinner that night, he suddenly burst into tears before his parents' puzzled eyes. "What's the matter, Billy?" his father asked. "They were misbehaving all day," the boy blurted, "and the teachers didn't even get mad at them!"

That Billy was bewildered by the chaotic sights and sounds of New End was understandable. Only weeks before, he had been attending a public school in Philadelphia where he was required to sit quietly at his desk, to speak only with the teacher's permission and to work diligently on the same lessons that were assigned to all of his classmates. So when he arrived at New End, Billy was stunned to find 350 chattering children, from 5 to 12 years old, who sprawled uninhibitedly on the floors, puttered gaily in sandboxes and meandered freely in and out of rooms and corridors with their smiling teachers scurrying right along beside them. "What most American transfer students simply can't understand at first," says New End headmaster Dennis McCarthy, "is that their British teachers want them to be happy. Because if they're happy, they will learn more."

It is this improbably romantic attitude that lies at the heart of a remarkable educational philosophy that has, within the scant space of 30 years, revolutionized early education throughout Great Britain. Referred to with beguiling modesty as "free day" or "informal education," Britain's laissez-faire approach to elementary education is based not on a definitive body of educational theory, but rather on a passionate conviction that childhood itself is worthy of the highest adult respect, that the quality of life in school far outweighs strictly educational considerations and that how children learn is immeasurably more important than what their teachers teach. In effect, the British have convincingly set out to demonstrate the proposition advanced by the noted U.S. educational critic and author ("Crisis in the Classroom") Charles Silberman: "Schools can be humane and still educate well."

Playgrounds: So enthusiastically has this notion been embraced by the British that today 70 per cent of the nation's public infant schools (for children from 5 to 7 years old) and nearly half of its junior schools (enrolling children up to age 12) have adopted the innovative approach. From London's most fashionable suburbs to the dreariest mining towns in Yorkshire, in buildings begrimed with age or glistening with new masonry and glazing, drab classrooms have been transformed into veritable playgrounds, rich in materials and equipment.

The informal approach to learning, however, is neither simple nor easy to

implement. For example, at the Prior Weston infant and junior school—a collection of modern, one-story buildings surrounded by one of London's high-rise apartment developments—195 students are endlessly grouped and regrouped throughout each day, according to their individual needs in various subjects. For that matter, the once clear and convenient demarcations between subject areas have been all but erased and, since learning activities are planned daily by students and teachers, the harried seven-member staff must function as a closely knit team to create the right situations and environments for each child. "It's a bit like spinning 195 plates on poles all day long," confesses the 37-year-old headmaster, Henry Pluckrose.

'Mums': Thus, when some youngsters recently returned to Prior Weston from an outing to Smithfield Market bearing several dead fish, two pigs' feet and a



Frank Herrmann

Prior Weston: Natural enthusiasm

handful of pigs' eyes to use as models for sketching, their classmates scarcely even noticed them. Whether chatting in a small group on the orange-carpeted floor with the casually dressed Pluckrose ("Henry, what are we doing tomorrow?" chirped one 7-year-old), learning how to cook from a visiting "mum" (mothers are encouraged to stop by to "help out"), each child was absorbed in an activity of enormous personal interest. And although Pluckrose, like many another headmaster, cautions that "no child should leave us at age 11 unable to read and write," he also insists that "it's our duty to make sure that the children's natural enthusiasm for learning doesn't atrophy and die."

Critics of informal schooling—and there are many in Britain—argue that progres-

sive educators have succeeded only in turning their schools into anarchistic "fun factories." But University of Sussex Prof. Sybil Marshall, a pioneer of the new approach, contends that "good teachers never let go of the reins—they just don't use the whip any more." What it all boils down to, one headmaster explained to NEWSWEEK's Marvin Kupfer recently, is that "the teacher's job is to put reasonable choices before the children."

Despite the oft-expressed amazement of British parents at how much their children actually enjoy school, both critics and supporters of informal schooling are perplexed by the problem of measuring how much children actually learn from the "reasonable choices" put before them. Advocates of informal education point to the teacher's daily log that records each pupil's progress as well as the consistently improving test scores primary children have achieved on nationwide reading examinations administered every five years by the government. Yet most progressive educators are notably unenthusiastic about any measurement.

The trend to informal schooling first began to take root in Britain during World War II—when teachers and students, evacuated from urban areas, found themselves working and living together under makeshift circumstances 24 hours a day. But it only received high official sanction in 1967. It was then that a parliamentary commission drew national attention to the new approach and, in the landmark Plowden report on primary schools, strongly urged widespread adoption of innovative techniques.

By now, informal schooling not only dominates British early education but is attracting growing attention in the U.S. Educators in dozens of American elementary schools—ranging from the cosmopolitan suburbs of New York City to the prairie towns of North Dakota—are making a concerted attempt to institute modifications of the British approach. "We're working on various alternatives, not just the English model," says Great Neck, N.Y., principal Edward Stone. "But it's the British spirit of freedom and the philosophy that every child must be able to work at his own pace that we have adopted entirely."

Meanwhile, in Britain, backers of informal schooling have already begun to turn their attention toward the nation's tradition-bound secondary schools. "What are my children going to do when they have to listen to lectures and keep their feelings to themselves?" asks Barbara Boyden, a worried London parent. Her concern may be exaggerated, however. Already some secondary schools have become less rigid, and headmaster Pluckrose is convinced that the self-confidence and striking independence his youngsters develop will stand them in good stead no matter what the nature of their secondary schools. "In fact," he argues, "it would be suicide to send a child to a conventional secondary school without the informal experience."



Jeff Lowenthal

The Boss (center) steps off with the troops on State Street in the annual Saint Patrick's Day parade: In the midst

Chicago's Daley: How to Run a City

The experts are all saying that our big cities have become ungovernable. What the hell do the experts know?

—Richard Joseph Daley

Head high, shoulders braced and wattles aquiver, the mayor of Chicago strode down the hallway toward the city council chambers, four plain-clothes men and two young aides half-trotting in his wake. "Good mornin', Mister Mare," called a broguish voice from the jostling mob of politicians, City Hall employees, policemen and photographers that thronged the corridor. "How are ya," Mayor Richard J. Daley grunted, but the ice-blue eyes remained fixed straight ahead as he marched toward the door of the chamber. "Clear a path, clear a path," shouted several policemen in unison, ignoring the fact that the crowd had already parted. A black alderman, his hands filled with petitions, edged into the open pathway as a dozen of his constituents watched nervously. "Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor," he shouted as Daley approached. "Here are some people who..." Daley didn't break stride. "How are ya," he mumbled over his shoulder as he and his entourage banged through the doorway.

precisely 10 a.m. the mayor took
in the council president's chair,

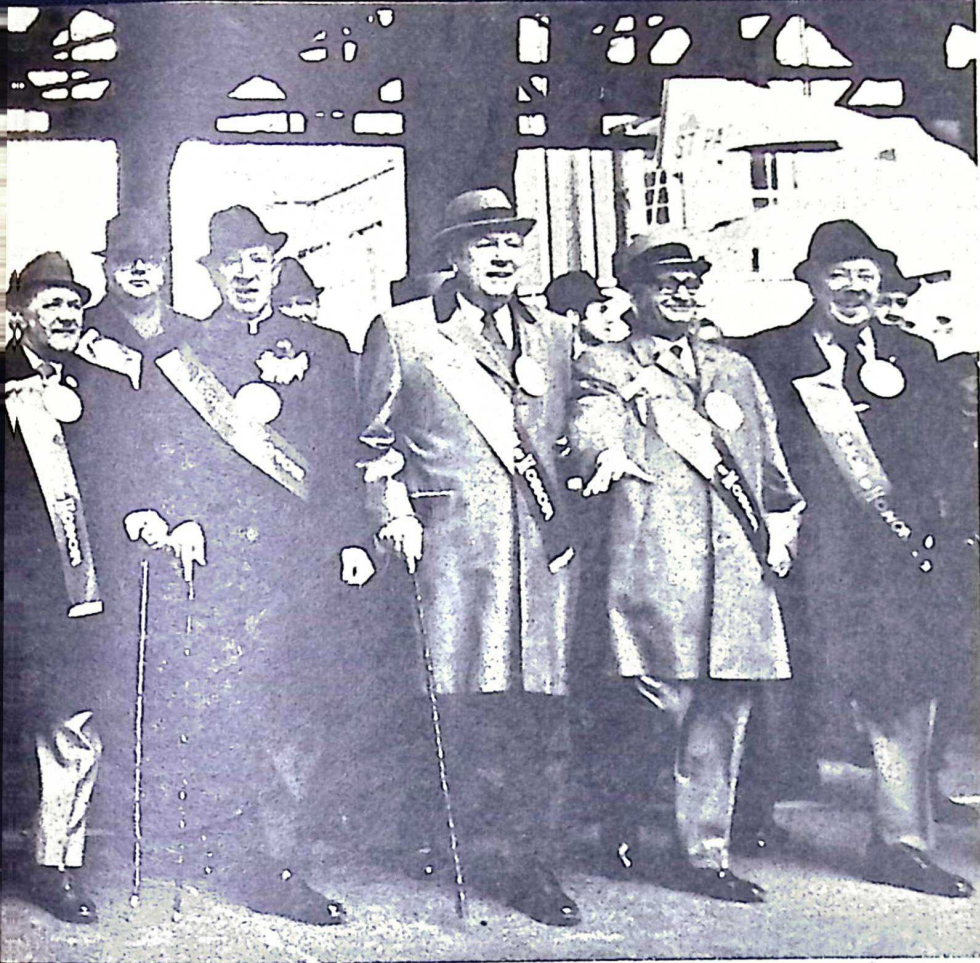
slightly below the great seal of the city of Chicago and well above the heads of the 50 aldermen who compose the body. By Daley's standards, the session was a fairly sedate one. A third of the time was devoted to passing memorial resolutions ("Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to call our dear colleague to his eternal reward..."). And for once there were no flowery accolades to the man who has gazed down impassively on these conclaves for sixteen years (until he died recently, one alderman often interrupted the city-council sessions by crying out exuberantly, "God bless our mayor, the greatest mayor in the world!").

Aloof: The only potentially sticky piece of business—a controversial plan to put up public housing in white ethnic neighborhoods—was quickly shunted to a committee. And when one of the council's tiny band of twelve Republican and Independent aldermen tried to protest, the mayor's paunchy floor leader silenced him by shouting, "Sit down or I'll knock ya down." Later, a second dissident sought to press a point and received an equally explicit warning from Thomas Buchanan, one of Daley's most ardent loyalists. "My Irish heritage tells me there's something I can do about you," bellowed Buchanan, shaking a clenched

fist. "And I just may be tempted to do it before this day is out." At precisely 1:15, Daley banged his gavel and charged from the room before anyone but his bodyguards had realized that the council was adjourned.

The entire performance was quintessential Daley, and what lent it an extra dimension of improbability, at least to the casual visitor, was the fact that the star performer himself remained completely aloof from the tentative squabbles of the councilmen—a haughty, imperious figure who came, presided and departed, apparently not caring a whit whether the audience or the cast approved of the show or not.

Chicago's Mayor Daley is a curious, almost fathomless figure. He directs the affairs of the nation's second-largest city like a Caesar. To the vast majority of the country's liberal Democrats, and particularly to the young and the militant, he looms as a figure of near-Satanic evil—this last chiefly the result of his role in the riotous days of the 1968 Democratic National Convention. His goodwill and good offices are usually vital to the aspirations of any Democratic Presidential hopeful, a situation the late Robert F. Kennedy acknowledged laconically enough with the observation: "Daley's the ball game." And even after the Dem-



Jeff Lowenthal

Wondrous urban exception, shades of Satan, Caesar and Genghis Khan

ocratic convention, the mayor is a good man to have on one's side in the election, though he ignores the standing accusation that his organization regularly steals vast blocs of votes and withholds reporting them until Daley determines if they are needed to swing the election his way. And next week, when the voters of Chicago go to the polls to decide whether Richard Daley should receive an unprecedented fifth four-year term as mayor, the odds are that nothing short of a Martian invasion could keep them from saying yes.

Judo: What makes this prospect all the more remarkable is that the opposition has fielded its most appealing mayoral challenger in years—an articulate, swinging young lawyer who is adept at such with-it diversions as motorcycling, mountaineering and judo. But although challenger Richard Friedman has waged a vigorous if underfinanced battle, most polls show him trailing far behind the incumbent—and for once most of the analysts agree on the reason. Mayor Daley may strike many as outrageously dictatorial, congenitally devious and linguistically inept (his most cherished malapropism: "Together we must rise to ever higher and higher platitudes"). But in an age when *Homo urbanis* is surrounded by proliferating dissolution and decay, the tough, pragmatic Daley continues to operate one of the last efficient big-city governments left on the planet. This is not to suggest, reports NEWSWEEK Chicago correspondent Frank Maier, that

Daley's Chicago enraptures every resident or inspires every visitor to leave his heart behind. But it is a demonstrable fact that Chicago is that most wondrous of exceptions—a major American city that actually works.

While breakdowns in essential services have become an almost daily event elsewhere, Chicagoans enjoy a virtually uninterrupted supply of urban amenities. They commute to work on the nation's most ingeniously integrated transportation system—expressways fanning out from the central core with rapid-transit trains running down their median strips (or as Daley calls them, "medium strips"). Chicago's streets are probably the cleanest and best-illuminated on the metropolitan scene; its police and fire departments are ranked by professionals as among the most effective in the world. Indeed, while the number of major crimes in the U.S. jumped 11 per cent last year, Chicago actually witnessed a slight dip (.4 per cent) in its crime rate. Daley sees to it that his cops are rewarded with top pay and, as a result of this, Police Superintendent James Conlisk finds himself with ten applicants for every job opening.

Under Daley, liberal zoning laws and flexible tax policies have kept giant industrial firms happily within the city limits. The corporate exodus that is plaguing New York is unknown in Chicago. In the last five years, private investors have poured more than \$5 billion into the downtown area, where the world's tall-

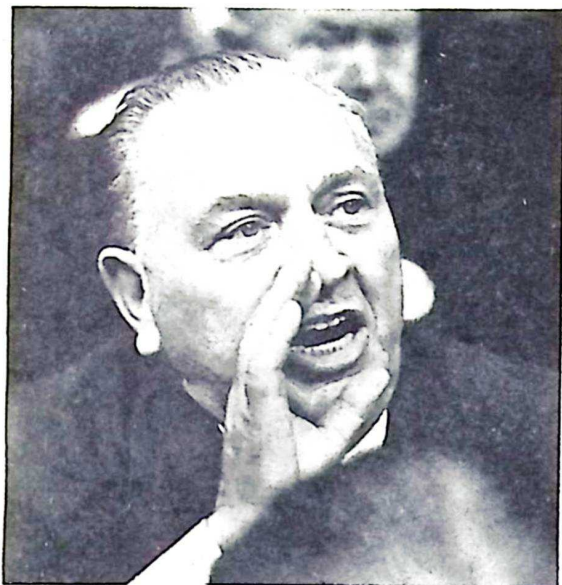
est building—the 110-story headquarters of Sears, Roebuck & Co.—will soon begin rising not far from the 100-story John Hancock Center. The Daley administration has thrown up a record 45,000 low-income housing units in the Near North, West and South Side ghettos (a policy that critics assail roundly as being designed deliberately to perpetuate the ghettos). Daley has also virtually transformed one of the city's most decayed neighborhoods by investing it with a major branch of the University of Illinois. Perhaps the most miraculous aspect of all this growth is that it rests on a rock-solid fiscal foundation. Chicago hasn't had a budget deficit in sixteen years; it issues municipal bonds with the highest rating awarded by Standard & Poor's and boasts one of the few expanding tax bases among U.S. metropolises.

Hurts: But there is another side of the Chicago story, and a less cheering one. Unhappily, Dick Daley's finesse in dealing with the housekeeping side of his job has not been matched in less visible areas. Inveterate Daley watchers such as Studs Terkel, the award-winning chronicler of the Depression and host of a local radio show, speaks for most of Daley's disparagers when he contends: "He's marvelous when it comes to building things like highways, parking lots and industrial complexes. But when it comes to healing the aches and hurts of human beings, Daley comes up short."

No amount of civic drumbeating, for example, can conceal the fact that Chicago's infant-mortality rate among blacks is one of the worst in the U.S., averaging almost 20 per cent higher than New York's. Nor do the city's peripatetic boosters like to discuss why 51 of Chicago's 57 high schools have fallen below the national average in IQ achievement. Most embarrassing of all, the Federal government is currently holding up some \$55 million in urban-renewal and model-cities money because Chicago has failed to draw up an adequate blueprint for the construction of public-housing projects in its all-white enclaves.

'Why Us?' Daley has angrily defied a Federal court decision ordering the Chicago Housing Authority to produce such a plan posthaste. After blue-collar homeowners from Polish, Irish and Italian neighborhoods recently marched on their aldermen's offices with signs that read "Never!" the mayor publicly vowed: "We're only going to build houses where people want them." That sort of standing-in-the-schoolhouse-door position prompted The Chicago Daily News to take an uncharacteristic swipe at the mayor. "A Daley with a deep sense of social justice," the News editorialized, "would have used his prestige long since to help the black people break out of their ghettos."

City Hall apologists like press aide Earl Bush counter such charges by plying a sort of "Why us?" "When people say, 'Daley's the problems of race, hor-



Heckler Daley at 1968 convention

tion," growls Bush, "I simply say, 'Dammit, who the hell is?' " A somewhat more thoughtful defense of the mayor is offered by Prof. Louis Masotti, a sociologist at Northwestern University's Center for Urban Affairs. "The people who criticize Daley the most have never had to live in New York or Los Angeles," says Masotti. "What everyone wants is a philosopher-king, a mayor with both the power to govern and the wisdom to do right. But most cities end up with neither a philosopher nor a king. Take New York, for example. John Lindsay may have the wisdom, but he doesn't have the power. I greatly admire Lindsay's intent, but he's like a guy rollerskating in a herd of buffalo—he's not in control of anything. Whatever else you say about Daley, he's got the clout."

The principal sources of Daley's clout, which in turn provides the driving muscle behind much of Chicago's unique workability, are best symbolized by the sides of a triangle. One is the city's business establishment, the merchants and the bankers of State and LaSalle Streets—most of them blue-blood Republicans and thus, theoretically at least, Richard Daley's natural enemies. On the opposite side is organized labor, a more likely ally for the tough-talking son of a sheet-metal worker. Comprising the triangle's base side is that vast and celebrated political apparatus commonly referred to as The Machine—a term that Daley abhors ("Organization, not machine," he once snapped to a reporter. "Get that. Organization, not machine.").

That Chicago's GOP fat cats should quadrennially troop into Democrat Daley's camp like conquered princes paying homage to Genghis Khan is attributable much more to Daley's power to reward them than to his power to punish. In exchange for their support, the mayor gives the city's investment and business communities just about everything they want—whether it be new superhighways

to whisk suburbanites into the downtown shopping district or an honorable peace with labor. Indeed, Daley's success in using his office to avert prolonged labor disputes may rank as his finest monument. For during four terms, the mayor of Chicago has personally settled some twenty major strikes by everyone from the city's gravediggers to members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Pals: Part of the rationale underlying Daley's extraordinary peace-keeping performance lies in the incestuous nature of Chicago politics. A significant number of the city's top labor leaders are boyhood pals of the mayor, serving on his boards and commissions and receiving city jobs for their friends and relations. In a demonstration of the value of such relationships, striking Chicago teachers recently reached a quick settlement when Daley personally undertook negotiations between teachers' union president John Desmond, a longtime crony of the mayor, and school-board head John Carey, a Daley appointee. "Public strikes in Chicago have been short and symbolic," says Northwestern's Masotti. "Daley sometimes lets them start, but then he quickly steps in and shows everyone he can stop them."

But it should also be noted that much of labor's fealty to Daley springs from a natural empathy for his blend of crusty toughness and misty-eyed civic chauvinism. Only Richard Daley, for example, could have gotten away with the following extemporaneous exhortation to the garbage-truck drivers of Chicago: "You men, with the help of God, are going to make this the finest city. You are going to go out and make every street and every alley the finest street and the finest alley." And certainly only this of all America's mayors could have inspired the mammoth love-in for Daley that organized labor staged recently in McCormick Place. While some 10,000 union members and officials applauded between bites of filet mignon, the banquet was hailed by one speaker as "the biggest dinner ever served under one roof in the chronicle of mankind."

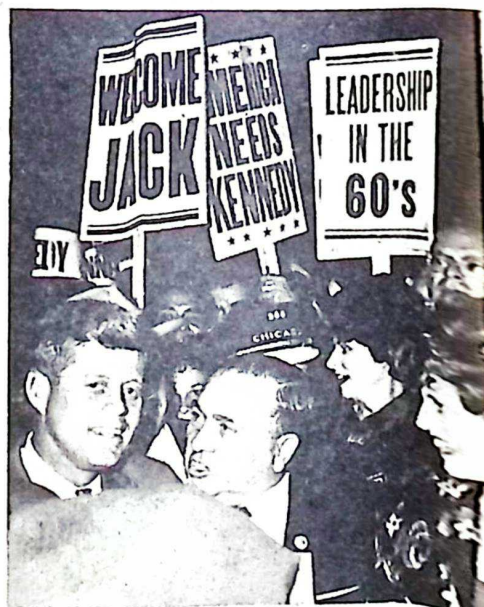
Machine: There is no secret at all as to the source of Daley's power: it rests in his dual role as both mayor and chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee, a combination that allows him to have final say over the award of some 35,000 patronage positions. At least once a week, Daley meets with his "director of patronage" to peruse every application for every city job, right down to the lowliest ditch digger's. If and when the mayor stamps his approval, the successful job winner almost by definition joins The Machine (or organization) and assumes the responsibility of working one of Chicago's 3,412 voting precincts come election time. That sort of quasi-military arrangement continues to produce virtual blitzes at the ballot box. In fact, there were so few Republican levers pushed in one West Side ward in 1967 that one of the mayor's lieutenants felt obliged to

transfer some votes from his own tally just to make things look authentic.

The remarkable diligence displayed by the Democrats' precinct captains and ward committeemen in getting out the vote can be traced to their acute awareness that Daley is continually deciding who can still deliver and who cannot. One of the most withering experiences in a ward boss's life comes on election night when he must bring his tally downtown to party headquarters at the Sherman House Hotel. Somewhat in the manner of a schoolboy presenting his report card to a stern father, each of the 50 meets alone with Daley to submit his precinct-by-precinct vote. According to one insider who has observed the ritual, Daley sits at a desk and silently studies the tallies. If they please him, he rises and vigorously pumps both of the successful committeeman's hands. If they displease him, Daley gives the miscreant a blistering tongue-lashing. On one such occasion, the mayor was so incensed with a non-producer that he reached across his desk and began shaking him by his necktie.

Affront: The Machine, of course, must be fueled by money as well as manpower. But under Daley's stewardship, there have been none of the sweeping scandals that wrecked its counterparts elsewhere. This doesn't mean that there isn't a certain amount of "honest graft,"—the term invoked by Chicago politicians to explain to their wives that otherwise mysterious \$1,000 fee from, say, a building contractor. But Dick Daley himself has never been touched by even a hint of financial hanky-panky, and he takes such a proprietary view of Chicago that few wrongdoers escape retribution. "The boss identifies himself so closely with this city," says one alderman, "that he takes it as a personal affront when someone misbehaves."

If The Machine so far shows few signs of internal wear, it finds itself threatened at last by some formidable outside



With JFK: Play ball

forces. For one thing, there is the fact that an increasing number of independent candidates, black and white alike, are challenging the organization's slate. The black opposition represents an ominous development for a party that has always drawn much of its sustenance from the black sea that engulfs Chicago on the south and west. And while the Rev. Jesse Jackson, the city's most charismatic civil-rights activist, lost his fight this year to get on the ballot against Daley himself, the circumstances of his defeat may have cost the party some black support. It just so happened that the judge who denied Jackson's petition was William Lynch, a boyhood chum and former law partner of the mayor. "Coincidences like that are always happening in Chicago," cracks one local reporter.

A formidable threat has also arisen to Daley's control of the state Democratic Party. Lawyer Dan Walker, author of the scathing indictment of the Chicago police's behavior during the 1968 Democratic convention, has announced himself as the anti-organizational challenger for the party's nomination for governor in 1972. This marks the first time that the Daley-dominated state party has faced a serious primary fight for major office—a form of fratricide that Daley has always left to the Republicans.

Debate: The fact that the mayor survived the 1968 convention debacle at all is testimony enough to his resilience. But while Daley's political stock emerged relatively undiminished among most Chicagoans, the turbulent national debate that raged over his responsibility for the 1968 "police riot" took a severe if temporary toll. Chicago Daily News columnist Mike Royko, author of an incisively critical new book on the mayor called "Boss" (215 pages. Dutton. \$5.95) says that for months after the convention, Daley resembled a badly mauled boxer on the morning after a fight. "He was haggard and could no longer go through a full day of work without showing fatigue," recalls Royko. "At times his head would nod sleepily at formal dinners, and he lost the thread of conversations." Royko notes that Dr. Eric Oldberg, president of the Chicago Board of Health, said of Daley's condition at the time: "He was on the brink of something serious . . . He was in very bad shape."

Perhaps it was the mayor's stubborn belief in his own blamelessness that helped him through those difficult days, but even so the bloody events of three summers ago seem to have left their psychic scars. In his fifth-floor office at City Hall, the swinging door that once symbolized Daley's accessibility to constituents has now been replaced by a thick portal that slides on steel tracks and can be opened only by a security guard. Daley's relations with the media, meanwhile, have deteriorated from a state of mutual disdain to one of undeclared warfare. During this year's campaign, Daley has drastically cut down

on the number of his televised press conferences and he treats the few newsmen who do manage to corner him with unbridled scorn. Thus when one reporter recently asked the mayor whether public housing would be an issue in his campaign, Daley fixed him with a withering glare and snapped, "Who's gonna make it one? You?"

Unpretentious: Like all the old, hard-line Irish political autocrats, however, this last of the breed has his sentimental side. Daley still lives in Bridgeport, the same white, blue-collar community where he was born and which has produced the city's last three mayors. "My Dad, Mike, told me to always remember from whence I came," he explains. At about 8 a.m. each working day, a limousine bearing the license number 708 222—the number of votes Daley received



As altar boy: No time for sinners

when first elected mayor—glides up to his neat brick bungalow at 3536 S. Lowe Avenue, just a block from where he was born and down the street from the church where he once served as an altar boy. The mayor nods at the occupants of the police patrol car who maintain a 24-hour watch on his house, slips into the back seat and speeds to St. Peter's Church in the Loop, to attend Mass. Often he makes it home for lunch with at least one of his seven children and his wife, Eleanor, an unpretentious, bread-baking Bridgeport girl whom the neighbors still call by her nickname of "Sis."

Daley's personal proclivities remain sternly Victorian. He doesn't smoke, rarely drinks and has been known to stalk out of meetings after someone told an off-color story. Would-be womanizers among his staff have long since discov-

ered that their boss considers adulterous conduct as mortally sinful as a failure to get out the vote. Indeed, Dick Daley grew up to be what every Bridgeport-Irish mother wished her boy to be—religious, hard-working, clean-living, family-oriented and successful.

Rough: As a Bridgeport "yout," Daley held a job penning cattle at the Chicago stockyards while attending DeLaSalle High School under the stern tutelage of the Christian Brothers. Bridgeport was a rough place in those days, and the old-timers who still frequent the neighborhood saloons like to recall that their mayor earned his first victories as a tenacious street brawler. After taking a law degree at DePaul University through night courses, Daley got his start in politics as the secretary to a local ward boss named McDonough. The rest seemed to follow naturally for a bright, industrious operator—election to the state legislature, chairmanship of the county Democratic apparatus, and, in 1955, a successful campaign for mayor. Daley's most oft-quoted statement of that campaign came in response to charges that he represented a rascal-ridden element. "I would not unleash the forces of evil," he cried. "It's a lie. I will follow the training of my good Irish mother—and Dad. If I am elected, I will embrace mercy, love, charity and walk humbly with my God."

Today it is generally assumed among the mayor's partisans and critics alike that a successful fifth term will be Daley's last hurrah. But what is already troubling knowledgeable students of the city is the shape of what now seems almost inconceivable—Chicago without Richard Daley. To astute observers like William Singer, a youthful, anti-organizational alderman, the city may suddenly discover it is sicker than anyone suspected. "Daley and his machine kept the lid on a lot of problems," says Singer, "but they never really got at the sources of the problems. Daley was the right mayor for Chicago in the '50s and early '60s. But he's the wrong man for the '70s. If he gets another term, this city will someday pay the price."

One ominous portent was provided by the results of the 1970 census. During the last decade, Chicago lost 505,000 white residents while gaining nearly 300,000 blacks; some studies predict that the black percentage of the population, which now stands at about 32 per cent, will pass the 50 per cent mark by 1985. Accordingly, a number of urban experts think that if the city's present pattern of neighborhood segregation is not reversed by then—and there are no signs that it will be—Chicago could become the nation's prime example of a totally polarized society. "Chicago may have another five years of grace," says urban expert Pierre de Vise. "After that we will have urban guerrilla warfare unless the disenfranchised underclass of bitter young blacks get a piece of the action."

Such grim prophecies have served only to heighten concern over the fact that

Daley shows no discernible inclination to groom a successor, either as party boss or mayor. So far, there seem to be four potential heirs: circuit court clerk Matt Danaher, state attorney Edward Hanrahan, county board president George Dunne and Daniel Shannon, an All-American end at Notre Dame whose father was a close pal of Daley's. There is also one interesting long shot—a 28-year-old Bridgeport lawyer named Richard Michael Daley, the oldest of the mayor's four sons and an elected delegate to last year's state constitutional convention. To some, it is entirely possible that Dad may someday want to take Junior into the family business, which, of course, is the business of running Chicago. But not even son Richard is foolish enough to press his claim too aggressively at this point. "When the king's in power," explains one Daley watcher, "nobody gets too close to the throne."

Pizzazz: No single event better epitomizes the royal quality of Dick Daley's regime than the city's St. Patrick's Day parade, and this election year's version was no exception. For once the weather was clear and dry (at least outside), the Chicago River flowed green with dye and the mayor seemed full of the old pizzazz as he led the marchers down State Street and took his place in the center of the jammed reviewing stand. True, there were a few discordant notes. A shaven-skulled, saffron-robed contingent from the youthful U.S. branch of the Hare Krishna sect drew hard looks as they weaved through the marchers, their sing-song chant rising above the skirl of the bagpipers. And some signs borne by one militant black group seemed deliberately designed to test the other marchers' sense of humor. "God made the Irish perfect," one read. "And then He created whisky."

Yet nary a frown crossed Dick Daley's pink face as he dipped his emerald green fedora to the passing faithful. To lift his spirits higher, that very afternoon the city's two Marshall Field newspapers had hit the streets with glowing endorsements of Chicago's favorite son. "He is a man who knows how to keep the machinery running," said the Daily News, "how to maintain and extend and improve the city's superb physical plant, how to keep it prosperous and on the move. In these achievements, he stands unique among the mayors of the nation's great cities."

Not every Chicagoan would shout "Right on!" to that, of course, but few would quibble with the notion that Richard Daley's record, with all its imperfections, has at least lent credence to one of his higher platitudes: "Good politics makes for good government." As for the reaction that Daley's Chicago evokes in visitors from some of the nation's less effectively run cities, it can best be summed up in an aphorism by one recent sojourner from New York. "I have seen the past," he said wistfully, "... and it works."

Jamming the Pain Waves

The agonizing and continuous pain suffered by terminal-cancer patients or the victims of chronic back disorders frequently defies relief. To administer morphine or other narcotics on a long-term basis poses the threat of addiction, and the pain sufferer eventually builds up a tolerance to the drugs that renders them ineffective. The use of surgical procedures to destroy pain centers within the brain can sometimes cause paralysis and further incapacitate the patient. But now neurosurgeons at Duke University Medical Center have a harmless way of relieving the torture of chronic pain: they use radio waves to jam pain signals traveling up the spinal cord in somewhat the same way that combat pilots in Vietnam use radio jamming to neutralize enemy tracking radar.

The key element of the ingenious new technique, developed by Drs. Blaine S. Nashold and Norman Shealey, is a "dorsal column stimulator," consisting of a 6-inch plastic strip containing platinum electrodes attached to a miniature radio receiver the size of a 50-cent piece. The DCS is implanted during a simple operation beneath the skin and just over the spinal cord. The source of the pain governs its precise location. If the pain arises from the legs, for example, the DCS is implanted at a level just above the point at which the nerves from the legs reach the spinal column.

Tingling: When the patient feels pain, he places an antenna, made from loops of wire imbedded in a rubber ring, over the implanted DCS. The antenna relays radio signals from a small battery-powered transmitter that can be carried in the patient's pocket or worn on his belt. These impulses obliterate the pain sig-

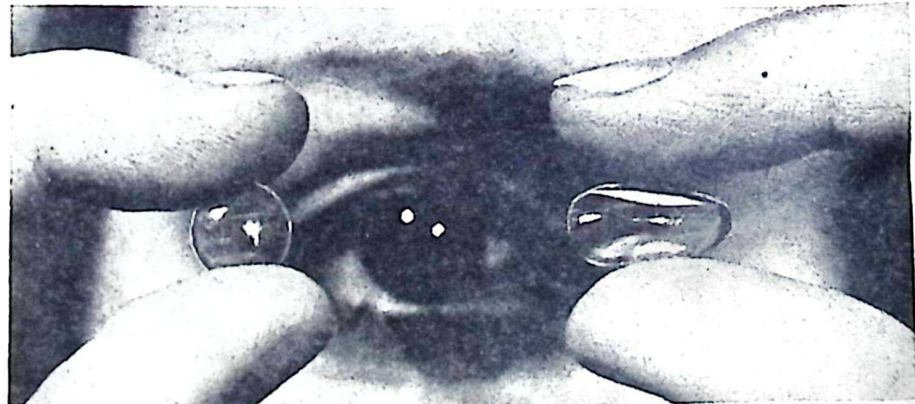
nals moving to the brain with a kind of static; the only sensation the patient feels is a tingling in the painful area of his body. "We think," says Nashold, "that somewhere within the spinal cord or brain the electrical signal of the stimulator interferes with the pain signal, and through competitive interplay the brain is made unresponsive to pain."

So far the experimental device has been implanted in some 40 patients suffering from a variety of excruciatingly painful disorders, including cancer, and chronic spinal-disk disease. At least half the patients to date have been helped, says Nashold, and some have experienced total relief from pain for the first time in years of suffering.

Breakthrough on Hepatitis

Almost anyone who undergoes major surgery runs a risk that can be deadlier than the disease that brought him to the operating room—the hazard of contracting serum hepatitis from contaminated blood used in transfusions. The same disease is also rampant among drug addicts who get it from dirty hypodermic needles—and who often peddle their own blood to clinics. In all, serum hepatitis now strikes some 150,000 Americans annually, claiming at least 3,000 lives, and epidemiologists expect the toll to rise even further in the years to come. For this reason, a cautious report from a New York University Medical Center researcher last week was the best news that virologists had heard in years. Dr. Saul Krugman announced that he and his colleagues had successfully immunized persons against serum hepatitis, a step that could lead to a vaccine to eradicate the scourge entirely.

As is often the case in scientific discovery, Krugman's achievement is a saga of frustration, good luck and opportunities quickly exploited. Serum hepatitis is



SOFT CONTACT: Many of the 8 million Americans who own the conventional kind of "hard" contact lenses (left) find them too uncomfortable to wear regularly. Last week, following approval by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, Bausch & Lomb, Inc., introduced a plastic lens that softens when soaked in water so that it doesn't rub against the inside of the eyelid. Doctors say most wearers need no period of adjustment to the new lenses. The soft lens, unlike the hard one, does not tend to pop out. It need not be shaped to the eye and thus does not require repeated visits to the doctor for fitting.

one of two virus diseases, sometimes called jaundice because their victims' skin often turns yellow, that involve inflammation of the liver and a long, debilitating illness. While serum hepatitis is usually transmitted by injection of tainted blood, the second type, infectious hepatitis, is normally spread through contaminated food and water and occurs in epidemic waves that incapacitate thousands of persons each year. It is well-known that each kind of hepatitis is caused by a different virus. But researchers have never been able to develop vaccines against either for the simple reason that they could not isolate the viruses and grow them in the laboratory.

While a good many virologists long ago despaired of conquering hepatitis and turned to other matters, Krugman doggedly remained on the trail of the elusive viruses. Since 1956, he and his colleagues, Doctors Joan Giles and Jack Hammond, have conducted studies on hepatitis infection among children at the Willowbrook State School, an institution for the mentally retarded on New York's Staten Island. Because of crowding and the unusual susceptibility of some retardates to infection, hepatitis is a common occurrence at Willowbrook, thus giving the investigators an opportunity to observe the natural course of the disease in detail. And since the disease is typically mild in youngsters, Krugman and his associates—always with parental consent—have been able to deliberately infect the children in order to study ways of treating or preventing hepatitis.

Curious: By chance, hepatitis research took a sudden, promising turn in the late 1960s that made Krugman's latest finding possible. Dr. Baruch Blumberg of the Institute for Cancer Research in Philadelphia, while performing genetic studies, found a curious new protein in the blood of an Australian aborigine. At first, Blumberg believed the protein was an inherited trait peculiar to aborigines and dubbed it the "Australia antigen." But after finding the antigen in many other blood samples, he realized that it was not related to any race but to infection with hepatitis. Shortly afterward, Dr. Alfred M. Prince of the New York Blood Center observed an unusual protein in the blood of victims of serum hepatitis. It proved to be identical to Blumberg's antigen.

Researchers now agree that the Australia antigen is either all or part of the virus that causes serum hepatitis. A susceptible person who is inoculated with blood containing the antigen invariably comes down with the disease. And when he recovers, his blood contains antibodies to the antigen, as would be expected after any virus infection. At the very least, the antigen has enabled researchers to tell whether a given blood sample is capable of causing hepatitis. A test to detect the Australia antigen in donor blood is now being used in many blood banks and hospitals to reduce the risk of serum hepatitis through transfusions.

In his own work, Krugman used a spe-

cial serum containing Australia antigen to immunize children at Willowbrook against serum hepatitis. He and his colleagues boiled the serum for one minute, hoping to destroy its ability to produce the disease without eliminating its capacity to induce the production of protective antibodies. Ten youngsters were given a dose of the heated serum and exposed to infectious serum four to eight months later. Four of the children proved to be immune to the disease: no Australia antigen could be found in their blood, but antibodies to the antigen could be. And they showed no signs of hepatitis. In the other six cases, the disease was unusually mild. Four children who had been given two doses of the heated serum fared even better. Three of them developed antibodies and showed no symptoms; the fourth devel-



Krugman: Here come the antigens

oped signs of liver abnormality that lasted but a single day. (Since Australia antigen is not implicated in infectious hepatitis, Krugman emphasizes, the heated serum cannot be used to prevent this form of the disease.) In addition to providing active immunization with the heated serum, Krugman also showed that the children in the Willowbrook study could be protected against infection by inoculation with a special gamma globulin prepared by Prince that contains large amounts of antibodies against serum hepatitis.

It may be some time before a vaccine against serum hepatitis is ready for routine use. Ideally, researchers would prefer not to use treated serum but rather a weakened or killed virus as is employed in the Salk and Sabin polio vaccines. And this hope rests upon the eventual isolation of the whole virus and its mass production. "Perhaps," says Krugman, "our work will get more people back into the hepatitis ball game."

SANCO

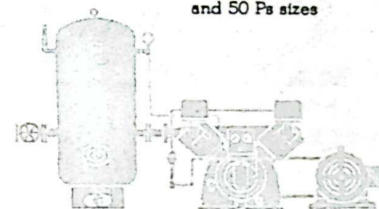
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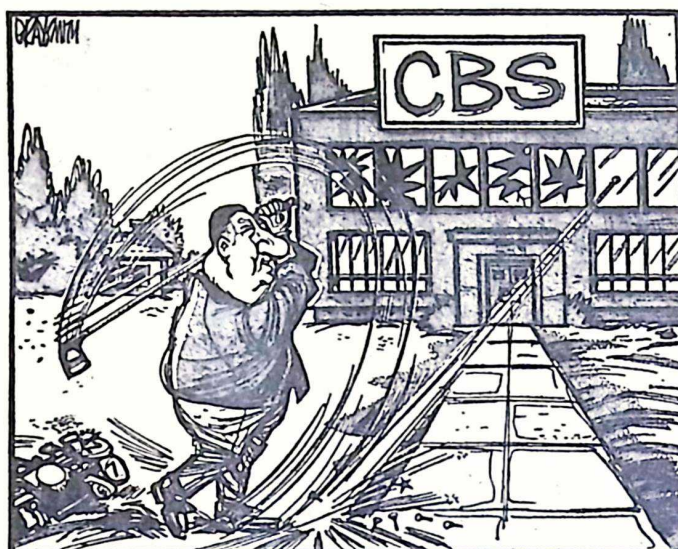
THE MEDIA



NBC's Goodman



CBS's Stanton



Gray Smith—San Francisco Chronicle

'Fore! ... five! ... six! ...'

Nixon vs. the Media

In a televised "conversation" with ABC's Howard K. Smith last week, President Nixon spoke at some length of his current relations with the fourth estate. "I have never taken on a member of the press individually," he said. "I have never called an editor to complain about anything. I have never called a television station to complain about anything, and I never shall..." What the President neglected to mention, however, was that he has been spared this task by a strike force of White House and Congressional lieutenants who have recently taken dead aim on the three major television networks. And the fusillades directed by Mr. Nixon's surrogates against TV journalism last week represented the most concerted attack on the media since Vice President Spiro Agnew's celebrated Des Moines speech seventeen months ago.

In the view of top network executives, at least, the deliberate escalation of tensions between the Administration and the press is without modern precedent. The most sensitive points of friction in the past several weeks have involved the lengthy blackout of news coverage of the Laotian invasion, network assessments of the invasion, the fight over the SST and the continuing controversy over the CBS documentary "The Selling of the Pentagon" (NEWSWEEK, March 1). "I think the tension between the media and the government is now perhaps at its strongest," NBC President Julian Goodman told NEWSWEEK's Ann Ray Martin. Richard S. Salant, head of CBS News, agreed, adding that "there has never been anything like this before." And CBS president Frank Stanton went even farther. "I do feel that the current attacks by the Administration are orchestrated," he said.

One network responded quickly to the orchestration, when ABC, in apparent

deference to White House pressure, withdrew a bid to Sen. William Proxmire to appear opposite SST advocate William Magruder on "The Dick Cavett Show" (following story). But by far the heaviest and most consistent Administration assault was directed at CBS for its unflattering delineation of the Pentagon's many-faceted propagandizing. Administration pique was heightened all the more when the network scheduled an unusually early rebroadcast of the program last week—even though the rebroadcast included fifteen minutes of rebuttal time for Agnew and other pro-Pentagon spokesmen.

Edit: The Vice President objected to TV's necessary—but sometimes misleading—practice of truncating quotations, and said he should have had the right to edit his own remarks. "It's rather unusual to give you the right of rebuttal and not allow you to decide what you're going to say," he complained. Indeed, so exercised was Agnew about the program that he went on talking about it for three days.* And his attack on CBS was joined by the Republican National Chairman, Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas, who has lately taken on the role of chief Congressional critic of the media. Dole charged that a survey of 106 network news reports on the Laos campaign showed that "all but sixteen were critical or suggested criticism." In reply, CBS's Salant argued that "the government is attacking our credibility because their own is questionable—the most recent polls show that 69 per cent of the people don't believe Mr. Nixon on Laos."

Another Senate media critic, Republican Clifford Hansen of Wyoming, then launched an attack of his own against both the CBS and NBC coverage of

*Just to show that he had not completely forgotten the print media, the Vice President also scolded NEWSWEEK, calling it "not one of my favorite magazines" and characterizing a recent article about his public image as "a sloppy piece of journalism."

Laos by arranging for a four-hour compilation of network news reports to be shown on Capitol Hill. Hansen and several Congressional allies contended that the films revealed "bias" and "distortion" in the networks' war coverage. That brought a swift reply from NBC's Goodman, who warned in a letter to all senators and congressmen that "this latest incident... appears to be part of a continuing effort to discredit and intimidate the network news organizations so that they will not be effective or independent in presenting the facts the public must have to examine the course and soundness of government policy." Salant echoed this view, declaring: "We've got to stand up and fight. The tragedy is that you won't hear from ABC or most of the local stations."

ABC, in fact, seemed to be holding back and letting its two sister networks bear the brunt of the Administration's assault. James C. Hagerty, a network vice president and former press secretary to President Eisenhower, denied that tensions were greater now than in previous times. "I don't feel any pressure," Hagerty said. "The White House from Roosevelt to Nixon has been in considerable disagreement with the media. We can live with it."

Impact: No doubt the networks can live with it, at least for now, but even sharper collisions seem to loom on the horizon. "I think the great confrontation will come," says CBS's Salant, "when the House or Senate hauls us down for an investigation. And then perhaps we will have to say: 'Now look, this is none of your business.'" Salant and some of his CBS colleagues are already spending much of their time trying to counter Administration charges. "The White House," Salant says, "must be aware of the impact of their attacks on us. One thing our government has learned from Hanoi is how to fight a war of attrition."

But something the Administration has yet to learn is how to work out a modus vivendi with the national media. Over the last year, the White House has sought, with some success, to circumvent the Washington press corps by presenting its case directly to local editors and station owners in a series of regional briefings by high officials. And within the past three weeks the President himself has been personally interviewed at length on NBC and ABC. Yet these relatively successful gambits have still failed to offset the Administration's abrasive and often inept approach to the networks. Its blunderbuss strategy, in fact, appears to be driving the media into more of a direct adversary role vis-à-vis government than it has played in many years.

Thus, even such commentators as NBC's John Chancellor (page 18) and CBS's Walter Cronkite were last week moved to open disapproval. When Cronkite heard a U.S. spokesman in Saigon define a "limited duration" bombing raid on North Vietnam as "reinforced protective reaction, which is different from

spontaneous protective reaction," he sardonically remarked: "If we may be permitted a rare personal reaction—oh." So far, the Administration has not asked for the right of rebuttal.

Cavett's Complaint

In what was, by all odds, the murkiest confrontation between the Nixon Administration and a TV network last week, the White House stood accused of exerting undue pressure on ABC's "Dick Cavett Show" to air an interview with a spokesman for the Administration-backed supersonic transport program. According to Cavett's executive producer, John Gilroy, a White House aide named Alvin Snyder called him several days before the crucial Senate vote on the SST to suggest an interview with William Magruder, the government's SST program manager. Snyder, who is an assistant to White House communications director Herbert Klein, pointed out that three guests critical of the SST had appeared on the Cavett show recently—but only one who favored the project. In response, Gilroy proposed a debate between Magruder and Democratic Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin, a leading opponent of the SST. But Snyder insisted that Magruder go on alone "because it would be fairer."

Implicit in the unusual White House pressure, Gilroy contends, was a suggestion that ABC was in violation of the fairness doctrine of the Federal Communications Commission—a ruling that obliges broadcasters to present differing views, though not necessarily equal time, on controversial issues of public importance. But Snyder himself denied he had exerted any special pressure on ABC. And it is true that it is common practice for Klein's office not only to keep check of the TV time allotted to discussions of Administration policies but also to seek TV appearances for its spokesmen. Nevertheless, the political importance of the SST issue seemed to make the White House particularly insistent upon TV exposure last week. And at the same time, the FCC had received a complaint from a pro-SST lobby, accusing Cavett of having violated the fairness doctrine.

Whether because of the call from the White House, the FCC complaint or because ABC felt "there may have been some imbalance in our handling of the issue"—as its president James Duffy put it—the network finally told Cavett that Magruder would appear alone. The decision so unnerved Cavett, who is personally opposed to the SST, that he dispensed with his opening monologue, read a long written statement explaining the developments and sat throughout the Magruder interview with his hands clutching the armchair. By the next night, however, he had calmed down a bit. "Hi," he said as he greeted his audience. "My name is Dick Cavett—but we will make equal time available to those who think it's not."

Changing Times

When he took command of The New York Times's Sunday Book Review three months ago, John Leonard wasted little time in serving notice that major changes were in store for that powerful but somewhat bloodless arbiter of the U.S. literary world. "Dammit," he declared, "I want the best writers writing at the top of their form." And in short order, that is precisely what the affable, 32-year-old novelist and former Times daily reviewer got. Recent issues of the once-stodgy supplement have featured such intriguing front-page match-ups as Joan Didion reviewing Doris Lessing and Robert Lowell on Stanley Kunitz. At the same time, Leonard has made some structural changes, installing a "second



Bernard Gotfryd—Newsweek

Leonard: 'I want the best writers'

front page" in the middle of the publication and insisting upon greater variation in the length of individual reviews.

This week, however, the Review's million-odd readers were exposed to the most startling change of all. In a sharp departure from the Review's traditionally innocuous treatment of all matters political, Leonard plunged his publication smack into one of the most sensitive of contemporary controversies. Starting off with page one, Leonard devoted an unprecedented five and a half pages to a single, provocative "review" of a bibliography of 33 books dealing with alleged U.S. war crimes in Indochina. The author of the review, which was entitled "Should We Have War Crime Trials?" was Neil Sheehan, 34, now a Washington reporter for the Times and for three years a correspondent in Vietnam. And while his piece was billed as a review, it was, in fact, a political essay.

Both as a "first" for the Sunday Book Review and as a literary document, Sheehan's essay constituted a notable publishing event. Referring only occasionally to the accompanying bibliog-

raphy—which was compiled by Mark Sacharoff, an assistant professor of English at Temple University—Sheehan maintains a delicate balance between a dispassionate journalistic review of the laws of warfare and his own personal recollections of the Indochina war. After analyzing such American policies as "free-fire zones" and "defoliation" in populated rural areas of South Vietnam, Sheehan strongly suggests that such devastation was "not a military necessity but a political convenience." Thus, Sheehan believes, "if you accept only a portion of the evidence presented in this bibliography, and compare [it] to the laws of war," a moral and legal distinction cannot be drawn between Axis atrocities in World War II "and the civilian deaths ordered or condoned by American leaders" in Indochina. "The cleansing of the nation's conscience," Sheehan concludes, demands "a national inquiry" at the highest levels of government.

Moral: As Leonard sees it, only part of the impact of Sheehan's essay stems from the author's careful research into the laws of warfare and the conduct of the Indochina war itself. "Beyond that," Leonard told NEWSWEEK's James E. Doherty last week, "the piece clearly mirrors the moral reawakening that Sheehan experienced in the process of writing it." As for Sheehan himself, he says that writing the essay "was like chiseling something out of granite."

In large part, the agonies of composition stemmed from Sheehan's determination "to avoid writing a polemic." Indeed, in an earlier review last December he exposed numerous factual discrepancies in Mark Lane's muckraking book on My Lai, "Conversations With Americans." And that effort resulted in an invitation from the Review to do an "essay-review" of the Sacharoff bibliography, which Sheehan promptly accepted.

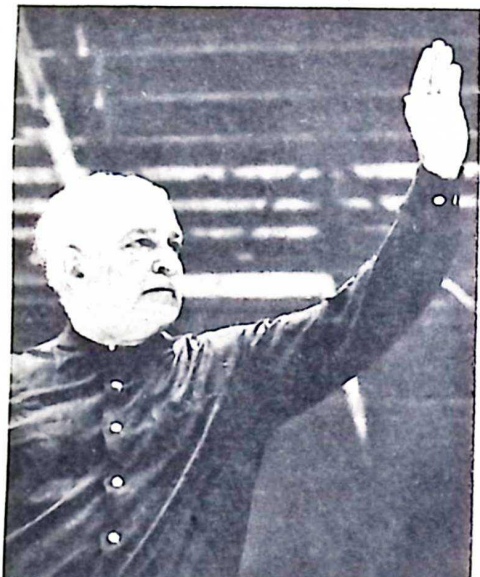
Despite its extraordinary length (more than 8,000 words), Leonard concluded the article should not be cut. Not everyone seemingly was as enthusiastic about it as Leonard; New York Times business executives turned down a request from the editors of the Sunday Book Review that the essay be given promotion in the pages of the daily Times. But Leonard insists that, so far, he has received no negative reaction from the Times's traditionally circumspect managerial hierarchy to either the Sheehan piece or to the bold new turn that the Sunday Review as a whole has taken.

Realities: "After all," Leonard stresses, "we have no intentions of making the Review a radical journal. Our goal is to become a great literary magazine and, to achieve it, we obviously must deal with the ideas and issues that books raise. The Sheehan essay is just one reflection of this—and only in a very narrowly defined political area." But in the future, he promises, "we will continue to make the connection between literature and the social and political realities of the world we live in."

'This Is for You'

For the next three weeks concert audiences all over Western Europe will have a rare opportunity to sample the musical virtuosity of one of the finest and most versatile orchestras of the United States. Starting out in London this Sunday, the venerable Boston Symphony Orchestra will travel to six German cities, and to Vienna, Rome, Barcelona and Paris, proudly displaying all three of its varied faces: the brilliant, 106-member BSO itself, its lighthearted alter ego the Boston Pops Orchestra and the Boston Symphony Chamber Players, made up of the full orchestra's leading chairs.

It has been fifteen years since the Boston Symphony last toured Europe, and for the members of the orchestra it is a matter of pride and reputation to



Whitestone

Fiedler: Carefree in Boston

play before the European arbiters of musical taste. Says concertmaster Joseph Silverstein: "It's exciting to go into the musical strongholds of the world—the cities with a long musical tradition—and play better than the hometown band. I hate to slight any city but there is a particular challenge to playing well in London, Berlin and Vienna."

According to conductor William Steinberg, who became musical director of the 90-year-old orchestra in 1969, European audiences are likely to be struck by what he calls "American orchestral culture," a term in which he includes virtuosity, flexibility and shadings. More specifically, 26-year-old associate conductor Michael Tilson Thomas (*NEWSWEEK*, March 1), points out that the BSO is more articulate than European orchestras. "If there is a series of crescendi, for example, Europeans play each one as a minor event within a general situation. We are more interested in differences in articulation.

It's an ideological argument. Critics will say it's American obsessiveness. But it's really dealing with a piece from the smallest level of detail to the biggest level of architecture."

Such technical distinctions aside, it may well be the Boston Pops Orchestra that presents Europe with the biggest surprise of the tour. The Pops is merely the full BSO minus its eleven principal players. But although the BSO has toured abroad before, this Sunday's concert at London's Royal Albert Hall will mark the first time that the Pops has played officially outside of Boston. Serving up a mixed and carefree program of lilting waltzes, stirring marches, romantic tunes of the day and the better-known classical numbers, the Pops has been enlivening the Boston springtime for 85 years—and has sold 47 million records. When it's Pops time in Boston, the regular seats come out of Symphony Hall, green and gold chairs and tables come in, and the audience sips wine and beer while listening to a light and tuneful program. Says Pops conductor Arthur Fiedler: "A Strauss waltz is as good a thing of its kind as a Beethoven symphony. It's nice to eat a chunk of beef, but you want a slice of light dessert, too."

Rock: For some recent desserts, Fiedler has brought the "mersey sound" of the Beatles and the rock music of "Hair" into the Pops menu. At Albert Hall—which is celebrating its 100th anniversary—he will play "St. Louis Blues," and Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance." And in Bonn's Beethovenhalle, the 76-year-old Fiedler will lead the Pops in Beethoven's Egmont Overture ("to play a tribute to him in my small way"), Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto and "Peter and the Wolf," narrated by another Bostonian, Mrs. Edward Kennedy.

Eight of the BSO's sixteen concerts this trip will be played in Germany. In Berlin, Steinberg will conduct an all-Beethoven program as the Berlin promoters requested. "Despite all the Beethoven last year for the 200th anniversary," says Steinberg, "they are still celebrating. They are still not sick of it, thank goodness." In Wuppertal, Thomas will conduct Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. "This is my great challenge," says the enthusiastic and energetic young conductor. "To do it and not be thought a barbarian. The audience will know the piece backward and forward, but you can't get hung up on how the audience will react. You've got to go out and do it, play it the way you want to." His way will probably be faster and more vigorous than the usual German interpretation.

Both Steinberg and Thomas are acutely aware of the national tastes in music they will encounter on the tour. "Mahler," according to Steinberg, "has become a fad in Europe. I admire my own courage," he says with a grin, "in playing Mahler in Paris . . . The Germans think

they know it all—and they do . . . The French were rather slow in taking to contemporary music and the last time I conducted there I didn't dare play anything contemporary. In Germany there are some who base their opinions on things from the past and those who are open to new things."

Explorer: For Thomas, who has never conducted on the Continent before, this trip is an opportunity to learn all this for himself. "I'm curious and interested to see how different places receive different music. It will be like a sociological experiment. Someone should put enjoyment meters or endocrinological meters on selected members of the audience." If anyone were to install enjoyment meters on the members of the orchestra, Thomas would undoubtedly register the highest score. Says he: "I feel like an African explorer, at least on the Continent, traveling with faithful colleagues into uncharted regions. And as head



Fred Fehl

Steinberg: Courage in Paris

guide on the expedition will be maestro Steinberg, who is very knowledgeable about these paths. Maestro Fiedler too. Between the two of them, they not only know every great theater, but every great restaurant. You know, a tremendous preoccupation on a tour is where everyone will stay and where they will eat. Our orchestra loves to eat. There are many gourmets in it; they are already thinking about the food and wine."

Thomas is also thinking about architecture, which he relates to music, and he intends to spend all his time—when not conducting or eating—absorbing architectural impressions. "I hope to taste enough of each city to really know what it's like, so I can go out and play and say to my audience, 'this is for you'." When the European tour is over, Thomas will immediately set off to taste an entirely different country, Japan, where he has been invited to appear as guest conductor with the Japan Philharmonic.

INTERNATIONAL MARKETPLACE

■ **POWER PLAY:** Kraftwerkunion, the electric power division of Germany's giant AEG-Siemens, has edged out Baden-based Westinghouse-Brown, Boverie and Sweden's ASEA in vigorous bidding for a contract to build the first atomic power plant in Austria. The installation, which will be located at the Danube town of Zwentendorf, 25 miles northwest of Vienna, is scheduled for completion in 1976 and will have a capacity of 700 megawatts. Priced at \$200 million, it represents the largest single industrial investment ever undertaken in Austria. Austria's own Elin-Union will supply some of the generators; the contract requires that at least 70 per cent of the materials and equipment must come from Austrian firms.

■ **SURPRISE:** A \$95 million natural-gas pipeline linking Holland and Italy will be laid across Germany and Switzerland to supply Italy with 8 billion cubic yards of Dutch natural gas a year. The 300-mile West German segment will be built by Trans-europa Naturgas Pipeline GmbH, a newly formed joint enterprise of Italy's Snam SpA. (the transportation arm of ENI, Italy's state-owned petrochemical agency) and West Germany's Ruhrgas AG. A Swiss firm will construct a line across Switzerland to tie into Snam's own Italian network. Announcement of the route caught the industry by surprise, since ENI had been talking of a pipeline through France.

■ **IN THE FOOTSTEPS:** The recent decision of E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. to abandon its highly publicized Corfam leather substitute has presented Holland's AKZO Co. with an opportunity for expansion. AKZO, Europe's largest manufacturer of chemical fibers, has been quietly selling its own synthetic leather, called Xylee, to the footwear trade for two years, and demand for the material is now reported to exceed AKZO's production capacity. With du Pont bowing out, AKZO now intends to produce more Xylee and back the product with an all-out promotional effort.

■ **HAND ON THE THROTTLE:** The Norwegian Government last week purchased enough stock to acquire majority control of the country's largest corporation, Norsk Hydro-Electrisk. Besides dominating Norway's electro-chemical industries, Norsk Hydro holds a heavy interest in the recently discovered North Sea oil and gas fields off Norway's south coast. The reason for the purchase: the Norwegian Government's determination to control development of the North Sea finds, which are expected to transform Norway's economy.

■ **LOOKING EAST:** Wellman-Power Gas, a Florida-based subsidiary of Britain's Davy-Ashmore Group, has landed its second contract to design and construct a large East European fertilizer plant. The new installation, which will be similar to one Wellman-Power Gas is currently building in Hungary, will be located in Rumania. While a site has not yet been designated, Rumania has arranged for Norsk Hydro-Electrisk of Norway (preceding item) to supply the necessary chemical equipment for production of more than 2,700 tons of mixed chemical fertilizers a day.

■ **OVERSTRETCHED:** With six major Japanese chemical companies rushing to complete new facilities for the manufacture of synthetic rubber, Japan's largest financial institution, the Fuji Bank, Ltd., has warned of a possible market glut by the mid-'70s. An industry study by the bank suggests that expansion of man-made rubber production runs counter to a trend among automobile manufacturers to use less rubber, and the bank further doubts the ability of synthetics to compete, on price, with the natural product. "If the companies now preparing to enter this field carry out their plans," the Fuji Bank study says, "total capacity will amount to over 100,000 tons a year—three times the projected [Japanese] demand." Fuji Bank's suggested solution: a vigorous export drive.

■ **RESERVATIONS PLEASE:** Malaysia-Singapore Airlines has signed a \$7.2 million contract that will permit the company to connect its reservations, plane-seating and hotel-booking services with British Overseas Airways Corp.'s BOADICEA computer network. The system, which will go into operation in June 1972, will call for the design and installation of Southeast Asia's largest computer and the first real-time data processing system in the area.

■ **SQUEEZE PLAY:** Portuguese railwaymen at three ports in Angola and Mozambique are boycotting all goods destined for landlocked Zambia, and their action has disrupted the "emergency maize lift" organized by Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda to make up for a disastrous crop failure. The Portuguese workers are protesting the alleged kidnaping of five Portuguese civilians who, it is claimed, were carried off to Zambia from Mozambique by African guerrillas. Kaunda has vehemently denied that the missing men are in his country, but the Portuguese are unimpressed, and 50,000 tons of maize desperately needed in Zambia now are piled up in the Portuguese-controlled ports. In desperation, Kaunda has ordered 26,000 tons of maize from Rhodesia, Zambia's hated white-racist neighbor. And the Rhodesians, evening the score for Kaunda's previous economic sanctions against them, are charging Zambia \$14 a bag for maize—more than double the going rate.

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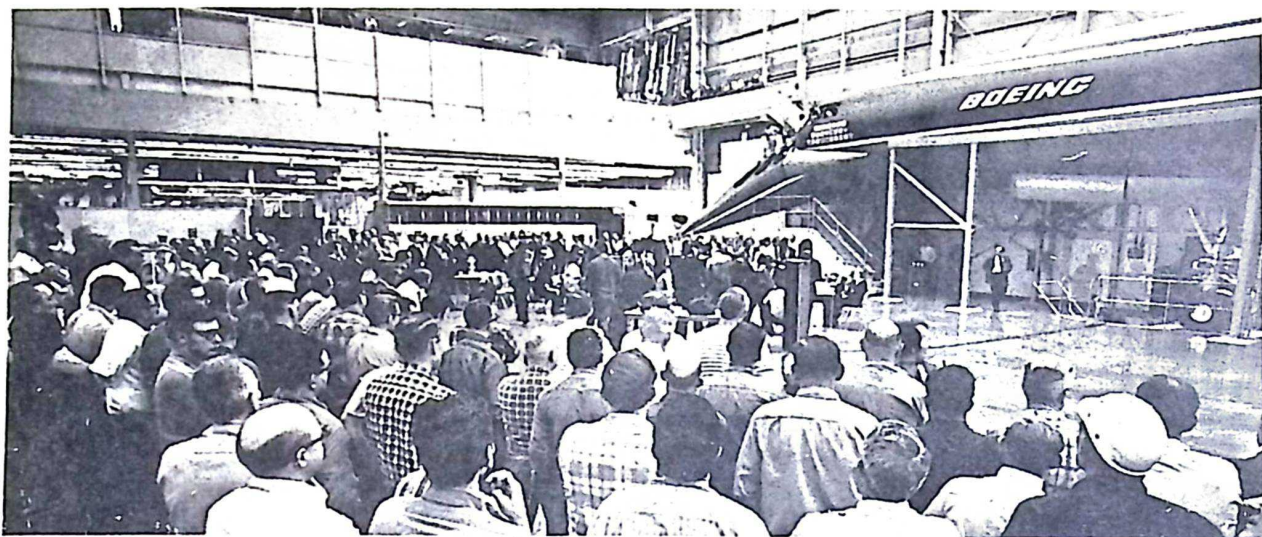
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Australia	0.91	0.89 dollar
Brunei	3.06	3.06 dollar
Burma	15.00	4.76 kyat
Cambodia	93.00	55.00 riels
Canada	1.00	— dollar
Ceylon	16.00	9.20 rupees
Fiji	0.93	0.87 dollar
France	5.48	5.50 francs
Germany (West)	3.63	3.66 marks
Hongkong	6.00	6.06 dollars
India	12.50	7.50 rupees
Indonesia	376.00	378.00 rupiah
Israel	3.63	3.50 shekel
Japan	374.00	360.00 yen
Kenya	8.75	7.14 shilling
Korea (South)	350.00	305.00 won
Laos	518.00	500.00 kip
Lebanon	3.17	3.15 pound
Macau	6.06	6.06 patacas
Malaysia	3.06	3.06 dollars
Nepal	16.75	10.10 rupees
Netherlands	3.58	3.60 guilders
New Caledonia	101.00	101.00 francs
New Zealand	1.00	0.89 dollars
Pakistan	10.75	4.76 rupees
Philippines	6.98	— peso
Singapore	3.06	3.06 dollars
South Africa	0.74	0.71 rand
Switzerland	4.29	4.30 francs
Tahiti	101.00	101.00 francs
Taiwan	40.20	40.00 NTS
Tanzania	8.80	7.14 shilling
Thailand	20.50	20.80 baht
Uganda	9.00	7.14 shilling
Vietnam (South)	350.00	275.00 piastres
Pound is Worth*		Official Rate
Egypt (U.A.R.)	1.25	2.30
Great Britain	2.40	2.40
Ireland	2.40	2.40

*Based on March 26, 1971. Foreign Bank-
note Selling Rates of DEAK & CO., (Far East)
LTD., 406 Shell House, Hong Kong.



A silence in Boeing's high bay: '... The program cannot continue ... Employees will be advised ...' Brian Payne—UPI

Shock Waves From a 'Surplus' Plane

It seemed like only yesterday. On New Year's Eve 1966, an early morning phone call from Washington to Seattle brought the great news that the Boeing Co. had won the long and hard-fought contest with the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. for what was then the juiciest plum in American commercial-aviation history: the government contract to produce the supersonic-transport plane (SST), a contract potentially worth billions. Jubilation spread swiftly through the sprawling plant and, for that matter, throughout Seattle. Thousands of new jobs and concomitant prosperity seemed assured for years to come.

Last week another call came to Seattle from Washington. Moments later, its import was relayed, by loudspeaker, to the tensely waiting workers in the big "high bay" of the Boeing Development Center, dominated by a huge mock-up of the SST. "We have just been advised," intoned a dispassionate company voice, "that the Senate has voted 51 to 46 to halt additional funding for the transport program. Obviously ... the program cannot continue ... Employees will be advised of future action as soon as possible."

Lost Jobs: There was not a sound in the high bay. The grim-faced men—tool-and jig-builders in denims, engineers and draftsmen in shirt sleeves—knew what the "future action" would be even before the loudspeaker spelled it out half an hour later: "This means we will have to surplus about 7,000 employees in the Seattle area."

It also meant 7,000 jobs lost in a company whose work force had already been cut from 101,500 in 1968 to 43,000, and is now expected to sink below 30,000 by the end of the year. They were lost in a

part of the country where unemployment—largely because of the aerospace industry's troubles—has already reached a disturbing 12.7 per cent. Indeed, it has been wryly dubbed "Appalachia West." And it was not much solace to the Boeing workers to hear President Nixon's voice coming over the loudspeaker the next day, saying to Boeing chairman William M. Allen, "You have a great crew, Bill."

It was small solace, for example, for toolbuilder Chuck Hansen, the father of three teen-age children who has been with Boeing for 30 years. "You don't have much savings," said Hansen, "when you're raising three kids." Other men standing around in the big bay echoed him. "I'll have to look outside the aircraft industry," said William Strand, an engineer and a 22-year Boeing veteran. "When I was going to New Mexico State I was a railroad brakeman. I may have to go back to that. I have four children." And Oray Straight, a draftsman with Boeing for fifteen years, said sadly, "I just have no idea what I'll do. No idea."

Other Impact: The impact was felt, if to a lesser degree, at General Electric, which had the \$343 million government contract to build the SST's jet engines, and at major subcontractors like Fairchild Hiller, which had contracts worth \$34.5 million to make fuselage and tail assemblies. At GE, where 1,500 workers were due to be laid off, Paul L. Dawson, general manager for the SST program, told NEWSWEEK's Bonnie Bell: "Everyone is in a state of shock. Even though you expect it ... well, you really don't." At Fairchild's Republic Aviation Division at Farmingdale, N.Y., at least 500 workers were expected to be let go, adding to the unemployment problem that is

already plaguing the Long Island industrial area.

And then there were the seven other major subcontractors who felt the blow. North American Rockwell, southern California's largest Boeing subcontractor, had a subcontract worth \$34 million to build two prototype wing and tail assemblies and had close to 1,000 workers on the project. "I don't know when we'll start laying people off," said a spokesman, "but I suspect immediately." At least one NAR employee, a 48-year-old metalworker named Francis Brooks, was ready to go back to his old trade of shoe repairman. "It means I'll take home \$95 a week instead of \$145," he said, "but I've got to keep going. I've got eight kids." Another major subcontractor, Northrop Corp. in Los Angeles, which holds a \$12 million subcontract from Boeing, has had 500 people on the project and, according to a spokesman, "there is not too much room for absorption."

Outlay: The impact of the SST's apparent demise on the aerospace industry was only one side of the coin. On the other was the enormous outlay the U.S. Government would have to make simply to terminate a project into which it had already put \$864 million. (Industry had invested \$217 million in the prototype program and the airlines had chipped in another \$59 million.) Now the government is obligated to give \$85 million to Boeing and General Electric for their development work, another \$10 million for terminating contractual liabilities, \$2 million in administrative costs and still another \$22 million to the airlines as repayment of their down payments for future SST's. Najeeb Halaby, president of Pan American World Airways, which had

placed options for delivery of fifteen SST's, said: "We expect that we will immediately recover our delivery deposits of \$3 million. We also anticipate that Congress will appropriate funds to reimburse Pan Am for the \$15 million in development funds which Pan Am advanced for the program."

Whether U.S. airlines would now turn their eyes toward the Anglo-French SST, the Concorde, was another imponderable. Halaby, for one, would say only that "evaluation of the Concorde was continuing." And Sen. William Proxmire, the SST's archfoe, predicted that the seven U.S. airlines which now have Concorde options would cancel them. British and French officials insisted, on the other hand, that work on the Concorde should be speeded up to meet the vacuum left by the American SST. Observers in Washington, however, were generally convinced that the SST's defeat was a serious and possibly fatal blow to the Concorde. They pointed to the fact that Concorde officials had been in Washington to back up SST lobbyists and that Concorde's chief test pilot had been a house guest of SST chief William Magruder. "If the Concorde dies," said a bitter Boeing man, "that leaves the Russians to take the cream." But aviation experts who have seen the prototype of the Russian SST think it is years away from regular commercial use.

Tough: But was it premature to assume that Congress had killed the SST for good and all? Inevitably, rumors began to fly of its possible resurrection. One of the most persistent was that a leading Japanese firm, the Ataka Trading Co., had proposed taking over the millions of dollars worth of patents, blueprints and completed parts for 10 cents on the dollar. But in Tokyo, an Ataka spokesman denied the story, and so did the Japanese Government. What appeared to be the most serious attempt at resuscitation was a strategy conference held by Fairchild Hiller and several subcontractors in Washington. Later, Fairchild president Edward G. Uhl told NEWSWEEK's James Bishop Jr.: "It would be a tough program to pull back together. It's been flogged heavily and the people are tired. But look at it this way. When the SST is terminated, there are not many places for people to go. Who will hire them? If something could be put together within three months, the team could be reassembled." However, Uhl added, "the investment community is skittish. That makes it difficult to encourage private investment of \$300 million to \$900 million. Only Howard Hughes could pull it off now. But one should explore the possibility, then walk away in a few months and do something."

Still, the guessing in Washington was that efforts to revive the program have precious little chance of success. Boeing's Bill Allen put the issue bluntly: "In this country as well as abroad, the SST prototype development is possible only through government assistance."

THE ECONOMY: A Wage-Price Plan

Of all the economic pressure groups resisting the Nixon Administration's frustrating battle to control inflation, none has been more stubborn in defense of ever-fatter paychecks than the nation's seventeen construction unions. Last year, for example, some 3.5 million building tradesmen won pay increases averaging a whopping 16.7 per cent and thus far in 1971, some settlements have soared as high as 20 per cent.

Last February, President Nixon decided the time had come for a showdown. After unsuccessfully urging the building trades unions to accept a voluntary wage-and-price-control program, Mr. Nixon abruptly suspended the Davis-Bacon Act,



Hodgson: Face-saving for both sides

which had forced contractors on Federal projects to pay the prevailing wage rate in any given area. At the time, Administration critics scoffed that the President's action was an empty gesture. But last week, it appeared that his strategy may finally have paid off.

Face-saver: After a series of conferences with Labor Secretary James D. Hodgson, building trades union leaders grudgingly agreed to a limited form of control—in exchange for renewal of the Davis-Bacon Act. It was an obvious face-saver for both sides. Faced with an unruly rank and file, the union leaders obviously could not buy the idea of voluntary controls, even though they were aware that runaway wage increases already had taken their toll; among other indicators, unemployment in the construction industry reached 11 per cent during February. Thus, they told Mr. Nixon that the onus would have to be on him; he would have to set up a wage-price control board, with the tacit understanding that the union leaders would not seriously oppose such a move.

Hodgson said President Nixon would issue an Executive order this week calling for a wage-price stabilization plan for the industry as well as renewal of the Davis-Bacon Act.

Under the terms of the President's Executive order, "craft boards," manned equally by representatives of labor and management, will be set up to review all disputes and wage settlements involving the seventeen construction unions and to establish guidelines for future settlements. Hodgson indicated the benchmarks would be in the area of 6 per cent annually—what the unions were winning in the mid-'60s—but that there would be plenty of room for upward "adjustments" if local wage patterns warranted. Mr. Nixon's order offered three methods of enforcing the craft boards' decisions: Federal construction projects would be "discouraged" where there were excessive wage increases; violators would be subject to the glaring light of Administration publicity, and the government could not use excessive settlements in making prevailing-wage determinations under the Davis-Bacon Act.

Overseer: However, the Nixon program would stop far short of the ultimate weapon in controlling wages and prices in the construction industry: a schedule of Congressional or Federal court limits beyond which wage and price boosts could not go. Instead, the ultimate authority under the Administration's plan would be an over-all stabilization committee, composed of government, labor and management representatives. It would oversee the craft boards and make sure that they followed enforcement procedures—such as they are. And at the same time, Mr. Nixon this week will try to make his order a bit more even-handed by establishing an inter-agency Federal government program, aimed at developing a mechanism for controlling contractors' prices, profits, salaries, dividends and bonuses. Government officials concede that this is a difficult task in an industry as fragmented as construction. However, they hope to develop a framework in which construction firms can earn a reasonable profit without fueling inflationary fires. And if voluntary controls do not work, they warn, some system of mandatory limits may well be imposed.

For Mr. Nixon, this week's action would mark another step in a long and agonizing retreat from his own economic ideology. Until now, the President has been steadfastly against formal controls of any kind; indeed his Executive decree would be issued under authority granted last summer by Congress over Mr. Nixon's protest. Still, the President ran true to form in that he went only as far as he had to; he stopped short of enforcing wage-price controls through the courts, leaving him a next step should it prove necessary.

The big question now is how the President's plan will be accepted at the grass roots by inflation-plagued rank-and-file

BUSINESS AND FINANCE

electricians, sheet-metal workers and plumbers, who so far have refused to limit their demands. Clearly, the President can count on the reluctant cooperation of union leaders. "We will not volunteer to do anything," one of them said last week. "But we cannot violate the law." Still, in the last analysis, it is the rank and file who have the votes, and the President has now put himself squarely in a position to suffer their outrage at the polls in 1972.

RESORTS:

The Club Méditerranée

For more than two decades, the Egyptian Government has had an iron-clad rule barring any visitors with an Israeli visa stamped in their passports from entering the land of the pyramids. Yet by early summer, scores of foreigners with Israeli visas are scheduled to be not only welcomed at Cairo Airport each week but whisked away by bus to a palace on an island in the Nile. A secret diplomatic mission? Intrigue in high-level government circles? Nothing of the sort. It will be simply another *coup touristique* of France's Club Méditerranée, one of the world's largest and most successful vacation organizations. After three years of intricate negotiations, the club recently won permission from the Egyptian Government to offer its million members a vacation package featuring sojourns at club resorts in both Egypt and Israel.

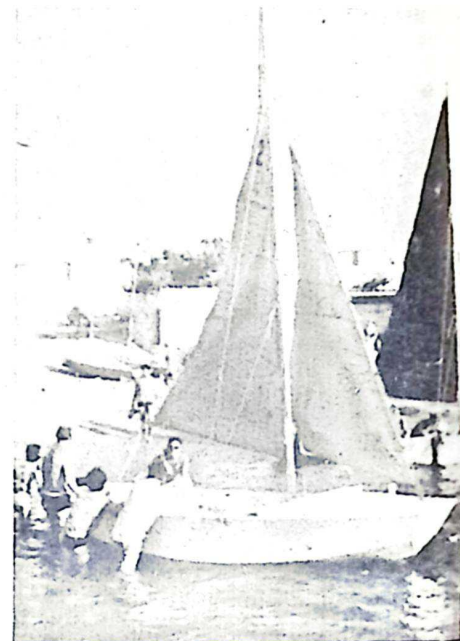
Such feats are old hat to the club, whose dazzling growth has become something of a legend in the European travel industry. It got its start on the Spanish island of Majorca back in 1950 when a

former Belgian diamond cutter, Gérard Blitz, rented 200 surplus U.S. Army tents and put up some posters in the Paris Métro advertising a cut-rate vacation in the sun. Instead of several hundred holidaygoers, some 2,600 pallid Parisians stormed Blitz's sandy beach, and out of the ensuing confusion and cooperative spirit a new vacation concept was born. Since that fabled summer, the Club Méditerranée has built or acquired 62 vacation villages in sixteen countries from Morocco to Mexico. This year it expects to cater to more than 300,000 people from nearly every country in Western Europe as well as the U.S. and Canada to ring up total sales of over \$70 million—at least 20 per cent above last year, when it netted \$1.6 million on gross sales of \$58 million.

Posh Pads: Naturally, the club has not made that kind of money renting out surplus Army tents. First the tents were replaced by grass huts, and today the club's resorts boast modern cottages or posh hotels (its pleasure dome on the Nile belonged to King Farouk). Though prices have risen accordingly, they are still cheap by ordinary standards. A Frenchman can spend a two-week holiday in Morocco for \$370 or on the Greek island of Corfu for \$205, air fare from Paris and all. The total cost for an American flying from New York would be \$580 for the Moroccan trip or as little as \$453 for two weeks at the club on the Caribbean island of Guadeloupe.

But beyond reasonable prices, the real secret of Club Méditerranée's success lies in its informal approach to vacationing. Guests range from swinging singles to gray-haired married couples and mix democratically with the club's own youthful staff. Everyone is addressed by his first name. Meals, served buffet-style for breakfast and lunch, feature first-rate French fare, accompanied by unlimited pitchers of wine. All activities, from ski lifts at the club's Alpine winter resorts to scuba diving, sailing and water skiing at its summer villages, are free. Since there is no tipping, money is regarded as an anachronism and members use plastic beads to purchase drinks at the club bar. "Job status and wealth mean nothing at the club," says Stefan Geissler, vice president in charge of North American operations. "What counts is one's personality."

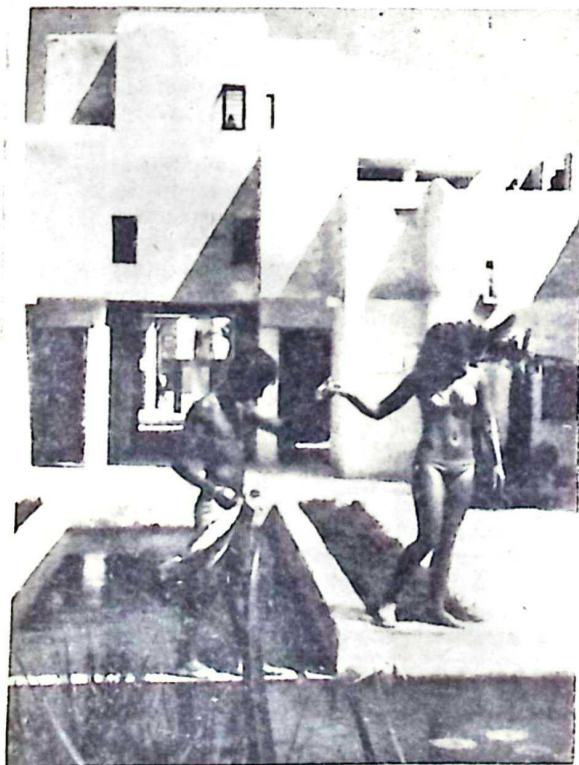
Informal: All of this makes for a very special sort of business enterprise. Though the club's seasonal staff members are paid less than \$200 a month (plus room, board and bar privileges), the club spirit is so infectious that management is deluged with job applications from guests eager to drop out of the competitive rat race and work in exotic climes. Indeed, most of the executives at the club's seven-story office building opposite the Paris Bourse started as village staff members, and they have retained an air of easy informality. Club president Gilbert Trigano, 50, is known simply as "Gilbert" by his employees. Even Baron Edmond de Rothschild, 44, whose Com-



Free activities: Sailing at Iznir

pagnie Financière owns a 34 per cent interest in the club, is called by his first name during his usual visit to the annual party that is given for club staff members in Paris. Rothschild, whose personal worth has been estimated at \$800 million, calls the club his "favorite business interest" and talks glowingly of new club villages that are currently being constructed on Africa's Ivory Coast and on the Indian Ocean islands of Réunion and Ile Maurice. For his part, Trigano is particularly enthusiastic about growth prospects in the American market. "Americans have the ideal spirit for the club," he declares.

The club's track record in the Western Hemisphere appears to bear him out. Since it opened its first English-speaking village on Tahiti back in 1966, it has added three more villages aimed directly at the American market—in Acapulco and on the Caribbean islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique—and it is planning to build at least a dozen more villages in the Western Hemisphere within the decade. But perhaps the most compelling testimony to the club's success in the U.S. comes from vacationers. "I cried when I left," admits Lois Ben, a 25-year-old Manhattan social worker, who recently spent a week at the club village on Martinique. "I tried to stay for another week, but they were all booked." And John Terres, 34, a stockbroker from Washington, D.C., was so enthralled by his sojourn last May that he left his \$18,000-a-year job and came back to work on the staff as a snorkeling instructor for just one-tenth of his former salary. "When I told my friends I was quitting and going back to the club to work, they thought I'd flipped," he says. "But I'm having fun at my job for the first time in my life. When you're down in Guadeloupe, just ask for Big John—and don't bring the stock market reports."



Life à la Méditerranée: Jumping

ON

CONSUMING YOUTH



This year, the consumer wears two crowns. Not only the advertisers acclaim him while they try to manipulate him. The forecasters, too, are on record that this year the consumer will make or break the GNP. To be optimistic now means to bet that the consumer will come out of his hibernation. So far the king has ignored the kingmakers.

All sorts of reasons can be found for the consumer's peculiar insistence on saving 7.5 per cent of his disposable income when ordinarily he saves between 6 and 7 per cent or less. Inflation, the war, and unemployment are among the explanations offered. One of the more esoteric is the theory that many young people are turning away from material consumption.

YOUTH SUBCULTURE

Facts and figures are hard to come by. Someone living in a university environment may easily overestimate the trend. But department-store and advertising executives agree that young people and their tastes are enormously influential. What they have mostly done so far is to change the scene. Everything is more dramatic and colorful. Small specialty stores and boutiques are flourishing. Young customers are looking for the unusual, often the far-out.

In bestowing their patronage on this type of store, young people are rediscovering a form of shopping that once was popular in Europe. Specialty shops raised the quality of consumption of the well-to-do European shopper, because they gave him, each in a narrow area, a great deal of choice. They provided him with options and expertise at a high price that the patron of the American drugstore, dime store, or the old-fashioned general store has never known. By providing a little of everything and not very much of anything, these American forms of merchandising have lowered the cost but also the quality of life. The new shopping style, with its emphasis on handmade goods, is beginning to reverse this.

Some of the new shopping trends do not look like a youthful exercise in conspicuous underconsumption. The high savings rate which slows the economy and puzzles the forecasters is not generated in the shopping areas of Greenwich Village or Georgetown.

For 1971, therefore, economists probably will have to look to someone

other than the inhabitants of the youth subculture for an explanation of consumer stubbornness. For the longer run, however, some present youth trends may become quantitatively important. What will happen if young people, ceasing to be young, nevertheless remain skeptical of the mass-produced blessings of the American way of life?

A GOOD THING

The first thing to realize is that if this came to pass, it would be a very good thing. Long before World War II, Maynard Keynes argued that at some point in the future humanity ought to be done with meeting the scarcity of material goods and lead a life increasingly of the mind and the spirit. Keynes probably would have been surprised to see it happen in the second generation following his own. But, in a world of peace and order, surely the sooner the better.

What about the unemployment that reduced consumer wants might create? That will depend, in the first place, on whether a lessened desire to consume is accompanied by a lessened urge to produce. Suppose the young idealists remain activists and want to keep working. We shall then have surpluses to dispose of. These will show up, as now, in a high savings rate, in a heavy cash flow into banks and other investment media, in falling interest rates. There will still be lots of use for all these resources. If people are tired of cars and gadgets, they may still want their cities and countryside beautified, their environment returned closer to its pristine state. If ever there should be nothing left to do in this country, most of the world will still need help to meet elementary wants. Our true problem will long remain not how to stop saving too much but how to develop financial techniques to put the savings to use.

But when people start consuming less and enjoying it more, it is possible that instead of living to produce, they will also produce only to live. In other words, they may decide to work less. Then we shall get the four- or three-day week. Personally, I think I would know what to do with the extra time. For most of us, there aren't enough days to get through the week's chores. But today's young people may feel differently. If they do, they can go ahead assured that the economy can adapt to a new life-style.

Worldwide Stocks

Most Active Issues Traded March 22-26

1970-71		Close	
High	Low	March 19	March 26
TOKYO			
420	65 Sanko Stmshp.	Yen 411	405
152	93 Hitachi	Yen 121	117
514	317 Matsushita Elec.	Yen 503	510
213	135 Mitsui	Yen 202	196
61	51 Nippon Steel	Yen 58	58
110	67 Mitsui Shipbldg.	Yen 106	102
1339	491 Daiwa House	Yen 738	735
227	161 Mitsubishi Est.	Yen 217	210
SYDNEY*			
14.6	11.9 Broken Hill Prop.	A\$ 14.5	14.4
2.75	2.13 J. Fairfax	A\$ 2.56	2.65
10	6 Supervised Sec.	A\$ 6.4	6
.60	.34 Tulloch	A\$.43	.60
47	34 Poseidon	A\$ 39.5	37
5.22	4.25 Western Mining	A\$ 4.8	4.9
12	8.50 Kath. Invest. Aus.	A\$ 10.6	9.4
11.5	9.3 Peko Wallsend	A\$ 10.6	10.65
HONG KONG*			
194	159 HK & Shghai. Bk.	H\$ 161	168
114	93.5 HK Land	H\$ 95.5	98
55	48.75 HK Telephone	H\$ 50.5	25.2
33.75	29.75 HK Wharf	H\$ 31.75	32.5
36.5	34.25 China Light	H\$ 35.5	36.25
25.3	23.2 HK Electric	H\$ 23.3	23.8
15.8	13.2 Wheelock	H\$ 13.8	14.2
23.2	20.6 Hutchison	H\$ 20.6	20.9
SINGAPORE			
1.32	1.24 Int. Air Cond.	S\$ —	1.30
.90	.75½ Perak Carbide	S\$ —	.76
.83	.52½ South Johore Bus	S\$.52½	.52½
1.89	.59½ Haw Par Bros. Int.	S\$.91	.87
1.71	.51 Starlite Ceramics	S\$.56	.54½
1.51	1.42 Un. Ind. Corp.	S\$ 1.47	1.42
2.91	2.09 Empt. Nbr. Ekr.	S\$ 2.52	2.43
2.08	1.24 FE Livingston	S\$ 1.65	1.60
NEW YORK			
5%	3% Mad. S. Car.	\$ 4%	5%
69%	55½ Fed. Nat. Mtg.	\$ 64½	66%
56%	45½ Coast St. Gas	\$ 54½	51%
35%	25 Sperry Rnd.	\$ 34%	35%
53%	47½ Am. Tel. Tel.	\$ 48%	48%
13%	6½ Union Corp.	\$ 8½	12%
36%	28½ Kinney Svc.	\$ 33½	35%
22%	16% Occiden. Pet.	\$ 18%	19½
ZURICH*			
2900	2300 Ciba-Geigy Port.	Fr 2830	2885
141½	130 Juvena Bon.	Fr 134	141½
2740	2030 Ciba-Geigy Bon.	Fr 2690	2710
2520	2000 Lonza	Fr 2520	2495
1600	1400 Brown, Bov "A"	Fr 1565	1490
3430	3040 Nestle Port.	Fr 3410	3355
2075	1720 Juvena Port.	Fr 1975	2075
4200	3740 Un. Bques. Suisses	Fr 3990	3870
FRANKFURT			
338	142 Audi-NSU	DM 254½	207
220	162 VW	DM 200½	212
312	167 Hamborner Bergb.	DM 296	309
429	244 Deutsche Bank	DM 351	360
238	170 Horten	DM 232	237.5
187.8	114.2 Bayer	DM 141	145.5
332	182 Dresdner Bank	DM 268	271
243	155.3 Hoechst Farben	DM 181.3	188.8
LONDON*			
248	230 Imp. Chem. Inds.	p 234	243
253	210 Rio Tinto-Zinc	p 246	246
358	327 Shell Transport	p 335	340
421	327½ Barclays Bank	p 418	419
327	265 Brit-Am. Tobacco	p 317	327
308	265 Royal Insurance	p 299	299
311½	271 Guest Keen	p 305	306
37	30 Brit. Leyland	p 37	37
PARIS			
171.9	141 Rente 3½% 52-58	Fr 168.7	158.4
1715	1065 Michelin "B"	Fr 1351	1395
134	78 Mach. Bull	Fr 98.4	98.9
535	373.1 Aquitaine	Fr 534	528
228	149.9 Fr. Petroles	Fr 161	159.9
264	214 Rhone-Poulenc	Fr 226.5	226
206	171 Pechiney	Fr 175.7	179.1
296	209 Le Nickel	Fr 226.3	221.1
BRUSSELS*			
4025	3010 Petrofina	Fr 3850	3710
1705	1505 Cockerill-Ougree	Fr 1635	1645
1955	1745 Union Miniere	Fr 1915	1870
2650	2485 EBES	Fr 2630	2645
1690	1540 Gevaert	Fr 1625	1600
2260	1840 F.N. Armes Guer.	Fr 1880	1940
1496	1410 Tessenderloo	Fr 1450	1468
2470	2100 Un. Chim. Bel.	Fr 2465	2430

*Yearly high and low prices are for 1971 only.

Quotations from Foreign Commerce Bank, Inc.
3 Rue Du Marche, Geneva, Switzerland



WALL STREET

FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS

BY CLEM MORGELLO

With Boeing's SST program dead, Lockheed's L-1011 in deep trouble and a growing feeling in America that space and defense spending should be cut, the outlook is none too bright this year for aerospace stocks. "It is an extremely speculative industry, a business fraught with hazards," says Gerald Supple of Argus Research Corp.

This being said, it must instantly be qualified.

Certain stocks are exceptions to the general outlook—and even Supple recommends a couple.

Timing is more important than in most other investments, and a plunger can make a big killing if he times his moves right. For example, the average aerospace stock has proved a poor investment if it was bought ten years ago and held until now. It has risen a mere 15 per cent vs. a gain of 78 per cent for the market as a whole (chart). But there have been shorter periods when aerospace stocks ran far ahead—in 1965-68, for example. More recently, aerospace stocks have jumped 66 per cent since last November, double the gain of industrial stocks. But because of this rapid climb, some brokers who recommended the stocks a few months ago have backed away.

Basic to the outlook for the stocks is the condition of the industry itself. And the aerospace industry, notes Alan Benasuli of Burnham & Co., has been in a recession since 1968, when sales hit a record \$30 billion. That has declined steadily—to a shade under \$25 billion last year. And Benasuli estimates that the total likely will shrink to \$23.5 billion this year. He doesn't see the industry coming out of its recession until late 1972.

HOW THE SST DEFEAT HELPS

But individual companies will have ups and downs within this trend. Paradoxically, the short-term outlook for Boeing has improved. It was writing off its share of the SST development costs against current earnings, and this drag on earnings was due to continue until deliveries of the SST started in 1978. This cost has now been eliminated. But on the negative side and over the longer term, Boeing now has no major new project under way to take up the slack when sales of its current series of planes taper off. As a possible offset to this, says John Koene of Oppenheimer & Co., is the fact that Boeing has "a very competent design team," and some of the manpower and money released from the SST could

THE WEEK'S ACTION—MARCH 22-26

	Close	Point Change
Dow Jones Industrials	903.48	-9.44
NYSE Composite	55.19	-.50
Amex	26.04	-.10
Volume-		
NYSE 77,989,050		Amex 23,561,670

be redeployed to other new projects.

The L-1011 is critically important to Lockheed, much more important than the SST was to Boeing. And the outlook for the L-1011 is a bad tangle—from the problem of its intended engine supplier, now-bankrupt Rolls-Royce, to raising huge amounts of vital working capital. In light of all these, the stock has been one of the poor performers, and brokers don't expect much improvement.

On the other hand, United Aircraft is one aerospace stock that finds many supporters. A large part of its profits—as much as 50 per cent, estimates Burnham's Benasuli—comes from the sale of spare parts, yielding more stable returns than the sale of original engines for new planes. In addition, its price-earnings ratio is still a reasonable ten to eleven times estimated 1971 earnings.

McDonnell Douglas "will be one of the strongest aerospace firms of the mid-'70s," believes John Kolozsi of White, Weld—and many other analysts also put the firm at or near the top of their aerospace list. It is moving along smoothly with its DC-10 airbus, and first deliveries are scheduled for this year. Also, last week the firm was about to win a contract to supply West Germany with Phantom jets. The only question about the stock is whether it has already risen enough—about 75 per cent this year alone. Some brokers say that it is still a good buy, while others believe it will be late 1972 or 1973 before events catch up with its price.

DIVERSIFICATION HELPS

Martin Marietta and North American Rockwell also find some support in Wall Street as being reasonably priced and with good earnings outlooks this year. These are the choices of Argus's Supple, who is sour on the rest of the aerospace group. But Supple recommends the issues because of their non-aerospace activities—aluminum, cement, electronics and chemicals for Martin Marietta; auto and truck parts, industrial equipment, pleasure boats for North American.

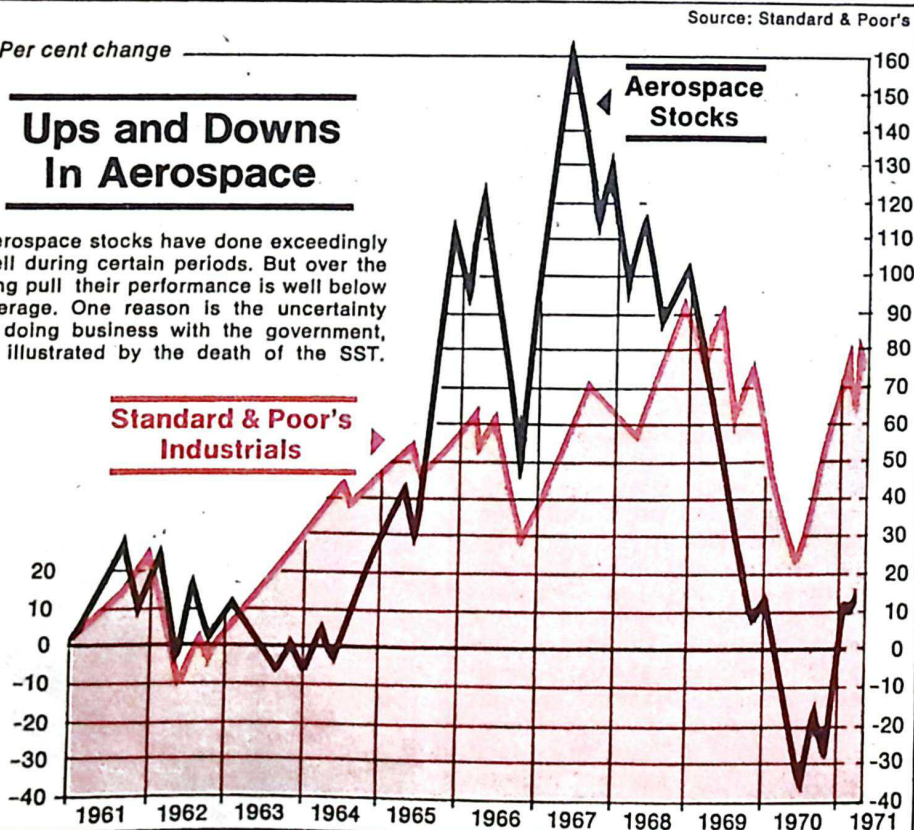
Except for these and a few others that brokers mention, Wall Street prefers to wait and see if the expected industry turnaround actually takes place. "Aerospace stocks are an institutional market, and the institutions are saying they'll take a look at the stocks next year or the year after," reports one analyst. But she adds hopefully: "I believe the group will continue to move in the same direction that the market takes. And if that direction is up, then the institutions will act sooner."

Per cent change

Ups and Downs In Aerospace

Aerospace stocks have done exceedingly well during certain periods. But over the long pull their performance is well below average. One reason is the uncertainty of doing business with the government, as illustrated by the death of the SST.

Standard & Poor's Industrials



Robert Ritter

Married: WINTHROP PAUL ROCKEFELLER, 22, son of former Arkansas Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller, and DEBORAH CLUETT SAGE, 20, an American who met young Winthrop in England when they were fellow students-at Oxford; in an Episcopal ceremony in the eighteenth-century Bruton Parish Church in Williamsburg, Va., March 22. Among the guests at an impressive gathering of the Rockefeller clan was the bridegroom's mother, the former Bobo Sears, who divorced his father in 1954 and won a \$6 million settlement. Also on hand was the ex-governor's estranged present wife, Jeannette. Four days later, she filed for divorce.

Resigning: ROBERT F. GOHEEN, president of Princeton University since 1957; announced by Goheen at Princeton, March 25. Lest he be written off as another casualty of campus unrest, he noted that he is not stepping down because of "any sense of frustration, anger, pressure, disillusionment, exhaustion or anything like that." In the last few years, in fact, Goheen has shed a certain reserve, grown closer to the campus scene and won abundant respect for his administration. His future plans are uncertain, but "I'm not planning to retire if it means to go sit on your fanny somewhere." His resignation is to take effect by June 1972. Goheen's likely successor: economist William G. Bowen, 37, who is currently Princeton's provost.

Died: MICHAEL FIELD, 56, food writer and former concert pianist; of a heart attack, in New York City, March 22. Music lovers got to know him as a member of the duo-piano team of (Vera) Appleton and Field. But he eventually phased out the keyboard in favor of the skillet, becoming a leading culinary critic and an author of cookbooks with recipes that were apt to contain more than a pinch of self-assurance: "The soufflé will have risen at least 2 or 3 inches above the rim of the dish if you have followed my instructions precisely."

■ ARNE JACOBSEN, 69, noted Danish architect; of a heart attack, in Copenhagen, March 24. His buildings won plaudits, though his insistence on controlling the décor caused problems—as when Lyndon Johnson, stopping at Copenhagen's Royal Hotel on a Vice Presidential tour in 1963, ordered Jacobsen's furniture replaced by something more comfortable.

■ ALBERT L. REEVES, 97, retired Federal judge; of congestive heart failure, in Dunedin, Fla., March 24. His courts' dockets included two famous cases: the Washington spy trial of Justice Department employee Judith Coplon in 1949 and a trial in Kansas City, Mo., in 1953, when he sentenced Carl Hall and Bonnie Heady to the chair for the kidnap-killing of 6-year-old Bobby Greenlease.



Tandy, Dewhurst: Poles apart

The Disconnection

ALL OVER? Hopefully not, but Edward Albee's new play is a depressing event in an enigmatic career. Albee started out with five short plays produced in a brilliant year and a half, a period climaxed in 1962 by "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Since that time we have seen seven works by him, of which three are adaptations, three are original full-length plays and one, "Box-Mao-Box," a combination of two short plays. It seems that since the explosion of theatrical energy of "Virginia Woolf," Albee's work has grown increasingly abstract. It is almost as if Albee, more and more interested in certain "ideas," has in his own plays attempted to work out new forms to shape and contain those ideas, while keeping in touch with flesh and blood by immersing himself in other writers' situations and characters. Here the key work is the "Box-Mao-Box" of 1968, in which Albee made a brave and interesting attempt to gain a new dramatic leverage on his world view.

That world view has grown increasingly dark, at the same time that a highly equivocal and ambiguous religious element has tunneled deeper into his work. In "Box-Mao-Box" Albee managed to forge at least a provisional form to hold in dramatic suspension all of these elements, poised on a knife edge between abstraction and reality. The work was a sonata of ideas expressing the state of entropy, of confounded and canceled-out energy, that afflicts the culture and consciousness of modern man.

"All Over" is in a sense a continuation of the same impulse. Like "Box-Mao-Box," it is about the end of something. But here abstraction has the windpipe of

the play in a death grip. Where the disembodied voice in "Box" had a poignant reality as the elegiac expression of a suicided species, the characters in "All Over" bear the deadly designations of The Wife, The Daughter, The Mistress, The Doctor, The Nurse, The Son, and The Best Friend, and have all the life of painted dummies. And where the open cube of "Box" managed to be both a sarcophagus for humanity and an open portal into a wing-swept transcendence, Rouben Ter-Arutunian's handsome setting for "All Over," echoing "Box" in its draftsmanship of gleaming metal strips, is portentous and melodramatic.

Within this set, which represents the house of a Citizen Kane-ish VIP, the above-named effigies are waiting for him to die. The entire play consists of reminiscences and recriminations by the cast, interspersed with reports from the doctor and nurse who periodically monitor the final moments of the dying man. "All Over" is oddly reminiscent of Jack Gelber's "The Connection," in which the characters, while waiting for the pusher to arrive with their fix, did autobiographical psychodramatic set pieces. Here the characters are waiting for the ultimate fix, the fix of finality. They are awaiting the disconnection—the cessation of the life that has given their own lives reality. The play, with its death-of-God overtones, is a reversal of "Tiny Alice," in which Brother Julian surrendered himself to the monstrous immanence of some fearful deity that both dissolved and defined him in his agonized acceptance.

Annihilated: Albee's idea in "All Over" has its interest and possibilities, but they are annihilated by the deadness of every element of the play. This deadness is focused in the language, a stilted, priggish, pedantic, self-conscious neo-Victorian lingo never heard on land or sea. "Do not deflect me," says Mother imperiously to Daughter. "Non grata has its compensations," says Daughter. "He lo-cused in on his killer," says Nurse. And there are insufferably sham pomposities such as "I mean at least two things, as I usually do," and "This is ritual, is it not?"

But it is not, nor does it truly mean even one thing—except perhaps that Albee (who has half swallowed the influence of T.S. Eliot like a python developing lockjaw in the middle of a meal) seems to have bypassed J. Alfred Prufrock to become a premature Polonius. His biting bitchiness has evaporated, leaving only a null refinement, a donnish travesty of religious resignation and metaphysical insight, speaking in stiff, waxy aspidistras of language. John Gielgud has directed the play as if it were a sort of "Home," but he mistakes its creaking literariness for neo-classicism. Jessica Tandy and Colleen Dewhurst as Wife and Mistress polarize the play, Miss Tandy reinforcing its rhetorical speciousness, Miss Dewhurst going against the grain with her irrepressible health and force.

—JACK KROLL

An Orgy of Scores

His large, gangling body will never remind anyone of the Greek-god physique of Chicago's great goal-scorer Bobby Hull; his sleepy eyes harbor none of the fire that once lit the dark visage of Montreal's legendary Rocket Richard as he bore down on helpless goal tenders. His skating speed is just average, his shot is accurate but rarely spectacular. All in all, Phil Esposito of the Boston Bruins does almost nothing to project the excitement that hockey fans have long expected of their superstars—except score goals. So perhaps it was inevitable that in the year in which Esposito has shattered every scoring record that Richard, Hull or anyone else ever achieved, a surprising number of fans would refuse to take him very seriously.

The cynics point to the dilution of talent caused by the National Hockey League's rapid expansion from six teams to fourteen; they note the extension of the schedule from 70 to 78 games in recent seasons. So Esposito's incredible totals of 67 goals and 141 points (goals plus assists) are sometimes smugly dismissed, along with the twenty-odd other records set this season by the mighty Bruins. Rocket Richard, now a portly, retired gentleman of 49, has led the scoffers; another Montreal loyalist attributes the Bruins' orgy of records to "gullible defensemen and bowlegged goalies."

In a sense, the Bruins have brought such criticism on themselves—simply by being almost too good to be believed. Before this season, only four players had ever scored 100 points in one season; in Boston, four members of this single team have passed the 100 mark. Left wing Johnny Bucyk, 35, has set a point-scoring record for his position; right wing Kenny Hodge, playing alongside Esposito and rugged Wayne Cashman, has set several marks of his own. And on defense, the incomparable Bobby Orr, at 23 already regarded as the best hockey player who ever lived, keeps finding ways to surpass his own dazzling performances. As they clinched first place and prepared to defend their Stanley Cup championship in the coming playoffs, the Bruins seemed to hold records for everything from team victories to most goals by a left-handed penalty-killer during an afternoon game. And they were finally showing some impatience with their critics.

Record: "I've been quiet all year, listening to old-timers talk about how the game has slipped," Esposito told *Newsweek* Sports editor Pete Axthelm. "They talk about how the Rocket got 50 goals in only 50 games—but they don't mention that it was in a war year, when the talent was as diluted as it's ever been. They

I needed more games to set my record. But I got 48 goals in our first 50 and 64 in our first 70. Maybe I could have scored 60 goals in the

old six-team league before expansion—but who's going to know? All I know is you don't hear guys like Bobby Hull mouthing off about expansion."

Hull, Esposito's old teammate and close friend, has indeed been lavish in his praise of the Boston star. Bobby hasn't forgotten the three years when Esposito was his center on the Chicago Black Hawks, feeding him passes to help him break scoring records and enlivening the locker room with his zany brand of humor. In fact, the Hawks slumped for two seasons after they traded Esposito, and Hull and others traced the problem directly to the trade. With the Bruins, on the other hand, Esposito suddenly found



Daniel S. Ballotti

Esposito: Who will lace the skater?

himself free to shoot as well as pass, and to joke freely without incurring the coach's wrath. Out of Hull's shadow he immediately blossomed as a scorer and team leader. "In Chicago, everyone would head their own ways after games," he says. "Here, you'll see us all together—and all laughing, almost all the time."

Understandably, coach Tom Johnson encourages the laughter. When flamboyant center Derek Sanderson grew a Fu Manchu mustache that horrified conservative coaches throughout the league, Johnson smiled benevolently. When forward Don Marcotte asked to change his uniform number from 29 to 21 because "29 is too heavy to carry," Johnson went along. "Sure we've got some wacky guys," says Johnson, a member of six Stanley Cup champions in Montreal. "But that's what it takes." The Bruins' anything-goes

attitude was illustrated with the arrival last month of Mike (Shaky) Walton, who had been abandoned as an incorrigible by Toronto, and was undergoing highly publicized psychiatric care. Other teams might have worried about how to treat the sensitive new man; goalie Gerry Cheevers merely gave Walton a typical Bruin greeting: "Hey, Shaky, did you bring along your couch?"

Euphoria: The team's spirit has turned on just about everyone in hockey-mad Boston. Fans in Boston cram arenas for everything from high-school hockey on up; and Bruin tickets are considered the rarest of gems. Dozens of rinks in the area are filled with amateurs from 5-year-old "sprites" to "senior-no-check" teams that include men as old as 71.

The local frenzy will reach its peak next week as the heavily favored Bruins enter the playoffs—and no one will ever convince the fans that they are watching anything but the best of hockey. "The game today is twice as fast as it was in the old days," insists Esposito. And the players shoot twice as often and twice as hard. "We're not setting records because of weak opponents, we're doing it because of our over-all offensive philosophy. We hit, we get position in front of the net, we shoot, we help each other. Bobby Orr would score 100 points with any team in the world. The rest of us do it because we're on the Bruins." Esposito pauses, his usual humor gone from his manner. "You know what I really think about all the comparison between our records and the older ones? I think there's never been a hockey club that could tie our skate laces."

A Basketball Merger?

While National Basketball Association and American Basketball Association owners met separately in New York last week, reports of an impending merger between the rival leagues grew louder—and with good reason. As a result of the Spencer Haywood case (*Newsweek*, Feb. 15), a Federal court recently declared that the professional rule limiting the college draft to seniors was an anti-trust violation. The NBA plans to appeal the decision, but meantime the financially shaky ABA is raiding the colleges, hoping to force the more prestigious NBA into a merger agreement that would bring an end to the current spree of million-dollar-and-up bids for top players.

At the recent ABA draft, for instance, the Virginia Squires selected three undergraduates. While there is doubt that the Squires' choices will turn pro, the ABA's Memphis Pros actually bypassed the draft and last week signed Mississippi sophomore Johnny Neumann, the leading scorer in college basketball this season, to an estimated \$2 million contract. "We don't know whether the law on signing undergraduates will be upheld," noted ABA commissioner Jack Dolph, "but Neumann's signing makes a merger even more of a necessity."



Trintignant, Sandrelli: Kinks and wrinkles

Shattered Eagles

At 30, Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci ("Before the Revolution") has gone beyond a basic mastery of craft to create a cinematic style all his own. His sheer love of the camera and his willingness to go for broke on practically every shot inform his films with an adventurous spirit. Even better, this visual virtuoso writes fine, sharp dialogue that finds its roots in a witty intelligence and in a strong set of political passions. **THE CONFORMIST**, after the novel by Alberto Moravia, works from a set of glib and easy assumptions, but Bertolucci dresses them up with such flair and fresh imagery that we submit happily to his spell.

The theme of the film is a bit used—that the rise of Fascism provided a means for many Italians to cloak private perversions in a flag of national orthodoxy that was, itself, the greatest perversion of all. Jean Louis Trintignant, as a latent homosexual with an insane father and a degenerate, dope-fiend mother, joins the Italian Gestapo and takes a wife who is "all bed and kitchen." So desperate is his drive for respectability that he devotes his honeymoon in Paris to dutifully stalking a leftist professor and his wife, ultimately engineering their assassination.

Affair: Bertolucci delights in the kinks and wrinkles of his newlyweds. Stefania Sandrelli, as the addlebrained, bosomy bride, tearfully admits to a single love affair with a "disgusting old man"—which lasted six years. Trintignant consummates their marriage by acting out, step by step, his wife's first seduction.

Bertolucci's camera mirrors the movie's theme. His shots of Trintignant, dwarfed by the grandiose halls of Fascist architecture with their great eagles and other

symbols of power, provide visual lessons in how Fascism makes men feel so small that they can only feel powerful again by association with the state.

Bertolucci photographs beautiful women beautifully. Stefania Sandrelli's moronic and magnificent madonna is eclipsed by the stunning, blond Dominique Sanda, who as the professor's wife blends the seraphic elegance of a da Vinci angel with the androgynous sexiness of a Dietrich. Only at the end, when she and her husband are brutally assassinated, is the icy comedy brusquely shattered by the specter and sounds of knives penetrating an old man's body and bullets smashing that angel's face.

Trintignant, his hair slicked down, his skin a sickly glow, embodies perfectly in the restraint of his responses the man so full of shame that he must hide most of himself. Trintignant humanizes the hero in tentative smiles pathetic in their pleas for acceptance and fearful eyes that tell us he is out of his depth as a killer. At the end, after we have watched Mussolini fall in brilliant night shots of shattered eagles and Il Duce's brass head dragged through the streets, the hero, shorn of the camouflage of the state, lets his latent homosexuality surface. It is a disappointing denouement, for we have seen him as a man and can no longer buy him as the agent of the thesis.

—PAUL D. ZIMMERMAN

Forman in the U.S.A.

In 1962, a young Czech director named Milos Forman made a brilliant short film called "Competition," which showed young people trying out for a Prague musical. The audition became a metaphor for all youthful aspiration and,



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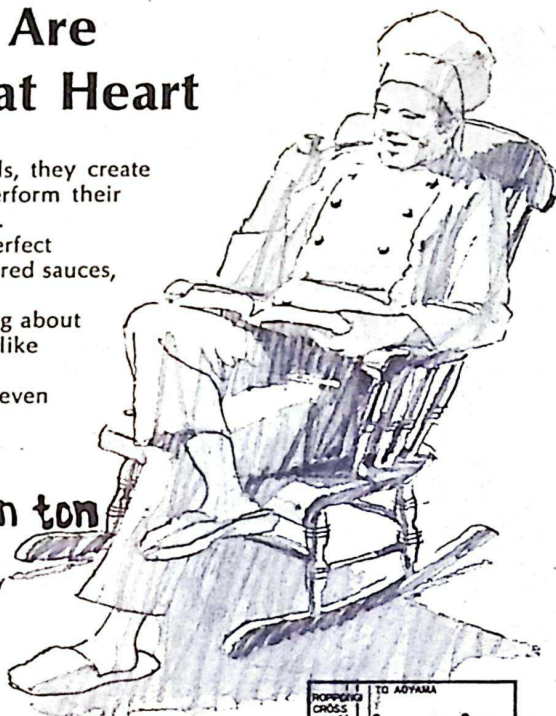
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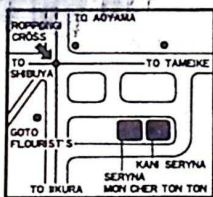
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MOVIES

in his gently ironic view of the awkwardness, poker-faced determination and beauty of the young contestants, Forman established himself as a fine observer of the human comedy.

He enlarged on this promising theme with "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball." When the 1968 Soviet invasion destroyed the vigorous, liberal Czech film industry, Forman set up temporary residence in the U.S., struggling with Paramount Pictures over the content of his next film. They hated his script and wanted him to direct a funny version of Galileo starring that great comic Rod Steiger, and they attacked his own attitudes on the very same terms leveled against him by the Prague bureaucrats: that he made fun of ordinary people.

Freedom: Finally, three years later, Forman has made that first American film, on his own terms, for Universal. With a tight \$850,000 budget and with complete artistic freedom, he shot **TAKING OFF** in much the same way he filmed his Czech comedies—using a loosely structured script which he withheld from his actors for fear of discouraging them. ("My screenplays read very badly," he explains.) He also mixes in amateurs with his professional cast.

Working in a foreign language and on foreign turf, Forman reaches a lifeline to his more secure past, weaving an audition in and out of his story of suburban parents who set out to find their runaway daughter and wind up repairing their own marriage. The runaway (played by Linnea Heacock, a minister's daughter whom Forman spotted in Central Park) is lured from her secure suburban home by an East Village rock audition. Forman and his longtime cinematographer, Miroslav Ondricek, capture in the faces and songs of scores of runaway and lost street girls all we need to know of Linnea's world. Some of the girls are pocked and sweaty, others cookie-cutter perfect with their button noses and straight chestnut hair. Some sing through gross lips, wailing the white middle-class blues of dreams shattered, ideals betrayed, boy friends untrue. They are sad, vehement, ridiculous, fat, ethereal, dark, blond, possessed or passive—but all real. Forman weaves them in and out of his narrative, letting us learn Linnea's state of mind while he pursues his real interest—the parents.

Frail: Forman deals with the generation gap at its most mysterious, where decent parents and their decent children can't communicate. Buck Henry and Lynn Carlin, like all Forman's protagonists, are not monsters, but frail, mortal, average. Like so many concerned parents, their principal concern is themselves. While Henry reluctantly scours the East Village only to wind up drowning his own sorrows at a local bar, Carlin thrills to the graphic recitation of her plump, plain neighbor's sex life—her husband likes to rouse her out of bed in the small hours to sing "De Camptown Races" naked before he makes love to her.

Carlin and Henry's odyssey in search

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BOOKS

Crack-up in Babylon

CRAZY SUNDAYS: F. SCOTT FITZGERALD IN HOLLYWOOD. By Aaron Latham. 308 pages. Viking. \$7.95.

of Linnea is meant to resurrect their own sexless marriage. But shared experiences—even shared crises—do not in themselves rejuvenate a dead union. And while the couple goes through a great deal of nonsense—from a wild-geese chase upstate to a meeting of the Society for the Parents of Fugitive Children at which they taste marijuana, we never see exactly what forces work to bring them together at the film's end. (Even the most confirmed potheads don't claim marriage-counseling powers for a single shared joint.) The togetherness of Carlin and Henry is never earned, even though they wind up singing "Stranger in Paradise" in front of their daughter and her bemused boy friend.

Fuzzy: Henry (who wrote the screenplay for "Catch-22") is miscast as the father. Despite his gift for fine improvised bits, like devouring in his misery a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, his Second City style clashes with Forman's basically natural, low-key comedy. Lynn Carlin, for all her emotive powers, never gathers her fuzzy, rabbit, tear-stained expressions and explosions of euphoria into a whole character.

But if the salvage of the marriage doesn't come off, the journey itself is filled with delights. The meeting of the SPFC turns parental concern into a country-club committee meeting, complete with self-promotional chairwoman and distinguished speaker, and the ceremonial indoctrination of the parents to the etiquette of joint smoking by a frizzy-haired hippie with the face of a goldfish represents Forman at his very best—accurate, hilarious and yet humane. Then, always, returning again and again, we see those beautiful, flawed, lovely faces singing those sad songs which push this film along when it falters like so many strong heartbeats.

—P. D. Z.



Heacock: Sad songs

Newsweek, April 5, 1971

The sad Hollywood days of F. Scott Fitzgerald are not unmapped territory. In fact, Aaron Latham's book is so much an inventory of foreground details that he must assume we have had his story before—from Sheila Graham's cozy "Beloved Infidel," or from one of Fitzgerald's biographers, Arthur Mizener or Andrew Turnbull, or from "The Disenchanted," Budd Schulberg's novel about Fitzgerald's disastrous trip to Dartmouth to write the movie "Winter Carnival," or from Fitzgerald's splendid, unfinished Hollywood novel, "The Last Tycoon," or from Fitzgerald's letters.

Fitzgerald went to Hollywood in 1937 to earn enough money to keep his wife, Zelda, in a mental hospital and to pay his daughter's tuition at Vassar and to repay \$40,000 in debts to his agent and his publisher. He began at M-G-M for a thousand a week, received a \$250 raise, was fired for no very good or very bad reason, moved from studio to studio, wrote one screenplay—"Cosmopolitan"—that was evidently very good, and died in 1940.

His tragedy has been reviewed many times over. Like Hemingway, he became the victim of a mythology largely of his own making. And like Hemingway's legend of the complicated man of simple ways, Fitzgerald's legend of the high-living dancing man—the gold-hatted lover—was not nearly as interesting as the fact of his talent. The author of "The Great Gatsby" stands alone with James Joyce and William Faulkner as the genius of English prose so far in this century. But when he was bad, he was very, very bad; his worst work was much worse than the worst of stories one may find today in any general-interest magazine. And however energetically Latham may work to persuade us that Fitzgerald did fine work in Hollywood, the fact remains that his life was all behind him till he began "The Last Tycoon."

Latham creates a cliché-ridden and disturbingly vulgar dichotomy between the sensitive artist and the inhuman movie industry. He writes of Fitzgerald's discovery that "there was nothing to do but break his heart against the stone wall of the Hays Office" when his screenplay "Infidelity" was not cleared by the censors. He summarizes his narrative with the opinion that "Hollywood had used him and cheated him and neglected him, but it had also taught him."

Luck: But wait a minute; if you are pretty good at reckoning, perhaps you will take time to multiply \$1,250 by 52 weeks and discover this "used" and "cheated" man's annual wage. I'd like to think I'm as sympathetic as the next man



Pictorial Parade

Fitzgerald: No more gold hats

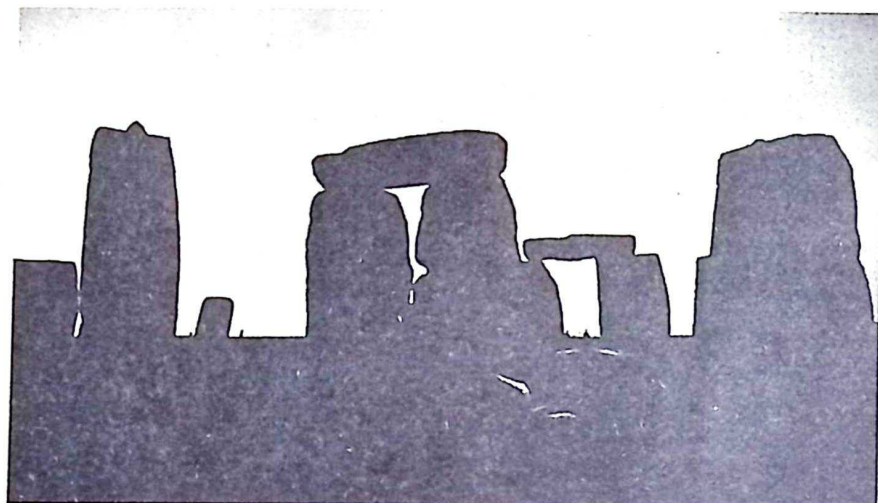
to the special needs of a creative artist, but it was just as much Fitzgerald selling as Hollywood buying. Eagerly, too. He wrote his daughter at the beginning that he wanted to keep his "hand on the wheel from the start," that with luck he would earn twice his starting wage within two years, that he would "find out the key man among the bosses and the most malleable among the collaborators—then fight the rest tooth and nail until, in fact or in effect, I'm alone on the picture."

Like many another man, he failed in the movie business. He thought he had been blacklisted by a cabal of producers over backgammon tables. Latham writes off his failure to the stupidity and vulgarity of Hollywood. The failure is more basic, and entirely Fitzgerald's: he never had the will or made the opportunity to do what he could do supremely well—write works of prose fiction.

Latham is not a graceful writer; and too often he is coarse or foolish. He tells us that "Zelda was teaching Scott lessons about tragedy which Aristotle had left out" and we are reminded of the marvelous line apropos of Cleopatra's spectacular movie procession—Richard Burton to Rex Harrison, if memory serves—to the effect that "Rome hasn't seen anything like this since Romulus and Remus." He tells us that the prose of "The Last Tycoon" is "so alive that it almost seemed to get up and walk." He tells us that producer Walter Wanger "stared at the author with the unblinking eye of a potato."

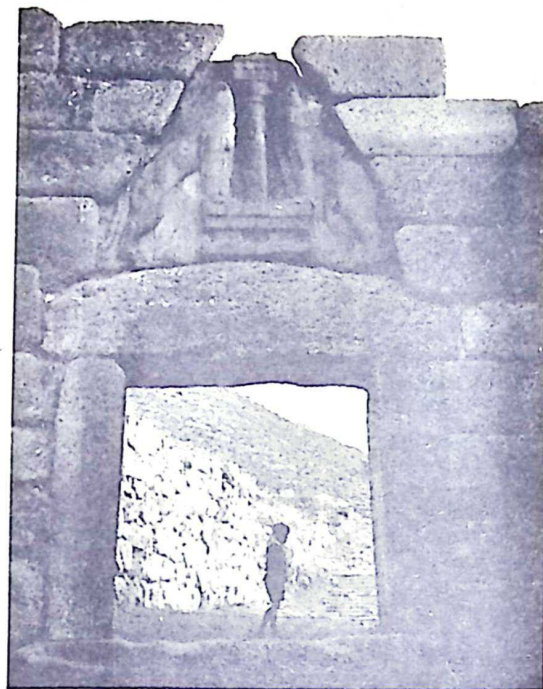
However, "Crazy Sundays" does collect a good number of anecdotes from Fitzgerald's colleagues in Hollywood, most of which attest to his pallor and to the sadness of the half-reformed alcoholic. And Latham has carefully examined what scripts he could find by Fitzgerald. And he never condescends to Fitzgerald, and that is worth something in a book about a tragic figure.

—GEOFFREY WOLFF



George Rodger—Magnum

Stonehenge and Mycenae: Which really came first?



David Seymour—Magnum

Pyramids From France?

Major advances in archeological theory are seldom the stuff of high drama, but in recent months a young British archeologist has come forth with a startling challenge to some bedrock assumptions that most of his colleagues have long regarded almost as dogma. The challenger is Colin Renfrew, a senior lecturer at the University of Sheffield, and the object of his attack is the hallowed theory that Western civilization sprang up in the Mediterranean basin and thence spread northward to Europe and Britain.

Not so, says Renfrew. With the aid of recent refinements in carbon-14 dating techniques, Renfrew has produced an impressive body of evidence to suggest that civilization may well have begun in northern Europe a thousand years or more before it appeared in the lands bordering on the Mediterranean—that the pyramids of Egypt, for example, may prove to be imports from France.

According to Renfrew's calibrations, Stonehenge now becomes older than Mycenae. The megalithic tombs of Brittany and Iberia are a millennium older than the pyramids—and may even be the earliest of man's surviving monuments. The Tartarian tablets, discovered in Transylvania in 1961 and thought to belong to the early Vinca culture, could now be the earliest writings in the world, predating the 5,000-year-old Sumerian script. In general, Renfrew's calculations push European prehistory before 2000 B.C. back at least 700 years.

Tree Rings: Renfrew's case rests chiefly on the fact that recent calibrations of the original carbon-14 dating data against the more accurate chronology afforded by the rings of the California bristlecone pine (some specimens of which are flourishing at the age of 5,000 years and more) have necessitated some major revisions of the carbon-14 findings.

Using the tree-ring chronology as his base reference, Renfrew and scientists conclude that the carbon-14 datings of many archeological specimens make them out to be from 700 to 1,000 years younger than they actually are.

Before the introduction of radiocarbon dating 21 years ago, archeologists could date their finds only by relating them back to the two earliest known cultures with calendars—Egypt and Mesopotamia. Central Turkey and Crete, which traded extensively with these cultures, were therefore easily dated, as was Crete with some other Aegean cultures. But it was more difficult for archeologists to explain and date the early cultures of Europe and Britain.

The controversy is a long-standing one. At one extreme, there were archeologists like Lord Raglan who argued that Egypt was the seat of all human progress. "Savages," Raglan insisted, "never invent or discover anything." But a number of northern European archeologists, chiefly Germans and Scandinavians, vigorously resisted this view. The dispute subsided in the 1920s, when British archeologist Gordon Childe postulated his theory of "modified diffusionism." This assumed that European cultures did not develop independently but built on Mediterranean innovations. Childe postulated links between the Aegean cultures and Europe beginning about 2500 B.C. and dated European finds accordingly. The megalithic tombs of Spain and Portugal, and later those of France and northern Europe, thus became the products of Aegean colonization. The discovery of copper implements in the Balkans was taken to mean that metallurgy had been introduced into Europe from Anatolia and ultimately from the Near East.

Influence: What Renfrew and his supporters are now saying is that Childe's theory is accurate enough—except that the diffusion now seems to have been the other way around. Renfrew also

hopes to determine if the diffusion theory is really the only explanation for the spread of advanced technique. He thinks it possible, for instance, that some primeval Saxon metallurgist may have figured out how to refine copper at the same time an Egyptian counterpart achieved a similar breakthrough—much as Lavoisier and Priestly, working independently, isolated oxygen simultaneously.

In a talk on the BBC, Renfrew put it this way: "New Grange, the most celebrated megalithic tomb in Ireland, is now set before 3000 B.C., and some of the French passage graves back before 4000 B.C. . . . Silbury Hill is as old as the Pyramids . . . Prehistory may not also begin at home, but we need no longer modestly assume that all the significant advances in prehistory had a foreign inspiration."

Renfrew himself is quick to concede that his findings so far must be labeled tentative, but he inclines strongly to the view that further research will bear him out. Some of the possible consequences are not difficult to foresee. They include the prospect of seeing a poet limn London as "an iron-gray city, half as old as time." Perhaps a British general may one day assemble his forces at Stonehenge and, with a nod to Napoleon, remind the troops that not 40 but 50 centuries look down on them.

A Quaint Minority Group

"It's a very quaint minority group," said a White House spokesman. He was talking about the ever-increasing numbers of scientists and engineers who have been laid off in the wake both of the recession and the decline of aerospace and defense research. A National Academy of Sciences official notes: "The bitterness these people feel must be immense. The guy who is laid off because business is bad must feel depressed, but the guy who thinks his arm has been twisted to make a career choice in the national in-

terest and then finds he is not needed must be bitter indeed."

Of the nation's 1.2 million scientists and engineers, the government estimates that some 50,000 to 65,000, or 5 per cent, are unemployed. This figure is not high compared with the present nationwide rate of 5.8 per cent, but the president of the American Chemical Society estimates that this June only one in three science graduates will find jobs. And while the number of graduates is growing by 10 to 14 per cent each year, the halcyon days of government research spending are probably gone forever. "Let's not kid these people," says a White House source, "even when we go to a full employment budget, even when the economy picks up, it does not mean that the government will recommit itself to heavy space and defense spending."

Elite: For its part, the Administration has backed off from any massive spending to help the elite new minority. Its most ambitious single project to date is a \$1.2 million pilot program that will give stipends this summer to some 400 to 600 jobless aerospace workers for a 30-day course in urban affairs, to be followed by on-the-job training in city and local governments. If the scheme works, it may be expanded to some 2,000 unemployed scientists and technicians.

At the same time, some Democrats are trying to push ahead more ambitious schemes of their own. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, whose hometown of Boston has been badly hit by the government cut-backs, has introduced a bill calling for a three-year, \$500 million program to retrain the jobless, convert space and defense programs, and set up nonprofit community corporations using the unemployed to work on domestic problems. A similar bill has been introduced in the House by Democrats Robert N. Giaimo of Connecticut and John W. Davis of Georgia. Recently Kennedy proposed a related three-year, \$200 million loan program to help unemployed scientists and engineers over their financial problems until they have been retrained.

Retraining: Both bills are obvious examples of class legislation. "Egalitarian, they ain't," a White House man commented. And many labor experts believe the problem lies with the scientists themselves. "Personally, I think they are a bunch of crybabies," says one manpower expert. "They have had one of the plushiest deals in our society, and now in Boston the city had to divert clerks to teach them how to fill out unemployment forms." But the liberal Democrats justify the programs on the ground of their social returns. "Over the next couple of years there are only a couple of ways to get these people back to work," says one supporter. "One is to crank up space and munitions programs and the other is to retrain and convert them to new careers. The nation has made a big investment in this large pool of talent, and this resource should be allowed to work for the nation on its pressing social problems."

ART

Tempest in a Samovar

There has been nothing like the "Art in Revolution" exhibition at the Hayward Gallery in London, or anywhere else, for some time. The content of the show is dramatic enough: art, artifacts, films and photographs produced by the Russian avant-garde between 1917 and 1930, in the first flush of exuberance that followed the Bolshevik revolution. Most of it has never been seen in the West, but the British Arts Council somehow persuaded the Soviet Government to let the work go abroad.

On the eve of the show, however, the Soviets heightened the drama by demanding that the British delete some Russian treasures of their own, abstract work (termed "decadent" by the Soviets) by such important figures as Kasimir Malevich and Vladimir Tatlin. And El Lissitzky's famous "Proun Room," an attempt to create a total esthetic environment by use of wall reliefs, was boarded up at the insistence of the Soviet Ministry of Culture. Finally, the Soviets contributed an "alternative" catalogue, conspicuously drabber than the British version, and injected a dose of official realistic painting and architecture to counter the avant-garde emphasis.

Flood: The result was a king-size flap, excitedly joined by all segments of British opinion. "A major national British art gallery has been handed over to the Soviet authorities," charged Bernard Levin in the London Times, "... and the exhibition in it doctored to suit their ideological tastes." There has also been a flood of comments and letters to the editor defending the Soviets' right to control the exhibition. The most reasonable of these apologists is critic Edward Lucie-Smith, also a member of the Arts Council: "I'm rather surprised the exhibition was put on at all," he says, "something no one has bothered to mention."

On the practical level, he is perfectly right. The Soviets have always been of two minds about the artistic triumphs that followed their revolution. As their official catalogue demonstrates, the Russians are proud of native "constructivism," the most potent of the several avant-garde movements that swept across Europe between 1910 and 1920. But the chief figures behind constructivism were infected by "bourgeois" Western ideas—from Tatlin, the artist-architect of the semi-abstract "Monument to the Third International," inspired by Picasso and cubism, to Lissitzky, whose graphic and design work clearly betrays the influence of that arch-bourgeois genius, Matisse.

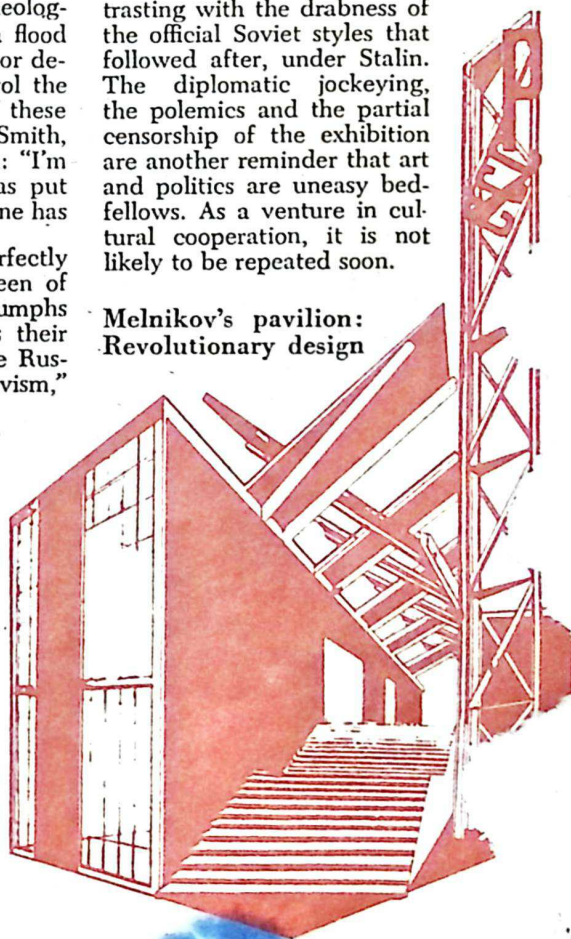
The Soviet decision to ban the "decadent" British choices, which show the purely esthetic side of the constructivist herit-

age, was not entirely unexpected. The British Council's exhibitions director, Norbert Lynton, claims he expected trouble from the start, last June, when he first went to Moscow to discuss the cooperative show. "Talking to the Soviets about Malevich is like talking to the Pope about contraception," he says. Lynton was prepared to bargain to get what he wanted—which was evidence of how Russian artists turned their talents to serve the new state, evidence in theater, industry and architecture, with painting but a secondary item.

Wheels: The backings and fillings of the Soviets led Lynton to seek out fall-back works, including the now banned paintings. At the last moment the Russians came through, on their terms. "I fought against the removal of these things for weeks," Lynton says. But ultimately the Arts Council was overshadowed by bigger wheels, and the word went out from Lord Eccles, Minister for the Arts in the Conservative government, that he would not allow the exhibition to develop into an international incident. And so the council accepted the Soviets' revised version of the show.

Ironically, they got a revolutionary show in any case. The brilliance inherent in constructivist art and architecture (for example, Ivan Leonidov's design for the Lenin Institute, dating from 1927, including a pre-Buckminster Fuller spherical-dome assembly hall and Constantin Melnikov's dramatic design for the Russian pavilion at the 1925 Paris International Exhibition) is there for all the world to see, markedly contrasting with the drabness of the official Soviet styles that followed after, under Stalin. The diplomatic jockeying, the polemics and the partial censorship of the exhibition are another reminder that art and politics are uneasy bedfellows. As a venture in cultural cooperation, it is not likely to be repeated soon.

Melnikov's pavilion:
Revolutionary design



Zashu Deb Dhar
Chittagong, Bangladesh.



BY ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI

NOT WAR BUT ANARCHY

President Nixon's hope for "a generation of peace" raises some fundamental questions concerning the meaning of war and peace in our time. Both have changed and, paradoxically, both are becoming alike.

In the past, the distinction between war and peace was sharp, both in practice and in law. At one time, war even used to be formally declared; now nations occasionally fight while legally at peace and peacefully deal with each other while fighting.

END OF WAR: This change reflects a very basic transformation of international politics. Until recently, international politics were dominated by the interaction of sovereign nation-states, each imbued with a sense of nationalism, often seeking economic autarchy, and occasionally engaging in formal conflicts. In these conflicts, all available power was used for the sake of certain national objectives. Indeed, the more industrially powerful a nation, the more power it applied, and wars among the industrial nations were the most bitter and destructive.

International politics have changed drastically. In the nuclear age, war has become a luxury which only the weak can truly afford. Powerful nations avoid fighting one another for the simple reason that a war among them would be totally destructive. Increasingly, powerful nations are discovering that it is not wise even to fight a weak nation, since the weak nation can undertake an all-out effort of the sort that a modern, advanced society cannot match spiritually, while its own destructive arsenals are neutralized by the existence of other powerful nations.

But if war between the powerful is beginning to recede as a major facet of international politics, social and political fragmentation is increasingly becoming the new major danger. This fragmentation is prompted by a variety of developments, ranging from unrest in the most advanced countries to intensifying frustration and desperation

within the less developed nations. Both reflect the inability of man to organize his social and political existence in a satisfactory way and the inadequacy of international responses to the widespread global condition of poverty and social injustice.

We are thus beginning to shift from an age in which international relations (with the distinction between war and peace) were central to an age in which we are increasingly part of a global political process, linked by a global nervous system. That process, however, lacks structure and order. It is unstable, marked by magnifying distinctions between the rich and poor, and punctuated by percolating anarchistic violence.

GLOBAL ANARCHY: In that context, there is the real danger that the new nations, anxious and frustrated, will seek security by turning inward and—to cite Prof. Wang Gungu from Malaysia, writing recently in the lively Australian intellectual magazine *Quadrant*—"The new [nations] might become more negative and backward-looking than before, and whatever creativity their more brilliant minds may have is likely to produce work within an increasingly narrower cultural and social framework."

At the same time, the cultural pessimism that pervades much of the West may prompt it to disengage from the task of building a meaningful global community, and also to turn inward. But to do so would be to guarantee that the age free of war becomes an age dominated by escalating global anarchy.

An effective response to this threat of global anarchy must come primarily from those capable and willing to cooperate on a global scale. Given existing economic and political realities, this means first of all a deliberate effort to promote much closer consultative ties between the United States, Japan and Western Europe. Such a community of the developed nations is needed if "a generation of peace" is to be truly meaningful.

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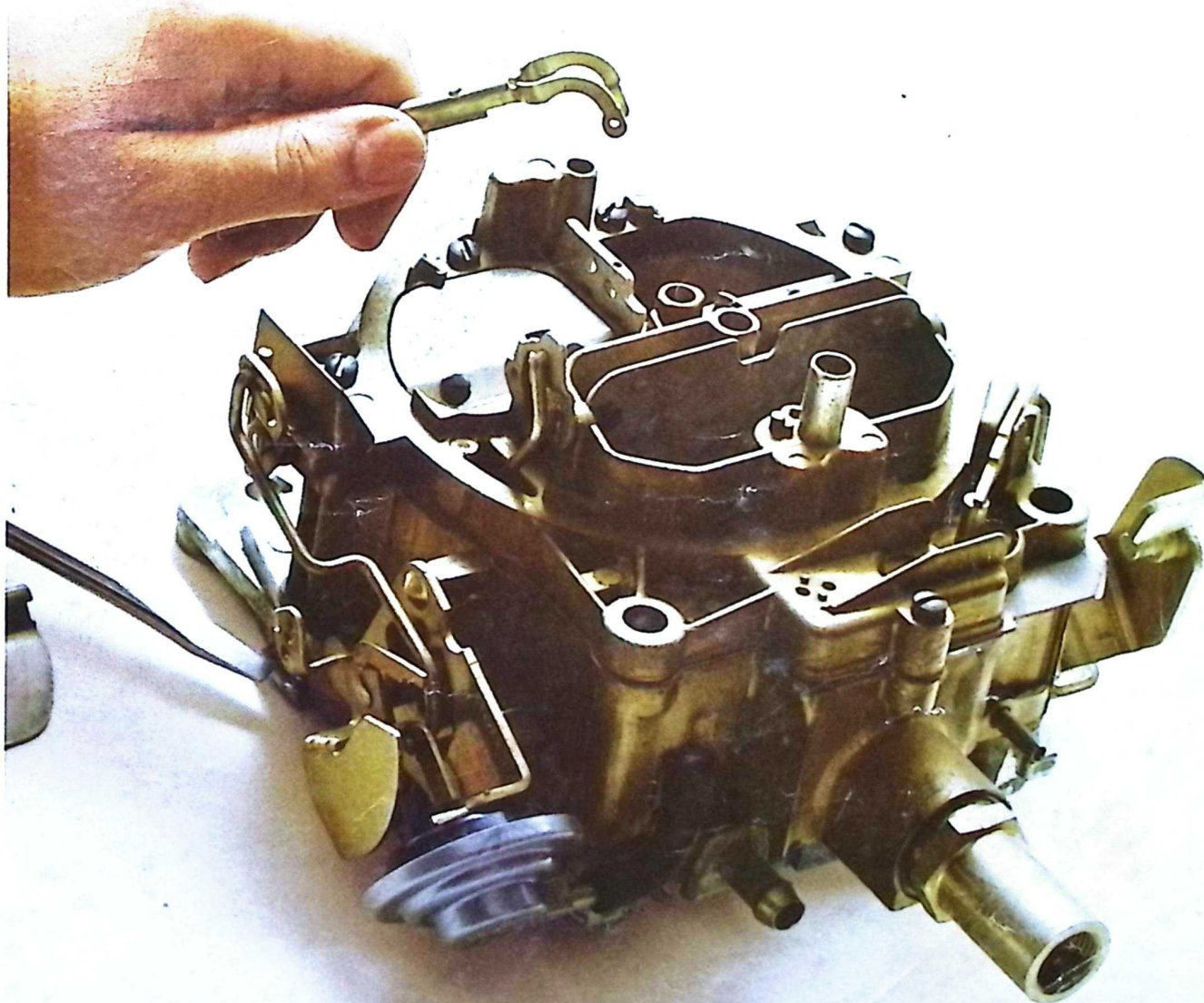
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